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MY PASSAGE TO WOMANHOOD

Volumes
Five & Six

Clare
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My Passage to Womanhood

Volume-Five

An Exotic and Erotic Journey...

From Masculinity to Femininity

By

Clare Penne

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“My Passage to Womanhood”

Volume-Five

Transformation To Submission



INTRODUCTION

In Volumes-One-to-Four, under the power and authority of dominant women in my life, I have moved from being a young male to one that is a submissive gurl with the name, Clare Murchison-Penne.

This transformation is now complete to the point of being a “castrato.”

Yes, I am a eunuch as described in volume-four, thanks largely to my partner, Saffi Murchison and, yes, we are partners in the sense that I am now legally indentured to her as a form of handmaiden, bondwoman, or courtesan. I really am not sure how to describe the term, as I am, probably, a mix of all three. That “process” and initiation to such a lifestyle was fully described in Volume-Three.

The history, so far, has explored the chronology of my relationships, scenarios and development from once being a male to now living life as a submissive woman, partnered to a loving, powerful and intellectually, a very smart woman.

I have been largely fortunate to find such a caring *domme* lover. She controls all matters of my life, non-sexual and sexual, without having to use enormous amounts of punishment. Ours is a true *domme* to submissive relationship permeating everything that we do and such lifestyles do not thrive on the oft-quoted stories of punishment and pain. Such stories are better of where they are, in BDSM literature. Not to say that there are not elements of the scene in the text, indeed there are.

I have been lucky in having such a supporting family as Saffi’s has

demonstrated. It is true that their family dynamics are somewhat peculiar and my own role as a transsexual chattel well illustrates this. However, they are very loving to both of us.

Volume-Four covered some significant developments for me, Saffi having made it clear that I am to be an “ultra-femme” and, to achieve her aim, having had me schooled in the many aspects of femininity - not least the passage of a long term in one of Britain’s better finishing schools, along with Fallon’s girlfriend, Chrissie.

Fallon, of course, being Saffi’s sister.

At the end of Volume-Four, I made the mega-decision to go forward for sexual reassignment surgery and become a full girl for her. This is something that she has long wanted and, it must be said, for me too though I had several doubts about the surgery. Saffi was also right in that this was the one decision that I had to make, as it was my life.

Volume-Five continues the story with a mix of the final training that Saffi wanted me to undertake to become a true woman and an indentured courtesan to her and then the momentous surgery to become the woman that she and I so desired.

It is a “full” story and, hopefully, portrays some of the emotions and experiences I went through.

The title of volume-five is “Transformation to Submission” and, again, I really hope I can show to you, the readers, the intensity of love and authority that

pervades our relationship. The history of our partnership seen through the context of Saffi's fem-domme control of me and set in the well-heeled international life-style that we follow.

Ultimately, as I have come to know, home is home.

I trust that you really enjoy reading this and I welcome any feedback.

Clare.

Chapter-One

The Christmas Season

Adele!

It was Adèle coming out of Prestwick Airport terminal at lunch time and it was simply a lovely surprise.

Saffi had said nothing to me that morning, except that it would be a really nice surprise for me and, as she was saying it, Adèle had been taking a flight Saffi had arranged from Paris that morning.

After my “decision” over the reassignment decision and all the emotion involved with that, we had gone back to the bedroom at the Knockinaam Lodge to clean up and get dressed.

I had been so emotional over this hand-and-mind-wringing of mine and not my usual serene self, so, correspondingly, I felt rather guilty.

Saffi kept “chiding” me not to be so silly as it was all so understandable and a natural progression of fact, perception and the necessary emotion involved in assessing the situation and risks involved to arrive at the right decision.

Saffi was true to her word about no toilet service to her that morning and we had headed down to breakfast dressed casually in jeans, blouses with thicker jumpers on and low heel pumps.

We “celebrated” with some of a bottle of Bollinger champagne, most of which we then kept the rest for later.

After breakfast and reading the papers in front of the warm lounge fire, we headed up the coast towards Prestwick, just over seventy-five minutes away, stopping firstly at Maybole to visit an art gallery and then onto Ayr.

Ayr is one of the oldest towns in Scotland and quite pretty. “Auld Ayr wham ne’er a toun surpasses. For Honest Men and Bonnie Lasses,” was part of the scrawling of Burns who was born and lived nearby.

We visited the Maclaurin Gallery and then Robbie’s Drams, a wonderful whisky shop selling rare bottles from all over Scotland so bottles of a Ben Nevis and an Invergordon 35-year-old would make excellent presents for Saffi’s Dad.

Then it was onto Prestwick.

All Saffi said that it was a friend and I did have my suspicions that it would be Adèle or, perhaps, Louise, whom Saffi had met briefly at the Hall.

Adèle came bouncing out of the customs and it was so good to see her. We had a three-way hug and kiss and soon had her bundled into the car with her overnight cases. She looked really good and had had her hair chopped off to shoulder-length and looked much more sophisticated. And she was so stylishly dressed, so chic!

We headed back down the coast to the Turnberry Hotel for lunch, our intention being to visit the nearby Culzean Castle.

A walk around the hotel confirmed to us that we needed some time to stay here in the future so that we could play golf on the Ailsa and Kintyre courses.

Indeed, had we found the equivalent of Half Moon Bay here in Scotland?

We lunched on starters of Tuna Carpaccio, Crab Salad and a Scottish Girolle Risotto with a bottle of Eradus, a New Zealand Sauvignon Blanc, followed by black coffees, knowing that the evening meal would be a full one.

As we got to the coffees, Adèle led me off to the Ladies.

“Ok, Clare. It has been some while; I want you in my panties now. Take your jeans off and then your own panties and give them to me.”

I did as she requested and pulled my jeans down and then my panties and handed them to her as she went into her bag and retrieved a small zip-lock and took out a pair of her knickers.

Immediately, I could smell her tart sex emanating from them and I knew that these had been specially prepared.

“They are from yesterday and so are pretty fresh. They are all my love-cum in

them as I have especially masturbated in them and I have worn them for two days for you. Once you have them on, I want you to smell me through my own panties.”

I slipped into her panties, as tight as ever on me, and got down on my knees to raise Adèle’s skirt. In front of me was her cream briefs and I buried my nose into her, her familiar sourer scent emanating from her.

She held my head close and sighed with a little groan of pleasure, and then she released me.

“Oh, to later, Clare. I am so pleased to be here with you and Saffi.”

We headed back to the table and Saffi was smiling, that familiar “I know” smile across her face. This was all about the re-establishment of our order of servitude.

We came back via the Castle, which was stunning and had historical linkage to the United States. In 1945 Eisenhower was invited by the then 5th Marquess and the incumbent Kennedy family to accept the tenancy of a specially created guest flat on the top floor of the Castle for his lifetime, as a gesture of Scottish thanks for America's support during World War II.

We also stopped in Portpatrick to visit the Pottery and Craft Centre and this allowed us to get Fallon a present of a beautiful Rubellite and Carnelian necklace made by the owner, Christine Campbell.

We got back to the hotel and had some tea, a British custom that Adèle adored, before heading upstairs, having checked Adèle in.

Having sorted herself out, Adèle came through to our suite and gave us both a long kiss and a “Thank you so much for inviting me here.”

Saffi got the cold champagne from breakfast and poured us a glass each and toasted our health and love.

With that, she went across and kissed Adèle and started to undo her blouse.

I watched them as Adèle accepted the kiss and, in doing so, the unspoken authority of Saffi.

“Adèle, why don’t you take off Clare’s jumper and blouse?”

I wrapped my arms under my jumper and pulled it off over my coppery locks. I looked at Adèle.

"Will you undo my buttons and then for me?"

She laughed, agreed and quickly had my buttons undone. I turned around and felt her hands on the clasp of my bra. I felt the bra loosen around my body as I started to slide it off. My nipples were hard and pointing upward.

“Thank her with a kiss, Clare.”

I leant into Adèle and felt her warm lips against mine and. I slid my tongue into her mouth to say thank-you and she responded by over-riding me with hers. That just made it even more intense.

Our bodies pressed against each other, as if we were one, and her hand fell to my breast and started massaging it.

It was Saffi who broke our kiss and took us by the hand and smiled. She led us over to the bed.

Saffi pushed me onto the bed and then came over me to passionately kiss me, pushing her body into me and squashing our breasts together. Adèle came over to the bed and Saffi moved away a little to let her also join in on our kiss.

There we were, all three of us kissing and caressing each other. Saffi re-exerted herself through her kiss and Adèle focused on kissing my neck.

This started to make me feel pretty excited and I let out a little moan of pleasure.

Adèle moved her way down to my breast and started suckling on my nipple. Now this really made me moan again with expectation and Saffi opened her eyes to see what Adèle was up to.

She too went down my chest and started on my other breast, building me up to take my erect nipple in her mouth.

I felt so amazing and lucky to have my partner and a girlfriend taking me like this and I was really turned on by the situation.

Saffi stopped and rolled off me, her hands continuing to massage my breasts.

She lay on her back and opened her legs so that Adèle could kneel on the floor and give her oral pleasure. She motioned to me to start to pleasure her nipples with my mouth and to begin to finger fuck her.

I duly obliged and let my tongue and fingers roam over her exquisite body, my fingers inter-playing with Adèle's tongue embedded in Saffi's pussy.

Adèle was also fingering herself towards her first climax.

The girls came just about together, Adèle's face being bathed in Saffi's little spurt of cum. She climbed back onto the bed and turned to Saffi and they started to kiss, Saffi taking in her own love juice.

I moved myself over and started sucking on Adèle's small breasts.

Then, I took Saffi's back into my mouth as well, alternating my sucking of both of their nipples while they enjoyed Saffi's pussy cum.

I lifted myself up for a taste of Saffi's cum and kissed both of my girls.

This was driving me nicely mad with desire to sate both of them. I could feel a buzz starting in my brain.

Saffi pushed me down against the bed and climbed on top of my body to present herself over me. She thrust her pussy dominantly over my face, demanding my service now.

She was incredibly wet after Adèle's play.

I felt Adèle climbing over my lower body, her legs alongside my arms to present her pussy to Saffi. Saffi leant forward giving me more air to take in than Saffi usually allowed me.

I kissed my way over her bottom cleft, over her perineum and down over her pussy so as to flick my tongue against her clit. I could hear her moan as I found my love target.

I pushed two fingers deep into her vagina and started my deep suction and nibbling of her clit. She just tasted so sweet.

This was a dream come true. This was everything I wanted – to be under Saffi as she was taking one of our closest friends.

As I was doing this, Adèle was holding her head, tousling her long blonde hair, urging Saffi to orally please her.

I slid in three fingers, moving them all around and in circles, then all four, moving them in a half circular motion to pummel her G spot.

She was now moaning in pleasure, muffled in part by Adèle's damp pussy with Adèle making it vocally clear that Saffi was pressing all the right buttons on her.

Saffi came all over my hand and face, her pussy shot out cum as she was want to do. I licked my fingers.

Then, it was Adèle's turn. She stood up as Saffi and I both knelt before her, I was more under her, sucking her vaginal entrance and Saffi focused on taking her clit.

I moved my mouth over her perineum, licking it, kissing it and back to her anus.

She was now starting to really moan in pleasure and I allowed my tongue to probe into her anus.

Saffi was using her mouth on her clit and fingering her pussy, letting her fingers slide into her warm, wet grotto.

Saffi ordered me to switch positions as she wanted more of her love tunnel.

I saw that her clit was hard and a purplish colour, just like an erect mini- penis.

Her pussy was sopping wet as I worked my tongue over her, licking her up and down.

Saffi was driving in her fingers and fucking her with some force, frotting her G spot to bring her up her personal mountain.

Adèle was really opening up and Saffi drove another finger in, four fingers dancing their merry sexual mayhem in her.

And then Saffi curled them up, tucking her thumb in and formed a little fist.

She was actually fisting Adèle's cunt right in front of me and both of them were loving it. I had never seen Saffi do this to Chrissie or whoever.

Adèle was almost crying with pleasure and was gasping for air.

She was aggressively tweaking her own nipples and massaging her now-red breasts, red from the pre-signs of another orgasm that was rapidly approaching.

I focused my efforts on plying pressure on her clit and Saffi fisted her even harder and harder until she came.

When she did, she came for like a minute straight, almost passing out with the intense pleasure washing over her.

We didn't stop though. Saffi kept on fisting her, and I worked her slit over, bathing in her heavy, tart cum and Adèle kept moaning, until she came again, this time profusely with cum shooting everywhere.

Surprisingly, I was very much turned on by this.

I wanted to have my own pussy for Saffi to do this to me – all of this just serve to confirm my emotional decision to proceed with my surgery this morning.

We had pushed Adèle right to her limits and she almost couldn't control what was happening to her body.

As Adèle came down a little, Saffi wanted more and she had Adèle lie on the bed and made me gently lick her as Saffi put on her strap and mounted me from behind.

Saffi pulled me up by my arms and with one hand on each breast and then let me tongue Adèle to keep her softly cumming. She started fingering my anus.

In true Saffi style, she was completely in control and I knew it.

I just laid back and relaxed as she worked her magic.

Fingering me, then licking, sucking, then biting, and then fingering again, she was being a sexual vixen. Then she surprised me, by stopping.

Saffi passed me the empty champagne bottle:

“Frig Adèle off with it, Clare; she needs something hard in her.”

I obeyed and started slowly, gently pushing the mouth of the bottle in and out of Adèle’s vagina, while Saffi took my asshole with her strap.

She too started gently with me then got a little more aggressive as I began moaning her name.

It felt so good as Saffi fucked me and I tried to concentrate on servicing Adèle by rotating it and thrusting the champagne bottle, possibly better than any cock could, given it was so hard.

Adèle was enjoying it, quickly taking the neck of the bottle and more right into her love area.

Saffi was manhandling me now. I could feel her pawing at my breasts, kneading my nipples hard between her fingers, her hard cock doing its work deep in me.

We came hard all together, well just about but all I can remember is the brain freeze that overcame me.

The passions and the emotions of the morning along with Adèle arriving and now this erotic three-way had me; it blew me.

It also blew Saffi and Adèle and was it the fourth or fifth climax that they had each both managed.

What a Saturday late afternoon.

We all three collapsed.

Eventually Saffi said:

"Let's go to bed, for a nap before dinner. I don't know about you two but I am weak at my knees."

It really was lovely to see Adèle again and our two and a half days together were tremendous fun as, once more, I was relegated to serving them both in all aspects of sexual delight.

She was so deliciously kinky and one of the things that I enjoyed about her sexually was that she was the only girl whose thick, dense black pubes I enjoyed and didn't want removed, not that I had much say in that option.

Adèle was also delighted to hear about my decision as to reassignment and that Saffi would have, not that far off we hoped, a truer girl as her partner.

Her comment :

“Bien sûr, une petite copine véritable pour Mlle Saffi; ça c’est vachement une autre chose.”

We dropped Adèle off at Prestwick before heading back to Edinburgh for a few days’ work and shopping before heading Stateside.

On arriving back I immediately made an appointment with my doctor for the New Year, telling him about my decision.

No time like the present.

He informed me that, firstly, he was delighted for me and then went onto say that there was nothing really to fear but that some trepidation would be understandable.

He would start exploring the best surgeons availability and location for the operation. There would be some formalities and assessments to be done when I got back from holiday but to go and have a great time. And to have a Happy Christmas.

His kind words went a long way to reassuring me that I had made the right decision.

We headed off to the States at the start of Christmas week, landing in New York with a scattering of snow around.

This was my second Christmas with the family and as a Murchison family member. Our greeting was a little more muted as we had only just seen them at Chrissie's and my "graduation" from the School, but still it was nice to be in the warmth of the divine kitchen area.

Without Saffi's brother or Koala there, we updated Pamela, Chrissie and Fallon on my decision to proceed into full womanhood and they were thrilled with our news and used it as an excuse to break out a bottle of a Charles Heidesieck champagne to celebrate.

The question on all their lips being:

"When?"

To which I explained that my doctor was looking for appropriate surgery and a hospital but that my suspicion was that it would not be Edinburgh, but possibly London, Brighton or Leicester if in the UK.

We also had a lot of research work to do on the surgeons' results as Saffi and I

had a mental image of how my pussy should look, especially regarding the presentation of my labial lips. A smooth simplicity to them or a young girl look being Saffi's want and on that one, I agreed with her one hundred per cent.

Christmas proceeded with the family gathering as usual. Fallon and Chrissie alternating between their parental homes, Saffi and I, and their brother still with the gorgeous Koala, all there to fill the large Christmas-decorated, Garrison home along with Per and Pamela, as well as Saffi's grandparents, Pamela's parents.

With all the run-in chaos of last minutes shopping, supplies, presents and the hullabaloo that goes with the season, Chrissie and I focused on using our newly acquired skills in the kitchen to lead the preparation of the family dinner on Christmas Eve and the annual Christmas Day family and friends party that Per and Pamela traditionally laid on, just as in the previous year.

This was in between Saffi and Fallon demanding sexual and toilet satisfaction from us, as well as Per and Pamela also taking us.

Life was frenetic but beautifully submissive in this caring, generous and warm household and I just enjoyed being used and loved, even to the point of being restrained and beaten by both Fallon and Per before they took me.

Saffi and Fallon consistently teased us about being their "kitchen slaves" and, at one point, came into the kitchen and inserted plugs into us, just to remind us that we were their "sex slaves" too and to prepare us for a late afternoon session.

I "joked" that I couldn't understand how Chrissie took her punishment from

Fallon; she was always so sore and bruised and needing Arnica on her body as well as Ibuprofen or Paracetamol.

I did realise though as, other than Fallon's physical needs and calls, Chrissie too got an enormous kick from submission in this form. Mine was much more a psychological wanting in the quest to completely satisfy Saffi's needs for a partner and abrogate all my responsibilities and decision making to her.

Was this irresponsible and naïve?

No, as it was all part of the psychological make-up and trust between us and, in return, Saffi got someone she could explicitly trust for a sounding-board and who knew how to turn her sexual and non-sexual buttons on.

Was it a slave's role?

In many ways, both in private and public, it was and Saffi would continue to build on that image.

In practice?

No.

My life was generously rewarded in terms of the financial aspects as well as non-financial as in quality of life, but, most importantly the love and warmth of

Saffi exuded from her.

My uncertainty going forward was whether I would make her a good “wife” once she had me placed as both a visual and functional woman.

Christmas was the joyful fun of past years. On Christmas Eve we went to Midnight Mass on a sumptuous dinner for fourteen of Canapés and opening plates of Stilton Stuffed Mushrooms with Cranberry Relish and an Almond Rolled Goats Cheese with Roast Beetroot.

This was followed by a Game and Truffle Soup en Croute and a fish course of Poached Salmon and Lemon. We then gave the party a small refreshing Grape and Champagne Sorbet and then we hit them with a selection of main dishes of Goose with Apple, Walnut and Truffle stuffing and the traditional annual family masterpiece of six ribs of Roast Beef.

Chrissie and I followed these platefuls by a European Cheese platter and Christmas Puddings, Scottish and American style and finished off with Chocolate Log Cake, English Christmas Cake and Mince Pies.

This sounds like an enormous amount of food but the excess was destined for the party the next day, along with what was also going to become a family tradition, the “Chicken Seraglio,” my take on a Coronation Chicken.

We also had things like a haunch of venison, as well as ducks that Saffi’s brother and Per had shot to gut, pluck, prepare and roast off with fresh thyme, calvados and a smidge of local honey.

Per chose the wines and they were more than fit for this banquet including Bollinger vintage champagne, a Bâtard-Montrachet Grand Cru and a Ch. Pape-Clement, Pessac-Léognan 1978, followed by XO Hennessey, Armagnac or a Dow 1966 Port.

Just like the previous year, it was a well-lubricated and fed party that headed off to St Philip's Church.

Christmas morning saw the cracking of a couple of bottles of champagne and the unwrapping of a mountain of presents. I gave Saffi, and Pamela and Per, two watercolours that I had painted in my Art sessions at the Hall, duly framed up. They were thrilled with them as was Fallon with her necklace.

This was in addition to other presents for Saffi and she responded by giving me a lovely set of Italian lingerie and a fabulous Luminess baby-doll nightie.

This was a creamy-yellow one made out of cotton/silk jersey trimmed with silk satin and Swiss Guipure lace. It featured an elegant empire waist, which skimmed and smoothed the silhouette so as to give it a flared ruffle look.

The open neck-line flattered my bust, which was double-layered and skinny, satin straps showed off my shoulders. The ruffled layers were finished with white frills and the circular cut of the nightie gave a swing or flared effect to it. It was beautiful and could be worn as a very girly casual evening dress.

It came with matching creamy-yellow, silky-satin, hipster panties, complete with

a keyhole at the rear, almost as if to allow Saffi to run a finger or two down my bottom valley or push a vibrator through. I couldn't wait to put it on that night.

She also gave me a new laptop as these were just coming to the market. I had been borrowing one from Per's company, primarily for his projects.

"I have had it loaded, Clare, and I have also had it set up with trackers of which websites you wish to visit as I think that I should keep control over your usage of that site. I don't want you chatting to all and sundry, you know, or reading pornography excessively."

To have the laptop was really useful, but constraining me like this, especially as the notion of looking at x-rated sites or onto the newly founded chat-sites had not even passed my mind, well I just had to accept it I thought, it was just one of those things in being her vassal, her courtesan.

However, the shock came again with Per. Last year, he had given us girls a "Feeldoe-like" prototype and that had proven to be incredibly popular. This year...

"Saffi and Clare, Fallon and Chrissie, I have another new prototype for you to try out, more for the benefit of you two, Saffi and Fallon, than Clare and Chrissie, I must say."

He handed over two presents and we opened them. Inside each box was a small button attachment to go on a bracelet or a chain and in fact was a transmitter. Then there was a receiving unit and software for a PC.

“I have a client looking at the commercial launch of what they call a ‘Global Positioning System’ or ‘GPS’ as it is known. It tracks where you are and can record the information and was developed just across the river for West Point. The idea over there was that the tanks were equipped and they could see where their own units were positioned so as to avoid shelling each other in the heat of a battle.”

He took a swig of champagne and I looked at Saffi as a “what on earth is this?”

“My client is launching it for car navigation systems and for tagging people such as criminal offenders or for those suffering from memory-loss. Potentially, it has a wide range of applications and it’s why I am interested in it. You, Saffi, get to tag Clare and you can record her movements so if you insist she wears it out of the house, you will know from the mapping information on the PC where she is at any given point. Thought that my daughters would like this to further restrain their partners...”

Saffi and Fallon were splitting their sides laughing:

“How brilliant, let’s give it a run out.”

I do not know about Chrissie, but this felt so humiliating and demeaning, almost as if I was a criminal. I wasn’t so sure about this.

I think that Saffi picked up on my vibes.

“Clare, think of it, I will know where you are at any time and if you ever went missing for whatever reason, I would be able to recover you.”

The small transmitter “buttons” were attached to Chrissie and I and we were made to go to a distant part of the house. Sure enough it worked as the accuracy of this military profile was to within six feet.

“Anytime, you go out now, Clare, you are to wear it for me,” Saffi told me and Fallon said a similar thing to Chrissie.

This was total control now as it felt like that we were now their prisoners, or at least remand prisoners. But with my forthcoming travel, perhaps it wasn’t a bad thing. Per asked for feedback from us as to comfort, utility and of course the results that Saffi and Chrissie would track.

This was not our only humiliation as we were later to find on New Year’s Eve itself.

The Christmas party went off extremely well and Chrissie and my efforts as to organising and cooking a lot of the food, a veritable banquet, seemed to be greatly appreciated.

Apart from giving me encouraging kisses during the event, Saffi delighted in referring to me as her “collared” or “tagged indentured.” Collared I was, wearing the Talena collar as jewellery but with the button fixed to the back of my neck, close to the hex-nut lock.

The week between Christmas and New Year was spent relatively quietly as we passed the time in Garrison; some parties, shopping and visits, and plenty of sex and toilet service to Saffi and Pamela in particular, plus giving them extended beauty and massage sessions were the order of the day.

I never minded these activities as it served to reinforce my devotion to them and it was always wonderful to “work” their stunning bodies.

I was wondering what was to happen for New Year’s Eve as to clothing and accessories but Saffi was being elusive about it.

I admit, this had me wondering as things in terms of “Fallon and Pamela” scenario plays had been fairly quiet, though both had been pretty active in demanding that Chrissie and I give them full toilet duty, including, I shall term it, a full squat and eating session, something I still did not find easy but tolerated, but more because of my role than an interest or kink in this area.

I continued to enjoy their panties in wearing them or scenting their heavy stains, and that aspect I really did like!

It was on the 29th that Per said that we were going to stay in and have a dinner party for a few people.

Saffi’s brother had left with Koala two days previously to go to her parents place for the celebrations; invitees to the dinner were to be Chrissie’s parents, Pamela’s friend Janine, her husband Bill and their daughter, Tanya, Dominique and Vanessa, as well as a couple that I had not met before, Tony and Zara.

The fact that Chrissie's parents were coming to dinner suggested to me that this would be an "ordinary" evening.

I asked Saffi what I should consider wearing for her and she said that she had something special for me, as Fallon had for Chrissie, to think of it as a belated Christmas present from them.

"And jewellery?"

"I will choose it for the evening, Clare," was her response.

We set about preparing a menu of canapés, smoked trout soufflés in a filo crust, a spiced beetroot, pumpkin and squash soup with homemade bread, and a roast of ducks breast and confit of leg on a bed of flageolet beans, to be followed by cheese with the bread and then a selection of raspberry, cherry and blueberry Clafoutis with homemade vanilla bean ice cream.

The day before New Year's Eve, Per and I settled on a Sancerre, Le Cul de Beaujeu, a Ramey Ritchie Russian River Chardonnay and a Napa Dominus for the red wine. And then a delicious Château d'Yquem 1967 for the dessert.

This gave us an excuse for our own little private wine tasting and Per took the opportunity to "steal" a kiss from me and a feel of my "Pamela pantied" bottom, saying that he ought to ask Saffi to butt plug me for next day so as to stretch me so as to easily receive his hard cock in my love tunnel tomorrow night.

On New Year's Eve afternoon with the dinner preparations well under control, Saffi and I grabbed a nap; she said that we would be up late to greet the Hogmanay in.

Once we were up, I slipped down to the kitchen to finish off some small touches and then headed up to toilet and bathe Saffi, as well as to take an enema on her instruction.

We had decided on a nice long soak in the bath so I got to soap and bathe her, a job that I always enjoyed.

Once out of the bath and towelled down, Saffi had us dress in the lingerie that she had given me, a lovely Prima Donna dark coffee coloured balconnet bra, rio brief, and a suspender or garter belt.

The material was meshed but then embroidered around the legs bands and the bottom of the bra cups.

The girls had decided that we Murchisons should wear our family Buchanan kilts with dark brown polo tops to emphasise the tartan colours and, of course, matching dark brown stockings.

Over this went our jewellery and, in my case, the now "bugged" Talena collar band along with my diamond Tiffany necklace, Saffi's ring and ankle chain, and finally my earrings.

Saffi had me wear Private Collection for the evening, as it has always been one of her favourite perfumes on me.

We wandered over to Fallon's suite and they were just about ready to go downstairs.

Saffi ordered Chrissie and I to lean over the bottom of Fallon's bed and she lifted our kilts and lowered our panties.

Fallon came back with lubricated plugs for us and a vibrator for Chrissie's pussy. She slid them into their homes.

I winced as the hardness entered me to start its work to "relax" me, ready for later.

Saffi commented:

"Yes, you two, we want you being worked on as dinner progresses so that you are ready for later. You will, in part be our New Year entertainment."

Immediately I knew that this was to be a New Year that we would not forget in a long time.

We headed downstairs and the guests began to assemble, greeted by cold Moët Vintage champagne.

It was good to see the girls again and then to meet the “newcomers” in Bill, Tony and his wife, Zara. Right up front, apart from kisses, I got a “You are looking so well, Clare” and a couple of questions about my operation and how worried they had been.

Bill was about the same age as Per and quite distinguished looking, a lawyer in New York and Tony was a hunk of a man, having been an American footballer and now a sports agent.

Zara was the complete opposite, very slender and delicate in appearance and seemed a sweetie.

We had the dinner in the Great Room, the fire blazing away and in the dimmed lights, the Christmas decorations glistening away with their tiny off-white lights.

Some fifteen of us sat around the table that Pamela had helped us with as to the table adornments, flowers and candles – we had it English style with the cutlery all laid out with pewter base-plates and then an exquisite forest of sparkling, Riedel glasses for the various wines.

Chrissie and I were kept very busy with getting the food to the table but with Tanya and Vanessa assisting us, it was a real blast, particularly as Chrissie and I managed to keep a bottle on the go in the kitchen, both of us knowing that something was up for later and we were likely going to “star” in the play.

I got to sit nearer the kitchen with Saffi on one side of me and Bill on the other.

He turned out to have had some of his legal post graduate education in Oxford and was a considerable Anglophile so there we were discussing the merits of the English university system versus the Scottish, versus the American format.

This was perhaps summed up by Bill referring to a Sherwood Anderson quote as to the American system:

“The whole object of education is...to develop the mind. The mind should be a thing that works.”

To this, and not to be outdone, I added a Trevelyan quote, a British Victorian historian:

“Education ... has produced a vast population able to read but unable to distinguish what is worth reading.”

We did agree, however, that Harvard perhaps was the ultimate in the intersection of the three university cultures.

As we got to the end of the second course, Saffi and Fallon asked Chrissie and me to step out with them and to bend over a sofa for larger plugs and a vibrator to be inserted into us.

Again our panties went back on to hold our invaders in.

However there was a difference as during the main course, I suddenly felt buzzing deep inside me – God, Saffi had one of those remote controls to trigger the vibrator and she could control its speed.

I took a quick glance at Chrissie and Fallon too was evidently assaulting her in a similar manner.

We smiled at each other, getting the food out now was going to be torture, not knowing when we were to be buzzed.

How was this all going to work tonight? Where we to wait until some of the guests had departed?

The meal seemed to go down really well and there were compliments flying our way that it was a far better meal than eating out, and a much more convivial atmosphere to be with folk who you knew and not have others milling around you.

We came to the end of the desserts, served coffee and Saffi asked for Chrissie, Tanya, Vanessa and I to come with Fallon, Dominique, Pamela and herself and for the others to wait for “pousse-café” until we all returned.

“Here we go,” I thought to myself, “What do they have in store for us?”

We were led outside by the women and told to remove our panties and give them to Saffi. She sorted through them and handed each of our dommes one back. We

were then led up the stairs, Saffi having hooked a chain to my collar necklace and the same for Fallon and Chrissie.

Upstairs, we separated and Saffi took me off to our suite. Once inside, I was given the order to strip down and lean over the bed.

Saffi removed my butt plug.

“Good, you are much slacker down there now, Clare. I will be able to get a two to three inch wide cock in you tonight at least. I am putting one more in now to widen you even further and Fallon is doing the same to Chrissie, as are the other girls.”

I was a little surprised; that meant that there had been four of us around the table being softened up and, yes, I realised that we were all the submissives of the party.

So their parents knew and approved and were probably involved in their daughters’ sexual activities.

“Here, I have Tanya’s panties for you to take in, my little dirty pantie-sniffer. And they look exquisite. You should enjoy them.”

She held them up for me to see and they were a pair of black Wacoal hi-sides. She slipped them over my head so my nose was well and truly buried in Tanya’s wide, soft gusset, thereby allowing me to pick up a strong, sweet scent,

highlighted by her pee.

“I am not going to gag you, as I expect your mouth may have to serve a few cunts and cocks tonight, Clare. No spilling of any semen mind you; it’s total swallowing if you get any. I don’t expect any spillage and, if you do, Fallon will beat you mercilessly.”

I felt Saffi push this enormous plug into me, tapered to its widest at the middle and a small stopper to stop it disappearing in me. That took away my immediate thoughts, in having to focus on accommodating this new invader.

I concentrated on Tanya’s wonderful aroma now pervading my nose.

Saffi went into her closet and surprised me by pulling out the latex cat-suit that she had had me wear for my orchiectomy “celebrations” and that infamous, humiliating evening when I had to parade it around the restaurant and then later, duly hooded and taking in her scent from her divine used panties, walking up Princes’ and George Streets.

I had no idea that she had even packed it.

The familiar heavy semi-transparent lilac-pink suit with its white piping and that left nothing to the imagination.

“Put it on, now.”

Saffi helped me into it, smoothing out the creases and there I was, naked under it and my breasts exposed.

“Are you putting on the bandeau, Saffi?”

“No, I want your breasts and nipples fully exposed to play tonight. ‘Jewellery’ next.”

On went my ankle, wrist and thigh cuffs to be riveted down by Saffi, followed by my four inch heels, the straps of which went over my latexed covered feet. Onto my fingers, also enveloped in the rubber, went my double rings to limit my finger movement.

Finally came my hood, the one that I did not like as it was totally degrading. Saffi attached the butterfly eye cover partially to restrict my eyesight. She sprayed me liberally with more Private Collection and said that I was ready and we should go and see the others.

Saffi stopped me and said, “Damn, I have forgotten something.”

She went into her chest of drawers and produced our nipple suction tubes with the hand extractor pump. She moved towards me and kissed my nipples so as to dampen them before applying the glass cylinders, on by one and sucking out the air before clamping off the tube.

I could feel the buzz rip through my breasts as my nipples became engorged and were stretched up the glass tube by the vacuum suction being applied. This would look so lewd.

She led me out of the bedroom and down to the top of the stairs. Fallon joined us with Chrissie and she was dressed identically to me in the same style of suit in lilac-purple and I saw at first-hand how degrading our hoods were with our mouths presented as pierced pussies to those who saw us, inviting cocks into our mouths.

The nipple tubes and clamps were just the cream on top of this sexual pudding.

Tanya and Vanessa appeared and they too were in suits, more opaque in nature than ours, but also with their breasts exposed to all and their distended nipples in glass tube and clamped off. We were all in ridiculously high heels forcing our covered feet to stand on our toes.

We were going to be led down to who knows what with the others and, surprisingly, I was feeling rather nervous. It wasn't that I didn't know most of the proponents but more the depravity and humiliation of being dressed and impersonalised like this.

As a group of four, we had been reduced to the role of walking sex toys and it was nearly impossible to tell the difference between Chrissie and myself, or Vanessa and Tanya. The difference in height and nipple colour and aureole size being really the only clues to identification.

However, this was what being in love and duty-bound to Saffi also implied, total subservience especially in sex scenarios and plays and I more than knew that I had to be "open to all."

The dommes took our lead-chains and helped us down the staircase.

We were led back into the Great Room where we had been dining.

There was a gasp as we were led in and comments of: “Wow, they look gorgeous”; or “Just so wonderfully kinky.”

What astonished me though is that two stand-up cages had magically appeared while we had been upstairs being dressed. They were placed either side of the fireplace and that is where we were led to, Chrissie and I were put in one of them and the other two girls in the other.

I had never been caged before and this felt like total humiliation as if we were just sex-slaves, which, in truth I guess, was the form in which we were being offered.

It was plain degrading waiting there as the others had their coffees and liqueurs, talking about us, eyeing us up and wondering who was going to take us.

Would it be male or female or both on the first up?

A good half an hour passed, if not three quarters of an hour, and it was actually rather uncomfortable in being cooped up with Chrissie as if we were female animals waiting to be studded.

Saffi and Pamela came across and released Tanya and me and they led us off to the second living room, a very warm snug room particularly with the fire burning.

As we entered the room, I could not but help notice that two sex benches had been set up. These were identical and looked like something that could be in a church for prayers. They were made of a wood like mahogany and the surfaces where there would be skin contact were thickly padded.

There were lower level shelves on which to place our knees and at the end there were rings on which to attach our ankle cuffs. Then there was a slightly sloping bench to take the weight of our bodies, shaped as well to let our breasts hang down if we were to lie on our tummies.

The unit was finished with two more side shelves with fittings to take our arms and lock in our wrists. Over the box, there were a number of rings and belts if the dominant wished further to anchor our bodies.

There was also a second frame behind the stool that could be used if we were lying on our backs so that our arms could be locked in upwards, effectively exposing our breasts and pussies to the full control of our “partners.”

Saffi locked me downwards on to it, anchoring my ankles and wrists and then back to my thighs.

She then attached my neck into a collar ring so that I could not move my head.

Finally, she checked that Tanya's panties were in place over my nose and that my mouth was open, ready for any pussy tonguing or cock-sucking required of me.

I turned my head and could see that Pamela had put Tanya in a similar position.

I didn't know about Tanya but I had some serious butterflies running around me.

Per and Bill were first to come into the room, to be followed by Pamela and Dominique.

The men undressed down to their under-shorts and came over to me and their hands started to explore my latexed body.

Both of them moved under me and released my swollen nipples to play with them in their fingers and kiss them. This sent some little "buzzies" through my body, with tingles to my brain.

I was half-expecting it as a paddle hit my bottom and then a second. Per and Bill had taken on each and started to warm me up, working the paddles all over my bottom.

I could take this but then they moved to two crops and these hurt, even allowing for the thick latex between the shaft and my skin. I concentrated on Tanya's aroma to provide a distraction, a technique I had developed for such beating plays.

I felt the zip of my crotch being undone and the butt plug removed.

I was going to be taken by them.

Per went behind me and didn't waste any time as I guess my anus was wide open, inviting him in to fuck me.

I felt him coming up behind me and his seven inch, decent girth, cock slid easily into me. God, it was nice to feel him inside me and, indeed, he had been the only male to take me since Matt.

Bill presented his cock to my mouth. I could half make him out through my butterfly masks and he look like he had a good endowment.

He pushed his purple head through my "pussy" lips, mentioning to Per that he had never had "a tranny."

I was now gagged by him in me and couldn't say a thing. Per responded:

"So you had better enjoy Clare as next time you have an opportunity she will be sporting a cunt as well most likely."

Oh what humiliation this was and there wasn't anything I could do but allow Per to fuck me in my rear and to take Bill in my mouth.

Bill started up a rhythm as if I was a pussy, pounding the back of my throat. I could taste his precum over the scent of Tanya, which I continued to enjoy.

Per came pretty quickly in me as I suspected I tightened up a little to grip him better and that was enough to push him over his explosive level. I felt him tighten up and surge into me, his jism shooting up inside me.

The two men switched position and here I was with Bill now taking me and I was having to clean Per up, tasting his sperm in my mouth.

Bill was even harder on me and I could really feel him deep inside me, frotting my prostrate as he screwed me, his hands on my bottom, forcing himself on me.

Per slowly became fully erect in my mouth. I let my tongue roll over him, enjoying his penis as it filled my mouth, closely feeling his head in me.

Bill was first to cum in me, strongly sending his seed to join that of Per's inside my hidden passage.

This is what I enjoyed about a man, being "impregnated" by him, knowing that I had given myself over to him, albeit temporarily, the feel of his cum, or in this case now, their cum well and truly embedded in me.

Per came again, coating my mouth with his emission and making me swallow him.

They both withdrew and Bill replaced my butt plug to hold their spend in me, ready for the next of them.

There I was left, tightly restrained, tasting Per all over my mouth and the aroma of Tanya continually plying its course through my nasal senses.

I hardly even noticed Tanya and how she was getting on, feeling spent from my first lovers already.

Dominique and Pamela were the next over to me and the first I knew was Pamela pushing her naked bottom back onto my face demanding that I orally pay homage to her anal love-hole.

I extended my tongue and picked up her acrid taste, using my cum laden saliva to moisten her up and push my tongue into her.

Dominique came behind me and I felt her Ultra strap-cock enter me as she started to enjoy the benefits of the vibrations running through her as she took me.

I continued to play my tongue around Pamela's button, trying to use it as the small dildo she so liked in her, her pre-cum even overpowering the smell of Tanya.

Now this I was enjoying as I so loved to be under Saffi's mother's pussy and bottom; it was almost like being under an older Saffi and gave me thoughts of what was to come in life.

Both of them came with their orgasms, Pamela's pushed back through my pussy hood into my mouth and then Dominique handing over the cock that had been in her for Pamela to feed me the sticky cum on it.

What must have this look like to anybody watching, my head covered in latex with my nose and mouth designed as a pussy taking Dominique's well-used pink flesh coloured dildo into her mouth?

The other part of the dildo system remained in me, sticking out of me lewdly, keeping me wide for other potential users of me, this New Year's evening.

I was left to recuperate and reflect on my lot for some ten minutes, blindfold off.

Pamela's last act was to strap Saffi's chin dildo tightly onto me.

Now, at least, I knew that my next lover at the front would be female.

From within my suit, I felt that I was nothing more than a sex doll now and that thought was actually quite exciting.

I also knew that I was reeking of sex.

Tanya was seriously moaning and I turned my head to see Fallon and Janine

taking her with strap-cocks as Zara and Tony came into the room.

I heard Tony undressing behind me and Zara came in front of me to do so as well.

She peeled off her dress and I could see that she was bra-less underneath, her very small breasts only being defined by her pert and erect, pink nipples.

She then hooked her thumbs under the hem of her black tanga and lowered them to reveal a tiny bottom and a completely naked but well defined pussy, almost girl like in front of me.

My interest level in Zara was certainly rising and, if I could, I wanted to be face-sat by that bottom before the night was out. Now I was to be her dildo.

I felt Tony moving behind me and probably removing his shorts.

With his muscular size, one could feel his presence behind me. His large hands strayed over my back and my bottom, feeling my love area and down to my clitoris that was half erect now.

He moved his hand over my face and in the palm of it; he had this small bottle of a fruity apple, a sweet alcoholic smell.

He held it to my nose and told me to draw the scent in deeply.

He then applied a couple of drops onto my nasal holes and then passed the phial to Zara for her use. I was to learn later that it was an amyl nitrate, something that I had never experienced.

Zara positioned herself in front of me, bottom towards me and using the frame as support for her.

She moved her exquisite bottom back onto my chin dildo giving me a clear sighting of her delicate folds opening up to take my penis into her.

Her sex aroma came through to me, just as Pamela's had, overriding Tanya's. I was now subservient to pleasing her cunt.

I wanted to be in her so much and pay her complete oral service, whatever pleasure she wanted.

Talking of penises, I felt Tony right over my back; he removed the previous dildo still parked lewdly in me and placed his head at my entrance.

Good God, he was enormous.

How on earth did that slip of a thing, Zara, take in such a large cock as this?

I felt that his helmet alone must have a width of two and a half to three inches; he was that enormous as he started to enter me.

I was struggling to take him, despite all the widening and the previous real and toy phalluses in me this evening. I felt him putting some lubricant on; I must thank him at least for being considerate.

And then he pushed into me, past my anal ring and partly in.

He took it slowly, getting me to respond further and open my flower up for him.

Gradually he worked his way into me and then I felt I was being swallowed up in his massive arms.

This was all man and by the far the largest I had ever taken into me. I could become all-woman to a man like this. I am joking as Saffi was the only one for me, but Tony was very attractive and physically powerful.

I wanted to buck against him and let him fuck me as he wished, preferably hard, and to use all his length and girth to blow my mind.

I couldn't because of my restraints – this was so frustrating as my urge to have him come in me was growing and growing. The amyl nitrate was having its buzz effect.

Zara was using me, sliding on the cock right in front of me, giving me a clear view of her small brown-skinned anus, allowing me to use my tongue to add some natural lubricant to her little pre-cum showing, frothing around the base of the black cock.

I was by now like a rampant vixen licking its cubs as I zoomed in on serving her pussy and anus and Zara was kicking her bottom hard back and forth on me, using the full length of the dildo to sate her.

Things had definitely gone up a notch.

Mike was more than filling me up, going to depths in me that I had never encountered, pressurising my prostate in a way that no one had done before.

This was too much and just as I felt Zara convulsing with her ejaculate, followed by Tony spurting deep inside me, feeling like he was flooding me.

I went numb and I was suddenly gone; a black out overtook me as my orgasm swept in.

I don't know how long I was out but my first conscious thought was Zara:

“Are you ok, Clare?”

“Mmmm, I think so. I have just blown my brain and my orgasm is still running. Mmmmm”

And I went again.

Tony and Zara had me quickly out of my restraints and Tony just swept me up in his arms as if I was a ragamuffin doll. He took me out of the living room and back into the great room and placed me in a sofa by the fire.

“Mmmm thank you, Tony, I am ok now but you two just blew me away; that was perhaps the biggest orgasm that I have ever had and certainly since I half came over.”

“Just get some rest for a few minutes, Clare, and I’ll go and find Saffi.”

Zara stayed with me, her lovely body naked in front of me, just the sight of her was almost enough to tip me back into my sexual hypnosis.

Saffi appeared. I learnt later that she had been taking Chrissie with Vanessa.

“Are you ok, Clare? You haven’t done that for months, blacking out that is. Tony and Zara must be heck of a pair of lovers to reduce you to total jelly.”

“Saffi, they are. I’m ok now; believe me. But you ought to see the size of Tony. I have never seen or felt a cock that size, never. And Zara here is just so sexily cute.”

I smiled at her and she squeezed my hand.

“Well, I think that if you are ok, back in the cage for you and recover in there.”

“Could I swap Tanya’s panties for Zara’s if she will lend them?”

“Yes, that’s ok by me, up to Zara.”

I had a little relief as Saffi undid my hood and I was able to shake my head and recover more air. Off came Tanya’s panties and Zara came back with hers.

“Amazing, you were taking in Tanya’s scent as well as serving us two, Clare. I had her earlier and she has a lovely pussy scent.”

“Oh, Zara, Clare here has a real kink for the female scent, oral service, toilet play and for face-sitting, with her under you. Her tongue is pretty good at it and you can use her as you wish.”

I was now back in the hood with Zara’s panties stretched over my nose, taking in a stunning aroma, almost as good as my domme’s and my lover.

Saffi took me over to the cage and left me bolted in there as she went off. Zara disappeared too.

Some twenty minutes later, just as I was becoming uncomfortable again, Dominique and Janine appeared and led me off to the third living room.

There was no bench like what I had been on in here but I recognised one of Dominique's punishment frames.

Essentially this had a floor plate to which my ankles were fixed, splaying my legs out wide and, on the other side, chains to attach my wrists too.

I was then pushed over the wide foam bar and a second foam bar was swung over and lowered to lock the small of my back in, pushing and forcing my bottom to spread my cheeks. My thighs were also chained in to assist in my spreading.

Janine fixed a black ball gag into my mouth to muffle my cries.

As with Dominique, I knew what was coming, a beating and flagellation before being taken by both of them.

It was crops and then paddles to leave me considerably warmed up. However, Zara's scent was intoxicating me and held me through the punishment as it rained down on me.

They took me, had their orgasms and led me back to the Great Room.

Tony, Zara and Saffi standing there greeted me. Saffi had a pair of panties on but that was the sole clothing between them and they were drinking champagne.

“Happy New Year, Girls!”

A glass of refreshing Moët and Saffi led the three of us upstairs to our suite. Dominique and Janine went to find Tanya or Chrissie.

Once in the suite, Saffi soon had me out of my suit and suggested a quick shower.

Zara joined me in the shower and wanted me to soap her body and massage her nipples. She was truly tiny at some five foot two maximum, maybe five foot one.

We emerged from the shower and I dried her down as if I was with Saffi, concentrating on her pussy so as closely to inspect it.

Back into the bedroom, naked as we were, Saffi and Tony had been enjoying the champagne and now Saffi was entwined in his arms, her right hand playing with his hardening cock.

It was truly massive and some nine inches and with an exceptional girth.

This was a first: I had never seen Saffi with another man, not even close to Per.

I knew she wasn't totally lesbian as she had mentioned several times about her sexuality being ninety percent female and that it would take an exceptional man to take her.

Furthermore, we had had that discussion about saving my sperm before my castration for potential babies and I had declined that, saying she needed a proper man's seed in her and she had agreed on that.

Saffi was kissing him, quite passionately and was slowly masturbating him as his large hands were caressing her, seeking out her now very wet cunt.

She managed to climb off him and led him over to our bed to lie on it and then her lips immediately honed in on his member, taking him between her lips.

My goodness, she was prepared to give him oral.

She motioned for the two of us to join her in giving him a three way oral session and we went either side of her to worship this magnificent specimen of a male member.

Our tongues went up and down either side of Tony's pulsating penis leaving Saffi to enjoy his huge helmet, which was obviously shortly destined to be buried deep inside her.

To suck on this cock was incredible, it was as big as just about any of our toys

and it was alive, the hardness of Tony's cock offset by the little bit of give on the softness of his flesh.

It took all three of us to please him, Saffi working his head, Zara on his full balls and myself taking his shaft.

We knew our assault was turning him on, and Saffi looked at Zara:

“Mind if I have him inside me?”

“No problem, Saffi, then I want Clare under me.”

“Well, first Clare, I want you to guide Tony into me and then let Zara take you as she wants.”

Saffi moved up and swung her bottom over Tony's face for him to briefly sixty-nine her and get her already stick cunt ready to take his massive offering.

She continued to work the head of his totally stiff penis, standing at its fullest attention, ready to work his magic on Saffi when he entered her, what would be for him a very tight pussy given his size and Saffi's unfamiliarity with nine inch plus cocks and with such a massive girth at over 2½ inches width on the shaft.

I moved away to start to please Zara orally, picking up her fragrance again and her creaminess.

She was very moist already so I focused on pleasing her clit, gently applying continued suction and letting my tongue flick lightly over it. She started to moan in response to my ministrations.

Tony moved Saffi down his body and she turned around and got up to stand over him, allowing him to visually take in the sight of her pretty pussy above him, wet and increasingly open with the expectation of taking him into her.

She was exerting her control over him, wanting him to crave to be in her pussy and to realise that this was a very special moment, as she did not give herself lightly to any man.

Zara moved off me and I also got on my haunches, moved over and both of us guided Saffi down towards Tony's rampant cock.

She crouched down bringing her bottom over Tony, teasing his dick with the lips of her pussy and probably teasing herself.

Tony reached for his large phial that he had put to one side and allowed Saffi to take a deep breath of it in, then one for himself before giving it to Zara.

Zara immediately made me inhale it, deeply and three times, the tart apple vapours now hitting the back of my nose to set up my buzz.

She took two deep breaths herself.

I reached over to Tony's cock, my eyes now at a level to see both him and Saffi's

dripping, open pussy and I took his head lightly in my hand.

Zara steadied Saffi and pressed her gently downwards, allowing me to guide him home into my lover's cunt.

Saffi immediately let out a large gasp as he entered her, forcing her pussy walls to open wide to him, naturally pressurising her love spot.

I heard a "Oh my God," as I pulled away and onto my back.

In an instant, Zara was over me, lowering her bottom down to my face.

I was feeling in love with the offering above me, lovely fine labial lips that I so cherished for my pussy and a small throbbing but distinct clit, well emerged from its tiny hooded home.

Her pussy entrance was wide open, a dark purple aperture showing flecks of fresh white cum, demanding service from my mouth.

The last I saw of Saffi was her starting to bounce in rhythm to Tony's thrusts and withdrawals. I could hear her as she was starting to shout, a rare event indeed as she was more of a moaner and an encourager.

That was how much she was turned on by the hunk of a man fucking her.

Zara pressed down on me, enveloping my head with her small frame, lightweight on me but still queening me, forcing me to take her in my mouth.

I could taste her and her smell was divine.

Naturally, she knew how to manage me, very quickly finding my “submergence” time and then letting me take her in.

She also knew how to shift very quickly on me, how to apply the pressure and, in doing so, subjugate me to her.

The nitrate was having its effect now; I was so impassioned now and there was only one centre of attention for me, and for Zara too, her pussy and anal area.

That was my life, to be a pussy slut for my partners, well the partners that Saffi chose for me as well as herself.

Nothing else mattered, not my economics or work, my cooking or creative arts, reading or whatever, just to be a total submissive to the pleasing of pussy or cock.

Saffi had reduced me to this and I was in my submissive utopia, ready to be a committed gurl to these lovers.

Zara came hard on me, shooting her creamy cum into my face as she ground her

cheeks into mine, opening her love valley up right over my nose and mouth.

It was all about her cum.

I felt that she was coming onto a second peak and continued my efforts, being soaked in her juice.

I could, sort of, hear Saffi moaning and shouting as Tony was bringing her to her high and as she hit her stride, my own brain and the nitrate took over, driving me to a second high cum of the night, a very rare event.

Gosh was it intense, like cold white steel freezing me up, electric tingles dancing all over my body and I came, my watery sperm-free cum, shooting out of my clit.

Make me a woman now, I was thinking, "I need a fuck."

And that is what I got as Zara rolled me over, reached for our Feeldoe and used it on me, with me half watching Saffi riding Tony to even a higher orgasm, her face and chest really red with the intensity of what she was experiencing.

Zara rode me hard and it felt so good, keeping me high and soon she was onto her third cum of this session. God, what great sex these two gave.

I was almost in a hypnotic daze as Zara gave me another small whiff of the

nitrate and Saffi swung over me to present her dripping cunt to my mouth to clean her up.

Zara moved over Tony's head.

This was a cream pie that I more than revelled in, tasting both of their love emissions merging together.

I was sold and I was completely cooked.

I let the heady mixture ooze from Saffi, into my mouth, my tongue slowly working over her to pick up any juices around her labia and to keep her on her sexual plateau.

Just incredible.

The sex continued on long into the night and it was four of us who managed to squish up together in our bed that fell asleep.

It was four very tired bunnies who made it downstairs midmorning on New Year's Day, much to the amusement of Per, Pamela and the others still in the house.

And only after a three way toilet service and the first time I had a man pee over me, though with Tony, I just didn't mind and Zara, well I was even prepared to

go further with her.

Saffi agreed with me that the sex had been remarkable and just how Tony had filled her to the point that she thought he was going to come through her uterus.

She asked me how I felt and if I had felt jealous at all about him taking her.

Yes, it had recalled memories of Elaine and how I had found her with a man but this had been all very different as the setting and situation had been absolutely ideal and I knew perfectly well that she needed a man from time to time.

The answer was a definite no.

The fact that she was in control of the situation as well as me, trusted us and trusted them, just added to our love.

Indeed her concern over me after Tony had “blown my brains” had more than demonstrated her caring side and love for me.

The Amyl nitrate? Well, it certainly worked on both of us and our orgasms were shattering but we realised that we had to use it very sparingly or good sex could become dependent on it.

I did take a lot of positives from the evening in that I could intensely orgasm when strongly stimulated and, to me that augured well for when I was

“restructured.”

Saffi was right to have had sex with Tony and I had to remember that I had had sex with him first.

I wasn't jealous, anything but, and rather happy in that we had found new sex friends. And friends indeed, Tony and Zara would become to us.

Chapter-Two

“In Between” Moments

We saw Tony and Zara again before leaving Garrison, this time at their beautiful late-Georgian house in Bedford on the New York-Connecticut border.

Dinner and sex.

The sex at least as good as New Year’s Eve.

Again we came away in admiration of Tony’s cock and agreed he was a good lover, though we were probably more in awe of Zara and her capacity to accommodate him in such a small-framed body.

As I said to Saffi, it confirmed to me that I wanted a deep a pussy as possible that my surgeon could construct. Saffi laughed at that and said:

“We shall see, but yes, as I want to fuck you with large strap-cocks as well.”

From Garrison, we headed north for a few vacation days in Vermont and Saffi had me take up skiing.

We even managed to ski some good intermediate slopes by the end of our time there, as I was very much a beginner.

We also enjoyed the cross-country skiing that was on offer.

This time, we based ourselves out of Topnotch in Stowe to ski Mount Mansfield before heading southwards to Woodstock.

I didn't let Saffi escape shopping in Stowe and I have to admit that we ended up with a splendid oil painting of the Hudson River, even though we didn't have the wall space in Edinburgh and DC to put it on.

It was a most appropriate 19thC. artist being one James Hope, who moved with his parents from Scotland to eventually Vermont. We also ended up with a lovely smaller summer pastoral painting by William Merritt Chase.

I mention our time in Vermont, as it would prove to be an important step in our life together. We saw the house that was eventually to become our main home.

We stayed in Woodstock at the Inn, it wasn't quite like the Four Columns in Newfane and that is where we moved onto after two nights for the last part of our time away.

It was walking around the town and doing some shopping and small gallery visits that we looked in the window of one of the better real estate agents.

A farm property caught Saffi's eye first and she said to me to look at it. Indeed, the photo and summary details were very interesting.

We went into the shop and came out with a reservation to see it the next morning.

The farm, Leaves Farm was some one hundred and twenty acres but complete with outbuildings, a Vermont barn, stables and a classic Vermont Federal with what the locals called three “Ls” to the house, traditionally extensions for kitchens to take them out of the main house for fire and space reasons. This meant that there was some real room in it with its listed eight bedrooms, four bathrooms and then a downstairs of a large kitchen, antique dining room, a parlour, second living room, a library and two studies.

We left the shop quite excited about the prospect of seeing the property.

Next morning, after breakfast, we drove up to the farm, about three miles out of Woodstock and waited for the agent to turn up.

It certainly looked beautiful standing in its trees, some two hundred yards back from the road and from the white fences fronting the property.

Finally the agent turned up and we went into the house.

It was amazing with its mix of larger and smaller rooms and old and new. The most stunning part was the dining room, known as a keeping room, still intact with its 18thC fireplace and panelling. Also, in the old part of the house, the fireplaces were all there as well as the floor boards.

The décor was appalling but that was the least of our issues; all that could be changed. What was really needed was some delicate restoration of the old part of the house, a radical overhaul of the “Ls” and we thought that the attic would make a stunning guest suite with the space that it offered.

The outside buildings also offered a lot of potential for building in staff quarters as well as workshops and the Vermont barn would give us all sorts of options from garaging to office space.

We tried to walk the land but that was “mission impossible” with the snow on the ground. There was a lovely pond and a spring that afforded us the most magnificent natural ice sculptures.

I think it fair enough to say that both of us were in love with it and Saffi was asking the agent about all sorts of details as to availability, the financial, returns from the land, and we also focused on conditions.

The one thing really useful that the agent offered us was a contact with one of Vermont’s old building specialist restorers who lived up in the Burlington area.

A phone call with him and we had a second meeting agreed to by all concerned on site in two days’ time.

As this was being sorted out, Saffi asked me:

“So, Clare, do you love the place?”

“Of course, it is beautiful and offers so much potential. But this is going to cost a small fortune and then there is the conversion work.”

“I’m in love with it too. It is stunning and I think that we could be really happy here.”

“I agree on that.”

“Clare, the financing is no issue. I have a fund from my other grandfather in my name for such a purchase. Believe me, there’s plenty there for all of this and we will still have DC and Edinburgh to think of and as potential revenue generators if we ever need them for income.”

“Well it is lovely, but are you sure. After all, we need to get the whole place properly screened.”

“True, Clare, so I am going to put down just a five thousand dollar escrow to get it off the market and the deal will be subject to structural surveys, the building assessment as to restoration and we also need to see the farm books as to the land and get independent assessment of that, as well as the woods.”

There were some forty acres of woodland at the back of the farm, including a maple sugar shack where the sap is boiled down to the syrup. Our own amber syrup to go on pancakes or as a sweetener in salad dressings, the mind just boggled.

“So are you sure? A big decision for you as this home will be in both our names? And don’t throw an emotional wobbly like before Christmas!”

“Oh, my goodness.”

I steeled myself; however this was easier than a decision about having a functional pussy.

“Saffi, Yes! I would love to live here.”

“So would I – with you. So that’s it; the decision is made.”

An hour and a half later, we walked out of the agents with a potentially, beautiful Vermont farm as part of our assets but, more importantly, our future home – together.

We took the agent for a light lunch at a restaurant-cum-bakery and fine food shop he recommended, the Alléchante, more to glean information from him on Woodstock as well as thank him.

The day after, which delayed us going down to Newfane by a night, the restoration specialist swung by the house and had a look round with us. He thought it was in good state and an ideal candidate for the restoration that we were looking at.

His ideas met ours and we hit it off with him. It also turned out that he was an architect and could come up with detailed plans and drawings once we had completed on the sale.

It looked even better that we now had a new home. How though were we going to explain our want of a sex playroom off the master-suite?

It was then off to Newfane and a few days of cross country, shopping, good food, bouncing ideas about the house around and sex.

A week later we were back in Edinburgh, catching up and chasing around work there.

However what surprised me was the speed of being summoned to the Cromwell Hospital in London to meet with my specialist, the potential surgeon and also a second psychiatrist.

A prerequisite to any sex-change operation in the UK was to have the positive opinion of two shrinks and to have lived like a woman for at least a year and a desire to be female for at least two years.

Well, on that latter point, I was more than qualified and Saffi suggested that I was at PhD level so they should keep me in and operate immediately.

Also, all my hormone treatments, lab analysis work, past psychiatric evaluations, registration as a woman and even things like my deportment would weigh very heavily for my candidacy.

I wasn't too worried on this front as long as they didn't pick up on my submissive role to Saffi; the issue would really be more the physical advice.

We flew down to London two weeks after getting back from Garrison and stayed at Blake's Hotel, so as to be reasonably close to the Cromwell. The hospital is reputed to be one of Britain's top private establishments and that we were going ahead, period, no arguments, doddering or witling permitted

The nerves were starting to jingle though and Saffi kept stamping on me by saying that the decision was taken.

A taxi from Heathrow into Knightsbridge and I felt weird being back in the City where I had lived with Hannah, all the old sights so familiar.

I had no real desire to visit Primrose Hill and past battlefields, I was with Saffi now and a totally different person from all those years ago.

However, fleetingly, I did wonder what Beata and Dana had been up to all these past years and whether they still lived in the apartment.

Back then I was a submissive male gurl, not sure of myself. Now I was well versed and educated, confident, and well-presented young lady.

It would be the chrysalis of the total me, a girl not a gurl. It was just the process of getting to Saffi's and my nirvana that was setting up the butterflies.

Mid-morning, we headed into the hospital and were guided through to the urological wing to be greeted by my own Edinburgh specialist.

It was nice to see him there and he assured me that there was nothing really to be worried about.

The hospital itself was reassuring and not really like a hospital but more like an office. Stunningly clean and decorated in white and creams with light woods, along with lots of seating areas and a massive glass atrium roof in reception.

We were shown a bedroom and it looked more like a hotel room, except for the emergency buttons and equipment above the bed and I could have my own private bathroom. That was a big plus.

The first thing up was a series of measurements and blood samples, height, weight, blood pressure that sort of thing. I was going to pass on the medical, as I was pretty healthy. The Docs do not like things like obesity in transition, as there are more healing issues accruing from being overweight. I had never smoked too so that was also a big tick on the form.

It was then off to the big meeting with the hospital psychiatrists, both attached to Charing Cross, as well as with the chief surgeon, one of Britain's top gender reassignment specialists.

My own Edinburgh specialist accompanied me in on this session; Saffi had to wait outside.

He handed over a letter of recommendation from my own psychiatrist and also one from my endocrinologist, stating that in his opinion my hormone balance was stabilised and I was fit for operation; indeed that he recommended it.

I had with me copies of my degrees (in my female name), a letter of support from my GP, my first University Doctor and even my Hall Tutor, testifying the time that I had transferred my sex.

I even had my driving licence and other documentation such as utilities and a bank account going back to show that I had been living as a woman.

I handed all these over as “circumstantial evidence” of my seriousness.

The first comment was:

“So, we have never had a candidate with such qualifications as you, Clare. I guess that you have thought hard and long about this undertaking you wish to make.”

“Yes, Doctor, I have,” and I explained a little of my history and thinking as to my transition decision, without referring to Saffi’s want for it too.

Question came at my thick and fast covering my childhood and dressing back then.

Mainly sisters' panties and clothing.

My mother's clothing or aunts?

No.

Other women in my life then?

No.

Childhood play and sports?

A mixture.

Arts and Crafts?

I like to think myself as creative and have won various prizes, taught the subject and also enjoy things like cooking, but then men too can demonstrate those skills

too.

They proceeded onto my teens and first relationships. I explained that I preferred women's clothing but also had a weakness for being enveloped in soft materials too and at a boy's school I had gone for other pupil's pyjamas. A form of garment fetish. I wasn't going near admitting my used panties fetish, known as "olfactophilia", to this crew as that might just sink me.

That took me into my sexuality and up came the question of my preference. I explained that I was bi but with a female partner who I cherished.

"Isn't that unusual? Shouldn't you prefer a male if you are to be a woman?"

"I don't really see the linkage. There are straight relationships, homosexual ones and then those who are bi in all walks of life and it doesn't follow that a transgender is any difference. I have a two year plus partner who I love and cherish and to me that is the end of it."

"When, if ever, did you last have sex with a man?"

I bristled a little at this.

"I could say none of your business, but it was actually less than a month ago with a very nice man who is a close friend of ours and with my partner's blessing. Comes with our lifestyle, I'm afraid."

"Would you sacrifice your partner, Saffi, for becoming a woman?"

“That is not a logical question to ask, with due respect, Doctor.”

I wasn't going to rise to the bait, there was some deliberate needling going on here, but fair enough, they had fully to probe my reasons.

“So which of you is the dominant and which the submissive?”

“I am the submissive, Doctor.”

“So you are a submissive man wanting to go on a massive sexual kick?”

“Doctor, with due respect, that is so untrue. Firstly being dominant or submissive, male or female has nothing to do with being transgender. There are dominant Trans out there as there are submissive men, or women. Non sequitur, I think.”

“So, is this a decision forced on you?”

“No of course not, Doctor, I want it. It has been rumbling around me for a long time, my fears going way back before Saffi were about the physical and surgical risks as when I started, I wouldn't have called the state of the science as being totally developed. As an “industry” you even got bad press for the likes of Dr's Brown and Dr Ross and I understand there has even been questions about psychiatrists allowing ‘anybody’ to transition.”

I could see them prickle at this.

Touché.

“I have always wanted to become a woman, the issue has been when. I am confident that the state of the art is now such that risks are minimised and its why I am here, in the UK, and not elsewhere such as the States.”

I went on, “Yes, it is true that Saffi would prefer me all woman. She is some ninety per cent woman to woman. I would be lying to you otherwise.”

I went onto explain how she had left me to make this decision to proceed totally to myself and the emotion involved in it – and why – just to reinforce the message that it was the procedure not becoming woman that had made me nervous.

I then played my trump card.

“If I could intervene, Doctors, you will see from my records that last year, I had an orchiectomy to start my transition. I am therefore a third of the way there. I have also undergone extensive electrolysis and laser to remove my hair follicles and I am totally clear around my genitals, and have been for several months now. There has been no growth of hair around my pubis, scrotum, or penis. If that isn't a small gesture of commitment to transition, what is?”

Questions then continued on a less aggressive basis, asking about work, home, clothing and my overall health. My specialist chipped in with the fact that I was obviously private and they responded with:

“What happens if we refuse your application?”

I lined the surgeon up with my eye contact.

“I would be very disappointed as our research shows that you are probably the best surgeon around as to the vagina that I want. In fact, I am hoping that next we can have a discussion about the procedure and your team as to what I am seeking. So if there is a refusal, I will look at the United States with someone like Dr. Meltzer or even better, Doctors Brassard or Mansard in Canada. Ideally, I want to avoid the labiaplasty second stage that Dr Meltzer practices. I do not want to even consider Thailand, Belgium or Iran and surgeons such as Doctors Futrell, Bowers and Hickerson are off my list, as I just don’t like their work.”

The psychiatrists then finished and the lead one summarised:

“Thank you, Clare, let us have a quick chat. You certainly have a wonderful appearance and poise about you and come across as a true woman, and that you have been living like this for a number of years does assist your candidature. Our concern is that you are probably a patient of what we term ‘second dysphoria,’ but I will caveat that with a ‘you are a very heavy one’ and that you are on the border of being ‘primary.’ Your commitment to being a woman is what swings it for me though and that appears to be very impressive. We’ll let you know the results of our deliberations within the hour, so why not go to the café and get a coffee.”

I left the room and Saffi was outside. I just about collapsed in her arms with a “Phew, that was tough,” and I summarised what had been said and the types of questions that I had just endured.

Saffi was quite taken back and we went off for a coffee to wait, my nerves really now on end.

Some thirty minutes later, my specialist and the surgeon appeared and they were smiling.

“We have a decision and, to cut to the chase, it is a Yes.”

They sat down and joined us and as the café was pretty quiet, we discussed the possible dates, which was then set at ten weeks hence. That quick! This allowed time for me to come off my hormones some six weeks out and I would then have to avoid any aspirin or similar products two weeks from the date.

The surgical team would comprise of my surgeon and possibly two others, one of whom was his mentor and a trainee or two.

“Will you be alright with that, in having trainees there, under my close supervision of course and final sculpting, shall I call it?”

Saffi stayed quiet, she knew that to dominate me in front of them now could possibly jeopardise matters.

“Yes if you can really take care of me and deliver me what I am looking for.”

We discussed what I was after, a smooth labial lip finish and tight slit possibly highlighting my clit, an associated hood, and a clitoris that functioned. Half seriously, I added:

“And I guess we girls all ask for a deep a vagina as possible, but of course functioning and I do know about the limitations of the peritoneal cavity, and certainly do not want a colon segment vaginoplasty.”

“In a minute, we will go and have a look at you physically, Clare, as to the latter. I also note your wishes and a functioning clitoris should be possible.”

He explained that my clitoroplasty would involve retention of a small section of my penis glans so as to keep its blood supply and nerves intact.

This would then be and grafted into position above my re-located “urethral meatus.” Since the nerves of the penis glans are analogous to the nerves of the clitoris in a female, the technique would produce a natural, 'correctly-wired' sensitivity for me.

He would also look for the construction of a natural-looking labial juncture and clitoral hood, and this not only is cosmetically desirable but also would be beneficial to my comfort if a really sensitive clitoris was constructed, just as it does in a natural-born female.

We went off to his office, a very clean, functional, and well-presented room. There, the surgeon explained how he would construct my vagina from my scrotal

and some of my penis skin material and spongiform.

The fact that I had had all the electrolysis in past months would help aid the process as that minimised tissue and hair issues in my neo-vagina and hence risk of failure would be reduced.

He took us through the operation and explained the risks of fistulas, (my real fear), deep vein thrombosis, urinal problems, stenosis, vaginal skin death and prolapse.

Post care treatment was also explained including the expected recovery time, which would be three months minimum owing to the swelling, and scar healing.

An inspection then ensued with me having to strip off in front of Saffi, my specialist and the surgeon and then I underwent a detailed examination of my genital area and my anus, assessing the space for the construction of my vagina and all my plumbing.

Finally it was over and we signed the consent forms as well as arranging a transfer for the first part of payment.

“See you in ten weeks, then, both of you.”

And we were out of there with a big sigh of relief.

“Now we are really on Clare; think in three months you will be able to show me your pussy and within five minutes I will be able to fuck you rigid.”

It was back to the hotel and a celebratory love making session with Saffi not holding back in grinding her pussy into my nose and mouth, reasserting herself over me again after having diplomatically to keep quiet at the hospital and letting me lead my “case.”

This was before a lovely new Indian at the Tamarind, that became our favourite Indian restaurant in the UK, located near the Saudi Embassy, and not far from Bond Street. Saffi really loved it and we got to meet the owner, Rajesh Suri.

A lovely evening, more submissive love making, and I was content in myself that we were now going forward with my surgery and soon in the future, I would have a pussy to offer this lovely domme of mine, something that I knew she really cherished.

However, I also had two major challenges to cover before I got there. Indeed, what did Saffi have planned?

Chapter-Three

To the Middle East

It was briefly back to Edinburgh for Saffi and I for a week's work before we were back to London and Heathrow and on yet another a British Airways 1st Class flight, this time to Qatar.

This was the trip that Saffi had promised when we were in Portpatrick to, firstly, visit Sheik Hamad bin Abdul-Wahhad, الشيخ حمد بن عبد الوهاب, Per's project contact and a wealthy investor and then, secondly, to go onto Hong Kong for me to stay for a few weeks with Hsiu Mei.

While we had been in London before, we had cleared sponsors visa at the Qatari Embassy in South Audley Street, before heading back to our suite at Blake's Hotel and having a visit from Lebaas Islamic Clothing, a company from Reading who specialised in beautiful Muslim female clothing.

We were fitted out with the appropriate robes and coverings for us, jilbabs, abayas and hijabs.

We had been briefed that while western women could dress as they wish, allowing for modesty such as having arms exposed, the Sheik did prefer his female visitors to be appropriately dressed, befitting his standing and close connections to the Al-Thani family, the rulers of the Kingdom.

The flight was uneventful and comfortable, good food for being at 35,000 feet, and nice and quiet for me to work on my business plan and push ahead on that front as Saffi read and slept.

An hour out, the crew started the preparations for landing and we took the opportunity to refresh myself and put on our well-styled, black abayas and hijabs.

My nerves started to grow, firstly about entering Qatar and, secondly, with what experiences and sights were to come.

I had never visited the Gulf and it would also be a heck of a test on how good my Arabic was or wasn't.

Not to mention how would they take to two "female" lovers in the Hamad household?

Approaching final approach and touch-down, night had fallen and it was 7.45pm local time; though I could still see the sand as the bright lights of Doha illuminated the darkness.

Saffi turned to me and, from her handbag, handed me with a small present.

"Here you are, Clare. I want you to wear these items from now until we get to the Sheikh's home. Welcome to Qatar."

I opened the present, nervously, aware this would not be a lightweight gift.

Inside, there was an envelope and I opened it to find a "I love you, Saffi," card, a

Ziploc bag containing a well-used “Saffi,” cream plain thong that I had noticed she had been wearing some two days ago - and she wasn’t a normal thong wearer - and a wrapped packet.

There was also a niqab, the Muslim veil that leaves only the eyes open to the onlooker and something I hadn’t even notice her select.

“Put them on, Clare, my thong first and then the niqab. I need to define our relationship when we enter Sheik Hamad’s home, in that you are very much mine. I will not be veiled. You will be and you will take my scent in.”

I looked at her, almost in amazement.

“You will be my “niqābīah” for the next three days while we are in Qatar.”

Women who wear the veil are often called this, however, the correct form is **منتقبة** In English however, this formal word is “muntaqabah,” as "niqābīah" is frequently used in a derogatory manner.

Where on earth had Saffi learnt this?

I knew how clever Saffi was and, in a single instance and in a language that I thought she knew nothing about, she had effectively reduced me to the position of her subservient. Into the bargain, her thong would hardly show under my niqab. I knew both that and the fact this stroke of brilliance was indeed reflective of her domination over me.

In short, this was the means by which she would unveil our own domme to submissive relationship in front of our likely hostess, one of the Sheikh's wives, as I doubted we would have the privilege of meeting the Master of the family this evening.

The message of domme and subservient would, though, be clearly conveyed through the female household.

Final approach was soon on us and the plane started its frenetic engine braking.

As mentioned; it was 7.45pm and dark, though we could see the sand and the bright lights of Doha glittering out there against the blackness of the sky as well as the shimmering of the sea.

The tyres of the plane touched down with their familiar bounce and then we were gliding in to the terminal.

The usual disembarkation scramble took place and I put my Niqab on. Saffi took my hand and we waited for the main door to open. We got the "We hope that you have had a nice flight Misses Murchison and Murchison-Penne," and stepped out into the warm air before the unnecessary air conditioning kicked in.

I walked out of the plane door, taking in Saffi's scent, thinking what would happen if they were to body search me and find me taking in a pair of well-used panties under my niqab.

We were immediately greeted by an airline official with our names on a small board and he asked us to go with him, duly taking our travelling bags. We walked over to immigration and he took us straight through to an Arabic gate.

Here we had to surrender our passports and that was somewhat weird - being in a foreign country without one's passport to hand felt strange, to say the least. From there it was onto the luggage area. Very quickly, our cases were up on the conveyor and lifted off to be taken to customs and be similarly treated, or rather ignored, by the officials.

On the other side of immigration we were met by a woman, dressed and veiled similarly to me, and handed over to her as she greeted and welcomed us to Doha and the Hamad bin Abdul-Wahhad family.

She told us that she was called Soraya and one of the senior family attendants before heading outside and being shown, still in air-conditioning; into a luxury Mercedes.

It was not that far from the airport into town but the architecture was a dazzling mix of modern and traditional and we passed several green parks before pulling into a compound and being driven around to the female quarters where we would be staying.

In the car, just before we arrived, Saffi permitted me to remove my niqab and her heavily used thong and I took in fresh, if equally humid... air!

We were greeted at the door by one of Hamad's wives, Sheikha Khalisa, **الخالصة** who was drop-dead gorgeous, in her late 40s and my height with beautiful dark

eyes, jet-black hair, dressed in a silk dress and with superb make up on.

Khalisa shook us with her right hand and kissed each of us on the cheeks. I had explained to Saffi beforehand to eat with the right and always greet people with the right hand as the left hand was considered unclean.

She greeted us, الله
يكون مستعدا ، وأنت آمن. مرحبا بكم في منزلنا. صلى الله عليه و

I translated from Arabic for Saffi:

“Allah be willing, you are safe. Welcome to our house. Peace be upon you.”

After which I responded:

عليكم السلام. شكرا لك. نحن سعداء جدا أن أكون معكم والأسرة الشيخ حمد هنا
في الدوحة.

“Upon you be Peace. Thank you. We are so pleased to be with you and Sheik Hamad’s family here in Doha.”

Her response came in a beautifully clear accent:

“How nice, you speak Arabic. Thank you, but it isn’t necessary as with us, we all can speak English. However, we can have some conversations in the language,

just the two of us.”

I could see Saffi breathe a sigh of relief.

We introduced ourselves to each other and Khalisa led us into the quarters.

Indeed, they appeared stunning in design and sumptuously decorated and, just like the outside, modern was mixed with traditional, such as in the use of a wind tower to cool down the main central court known as the Dewaniah where, traditionally, the women of the household meet and entertain.

There was a heady mix of old Arabic antiques along with an impressive collection of art, sculpture and ceramics. I would enjoy looking around.

After small cups of refreshing hot tea and idle talk about our journey and the flight, Khalisa suggested showing us to our quarters to settle in and meet our attendants.

She led us to her block off the courtyard, explaining that each wife had a large apartment comprising of their own master suite, their children, lounges, a kitchen for their own use, and rooms for guests. We were to be her guest.

We entered the guest suite and it was fabulous with a living room, a bedroom and a bathroom with an enormous deep bath even with seats in it.

The rooms were decorated with a subtle blend of European and Arabic tastes, for example, intricately carved lower friezes in a pale sandalwood up to about 3 feet from the floor, earth tone walls to high ceilings, lovely silk curtains ‘Versailles’ style and lovely not-overly-ornate furnishings.

The bed was colossal, I had never seen a larger one, and could easily sleep four or five in comfort and was covered in loads of large pillows and beautiful silk covers.

Two of our attendants were waiting for us in the room, Pari and Nada. They greeted us rather subserviently and almost kowtowed to Khalisa.

Both girls were fairly small, young and olive skinned and I guessed about twenty years old. They were of Jordanian origin and spoke broken English.

Nada was the taller, curvier and fuller in her breasts; Pari was flat-chested and elfish in her appearance.

These girls would be responsible, twenty four-seven, for looking after us ‘to their best ability’ and they were there for advice and to help bathe, dress and prepare us for meeting the Sheikh and the family.

Pari was assigned to me by Khalisa.

I thought to myself that Saffi didn’t even get this sort of attention from me. Maybe I could learn some new tricks? I was sure she was thinking the same thing.

Khalisa suggested that we quickly freshen up and join her for some supper along with one of the other two wives, Sheikha Tasnim, ÇáÔîĚ ÊÓăĩ which meant “a Spring or fountain in Paradise.”

We went to the bathroom and, on coming back in to the bedroom; the girls had laid out a choice of casual kaftans for us. Saffi went for a striking aquamarine one and I chose a pretty green and cream one. I sat down and Pari quickly went to work on my make-up, while Nada tackled Saffi’s.

They were highly professional.

Duly refreshed, Pari led us back to the courtyard and Khalisa was there with Tasnim. We took down some thank-you presents of perfume and new Chanel make-up products that we had brought with us

Tasnim, I learnt was the youngest wife of Sheikh Hamad and about the same age that we were; very pretty and with a lot more blonde in her hair than her elder counterpart.

She offered us a cold glass of Chablis and explained to me that, as Sunnites, they were allowed to serve wine to guests and, at times and unlike stricter sects, even imbibed as it did not affect their ability to be good Muslims.

Over a light supper of a Gulf prawn salad, we learnt that Khalisa was the oldest of the wives and the matriarch of the household and that each wife and their children had personal attendants.

Then came the shock.

We learned that the Sheikh also had a harem of a further three girls with their attendants.

Girls who were there only for his sexual pleasure.

I knew that the female quarters were large in size but this was amazing; yes, there were rumours abounding that various wealthy families like the Sultan of Brunei's brothers or various Gulf princes still possessed harems but I never thought that I would possibly come in contact with one or any of the girls involved.

Khalisa explained that the wives were ranked by their age and then came the harem girls, followed by the attendants and then the various support staff and security guards, mainly drawn from the Philippines and Bangladesh as well as Syria, Jordan and the Yemen.

No man was allowed in heart of the female quarters and there was a private entrance to the Sheikh's personal quarters for the chosen wife or girl to use.

The word "harem" is derived from the Arabic word "harim" هاريم or rather a "sacred, forbidden place", which in turn comes from "harama"— "the prohibited" المحظور

Tasnim explained that it was purely a section of a house reserved for sole use of women in household, and traditionally a quiet sanctum for the free but, ultimately, a gilded prison for the enslaved.

That had changed now, as women, including the harem girls, were free to come and go from the property as they reasonably wished. However, they should be accompanied by a driver-cum-guard to ensure propriety at all times and, as a further precaution, it was suggested to go in pairs.

I knew from my studies that the last historically sanctioned harem was that of King Abdul Aziz Ibn-Saud, of Saudi Arabia who had died in 1953. He had some seventeen wives, four concubines and four slaves to satisfy his desire. He fathered forty-four sons and a similar number of daughters.

The life of a harem girl here, as in the past, was geared totally to beautification and sexual pleasure at the whim of the Sheikh, be it for him or one of his confidantes. However, there were some more restrictions on their movements than the wives and they also lived in more secluded and secure apartments in a separate wing of the quarters - albeit of equal luxury to the rest of the house.

I was agog with all this and could tell Saffi was also enjoying hearing about it as Tasnim admitted she had made the progression from the harem to a chosen wife and that she had come as a harem girl, aged 16, from Syria to join Sheikh Hamad's entourage.

Life, she told us, was very good for anybody chosen by him.

Conversation passed onto the more mundane and Khalisa and Tasnim came

across as being very open and nice. There were chats and laughs about going shopping in the Ladies markets, as well as comparisons with shopping and life in London and Paris. We parted at about 10pm and headed back with Khalisa to our room where she gave us a little kiss and said goodnight.

“Wow, that was interesting, Saffi, what an unusual and fascinating life they have.”

“I know, no doubt we will learn more tomorrow.”

On entering the suite, Nada and Pari were there in short white robes. On the bed was laid out two stunning Liliana Casanova cream silk, satin and chiffon full length night robes and gowns. They were finished with a corset effect ribbon back and lace.

I knew that they were custom made and an incredible present. Next to them were pairs of matching panties with a lace ribbon crotch that would run from the waist to the back.

“Miss Saffi, Miss Clare, these are welcoming gifts from Khalisa to greet you to Doha. We have also run you a bath.”

Indeed they had, and this enormous bath was more than enticing, having been filled with an intoxicating, exotic scent.

“We can help you undress.”

So, for once I let them assist me and didn't attend to Saffi in my usual way. Saffi knew that I was accepting this as if I moved to serve her it may have risked insulting their role, and that we did not want to do.

It was rather exotic and, actually, rather unnerving to be treated like this as I was simply not used to being the pampered one in private. Salons yes. But not our bathroom or bedroom.

Our clothing and lingerie were whisked away to be laundered and I knew I would have to forego pantie sniffing tonight then.

I could see them inspecting our bodies, our body colour being so much lighter than theirs and our nipples also of a less intense tone to a Middle Eastern woman's.

Then came the moment. Pari took my panties down and saw my "remnant" clitoris. A small gasp came out of Pari but no scream or anything.

Saffi chipped in:

"I had to tell Khalisa about you before we came so she has probably briefed the girls here."

The girls nodded and Pari said:

“It is still rather odd to see it on Clare as she is so pretty and girly. I don’t think I have seen someone like you before; it is, how you say it, kinda nice.”

“The agreement is that you are ok, Clare, in the main female part of the house as you could be classified as a eunuch. However, for you to enter the harem itself is not permissible as things stand at the moment.”

I followed Saffi into the bath area, both of us now completely nude, and the water temperature was spot on as the two girls undid their robes and followed us in to sit on the seats, bodies looking really cute.

Without saying anything, they started to wash us starting with our backs.

Every part of us was cleaned and, in my case, Pari enjoyed focusing on my nipples for some reason.

I enjoyed feeling her finger sliding over my anus and nothing was private to them and Saffi enjoyed receiving a little finger massage up over her pussy and clitoris.

Both girls then gave us lovely aqua-massages, and this was a real treat and just what I needed after the flight.

Pari and Nada were first to step out of the bath and each of them prepared thick towels for us to step into on emerging from the scented water.

Nada helped me towel down, also enjoying my sights.

We were then perfumed with an exquisite sandalwood oriental scent; just about the only thing we did ourselves were teeth – and have a pee.

I remember thinking that if this was it how it felt to be pampered, as Saffi was pampered by me, then...

My train of thought was truncated as they helped us into our panties and nightgown and adjusted our laces for a comfortable fit.

Mine felt so lavish and soft and I felt thoroughly spoilt and pampered; while Saffi commented on how silky it was.

We climbed into the really comfortable bed, but the girls were not finished.

They removed the towels and cleaned up and then they came back into our bedroom, both girls appearing with short semi-transparent white nighties and tie-side panties on.

“Pari and I are available to sleep with you if you so wish; the Sheikha’s frequently like us to do so with them, but if you are so tired, then we understand.”

As it was still only about eight-thirty pm back in England, Saffi invited them to

join us as the bed was so large. Pari cuddled into me and Nada to Saffi.

We were asked if we wanted to watch TV or a film or blue movies. Saffi inquired of them what films did they have and Nada said that there was girl to girl and lesbian BDSM movies.

I asked Pari to tell me a little about herself and learned that both she and Nada came from the same village in Jordan and had been at the same school. They were twenty-three and had been with the family for some five years, training for two and attendants for three.

There was no contact with men, except for family members and they were off limits most of the time, so sexually it was all female. The (good) money that they earned went back to their families and they had been able to travel a little as part of the Sheikha's entourage. They certainly seemed to like the family and their environment.

They cuddled into us as a film about two young college girls developed its lesbian story and we gradually felt their hands gently exploring us, seeking out our breasts. This was all rather erotic.

I leant over and kissed Pari gently and noticed that Saffi was already exploring Nada.

Pari responded by kissing me in an investigative way with her tongue and lips and I lay back to be submissive to her, in part to see how good she was and knowing it was a service Saffi would expect me to perform and command me to do if I did not volunteer it first.

She played with her fingers across my breasts, gently stimulating my nipples and setting up a little frisson in me.

It wasn't long before she suggested me getting out of my nightgown so as not to leave wet patches.

Similarly Saffi was being attended to by Nada and beginning to moan.

Pari helped me out of my robe and then assisted Nada to get out of hers, before revealing her body to us.

Their breasts and nipples were beautifully shaped and pert and, as their panties fell away, we could see that both girls were like me, totally devoid of pubic hair.

This was something that Saffi definitely preferred in her women as it gave her clearer access, Adèle being the one exception.

Nada moved slowly downwards on Saffi's body, kissing her over her belly and then to around her mound and its defined creases onto her legs, but deliberately staying away from her pussy.

Pari stayed on my breasts, sucking one and rolling the other with her delicate fingers.

Suddenly, she moved her small, athletic body over me, her leg straddling my

breasts to sit on my chest and then moved back to cover my face and immerse my mouth and nose in her dark love valley.

She had such clean and tight thin inner lips, just the sort that I was hoping to have.

I ran my tongue up, down and between her creamy crease, nipping her labial folds and, in doing so, getting her that little more excited as she arched back to lower her bottom onto my nose and allow me to inhale her exotic scent.

I could feel the walls of her pussy opening ready to receive me, wanting me in her, wanting me to fuck her with my face.

I could also hear Saffi enjoying Nada's oral service too; her pussy also finding itself extremely well looked after.

Pari moved forward, opening her anus right above me for my tongue, and she was seriously teasing my perineum, her tongue darting over my slippery surface and I could feel my excitement welling up in me as, with that same tongue, she stroked over my anus and pushed it in to gently probe me while I continued to enjoy her and darted down to her pussy.

I could see Saffi in a similar position, enjoying Nada's pussy from underneath and Nada well into her new lover's vagina and anal area, her dark brown hair bobbing up and down as she brought gratification to Saffi, expressed by her lovely cream emerging.

Suddenly, and I don't know where it came from, Pari pulled back and entered me

with a nice full vibrator, her bottom returning again right over my face.

God, it felt so good as she fucked me with it and I bucked my hips to her rhythm and sensation that she was setting up.

From tightly under her, I could hear Pari complimenting me over my body, how beautiful it was and how it needed fucking.

Nada's tongue had obviously found Saffi's wanton pussy and I could hear Saffi's familiar "I am being turned on" moans as she enjoyed being gradually opened up.

Nada had a similar vibrator at hand and her fingers found Saffi's clit and started rubbing it furiously as she started to fuck Saffi with her other, sliding in and out the red toy.

Pari withdrew her vibrator from my anus and held it still at her creamy entrance to push it home and, from under the pillows, she pulled out a strap-on and quickly was into it, the strap looking huge on her petite frame.

I took a deep breath and she pushed it hard inside my now-open orifice, heightening my need for her to explore deeper and make love to me, this as my hands went for my breasts to stimulate my nipples further while Pari held my thighs.

Nada followed suit, but this time gave her strap to Saffi and assumed what I

would later learn as the peach position, a very submissive position to allow a male or domme to take the submissive as he or she sees fit.

Quickly, Saffi was strapped up and taking Nada in her cunt, Saffi's own vibrator inside her doing its task and driving her onto an orgasm of her own.

This sex scene had me pushing hard against Pari's cock.

I wanted to scream with the pent-up buzz in me and I could feel myself clamping my muscles around the artificial penis, wanting it to satisfy me.

I was bucking now in timing with Pari; her cream was flowing freely from under her strap and down on to me and her breathing was getting harder with each lunge that she took, making low, soft sounds of pleasure every time she penetrated me.

She was cumming and her apex arrived with a long low moan as she went into her nirvana.

Both Saffi and Nada were close and I knew that Saffi had come as she lunged forward over Nada's back, smothering her with her body, pressing the vibrator in her cunt up against her g spot.

Nada was moaning into the pillows, her wrists clenched with the earthquake passing through her.

Saffi withdrew from Nada and moved over to me, suggesting to Pari that she

mount my face one more time and let me clean her up, and for Nada to stand over my waist so that she could tongue her as she took me.

Pari's cock was replaced by Saffi's and she fucked me hard with it, as she liked to, as Pari pressed her bottom down on me and physically demanded that I take her cum in and clean her up. This was what I needed and I felt my own orgasm wash over me. Saffi's followed almost immediately, driven by the sensations in her own cunt and the access she had to Nada's delicious pussy.

The sex continued on long into the evening, Saffi explaining to the girls my lowly position to her and how I was to be used and treated by them, essentially as equals.

We were curious to how they had learned their techniques and they explained that the harem girls, as well as the Sheikas used them, and that lesbianism was rampant within the house.

After all, there was only the one man to serve the top six women and as sexual service was their principal focus, frequent orgasmic relief was essential and part of their sexual culture and behaviour.

Finally, we fell asleep with these two girls flanking us, to be there for anything we needed.

The following morning we were again bathed and made up by the girls before heading down to a breakfast of fresh croissants, juices and delicious coffee.

We thanked Khalisa for her most generous presents and she dismissed them as

being small.

The plan of the day involved visiting the Sheikh at his offices and his staff before heading back to the house to have lunch with the Sheikas Khalisa and Tasnim. The second Sheikha, Minnah, was away, on philanthropic work in Cairo.

We then had the afternoon for naps and I could do some project work before Sheikha Tasnim would take us shopping to the Souks. And then there would be a family dinner out in the desert, where we would meet the Sheikh again and the family sons.

A driver took us over to the Sheikh's offices.

We were warmly greeted and once in, I removed my niqab once in the office; again both of us had dressed in abayas and I had my hijab on.

Sheik Hamada appeared, a man in his mid-fifties, some six foot high and well-built, dark eyes set on his brown skin and hair salt and peppery – at least what little of it showed.

I greeted him in Arabic and he looked back at me, somewhat surprised, and smiled, returning my greetings formally.

Like his wife, he then reverted to English, asking me if I read the language. I responded that my reading was better than my speaking.

He commented that he wouldn't test it, as it was obvious that I had a reasonable command and that it was impressive to have a western girl who spoke good Arabic, especially if it wasn't her home language.

When he heard that I had only been learning it for some two years, well that struck home.

I would have to take on more Middle Eastern projects for Per, or, as Sheikh Hamad said, jokingly, I could become a wife or concubine.

Saffi saw the funny side of this too.

Our conversation was relatively informal as this is the practice in the Middle East, in that establishing the relationship is more important than the work details in first meetings. However, he did point me to the people I should liaise within the company and they would provide me with all the details and data that I needed.

Two more introductory meetings with Sheikh's Hamad's staff followed and we returned to the house for the midday prayers and lunch, after which I worked on my project as Saffi rested.

As we came to the first commercial session of the evening, she headed off for tea with Sheikha Khalisa and I carried on working.

Nada put her head around the bedroom door and asked if I was ready to go

shopping, so I put on my abaya and hajib and headed downstairs to meet up with Tasnim and Saffi.

They already had their abayas on; Saffi turned to me and said:

“Clare, you know to put your niqab on and have you my panties with you?”

Before I could reply, Tasnim intervened:

“But she doesn’t really need a niqab with us where we are going, Saffi, and what is this about panties?”

“Tasnim, Clare is my submissive partner and I have been enjoying her demonstrating this to me by wearing the niqab over here. We arrived last night with her putting on one on the plane and being veiled until we got to the house. And, underneath, I made her smell my heavily used thong. She has a kink about inhaling women’s panties scent.”

“How kinky is that, I love it. Just give me a couple of minutes and I will be back.”

She came back sporting a pair of black hisides and came across to me to put them on me, pulling down my hajib, enveloping me in the panties and then putting back on the hajib and finally my niqab.

She looked at me:

“Amazing, you can hardly see my panties. I love this and will remember it for the submission of the harem girls.”

Meanwhile, I was now taking in Tasnim’s perfume, a heady sweet aroma and very cummy in smell. She had only just been wearing these.

We went out to the car and drove to the Souk, a fascinating mix of old and new. I enjoyed seeing the gold and spice shops before we ended up at one of Tasnim’s favourite local dress shops.

I was permitted to remove my “special” as Tasnim took us to look through various jilbabs, kaftans and abayas.

Tasnim had Saffi try on a modest dress that was gorgeous in linen and silk and had a lightly padded bust. It was a mixture of black, greys and red in a modern Islamic design and jewelled under the bra line. The shoulder straps were wide and over the top went a bright red bolero cardigan.

It looked stunning on her.

For me she selected a tight fitting jilbab, a more complete, long robe-come-kaftan dress and the one that she thought was most appropriate was a black crepe and fine georgette robe with a wide sparkling Swarovski crystal-studded belt around my waist, and matched by similar beading around its “v” neck and flared sleeves.

Over this stunning robe, simple in its cut, gorgeous in its materials and highlighted by the crystals, went a semi-transparent abaya and a similarly thin rectangular Hijab known as a “Sheila,” making for a very alluring and sexy look but still respecting the Islamic culture.

Tasnim admired her selection for me and signed off the accounts.

“You can honour them for me by wearing them tonight to dinner. There is a price though, if you are agreeable, Saffi.”

“What’s that, Tasnim?”

The two of them exchanged glances.

“Khalisa has been chosen to accompany Hamad tonight and that will involve bedding, so I would like to take Clare and put her through an initial harem play as my slave for the night.

“But obviously this will not be in the harem area. I have a special room next to my bedroom for play. And for you, I can offer a near-perfect submissive for you for the evening. Would this be possible?”

“I would be delighted as I think that Clare needs to know a little of your ways.”

“Good then. Now Clare, put your special niqab back on for me, I rather like the concept of my pussy being worshipped in the way you do.”

We carried on our shopping around the Souk with me inhaling Tasnim's silky and sweet aroma, and with my niqab on, I felt lower in status to my two fellow women.

I was also reflecting on what was to come as Saffi wouldn't trade me out for any reason. Either it was for her pleasure of a harem girl, to extend my experience or perhaps it was both.

As the next prayer call came, we returned to the house and the female quarters.

Tasnim had a quiet word with Pari about my preparation for the evening; I couldn't pick up on what they were saying as they used a Syrian-Jordanian accent which muffled their words.

Pari took us back to our room and the girls went through their cleaning routine of us, ensuring that we both had enemas and then I was subjected to their sugar-paste method of hair stripping under my armpits, one area that yet had to be permanently treated.

I was then asked to lie down on towels and Pari carefully applied a little paste of henna onto my nipples to darken them up.

The girls kept slipping in and out of the room to go and get necessities for us.

Pari returned having been gone some ten minutes with a number of velvet bags in hand and she started to work on my hair, adding a pleated extension matched

to my coppery tones.

She suggested that I ought to grow my hair out even longer and then I wouldn't need this – the thing being that the Sheikh and senior women of the household preferred longer haired women.

Both girls worked on our toenails, and then tidied up our finger-nails.

Next came our make-up, and it was Nada who worked up my cheekbones and my eyes into a classic local look, dark and sultry, giving tremendous highlight to my eyes.

My lipstick was a very dark burnt red that was then outlined. Overall, this more Arabic look was just so different and I rather liked it, and so did Saffi.

Lastly, I was doused in a luxury Dehnal Oud Maliki perfume, whereas Saffi got a liberal spritz of Bulgari.

Pari asked what jewellery I had with me and I laid out my earrings, watch, necklace, and ankle bracelet. Saffi said:

“Come on Clare, you have to wear your Axsmar for tonight if you are to be a true submissive to Tasnim.”

I pulled the set out and the girls closely inspected it. Saffi lent them the hex key-

lock so that they could secure me into the pieces.

The girls started by attaching my diamond emerald cut earrings into my ears and fixed my “security kit” on to me, rapidly getting the hang of doing it, and fixing on front and back of neck rings to my titanium neck collar.

Pari commented:

“If you were a harem girl, Clare, some of this jewellery would be riveted on you for permanence.”

From one of the bags, she took out a wide silver waist chain and secured it tightly; this one had four rings off it, one front and back and one each side.

Pari then took a silver chain and ran that from my neck collar down to my waist-chain. Chains are significant in Arabic culture, reflecting the Bedouin heritage.

From the collar, she attached a necklace with small charms and from the bottom of the necklace; she took chains with small rings at the end and squeezed the rings on to each of my nipples to effectively give me breast jewellery.

Lastly she fitted a second chain down my back, through the ring of the waist-chain and then let it hang down to the nape of my bottom. On this was a little antique silver disc with a small Arabic inscription, *Çááâ ííâí ÇáÝÊíÇÊ ÇáÑÞíÞ ääÞÇĬ* , “Allah the Almighty protects submissive slave girls” and a lovely, single drop pearl.

Pari went through my panties and selected a black thong that I had. It comfortably covered my clitoris and had a nice little black triangle at the back and, coincidentally that was where the pearl sat..

“You will wear no bra or stockings tonight, Miss Clare, as the Sheikha Tasnim desires that you will be nearly naked under your jilbab, excepting your jewellery.”

Pari went into the velvet bags and came back with some diamond chains.

“The Sheikha is lending you some of the harem jewellery this evening.”

She dropped down to my ankles and attached took two of the diamond studded chains and attached them around my ankles underneath the cuffs.

She then fixed a matching diamond banded ring onto each of my two index toes, pulling the sparkling chains between the toe and the anklet.

She told me that these were traditional step limiters. Over my feet went soft felt slipper shoes.

Pari unwrapped my new jilbab dress and helped me into it, fastening me up at the back. This was nearly floor length and the shimmering crystals against the black simplicity made it a very beautiful item to wear.

The whole effect was light and shimmering.

My final jewellery started with my wrists. Out of more velvet pouches came a selection of platinum and diamond bangles, some with small ornaments and inscriptions off them. The last item was my diamond ring, which was “permitted.”

So even though I was in bondage wear, the combination with the jewellery made for quite an effect and Saffi insisted on taking photographs of me.

One thing that I was not allowed to wear was a watch; Pari explained that time was considered irrelevant when it came to serving the Sheikh or the senior women of the house.

There followed some more perfume and more kisses from the girls.

Pari and Nada then slipped into a simple pretty white kaftan and led us out to the courtyard. Tasnim and Khalisa were there looking stunning with their outfits and jewellery and, in front of them, we thanked our two attendants for their work.

Tasnim had a close inspection of me and complimented them, saying that I looked stunning for her. She lifted the sleeve of her abaya and she too had a cuff on and quickly she attached a chain from her to my left wrist.

As we were nearly ready to go, this beautiful girl, also in a stunning robe, came down the corridor from the harem wing.

She was introduced first to Saffi as “Ayishah” عائشة. My guess that her origin

was North African, perhaps Tunisian. Her English was excellent though.

I could see Saffi assessing her gift for the evening and I knew that this dark haired, dark eyed, small breasted beauty would appeal to her. From under her thin abaya, she proffered Saffi a chain from off her left wrist, similar to mine.

The other two women in the party were daughters of Sheikha Khalisa, Qismah and Nur al Huda. They were both very attractive late teenagers and certainly resembled their mother in appearance.

The attendants were there in numbers to help us cover up and we headed outside to waiting Mercedes. Tasnim and I travelled with Saffi and Ayishah.

We headed out in convoy and drove through Doha and all its lights and glamour, through the suburbs, and out into the desert.

Eventually, we could see lights and this large tented camp appeared out of the dark. In my preparation for coming out to Qatar, I had heard about these family 'camps' and the feast dinners and their popularity with wealthier families.

The cars pulled in to a reception area and we all got out and then walked through to this massive tent. Off the back were small permanent structures and a number of smaller tents where all the kitchens and support units were.

Inside the main tent there were a number of men, all relatives and sons of the Sheikh, along with staff serving drinks and small snacks.

This was truly a family affair.

We walked in; or rather I shuffled in being constrained by my foot jewellery.

There was the Sheikh sitting resplendent in the cool tent. Khalisa and Tasnim took Saffi and me in to meet him again, Tasnim still holding my hand and chain.

Hamad was in traditional dress like the rest of the males of the family, namely the white thoub, the shumagg and the black bands of the ogal hiding the thagiyah. His only evident luxury was a diamond watch.

He welcomed his wives and daughters with a courteous Arabic greeting and then Tasnim introduced us for the second time today.

He extended his hand and welcomed us to the family, speaking in Arabic, and I duly translated for Saffi.

Reverting to English, he asked us again about the comfort of the ladies quarters and the attention of our attendant and reiterated that we had arrived safely into his hospitality, thanks to the grace of Allah.

I replied in Arabic with a simple thank you and indeed how comfortable the Sheikas and all the staff had made us. And how we appreciated staying with the family and not in the limited constraints of a hotel; it was a wonderful opportunity to better understand the Qatari culture and hospitality.

We went into the main hospitality tent and I was introduced to other members of the family.

A glass of cold white wine for each of us surprisingly appeared then, at the Sheikh's insistence and command, and as we were now considered as family, everybody removed their hajibs and headwear.

We were invited to sit close to the Sheik and the Sheikas, along with one of the elder sons. The family tended to divide by sex after that.

The food was spectacular with roasted lamb on saffron rice, bowls of stewed vegetables and some which were deliciously spicy. Tea and coffee seemed to be the main drink of choice.

Musical entertainment in the background came from a traditional Arab group.

Conversation between the family members was warm and sometimes teasing but, like most Arabic families, issues and business were relegated to private discussions so this was not the forum to discuss the morning's meetings.

The Sheikh gently questioned us about our education and background and was showed that he was impressed with what we had achieved in life.

Saffi made me blush about my art work and he promised that we should return in the cooler winter weather so that I could render some drawings of the compound.

The informal and jovial evening passed too quickly as it was fun and interesting to see an Arabic family at play and too soon it was time to leave.

The Sheikh suggested that Tasnim and I return together and another car would bring Saffi and her new indented courtesan.

We duly robed up and immediately Tasnim put me into the Saffi version of a niqab, using her panties that she had been wearing earlier in the day. These were much stronger in aromatic intensity than the previous ones. I sucked in her scent.

We returned to the compound behind Saffi and Ayishah and their car departing was the last I was to see of her until the following morning. I was now completely alone with my new domme.

We got out of the car and Tasnim took me by the chain and led me into the female quarters, through the reception rooms and into her sumptuously furnished quarters.

Her attendants were waiting for her, unrobed us and presented me with another cold glass of wine while she took a Pepsi with lots of ice.

We had a nice long chat, mainly in Arabic, starting with generalities and becoming more sexual as Tasnim was interested in my history and development, and particularly of how Saffi and I had met and our indenture.

“So you are effectively a slave, Clare,” she asked.

I answered simply and in the only way I could:

“Yes.”

She teased out of me some of my interests and then made an allusion that her time in the harem had given her a major “weakness” for BDSM activities.

However, despite several references, she would not rise to the bait and tell me more about any of the activities going on within the harem.

Tasnim snuggled up close to me and began to gently kiss me, lightly exploring my mouth and then my ears and neck, holding onto my chain, pulling me close into her.

Her kissing gradually intensified as she explored deeper into my mouth, tongue running along my teeth as her fingers moved to the back of my neck and, slickly, undid the back of my jilbab.

She asked me to stand up and it slid to the floor as I lifted my arms up, leaving me in front of her, all but naked but for my slippers, panties and all the jewellery on me.

I stepped out of the slippers, exposing my foot bondage, the jewels glistening in the light.

Tasnim stepped back, taking in my oh-so pale skinned body in comparison to hers.

“You are so beautiful, Clare, and it is amazing that you were once a man. Saffi has done an amazing job on you and when you have your surgery you will be so complete and then adorably fuckable.”

With that, she took the chain and led me slowly into her huge and opulent bedroom, as I had to take very small steps with the ankle chains on me.

On the far side of the room, she unlocked a door and led me in, turning the lights on into what I could only describe as a large stainless steel cell.

“It is of course sound-proofed and no-one will hear me enjoy you in here.”

I had never seen anything like it, cupboards down one side, benches and all sorts of accessories and whips down the other, as well as a basin and shower, and equipment fixed to the large far wall.

In the middle of the room and under spotlights was this weird industrial tubular system with a series of bars and hooks and chains coming off it.

“I am going to teach you about the importance of the “peach” position tonight. It is one of the basic positions of any harem girl and is designed to offer your bottom and pussy to your lover, be they a Sheikh or Sheikha, or any one in a position of dominance over you, like Saffi. It is something that you would need

to learn very quickly if you were in the harem.”

She led me over and bade me remove my panties and kneel down on the contraption.

Here I was bending down over this padded bar, some eighteen inches off the ground.

This resulted in me pushing my bottom up way into the air and I well knew that I was highly exposed for any abuse or pleasure coming my way.

I had to stretch forward and there was a tubular system on each side into which my wrists went to be locked down.

Tasnim then fixed down my feet with a bar over my ankles.

The effect of this was to force me into a prone position and it was further emphasised by another bar that she swung over my shoulders blades and locked that down, forcing my breasts against an elevated wooden block covered in rounded studded nails under me.

This was very uncomfortable as my nipples rubbed right up against them.

“You see, though you are prone, you need to arch your back and just offer your breasts for access to your lover’s fingers as well. This will help you learn it.”

Her next act of restraint was one that I had never experienced before and I felt

her fiddling with my hair extension behind me as if she was tying something into it.

Then she pulled; it was a large anal hook and she tugged back on my head forcing me up slightly as she then worked the ball end of the hook into my anus, a little at a time to the hook and the ball locked itself naturally home.

I could more than feel the pressure of the hook deep inside me as it pulled me upwards.

Indeed all of this was a little uncomfortable as the hook moved with every jolt of my head and I thought that I needed to be a ballet dancer to easily achieve and hold the position that she wanted from me.

Tasnim took a ball gag and fixed that to me, teasing me that she didn't want to hear any words coming out of me, only moans and cries.

Again she disappeared behind me, took off her clothes, and came back with her panties to cover my head with them.

I could see she was stunningly beautiful with dark nipples and a completely bald cunt, framed only by her suspender belt and stockings.

"I am leaving you here to think about things, Clare, and how I am going to abuse you. How your lover tonight is going to take you. This is the prone position and, for any lover, you should be prepared to spend hours in it, offering your pussy

for use and widening your bottom cheeks as wide as possible to honour the superior who would use you.”

She pushed some form of wedge between my legs, up against my crotch, to push my thighs apart. And then she left me to meditate on her.

I don't know how long she left me there, taking in her aroma from her black tanga.

I could feel my back and breasts getting sore though from being forced into this position and, in many ways, opening my legs wider and getting a better triangle made things a little more comfortable.

Eventually I heard Tasnim come back in and she went to the bench.

She took a long tailed flogger with soft leather straps and began to swing away, landing stroke after stroke over my bottom and then my back.

I was groaning at the impact but these strokes were having a cumulative effect and really began to sting.

“Take in air, Clare, take in air and learn to breathe properly. No crying.”

I tried to settle into a better rhythm to suck in air, drawing it through Tasnim's panties and this had a calming effect as I urged myself to ‘Focus on her gusset,

Clare, focus; that's what you need to do'.

She upped her whipping speed, the things of the flogger expertly finding their mark, the next lash landing just up or down of the previous one.

Again, I had to focus on breathing and avoid crying out with the pain now entering my body.

Tasnim landed heavier and heavier blows on my, getting closer to my bottom cleft. I was beginning to moan heavily and was clenching my fists to fight the pain.

Suddenly she "nailed" me, right across my anus and a second one.

This had me shouting in pain, despite some of the force of the lash being deflected by the anal hook in me, jolting my head as I felt the blow and it tugged on my hair extension.

"Hush Clare, I want to see your sweet little anus pucker for me and open up."

She continued on, raining blows in there.

"When you have a pussy, you will be whipped like this, right across your smooth lips. Here in the harem, no pubic hair is permitted and your pussy mound and lips would become ultra-soft and cushion the blows."

God, I was almost pleased that I had no clit, yet, as the pain on that, if hit, must be totally unbearable.

On my empty scrotum it was bad enough and I was now nearly crying.

She reinforced her whipping dominance by the occasional lash to my bottom flanks.

Tasnim's expertise was allowing me the little recovery time before her next assault, gradually bringing me up slowly to my pain threshold and probably beyond it.

I was in the hands of a professional.

I felt her stop and move behind me again and some form of gadget being brought up to me.

I was to discover that it was a tripod, with an arm angled down correctly in line with my anus and with a large black lubricated penis attached to it.

She positioned it, tightened up the screws to keep the apparatus rigid and then pushed the arm with the cock home, deep into me, sliding it over the hook still in me.

I gasped as it entered me, the cock filling me up.

I could feel pressure against my perineum and a surge of buzzing, almost of electric shock proportions hit me, exactly where my cunt would be; the cock had an enormous vibrator attached to it.

This was a totally different sensation and one that I could bear.

I started to moan as the pleasure waves began to wash over me.

Saffi had never done anything like this and, looking back, none of my dommes had.

Tasnim wasn't finished though and she lifted for a bamboo rattan and began to tap me hard on my buttocks, certainly more a rap than a lash.

It sent spark pains into me, on top of all the redness already there from the flogger.

This had me shouting onto my gag and again she reiterated the need for breathing control.

She descended onto my thighs rapping my skin and then back onto the post of the tripod, setting up a steady beat.

Now I was really screaming and shouting: “Fuck oh fuck.”

“Saffi said that you liked canes, Clare. All I am doing is a traditional Islamic beating and the post stops me breaking my wrist, a pre-requisite of the punishment.”

She upped her tempo and this was making me really gag, taking in her intoxicating aroma to counter the effect, trying to hold on and not collapse in a heap of tears.

The vibrator and cock continued to ply their sexual “enjoyment” on me to counter the agony being delivered. It was a physical and mental ying and yang that she was playing out, a sweet and sour of BDSM.

She wasn’t finished as she then started to use the cane on my breasts, poking the end of it into me, prodding me, before total agony was then applied.

“Bastinado,” Tasnim called it, a method of punishment used in the Ottoman Empire and I was to learn still practiced in earnest in Bahrain and other Middle Eastern countries, better known as foot whipping against the sole of the feet.

Tasnim only had to lightly tap my feet and I was in serious pain, fighting to release my feet against the bar that was restraining them, the falaka as she called it.

“Misbehave here, Clare, and I would know how to severely punish you.”

She was right, this was akin to murder and once more she had me fighting against the pain being inflicted, and still I had the counter-balance of the vibrator playing away, double upped by the cock now vibrating in me.

My language into the gag was blue and she kept up her insistence that I breathe in regularly, take her rich pussy scent into me and not speak.

Then came the release:

“Ok, Clare, I want to hear you ask against your gag for permission to cum and then you must cum in thirty to forty seconds of I will foot beat you again, not sooner, not later.”

She flipped the switch on the cock in my anus to a pulsating movement and I almost swallowed the gag.

She wasn't finished though and put on some unknown balm over my bottom that began to burn into me. I was almost on fire as the heat poured into me.

I could feel myself building as the black vibrator took its toll as Tasnim moved it slightly so that it angled once more on my prostate.

That was just what I needed and I screamed into my ball gag that I needed to cum.

“Ok, do it as I said, Clare. Thirty to forty seconds.”

I could feel the surge in me and sure enough, the brain numbness came over me and my climax came.

Hard.

Possibly the hardest since I had my testes removed.

I was exhausted.

Tasnim wasn't finished though and, on releasing me, took me through to her bed and exquisitely face-sat me while I paid her homage under her dark but so soft folds, bringing her to a delicious climax that washed into my mouth.

This, she followed by having me putting a strap on and then letting her ride herself on me to yet another one, playing with my nipples and kissing me passionately.

I was in for one more “test” before we turned in, and Tasnim took me through to her white marble bathroom.

“I understand that you are a toilet attendant to Saffi, Clare? Well, I want to see

how good you are.”

She had me lie down on a thick bathroom mat and squatted right over me, letting her urine flow into my mouth. I swallowed and swallowed and manage to capture ninety-nine per cent of her.

She was about to lift herself off me, but I lifted my arms up and held her on me while I cleaned her up, a delectable taste coming from her which, as I thought, turned once again to precum and finally her cum, with her gently moaning above me and pressing herself down onto my nose.

I could almost hear her saying to me:

“Keep it going, Clare, I am enjoying this.”

Finally, Tasnim had Pari and one of her attendants appear.

They duly bathed and towelled us off before applying scent and then our night-clothes, Pari having brought my new robe across from Saffi’s room.

We climbed back into the made-up bed and Tasnim kissed me goodnight. I soon fell asleep in her arms in this wonderfully huge and comfortable bed.

I was still pretty sleepy when, eventually, we made it to breakfast, having had to provide Tasnim with a long morning service.

She had proven to be a very skilled lover and seemed to know instinctively how to hit my buttons. Yet she was highly orgasmic herself. I had enjoyed being submissive to her and I would welcome any future opportunity to submit. She was more talented than Dominique or Fallon, as she better balanced her hard physical side with her pauses and caresses, really teasing me and playing with my mind as she exerted herself on me.

Saffi too appeared to have had a “night and a half” with Ayishah, thoroughly enjoying her oral skills and just how submissive she was. She said that Ayishah had brought her to a string of orgasms, to the point of almost “doing a me,” as in blacking out.

She “joked” with me that I ought to become a harem girl to improve my skills.

That caused some laughter between us all.

The day passed a little like the day before; I went off for meetings around Doha and these ran through into the afternoon session; while Saffi went off with Khalisa to see some of her philanthropic work after which they shopped.

We met up at the end of the afternoon, and were showered and dressed for dinner by Pari and Nada.

This time it was a girls dinner out, paid for by us, in the then top hotel, the Sheraton, in their Al Shaheen restaurant, specialising in “fusion Arabic” dishes, and also with live entertainment.

The views over Doha from the eleventh floor were spectacular.

The Al Shaheen also offered a private elevator and rooms, allowing us to have dinner without any of the family men being present.

That evening saw me being taken by Sheikha Khalisa for a long oral subservience session and I was amazed to find that she had a queening stool to add to my comfort, hence time in position under her hairless pussy.

She mentioned to me that this “presentation” from a harem girl was usually “de rigeur” for most Arabic wives.

Saffi went off with Sheikha Tasnim and, I learnt later, took the three harem girls into a long session and even she was amazed at Tasnim’s skills in bondage and submission, mentioning to me that Fallon needed to visit and learn something.

Me too, I recall thinking, in the time that we had been in Doha I hadn’t actually learnt much about the practices and what went on down in the harem wing and hadn’t been allowed to visit it either.

It was over a last lunch before we flew out that evening that Saffi turned to the Sheikhas and asked them:

“So what do you think about Clare and her candidacy?”

I interjected:

“Candidacy for what, Saffi?”

“Hush, Clare,” was the reprimand.

Khalisa replied to Saffi:

“Well, obviously a pre-condition for any acceptance would be the surgery.”

Tasnim then moved in:

“As you know, I tested her in the ‘peach’ position and had a look at her tolerance levels and she stood up to my discipline pretty well. I was fairly harsh with her, and even tested her with falaqa, قةأأأ foot-whipping, Saffi. I also enjoyed her tongue skills on me and she is pretty compliant, but she could still learn more about our ways and how sexually she can improve in satisfying her partner. For example, she has to learn that being multi-orgasmic is a skill to excite her partner and, if a man, that he only has essentially one load to discharge so maximising his pleasure is paramount.”

As I listened with incredulity and no small wonder for what Saffi had seemingly volunteered me, Khalisa added:

“I agree with what Tasnim said, and yes I would endorse the compliancy and oral skills. With her innate intelligence, I would have thought that we could have a much improved candidate for a totally devoted sex-focused hand-maiden, or a whore for you to pimp out for good money, within two to three months. Her life would be conditioned to the point where all she thinks about is your pleasure and obeying your challenges, sexually or otherwise.”

Saffi looked delighted.

“Well, that is encouraging, and thank you for the opportunity to put Clare to the test for candidacy and, of course, for your immense hospitality, Sheikas.”

Though I was still wondering what on earth was going on I did, of course, have my suspicions.

Saffi continued:

“So, in conclusion, on the proviso of a fully presentable girl to you, you are saying yes?”

The two Sheikas nodded their heads in unison:

“Yes, that’s one up-front condition and there are others, as we discussed the day before yesterday.”

Saffi turned to me:

“I suppose you can guess what I have arranged for you, Clare. There is no way out of this as I consider it the epitome of your subservience training. So, when I say you will participate, you will consider it an order. Do you understand?”

“I... I think so....”

“Once you have recovered from your surgery and the swelling has gone down – minding, of course, that there are no complications and you are fully functional - you will spend some months here as a harem girl and learn a slave’s sexual and beauty ways. This is so as to discipline you to focus on me and serve me completely for my sexual pleasure for the rest of your life.”

I made to speak, but was cut off.

“Don’t say a thing now, except to thank the Sheikas. It is so.”

My already extensive conditioning kicking in, I simply bowed my head and said:

“Thank you Khalisa and Tasnim.”

Khalisa responded in Arabic:

“There are conditions apart from your surgery. Saffi has agreed that you will be answerable to us and that if you misbehave or are recalcitrant in any way then you may be punished by confinement and restraint, whipping, falaqa, or

whatever means we think appropriate for you and your misdemeanour. You will live here under Sharia Law and in Muslim ways. I am sure that you know what that means – and, ultimately, you will be pure and chaste for us, Inshallah, and even more for the Sheikh.”

I looked at Saffi.

“Yes, you heard them. I have even agreed that the Sheikh could take your new virginity if he fancies you, or any male can that he so designates. Apparently, he thinks that you are rather attractive and likes your mind. He doesn’t know that you are a transsexual, so that we shall keep from him.”

This left me absolutely speechless.

I had been well and truly set up and now I was, at some not-too-distant point, going to experience harem life and, in part, re-trace the footpath of many white girls that were taken into Middle Eastern sexual slavery in past centuries.

Even though it was enticing and erotic to read and learn about, I now had my doubts about “living the dream.”

What would all this entail?

Submission was ok, but, given a glimpse of Tasnim’s BDSM interests, this would be no picnic and I was somewhat nervous about this prospect of being in the harem.

However, there was nothing I could say or do, unless there was to be a massive bust-up with Saffi.

That was something I did not desire at all.

I contented myself with the knowledge her decision-making for me to now always had good intent. Why should anything be so different now? I just had to accept it and go with it.

Late that afternoon, we went and dressed for our next flight.

Pari and Nada had neatly packed all our bags and we said our fond goodbyes to them, thanking them for all they had done to make us comfortable and for their “little ways.”

Then it was time to say farewell to Khalisa and Tasnim, before donning our abayas, hijabs and, in my case, the niqab for the last time. Well, for a short while.

The car took us off to Dona airport and we retrieved our passports.

Next destination, Hong Kong. A flight from Doha to Dubai to pick up the overnight first class flight on Cathay Pacific. What experience and “education” had Saffi lined up here for me, I wondered?

Chapter-Four

Chinese Lessons

The Chinese share many customs with their Middle Eastern counterparts. An obvious example is that one should never use chopsticks with your left hand. The right hand is for eating, the left for, how shall I put it, unclean acts. They are also very hospitable and generous to visitors.

The wealthy, like the Arabic rich, do not come to the airport to greet you; they send one of their staff.

We arrived in Hong Kong at the old Kai Tak airport with its spectacular approach, descending down over the islands and then, at the very last minute and less than two hundred feet from the ground, making a sharp right turn over Castle Rock to drop on to the runway, running straight out into the sea between the mainland and Victoria Island.

We arrived late morning, just before lunch and it didn't take that long to clear immigration, retrieve our bags and then pass through customs.

After that it was out into the teeming masses on the covered road just beyond the customs hall to search for the board indicating our driver.

We found him, parked next to the Mandarin Oriental Car and quickly, he had us into the Mercedes and our luggage aboard.

We started the drive out of the airport and through the “fleshpot” factories that surround Kai Tak, a shocking eye opener to the first time visitor, as it is almost third world with its slum appearance and the greyness and dirt of the buildings.

Quickly we were through it and into the traffic to get through the Cross-Harbour tunnel from Kowloon to the Island.

Through the Tunnel and we were into Wanchai heading for Central and the start of the long climb up the Peak.

Up through the tight corners of Magazine Gap and we started the final climb of the trip and took in the views of the south side of the Island out over Aberdeen, a long way beneath us, to Lamma Island.

Finally, we turned into the Plantation Road area and into the driveway and the carport of this impressive “colonial” mansion. We had arrived.

Hsiu Mei came bounding out to greet us.

Mei and Saffi embraced and kissed, having not seen each other for some time.

They had met at Georgetown University and become good friends and, as I understood it, had had some experiences as dominants together with other girls.

Saffi introduced me and Mei gave me a peck on the cheek before ushering us

into the house.

We went through to one of the large living rooms and what a view it was, overlooking Kowloon, Victoria Harbour and right over Wanchai and Central, all the high-rises and towers soaring upwards as if trying to climb towards the Peak. In the distance, the high hills of Ma On Shan and Tai Mo Shan.

It was one of the most spectacular views I had seen.

As Mei said, in her American accent, one should see it when the Chinese New Year fireworks lit up the sky with all the city lights shining below.

Over a glass of wine, Mei turned to me and said:

“So you are the girl that has taken Saffi’s heart and I must say that you are very pretty.”

I probably blushed.

“Saffi has told me all about you but I am sure that while she is here, I will learn even more. So you are ready for a rapid introduction into the world of lingerie making, as well as understanding something about our culture and attitudes to female sexuality.”

“Yes, Mei, I am looking forward to that. I have been intrigued about it ever since Saffi proposed... no, instructed me, that the opportunity with you was available.”

She laughed:

“Oh, I do like a compliant girl in more ways than one and I am sure that you will learn very quickly as Saffi has said that you are incredibly bright. So I am sure we will have some fun. Anyway, less of this now. Let’s get you two freshened up and then my driver will take us to one of my favourite Dim Sum restaurants in Central for a snack lunch and we can then go and have a look around.”

We finished our tea and headed up the stairs.

“You have come at a good time of year as it is still reasonably cool and not too humid. By the time you leave it will start to feel a little more like D.C.”

“Here, I am putting you both in this bedroom overlooking the harbour. It connects through to my room and, once Saffi leaves, I am sure that you will be spending enough time in my bed, but at least you will have your own space to work.”

The room was beautifully appointed with a mix of Chinese antique furniture and western and similarly decorated. Mei obviously had a lot of taste and one could see her American influence, particularly with the bedding and the bathroom.

She left us to shower and change. Saffi led me into the bathroom and had me toilet service her, the odour of fifteen hours from door to door intensifying her natural odour. She ground her pussy down on me, demanding sexual satisfaction from my tongue and nose.

Then, as she came to her climax on me:

“Until I leave, Clare, you are very much mine and mine only. Yes, you may find Mei and me taking you, but remember who your owner is. Ok?”

“Yes, Saffi.”

“Good. Now I want you to soap and shower me down.”

We changed into casual clothing, linen skirts and jackets, cotton blouses, along with some nice white Barbara lingerie.

Saffi had me wear the Talena collar along with my Tiffany’s necklace, along with the wrist cuffs and each of them with a ring hanging down off the bangle. I was also wearing my ankle chain as well.

We headed downstairs and Mei took a look at me, rather my collar, and commented on what a beautiful piece of functional jewellery it was and an ideal expression of my role as being the sub to Saffi.

“Come on you two, let’s go and get some Dim Sum”

We got into the car and headed down to Stanley Street in Central.

The Luk Yu has the distinction of being Hong Kong's oldest still-operating tea house, opening back in 1933, and not much about the place has changed since.

The setting is still charming and almost colonial, with ceiling fans, wooden booths, marble tabletops, wood paneling and stained-glass windows.

Even though it was close to 2pm it was still pretty packed with regulars.

We understood many swore by the dim sum old and a party piece was always the surly staff and potential cinema from the old Chinese women who cleaned up the used dishes.

As Mei told us, there was a Chinese adage that “Poor men are afraid of rich men and rich men are afraid of old hags such as are employed by the Luk Yu.”

Mei chose a rich selection of the small dim sum dishes such as Beef and Prawn Sui Mai, Prawn Shrimps Dumplings, BBQ pork buns, a delicious small Crab Meat Omelette, Fried Rice in Lotus Leaf, Pan-fried dumpling in soup and a horrible sounding but amazing Baked Fatty Chicken Rice.

My favourite was the Cheung Feung, steamed rice noodle rolls looking like omelettes and served with a little brown vinegary thin sauce. They came filled with prawns or roast pork (char sui).

Mei explained to us that the drinking of tea is as important to dim sum as the food. She chose for us a tea to aid in digestion, a bolay (or po lai, pu erh), which

is made from a black oolong (wu lung) tea and chrysanthemum petals.

She told us it was customary to pour tea for others during dim sum before filling one's own cup.

A custom unique to the Cantonese was to thank the person pouring the tea by tapping the bent index finger if you are single, or by tapping both the index and middle finger if married, which symbolizes 'bowing' to them and was said to be analogous to bowing to someone in appreciation.

The origin of this gesture is described anecdotally:

An unidentified Emperor went to yum cha with his friends, outside the palace. In not wanting to attract attention to himself, the Emperor was disguised. While at yum cha, the Emperor poured his companion some tea, which was a great honor. The companion, not wanting to give away the Emperor's identity in public by bowing, instead tapped his index and middle finger on the table as sign of appreciation.

I was to discover a plethora of such stories and legends during my sojourn in Hong Kong.

Mei started to question me on my history of development and relationships and was particularly interested to hear of the indenture that I had entered into with Saffi, as well as some of the accompanying celebrations.

“You should have invited me, Saffi. I would have been there for that in a flash.”

She explained that while she was from Hong Kong, she had her University education in the States and that was when she had met Saffi.

Her parents had died within a very short time of each other and she had now taken over the chairmanship of her father's companies, mainly in clothing and lingerie manufacturing and retail shops. Prior to that, she had been working for Bankers Trust in their investment division, focusing on Far Eastern markets.

She hadn't got a girl-friend at the moment, her previous one having separated after all the emotional fall-out of the loss of her parents.

I could feel Saffi bridle a little on hearing that, implying, perhaps, some risk in having me stay with her.

I noted to myself that I needed to reassure her that I had no intention of leaving her for her Chinese friend and also to ensure regular communication with her when she was back in the States.

I was hers, nobody else's.

Perhaps I was too loyal for my own good.

Mei came back to her professional life talking about the rags industry and how she spent a lot of time across the border in Guangdong where her clothes factories were located and then how she sold into various local retailers like Dickson Poon's and further on to the likes of Gap and other brands.

This prompted her to ask me to show my fingers to her and I extended them out

for her and she took them.

“Nice ring by the way, is that an engagement ring?”

“I guess so; it is certainly my special submission and love ring from Saffi.”

Mei ducked under that little reminder for Saffi:

“How is your needlework, Clare?”

“I am not that experienced but I have covered all the basic stitches and I guess that I am reasonably nimble.”

“We shall see but at least your fingers aren’t too chunky and for somebody who has been male and then transformed into a female by her lovers, you should be reasonably agile. It’s unusual to see such slender fingers on a tranny.”

I didn’t know whether to take this as a compliment or not then I realised Saffi was laughing.

Her friend smiled and continued:

“And there’s a lot of material selection, design and cutting to be done as well, so

it will not be all about stitching. I have some pretty skilled people for that but I will want you to make things. It's the best way to understand lingerie design, and you need to work in one of my shops to better understand the female form as to measurement and body shapes.”

Mei settled up and we headed outside into the bustling Central streets.

We stopped at Lane Crawford, Hong Kong's main department store and slowly wandered down to the Prince's Building.

There, on the ground floor, Mei had rented a shop that was now one of her most important lingerie outlets.

We went in, discussing the business and looking at the stock.

Apart from major European brands, Mei carried her own handmade products and she started pulling out examples of bras, panties, waspies and corsets that her Company sold.

Her products were beautifully designed and constructed, a feature being the extensive use of ribbons that imparted a lot of femininity to the items.

Mei explained that this was all part of her branding, apart from the fact that she loved having them on her creations.

I had never seen her brand in any shops in the States or London and Mei said that was because all her own production was destined for her own outlets and that she also undertook a high proportion of custom tailored work.

Her work so reminded me of Alice Cadolle's designs back in Paris.

She told us that she wished to remain bespoke and not to aggressively grow her production or number of outlets, as to do so would entail loosening her grip on management of the Company and, hence, probably quality too.

She would also start to run up against the major players in the market and though she had a relatively low cost base, other than materials, she would have to sacrifice on her gross margins.

From the Princes Building, we walked back up through the underbelly of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, the two massive bronze lions admirably guarding the bank from any spirits.

Mei explained that the open area under the huge, Norman Foster designed, Meccano-esque forty-seven floor structure allowed the spirits to move off the mountain and down to the water. This was considered highly lucky in the discipline of Feng Shui. The lions were called Stephen and Stitt after two of the early managers. We had to stroke their noses for good fortune and prosperity.

We crossed back over Queen's Road Central and up a small side street, Duddell Street and we entered one of the many small towers.

It was unbelievable in there, a rabbit warren of small Chinese clothes outlets and workshops and we took the lift up to the eight floor. Mei mentioned that this too was lucky, to work on the eight floor.

We entered into a small shop and went through to the back and there was one of her workshops for needlework and finishing off her items. She also ran a lot of her custom work from the shop in front.

It was far from a salubrious property both in terms of space and working environment and a long way from the plush surroundings of the Cadolle shop in Paris or Rigby and Peller's in London but, as I was to discover, it was significantly better than many of the premises used in the clothing industry.

“This will be your main work-place, Clare, in the next few weeks. Here and in the Prince's shop.”

Mei introduced us to the all-female staff, who seemed to be a cheery lot between my age and, it was hard to say, probably the late fifties.

“You'll have to learn some Cantonese, Clare. It's one of the hardest languages though but I am sure we will get you by, what with showing by example. Just so long as you are a quick learner, so we do not have to repeat things.”

By now, I was looking forward to learning something about Mei's techniques in lingerie; she made a lovely quality product and not just some standard wear and that was something perhaps that Saffi and I could really build on if we were indeed to go this route. I was pretty excited actually.

We walked across Des Voeux Road into the original Mandarin Oriental and wandered around their lower floors to see the shops in there and then take tea in their Mezzanine lounge, discussing what we had just seen.

“We’ll be back here later, as I have to take you to Man Wah, their top Chinese restaurant.”

She said hello to Carlos, the Mandarin’s long serving concierge and as well-known as the HSBC lions; we left by car from the main door to go back up the Peak.

Back up at the Peak, Saffi and I took a short afternoon nap, having had a truncated night, with the flight the evening before.

We showered, made up and Saffi had me wear my black Cadolle lingerie, the set with my favorite high briefs and over this a black Chanel style dress, exposing my collar and Tiffany necklace as well as my wrist cuffs, with their rings hanging down, for all to see.

Saffi wore her Qatari dress; it was really beautiful in both fabric and its blend of colours, whereas Mei went for a black and gold cheongsam that hugged her body and was hemmed to just below her knee, and then with a black snug-fitting jacket as the weather was a little chilly outside, certainly by Hong Kong standards.

We were chauffeured down to the Mandarin Oriental and, on arriving, went up to the Chinnery Bar on the first floor to see their enormous range of over one hundred whiskies, before getting into the lift to go up to the twenty-fifth floor to

the Man Wah Restaurant.

I noted that there were no thirteenth or fourteenth floors in the hotel, a sop to both Asian and Western cultures.

The view from the restaurant was spectacular, looking out towards Victoria Harbour and towards Wanchai and the naval dockyard, the lights of the City being reflected into the water.

Mei said:

“Wait until I take you to the Regency in Kowloon and you look back on to the Island; that is truly amazing.”

In fact, the view from Mei’s house was one that could never become tiresome.

The setting of Man Wah was spectacularly gaudy, but not cheap, with a theme of black, pink and purples, ornate screens and gold-plated bird cage lanterns, trying to evoke a Shanghai restaurant from the 1900’s.

But it was the view that made it, along with the food which was Chinese food out of this world.

We ate as far as we could family-style, sharing the immaculately presented dishes, starting with some dumpling based plates of a Vegetarian Shark’s Fin and Mushroom Dumplings, followed by Kurobuta Pork Siu Mai with slices of Abalone on top of it, fabulous Roast Goose with Pickled Young Ginger Dumplings and then tasty Wagyu Black Pepper Puffs which were just brilliant.

These “starters” were almost a meal in itself.

The Scallop, Shrimp and X.O. Sauce Dumpling was to die for, the famous Mandarin sauce making it so yummy, as was their succulent Roast Peking Duck, infused with so much flavour.

Gosh, I would love to cook like this. Mei said that the Mandarin Grill was also a wonderful outlet for steaks and more Western food and their Eggs Benedict down in their café was a dish to die for. She regularly had them for lunch or a light dinner.

We followed the duck with a signature dish, a Double Boiled Silk Hen Soup, Pearl Clam, with Chinese Herbs. Let's just say that I had never tasted a better Chinese soup in my life. Either my life was just too sad, or this soup was just too good.

Other dishes included a Fried Lobster, Egg White and Slow Cooked Scallop Mousse, Wok Fried Pork Loin, Kuei Hua Flavoured Pear with Chin Kiang Vinegar, and a second small soup of Lobster and, before the dessert, a Vegetarian Platter of Morels and Bean Curd, Bamboo Pith and vegetables, as well as an imitation Crispy Eel with Shredded Mushroom.

The dessert was a delicious Mango Pudding, a favourite of the Cantonese.

Mei had us try a Shaoxing wine from Zhejiang Province, before opting to go for a Giaconda Chardonnay from Victoria in Australia.

Over dinner, Mei explained how it was not that easy to be overtly a lesbian in Hong Kong and particularly China, though gay and transgendered rights were being increasingly opened up and accepted in the Colony.

She thought that this was odd given China's history in lesbianism, many of the early shaman societies having been female dominated, including a fictitious colony of women in the Kunlun Mountains, between Tibet and Qinghai Province.

She went of to explain some of the local "female" terminology.

Chinese lesbians used the terms "T" for a butch woman, or po (femme or wife), and bu fen for women who didn't fit the T or Po stereotypes. The slang term lala was also used by lesbians to describe themselves, but was increasingly being used as a derogatory term.

They laughed as Mei said I was therefore a biànxìng po, a transgendered femme and definitely a xiǎo shòu, a bottom. I think that I was uncouth enough to stick my tongue out, in jest, mind you, given possible punishment.

Saffi took the opportunity of this joking about my Chinese descriptors to move the conversation goalposts:

"Clare, the other reason that I want you to spend some time with Mei is that she is an expert on Taoism and to understand the impact that the philosophy has on sex. It would be great for me if you learn some of their viewpoints and values, so as to add them into your submission and service to me."

Mei asked me:

“So, Clare, what do you know of Taoism at large?”

Well, this was a bit of a curve ball. I must say that in my academic time I’d had very little exposure to Far Eastern cultures. In truth, I was much more Middle Eastern.

“Not much actually, Mei. I know that, essentially, it is a philosophy that expounds balance and happiness between a couple and that there is a purposeful way that brings wealth, prosperity, healing and a life well lived. There is an inner energy form called qi that is part of everything that exists and that relates to another energetic substance contained in the human body known as jing. Life is all about preserving and recycling jing as if that disappears, it is lights out, so to speak.”

“Not bad, Clare, what about pertaining to sex?”

“I presume that it is about maximising the sexual frisson between men and women.”

“Sort of, Clare. In a man, it is about holding onto the jing and sperm is the ultimate emission that loses jing, so therefore they get taught techniques to control their cumming, so that when it does happen, it is meaningful. They also get to extend their lives if they are disciplined about this.”

We laughed at that and Mei continued:

“For a woman it is the opposite. For the Taoists, sex was not just about pleasing the man as the woman also had to be really stimulated and pleased in order to benefit from the act of sex and, of course, that could only happen if both partners desired it. If sex were performed in this manner, the woman would create more jing, and the man could more easily absorb the jing to increase his own qi. So the focus was very much on the woman attaining a high sexual satisfaction and, in doing so, becoming multi orgasmic. We women are the lucky ones in this.”

She smiled and went on:

“Women were also given a prominent place in Taoist teaching schools, with the tutor also being a woman. One of the reasons women had a great deal of strength in the act of sex was that they walked away undiminished from the act. The woman had the power to bring forth life and did not have to worry about ejaculation and losing her jing.

“However, women were considered as sexually inferior and much of the teaching of Tao sex was from a male point of view and the texts, naturally perhaps, ignored covering how sex could benefit women.

Men were encouraged to not limit themselves to one woman, and were advised to have sex only with the woman who was beautiful and had not had children. In other words she was purely an object but, on the other hand, actually somebody to be feared, as a woman could cause the male to spill semen and lose his vitality.”

It was almost like being back in a University tutorial on philosophy. Mei knew her subject in depth.

“In many of the later Ming teachings, women had lost all semblance of being human and were referred to as the "other," "crucible", or "stove" from which to cultivate vitality. Indeed to focus on self-discipline, men were encouraged to preserve their jing by taking a woman without ejaculating. The practice was known as Caibao, as women were a means to prolong their lives.”

“Wow, so how does this translate to us as lesbians and transgenders?”

“Well, I have developed my own views to that, Clare. We are all women and most of us have some bi element to us, some more than others. Therefore, we should look to techniques to maximise our personal jing and become highly sexual and multi-orgasmic, building for those moments when men do enter our lives.

“Even if they don’t go for a men, then women still benefit and, for someone like you Clare, as a submissive to a domme like Saffi here, or myself, you should be totally devoted to our pleasure, the reward being that you too become multi-orgasmic but I would strongly suggest only at our behest and commands.”

Mei then added:

“However, a good domme should know that she is releasing you sexually to maintain and develop your prowess further and also to make you descend even further into submission to her.”

After all this explanation, Saffi commented:

“Now, this is why you are here, I want you explore some of the techniques and suggestions that Mei follows and incorporate them into your submission to me, Clare.”

I realised that there were, perhaps, some similarities with the Middle Eastern cultures where the woman was also seen as maximising her beauty and sexuality for her partner’s pleasure. Saffi wanted me to study both “methodologies” and bring them through in a demonstration of my submission to her, ultimately so as to put her on the dominant pedestal over me.

Taoism in female sex was to be the focus of these next few weeks.

We left Man Wah and went downstairs to the Chinnery Bar for a post-prandial drink, Mei saying that X.O. Cognac was a drink of choice to the Chinese.

After such a magnificent banquet that we had just experienced, we had to try a Hennessy as that was better for the Western taste buds in not being quite so aromatic as, say, a Remy Martin X.O.

Back up on the Peak again, we admired the view beneath us; it was very romantic and Saffi put her arm around me while Mei went to retrieve her X.O. bottle.

We enjoyed a nightcap just watching the city, still active with boats running around the Harbour and different planes coming into and leaving Kai Tak Airport.

Eventually we headed upstairs, into Mei’s bedroom and just like Tasnim’s, it was

a massive room, but with the fabulous spectacle of Hong Kong from her panoramic corner windows.

Her bedroom was like the guest room, a mixture of East meets West.

The main highlight of it, apart from the view and her lovely furniture, was a rather unique collection of Oriental sex-toys, carved figures having sex and with which you could change their naughty positions, and “sex” ceramics, all neatly laid out in a display cabinet.

Many of the sex ceramics were “innocuous” china items from the outside so as to give the impression of respectability in what was a highly conservative and organised society in the Ming and Qing dynasties. However, on the inside, there were delicate, astounding and beautiful representations of Chinese couples copulating or having oral sex. These were fascinating to look at.

Mei was as “degenerate” as we were. We just had to send her photographs of the antique Godermiche that I had bought for Saffi as a present in Paris.

Her Amah, an expression for a Filipino maid, had turned down the lights, laid out her nightie and had scented the room with a ylang-ylang oil, its rich floral aroma pervading the air creating the ambiance for the sex to come.

There were thick, soft mats laid out in front of the large bed, ready for us.

Mei suggested that I slowly undress Saffi and then her, Saffi suggesting some

appropriate worship of their clothing. I duly complied.

I slowly undressed Saffi to reveal her black Aubade bra, suspender and bikini panties.

I always loved the sight of her in her lingerie.

I moved over to Mei and helped her out of her cheongsam to reveal that she was dressed in her own white lingerie, long bows hanging down from her panties, rather appealing and erotic to me.

Back to Saffi and I started by taking off her bra, kissing each cup. I went to kiss her nipples and Mei gently admonished me, telling me visually to soak in the lovely sight in front of me.

I pulled back, on my knees, and looked up at the breasts and nipples that I so adored.

This was then repeated with Mei, her small breasts with their large puffy nipples, so prominent on her body frame and rather enchanting in their appeal, both Saffi and I almost meditating on her body.

The process was repeated with their panties, with very slow meditation on their pussies. This was rather different.

Mei's was framed with a neat, thin wiry black strip, her mons pubis seeming to be a little more highly set than a Caucasian, such as Saffi. Mei made positive

comments about Saffi's gorgeous bottom.

I enjoyed this contemplation of what was to come.

Saffi told me to remove my clothes and Mei moved in to repeat the process to me, complimenting me on my breasts, nipples and curvy shape, admiring my bum.

Mei instructed me gently to stroke her body but not her genitals, and then to do it to Saffi's. This was so as to wake up their nerves.

She made me concentrate on her face, belly and bottom, taking care to obey her and then slowly to upgrade my stroking with long, lackadaisical strokes, gradually working closer to her love areas, hinting at what was to come.

I enjoyed doing this; it was so sensual in nature and so submissive as the sexual "tension" was building very quickly.

Mei ordered me to talk about what I was seeing and wanting to happen, to express myself about my submission to Saffi, what I wanted her to do to me, where I wanted to be in her, how she was in charge of me and how to steer me to further compliance and servitude.

She followed this by making us sit in a triangle on the mats, duly cross legged and to begin a seductive massage on ourselves. No feeling of each other – just yet.

This process started by using fingertips on our nipples and gently moving them over the skin in a spiralling movement, for nine long, slow breaths.

We then had to keep doubling the breaths as we moved on to our ribs, then the edges of the rib cage and, after this, the midway between ribs and navel.

We then brought both hands together just below our navels and gently circulated them over our flesh for forty-five breaths. We had to follow this by concentrating on the area midway between our navels and pubic areas for second massage, this time lasting fifty four times.

Slowly we were getting close to our love areas, just above the pubic bone for sixty-three strokes and then on, lightly in touch, over our genitals for seventy-two strokes.

Finally, it was the perineum for eighty one strokes.

Once through this, we rested side by side, not touching each other, before repeating the process but now sitting behind our partner – a type of daisy chain of Mei sitting behind me and Saffi in front, again starting our massage with working our partner's nipples and gradually moving downwards.

Mei explained that it was possible to really build the erotic tension up this way to a pseudo orgasm and one had the option of slowing down, or if the emotions were getting to be too much, then just let ourselves explode in sweet ecstasy.

It was also possible to come purely on the massage technique by moving onto focus on just each other's breasts and genitals but it should be done in rhythmic harmony. This was a Chinese form of tantric sex.

There were so many routes open to us at this point.

However, as I was the submissive one, Mei now wanted me to lean forward in the prone position. I said to her:

“Oh you mean the ‘peach position,’ Mei.”

Saffi chipped in:

“Well, Tasnim did teach you something then, Clare. Ayishah used that position for me and very interesting it was too.”

I assumed that Qatari pose that I had learnt on my knees, spreading my cheeks to open my anus up and leaning forward to offer a more submissive position, bringing my head up a little, hands prostrate in front of me.

Mei and Saffi contemplated me, discussing my body and how to turn me on and how I liked to be taken. This in itself I was finding very erotic as I was discussed as if I was their object, not as a person.

It was easily some ten minutes of this before they slowly started to run their hands over me, not even going near my breasts, anus or clitoris.

I was finding this highly tantalising and it was getting me seriously worked up.

They backed off to contemplate me lying there still in the peach position.

I felt Saffi behind me and Mei got down on to the mat in front of me, sliding her pussy up against my mouth. Her hands took hold of my head and softly pushed me downwards onto her pussy, telling me to take her with her tongue.

Saffi slid in behind me, first of all taking this antique Chinese dildo with a large ivory head and carved shaft of lovers on it and pushed it into me.

I was that relaxed that she entered me easily, frigging me smoothly but hard with it. I gasped as the size of the head went to work on my prostate.

I concentrated on serving Mei, working on her protruding clit, picking up her natural moisture, her own sex smell filling my flared nostrils, flared by Saffi's actions behind me.

Saffi had put on a double-strap and moved to replace the antique with her own cock, wanting the vibrations of fucking me to bring her own pussy to a strong cummy climax.

I felt her come into me and she started to buck, setting herself into a natural rhythm for pleasing herself against me.

I moved lower down Mei's love channel and started to probe her vaginal entrance, enjoying her sweet and salty love wetness.

Mei was massaging her nipples, concentrating on her breathing as I took her, my hands slowly working up her body to help her with her breasts.

Saffi came first. I felt her familiar shuddering behind me as her peak came over her, drawing a long guttural groan from her as she hit her personal erotic ceiling.

She stayed in me, enjoying her continual high.

Slowly, Mei came to her own climax, her thighs gripping my head tightly as I pleased her, driving my nose up against her clit and using my tongue to explore her perineum and then down towards her anus.

She pushed hard onto my tongue and I naturally found her entrance, allowing her to use me as a mini-dildo.

She erupted over me, her sex-fluid smearing itself all over my face.

Mei pressed her pussy home as she held me as her little electric shocks worked their way through her and she continued to hold me in her grip and power as her orgasm subsided.

Subsiding though only to the point that Saffi and Mei switched over; Mei to take me again and Saffi to offer me the delights of her cunt that I worshipped so intensely.

Saffi's strip of blonde pubic hair was just above me as I centred in on her upper slit, her labia majora naked and tan in colour as they always were, and, just below, her enticing cunt full of its pink, delicate, intricate folds, still sticky from her previous cummy discharges.

My tongue quickly found her clitoris, bringing it out of her hooded home and thrusting itself upwards; its little pinky head demanding me to take her deep into my mouth.

I let my tongue rotate over her nerve ends and, next, gently applied some suction to her bud so as to let her dilate in my mouth allowing her to get her pleasure.

I brought my tongue down her pussy in a long deliberate stroke towards her love portal, skimming over her juicy, swollen inner lips to enter her love grotto, the ultimate focus of my life and what I had been "trained" for by Saffi.

Saffi was moaning on Mei's mat, encouraging me to sate her, wanting me to take her, caressing her breasts, urging me to take her and to bring her to orgasm.

I was her orgasm initiator; that was what my main function in life was all about.

I let my tongue intentionally run up and down her, taking in her so-familiar

flavour, taking my pleasure from the enjoyment that I was generating for her and, hopefully, taking her towards her climax.

Mei was using me from behind, riding me hard to provide the stimuli that she was seeking deep in her cunt, her hard silicone cock riding against my prostrate in my snug, anal channel.

Saffi pushed herself deeper onto me, forcing my nose and tongue to serve her even more, making me feel as if her cunt was me, using me as her beloved cock that was there to serve her, permitting me to show my love for her.

She was building up her pleasure so that I could be washed in her royal honey, her love excretion that I so cherished and yearned for.

Her pre-cum was now showing in quantity, its milky-white extrusion wanting me to deliver home.

As with Mei, I brought my tongue sweeping down in one stroke to her pussy to enter her cunt.

And then furling it up, I pushed my tongue home into her, letting her swallow me into her deep recesses, allowing her to control her hips, which were now vice-like around me, again just like Mei had gripped me firmly.

She also had her hands on my head wanting me to push in even further.

She exploded on me with her usual moan of pleasure, cussing me for getting her so hot. Her cum shot out of its excited glands, smearing me all over my mouth and chin.

This was my favourite moment and I loved it, saturated in her natural love fluid.

Mei was there too and she was grunting behind me as she came.

Both girls were holding me vice-like, while their orgasms darted through them, delivering what they were seeking, colouring their biggest sexual organs, their brains, and duly numbing them. Or whatever they saw in their brains as they topped their own Everest or Mont Blanc mountains.

I came too, my familiar freeze soaking my mind and a small natural emission coming out of my clit, spurting out onto the mat.

I let them ride their wave out on me.

This was so good, being sandwiched between my lover and her domme friend, just like being almost between Saffi and Fallon but this time, with an exotic Oriental twist coming into play.

The weeks to come would be interesting.

Of this I was certain.

Saffi left for New York and Washington DC two days later, as always sad for me and also for her.

I reassured her that I would be fine and would try and talk to her each day, allowing for the awful time difference.

She also wanted me to wear my bugged Talena collar. I asked about wearing it in China and she said for me to be careful, to use common sense and to let her know.

Mei had added at some point that most of our travel over the border would be by road to Shenzhen, or train to Guangzhou.

The night before Saffi left, Mei left us to our own devices in bed and I had a wonderful oral session with Saffi, practising some of what Mei had taught us.

The Taoist contemplation and massaging techniques added a certain “zing” to serving her as I loved being made to meditate over her body, contemplating how I could serve her to my best ability and, I think, Saffi enjoyed the adoration from me.

It gave her a heightened sense of her power over me.

I was looking forward to learning more about the techniques and, in particular, the Taoist approach to build up and body worship so as to incorporate it into my subservience to Saffi. I did wonder how much cross-over there would be to learning about being in a harem.

This prospect was intriguing me more and more, but was still some time off in the future before that could happen. My surgery became even more imperative to me.

As a means to attaining that scenario, the other thing that I did, on our last night together for a few weeks, was to begin the temporary abstinence from my oestrogen tablets. We were now on the start of the “descent into Cromwell Hospital Airport” and, as such, it was now just two months away from my appointment with the surgeon’s knife.

Mei soon had me in the deep end at work. This was to be no joy ride and first up was two weeks working in the retail shop, learning about measurement and women’s different body shapes.

I set to work, learning how to take sizes, ensure the correct body shapes and properly to appraise women for their correct bra size, as well as getting good fit on panties and corsetry. The Chinese were like Western women in the majority of the population wearing the incorrect bra size.

Most of the women through, I would say some eighty per cent, were Chinese but there were a number of British, Australian and American women too, who were somewhat surprised to find a British girl serving them. I explained that I was training to enter the industry and they were all fine with that.

I saw all sorts of women's shapes, some stunningly attractive and to whom I would love to have been subjugated, imagining that I would be under their pussies, giving them the pleasure that they required.

Some were out of shape, down-right awful and there were a few who... let's just say I was really put off, but...

All of these women had to be served.

It was their right and they demanded the best service that I could deliver, after all, to them, I was a servant and a lowly one at that. A pupil. They were also paying us and I could not let Mei down or, for that matter, Saffi either.

There was the occasional man coming into the shop as well, buying lingerie for their females but there were a number that I suspected who were buying for themselves. If only they knew that they had an ex-boy was serving them.

It wasn't hard work, per se, but rather more demanding as Mei wanted me to take the custom measurements and turn them into body drawings in the evenings. It was this that got me realising and appreciating the different shapes involved with the female form and I enjoyed the visualisation and design process.

I could rapidly see that why bra manufacturers had to work to a minimum of twenty sizes and cups and that was just for a "standard" design.

I asked Mei about whether I should go to fashion or design school and she told me that there were many different ways into the industry, from art and design, fashion work, dressmaking and tailoring or even communications and PR.

She had come into the industry through her father and learnt on the job, just as I was starting so school wasn't an essential prerequisite for success.

She said that what was really important was to have enthusiasm, romance and creativity and by paying attention to the little things, the detail in design adornment or in keeping the customer happy.

Secondly, it was about having access to good business nous, either myself, or through Saffi. Mei thought that Saffi would definitely provide good decision-making to balance my creative side and I laughed to myself, as this was just one more thing in my life ensuring I would be subservient to her.

Even if I wasn't complaining too much.

I was reminded of Thomas Edison who said:

"Genius is 1 percent inspiration and 99 percent perspiration."

I was also reflective that, five or ten years ago, I would have never imagined that I would be serving women in a lingerie shop, seeing their bodies and appreciating them in their finest or not-so-finest underwear.

It was unbelievable that, career wise, I would end up in such a female-driven

business instead of something like international politics, economics or consultancy, and that my domme, my life-controller, had wanted and ordered me to do this. How would I tell my family and old friends how I had ended up in lingerie design? It wasn't demeaning as such but rather potentially embarrassing and humiliating.

I realised that the only way I could gain respect from such outsiders was to be truly excellent at what I did, or a truer statement would be what Saffi and I created with this project of ours.

Given that excellence was paramount, Mei added that we had to define our market niche and products to meet the needs of that opportunity, and then to drive consistency through packaging, communications and brand, keeping very close to the message and image of what we had set in place.

She added:

“It is better to have thirty percent of a small niche market segment than to have half a per cent of a wide market where the big boys and girls play.”

She stressed that it was important that Saffi and I follow our dreams but to think through and research thoroughly the route to our utopia. Research would eliminate many of the problems and hurdles that would face us.

Lastly, that we should remain true to our initial concepts for differentiation and brand ethos for example if we went for high fashion, fit and comfort which, for her, were not mutually exclusive, then we should ensure that with every new design or collection that we would come up with.

This would be evident particularly as, once I understood the female form and psyche, success would be about exploring new innovations in fabric, technology and comfort as well as delivering solutions in the context of being wearable and modern to meet female needs for that season, that colour palette.

She was so right in all of this.

Very quickly all of this led to long conversations with Saffi about the business and this was keeping Saffi pretty occupied too. I knew that she was also following through on the Vermont property, as it wasn't yet formally ours.

We agreed, or rather Saffi said, that we could have a real assault on the renovation plans during my recuperation from surgery and far better that we tackled this with me being a full woman and not a "half-baked one," her expression.

She said that I might see things in a new light as being her all-female submissive!

I was throwing out concepts and faxing over design ideas for us to look at the high-end custom lingerie market in the North-East and a second stream targeting the lesbian market with a domme to submissive range of high quality wear.

My thinking was to use clean lines, smooth finishing and high end, soft, perhaps stretchy, fabrics for the dommes, similar in an exclusive way to a Hanro look for the dommes. Perhaps a small amount of trim to emphasise that the domme was a woman at heart. For the submissive girls, the Pos, very froufrou, girly wear with a strong emphasis on gusset control as to potential sex-toy play and also enticing

ribbons, keyholes and sheer or lace effects to stimulate sexily the domme's imagination.

This would keep her busy as to business plan preparation and she was right to insist we had one, though we didn't need any initial banking finance, only working capital facilities for cash flow.

It wasn't all work, though it felt like it, as Mei introduced me to a range of Chinese foods and I never knew there was such variety in the regions.

From the formality of Man Wah, Number One Harbour Road or the 4th Floor of Yung Kee with their classical Cantonese dishes to the informal nature of some of the hundreds of small establishments, such as near the Naval Yard to Chiu Chow, Sichuan and superb Shanghai food in a private Shanghainese club near her Central offices.

The first Saturday lunch time, she drove us to Tai Po in the New Territories for a wonderful treat at a restaurant called the Yat Lok Barbeque. Fancy it is not and we wore very casual clothing and we were more than dressed up for the environment.

Their speciality was Roast Goose and to say it was out of this world was an understatement. It also gave me an opportunity to meet with some of her friends, both male and female and that was interesting to meet other Chinese gays and bisexuals.

The following Saturday lunch time, Mei had arranged a private boat trip for all of us out to Lamma Island to the seafood restaurants out there by the harbour

side.

Having been refreshed en route for the forty minute trip by wine or beers on the boat as we steamed through the seething waters of the Victoria Island water front awash with all the local junks and fishing vessels, we had wandered around Lamma town harbour restaurants looking at all the live fish catch in their tanks.

We feasted languidly on marvellous delicacies such as spicy prawns and clams, battered squid in sea salt, deep fried octopus and lobster Yie Mien with its noodles in a buttery sauce and caramelised onions.

The food had kept on coming. Mei knew how to ensure her guests were more than full, a requisite of dining in the Chinese culture.

The meal continued with scallops served on vermicelli and chives, steamed sea-cucumbers, sea snails pot, and a huge grouper fish perfectly steamed with soy sauce and aromatics, and wonderful E-Fu noodles to finish with. We downed a lot of cold wine that we had brought along, a Chilean Undurraga Lo Abarca Sauvignon Blanc.

Life wasn't bad and it was a shame that Saffi wasn't there to enjoy it too. I was missing her. I don't know if Mei picked up on that, as I was pretty quiet.

We didn't get that much turn-around time back at the Peak after our lazy afternoon as Mei had booked us into see a famous Chinese opera, well a resurrected one as it was controversial.

We headed down to the Arts Centre to see “Lianxiangban” - or Cherishing the Fragrant Companion by the Kunqu Opera Theatre from Beijing. Li Yu, who was a well-known playwright of the Ming Dynasty (1368-1644), had written the story.

In the story, Cui Jianyun, a young married woman, meets an intelligent single young woman, Cao Yuhua, while visiting a temple. The pair fall in love and Cui pledges to make her husband take Cao as a concubine so that they can remain together. Cao was the Po and Cui the “T.” It was a story that developed the message that, ultimately, two women can build their jing to a deep intensity and that as long as a man or woman performs their duty and sires children, then their private affairs are just that, private.

The opera had been controversial as the Communists frowned on homosexuality, though permitted now it wasn’t talked about. However in the past, for example in Confucian times, the polygamy of Chinese feudal society had offered a secret garden, particularly for female homosexuality.

Despite the music being somewhat alien, I enjoyed it as the story, costumes and visual effects were beautifully put together.

As Mei said to me over some Eggs Benedict at the Mandarin afterwards, “Maybe some parallels in that opera for you and Saffi, allowing for the man thing.”

I explained to her our views to sex and relationships with the male sex.

“Makes sense, Clare, very much like me.”

Up at her house, we retired to her bedroom and Mei had me practice tantric

massage on her.

We started as we had done with Saffi there, a very seductive removal of clothes carefully watching each other followed by a contemplation and meditation of each other's bodies in a richly warm candle and scent environment.

For this introductory stage, we also practised controlled self-massage accompanied by the measured breathing exercises. Mei put a lot of emphasis on this in building towards more intense orgasms later on.

She taught me to use oils and how to use my palms and fingers, specially the outer edges of my palms and lower thumbs to knead her breasts and also to do a bottom massage.

This required taking the warm oil and drizzling it up from her left toes, up her legs and over her pelvis before going down the right side with my left hand gently spreading the oil beforehand. And then to massage from outer to inner on the leg.

The whole process actually started with me resting one finger on her perineum and another over her anus for eighty-one breaths building our expectation.

From the legs, I had massaged her with the palm technique running slowly inwards to her bottom valley, finally to bring my now oily fingers over her perineum and anus once again, so oily that I could slip inside her.

However, Mei had instructed me at that point to quietly ask her to turn over.

Indeed, she had laid there face down, almost in a happy sleep, as I conducted the massage, her arms flat on her side running down her body.

She rolled over, her pert, tight, attractive body exposed in front of me.

I was to conduct a Yoni massage on her.

Yoni literally means “Sacred Temple. It is seen from a perspective of love and respect.

The Yoni Massage can also be used as a form of "safe sex" and is an excellent way to build trust and intimacy with a partner. The goal of the Yoni massage is not solely to achieve orgasm; the goal can be to simply pleasure and massage the Yoni.

Both receiver and giver can relax, and not worry about achieving any particular goal. When orgasm does occur it is usually more expanded, intense and satisfying.

I knew that Mei wanted to release herself though, her body language with me had been very personal since the afternoon, holding onto me, kneading my hand with hers, touching me.

I began this exactly as I had begun her leg massage, gently opening her legs so that I could position myself between them.

I took some more of the warm oil from its water bath and had used the drizzling technique up her left leg, over her waist and breasts and down the right side, and once again using my hand to oh so lightly spread it over her.

Next I conducted a massage up her legs simultaneously to her breasts and nipples, doing as requested, using the circular motions of my palms to knead her.

Rapidly, her dark brown nipples on their puffy homes responded to my finger touch, swelling under me, erect and so wanting to be taken by mouth. I am not sure I could have resisted with Saffi's.

It was followed by moving my palms down on to her waist, pressing on her abs and slowly working down to her mound.

I took a little more oil and drizzled into my left hand and onto Mei's tummy.

I rubbed my hands together and place them palm down over where her ovaries lay and I let them rest there for a little while, letting her feel my gentle pressure, letting the heat diffuse out and around.

I moved my left hand over her mound and again sprinkled a little more oil over my spread fingers.

I slowly began to massage her pubis using my palms, one at first, two gently pressing home as I brought my right one under her, over her pussy.

I occasionally used the back of my fingers to run over her lips and pussy entrance but the key was letting my palms literally dance over her love area.

Things get more intense.

Starting at the top, I took one side of her outer lips in my fingers tips and gently prised it upwards to massage it and let my tips dance along the edge of the lip down its full length in concentric circles. And then the other side.

I could see Mei was enjoying this, her eyes stayed closed but her mouth was slightly puckering, almost saying to me, “More, Clare, more.”

I used my fingers to gently separate her lips and run my fingers up over her glands, up to her clitoris, using one finger then two, slowly looking to open up her hood for the arousal of her clitoris.

Using my index finger and thumb, I very softly pulled at her clitoris, pulling it and massaging it in the balls of my finger, letting my fingers move up and down almost as if frotting her.

I kept this up for some five minutes before “centring” myself, the backs of my index and fourth finger against her lips and slowly inserted my third finger so the hard side was pointing downwards to her anus and the soft ready for her g-spot.

I explored her pussy insides, rotating my finger anticlockwise in circles. Three-o-clock to twelve-o-clock to nine-o-clock and down to six-o-clock and around, applying a little pressure at six and twelve.

On reaching three, I straightened my finger out in Mei and turned my finger back as if a genuine clock all the way back to three-o'clock to start again.

This gentle motion started to release, as Mei termed it, some emotion and I could strongly smell her sex now.

I gently kept up the rotation of my fingers.

I knew that I could bring her off with just them but I decided to add my tongue, playing her lips first and then on to her swollen clitoris.

This is what she needed and she erupted on me, shooting her watery cum all over me, holding my head between her thighs now, maximising her jing, her release.

“Mmmmm, Clare, goodness me, we have learnt haven’t we? Saffi will benefit from that, I am sure.”

As she gradually came off her mountain, she moved over and had me lay on the mat, moving into fuck herself off again on my nose and mouth, her brown haven right above me as I took in her delights. Dominating me, give me no chance to react or treat her as an equal.

Mei was my instructress, my governess, akin to Lady Seaton and “in loco parentis” for Saffi while I was with her. She could love, use, or punish me as she wished.

And finally Mei took me with her strap, filling me up and releasing me. As the “T,” she was exerting her right or, in other words her influence and power over me.

She wasn’t Saffi though. Her sex techniques were brilliant as was her teaching and I couldn’t wait to try them on Saffi, and I should not forget the women I truly cared for, as well, Pamela, Fallon, Chrissie and even Tammy.

My tuition in lingerie making and design progressed onwards. I moved on from measuring women, drawing their body forms and selling lingerie.

Now Mei had me working up in her Duddell Street workshop.

I started translating drawing into what they call visual “synthesising,” so as to prepare machine for computer control of cutting.

I also began manual cutting with extremely sharp scissors and this took some getting used to, as one had to be so precise, not only for purity of shape and finish but also in the minimisation of waste, given the cost of some of the luxury fabrics.

This work gave me many insights into establishing and organising my own cutting room. Given the potential for total chaos, this really was a crucial area for Saffi’s and my business future to get to grips with as it impacted on the exercise of budget control.

I also learnt about sewing, the different threads and sewing devices and then the use of the stitching machines, there being four main ones and some for ancillary specialist needlework.

Some of it was also done by hand and I spent many an hour learning the different stitches and techniques to finishing.

Again, while I did these tasks, I reflected on just how far Saffi had brought me and at a complete opposite to what I had envisaged when I was 15, in fact it wasn't even an opposite, it was surreal. Not that I would go back though.

There was one machine similar to a household sewing machine, what was known as a commercial straight-needle machine. This machine sewed straight stitches and what was needed for sewing on lace trim, ribbon straps and other finishes.

There were an enormous number of accessories, which helped to sew on the ribbon, make the ruffles and place inserts into a garment. A similar machine was there for double-stitching, top stitching, inserting elastic and other chores, again with a wide variety of accessories, all that needed learning.

The third important machine was called an over-locker or serger and was needed to give a finished edge to the inside seams. Homemade items are easily identifiable by the raw edges on the inside of the garment, but the over-lock eliminates that look, giving it some of the expected quality but, of course, dependent on the operator's control.

A fourth model, used on robe hems and some other areas, covered blind-stitching and it allowed the garment to be hemmed without the stitches showing.

I set about being shown and learning all these stitching techniques and began making some lingerie of my own design as models for “master cards” as an exercise for Mei, as well as in assisting with the production of her output.

The fascinating area was the one of fabric selection and sourcing, along with palette and pattern selection.

I was duly exposed to various silks, organza fabrics, toile, French Leaver Lace and Swiss embroidery fabrics as well as the more basic spandex, nylons, meshes, stretch knits, silks and satins. Lycras, cotton jerseys, charmeuses and tricot, and on went the list.

Then there were all the accessories for bra cups, straps, hooks, sliders, elastics, wire, and lovely adornments, many of which were handmade, some outsourced.

My mind was full of female thoughts all day long and little time for romance.

I knew that this area of fabric management would be a continuously inspirational journey going forward for us.

Part of my reward for all the hard work at the end of the trip was that Mei took me on two trips into China, firstly to visit her factories in Shenzhen and Guangzhou and, secondly, mostly interestingly, to Huangzhou in Zhejiang province to visit one of her major silk suppliers, the Hua Tai company.

We stayed at two lovely hotels, firstly the White Swan in Guangzhou, overlooking the Pearl River and with its magnificent model of a junk, all carved from one block of jade; this even including the detailed rigging on the boat. If I thought that high quality bra making was complex, this was in another league.

In Huangzhou, we stayed in a lovely hotel, the Shangri La overlooking the small Xihu (West) Lake and its “Solitary Island”, across from the Provincial Governor’s compound and Mei did allow some down-time to show me the green tea fields and some of the Chinese historic buildings, pavilions and temples.

Huangzhou had been one of the major imperial palaces in past dynasties and indeed the capital. It is attributed that Marco Polo called it “the most beautiful city in the world,” though there is doubt that he ever saw it.

There was one of those old Chinese adages that so applied here, “In heaven there is paradise - on earth there is Hangzhou.”

We just spent a couple of days there and it's easy to see why they thought so. Xihu is truly beautiful and each morning of our visit we got up early and joined the local Chinese walking the esplanade on the eastern edge of the lake, watching them engaged in all forms of tai chi exercises, from semi-static to dancing forms.

Mei photographed me hanging off the arm of an ancient Tang dynasty poet called Bai Jiyue as a “souvenir” for Saffi.

He was once governor of this area and, apparently, had a liking for gurls like me... I joked with Mei what he would make of Sexual Reassignment Surgery now.

I was rapidly approaching the end of my time in Hong Kong. With all the long hours of work followed by meeting Mei's friends for supper and even lessons in Chinese foot massage to take back to Saffi, the time had simply "oozed" away.

I had also realised that I was now approaching the time that I needed to watch my diet, above all in fibre content, a request for preparation from my surgeon at the Cromwell Hospital.

I wasn't thinking much about the operation, as now I so wanted it, for both of us.

However, I had missed Saffi and was looking forward to seeing her again and she was supposed to be flying out to "recover" me.

I was in for a little shock though.

Apparently, there were some small problems in the final purchase of our Vermont property, not with the house but with the definition of the land border in the woods. Saffi phoned me to explain what was happening and that she would need to head up there to sort it out and go for completion.

This was so disappointing but I would have to live with it. We really didn't want to lose the purchase of our dream property and for Saffi to have zoomed out to Hong Kong and back could have put the deal at risk. Hopefully, I wasn't that selfish.

“So I am not asking you to fly back here alone, Clare. I could have you go to Edinburgh and meet you in London but I don’t want that. Mom is flying back from London, so she is going to come the long way around and pick you up. Could you ask Mei if she can stay with you and her, or check her into somewhere like the Peninsula or Mandarin Oriental?”

Mei, naturally, said yes and would arrange with her Amah to make up a third room. “Oh that’s not necessary, she can sleep with me.”

“What!”

“Well if you don’t approve, we’ll check her in the Oriental or...”

“No, it’s ok here. But Saffi’s Mom has taken you...”

“Err, yes – many times actually, Mei.”

“Good grief, I knew Saffi’s family are very different to the norm but, well...

She shrugged.

“Wow.”

“She is very similar to Saffi, an older version in fact, and really the instigator of all of this with her daughters. Her husband, Per, has had me too.”

“Oh, my goodness, that’s amazing. Well, we will have to arrange something special for your farewell. What do you want to do food-wise?”

“We could take her to Man Wah, but if we could have dinner together, my treat to say a big thank-you to you and no questioning about that, please Mei? I would love to take you to ‘Number One Harbour Road’ as Chef Liu Shu Tim’s food is so brilliantly ‘simple’ and family oriented and flavoursome. I think it is my favourite.”

Well, Mei thought it was an excellent idea.

We lunched with her staff at Luk Yu so I could say thank you to the team for all their assistance, teaching and, most importantly all, patience with this peculiar Gweipo, a female foreign devil.

The rest of the afternoon was given over to packing all my stuff at the workshop and saying good bye, before a final lesson at Mei’s house in Zhi Ya massage, which focuses on pinching and pressing at acupressure points.

I showered, took an enema as I suspected that I would be “ravaged” later, made-up and dressed, opting for my black Aubade lingerie with black stockings, along with my new black dress that I had found in the Seibu department store in Wanchai, to give a look of sartorial elegance.

My jewellery was standard fare with my bugged Talena necklace, Tiffany pendant, diamond studs and ring as well as my anklet bracelet. Mei insisted that I gave her my other Axsmar cuff set, but I was spared wearing them to the restaurant.

We drove down from the Peak to the Grand Hyatt Hotel, left the car with the doorman, and headed up in their special elevator to the 7th and 8th floor.

It's hard to say what's more impressive in Number One, the cool, modern interior design of a Tai Pan's residence over the two terraced indoor levels and with the sound of the lily pond's rushing water, or the view over the harbour from the restaurant's floor-to-ceiling windows. This allowed any table to have stunning views of the water, the boats and the brightly lit buildings of both Kowloon and lower Wanchai.

We feasted on the freshest ingredients and beautiful preparation that highlighted a whole spectrum of delicate flavours. As an appetizer, we chose a crispy suckling pig, as crunchy as its name suggests, served with jellyfish seasoned to perfection with a balanced combination of vinegar, sugar and sesame oil.

Dishes such as a Hot and Sour soup, Steamed Fresh Crab Claw with diced ginger and egg white, and Tea Smoked Chicken were so fresh and simply divine.

We loved their wok-fried Prawns in spicy sauce glazed with Crab Coral and their stir-fried dishes of Stir-fried Wagyu Beef with Vegetables in crispy basket and their Chinese Vegetables, Mushrooms with pine nuts in fresh lettuce were pleasingly light and with a great crunch to as well.

For dessert, we had chilled sago cream with pommel, and chilled mango pudding, both delicious and low on the sugar content.

I selected a Saint Clair Estate Pioneer Block Sauvignon Blanc, full of classic intensity and surely a medal winner. It balanced the food perfectly.

During dinner, Mei thanked me again for all my efforts and summarised the impact on to the Vermont project by advising me to contract in any skills that I was weak in, be it personally or with my team.

Resources were out there in the form of contract manufacturers, fabric sourcing or in technical design, and certainly to do this for presentation and networking of our brand with the likes of brand placement, liens with buyers and photographers.

The crucial thing was to ensure our quality control was totally in-house.

Her second piece of advice was to ensure that we had proper PR and administration support as it was amazing how time consuming everything was. This could really cut in and frustrate time for designing or creating and even quality could suffer.

“See if Saffi and you can find a lovely assistant but keep your hands off her in the day time,” was Mei’s advice.

Mei surprised me then. She produced a small present from her bag, wrapped in gold paper, a traditional form of wrapping out in Hong Kong. It was a small box.

“Open it, Clare, it’s something small from the staff and I to say thank you for all you have done and you may not believe it, but you have helped us out of some tight spots on orders, as well as handling difficult but wealthy customers with your tact.”

I opened it and inside there was a medium sized, luxury, black presentational box.

I looked at Mei.

“Go on open it.”

I opened it up and inside there was a diamond and white gold brooch of a small fairy. It was a Van Cleef and Arpels. I looked at Mei.

“You can’t be serious.”

“I managed to get it at auction, Clare. Like I say it’s a small thank you from us and I thought a fairy would be very appropriate for you. Saffi will get a laugh from it!”

“Well, it is gorgeous and, honestly, it is me that should be saying thank you. You have paid me so much through all your experience and then your hospitality, meals and all the rest.”

I gave her a kiss and stared at it. It was a beautiful piece, the diamond baguettes and brilliants on it shimmering in the restaurant light.

Mei produced a card with a quote inside it, "I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee, And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep, And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep..." from *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

"I thought a fairy to be most appropriate for you, Clare, given where you have come from your submission to Saffi and your forthcoming transformation."

I laughed at that.

"You can pay me back, in part, in a few minutes, Clare. But seriously, you have helped us out of a few tight spots in the time you have spent with us."

"It is so kind of you though and it wasn't really necessary as I have learned so much."

We left Number One shortly afterwards once I had paid the bill on my Murchison black Amex, but first we went via the Ladies.

Mei instructed me to put my ankle and wrist cuffs on and I couldn't very well refuse.

On the way out, she spoke to the receptionist and Mei made me take off my jewellery except my ankle bracelet and my “bondage” pieces.

She handed them over to the receptionist for putting in the hotel safe. Turning to me she said,

“We’ll pick them up on the way back or tomorrow morning; at least this way we know that they are safe.

We went outside, retrieved the car and she drove over to Central, very close to the workshop. We parked up and she took a chain, hooked it to my collar and led me up Cochrane Street.

Mei pulled me in through a private door and, while waiting for the lift, she pulled out a Ziploc bag. Inside, there was a pair of pink tangas.

“Saffi sent me these for you. It’s about time that you started thinking about her and in here, you are going to have some contemplation time coming your way.”

She put them over my head, gusset into the nose and, immediately, I inhaled Saffi’s familiar scent.

Heaven and - what a timely reminder of my partner and lover.

I wanted her and needed her control, her psychological discipline of me.

Meanwhile, Mei secured my wrist cuffs together.

We entered the lift and went up eight or nine floors.

On getting out, we came to a reception and Mei signed me in before asking the receptionist for a hood.

“This is a lesbian club night, Clare, and I am going to put you on show for all the girls. It’s the way we introduce new girls.”

I started to get a little unnerved by this.

What had she in mind?

The hood went on, blackening out the light, pulling Saffi’s gusset closely into me. That was at least a comfort.

"Submissiveness becomes you," Mei said as she placed a tender kiss on my forehead.

"It's a shame that your stay has to end effectively tomorrow. I want you to go out on a big bang, though."

She led me into the club, helping me in. I heard her greeting various friends.

“I have brought my slave, Clare, for your perusal tonight. As you all know, she has been training with me and now has to pay me back for the tuition that I have given her. She’s the tranny who is going for surgery to have a cunt in the next month.”

I winced at this, as Mei’s voice was quite aggressive. I heard the other girls saying, “Let’s have a look then,” or “Get her clothes off” and a lot of Cantonese comments.

I felt Mei and other girls’ hands reaching for me to undress me. There was no standing on formality as my clothes were off me in seconds.

I felt Mei reach for my breasts to rub my nipples between her thumbs and forefingers.

I reacted by flinching slightly. My nipples now were excited and sensitive, even to a gentle touch.

"God, your nipples are hard as beads, Clare; you seriously are aroused, aren't you?"

My breathing came in short, heavy pants and I tried to speak, inhaling Saffi’s scent. I focused on it, using my tantric techniques that I had been taught.

My throat seemed to be blocked and I couldn't get my vocal cords to work.

Then I felt one of Mei's hands fall away from my nipple and suddenly felt it pulling down my panties and reaching for my anus.

I moaned as one of her fingers entered inside me and her thumb slid gently across my perineum.

"Oh look, your 'clit' thing is so swollen it's practically abnormal. I guess this is coming off isn't it? All this before we even laid a finger on you. You really like being a slave, don't you?"

Before answering I heard comments:

"Look, she has no testicles!"

"My goodness, what a body!"

"I love it," I replied helplessly. "But I hate it when I am abused."

"What's all that supposed to mean?" Mei asked as she continued to finger me and play with one nipple.

Her fingers were driving me crazy as I tried to explain:

"I feel nervous as I wasn't expecting this. I am somewhat humiliated, degraded, excited and aroused all at once. I also feel scared and vulnerable. A part of me wants me to escape and I also want to open my legs wider and invite people to touch me."

"Dirty bitch," came her reply.

Then, thoughtfully:

"This is something personal I want to keep between us. No telling Saffi, okay?"

I was so turned on by what Mei's fingers were doing to me that I could hardly focus on her words; however, I managed to nod my head in agreement.

Suddenly I felt sharp pain in both my nipple and under my "clit".

Mei had pinched them, hard. "When I ask my slave a question, she is should give a verbal response. Simply nodding your head is just not on."

"Sorry" I cried, "No talk about this with anybody but you, Mei! Do you want me to call you Mistress?"

“No, Biànxìng Ménjiàng, Clare.”

I was to find out later that this literally meant “Tranny keeper.”

The next thing I felt were arms taking me and dragged me over into another room. I resisted a little by dragging my feet and received a hard smack from Mei.

I heard the doors opening and a Chinese voice said to me:

“Welcome to the Hong Kong Sappho Club, Clare. As part of your induction, you need punishing to remind you that Ms. Mei, Biànxìng Ménjiàng is now your domme.”

I struggled to get the words out:

“No she isn’t, Saffi is.....”

I wanted to say, “my domme and I am under a formal bondage contract to her.”

At this point, Mei roughly gagged me with a ball gag.

The other woman spoke up:

“We have the staff and members ready to witness your punishment or help administer it.”

Mei whispered into my ear:

"Thank the nice people."

Struggling to make myself intelligible through the gag, I said, "What?"

"These people are all here for your benefit, so thank them or your punishment gets doubled."

I cleared my throat and again struggled for the proper words. I couldn't understand what Mei was up to. Was she trying to “capture me” from Saffi? But then she was too high a profile to kidnap me and Pamela would be arriving tomorrow lunch time?

I needed to sort this out with her.

This was embarrassing enough to be punished like this in front of witnesses I did not know. However, having to thank them for it made me feel even more degraded.

Allowing for the gag, I muttered:

“Thank you for administering and witnessing my punishment. And thank you for letting my Biànxìng Ménjiàng bring me to your club.

"You're more than welcome," 'the voice' replied. "If you will bend over one of these benches, we can get started."

I moved forward as Mei and another woman led me to a bench and they forced me over it, my cuffed hands still behind me, my breasts underneath me.

Mei whispered to me:

“Spread your legs and keep your knees straight.

With some difficulty I adjusted my position.

Behind me, someone grabbed my hair through my hood by the back of the head and forced me all the way down. Bent over like this my breasts were hanging down and my bottom was thrust high into the air and with my legs spread, my clit and anus were both very much on display and open to all.

I heard another voice behind me.

It was Joyce, a friend of Mei's who I had met on the boat trip to Lamma,

"May I?"

I heard a noise behind me, the sound of cameras going. My god, they were taking pictures of me and all my vulnerability.

I felt Joyce's finger at the entrance to my gurl cunt and flinched as she entered me with a second finger.

This was totally degrading and actually very uncomfortable.

I was dreading what was to come next. Instinctively I clenched my anus shut tight, but I could only do that for so long.

I felt hands spreading my buttocks even further apart while cold lubricant was dribbled between my bottom cheeks and over my perineum.

I gasped at its coldness and then suddenly Joyce's two fingers were pressing up against my anus again, wanting to invade me.

"Miss Murchison, if I have to force my way in, it's going to hurt as I am going to do it. You need to relax your sphincter.

"I can't," I said through clenched teeth and the gag, thoughts racing to and thro.

“It's just too shameful, it's humiliating, I can't. I want this to stop. Please don't.”

Joyce ignored me and drove her finger forces my anal ring and in as far as they would go, wiggling the, in me.

I writhed on the bench at this invasion. Tears welled up in my eyes at the force being used on me. This wasn't consent and Mei was not my domme.

Mei spoke up:

"Well, as you can see, it seems that my new slave has a strong phobia about her ass being penetrated. Anal penetration will be an important part of all of her punishments from now on."

I whimpered and tears welled up in my eyes.

I heard Mei say:

"See if you can't fit three, or even four, fingers in her bum. She is to be really used this evening."

Before I could react, I felt the fingers slip out of my anus and then I was opened up wider as something larger and wider forced its way back into me.

It was hard to believe that they were only fingers, however after they'd been in there for a while I could feel them moving around. They bent and straightened as they tested the limits of how much they could move inside me.

"She's very tight," I heard Joyce say. "I think three fingers are the most I'll be able to get into her. Not good for massive dildos tonight."

"Go for four," was Mei's response.

Tears were now falling down my face and I cried out in pain as I felt my anus being forced open even wider for these women.

Again I tried to get up and escape but these female hands pushed me back and held me down. The fingers never stopped pushing at my exposed anus, but in the end they never got very far.

"She's just too tight."

I cried as Joyce stretched the ring of my anus open wider and wider. My tight, almost frozen hole had never been forcefully stretched like this before and the pain was almost unbearable.

Joyce withdrew her fingers. Thank God.

Although I still felt vulnerable and helpless, I was grateful that I was no longer being stretched or violated back there.

However this was short lived.

In a loud voice, Mei said:

"That was just a warm-up. Your proper punishment is to start now. Say thank you to all of us."

"Thank you, Biànxìng Ménjiàng," I muttered, just wanting this all to go away.

I heard movement behind me as if the women were changing position. I tried to rise but the hands continued to hold me down. Someone started to feel my nipples, teasing them in her fingers and thumbs.

This hurt.

I had been spanked, beaten and whipped many times but this was different. It seemed far more serious, almost sadistic in nature.

It wasn't foreplay and neither seemed, nor was meant to seem, sexual at all.

In fact, all I heard was Mei barking an order of fifty smacks of hands on me and ten from the rattan.

The first swat landed on my upper thigh, just under my right cheek. It was a delicate area and really stung me.

Whoever hit me had used a lot of force and I cried out in surprise and pain.

I didn't have time to get used to the sting, as the second blow landed just as hard on my other thigh. The third blow came in and landed just as hard on my other thigh.

Soon tears were welling up in my eyes and I tried to wriggle my hips out of it to dodge the blows.

For several seconds I heard a voice repeatedly screaming into the gag, "Stop. Please stop this!" before I even realized it was mine. I tried to focus on Saffi's scent as a counter-move to the pain.

The spanking stopped for a moment and I began to think that it was over.

However, it wasn't. It was a brief remission so that the women could stare at me, see the reddening of my cheeks, take photographs and laugh at me.

I felt somebody reach in between my legs again and roughly handled my 'clit'. It was squeezed and rubbed again.

Even though I couldn't see my clit, I could tell that my clit was now swelling and

erect.

The voice said:

"I don't think you want us to stop. I think you're enjoying this Look at you, your clit is swollen with excitement."

I moaned at this and felt myself stiffen further. Then tingles started to run through me as those fingers brought me closer to orgasm. My breath became shorter.

The voice behind me said:

"If you can make the swelling in your clit go down now, I'll believe that you really want this punishment to be over. If you can do that I will stop straight away.

I sighed at this announcement. Here I needed relief; yes an orgasm and my torturer wanted me to go soft on her. This was approaching madness.

I moaned and sobbed through my tears that this was unfair. I needed to come. Mei knew me that well now.

“Just as I thought. You are enjoying this way too much to want me to cease.”

The spanking started again.

The thwacks raining down on me, on my buttocks and thighs came in even harder and faster. And then came the rattan and its ten strokes, deliberately measured and excruciating.

Not even Fallon, Dominique or anyone had ever spanked me like this in my life.

I was losing any dignity and self-respect that I had by being in this position.

I cried so much in pain that I couldn't see for all the tears in my eyes, and they couldn't see it, apart from the hood getting wet.

All I felt was pain and, quite frankly, I didn't care about anything else; though I could just about have killed Mei for putting me through this ordeal.

I was not hers!

Finally the punishment stopped and the arms that held me down let me go.

I just stayed there, on the bench, sobbing, chest heaving and tears running down my face.

I knew by the camera clicks that some onlookers were still taking pictures of me. I just didn't care.

I was sore and no doubt scarlet red on my bottom. It felt hot and sensitive.

I didn't care how humiliated or degraded I looked in these pictures though, except I certainly didn't want Saffi seeing them.

The pain was now my entire world and filled every thought as I heard another voice:

"She looks so vulnerable, scared and so helpless ... she's such a cutie. You are such a lucky woman, Mei, to have enjoyed her all this time. Shame you hadn't brought her in earlier as we could all have had a memento to remember."

Mei removed my hood and gag, Saffi's panties and undid the chain between my cuffs. There were bright lights trained on me and I couldn't see who was there. She said to me,

"After every punishment session here, you must thank all of those who assisted you. You also need to kiss each person.

Mei moved in close to me and my face in her hands.

"Thank me."

“Thank you, Biànxìng Ménjiàng.”

I tried to wrap my arms around her as her lips drew close to mine.

“Hands at your side, Clare.”

Mei kissed me, forcing her tongue into my mouth.

This was a new and unexpected and yet another turn to take control from me. She could touch me, but I couldn’t touch her.

When she broke the kiss, she took a step back and said:

“Clare, you have absolutely no idea how beautiful you are right now.”

I couldn’t care less. I was sore from the spanking, I was sweaty, and I ached, in particular in my clit.

Joyce was the next one forward to demand a kiss from me.

"Thank you, Joyce,"

Joyce took her time in kissing me softly, then letting it slowly become more passionate. Her tongue probed into my mouth and found mine.

Our tongues moved across each other as she took me into her arms. She took my bottom cheeks into her hands and I winced with pain.

"Sore?"

"Yes," I said with obvious pain in my voice.

Her reaction was to squeeze my left buttock, hard.

I screamed in pain and tried to get out of her way. She pulled me into her and kissed me aggressively again. I was the sub around here and she was letting me know.

Lastly, this European or Australian woman stepped forward. She was the oldest woman in the room from what I could make out.

Thanking and kissing her was more than humiliating than kissing the younger women, also driven by the fact that now I was having to pay homage to someone I did not even know.

I felt so used and abused.

Her kiss was shorter and less passionate than the first two, but I still felt like even more of control and self-respect had been taken away from me.

Mei then made me kiss the other women present.

I hated this.

Some of the women started to leave the room after kissing me and Mei said:

“Hold on, I haven’t finished with her yet.”

Oh, my God, it was to continue.

Mei and another girl took away a screen in the room and there was this cross on a post.

The two of them grabbed me and, quickly, my wrist and ankle cuffs were secured to it.

I was now lewdly spread out in front of them.

Mei took Saffi’s panties and put my head in them announcing to all and sundry that I was an inveterate panties-sniffer.

This just added to my humiliation.

I noticed the others remaining to watch, to see what was to happen as to the next act with rapt interest. I knew that it wasn't going to be pleasurable.

The next thing I knew was being turned upside down, the blood rushing to my head. Mei removed Saffi's panties once again.

One woman came out with a large dildo, lubricated it up and forced it home. This hurt like crazy as she didn't hold back in forcing it into me.

She started to frig me with it.

The second woman out was a small Chinese girl, again someone I didn't know, and she took her skirt and panties off, lay down and presented my upside-down face with her pussy.

Mei ordered me to eat her out, to demonstrate my tongue skills, or risk being flogged if I didn't bring her off.

I obeyed. I wasn't going to risk another beating.

I stuck my tongue out and picked up her juices as she pushed home, burying me

deep into the folds of her hairy pussy.

I ran my tongue up and down her, not with the love I would normally approach a woman in my life, but this girl wasn't in my life and hence my "conservativeness."

"I'll do what I need to do. No more," I thought.

I quickly brought her off but she was only replaced by another and then another.

Meanwhile somebody kept up the dildo onslaught and other women started to play with my nipples.

I was hating this. Yet I couldn't stop for the fear of brutal punishment. At least it didn't hurt me though and, slowly, I found myself unable to resist the stimulation.

I came with a scream on what I think was the oralling of my fourth unknown woman.

My body went numb and I was spent.

I didn't care about being flogged any longer. I was going no further and I told her so.

Immediately Mei came forward and released me to take me into her arms. She lovingly kissed me.

"You'll refer to me by my proper title from now on when we are in sexual situations in the future?"

"Yes Biànxìng Ménjiàng, I promise."

"No telling of this to Saffi then?"

"No Biànxìng Ménjiàng," I said, lying through my teeth.

"Well let's get you out of here then. You made a hell of a show tonight and it was something that I had promised the girls I would do before you left Hong Kong."

I think I grunted as I recovered my lingerie and clothing.

"And you are now a fully inducted member of the club for whenever you come back to visit us..."

I don't think I cared at that point. Pamela was due in to Hong Kong and all I wanted was to be back in the bosom and arms of my adopted family.

Once dressed, we quickly left the Club, the dance floor reverberating away as the “girls” went toe to toe, lips to lips.

The car retrieved, we quickly went via the hotel and Mei recovered my jewellery. And then it was back to Mei’s house.

To be fair to Mei, she had me strip naked and rubbed a soothing balm into my skin that quickly cooled me down and took the sting of the beating away.

She showered me and had me put on a soft nightie before encouraging me to take her with my tongue and falling asleep with her in her enormous bed.

Sleep couldn’t come over me fast enough.

I felt used and abused, truly humiliated and I wasn’t sure I could even tell Saffi about what Mei had put me through – even though I knew I had to as I had to be absolutely honest with her in everything.

That was what was expected of me and what I wanted to honour.

Not to do so, would undermine Saffi’s natural dominance and ownership of me.

Plain and simple.

Chapter-Five

Transformation Time

It is not the custom for the Chinese wealthy families to go to Kai Tak Airport and meet their guests.

The chauffeur is duly dispatched to greet them, look after their luggage and bring them to the house.

However, I wasn't Chinese, therefore I went with Mei's driver to meet Pamela off the flight from London.

Despite what had happened the night before, I slept pretty well, probably the influence of the balm and then the large X.O. Hennessy I had on returning to Mei's place.

Mei knew that I had been "upset" by what had happened last night and she tackled me about it over breakfast, asking me if I was ok.

I stated that I had not enjoyed it.

I normally didn't mind pain associated with domination and sex but this had gone beyond the norms of acceptance for me and there had been no safe word or anything, not that I usually used them, but we had been in an unusual environment and had Saffi given her blessing?

She said no to that one but that she was “in loco parentis” for me and therefore had a “de facto” responsibility so that was her decision.

I merely replied that Saffi wouldn’t have approved the depth to which she had gone and the very thought of ownership being “transferred” to her.

Mei tried to laugh this one off by saying that it had been a game all along.

Frankly, I did not believe her and, calmly, I said:

“Look, Mei, I seriously have an enormous amount to thank you for but let’s just agree to disagree on what happened and move on from this. Ok?”

And that was that, “face” restored, even though beneath I was still seething and even today I am convinced that she thought that I was fair game to be taken into her “aura” and domination.

I also remembered back to the beginning of the stay out here when Saffi had been bothered by the way that she had lost her submissive before and was obviously picking up on Mei’s body language. Saffi was good at that. I had met a number of Mei’s friends but had not seen anyone of my type of submissive persuasion.

However, she and her staff had been tremendously open about their business and letting me learn the fundamentals and more and I had to give them all credit for

that. I had thought of returning the Van Cleef's piece of jewellery but that would have been a real insult to all of them and, after all, I did have some lovely memories too.

Pamela came out of the Kai Tak customs on time looking as immaculate as ever.

“Oh, I didn't expect to see you here, Clare. How nice of you to come down and meet me.”

We gave each other a kiss and a big hug. It was wonderful to see her and somewhat a relief to me too. I don't know if she picked up on my mood.

We loaded Pamela's luggage into the black Mercedes and headed out of Kai Tak, she had been to Hong Kong several times under her own steam and with Per on business and her lack of the inquisitiveness shown by a new visitor was explained by the missing novelty factor.

We chattered away about Saffi, the house in Vermont, the family and all the Murchison gossip and immediately I was much more at ease and thus able to fudge a little when Pamela asked how time had gone with me.

We got up to the Peak and Mei was in to receive Pamela.

Nothing at all was mentioned about the previous evening.

Mei was her usual self, impeccably turned out and the ultimate hostess as she offered Pamela a guest room or the option of sharing my bed.

Pamela chose the latter and I must say that I was so pleased with that.

Essentially the day was a re-enactment of the day that Saffi and I had arrived in Hong Kong, welcoming tea, a shower for Pamela, wonderful Dim Sum at the Luk Yu, shopping around Central and a visit to the Prince's Building shop and Duddell Street.

Mei's team were fantastic in showing Pamela around and making me blush with a combination of compliments and tales of some of my goof-ups. I quietly thanked them for my brooch and said that I would wear it for dinner this evening as an honour to their immense generosity and patience.

On the way back up the Peak, Mei mentioned that she had a surprise for us this evening and, for a second or two, my stomach churned at the prospects of what she had lined up.

She said that she had invitations for us to watch the horse racing at the Happy Valley Racecourse, home of the Royal Hong Kong Jockey Club and then we would head for dinner after the fourth race.

After some tea, Pamela went up for a quick nap and I then gave her a relaxing

massage to unwind from the Cathay flight.

Nothing untoward, on this occasion.

I offered her a toilet service as I so much wanted to be under her but she told me to wait until later so, instead, I ran a bath and gave her a soap down and breast massage as I sat behind her.

She relaxed back into me and it was so brilliant to have her in front of me; it was a timely reminder of Saffi and that I would be seeing her again very soon.

I towelled us down and we put on make-up, with me tidying up Pamela's nails for her.

I decided to wear a Burberry black high-waisted pencil lightweight wool skirt with a thin black polo neck and over this a long, lightweight Kalimantan knit jacket in white and a muted silvery-putty colour. Underneath, I put on some of my Cadolle lingerie and black fine denier stockings.

Pamela was about to put on hers when I gave her a present. She asked me what it was and I told her just to open it. She was amazed when she pulled out a black bra, matching diaphanous hisides panties and a garter belt.

"I can guess..."

“Yes, Pamela, they are handmade by me – I have made each of my favourite women pieces. Now I am hoping they fit as I am going by my knowledge of sizes and mental map of you all!”

“Well they are beautifully made and finished. I love the ‘toile de jouy’ effect that you have used alongside the mesh and the ribbon straps and adornments are delicious.”

She tried them on and I was relieved that the fit wasn’t bad and certainly she wasn’t uncomfortable in them.

“They are so nice; what a thrill to have a couture lingerie maker in the family.”

She put on a lightweight linen suit with a silk blouse.

I put on my diamond ring, studs, necklaces and then pinned Mei’s brooch on to my polo neck. It was stunning, so simple and sparkling against its black backdrop.

Immediately Pamela noticed it.

“Gosh that is a gorgeous brooch, Clare; it looks like a Van Cleef piece. Who gave you that?”

“Well, it is a thank you present from Mei and her staff. Apparently, I did help

them out of a number of scrapes, despite learning the basics, and I was unsalaried.”

“They did mention that they had been impressed by your speed of learning and efforts, as well as your ability to handle some of their more difficult customers.”

“Can I leave it at that for the moment, Pamela, I’ll tell you more when we are on the way back? I am wearing it very much for all of Mei’s team though and the memories of them.”

She looked at me with a quizzing expression.

“Everything ok, honey? You have been quiet all day, very unlike you.”

“Well now you are here, yes. But also no. Look, I can’t say anything here. I am ok though and I think that Mei and I have sorted it out.

“A bit of a bust up then?”

“Not of my making but yes, there was. Like I say, we have reached a clarification, a resolution so Mei will say nothing while you are here, I suspect. She would, I think, be so embarrassed as she seriously goofed up and went over the boundary of acceptance.”

“Well come here and have a hug. It really is good to see you again and thank you

for my prezzie. I shall cherish the set.”

I laughed, almost through a tear,

“Well, you are the first recipient of Clare’s lingerie. Saffi and I have yet to discuss a brand name.”

The racing was a lot of fun, watched from a box high up in the Jockey Club. The racecourse itself being probably the most amazing in the world, with the high rise offices and apartment blocks around the Happy Valley basin all lit up in the evening dusk and the lower part of the Peak rising up to the south and west, Tai Tam to the East.

With cold, long gin and tonics in hand, we watched four races and I managed to break even whereas Pamela and Mei were a few hundred Hong Kong dollars up. I wouldn’t forget the sights of this natural amphitheatre as the horses thundered around the track.

Horse racing and Mah Jong were absolutely essential to the well-being of the Cantonese. Take their gambling away and it would risk a major riot.

Mei introduced us to an old Chinese girl friend of hers whom she hadn’t seen for a long time. “Rainbow” had been at school with her. I frequently got a chuckle from some of the local “English” names but she seemed a very nice girl. She was extremely petite and cute, and seemed to be the type of girl that Mei should be with, not having some desire or crush for a western submissive.

Mei asked me if we would mind if Rainbow could join us for dinner and I said that was absolutely no issue. Actually, I rather welcomed it as it would provide some additional distraction to the table.

From Happy Valley, we were chauffeured over to the Mandarin Oriental for a dinner in Man Wah, with the now familiar elegant contemporary Chinese décor that comes with the stupendous views.

In the middle of our table was a “Lazy Susan” and in the middle of that was a small Bonsai tree - a rather nice final touch and something that I would remember from the hospitality extended us.

We started our meal with a quartet of savoury appetizers, which came on an elegant wood plate and served in classic dim sum bamboo boxes. There were delicious vegetarian dumplings made with mushroom and a tiger prawn with bamboo shoot puffs. And we just had to have the golden taro puffs with abalone, and the scallop and shrimp dumplings in XO sauce.

We followed this with a Braised Shark Fin soup, Tea Smoked Bresse Chicken, their signature Steamed Crab Claw with Winter Melon, the stir-fried Lobster and Scallop mousse and their wonderful Wagyu Beef with Asparagus.

We finished with an unusual dish of consommé soup with crispy rice at the bottom to represent the traditional rice “filler” dish at the end of a meal. This was an unusual twist on that though.

Pamela was pretty full but we twisted her arm to try the Mandarin’s divine desserts, their home made egg tarts, a deep fried glutinous rice ball delicately

flavoured with bitter melon and, of course, their mango pudding.

The Maitre D' even arranged one more dessert for us to taste, a banded block of coffee gelatin that tasted just like a chilled cafe au lait; that almost stole my java-loving heart.

We had some rather good Chassagne-Montrachet Les Chaumes, and the Mandarin's delicious Chinese tea to finish with.

Surprisingly, Rainbow came back to the house with us in the car. On entering, Mei poured us balloons of X.O. Cognacs and toasted the evening.

Pamela was feeling the effects of the overnight trip from London, or so she said, and we excused ourselves and retired to bed, leaving Mei and Rainbow to their own devices.

Probably a good "diplomatic" move on Pamela's part.

Into the bed room, she took me in her arms, gave me a hug and kissed me, her tongue sliding in against mine, exploring my mouth.

"I don't know what happened between you two, but there was some cool body chemistry going on this evening, not cold but cool. We'll be out of here by tomorrow lunch time. Anyway, I want you to show me some of this Taoist sex that you have been learning about."

I snuggled into Pamela, leant up and kissed her. I whispered,

“How big an orgasm do you want then?”

“Mmmm, a big mind-splitting one, I think.”

Pamela went and showered while I laid out the mats and cushions, lit some candles and scent, and heated up some water for the warm massage oil.

I had found a super one formulated out of Ylang Ylang, which has long been associated with sensual and erotic feelings, combined with Pimento Berry which not only smells divine, but is rich in mythical aphrodisiac properties, along with Indonesian Sandalwood for exotic undertones and the chocolaty lushness of Benzoin.

I then slipped quickly through the shower and ensured that Pamela was totally dry before leading her back, naked, into the bedroom by her hand.

Pamela for her age had an amazingly trim body, I have frequently mentioned its similarity to Saffi and, indeed, Saffi would be a lucky woman to have such shape at such an age.

I just hoped that my acquired curves would last the ravages of time.

Her 36C breasts looked wonderful, just a tad smaller than Saffi's but with the

familiar brown nipples, already pert and waiting to be suckled and nuzzled.

Her narrow pubic strip acted as an indicator to my love area that I was to shortly pleasure, hiding her bare pussy lips and little brown anal bud that I knew I would also be subjugated to serving.

She was so much more attractive to me than Mei and represented Saffi in her absence far more persuasively. Also, I knew from experience she could be psychologically dominant. However, while tonight was about my subservience to her as her “daughter-in-law” and as the family indentured courtesan, it was also about love for her and being back in the bosom of the Murchisons.

I sat her down and moved right in front of her and took her through the breathing and contemplation exercises, then letting her caress my body with her focus on my breasts, before gently massaging hers.

Next came the long sensual back massage and the effects of the warm oil and my by-now-skilled hands working over her soft skin had her purring with pleasure as she lay there, head on her hands.

I finished her back massage with my technique of resting one finger on her perineum and another over her anus for eighty-one breaths building our expectation.

I could smell Pam’s moistness beginning to emerge from her.

The time was now right to introduce my Yoni massage to her and this wasn't going to be about "sex at a distance."

This was going to be good, steamy lesbian sex between an older woman and a younger one. A mother and her daughter-in-law. And a domme to her submissive.

I began like I had started with Mei, gently opening her legs so that I could sit on my knees between them.

Just as before, I used my drizzling technique with the warm oil up her left leg and then, over her waist, to her breasts and down the right side, and dissipating the oil into a thin film with my trailing hand.

I worked my way slowly up to Pamela's beautiful breasts and nipples, letting the palms of my hands slowly glide and rotate over them, using pressure here and there as I skimmed her nipples and felt them flinch with excitement underneath me.

No mouth yet.

Taking those nipples between my thumb and forefinger I ever so softly turned them over and gently squeezed them, exciting their owner further.

Pam's lips puckered in pleasure as the little nerve shocks played their way through her chest up to her brain.

I took my time pleasing her this way. This was so much more satisfying than massaging Mei's body. Here was a woman I adored, but what would it be like to do this with my ultimate lover?

Just as with Mei, eventually my hands moved southwards to concentrate on Pamela's tummy, taking care not to tickle her, and slowly further down towards her love grotto, sprinkling warm oil, as I needed it.

I let my left hand rest over her pubic hair for some two minutes, counting slowly to eighty one and, at the same time, using my right to drizzle a little more oil over my fingers.

I then warmed both palms and laid them over her ovaries, as I had done with Mei, and let my hand pressure gradually disseminate the heat out over Pamela and into her sexual region.

She knew, as I did, that I wanted to take her, to bring her to that earth-shattering climax.

I played the technique of palm massaging her pubis and alternating my hands, using one to cup her pussy area. I could feel that this was already very moist.

My fingers were dancing on Pamela now, darting over her lips and her clitoral hood before dancing down to the entrance of her nirvana.

I knew she was about to come and my Yoni penetration would push her immediately over the top and open her love floodgates.

I needed her to back off slightly.

Dropping my left thumb and forefinger onto her anus and perineum, I allowed them to rest there, slowly counting to myself as I felt her wriggle very slightly, almost as if she were trying to entice me to slide my thumb into her anus.

Slowly, though, and naturally, she calmed down.

“Good,” I thought.

A little more oil onto her pubis, and I started her pussy lips massage, taking her right outer lip by my finger tips and kneading it in circles in a downwards direction, right along the length of the lip before doing the same to the left one.

This started to bring Pamela up her sex hill again, her mouth was a little apart, her, her tongue lightly gripped by her teeth.

I so wanted to take my tongue to her the fragrant petals of her lips and her erect clitoris, but I had to resist.

I wanted... needed... her to cum on my fingers.

Separating her lips and running on up the length of her love channel, I allowed my subtle but insistent fingers to settle on her clitoral hood and ensure her love bud came to its true pink head, sensitive and ready for being loved.

Quietly and erotically, I teased her clitoris, tugging and kneading it softly right on the ends of my fingers, joining them together and letting them play as if they were a micro-dildo, rubbing her up and down.

I could sense my fingers being coated in her pre-cum and I saw some tell-tale signs of her impending excitement arriving as a little white froth began to form around her lips before, finally, I went for what I called my “centring,” letting the backs of my index and fourth fingers rest against the sides of her pussy, out on her naked majora, before slowly introducing my third finger into her now-sopping cunt, my finger being placed so as to play her anus with the harder side of my digit and its underneath to frot her g-spot.

I opened up her pussy interior, turning my finger anticlockwise in circles just like I had done with Mei, gradually turning it anticlockwise and applying pressure on the top and bottom of her love tube.

As I reached three o’clock in her, I turned my finger backwards and clockwise to start all over again.

Two full rotations were all that it needed before Pamela’s pelvis and thighs gripped my fingers and held my hand tight into her.

I felt her shudder and waited for the inevitable as, sure enough, she came hard against me, her cum flowing out around my fingers and into my palms and her

lovely aroma pervading my nose.

She kept on contracting, driving her orgasm through to its peak, letting it bathe her brain and just revelling in the resulting pleasance.

I stayed in her with my fingers, letting her ride the spasms of her contractions out.

Then I brought my tongue towards her, looking at her petals and wondering where to let my butterfly roam to enjoy her love nectar.

I ran my tongue up the inside of her right lip and back down, and then moved over to the left, repeating it and taking my own mental pleasure from this act.

Enjoying her creamy secretions, I moved up to her dilated love bud and softly placed my lips over it, applying continued suction.

Pamela was moaning under my love rites and soon was back up on her peak, this time to shooting her cum out, soaking my face, something that I always have enjoyed.

I knew that she was there, where we both wanted her. The two of us were engaged in passionate love and ready for me to submit to her fucking of me and further pleasuring by being entrapped under her love zones. My natural place to be in my submissive life and one I was beginning to cherish more and more.

Pamela turned herself over and soon had me straddled, my head between her thighs, as she demanded. I please her with my tongue again.

This was a natural enforcement of her dominance over me, made just as Saffi enforced her own dominance over me.

It was very much about the movement between me being scissored in a tight sixty-nine by her and being caught directly under her as she shuffled her bottom right over my mouth and nose, thereby strictly controlling my breathing as I yielded my tongue for residence in her pussy or anus.

I was hers and I was used well into the night as jetlag took her over, her Feeldoe feeling good inside me as she rode us both to yet another orgasm.

It was gone 3am before she let me put a nightie on and cuddle into her to fall quickly asleep in the protection of her arms.

We woke late and I went to seek out some coffee from the Amah. I was a little surprised to see Mei sitting there with Rainbow.

“Well you two had a long night, it seems, Clare?”

I laughed:

“Yes and so enjoyable as well. You two as well?”

“Oh yes, what a surprise it has been to find Rainbow and, yes, it was a rather a special night.”

“Oh, I am so pleased for you.”

I went over and gave each of them a kiss and skipped up the stairs to pass the “gossip” onto Pamela and with a “at least Mei is happy.”

“So are you telling me then what went on between you two?”

“On the plane as I said.”

My somewhat terse and dismissive tone was not, I could tell, pleasing to her.

“Please?” I added in a smaller, more submissive, voice.

Letting it pass, she had me lift my gown and night robe and turn around to her.

“Clare, I couldn’t help last night but notice that you have some nasty looking

bruises and welts on your backside. Is this all part of it?”

“Yes it is but, if you would be so good, I will tell you all when we leave and are beyond Mei’s influence. I don’t want a scene at the last minute and if she is happy, let it be. I pity poor Rainbow though. I just hope that she is a masochist.”

“Ok then?”

“Yes, I am. I’m just so happy to be back with where I belong with my namesakes.”

Pamela smiled.

“I have something for you here and you are to wear them back to New York.”

She produced a bag and inside there were a pair of Saffi’s panties, black bikini briefs. I knew they were Saffi’s immediately from their perfume.

We showered, changed and finished packing.

We went out for a late breakfast with Mei, just along the road to the Old Peak Café where we had some fairly mean Eggs Benedict and plenty of hot coffee.

The views down over Aberdeen and out to Lamma were spectacular, and the humidity wasn’t too high.

It was then back to the house for a final time, admire the wonderful views again, says our thank-you's and farewells to Mei and load our luggage into the Mercedes limousine.

I was, in some ways, sorry to be leaving as I had learnt a lot while I had been here and had a good grounding as to the business. Generally I had enjoyed my time with Mei; it had just been the last forty-eight hours that had grated.

Whimsically, I thought back to Elaine and first University days. Ninety nine per cent of which was a combination of love, sexual fun and all that goes in living with someone that you love and then the one per cent of real damage caused by a really crass incident.

My time in Hong Kong had so many similar parallels.

We got to the airport and under three hours later we were on Cathay CX870, San Francisco, here we come, a further eight to nine hours away.

Once sat down in the front cabin and after all the faffing around and “to-ing and fro-ing” of the Cathay cabin crew, all designed for our comfort, and with a glass of champagne to hand I told Pamela what had happened. How we had had a nice lunch, farewell to staff, the dinner at Number One, the giving of the Van Cleef and Arpels brooch and then the Club in Cochrane Street and all the rest.

I mentioned that Saffi had given a “tempus permiserit” to Mei as to sex with me and that she had gone way beyond the bounds of what I thought Saffi would

accept and certainly that I accepted.

Pam agreed that she had overstepped the mark but at least I had been seen to restore some form of “face” with her.

I had also done the right thing in not telling her about what had happened, as she, Pam, would have quietly gone ballistic over the markings to me.

As she said, I was still heavily bruised from the rattan thirty six hours on. Saffi would not be amused by that.

And that I should certainly not hide it with Saffi as, apart from not being able to conceal it, firstly, she knew it was not like me to hold back in telling Saffi and secondly, “if I remember that you committed contractually to give yourself in body and mind totally to her, so in the spirit of your submission to her, you have to relate what transpired.”

The flight from Hong to Kong was very agreeable one despite its length, thanks to the attention of the staff, the quality of food and wines, and the comfort of the sleep-bed seats. No chance for some mile high sex with Pamela, unlike with her daughter though.

We landed on time in San Francisco, cleared customs and then went to the private planes area. Per had laid on an Executive Jets (now Net-Jets) flight to take us into Stewart International and save us the hassle of having to take on any of the New York airports.

Just under six hours later, we arrived late into the evening, we were on the ground.

Saffi had driven over to meet us and she ran forward to hug and kiss me, and then Pamela.

She was excited.

“Oh gosh, have I a present for you?”

She handed me a small box and I opened it. It was a door key.

“Yes, we are now the proud owners of Leaves Farm.”

She threw herself at me, kissing me and I hugged her. Pamela joined in.

She had managed to complete the purchase and title exchange a day before and, obviously, had been bubbling and ready to burst ever since.

Gosh, this was terrific news and made up for a lot of my negative feelings about Mei. I was so thrilled; we now had the house of our dreams and this would also tee up our business. Wow.

We were soon back to the house in Garrison; the clock had well gone midnight. The excitement kept us up and little was said about Hong Kong. That would wait for the morrow.

Over a coffee and an Armagnac, it was all about Vermont and Saffi held onto my hand tightly as she talked all about the closing, her discussions with Greg, the renovator, the farmer to whom we would contract most of the land, the maple-syrup “plant,” she just went on.

It was gone two when Saffi looked at us and said:

“Oh my goodness, you two must be so KO-ed after two long flights. We need to get you to bed otherwise you are going to be boomeranged with jetlag.”

We said our goodnights, headed upstairs to our suite and I fell into Saffi’s arms as she hugged me.

“Not tonight, I shall take you in the morning; you need your sleep, even though I could fuck you right now. A quick shower for you, then put your nightie on and climb into bed. My orders.”

I did as I was told, showered, took an enema for the morning, and put on one of my long robes so that I was enveloped in soft silk.

Saffi took her pink Chantelle bikini panties off and wrapped me into them, her gusset to my nose, her strong, familiar aroma immediately impregnating my brain.

She secured them into position.

“I have worn these for thirty six hours for you,” she informed me. “You can get back into the groove by inhaling my groove.

“All night.”

We laughed and then, exhausted, I quickly fell asleep, warm in being back in her arms as she locked me into her and fulfilled as I took in her so-desirable essence. I didn’t want to be apart from her again. It had been a long trip.

I don’t know what time it was when I woke. The first thing I knew was Saffi undoing the ribbon holding her panties tightly against me and her bottom coming into view right over me. She had taken off her pyjamas and panties and was demanding immediate obeisance to her.

As I really came to, my first vision of the new day was her gorgeous pussy with its blonde strip and naked lips pushing back onto me, her love area and entry already showing pre-cum moisture, demanding my attention and homage to her.

She sat back onto me, swallowing me under her bottom, making me use my tongue and nose on her.

It was exactly where I wanted to be.

I held her hips and she just sat there, occasionally allowing me to capture a quick breath so as to continue lapping her pussy, anus and perineum as she subtly adjusted herself over me.

I could feel her whole weight and I loved it.

I was being bathed in her liquids; this was heaven. Slowly she became more turned-on and a little more aggressive in her movements over me, forcing me to tongue her harder, use longer strokes, and to enter her.

Her first orgasm came and she spurted herself all over my face. I could take more; I wanted more, and really as much as I could take.

She quickly donned a Feeldoe and had me turn over to lift my long silk robe and lower my panties. I knew that the game was up now as to Mei's markings on me.

She said nothing and slid home into me, no lubricant except her own cum, wanting to hold onto her high that was running through her. Rapidly she fucked herself to a second intense orgasm that had her seriously moaning and, in doing so, she brought me to a climax.

An orgasm driven totally by my love for her and in being back in her arms and possession, I was so in love with her and felt totally her handmaiden, ready to do anything for her, however humiliating.

As we wound down, Saffi said:

“What are the old markings and welts on your bottom, Clare? Let me have a closer look. Into the peach position.”

I got onto my knees on the bed and pushed up my backside and spread my cheeks as ordered.

Saffi closely inspected them.

“You have been heavily beaten recently; did you misbehave with Mei?”

“Not at all Saffi.”

She looked frankly disbelieving.

“It was Mei,” I assured her.

“Why didn’t you tell me about it last night?”

“Well, you were so excited, naturally, with the house and time marched on. It’s a long story. Mom knows about it as I told her on the San Fran plane once we had left Mei and I knew we couldn’t be overheard.”

Saffi’s expression was thunderous.

“Let me get us some coffee and I’ll tell you all.”

Not waiting for her response, I went and got us a pot of coffee and, when I returned, Saffi had me lie down on the sofa with my naked bottom over her knees and gently caressed me while I recited the story of what had happened again - just as I had for Pamela.

Saffi was appalled and her hand on my cheeks became smoother but firmer as she stroked the marks of the rattan that Mei and her friends had left on me.

“I am not surprised, Clare, as she was always a little aggressive with her girls at University and also didn’t think twice about making a pitch for others’ submissives.”

She slipped her finger into my anus and probed me, almost as if instinctive as her mind ticked away:

“I think she did make a move for you, thinking that I would have taken another girl into hand back here or in D.C., Not realising the commitment and love that I have for you and yours for me, including your indenture to me. That was her misjudgement.”

I smiled and could only manage an “Mmmm” as her finger wiggled in me.

“Even though I don’t like the look of these weals and bruises as I wanted you

unmarked before your surgery, it's a reminder to you of the nature of my type of domme love over you. Muck me around and you could end up with a Mei; that is a salutary lesson for you. However, you handled her well and you were right to play it like that as, obviously, you have a lot to be grateful for."

I took due heed. I had no intention of double-dealing Saffi over anything.

"Anyway, I shall send her a letter of thanks but make an appropriate remark that what is mine is mine when it comes to you. Not hers. Can I look at the piece of jewellery she and her team gave you."

I got up, went to my travel hand bag and pulled it out.

"Here we are, Saffi. Oh and that reminds me...."

Saffi opened the black presentational box, looked at the diamond brooch, and closed it.

"It is a beautiful piece and as you said, you saw it as a thank you from Mei and the team for all that you did for them. Mom mentioned briefly last night that Mei had spoken highly of you, so it is your souvenir and it can also act as a bitter-sweet reminder of such typical dominatrix behaviour, not love of their submissives."

I handed her a present wrapped in the Chinese gold and red wrapping.

“What’s this, another Mei special?”

“No a present, a souvenir of Hong Kong from me to you with my love.”

“You shouldn’t have.”

She opened it and inside the two boxes were two matching sets of lingerie, one cream and the other black, each set comprising of a bra, suspender (garter) belt, and three panties, a bikini brief, a tanga and hisides.

“These are beautiful, Clare. Are they from Mei’s brand?”

“No, they are my very first designed and made models for you.”

“No.....but they are amazing. Look at the finishing on them. I can’t wear these, as they are exquisite and so special. Come here, my little lover.”

She gave me a long kiss to say thank you and asked me how I had come up with them.

I gave her a little of the low down and said that Pamela had received the third set I had made already and I also had a Basque and panties for Fallon and corsets for Chrissie and Tammy.

“Wow, I am so impressed and I can see the enthusiasm of going ahead with our business. I just love the cleanliness of line and materials and then the hint of femininity with your love long ribbons and finishing.”

“Wait to see you see the feminine wear.”

I went and pulled out a model pair of panties that I had made for myself, soft black silk with two long ribbons over two rings on either side, and then rings hanging down at the front and rear, my “subbie” panties as I called them.

“Oh, I love those, Clare. I presume there is a matching bra and garter.”

“In design there is and I thought that the rings could appeal to the girl that isn’t yet pierced, like me. I have also designed a pair with a type of rough Velcro in the gusset and cups to stimulate the clit and nipples as well for the sub. You could buy a normal bra for day-to-day wear and a second matching “sex” bra when a little pre-play is needed.”

Well, I am so excited now to see your designs and hear all about it, as I am sure you are over the house. So let’s shower and get dressed.”

So it was to the bathroom and a loving full toilet session and, probably for the first time, I had no problem at all when her little anal bud puckered for Saffi to poop on me.

We spent the day quietly, breakfast with Pam, going through house designs, business ideas, my drawings, and coupled it with lunch in Garrison and a little shopping. Dinner was out at the Plumbush with Pamela and then a quiet evening, with a long loving session between us.

We took a two night trip up to Woodstock to see the house that was now ours and it was a real thrill to walk over the threshold and know that Leaves Farm was now ours.

We met up with Greg at the house and spent three hours and a late lunch with him, sharing ideas, looking at his photographs and working out our decoration.

The major things being the conversion of attic into a guest suite, the addition of a massive master suite over our huge kitchen to be, the “traditional” renovation of the main house living rooms and the configuration of the outer buildings for the lingerie business.

We decided to use the upstairs of the barn for our offices and designer space as well as the sewing rooms, so that heavy fabrics did not have to be carried upstairs.

Then we were looking at using an adjoining small barn for the raw materials store room and cutting rooms. Onto the back of the major Vermont barn, we decided to add a thermally insulated glass corridor across to a new build mini-barn to handle our packaging and final storage of products, as well as a small area for a show-room and custom fit area, and an office for PR and brand development.

We also thought about taking a shop in Woodstock for retail and custom fits.

It was certainly something to explore in the near future.

American women spent over \$30 billion on lingerie, seventy-five per cent of

which was on bras and panties, and Saffi's thorough research work suggested a custom market approaching \$2 billion.

Given our product positioning, and, subject to prototype models, the reaction of high-end stores and placement consultant, as well as focal group feedback, we believed that we could conservatively generate over three million of sales within three years and that gave us a healthy profitability.

One of the keys would be cash flow management, given the value of some of the materials and accessories that I would be using.

With some major decisions on the house bolted down, we headed back to Garrison for a "farewell dinner" with Pamela and Per. A nice surprise was that Fallon came back unannounced to wish me luck. I really appreciated that gesture.

I was now just ten days away from being in London and under the knife.

Getting ready for dinner, Saffi mentioned to me that the family were not going to put me through my "initiation" that I had undergone before my orchiectomy. I needed my strength and that it could happen in a few months when I was fully functional as a woman.

I didn't know whether to be disappointed or relieved, probably the latter, remembering what had transpired back in Edinburgh.

Up to the operation, it was now down to Saffi making love to me and her remarks reminded me that I really had to take care not to take in too much fibre in my diet and to start thinking about what I needed to take in.

The fact that this dinner was in “honour” of me, their tranny “daughter-in-law” and sexual vassal, was beginning to strike home.

Was this a touch of nerves?

Immediately, Saffi picked up on my reaction:

“Now, Clare, it’s no time to be getting nervous or think about backing out. You are doing this for me. No question. So that’s an order!”

I wore a full set cream Aubade with tan stockings as my lingerie and the Kalimantan cotton dress and knit jacket that I had got in Hong Kong.

Saffi wore a black “La Scala” dress hand-crocheted in black Pima with a hint of lurex in it, the asymmetric hem tunic floating over a fine jersey dress with spaghetti straps. Underneath, she wore her handmade Clare lingerie.

Jewellery, heels, and a hint of the Dehnal Oud Maliki perfume that we had brought back from Qatar and we were ready.

I got a second surprise when I went downstairs and Chrissie had arrived for the evening. Per now had five women to accompany him to dinner. It was so good to see her and we squealed and hugged each other. That meant another trip upstairs

to go and get her present for the restaurant.

We went off to Newburgh, up the Hudson River from Garrison and across from Beacon. Per and Pamela had discovered a gem of an Italian restaurant on the north side of the town, just off the New York State Thruway, in a real non-entity suburb. It had been friends who had introduced them.

Il Cenáculo was an Italian establishment looking to bring the taste of Tuscany to the Hudson Valley. Pamela said that the food was wonderful with its simplicity, fresh ingredients and mastery of traditional recipes.

She was so right.

The interior was like eating in an Italian grandmother's home and so reminiscent of being back in London family eateries, lemon washed walls, blonde-wood beams, copper beaten ceiling and loads of family pictures and mementos, the staff looking professional in their starched white aprons.

There was an enormous antipasto presentation and entire wheels of Parmigiano Reggiano and loaves of crusty rustic breads, surrounded a carving cradle holding an entire prosciutto.

I was already in love with this place.

I went for fresh buffalo mozzarella and an osso bucco, one of their signature dishes and Saffi and I just had to share one of their pastas with shaved black

truffles in it. Their Dungeness crab pasta was similarly delicious. Saffi went for a Risotto alla Pirata with its spicy seafood and then a Striped Bass roasted with rosemary.

A scan of the wine list and we settled on a Costa Russi, Angelo Gaja, and a La Rocca Pieropan with its dry Garganega grape.

Fallon asked me about my lingerie making and that gave me the opportunity to lift Chrissie's and her presents from under the table. They were truly amazed and loved the items. Like Saffi, they found it unbelievable that their "quiet" Clare had made such beautiful items for them.

Per joked about me by saying:

"From economist and risk analyst to the "châtelaine of the house", and now luxury lingerie maker. What next, Clare, sex toys?"

Saffi chipped in:

"What a good idea, Dad. Maybe?"

Per's company had, apparently, really appreciated the work that I had done for them on the Qatari project and investment and that was satisfying in itself.

Per followed up:

“Actually, Clare, Mom and I have got you a small present to wish you good luck as you take this final step, it’s a big one and we are so proud of you for going through it, for you and for Saffi.”

He handed me a box, which I opened and inside was a gorgeous gold charm bracelet. Hanging from it were a few charms, a “C” for me, a “S” for Saffi, a “M” for Murchison, a love heart, a padlock, chain and a pair of handcuffs, all representing my life with the family.

I exploded with laughter:

“Where on earth did you find these?”

“Oh, we had them custom-made.”

The first charm was a solid gold penis with its foreskin pulled back, complete in its micro-detail. The second, a naked vagina also in glorious detail with a prominent clitoris and the lips beautifully defined.

“It represents losing your penis and acquiring a pussy.”

The girls were in hoots of laughter and I blushed as I went across and kissed them,

“Well it is beautiful, if somewhat different. I shall enjoy wearing it.”

And I slipped the heavy bracelet on to my wrist, securing the safety chain.

Desserts came, Saffi and I sharing a really good chocolate soufflé cake and with it we had an exquisite Avignonesi Vin Santo ""Occhio di Pernice" to wash it down.

Espressos, a thank you from me, and we decided to return to the house for some Armagnac or Port as nightcaps, a 1961 Warre's being mentioned as a distinct possibility. That was highly attractive indeed.

Bed time came around and Saffi and I headed upstairs.

Saffi and I were naked with me buried under her bottom when Fallon walked in with Chrissie hooded, on a leash and her mouth wide open, restrained by a dental gag lock.

“Hi you two, I have a new technique to show you and a pressie, Saffi; it's wicked for pleasure. Put this on Clare and then the gag.”

Fallon handed over a tiny chrome-plated vibrator, a “Tongue-Joy,” on a band that went over my tongue, making it roll it up around the mini-toy. She helped Saffi put on my dental gag, locking the tan strap into place so that my mouth was wide open.

“Now on your back, Clare, like Chrissie here.”

Chrissie had climbed onto the bed and was waiting for Fallon, unable to see,

totally focused on her tongue.

Both girls straddled us, forcing their bottoms down into our faces. I found that it was impossible to use my mouth or lips on pleasing Saffi, only my tongue, wrapped up uncomfortably around the vibrator.

Suddenly it switched on, into life, buzzing inside my mouth.

Through the gag, I extended my tongue onto Saffi's pussy, the vibrations rocking through my mouth now being transmitted into her. I ran my curled tongue up her love gash, letting my fleshy "buzzer" rest between her inner lips.

She was enjoying this and pressed won hard on me and it wasn't long before I could pick up the familiar taste of Saffi's cum, rapidly effusing from her as she responded to this novel stimulation.

Swiftly, my mouth became a swamp of her nectar; this tiny toy combined with my furred tongue was really turning my lover on and when I found her clitoris, that was it. Saffi ejaculated heavily, her watery cum flooding me, forcing me immediately to swallow her.

Saffi was shaking as her climax tremors shook her, numbing her brain and forcing her weight down onto me, demanding more. Her first orgasm slid into her second one, thicker in its fluid gooiness this time, again bathing me in her love juice...

Finally she removed the constraint on me and turned to Fallon, who had been also on the receiving end of Chrissie's similarly bound tongue:

“Wow, Fallon, that is so good. It will get regular use from now on. Thank you.”

“No problem, Sis, thought that you would like it.”

“I see you can put a tongue dumb-bar through it if the tongue is pierced. I must say that I have been thinking of some piercing for Clare once she is all woman.”

I shuddered at this prospect but Fallon asking to fuck me and offering Chrissie to Saffi immediately interrupted my deeper thoughts.

It was to be a long night.

We left two evenings later for Glasgow and then Saffi had arranged for us to go by limousine back to Abercromby Place.

The farewell had been quite traumatic with all the “good lucks,” “we will be thinking of you,” “call us as soon as you can” and “Love you-s,” coming my way.

Fallon and Chrissie drove us to JFK for the flight back to Britain.

It was odd to think that next time I came back to Garrison, I would be “all-female” and I was, I confess, rather looking forward to it.

In Edinburgh, Saffi and I had a lot to accomplish what with sorting out some financial affairs in the UK, deciding what furniture and things would need packing up and moving over from Scotland to Vermont, some more discussions on the house, as well as visiting our old University and various friends, including Julia.

She insisted that I contact her as soon as I could as to the outcome of the operation and wished me “loads and loads of luck” in that wonderful Scots brogue of hers.

I had to visit the Doctors for a basic physical screening, pee analysis, electrocardiogram and blood work for my operation, which was now just a week away.

This brought home the message that it was imminent and started one or two nerves, but the Doc calmed those by saying that I appeared in good health and I was also going to be in wonderful hands.

Saffi and I then headed south to make a quick family visit. We had decided not to tell them about the surgery until well after the fact as all they would have done was worry and I felt that I could do without that.

After all, to them, I dressed as a girl, spoke like a girl and behaved like one. They had, well just about in my mother’s case, accepted that they had a daughter.

It was fabulous to see my grandparents and we had a wonderful dinner with them. They seemed to genuinely love Saffi for what she was, a loving, caring person and guardian of their grand-daughter, knowing nothing about the type of relationship that we enjoyed.

I was tempted to tell them that I was about to fully make the switch but didn't as it would put an unfair burden on them for they would have to tell my parents and that would cause all sorts of unnecessary and unwelcome family ructions.

So it was back to Edinburgh for my last few days as an "in-between" and I must say that my confidence was beginning to grow. Oh, to have a proper pussy and clit to offer Saffi the pleasure and ownership of, and to be a full woman in myself. After all, I had now been living as a woman for some years now.

From having been subjugated in various forms into living as a woman and those uncertain, nervous days of flying or crossing borders dressed in female wear, here I was now, all comfortable as one, waiting for the final stage. I couldn't wait for it to be over.

Being submissive and as in an indentured relationship as I was to Saffi was something else completely. As a submissive, I could have been either male or female.

I had been chosen by my partners to become a woman to them.

If not my choice, I had accepted it all with little objection, overall. I had had the opportunity to walk away from this lifestyle and sexuality. I had chosen not to.

The only nerves, therefore, were ones about the operation itself, not the outcome. It was major surgery and I knew it carried some risk to my life, to my well-being.

I just had to accept that and place my body in the temporary custody and skill of the surgical team, just as I had given my mind, ultimately, over to Saffi's control and domination of me. Trust in short; that was what it was all about.

But here I was, in a week's time, I would have no penis, rather a functioning vagina, well a vagina that would be healing. Well, my penis and scrotum would still be there in part, effectively turned inside out to provide the building material to perhaps that I should have been born as, a woman.

The nervous feelings also extended to wondering about the pain involved. I have never really liked pain, well pain from injury, not sexual pleasure.

However, I realised that I would have access to the best care and hopefully that would be carefully managed and controlled. Jokingly, I thought it was just as well Fallon was not going to be in London.

I was now on my diet of being fibre free as possible; this was to help to prepare my intestines for two reasons, firstly cleanliness and any risk of infection or potential fistulas. (Please, please not one of those as a complication).

Secondly, if the surgeons did need access to any sigmoid colonic material was needed for my vaginoplasty, so being scrupulously clean down there was essential.

This meant really sticking to lots of pasta, sandwiches and protein, mainly fish and bacon.

I also realised that I wasn't probably going to eat that much in the week to come, so an extra two or three pounds would soon disappear.

Saffi and I also started the shop for some of the requisites for post-care that we had been recommended by the Cromwell Hospital. These include betadine vaginal gels and douches, sanitary towels and KY jelly. Our pharmacist must have thought that we were in for some really kinky sex with all the gel that we bought!

Gradually we came to the day before leaving for London.

Time seemed to drag by, despite Saffi's efforts to keep me occupied, be it lunch in the Queen's Café and shopping in Princes Street, as well as visiting a couple of up-market designer shops.

I packed what I needed from nighties, soft lingerie, books, cosmetics, changes of clothing; well, all told, it was two cases full. Saffi was laughing at me, saying that I wouldn't need half of what I was packing. I repacked.

My last dinner we had to have at Fishers in Leith, after all where else was there because they had been witness to our entire affair from our first dinner out together.

And what else could we go for. There was only once choice and that was their Lobster washed down with a bottle of Cloudy Bay Sauvignon Blanc.

Saffi even opted for a Château Tirecul La Gravière Cuvée Madame, a Monbazillac that was so deliciously unctuous and full of flavours of almond paste, citrus, spice and notes of candied orange peel.

It had such a lingering complex finish and was wonderful with the raspberries, meringue and home-made vanilla ice cream that I had.

We had a wonderful orally driven sex session to sign off my current status in Edinburgh, with Saffi taking me to a lovely climax with one of our larger straps.

It was almost as if she didn't want to damage her doll, being this close in to my day of destiny.

Next morning, having showered and dressed, we rushed through a breakfast out, got back for last minute packing and then the limo turned up. Bags loaded, we pulled away with a "Phew," slumped in the comfy back seat.

"How are you feeling, Clare?"

"Odd, Saffi. Odd. It's funny pulling away from our flat here, one that has so many happy memories for me, knowing that the next time I come back I will physically be similar to you. Not mentally though."

She laughed,

“Saffi, thank you for everything you have done in getting me here by hook or crook. If I look back, I question myself if I would be doing this now. You have guided me and given me the incentive to make the switch. I love being yours in terms of both my body and my mind.”

“Say that after, you are not there just yet. But I really look forward to going pussy to pussy with you, and fucking you properly as a domme should.”

“Well, I am ready for this. If I have any last minute nerves, it is more about the possible complications and pain. Just so you know. I do feel it’s all rather surreal though”

“I know and I can understand that.”

We flew to Heathrow and were in to the centre of London for lunch time.

Saffi had decided to base herself from the Berkeley Hotel in Wilton Place, Knightsbridge and just under two miles to the hospital as well as being close to shops like Harvey Nichol’s and Harrods.

Saffi also intended visiting various design shops in Chelsea and Fulham, so it was a convenient location.

Saffi was certainly going to be comfortable for her stay, the suite being a corner one with the rooms decorated in muted, pale colours with caramel sofas and heavily draped windows in a light gold fabric, emphasis by black and gold picture frames and some ebony black chairs.

The bathroom was really neat with its pillared white marbled fittings and a large walk-in shower.

The Laurent Perrier champagne and lovely flowers in the room, on arrival, were a nice touch.

After a quick unpacking, Saffi kept me occupied by heading for Harvey Nichol's for sushi in their top floor café , then we visited the small shops of Beauchamp Place, the Conran store and then heading over to Sloane Street to drop into the General Trading store to see their fabulous drapery and accessories and finally the Sloane Gallery.

Tonight was my last chance to eat and “stock up” for the “diet” over the next week.

We headed for the two star Michelin Gordon Ramsey's Petrus restaurant in the hotel for my farewell to any semblance of manhood, as Saffi put it.

Glasses of Krug champagne, and then starters of pan-fried Sea Scallops with cauliflower, anchovy and capers, with a Beurre Noisette, for Saffi and a pan-fried Red Mullet with a Bouillabaisse sauce for me, were stunningly delicious.

We had to follow this with their Roasted Lobster tail with English asparagus, morels, lemon and a vanilla sauce, something that we both went for being the lobster-philes that we were.

A bottle of Bienvenue Bâtard Montrachet went down very well.

Desserts of Orange and vanilla baked Alaska with Grand Marnier sauce and a White chocolate cylinder with coffee and mascarpone ice cream saw us well sated, and well aided with a Château de Fargues.

It was a lovely “exit” dinner, with a final Armagnac in the bar to finish, and it was a contented Clare who fell into the soft bed to deliver with her tongue and mouth her Saffi a nice, long languid climax.

As Saffi had said, we should lay off any idea of taking me that night.

All of this helped take my mind off my imminent fate.

I woke early the next morning and quickly realised this was it. D-Day-1 as it was entry into the hospital and the following twenty four hours would be given over to all the tests and purging of my body in preparation for being wheeled to the theatre.

My nerves started to “bounce” as if there was a rabble of butterflies loose in me.

It was now no food, but I was permitted weak black tea. Breakfast may have been exciting for Saffi but I was a mere onlooker as she almost teasingly tucked into home-made porridge and some lovely looking croissants. Oh well.

We went into Hyde Park for a walk in the cool air of the morning, hand in hand, talking about nothing, anything in fact to distract me. I know I must have appeared distant. Understandable, I think, given what was now only a couple of hours away.

Saffi knew that and was wonderful. No attempt to order me around, just to let me be on my own space and with reassuring comments. I needed that. I cannot describe the sense of trepidation I had and thank goodness she was there.

I really pity gurls going in for this operation without the deep love of a partner, and never mind their sexual interests or lifestyles. Without knowing it except I did tell her later, Saffi was a rock that morning and everybody needs a rock in their lives at such moments.

Author's Note

I thought about not writing about the operation and the aftermath, as it may be a little gruesome and traumatic to read. However, I have never written about it, and I think that it is important to capture the moment for the record, as it is, in part, an expression of my ultimate submission to Saffi and the complexity of being submissive to her wishes and commands, as well as wanting this myself. Just the same, I think it is important to let many a reader know what is involved in this surgery. If you are squeamish, jump to the end of the operation or even the recovery when I got back to the Berkeley a week later.

Saffi and I took one of the hotel cars over to the Cromwell Hospital just before lunchtime. I checked in at reception in the light and airy atrium and we then had to wait for a nurse to come to take us over to my room.

It was rather surreal, almost like being in a four star hotel, though for me, I felt that I was back at University just before a major exam with the uneasiness in my stomach.

The nurse came out and greeted us. A porter looked after my bags.

The room was ready and, on entry, it was very similar to the one that I had seen on my earlier visit and interview with the surgeon's team, the blue fabrics and carpet, the oak coloured cupboards and desk, the en-suite bathroom and the only sign of being in a hospital being the control panel, bed and trolley.

They even had a bathrobe and slippers laid out for me.

I was given a mountain of paperwork to complete and we worked through it. Next of kin, well Saffi obviously.

There was a double-checking by a nurse and a junior registrar of my medical history, plus more measurement of my vital statistics.

I was then kitted out with my surgical stockings to help prevent any Deep Vein Thrombosis.

Saffi joked that she ought to use these in play afterwards.

Next, the pathologist technician came to take some blood samples so that my blood type could be cross matched and two pints of blood set aside for me; this is a standard procedure for any surgery.

After a while, the bowel cleansing process began. I had really been looking forward to this, says she cynically.

I was told that I should not eat anything else before the operation, unless given to me by the nurses.

The first dose of Picolax, a strong laxative, emerged. This soon started to work and kept me in good exercise from the bedroom to the bathroom.

About two hours later, they gave me a second of dose of Picolax, which was sufficient to have me trotting to the toilet for the rest of the day.

Later on in the afternoon, two nurses completed my preparation in this area with a rather undignified exercise involving eight feet of rubber tubing and a lot of warm soapy water. In fact, it was rather humiliating, as I had to have the nurse do this for me.

Saffi thought it was all hilarious and said that I should buy a similar kit for Vermont and we could hire a nurse from the local Woodstock hospital. I was so

glad that she was finding humour in here. I wasn't.

It was not very pleasant and my tummy was letting itself known as to this treatment and the increasing lack of food. They did allow me to have some consommé and clear jelly, a big let-down after Petrus last night.

Apart from the nurses, we had two other visitors.

Firstly, the surgeon, who assured me that all would be fine and to sign me off, ready to proceed to his knife. He asked me particular questions whether I was still in accord to the surgery going ahead and the risks involved.

Then there was my anaesthetist who explained that I would have a combination of a general and an epidural, as well as covering transfusion procedures.

I got Saffi to leave around eight as she needed to eat, she could have stayed until ten. I was almost tearful as she wished me good luck for the night but she would be there in the morning to see me into the theatre and then afterwards. We hugged and kissed.

I was lonely though and I admit to shedding a tear when she had gone. I knew that my emotions were playing up, as my mind was being pretty "rampant" with all sorts of thoughts, a lot of them negative.

I knew I had to displace them from upstairs or I would be an emotional wreck.

I had a shower around nine pm, put a fresh nightie and panties on and climbed

into bed and tried to watch a little television.

However, I rapidly became bored and I wasn't really able to concentrate on much.

The only thing in my mind was thoughts about the next few hours and days to come in emerging as a woman for both Saffi's enjoyment and my own want.

I felt a very strange mix of emotions, the love, the complexity of our domme to femme submissive relationship, fear and doubt. Doubt about the operation not our love for each other, let's be clear about that.

On one hand, I was excited about the prospect of becoming "all-girl" and, on the other hand, I was definitely a bit scared! My orchiectomy and reshaping had been minor surgery. This was the real thing and so I don't really know what to expect.

I was excited though and took in positive thoughts in the voyage of discovery that Saffi and I would have in the time to come in learning and exploring my new body.

Thank goodness for those breathing exercises I had learnt, when with Mei.

I slept a little fitfully but the morning came around. I was woken around seven. I washed and got dressed in the surgery gown. What an awful garment this was and I didn't want that as a souvenir. No way.

The nurse appeared and checked my vital statistics again. I had not eaten or drunk anything of substance now for nearly thirty-six hours and I was feeling a little weak and, naturally, tense.

Saffi appeared just before nine and I was really pleased to see her. She held me hand tightly and I can't remember what she talked about, something about people that she had met in the bar.

Around ten, the nurse came in to see me again and helped me put on my white surgical stockings. They were just so tight and certainly not La Perla or Welford's.

Half an hour later, my surgeon appeared and checked how I was and that we would be on shortly and that the team was now all assembled.

It was five minutes past eleven when the porter arrived and I was asked to get into my bed. I remember this well, as I noted the clock as we left the room and just thought, "Here we go."

Saffi held my hand and I was wheeled unceremoniously through the hospital to the pre-operating room.

Just outside, she leaned over me and kissed me on my lips and forehead and squeezed my hand,

"Good luck, Clare, you don't need it though and you will soon be out as a girl

for us. I love you so much.”

“I love you too.”

She took a step back and the porter pushed me into the preparation room where the surgeon and anaesthetist were waiting.

With no standing on ceremony, the anaesthetist inserted an intravenous line into a vein in my left hand and then injected me in the same arm.

The surgeon started talking to me about Petrus and how he liked the restaurant too. I remember responding to him, something about the lobster, and then I was out for the count.

So what goes on during the gender reassignment procedure?

This is the gruesome bit.

Essentially, there were ten major steps before final close-up to be undertaken.

The surgeon and his team began with marking me up for my skin flaps taken from my penile and scrotal skin, which made up the essence of my vagina.

The second stage was the first incisions to create my anterior and post flaps, the objective being to preserve the blood supply and what the medics call “innervation;” This was the nerve system to give me the sensation of being taken inside my pussy to be.

In short the anterior flap came from my penile skin and the anterior from my scrotal.

At this stage, with a normal patient, the orchiectomy is performed, something with me that saved a little time as my spermatic cords had already been ligatured off.

The third stage involved creating the space for my new vagina between my bladder, which would lie in front, and my rectum behind, making the deepest space possible up into my peritoneal cavity that would, ultimately, determine my ability to accommodate larger penises or Saffi’s straps.

This was the stage that involved most risk to my rectum, particularly as the central tendon has to be split down to it.

My urethra was then dissected out of its crura tissues, the corpora cavernosa and spongiform, allowing then for the deepest possible amputation of the remaining penile stump.

Care was taken at this time to keep some of my penile head glans, spongiform and nerves intact for the build of my clitoris.

Finishing my perineal dissection, the surgeon then focused on the sixth stage that involved the creation of the new urethral opening, the meatus, created in my anterior penile skin flap, so that it would lie in the right location in my new pussy.

The team also focused on the build of my clitoris into its correct position anatomically by shaping the flap and starting the build of my exterior. In the USA, this is often done as a second operation. I was definitely not for that. Once going through this was enough in my book.

The team were then on to the most important stage in the view of the patient, the creation of the new vagina using both skin flaps. The first stage of this included the suturing of what would become my labial majora, my outer lips.

Some heavy double stitching with dissolving, buried sutures was performed at this time but now, if you were watching the operation, the patient has something that starts to look like the real thing, though still very crude.

The team moved onto to ensuring the deepest possible cavity for the vagina was created before starting on the creation of the “neo-vagina.”

Essentially the remaining scrotal material was closely dissected and assembled around a core plug to act as the vaginal lining, with close suturing.

Work had to be done efficiently and speedily so as to ensure blood and nerve supply, hence cellular life and sensation is maintained within the pussy.

One possible complication is at this stage in the death of the transposed tissue.

It was also at this stage that the material is closely inspected to ensure no existing hair follicles as the presence of those could cause post-op problems. This was where the benefits accrued for me of all that electrolysis work came home for me.

The plug for the new neo vagina is then inserted and pushed into place between the bladder and rectum and carefully stitched in, the outer scrotal skin being used to make the new labia minora and vestibule that houses my secretion glans from the spongiform.

This was the major surgery over and now a vaginal pack was assembled to hold the neo-vagina in place.

The last phase before final close-up was the sculpting work, ensuring that my clitoris was fully shaped to the surgeon's best ability and hooded above my meatus and the neat lips that I had ideally requested.

Final heavy pack up of the wounds and cold-packs were then applied and also to ensure that all my drainage tubing was properly in place from my vagina and my urethra catheter.

The surgical team were finished, other than ensuring my emergence from the anaesthetic and the transfer over to the post-care team.

I was now a woman, in the true sense.

The first thing I remember is a very groggy waking up in the recovery room, the nurse asking me by my name whether I was alright.

I feel a sense of relief, happiness, knowing that I have made it through and survived and immediately it hit me, I was now a complete woman. Saffi would be exulted.

I tried to lift my head and look down my body and all I could make out was the massive white sea of my bandaging around my new mons pubis, from my tummy down. It was almost like being in a huge “Pampers” nappy.

Then the pain hit me square on. The nurse was immediately on it getting morphine into me through my intravenous feed. I settle back in a stupor, the nurse checking off my major signs, pulse, blood pressure, oxygen levels.

As I slowly came to, she kept asking me about the pain, regulating my dosage and some half an hour later, I think, she removed my oxygen mask.

I return to a fogged-out state. I can remember the surgeon briefly showing himself to say that the operation had been a success. I had been under some four and a half hours, the surgeon taking his time to ensure a high quality “finishing to my beauty” as he put it.

I tried to laugh; it hurt me.

I can just remember being wheeled out by the operational porters and back to my room.

Saffi was there, kissed me and took my hand. I could half hear her whispering to me, soothingly, almost as if to a child in need of consolation and reassurance:

“Well done you, my girl now, all my girl now. I love you so much.”

It was all I wanted and I drifted off to sleep contentedly.

She was with me.

And close by.

How long I was out, I do not know but I can recall emerging briefly from my fog and Saffi was there. I talked to her in a weak voice and she ordered me to be quiet and not say anything. “Nurse Mildred Ratched” from “One Flew over the Cuckoo’s Nest” had nothing on Saffi, it seemed.

However, a little later in the early evening we did call Per and Pamela to let them know that I was out and ok.

Otherwise, it was me lying there in bed, Saffi occasionally chatting to me, the TV on, and nurses coming in and out for medication, readings and whatever was going on at the other end of my tubing running out of my nether regions.

I was exulted but rather numb in my mind, just plain exhausted.

I ignored the proffered soup and jelly; I just didn't feel like eating though Saffi ate something. I did manage some water to start my rehydration.

I think it was about nine pm when Saffi kissed me and quietly left. I slept fitfully until the next morning, with two injections of morphine from the nurses during the night.

I knew that the day after the surgery would be the worse and I was almost at the point of thinking I was nuts to have undergone this ultimate submission to Saffi - even though it was for me as well.

It was my lowest ebb.

I don't have a full recollection of the day's events, as I was unbelievably groggy, but I started off by being more awake and drinking a lot more water - a reaction to the drugs I was on – and the nurses came in and did their stuff, removing the saline drip from my arm.

“Thank goodness,” I remember thinking, “that’s the first tube out of me.”

My eyes wandered down over my body.

I could see my enormous “nappy” and then two drainage tubes and a catheter emerging from under it.

The drains looked pretty awful being full of a bloody fluid as they took away the excesses of my surgery and I nearly grossed out when the nurse exchanged the plastic containers.

The day was one of needles and pills. One was for an anti–blood clot agent, Heparin, I think they called it, and then there were antibiotic tablets.

The major one was continuation of the morphine every four hours. Saffi said afterwards that on my injection, it allowed me to sleep for ninety minutes or so, and then I was ok for an hour or so before being in considerable discomfort until the nurse reappeared with the next shot.

The main area of my pain was, in fact, my lower back around my spine, the surgery underneath being relatively pain free.

In response, I also got a lesson on how to move and exercise in bed, partly to prevent deep vein thrombosis as well.

I had a slight fever running but that was nothing unusual, the nurse said. The pain killers took care of that as well.

With assistance from the nurse and Saffi, I managed to get into a semi-sitting position and, with Saffi's coaxing, I was able to take in some thick chicken soup and a little fresh bread.

We also managed to phone Fallon who was delighted to hear from us.

Late that night, I started getting a great deal of wind and abdominal bloating, possibly a side effects of the antibiotics. I felt very feverish and the nurses gave me a lot of cooling down and extra morphine.

Eventually, I nodded off in a very deep sleep. That was what the day had been about; in and out of sleep, no real thoughts going on.

I woke on "Day-2 Post-Surgery," and felt so much better for the rest that I had had.

Saffi appeared quite early and she was followed shortly afterwards by the surgeon.

He talked things through with me and examined the nurses' statistics and records.

Apparently the operation had gone really well and he had been able to, firstly, give me excellent depth in my neo-vagina and, secondly, he believed that he had

done a really good shaping job on me, though he warned me that it wouldn't be a pretty sight when the bandages came off later in the day.

As the day went on, a number of significant things occurred.

My morphine was removed and I went over onto a co-proxamol diet for pain relief. I felt so much better in my back and I could now sit up.

Late morning, I started to get my first nervous sensation from down under. I described it as mild but sharp sensations relating to the organ that I no longer had. It felt like now that it was my new clitoris playing up.

I loved it and it gave me a heck of a boost. Saffi was also thrilled.

The only issue was one of bloating, but skilled movement of me by the nurses seemed to help alleviate that.

Mid-afternoon, I was really thrilled and called Saffi across from reading her book.

“Saffi, I can clench my vaginal muscles. Oh, this is so great.”

The packing and the swelling didn't help this and it was a little uncomfortable but so what. I could distinctly feel the packing in my neo-vagina.

I joyously shouted my thoughts out to her:

“Saff; It’s my pussy, my clitoris, my labia, my little pee-hole! I am so thrilled.”

Saffi kissed me and broke out laughing, partly in happiness and the surprise at my reaction.

The real shock came at the end of the afternoon. True to his word, the surgeon came back and, with the assistance of the nurse, they cut through and removed my “Nappy” and bandages.

He asked me to lift my bottom and the relief on my back was instant. As Saffi teased me for a long time and in front of the family:

“Trust you, Clare, to let the most enormous fart out right in front of the Doc.”

The surgeon pulled away an enormous mass of blood soaked bandages and packing. It was absolutely gross to watch this.

I could see Saffi half looking away in disgust, and half looking in avid interest to see the results. Other than the surgeon, she was the first to see his work.

“Wow, wow, you have a pussy, Clare!”

I was almost tempted to say:

“Duh, you are telling me that, now!”

The surgeon fiddled around, carefully inspecting his handiwork. He then called for a hand mirror and held it up for me.

This was my first opportunity to see what had been done.

My goodness, I was there. Saffi’s and my prayers had been delivered. I could see a pussy in that glass. Oh gosh. This was just so thrilling.

It wasn’t pretty though with the heavy swelling and bruising, the soreness evident, small raw sutured stitches all the way round my “box”, and the rectangular pack lodged into me, black with the stale blood.

However, it was mine, all mine, and that was all that mattered.

The Doc said that it looked really good and that I should not be put off. He recommended a pair of surgical knickers to be put on, but the overall packing could come off. And also that the nurses should use some cooling packs to tackle the swelling.

I burst into tears, and well I lost it, plain lost it. Saffi was straight across, asking me what was wrong, taking me in her arms. Through my floodgates, I muttered:

“I am just so happy. Sorry, I am losing it. Thank you Doctor, thank you.”

The tears streamed out; it was in part the tension coming out of me, and Saffi was also so thrilled with what she saw, and she too lost it after the Doctor had gone.

I comforted her; she too had been under enormous stress over this. Even though I was her submissive and her property now, I, her love, had been effectively sliced open for her long term “gain” and she had had to live through this. And what would have been the impact on her if anything had seriously gone wrong?

I loved her even more for this emotional reaction and expression of how she felt about what had happened, what she deeply felt about me.

The other good news was that the blood pressure machine was removed from my right arm, though I continued to have regular monitoring over the next few days.

Diet wise, I managed thin soups, consommés effectively, and weak Orange Pekoe tea. No fish or lobster yet! “Please may I have more gruel, Sir?”

That night, I had some suffering, an awful nausea attack that kept the nurses busy.

They told me that it was nothing to worry about, only a reaction to the medication that I had been on. They had expected it. However, it did take away the remnants of the bloating too and I was much freer to move about in bed.

The next day I spent dozing and reading. I didn't think about that much. I did realise it was the fatigue. It was amazing how such an operation took it out of you.

I sent Saffi off to do what she wanted to do as locked up in a hospital room all day would drive her stir-crazy.

I had a quick visit from the surgeon and one of the psychiatrists dropped by. He was happy with my progress.

Things were rapidly improving and even the pain was subsiding. The bleeding had slowed down to and an extra-thick sanitary towel could handle those fluids that seeped out.

Tomorrow would see me moving onto the dilators, a very important stage in my recovery and in making my vagina functional.

My diet even improved and I managed to eat some really nice creamy scrambled eggs. Could they put some lobster in it perhaps? And a glass of that Krug would be nice. I was on the mend and feeling a lot more "chipper."

The next day dawned and I must admit that I was really exhausted for most of the day. I spent most of it asleep and my dilation was duly delayed for twenty four hours.

I suggested to Saffi that she didn't need to spend all day with me, so she made

three short visits.

However, dinner came and I did manage some poached fish, mash and peas. Not the greatest cuisine, but a real feast for me. This was a big step in my progress.

It was now the seventh day since coming into the Cromwell and today was the day for removing my neo-vaginal pack.

I wasn't looking forward to this as I had read about the pain that accompanied it. Indeed the surgeon had warned me that this was probably the worst stage of the whole process.

The surgeon came around and my two nurses appeared. Saffi was also there, though thinking about it now, I would have preferred her not to have seen this happen. It wasn't a nice sight to watch, I am sure.

They gave me a little gas to breath in, some nitrous oxide, I think, and that had a nice "swoozy" effect on me, though I knew it would be only temporary.

The pain was, how can I say, excruciating; far, far worse than any of our BDSM games.

What I would have given for inhaling Saffi's panties as a distraction, something else to focus on. Instead, I quickly remembered some of my Taoist techniques and focused my brain on my breathing.

The pain just continued on and on. Saffi held my hand and I really bit hard on my tongue. It wasn't enough. I was in tears.

Blood was everywhere and out it kept on pouring forth. The nurses went into clean-up mode and let me recover. I was exhausted, tearful and clung onto Saffi.

I also had a few problems with my catheter and that just added to my misery.

However, we got through that and in the middle of the afternoon, the nurses let me out of my bed for the first time. What heaven this was, on my feet even if I was somewhat wobbly.

This made up a bit for what had happened and, as I mentioned to Saffi, I just had to get through it using that daft old saying, "No gain without pain."

With the nurses' assistance, I made it into my bathroom and I took a bath.

Now this was "luxury" and I suggested, jokingly, that Saffi could get in, in front of me and let me play with her.

"You must getting better, Clare. Tell you what, I will get you behind you one time in the near future and massage you, rather than the other way round. That's a promise."

Dried off and now into a short nightie, I tried my first dilation, with a chilled

down dilator to help the swelling.

The first one, a 30 mm stent, wasn't too bad and went in for about three and a half inches. However, the bigger one, 38 mm, was impossible to get in at all. I was so disappointed.

The nurses said not to be too worried as this was just the first time and to be fully expected. The other thing was I certainly needed my painkiller medication.

It seemed my recovery was like a series of steps forwards and then a few back, all a little frustrating. All I wanted was to be out of here, in bed with Saffi looking after me.

I was now into my second week in hospital. The eighth day saw the removal of my catheter. Nobody had warned me of how painful this could be and I wouldn't recommend it to my worst enemy.

A searing pain shot through me as my urethra meatus was cleared.

How anybody can have sex probes put into their urethra, who knows and I am glad that nobody had latched onto that concept when I had my cock.

Of course, this meant that I had to go to the toilet as a woman for the first time. I was so embarrassed by this as I had little control in my streaming, peeing everywhere.

Afterwards, Saffi was in stitches, no pun meant.

“Now you are learning what it is like to be my girl. We will train you.”

I knew that I was slow and incredibly messy but, as the nurses said, it was still early days.

My second dilation went well; I took the smaller stent in well to four inches and managed to hold it there for nearly five minutes without any pain. The larger one was much harder though I did manage the entrance for a minute or so. The nurses reassured me that I was progressing really well.

More reassurance came on the second visit to the bathroom, again that this was to be expected and nothing to be embarrassed about because I felt so daft.

It was a shock though, particularly for Saffi. I managed to faint in the bathroom and had to be carried back to bed.

It was a bit of a shock for me as well, and a wake-up call that I had to take care of myself in the days to come. Not that I didn't have a protective guardian nearby!

Over the next two days, things dramatically improved. I was on the mend.

I could take the small stent for some seven minutes and even the larger one was going into a depth of three inches for three minutes, a little uncomfortably but without any serious pain.

My pee-stream was now a little more accurate, though not quite there. I loved being able to sit there in earnest now. I just had to take care with my urethra “meatus” as that was still a little tender to the touch.

My pussy area, as to the surgery, was looking far better with the swelling and the redness abating somewhat, and even the soluble stitches were beginning to dissolve. I could also lightly finger myself without going “Ouch.”

It was lovely to get up and have a look at my new “image” in the bathroom mirror.

I couldn’t get over it and this image made all the discomfort worthwhile, as well as some naughty mental images of how Saffi would use and make love to me, never mind the rest of the family.

It was the end of the day that the next big requisite for leaving happened.

My bowels started to feel very uncomfortable that was a result of the “diet” or non-diet that I had undergone, and the anaesthetic effects.

With a couple of laxatives, I was unblocked and moving. I would have to ensure that my stool remained soft for a while and there was no to be no anal sex for a while, just in case my colon had weakened,

This brings me onto what was also making me happier in myself.

Other than a few minor complications like my fever, bloating and fainting, I hadn't had any major mishaps like a fistula or blood vessels popping and as to my vagina, so far so good in all the building holding up and as regards to having any of the "building blocks" die on me.

I was really happy with what I saw and could imagine what my pussy would look like, once the swelling and bruising calmed down. I just hoped that Saffi would love it too and inflict her "love" on me. I couldn't wait to feeling her take me and use my pussy for her sexual pleasure and whatever.

It was Julia, back in Edinburgh over dinner, who had suggested to me that I should look at using bees' honeycomb wax as a means to naturally reducing scarring. She had referred me to research work conducted by the University of Waikato, in New Zealand, as to the impact of honey on wound and scar healing.

Removal of the scars alongside my labial lips, well if I could achieve that, that would be visually out of this world and, I knew, especially for Saffi who loved beautiful things. I was after all, technically and contractually, a chattel of hers.

My final day in hospital. I was moving around freely, unaided and I even tried the stairs, down, then up and a repetition half an hour later. Easy for going down, tough going up and thank goodness for Saffi holding me, and for the lifts.

My peeing was getting much easier too and the stitching looked really good as to its softening and dissolving.

My surgeon came around one more time and what was to prove the last time as an in-patient. He conducted a close of examination of me, looking for any wounds, problems or discomfiture. Then came the words that I had been waiting for.

“Clare, if you have a good night, you can head home tomorrow morning. Though I wouldn’t recommend travelling too far.”

Saffi chimed in, “Doctor, we are heading just as far as the Berkeley. We have a suite over there and our plans are to spend another four days there before flying up to Edinburgh. We won’t be taking public transport, if you are ok with that.”

“That’s fine, you know where I am. I want to see you in a month and then in three months for sign off.”

We thanked him profusely. I gave him a small kiss, as did Saffi.

“Just take care and don’t do anything stupid, sexually. Don’t force anything and enjoy each other.”

I could have jumped into Saffi’s arms but had to settle for a cuddle and a kiss, tongue to tongue. I was so happy.

The following morning couldn’t come soon enough.

To dress properly after my bath was a real treat. I wore oversized full briefs, almost granny-like, but I could “escape” so these were more than acceptable. I

chose an elasticated Chico skirt for comfort and its thin material as it was warm outside, along with a blouse and sandals and I was ready to go.

Saffi appeared at around ten, having settled the account with the front office.

The nurses helped me with my final packing and we said our thanks and it was amazing how we had gotten to know each other.

But then, days of “ultimate intimacy” will do that.

Saffi had bought them some nice presents, essentially perfumes from Harvey Nichol’s and “full pampering” gift vouchers to the spa in the Berkeley. They seemed to go down well as a choice of thank you.

I was loaded into a wheelchair and taken to the front door of the Cromwell, where a Berkeley Hotel Rolls Royce and liveried chauffeur were waiting for us.

I was out of the hospital.

After all this time, and cogitation, and planning, I was now a “full” woman.

It was, I realised, all that mattered to me.

But, and most importantly, I prayed it was all that mattered to Saffi.

I breathed a huge sigh of relief in the warm, sunny air of London that morning.

A new life had begun.

Chapter-Six

Post-Recovery: A Farm in Vermont

By the time that I had got to the hotel, been helped out of the car and up to our suite, I was exhausted.

I couldn't believe that I was lacking this much energy but then the combination of surgery and a nigh-on starvation diet will do that.

Thank goodness, we weren't flying back to Edinburgh the same day. A two mile transfer in total luxury was more than enough for me as I was instantly whacked out. A combination of the physical effort and the mental buzz, I guess.

It was so lovely to be back in a wonderfully comfortable bed, though, and the hotel staff members were truly amazing.

A massive bouquet of flowers arrived for me from them as well as their insistence that whatever I needed, be it food, tea, medication pick up, and at whatever time of day, would be done instantly.

I can highly recommend any post-op TLC in such a hotel. They didn't know what I had been through and probably thought that it was a hysterectomy or something "gynae" in nature. However, they were so helpful and generous with their time.

That first day back, I spent quietly, sleeping and reading, as well as making a

number of phone calls to family and friends.

Dinner, we ate in the suite with Saffi eating and drinking normally, while I had the most sublime lobster mousse, followed by a Chablis poached turbot with wild mushrooms and wilted greens, both of which were specially made for me. I even went for a chocolate mousse to finish and one of Gordon Ramsey's sous-chefs surprised us by appearing in the suite next day to see what I would like for dinner.

Saffi and I laughed between ourselves about the prospect of meeting the great man himself.

The nicest things though were having the wonderful bathroom and towels to use and, most importantly of all, able to have the space in bed and Saffi to cuddle into.

Lots of French kissing replaced our sex, which wasn't going to be possible for a little while. I did feel bad about that.

The following day I felt so much better and ventured out for a couple of short walks around Wilton Place.

I did manage to have one faint in the bathroom though, but quickly recovered.

On the positive front, "stenting" or rather dilation, as it is termed, was going quite well and I was now able to take the larger 38 mm stent into my new pussy for five minutes.

Dinner that night was fun.

It was so nice to dress up a little.

I hadn't bought enough larger panties and Saffi went off to Harvey Nichols, around the corner, and then onto Rigby and Peller to source me some Prima Donna, Empreinte and Goddess black and white full briefs and French cami-knickers.

One pair that she managed to find were, potentially, very embarrassing.

These came from Bradleys near the Sheraton Park Tower, and were a silk cami and "bottomless" knickers, bottomless in the sense that my cheeks would be exposed and the waist fit being secured by broad ribbons tied into a bow in the small of my back.

She would have me wearing these soon, I knew.

However, I felt a million dollars to be sitting there, as a full woman, in the restaurant in a dress, Saffi's cami and knickers and a pair of sandals, eating Petrus's Ravioli of Lobster, Langoustine and Salmon poached in a light bisque with a lemongrass and chervil velouté.

I was extremely naughty as I could not resist a small glass of a Puligny Montrachet 'Noyers Brets' to celebrate. I have to admit that it did floor me a bit. I would have to go very easy on the grape juice and I knew that I shouldn't have,

but how could one resist such a temptation.

Slowly, I recovered my “fitness” and three days later, I could walk to Harrods and back, as well as make it out for a quiet Italian dinner at San Lorenzo in Beauchamp Place.

I was feeling great, particularly inspired when looking down to my new pussy.

Slowly, my bruising was going down and the definition of my vagina became more evident. It did seem that the surgeon and his team had done a wonderful job in making lovely pussy lips for me. And my clitoral hood was amazing!

It was so incredible to look down and see no penis there, just smooth skin.

Saffi was probably hacked off with the way I kept talking about my pussy, what I was feeling down there and that I had no cock. She was so patient with me though, sharing in my excitement and not telling me to shut up about it all.

Ultimately though, I had been operated on for her pleasure and my transformation was effectively complete.

Or so I thought at that time.

One of the nurses and a registrar came around on “Day Three from Escape” and gave me a thorough examination to give me the all clear, for the moment.

The wounds were healing nicely, my antibiotics were cut back a little, my

oestrogen re-commenced and I could start my anti-scarring treatment with natural honey wax.

With the super food in the Berkeley and all the help and encouragement of the team, I was rapidly “bouncing” back.

Dilation continued on, three times a day, and was fairly painless, partly as a result of all the drugs in me. The care needed was not to overdo the forcefulness in the thought that I could accommodate a bigger cock or Saffi’s strap and, after all, this was eased for me by the surgeon insisting I would have good depth.

I really looked forward to that day when I was taken but knew I had to take real care for the recommended next two months.

Saffi was really good in ensuring that I dilated properly and always kept on my “tail,” as I was required to undergo my “pussy exercises” for thirty to forty-five minutes a time and then twice a day after six months with a larger stent.

After this, it would be once a day for the remainder of the year and finally dropping back to once to twice a week for the rest of my life, particularly if I hadn’t experienced a hard penis or a toy in me.

The alternative was to risk closure of my hard-earned puss.

On Day Five, we headed back to Edinburgh and I was almost tearful leaving the Berkeley because of their care, but the unavoidable fact I couldn’t wait to get

back consoled me somewhat.

Per stepped in here and insisted that he and Pamela would pay for a private plane to fly us back from London, rather than flying commercial and, with the limousines at either end, this made the transfer between the two cities so much more comfortable for me.

Our time in Edinburgh was spent relatively quietly as I continued my recovery.

Slowly my strength was recovering and I started to cook for us and also, as my doctor cut back on the drugs, was allowed to have a little wine with my food.

Job wise, we sorted out the apartment, marking and tagging what was going to be shipped to Vermont and what would stay.

It was rather amusing for the first few days, sitting there like “Lady Muck,” as Saffi ran around questioning me about this and that and then listing and putting stickers on the shipment goods, as well as crating things like books.

Things weren’t going to continue for very long with Saffi running around after me.

I took the action though on this one, suggesting that I should be back in service to her and that I was now physically strong enough. She needed some pampering too and she needed her sex. Even if it was by my massage and tongue only.

I wasn't up to penetrative sex, or really fingering yet, but that would come in time and it would also be interesting to see when my female sexual urges kicked in.

I had been getting little twinges from down there, particularly when playing with my new dildos, sorry stents.

Again I decided to take matters into my own hands and let Saffi take over. She was naturally, I guess, a little reluctant to move back into her physical dominance of me, thinking that I may not yet be up to it.

We went out to dinner to one of our local Italian restaurants, Guiliano's, and within walking distance of the apartment.

Saffi noted that I was putting on my waspie and black stockings, along with a black dress, a la Chanel.

"My, we are dressing up tonight, Clare."

"Well, I thought I would make an effort for my lover and owner who hasn't been that well looked after as to her own needs these last few weeks."

"Just promise me not to overdo it, Clare. That's all."

"I will, Saffi."

Guiliano's was a bit of a local institution. Four male friends who had come together, two for the kitchen and two to front the house and they had established a friendly atmosphere and had a reputation for good hearty Italian food.

A Pomodoro with some Mozzarella, followed but their Panzerotti ai Crostacei, ravioli stuffed full of crayfish and ricotta along with other shellfish, was one of our favourites, as was their Taglierini Della Casa with its rich mix of Bolognese, spicy sausages, peas and cream. A bottle of Tiganello went down very well with this.

We prattled on about nothing really; well some chatter about our forthcoming trip to Garrison and the family excitement of wanting to see my "designer pussy" as I now termed it.

Talking about designers, we had seen a progress report that had come in from Greg over in Woodstock and that had us excited.

Leaves Farm house is what Saffi had really kept herself busy with, sourcing out fixtures and fittings from either side of the Pond, discussing them with me, gauging my reaction and then making the decisions. It had been a lot of fun for us both in whiling away the hours of my recuperation.

For desserts, they also made a mean Profiteroles con Gelato and a Tiramisu, so we were more than happy and, particularly, with the boost of a glass of Moscato to accompany them.

We slowly walked back, Saffi taking me by my arm and locking it into her, stealing a kiss from time to time.

We got back and now it was deep kissing.

No Armagnac or anything, straight to the bedroom and I immediately started to help her get out of her clothing and to worship her bra as I removed it, kissing the cups where her nipples had been sitting, followed by flicking her nipples with my mouth.

I dropped to my knees and nuzzled into her now damp panties, wanting to take her scent in, deep into me.

I admit that I had been a little barren of my aphrodisiac, only recently borrowing her panties before a wash and taking a healthy inhalation of her into me.

I knew that I was getting considerably better.

This session wasn't to be about Taoism or Tantric sex, it was going to be much rawer and base.

I just wanted to worship my domme and let her know that she could safely take me back under her full control, if I was ever out of it, and allowing for some care and pragmatic step-by-step approach.

I buried my nose deep into the fabric of her pale cream panties, seeking out her love-bud with my nose so that I could let the bridge of my nose run over her, as I took in her essence.

She let me do that, opening her legs to aid me, and then tightening her hips around my head as I gave her the adoration she deserved.

My clothes came off quickly and I was down to my cami panties, waspie and stockings in a flash.

I let Saffi lead me to the bed and came completely under her control.

“Ok, Clare, on the bed with you. And if I can’t use your cunt yet, let’s use your breasts and you can please me. Off with your panties, as I want to at least see you.”

I lay down and she quickly had my nipples clamped off in our suction tubes, my nipples sticking up lewdly in their constrained bottles.

“Let me use Fallon’s tongue vibrator on you, Saffi.”

“Good idea, Clare.”

And very quickly my tongue was constrained in its furled up state under the band, holding the little chrome vibrator in it, ready to assault Saffi’s love channel.

Saffi climbed onto the duvet and stood above me, letting me take in the view that I so adored, the majesty of her pussy and bottom opened up above me, inviting me to serve her, to be where I deserved and should be, her pussy attendant.

She was reeking of her sex; I could see her moistness rising up and glistening on her naked pussy lips in the dimmed lights.

This is why I loved her, what a magnificent cunt she had, so perfect that I was enslaved in so many ways to it.

Slowly she lowered herself down on to me, making me wait and contemplate her.

I had been away too long and just wanted to be in her, making her cum, giving her the pleasure she so craved and deserved.

Down she came and I was immersed in her, now answerable to her bottom only, her wet pussy dripping its cream down to moisten her brown little cherry positioned behind, wanting my tongue to probe its entrance and lodge in her.

I was away and Saffi let me know that she was in charge, using her cheeks so skilfully to manage my breath.

My breasts were on fire from the suction on my nipples and Saffi was squeezing and pinching my aureoles around them, urging me on. My nipples were talking

to my brain telling it to release itself, to bring pleasure to me.

Then I felt something completely new.

I felt some arousal deep inside my new vagina. Oh my God! Was it the remaining material around my pussy responding?

Then I felt my muscles clench a little and this little nervous buzzing wanting to release itself from my clit.

This was just so different; the feeling of sexual arousal was similar but it was the intensity and depth of my nerves playing deep inside me.

I wanted Saffi in me, to fuck me so hard, make me hers, let her have my female virginity but I knew that I had to wait for that.

I managed to free my right hand and find Saffi's hand, moving it down towards my new love area.

As she lifted her bottom to give me breath, I whispered:

“Touch me, Saffi; touch me on my clit and lips, gently.”

Back under Saffi's bottom I went to be once again soaked in her love nectar.

I felt her touch me, ever so gently, her finger running around my hood.

God, I was ready to explode.

My brain was numbing out.

This was heaven.

Saffi came, soaking me with her nectar, over a month's worth right into me. Oh god.

Then I went, the bolt of my nerves hit me, like never before. A shock passed over me, jarring my brain, sending it white and shivery.

I fainted.

Saffi was immediately off me and brought me around.

“You ok?”

I recovered myself, fighting for air, my brain still buzzing from its high.

I gasped:

“Oh Saffi, I love you. I have just mind-blowingly come, what a feeling and especially deep in my cunt. My vaginal muscles were contracting hard and my clit was buzzing, and, oh, your touch on me....”

“Are you sure you are ok?”

“Fine; that was you making me cum, not a side effect from my post-care.”

“Well, back under me then, I want you to tongue fuck me now.”

This was the trigger to going forward. My “holiday” was over.

It was back to full service to Saffi and I loved it, starting that evening by not only pleasing her, but falling asleep duly pantied to take in her wonderful scent.

Things continued on, oral service and lots of what I would term Saffi sexual contemplation.

This involved being naked or just in suspenders and stockings, wearing my bondage restraints, my breasts clamped off or positioned on rough material, handcuffed, chained or roped down and then put into the “peach” position with

my legs splayed as wide as possible to expose my genitalia.

My head would then be covered in Saffi's panties, sometimes gagged with a second well used pair, and occasionally hooded.

She would either closely examine me or sit in front of me, taking herself with one of our dildos or vibrators, giving me a clear view of Saffi frigging away, taking herself, as I had to lift my head and watch her.

It was almost as if she was training me in how to achieve auto-orgasms without having to touch myself or be felt as I found myself being immensely turned on by this, in particular, her use of her scent over me, and I was very sensitive to cumming.

I had always been turned on by her delicious "perfume" but this had me craving her, wanting to be part of her pussy, to be that very juice that she exuded.

Every time we were by ourselves, she would have me pleasing her, or if not engaged sexually and doing mundane jobs like the packing, cooking, washing or even watching television, Saffi would have me taking in her panties' gussets, securing the pair so that my nose could not escape her aphrodisiac staining.

I was dreading any visitor coming to the apartment for they risked being greeted by an attractive girl staring out from the two leg holes of her partner's panties choice of the day, with her nose and mouth tightly covered by the pantie fabric.

As Saffi told me:

“Once I have them on you, they stay on you.”

She went on to explain:

“I have always said, Clare, that your only *raison d’être* in life is to be tied to the adoration of my cunt and now you are a girl, you really need to know and learn that my cunt comes before the pleasuring of your own. My anus then comes second and ahead of your orifices. I hope that we are clear about this and its why I am training you to be even more cognitive of my cunt aromas and taste.”

And I hadn’t yet had Saffi inside me. I couldn’t wait and she knew it, wanting slowly to build up the sexual tension inside me for the moment she did.

Even though I was her partner, she wanted me as her complete slattern, her fornicatress and her jadestone.

We worked on clearing the house and preparing for the removal truck to take a good proportion of my possessions across to the States.

Having done this, and seen my doctor for another check-up, we moved into the George Hotel for a night before departure to London and onto New York.

That night, of course, meant a visit to Fishers and a long torrid oral and touch session in the hotel.

I was becoming very orgasmic, Saffi's fingers down there and I really enjoyed being gently played with. All Saffi had to do was focus on the inside of my lips and I could quickly get that lovely warm "buzzy" feeling running right through me.

This feeling was far, far better than the days having had a male member to play with to relieve the sexual urge, for though the base drive and feeling of sexual want was the same; it was the intensity and depth of the nerves responding that made it so different and a more pleasurable way to climax.

I just loved being toyed with like this by Saffi. I thought that climaxes like this, now far more feminine, had made all the recent pain and effort worthwhile even if it came down to not being able to take a penis, real or artificial, into me.

The test for that wouldn't be too far off.

We arrived, as usual, mid-afternoon in New York and, having flown British Airways, had the benefit of being first out of the terminal and customs. Fallon and Chrissie, now on vacation and it being a quiet Saturday, came to JFK to pick us up.

You would have thought it was the first time that I had met them with the greeting and the barrage of questions that we got about the operation and recuperation. They were "impressed" with the way I looked and Fallon

mentioned something about me being radiant in my appearance.

It wasn't too long before we turned in through the gates of Garrison and on our way up the drive.

I have always loved the entrance into the property and the first appearance of the house, around the corner, gloriously located, overlooking the Hudson, set into the trees behind it and the well-tended gardens in front.

Per and Pamela came out to greet us and there were kisses and some very tight hugs for me from them.

Lots of fussing, mothering and even fathering of both of us, much to both Saffi's and my bemusement.

I moved to take one of my bags and quickly both Saffi and Pamela admonished me for being so daft in trying to move a heavy bag, so I ended up in the kitchen as Chrissie acted as my substitute.

Once we were all unloaded, Per cracked open a bottle of champagne, asking Saffi if I was alright to have a flute, to which she responded positively and there was a toast:

“To Clare, on becoming a full woman.”

I went bright red and said:

“Not until I have lost my second virginity to Saffi, I guess, until then, technically I am still a girl.”

Saffi and I had to give a full explanation on what we had been through, fuller than all the questioning that Fallon and Chrissie had already put us through on the way up from the airport - all four of them listening in avidly and hanging on our every word.

When we came to the bit about my post care, Saffi chimed in:

“Clare, why don’t you go and get your dilators and show all of us what you have to insert into you?”

I looked at her.

“Go on.”

I knew her look back at me, a “Do not question me, or else...” glance.

I went upstairs and retrieved my box of “tricks” and came back downstairs to the kitchen.

“Here we are...”

I opened up the box and showed them the three stents that I had.

I was now beginning to use the largest stent, one with a diameter of one and a half inches, a circumference of four point seven inches. Each of them were over nine inches long, sort-of-penile shaped with a tapered end and a different colour, white, pink and azure blue.

Fallon was first to comment:

“Oh how cute, a range of dildos for you, Clare. They ought to put batteries in them for some additional satisfaction.”

I explained how vibrators could substitute the toys, as well as the use of hard penises. Per was grinning at this one, dirty devil. I went on about my frequency of having to do it, what I had to do in the future and then the actual exercise and rest involved in the exercising.

Saffi again piped up:

“Give us a demonstration here, Clare.”

“What, now? Here in the kitchen?”

“Yes. You are due a pussy widening fuck and everybody has seen you intimately. Ok maybe not your new vagina, but I bet all the family are waiting to see your new “sculpture.”

She turned to Pamela and Per, Fallon and Chrissie.

“The surgeon did a wonderful job but, so you are warned, there is still some swelling and scar marks around. The improvement though is amazing and you can see the brilliance of the work done. Clare will have a divine pussy for us to enjoy.”

She turned back to me.

“Come on. Off with your skirt and your panties. And then you can lie down on the island worktop there so everybody can have a close inspection of you. Chrissie, could you get a couple of cushions for Clare’s head.”

I knew that I should obey Saffi. She was in order mood. I started to remove my shoes and skirt. I hadn’t worn pants so that I could be more comfortable on the flight and I was wearing cream cami knickers, also for my comfort.

She was going through with this. I knew that. I would have to lie on a work surface here in the kitchen and show the family my new pussy.

Perverse.

But not that surprising given the Murchison family's little ways.

“No, in fact, Clare, take off your top and bra too. Let's have you naked for us, for our enjoyment as you show us how you dilate. Fallon, do you have any suction tubes or clamps upstairs for her nipples. Clare likes those...”

Oh, good grief, I thought. Was I really going to do this, here in the kitchen in front of everybody? I had no choice really except to refuse, and I could imagine the recriminations from that. And everybody here had seen me.

It's just as well Chris, Saffi and Fallon's brother, wasn't around, as he was the only person amongst them who had not had me. He had his gorgeous Koala to look after.

Chrissie appeared with a couple of pillows and I climbed on to the workbench and lay down, making myself as comfy as I could, one pillow under my head and the other under my bottom.

I was still in my cami panties or French knickers, as they are known in Britain.

Fallon appeared with the suction tubes and, rapidly, Saffi and she had me clamped off, my nipples feeling the suction as they were squeezed into their tubes.

A little buzz of pleasure shot through me as they went on.

Fallon instructed me to take off my cami knickers but Saffi suddenly intervened:

“Hold on a sec, Sis.”

She removed her own panties, then and there, and pulled them over my head, her strong aroma from the flight heavily hitting my nostrils. Oh gosh, what did this look like, my face staring out of her pantie leg holes? However, the surge of pleasure with her scent started to turn me on down under.

Saffi went into a drawer and the next thing I knew was that she was standing there with a pair of kitchen scissors.

She took my cami panties and cut them away from me, exposing my new vagina to all, dropping my underwear on the kitchen maple wood floor.

The comments came thick and fast and all were complimentary of what they saw. I was starting to get a little excited with this attention.

Saffi took my lubricant bottle, oiled up the second stent and passed it to me. I lifted myself up and slowly inserted the probe, wiggling it around to stretch my vaginal sheath and then letting it sit there with some three inches lewdly sticking out of me.

Slowly I rotated the stent in me, let it rest and then withdrew it for Saffi to hand me the second largest one. I inserted this one into me, gasping a little as it went in, feeling the buzz in me growing.

Fallon asked:

“How deep can Clare take now?”

“Some six inches now, Sis. When she’s fully there she will have some six and a half to seven inch depth available, which is really good. Normally it is five to six. Allowing a man is never really fully in you, this means that she will be able to take nigh on eight inch men into her wet pussy. She will have to take a little care as she will never have the elasticity of our pussies, and also ensure a little lubricant is there.”

Chrissie chimed in:

“Can she get moist then?”

“Oh, she’s getting moist now. Come and have a look and a little feel if you want, Chrissie, but just keep it to a gentle stroke. She gets very turned on if you stroke her lips and then her clit; that was constructed out of her penile head so that’s sensitive.”

“How brilliant.”

Pamela asked whether I was able to have orgasms yet.

“Oh, yes Mom. She’s had many a number already and seems pretty orgasmic. She’ll have one in a few minutes if we let her.” She went on to explain how I had fainted a couple of times from orgasms and that this wasn’t tied to my fainting in the hospital or back in the Berkeley, so none of them was to be too worried if I passed out when I was fully back on stream.

Saffi then added that she had been giving me extra scent training to make me realise that her pussy came first when it came to pleasure, not mine. So, it wouldn’t be odd if I was wandering around the house with Saffi’s gusset tight to my nose. In fact, would they ensure that I was fully enveloped at all times when I was undergoing this?

All this conversation and referring to me in the third person was beginning to lift me up. Chrissie’s fingers weren’t exactly helping my cause either.

Fallon now approached me and asked Saffi:

“May I, Sis?”

“Yes, but just touch and caress; don’t press or probe. It drives her mad on it though. As I said, just trace her inner lips and watch.”

Fallon ran her finger from my perineum, around my pussy entrance with the stent lodged firmly in it, and right up my left lip and back down my right.

Chrissie’s finger was on my clitoris, two others squeezing the side of it, making

me automatically twitch with excitement, the underside of my clit bouncing with pleasure.

Saffi squeezed my areolae, putting more pressure on my nipples and in sending out their messages to me. Her strong scent was driving me up my hill too and my orgasm crashed in, washing over me. I was totally out of it for a couple of seconds.

I came to, with Fallon saying:

“Oh look she is cumming like us. You can see her kegels clasp the cock in her and her wetness. Oh how cute.”

This just served to keep me up on my high.

“Ok, Clare, that’s enough for now. You can go up and clean up and put on another pair of cami panties, perhaps the ones with the bows at the back. And keep my panties on you to continue to take me in. I will explain the rules of engagement for you here.”

I started to leave.

“And bring me a pair down, honey. Your choice.”

I came back downstairs as if nothing had happened, except that Chrissie was

now being subjected to the same scent treatment.

I was back in Garrison with the family that I loved, well and truly.

We ate in that evening, a lovely barbecue and salads, and only ventured out to eat the next day.

We ended up spending some ten days with the family as Saffi wanted to ensure that I was fully rested from my operation and the exertions of the flight over. I admit that the trip over did knock me slightly.

I am not sure that being continually wedged under Fallon, Chrissie's and Pamela's bottoms, as well as Saffi's, constituted full rest, but then I wasn't complaining and who was I to moan anyway. I was well on the mend.

As much as we were enjoying ourselves, Saffi and I really wanted to get up to Vermont to check progress on the farm.

We spent time working on designs and decorations and Greg even dropped by on his way back to Vermont. That was really useful as he came armed with photographs and really well-thought through proposals. Saffi was in seventh heaven over this and we managed to nail a wide range of decisions.

So, nearly ten days after arriving, we drove up to Woodstock, via Newfane and checked at the Four Columns Inn preferring to stay there than in Woodstock itself.

It was only some fifty miles up to the Farm and that was our ultimate destination, arriving early afternoon after a snack in the town.

This was a big moment in our lives, as it was the first time that I had seen the property since Saffi had completed the purchase.

The house came into view, up in the field above the lane and I admit that I lost a tear or two when I saw it.

“No need to be so emotional Clare, it’s all ours now.”

“Well, an awful lot has happened since we saw this place and fell in love with it. They are tears of happiness, Saffi.”

We pulled in to the drive area, the yard being full of trucks and cars. Greg was on site and he walked us around.

The summary was just a massive:

“Wow.”

The kitchen area, wine cellar, our master suite and the “keeping room” were nearly ready to move into and Greg suggested to give it two weeks, after which time we would have a comfortable habitable area to use - if we wished to be on site.

The downstairs restoration was about half done, as was decoration to the house was. They had begun the work on the outbuildings and the upstairs suite, laying the basic floors in, wiring and plumbing and started on the structural divisions.

Some landscaping in the garden was under way.

“Saffi, this is amazing. Well done you and, of course, Greg and his teams to being able to get this far already.”

Saffi laughed:

“Hey, Clare, this is the States, not Scotland.”

We spent the next three days working our way through finishing and details with Greg and his manager, room by room, as the carpenters, electricians, plumbers and decorators toiled away like beavers.

One of the small things that we arranged was for one of the Woodstock cafés to come out and cater a lunch with Otter Creek beer or wine for the team to say an “Intermediary Thanks” to all concerned.

I think that they were a little shocked to see two young women setting up such a home and business in the lovely house and setting that Leaves Farm yielded up.

Per and Pamela and Fallon and Chrissie came up to see the house for the first time on the fourth day, a Saturday. Work was still proceeding but a little less frenetic than the norm.

We met up with them at the Alléchante bakery and café in town, giving them a chance to enjoy the excellent sandwiches and bakery that they offered, before leading them over to the Farm.

Just like we had done, we stopped short of Leaves Farm and let the family take in the sight of the Federal house and the outbuildings, set against the late summer trees, just ahead of what would prove to be spectacular fall colours.

Despite the restoration work being undertaken, it was still a view to behold. The two chimney stacks at either end of the main house and a matching stack for the fireplace in the kitchen and our master suite, the shutters on the windows.

We then pulled into the yard and took them into the house through the front door.

There we were in the hall, a wide corridor with rooms off to the side of the main entrance and opening up to the keeping room at the back of the house.

Our intention was to have it decorated in a rich earth colour accentuating the wide maple floorboards. We wanted to furnish this room with a grandfather

clock, a beautiful old English 17thc table, fabric single chairs and lit oil paintings. On the left was a wide staircase, also in maple boarding and the idea was to have a rich carpet runner with antique black rods holding it down to the stairs.

To the left would be the main sitting room, known in local speak as a parlour.

We wanted to decorate this in a mid-hue to the hall colour and this would be the room for the large painting that we had bought in Stowe.

We imagined this room with big, deep, cream sofas, rugs over the floors, side tables and a beautiful Philadelphia desk that Saffi had.

Antique lamps and a low wattage lamp system would light the room. The ceilings would show the hewn beams and also the maple planking had just to be polished and fully revealed.

Back into the hall and over to the other side and there was a second front room that we wanted as our library with an old brown Steinway grand in it. We would have two “fall into” two-seater sofas in front of the fireplace but the room’s highlight was the shelves and closets, all architecture uncovered in the house.

We intended to decorate this room with Vermont contemporary paintings, such as Warren Kimble, and also to source artefacts from top state artisans, like Simon Pearce’s glassware or up and coming ones.

In the back of the building facing north, we had a cosy reading study and next door to it, a small art and design studio for me, different to my lingerie design office. That would be located in the outbuildings.

We walk down the corridor; there is a downstairs bathroom and a back-staircase, and then we opened the old door into the wonderful “keeping room.”

In essence, this was the family room in the 18th Century and the kitchen would have been where the study and studio were now located.

It was a lovely room that was totally original, fully panelled and with a huge log fire place. We were looking for a long refectory table to go down the middle to act as the main dining table of the house.

From here we took the family through a door at the other end of the keeping room.

There were floor to ceiling lattice windows that overlooked the woods and with down to the small lake in the valley beneath us. The kitchen itself was on one side with large stand-alone cook areas that we had designed with top of the range industrial units. These were now in the process of being installed.

Then there was a massive living room in front of it with another huge fire-place, all wood floored and already decorated in a soft mushroom colour.

We had two pantries, a restroom, a small closet and a laundry off this room

before it connected to the back porch and another door through to a wine room, which also backed on to the other side of the fireplace.

The lighting was already working, and very subtly arranged, ranging from hidden recess spots to low wattage and potential lamps, all controlled from one panel, as was the house. We had designed it that the hi-fi, security, televisions would be stowed away and could be 'recovered' at the touch of a switch in each room.

We turned around and went back through the sitting room and up the main stairs.

A lovely landing opened up, again floored in the maple wood but covered in the decorating sheets. We wanted to use local rugs on the floors and decorate it with lots of paintings, a sofa and a chair plus a magnificent Boston hi-boy, again Saffi's.

The bedroom were coming on nicely; the first main one was already finished in a pale yellow to which we would add an enormous king size bed with posts and antique furniture. There was a built in closet that dated back to when the building was made, and next to that, a door led to a beautiful bathroom, also finished; its ceiling beamed, the room also in yellow and fitted with a "his and hers" vanity suite as well as a large tub, glass shower and separate toilet.

This would be our main guest room.

Next door there was a smaller suite and here we had a bath tub actually in the bedroom, with a much smaller bathroom off it, replete with a double unit and shower. Fallon loved this room.

We went upstairs and saw the attic suite that was very much work in progress and still at the basics level in terms of its build. This area we would use for any long term guests or as our second guest area.

We did have some discussion about putting in a sex room for guest use but thought that this was going a little too far.

At the back there were two smaller bedrooms with a “Jack and Jill” bathroom.

We passed down the corridor; there was another laundry and a huge closet for all the bedroom linens.

I said:

“We are over the right end of the keeping room.”

Saffi came in:

“This is what you really want to see.”

She opened the bedroom to the master room. It covered the whole kitchen area and was already spectacular, even without the bed, decoratives and furniture in it.

It was panelled on three walls and, on the fourth, we had had it painted in a deep

rich red hue, a complete contrast to the rest of the house.

The views out of the lattice windows on that wall were spectacular but, even on the interior, we had “control.” Saffi pressed a button and the heavy drape curtains, already up, automatically shut and open.

We explained that we were installing a large Belgian cupboard with a hidden TV and all the electronics to control anything from temperature to lamps and communications. Saffi turned back and pressed another button.

The panelling opened up to reveal huge walk-ins for our clothing.

Per quipped:

“Even more room than your closets, Pamela. We will need to move!”

At the back of the bed wall there were two doors on either side of where the four poster would be. The first led into a spectacular bathroom with a huge claw-back white bath, a massive glass multi-shower, and matching that, a frosted glass toilet and a double vanity with elevated bowls and simple Kohler taps.

One wall was covered in closets to contain all that one needed in a bathroom and we would have a built in pee tray and seat for my service of Saffi.

The décor was still the maple floors, and the walls and surface colour was a

warm grey that toned through and held the maple colour of the floor. It was simple and elegant.

We then took the family through the other door and explained that this would be our own “private room.”

Fallon chipped in:

“Oh you mean your sex room, then. Call a spade a spade, Saffi. Where are you locking Clare up then? I see no cages or crosses.”

“Not yet, but they will arrive. Chrissie can be whipped in there too, if you want.”

It was then outside for a walk around the property and a tour of the buildings to show where the business would be run from.

Fallon suggested we ought to install dungeons and stocks outside here for real domme usage. I cringed inside at that very thought. It was one thing being submissive to Saffi, but living in a prison, no.

But then with Saffi, it was all about the psychology of domination and worship of her.

Well, all four of the family were really impressed with what they had seen and wished us all happiness.

And this was what our house was, a place for making our dreams come true, to share in our relationship and for me to succumb completely to my lover.

Its “isolation” in being away from the town would mean that I was completely in all-embracing service and worship of her, second to none, other than her family and her wishes for me to be taken by others when she so commanded it.

There had been little indications that my submission training was not quite there; I did wonder how much further she would take me down this route and, therefore, in what direction.

Sexually, the visit by the family was more of the same for me, dilation, fingering, and extreme scenting of their panties so as to force my senses to achieve mental orgasms rather than by “friction.” Daytimes were at the house or out and about, night time was about my service duties to my women owners.

Besides, Saffi had me take Per orally, the suggestion being that I needed to keep my mouth skill in practice so as to be able to suck cock properly. I had to remember that she was bi and from time to time needed a man in her.

I knew that the need to be fucked was imminent as two weeks after the family had been up to Woodstock, Saffi announced that we were to have visitors stay.

I gasped in surprise as we had just only moved in, “Who? Fallon and Chrissie?”

“No, Tony and Zara are coming up to see us for a night. I have mentioned that we aren’t fully moved in or finished yet, but they are fine with that. They want to see the house and they want to see your new pussy, having heard about how beautiful it is from Mom and Dad.”

“Oh, my goodness, I guess we can pull it out of the fire though.”

“Yes we can. You know what this means, I guess. Zara wants sex with you and I wouldn’t mind feeling Tony stretch and soak me. As to Tony inside your pussy, no. He is way too big for you at this time and I have you promised in theory, as you know.”

I had forgotten about Sheikh Hamad. So was this part of her game then? To go back to Qatar and be taken by him as he had a thing about me?

We had only just moved into the house.

My container had arrived from Edinburgh and we had had some of Saffi’s furniture and effects arrive from D.C. and Garrison. We also had been out shopping extensively for the house furniture, arts and items, as well as the kitchen.

The kitchen and great room were looking stunning.

The keeping room, hall and “parlor” were fully furnished and ready, as well as our Master suite, resplendent with its four poster double-king bed, the upstairs

landing and the guest suite. We had paintings up and a lot of our “knick-knacks” laid out on display.

Other rooms still needed decorating or had boxes in ready to be unpacked.

As Saffi said, it would be a good test of the house for comfort and give us immediate ideas for improving the well-being of our visitors.

The rest of the house, in particular the top long-term suite and the out-buildings were still being constructed.

Tony and Zara arrived mid-afternoon and it was good to see them again. They were such an incongruous pair alongside each other with their difference in size.

In they came to drop their luggage in the guest suite and to get the house tour followed by the outer buildings and a walk around the property, including the maple sugar house. We gave them a sample of Leaves Farm product as a souvenir.

Once inside the family room, we “clooped” a bottle of Heidesieck and toasted the house and them as our first visitors. The question arrived about seeing the results of my operation and the details of what had happened.

Saffi had me repeat my dilation exercise as we had done in Garrison, allowing Tony and Zara intimately to inspect me, while I was taken to orgasm with a pair of Saffi’s panties. Zara commenting how she had brought some heavily used

ones that she had saved up for me “for later” and then asking whether I was yet fuckable.

I was somewhat taken aback by Saffi’s reply:

“Well, Zara, she can’t take Tony yet in there as we have to take care but a normal cock or strap should be ok. In fact, I thought that you and I could pop her virginity tonight. Tony can rub his cock against her and use her rear.”

So this was what this visit was all about. Not that I minded having sex with these two friends, being the skilled lovers that they were. This would be a night to remember.

We lit the fire and chatted away, more about the house and the new business, with Tony commenting whether we needed any investment he would be interested in putting up finance behind us. We discussed the possibility of covering some investment into a couple of retail outlets, targeting Boston and New York, with Toronto as a third target in time.

I moved onto preparing dinner, before we went off for a shower and to dress up a bit. I teased Saffi about her being so “naughty” but that I didn’t really mind.

“Well, it’s not as if you have much say, Clare, but I know what you mean.”

She kissed me:

“Make sure that you have had an enema, it’s about time that you were taken in

your rear as well. Put on your black Cadolle lingerie as well, for me and Zara and we'll have you in your bondage jewellery as well."

I did as ordered, and wore a black blouse and olive green skirt to go with it, also showing up my titanium accessories.

Saffi fixed the collar to have four rings off it, as well as having me wear the matching earrings as well.

Back downstairs, I finished the dinner preparations and we opened bottles of Saint Clair Pioneer Block and a Château St. Pierre, 1990.

With some canapés, we sat down in the keeping room with a lovely log fire burning in the hearth with the dining table set up with pewter base plates, robust glasses and a dinner service of beautiful heavy stoneware that we had sourced in Scotland.

I had prepared a dinner of Smoked Salmon Mousse with home-pickled Cucumber and Prawn Tempura, followed by a local greens and goat cheese salad (using our maple syrup in the dressing) and then a Mustard and Maple Syrup coated Rack of Lamb with Wild Garlic Choux Potatoes, along with a selection of local green vegetables.

This all seemed to go down very well and Tony and Zara joked with Saffi that if she ever wanted to dump me, there was always a job as a cook and sex servant. Saffi pouted her lips and held onto me saying that she didn't see that happening as she had invested too much time and dollars in my training.

We served some great local crusty bread with Vermont specialists, Blythedale creamy brie, Sage Farm goats and Woodcock sheep cheeses to mop up the wine, followed by a massive raspberry meringue Pavlova that I had made, knowing that Tony would devour most of it.

Saffi pulled out a bottle of Inskillin Niagara Sparkling Ice Wine as a dessert wine.

Zara and I cleaned up and she made it more interesting by continually stroking my bottom, teasing me on how Tony would be filling Saffi's cunt and that she would be taking mine, making me hers for the night.

We came over to the fire with coffee; Saffi and I went for our familiar Armagnac, Tony a X.O. Cognac and Zara, a Cointreau on ice. Zara had me cuddle into her and Tony took Saffi.

We chatted away, enjoying the warmth of the post-prandials, the fire and the company.

Slowly, the conversation became more intimate and Zara's hand moved to start caressing me.

I couldn't help but notice Saffi's moving across the not-inconsiderable bulge in Tony's pants.

Zara moved her hand over my blouse and then started to undo my buttons,

revealing my black Cadolle bra.

Her hand slipped inside to stroke my breasts and nipples through the silk fabric.

Saffi saw what was happening and ordered me to remove my clothes, all the way down except for my suspender belt and stockings and then to assume the “peach position” on the rug in front of the fire.

I knew that I had to obey and Saffi disappeared for a couple of minutes while I did this, Zara helping me out of my clothing.

I assumed my position, head into the rug, bottom up and spread, as Saffi reappeared.

She came up behind me and I felt the chain go on between my wrist cuffs, my hands behind my back.

A short spreader was attached between my ankles.

I could hear them undressing behind me and Zara was the first to move, taking her panties and putting my head in them, allowing me to ingest her sweet odour, an aroma almost approaching Saffi’s in its natural addiction.

Her fingers started to explore me.

I heard Saffi saying something about making sure that Zara used plenty of lubricant on me, just to add some more fluidity to my own secretions.

At this early stage, my “output” was probably enough for making love; however, it was advisable use to ensure that no damage was done to me.

Zara’s fingers continued exploring me.

I knew that Saffi was enjoying Tony’s massive cock.

I heard his trousers being removed and could make it out that she was taking him in orally.

He didn’t know how privileged he was.

Zara’s tongue came into me and started to explore my love area.

This sent an immediate thrill deep into me, especially the moment that she hit my lips. For some reason, these were nearly as sensitive as my clit and I loved it when Saffi or someone like Pamela ran her tongue up and down.

I started to move my hips and bottom in response to her oral stimulus.

Saffi barked:

“Keep still, Clare, Let Zara enjoy you, not the other way round.”

She and Tony were watching the show as Zara’s mouth found my clitoris.

And god, did I know it.

The bolt hit me, hard and square.

The buzz was amazing, similar to what Saffi had achieved with me but even more intense, given the circumstances of being where I was, prone in front of the fire, and a lovely woman like Zara turning me on.

I think that I was exuding sex; well I knew it was hitting me and Zara’s panties were having their effect, a natural “popper” for me.

My aroma and also that of Zara’s seemed to arouse Saffi’s and Tony’s interest as they were across to us.

Saffi had brought down our Feeldoe and a strap when she had gone and got the bondage gear.

The Feeldoe, she inserted into herself and the double strap cock, she gave to Zara, along with some lubricant.

Meanwhile Tony was hard, his rampant cock such a visual turn on; well he was to me and I am sure that it was the same erotic vision for Saffi.

Saffi came across and positioned herself behind me.

She wanted my virginity and I have to say that I wanted her to take me to.

After that, my pussy should be rightly be used by anybody that she gave permission to, and that would include Zara tonight.

I felt Saffi right up behind me, her fingers now exploring my wet cunt.

This was so exciting and I just wanted to feel her in me.

What would it feel like?

What would it do to me, for my brain?

I was getting very wet and highly switched on just by the thoughts of knowing that I was about to be taken.

Saffi was really probing me, getting me ready and I had the added boost of Zara's panties right over me, impregnating my brain with their delicious scent.

Zara moved Tony close into me and I lifted my head as his heavy cock started to frot the gusset of her panties over my nose.

Saffi pushed herself home.

I felt every movement of her entering me.

What a wonderful feeling.

I had arrived; I was now a woman, answerable only to my lover.

I could feel Saffi on my back, her breasts pressing down into my skin, her nipples already hard with excitement, her breathing on the back of my neck.

She started a gentle fucking of me and I came, the familiar numbing as I climaxed on this bombardment of my physical and mental senses.

I just kept on cumming as she too hit her first high of the evening.

Saffi pulled out of me and immediately Zara entered me for her first time.

This served to keep me on my high.

I had never had such a sustained string of climaxes before. This was worth it; all the distant memories of past pain and trepidation were dissipating from me. This was my pay-out.

I was all woman and ready to offer myself to others, controlled of course by Saffi as, afterwards, I realised I could easily become a total trollop to sex.

I needed the discipline – if not “self,” then Saffi more than provided me with that.

Zara reached her plateau in me, benefiting, as Saffi had done, from the cock riding deep in her pussy.

This was the signal for Tony to come behind me and I felt his lovely warm muscle stroke itself against me, letting his head wander up the inside of my lips.

Oh, Christ, what would I give him to penetrate me with this?

No, I had to have discipline as I physically couldn't handle him and his cock was reserved to split Saffi and give her the male satisfaction that she craved tonight.

The temptation to have him in me though – I was fighting that.

Luckily, Tony knew that for now my pussy was off limits – even if my anus wasn't.

He looked at Saffi and she stared him back and said:

“Yes, Tony, fuck the living daylights out of her. She needs it and deserves it. She will realise that she only will be sated by thick heavy cocks such as yours.”

Without much ceremony but in the knowledge that I was wet with pre and post cum as well as the lubricant swilling around, Tony entered me, forcing my anal muscles to open up and accommodate him.

I gasped, taking a deep breath of Zara into me, who had now slid her legs around my head, pressing her crotch in against her panties.

Tony used his length and his thickness in me.

I could feel him tight up against my cunt, pressing my love tube as he took my rear.

What would it be like with two cocks in me, or a cock and a vibrator? What was I thinking?

This was all too much and as Tony came in me I climbed again onto an even higher mountain and went “bang,” yet another black-out driven through sex.

Who needed Tony and Zara’s amyl? I didn’t with this sort of stimulation.

I quickly came around to find Tony laughing:

“Well that’s the third time now, Clare, we have had you go over the top with us. A nice habit, I think. Next, I will have to see if I can get Saffi to blank out.”

Zara released me from my constraints and I stood up to see Saffi was already lewdly playing with her cunt.

Zara immediately dived under her to assist Saffi by using her tongue.

I was taking in my breath rapidly, each gasp deliciously tainted by Zara’s gusset.

A somewhat breathless Saffi said:

“Time to get you hard again, Tony, and have you in me for the first time tonight. I want to be fucked every which way up by you tonight. I want your cock drained into me and I know Zara is desperate to catch up on her female to female sex.”

Zara moved off Saffi and over to Tony, to be joined by me, our objective to make him hard as the proverbial stallion, ready to sate Saffi.

Our tongues and mouth worked skilfully over his large purple head, straining out from its protective foreskin, his lovely hard shaft responsive with its little tremors and tensing as we ran our lips over him.

He quickly responded to this play.

I had never found Tony short of a hard erection and with Saffi also masturbating herself right in front of his nose, letting her aroma sweep over him, telling him that she was ready for him, how could he not be hard?

Saffi ordered us off Tony and moved down his body, asking Zara and I to guide him in and for Zara to double pantie me, then to lead me off to the guest room and:

“...use Clare as you wish.”

She held her body above Tony's rampant penis that I could see was itching to enter her and deliver its expectant satisfaction. I took hold of him and guided him into Saffi's home.

I could see the sense of contentment in her face and the redness of her chest as his enormous priapus filled her love channel.

That was the last I saw as Zara took me in hand, first filling my mouth with a pair of her heavily stained panties and, secondly, a white pair put over me backwards to cover my face.

These, she had had in her bag waiting for the moment to seize me.

I felt her put a chain on me and Zara helped me upstairs to the guest room.

“Oh, Clare, you and I are going to enjoy tonight.”

I didn't know that Saffi already had put out a range of our chains and toys for Zara's use on me.

She led me into the bedroom and put me onto the bed, on my back.

She used our fine chains to secure my wrists and ankle cuffs to the side of the beds, pulling them tight so that I was truly anchored.

I felt her playing with my nipples, quite aggressively tugging and pinching them.

They responded to her touch, enlarging themselves and, once more, sending their little messages through me.

She caressed my body, titillating my nerve ends with her gentle strokes, making me mentally sing.

Slowly she worked her way down my body.

I could hardly see her through the fabric of her panties covering my eyes and I was still taking in her intimate fragrance both in my nose and mouth, always guaranteed to keep me high especially with Zara's.

She found my love button and then ran her fingertip down the inside of my lips; she was deliciously evil and she had already learned that this was such a buzz for me.

I tried to move but my legs and arms were really tight, the restraints only permitting me to buck my hips in response to her.

Then the buzz really came in. Zara had pulled out a vibrator and started to run it up and down my now wet slit. I was trying to plead with her to take me but she was remorseless in her "assault," driving me up even further.

Suddenly she moved on me.

The release of my chains and then she pulled her panties off my head and out of my mouth and climbed over me, presenting her naked cunt and cute anus to me for me to pleasure her.

She was sticky wet and I went to work on her, enjoying her sweet flavour as she continued to pre-cum over me. My nose ran up over her anus, taking her deeper aroma in.

I couldn't see her but could feel her tongue and fingers working me and then in

came the vibrator.

She pushed it into me, its little switch turned to “on.”

This felt just so good as it did its work and I could feel myself just at that “pre-launch” period, though I was still learning my new sexuality and how I responded as a girl to being taken.

The big moment came as she slid off me, took a good-sized double dong, and took one end into her and inserted the other gently into me.

She brought her cunt right up to mine and started to scissor me, pussy to pussy, the vibration of the softer cock bouncing around in me.

This was driving me wild.

I moaned as Zara’s fake cock slid in and out of my now very ready and wet pussy.

Zara put her hands on my hips as she slowly started her of fucking me, taunting me with:

“My little Clare, how does it feel?”

“Oh, soooo gooooooooood, Zara.”

She upped her pace and I began to move back onto her to meet her thrusting.

"That's it my little lesbian sweetie, bounce back onto my cock, push it into me."

I eagerly obeyed her and, as I upped my speed, I was taking an awful lot of the cock inside me.

This pleasure felt so good and right. Within a couple of minutes, I was moving towards my heady plateau, close to cumming again.

I was pleading with Zara,

"Let me cum, can I cum? God, I am so close."

Zara grabbed my hips and pulled me back on her, her cock going in deeper than I ever thought possible, certainly at this stage.

It was filling me and it was absolutely sensational.

She moved for something on the bed and produced her small phial.

It was her nitrate and she quickly gave herself and me a long draught.

I whimpered in ecstasy, her penis filling me so completely.

Was this really what it meant to be a woman? To enjoy this form of pleasure for the rest of my life.

She froze and held me there against her and then I felt a finger at my anal entrance.

She whispered:

“Clare, you may cum anytime you want, as long as you don’t move.”

I just moaned in my mental stupor, my mind being taken by her.

"Thank you, Zara."

She stopped moving the cock and I gripped onto my end with my kegels.

And then she slipped her second finger into my anus.

Zara now focused on finger-fucking my anal love channel. I could easily feel her up against my well and truly buried pussy.

Her quick motions kept me excited and getting even closer to my personal cliff edge, but not over it.

Oh, God I wanted to, I needed just to come, like I never had before.

I was now moaning audibly and very unlike me. One more hard thrust with the cock from Zara, and I released.

I exploded.

I screamed out in orgasmic rapture, total bliss as my climax came in. I am sure I was shouting louder than I had ever done.

I just came and came, my body feeling like it was seizing up as the most intense, the deepest and spine-tingling orgasm clobbered me – and certainly without blacking out.

It just kept running through me.

I kept repeating, "Yes, yes, and yes," as this mighty sexual implosion, or was it an explosion, continued to saturate me and make me its own or to make me Zara's for tonight.

Zara was clever and just held onto me, a finger still lodged in me, leaving her cock still buried to the hilt in my pussy, until my breathing slowed down and the last remnants of the orgasm were released from me, from my body and mind.

She too was quivering with the orgasm she was experiencing and, she said afterwards, the joy of seeing the intensity of mine, knowing that I would serve her well this night.

Finally, Zara let go and I fell forward onto her as her finger and her cock slid out of me.

I was spent.

She wasn't though and surprised me immediately by pushing me back onto the soft sheets and duvet of the bed to seize control of me once again to kiss me hard.

She was impassioned and her kiss was so dominant, eager and loving as she forced her tongue into me, her lover.

She was all over me, pressing her small breasts against mine and her wet pussy up against my mound.

I loved this feeling, her small body bossing me, naturally suppressing me, calling for me to submit to her.

Her tongue danced around the inside my mouth, seemingly searching for

something as it explored every nook and cranny of me.

I didn't think it possible but very quickly I felt my sex nerves playing up again and sending shockwaves through me.

Another tweak of nitrate came my way.

She broke the kiss and totally surprised me, going quickly down my body, over my breasts and burying her head between my legs.

Taking my clit, she sucked it into her mouth and rolled it around her lips.

This was what I was supposed to do to Saffi, Fallon, Pamela, Chrissie, Tanya, and even Zara. Whoever, in fact, Saffi wanted to make me submit.

A few seconds of this intense bombardment of clitoral pleasure and I seriously was writhing on the bed as another orgasm erupted inside me.

As my pussy juice oozed out of me, now as a small river, Zara kept my clit in her mouth and used two fingers in my pussy as her thumb teased my sensitive labia.

The intensity of this elation, a real seventh heaven, just overcame me and more orgasms ripped through me. Every twenty seconds it seemed, I was being hit for six.

I went this time. She had done it, forcing me into complete submission to her worship.

I finally collapsed, perspiration pouring off me.

Zara moved away from between my legs and looked up at me.

Her face was glistening, smothered and completely soaked with her submissive's love cum. Well, her submissive for tonight until Saffi retook my ownership.

She pulled me up to her again and smiled at me.

“Gosh Clare, you are very sensitive aren't you, so wonderfully orgasmic. Just as a little subbie ought to be in front of Saffi or me. God, I could easily own you.”

There was a sparkle in her eyes and, sexily, her tongue started to dance over my mouth, her lips barely touching mine.

She kept teasing my lips with her tongue and hers until finally she leaned in and kissed me gently.

I was succumbing yet again.

This time our kissing was just so soft and gentle as if we had all the time in the world to be inside each other's mouths and our bodies.

“I want you to worship my pussy and anus, as you know how, Clare. Under me now.”

I lay back and gave myself up to my own temporary altar, the dark recesses of Zara's bottom, just as I would to my true owner, Saffi.

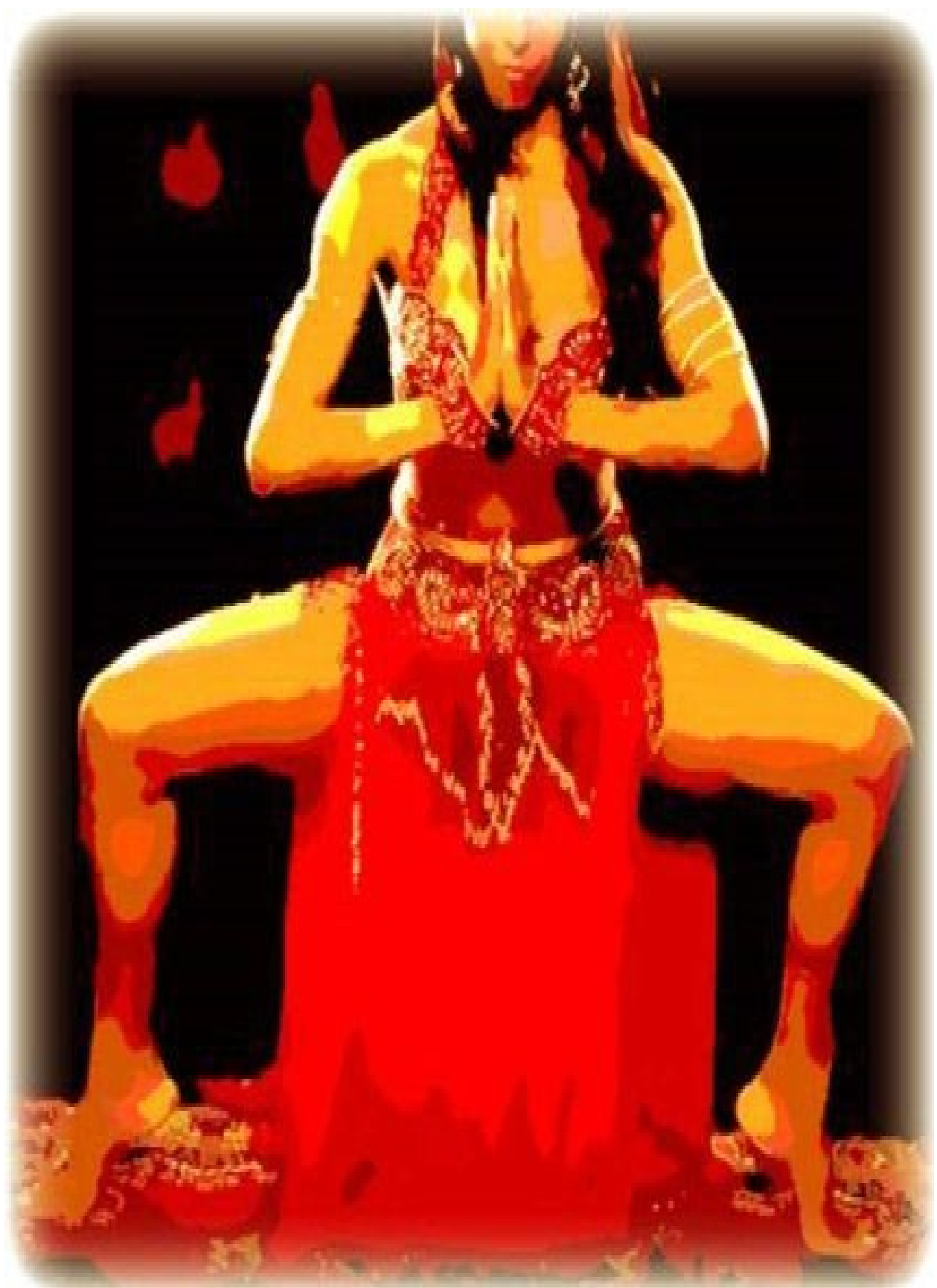
The night was to be long but now I was even more of the female submissive I had so long cherished to become.

How much further down this complaisant road would Saffi take me?

END OF VOLUME-FIVE

Volume-Six

Lingerie, the Harem and Beyond



Introduction

From a young man to now living fully as an indentured, submissive woman under my partner and domme, Saffi, and as a transsexual who has had the reassignment operation, life has more than surprised me from where and how I thought I would be living when I was eighteen.

Dominance and submission, coupled with love, some pain and plenty of challenges and training has long been my way of life, coupled with an interesting and quality, international means to living. A good portrayal of how this transpired and developed has been outlined in the first five volumes of this history.

I love being submissive to Saffi, letting her focus me both sexually and non-sexually and to be in service to her, to make her happy, and to be her friend, confidante and, effectively, a wife.

This may not be in full law but our indenture papers define fully the scope of that, making it the equivalent of a full marriage contract, albeit one-way loaded in Saffi's favour and defining my obligations as being all-embracing.

I have been lucky to find such a partner and a domme, not quite the generic image of a female domme but perhaps even more powerful than the "model BDSM domme, as she can and does use her considerable intellect to maximise my efforts and projects and to lead me, giving structure to my life and decision making.

I need that and always have.

This volume concentrates on my final “training” and some extreme submission to Saffi, not the usual form of domination in the sense of its permanence. Then, in the second half we move on in our lives, quite considerably time-wise, and an old influence in my life comes back into play, a measured play as, ultimately, Saffi that controls this to all our benefit.

The title of Volume-Six is:

“Lingerie, The Harem and Beyond.”

Once more, I try to write to convey the intensity of love and authority that pervades the relationship between Saffi and me. I don’t find it easy to convey my inner-most feelings but with Saffi’s encouragement, I will endeavour to capture my thoughts as to my reactions to what I am facing or what I am being challenged with.

Ultimately, I have learnt that what the domme to submissive relationship is all about love and the ability to communicate between the two partners – and to understand when sex is about love, even though domination still features, and when sex is for fun or challenge, to push the boundaries of the submissive.

It takes trust, imagination and experience to realise this.

So for the final time, I am really hoping that you enjoy the content of this history

and, naturally, I welcome any feedback from you. There is much more that I could put down on paper but I do need to understand what you love about my story.

With my appreciation for the time that you have invested with me.

Clare.

Chapter-One

Back to Doha

I found myself sitting in seat 2A on the British Airways flight to Doha; I had eaten a good lunch and was in that void time area between lunch and tea when passengers are supposed to have a nap.

I was wide awake.

Partly because of excitement.

Partly with a sense of fear.

I was on my way back to Doha to enter what Saffi called my last major stage of training and she had warned me that it would be both tough and challenging.

At the invitation of Sheik Hamad and with the full support of his wives, Sheikas Khalisa, Tasnim and Minnah, I was to enter his harem to learn the ways of sexual obedience, submission and the offering of my mind and body to my indenture-holder Saffi, or anyone responsible and duly sanctioned by her.

She had told me that there was only one objective to this trip and that was to get me to focus on the reality that I am here on Earth for one purpose only.

That purpose being to please her both sexually and non-sexually.

I had thought that I was already there, but then one could always learn and who was I to dispute Saffi's reasons and decision-making.

Saffi was/is all that I should think of, day and night, and how best I could please and sate her in all aspects of my life.

These next few months, I would be effectively "brainwashed" to think continuously about sex with her or in response to the challenges she chose to set me. This would naturally wash over into other facets of my life with her.

For example, our business in lingerie making, she had said that this, ultimately, should be focused on her, her mind and her pussy, to think how she would take pleasure from wearing what the team and I have created. Customers would benefit from that intensity in creations and quality that I put together.

Saffi had also demonstrated this concept by mentioning that if, in the future, I had sex with another woman or man - of course with her permission - then I ought to be thinking how about to please that person so that she would be pleased on reports back and what new angles I could learn to enhance my pleasure of her.

If I cooked for her, I should be questioning myself how can I please her to be able to make love to her later? If I was to beautify her, be it a waxing, nails, make-up or massage, I should be thinking of perfecting her.

If I gave her toilet service that I should be relishing and craving even more of her body emissions, be they her urine, faeces, or menstrual.

In short, if I didn't realise it before, I was to offer myself in complete subjugation to her; all of this in return for her love and usage, and supported by a caring, interesting lifestyle.

I was more than content with this.

And, if I wasn't?

Well, I knew where the door was.

Once in the past though, Saffi had indicated that she would have me "eliminated" if I ever left, as she didn't want anybody else owning me, even short of selling me.

I sat on the plane and reflected back on the past few months since we had moved into Leaves Farm.

Life had been hectic.

But there was nothing new to that.

Medically, my recovery from my reassignment surgery had gone well. I had no hiccups since moving to Vermont and my scarring had really reduced to the point that it was almost a fine line, like a crease along the “V” of my crotch, next to my naked pussy lips.

I had stopped in London en route to Doha and had a check-up and final sign off with my surgeon. He was really pleased with the way I looked and asked me for photographs, to which I consented, having discussed this with Saffi.

My pussy had been well used by Saffi, and others of her choice, mainly Pamela and Fallon, and I was still very orgasmic, which delighted me.

The black-outs continued if I was exceptionally turned on and the Doc said that this was nothing to worry about as it was probably about the intensity of my orgasms as I adjusted to being a full woman.

He was also really pleased with my depth and the way my vaginal “tube” had taken, as to wall thickness and hence ability to stand up to a hard, large penis.

I felt really lucky to be all-woman now and to enjoy the benefits of female to female sex and all that Saffi wanted from me.

I just loved being wrapped in a sixty-nine with her, or with her taking me with a vibrator while face-sitting me. And what can I say about having two vibrators or a vibrator and a strap in my two love holes, that was a truly sensational feeling.

The one thing that Saffi had not let me experience was a man's cock in me.

I had experienced Tony's wonderful penis rubbing up against my entrance a couple of times, but not inside me as Saffi had determined that he was too large for me and she was more than likely right.

I went back to her comments some time ago that the only men allowed in me would be for financial gain of some sort, be it as a paid escort or to win a contract.

As to the house, we had largely finished all the work and the place looked stunning; I just loved being there so much, be it in the kitchen, our living room, the bedroom and bathroom or the study.

I think Saffi knew that and I read it as being all part of her subtle "incarceration" of me, so that I would be happy there as her total sex-prisoner.

We had weathered the Vermont winter and spent some leisure time skiing and on cross country. This really helped our fitness and health. The upshot being that I felt really fit and ready for the challenges Saffi had lined up for me.

One thing with the cold winter that we had fun with was the extraction of the maple sap for our first year of production. It was so wonderful to have our own produce and one of my small projects that I had on my plate was a packaging redesign for the Farm. The out-buildings had also been finished and we were now largely geared up and starting to get underway.

We had been recruiting and had managed to find three seamstresses, a fabric cutter and a young girl for training up. I had been working long hours on design work and we had two ranges under production.

We had a lovely balconnet bra, as well as a plunging one, that really brought together comfort and luxury for the purchaser.

They were made from silk satin which we had elegantly combined with some very high end Swiss “leavers” lace, and then I had finished the design with rose gold details and a delicate taffeta bow.

The objective was that our bra gave the wearer a natural silhouette, whilst the silk lined cups were indulgently soft against the skin.

To the bras, we had added a suspender belt, a mini-brief and a thong, offering two colours, a rose-red with light skin-tone decoration and a pale blue with a lovely fawn hue.

The second range was more domme-to-sub with the centre piece being the suspender belt that gave a bondage image. The design of this was sleek with suspender straps running in three layers and lines decorating the waist.

I had designed this from luxurious black silk satin and contrasting panels of delicate nude lace and finished it with a large satin bow and blush drop at the centre front.

With this went a matching sheer nude lace bra with the same thin bondage strap effect with black satin straps framing the breasts. The design of this meant that it could look really sexy under a top or teasingly to be worn alone.

We had then added a bondage pantie, thong, or Brazilian knickers, as well as a baby-doll and nightie.

Our pre-marketing amongst family, friends and the trade had been most encouraging. I was leaving this commercial activity with Saffi.

Saffi had been working on the recruitment as well as the marketing, legal and sales side of the business, as well as juggling all the financials with the assistance of a cute accountant whom we had found in Woodstock.

We wanted an all-women team with our direct staff and support team and that meant being very careful with the legislative position as to equal opportunities.

Lingerie was now my professional life and I knew that all my designs had to reflect Saffi's and my own sexuality and positioning in the design, as well as our lifestyle.

Any concept of a role in academics or international economics, consultancy or politics was out of the question, unless it involved support to Per, Saffi's Dad, with whom I conducted some research and gave advice.

Christmas had come about and we had headed to Garrison for the usual

festivities but probably more to catch up on some rest and, obviously, an opportunity for family and friends sex.

We had then spent New Year at the house with a party and the family and close friends present, another one of those family orgies with twelve of us there on New Year's Eve.

Saffi was happy. I was therefore happy but I meant that personally as well. I came back to being a woman with such a wonderful, beautiful homme to please and have her "manage" and own me.

What a year it had been with all the changes as we "matured" and in the way Saffi had defined our way and my role in life.

I was now well en route to Doha. The last week had been crazy with last minute arrangements for the business and house during my forced absence, even though there was little packing to be done.

However, Saffi would be there for final quality control and our senior seamstress, Jess, was more than capable and very thorough in her inspection process and management of work. I had never had to intervene about quality issues.

A week before I was due to leave for London and then Doha, a FedEx letter had

arrived addressed to me.

Inside it was a parchment letter written in Arabic with specific instructions.

I was to become a harem girl, جناح الحريم الفتاة for an indeterminate term, subject to my performance and acceptance of what I was to become, something that wasn't exactly defined, it seemed. Saffi told me that it would be dedicated to complete sexual service and, as such, it would be a voyage of discovery.

I would be giving myself in total obedience to the Sheikas, with Khalisa as my ultimate domme and responsible for me, a de facto sponsor in the Hamad family.

I could still remember the foot-whipping that Sheikha Tasnim had given me if I fell out of line.

That thought terrified me.

Also, I would speak only Arabic or French. English was not to be spoken at all. Except, of course, for any phone call coming in from Saffi.

I was not to bring any western clothing or lingerie at all; everything would be provided on my arrival and I was instructed to go over to the Embassy in London and pick up a parcel that would contain the clothing I was to wear on the flight to Doha. I was to leave my own clothing in my hotel or send it back to Saffi.

I could bring the Liliana Casanova cream silk nightdress that Sheikha Khalisa had given me on my last visit, and any other semi-transparent nighties, no pyjamas. I didn't wear pyjamas anyway, that was Saffi's prerogative.

I was not to wear any jewellery other than my "engagement ring," my diamond studs and my Tiffany necklace. I was to bring my Axsmar bondage items but definitely no watches or my anklet chains.

Time would be of no consequence to me, as my time would be dictated by pussy مهبل and cock قضيب service.

I was permitted only to bring my basic cosmetics, my personal computer and anything I needed for my lingerie design work, no perfume though.

My computer would be monitored as to what I wrote or if I used it for any reading or web site research.

Apart from a Koran, I could bring only lesbian oriented sex books to read, or books dedicated to the improvement of sexual performance.

I had brought along books by Karen Barber, Susie Bright, Kirsty McCloy, Isabel Miller, Sarah Dreher, Karen Williams and Sarah Waters, "Tipping the Velvet."

It was a small library, but their being paperbacks it kept down the weight.

On sexual performance, I had packed various tomes on cunnilingus and female to female anal sex.

I was also instructed to ensure that I was completely hair free beneath my eyebrows, to pack five used panties from Saffi and two each from Pam, Fallon and Chrissie in Ziploc bags and arrange a supply chain between them and Doha.

I was immediately to start bathing six times a day, including douching, to start the purging of my body and, as part of my transition, I was allowed just one more sex session, but with only Saffi.

After that, I was theirs.

This was to be the point of transition and I should start to focus on the Sheikas' pussies - Sheikh Hamad's penis was also mentioned and the letter explained in graphic terms how he would be entering me and taking my second virginity.

Finally, I was to bring an enclosed letter from Saffi that had been sent separately to her.

It contained the "contract" for my stay and required her signature.

All Saffi would tell me about it was that she was giving her permission for potential use of me by the Sheikh, and that the Sheikas could also punish me and practice any bondage that they so wished.

I was being given absolutum dominium to the Hamads for the time that I would be with them and was told that there may be some surprises. In short, I had to submit to whatever they wanted or did to me.

They had Saffi's blessing and, if there were any doubts, they would call her, not me.

When I heard this, I admit that this concept sent a small shiver of anxiety down my back. Saffi wasn't being exactly open with me and I knew that. It was all part of her discipline of me and begged the question:

How was I to manage the unknown?

Although I loved her so much, it frazzled my nerves.

Our last night had been a lot of fun, tinged with a little sadness on my part when I realised that there was no way Saffi was letting on for how long we would be apart.

Part of the instructions was that I should make the trip by myself and fly in solo, at least from London; a practical decision made with the business needs paramount.

We had a lovely dinner at a local restaurant that we had found, the Lincoln Inn at the Covered Bridge to the west of Woodstock. In what was, quintessentially, a lovely old farm house, the owners had made a lovely hostelry, with an excellent

restaurant as part of it.

Beamed, lots of sofas and fireplaces, but then contrasted with a modern appearance, we enjoyed their atmosphere and food.

We dined on Vermont Chevre Tart, Spicy Shrimp and Salmon fishcakes, a Black Sesame Salmon and a delicious, grilled Plum and Mustard Glazed Rack of Lamb with caramelised Maple Onions (guess whose syrup).

Their wine list was ok but not premium; we managed to find a Cloudy Bay and a Cakebread Cabernet Sauvignon.

Desserts of a Sorbet trio and coffee, we returned to the farm for my last night and I fell into Saffi's arms, or rather under her pussy to give her a full service and allow her full access to my love tunnels for what was obviously going to be some time.

To feel her mouth play over the inside of my labia and onto my clitoris while I took her in to my mouth, well that was always a big turn on for me. I basked in being under her and giving her the pleasure that she needed, that was my obligation and duty.

I also loved it when she humped me, breasts to breasts, squashing me against her, letting me feel her body against me, our pussies grinding against each other.

Saffi had always known how to zoom in on my buttons and seriously "tweak"

them when she wanted to. I loved her for that, as it was just another way of demonstrating her control over me.

Most of all, it was falling asleep in her arms that really mattered to me, a little apprehensive of what she had arranged, as I knew that I would be more than well “tested” in the days to come.

This was it; by the spirit of the letter I was psychologically now moving across to becoming an Arab girl.

Not knowing the length of my absence from Saffi though, and the thought that I would be completely Arabic in all but full religious commitment and without the comfort of my own shell when it came to dressing, even in my own underwear, it was these thoughts that were the most disconcerting and nerve-wrecking.

The day of leaving for London, we had lunch at Alléchante, before loading my cases and driving northwards to Montréal to the airport.

I was quite tearful in leaving my precious homme, lover and partner.

We kissed passionately at the entrance into the security area and then Saffi was quickly gone, leaving me by myself to sit there and contemplate my fate.

The flight over to London was uneventful and too quick and it was a bleary, tired and, to some extent, a miserable Clare that made her way by car into London.

I had stayed at the Berkeley Hotel, firstly with its relative proximity to the Cromwell Hospital and where I had met my surgeon for his check over, secondly, the wonderful care and service that the hotel team had shown and given me.

I took a small suite for three nights and thoroughly enjoyed the pampering, though it would have been so much better to have Saffi with me, leading me.

However, this trip I did get to meet Gordon Ramsey for the first time in his restaurant, Petrus, which had also fed me so well in my recovery from my surgery.

He was so vibrant and enthusiastic and I thoroughly enjoyed his recommendation of a Roasted Vendée pigeon with creamed cabbage, pancetta and prune sauce, washed down with a lovely Nuits Saint Georges 1er cru, Les Pruliers, Duband.

This wine went on to soak up a superb cheese selection, cheese being something I knew that I wouldn't get too much of in Qatar.

The morning to leave for Doha had come too quickly and I showered my body twice to ensure my full cleanliness before my flight, before and after my stent session. I went to my closet and pulled out the clothes that I was to wear.

I had walked over to the Qatari Embassy the day before; after all it was pretty close to the Berkeley Hotel.

I had taken my passport as identity and, on walking in and handing it over, the official went off into the Embassy. Some ten minutes later, he returned with a parcel for me and handed over. Speaking in Arabic he said:

“As-salaam alaykum,” May peace be upon you and may God's blessings be with you. يغيب كلير حمد بن عبد. Miss Clare Hamad, I have some papers for you.”

With that, he handed over a Qatari passport in my name. Saffi obviously had sent over some passport photographs that I had. I had wondered where they had gone but given it no thought, thinking that they just had been mislaid in the move.

“I also have some tags for your baggage. It will pass through customs on arrival as diplomatic baggage. Furthermore, you will be greeted at the exit of the plane and taken for special clearance, courtesy of Sheikh Hamad bin Abdul-Wahhad. Are you clear about this?”

“Yes Sir.”

And that was it; I exited the Embassy with this package.

Back in my suite, I opened the parcel.

There was a note, again in Arabic, that read:

“Dear Clare, The spirit and love of Allah be with you. On Saffi’s request to us,

she has given you into our custody and safe keeping for the near future. You will learn and serve us in your totality as a member of the family harem.

You have no standing within the family, as you are now a sexual chattel of ours, no more than a phallic dildo or a human sex-doll. You should remember this.

All your orifices and your body are ours, to be used as we see fit whilst you are be with us. Allah has delivered you to us for his great and good reasons. You are to be considered as and live as Arabic and Islamic while with us.

In this parcel, you will find the clothing and jewellery that you are to wear on the flight to Doha.

Remember these words as Allah has stated in the Quran that women must guard their modesty:

‘And tell the believing women to lower their gaze and guard their private parts from sin and not show of their adornment except only that which is apparent, and draw their head covers over their necks and bosoms and not reveal their adornment except to their husbands, their fathers, their husbands' fathers, their sons, their husbands' sons, their brothers, or their brothers' sons, or their sisters' sons, or their women, or their female slaves whom their right hands possess, or old male servants free of physical desires, or small children who have no sense of women's nakedness. And let them not stamp their feet so as to reveal what they hide of their adornment. And turn unto Allah altogether, O you Believers, in order that you may attain success.’ [Al-Noor 24:31]

On reading this letter of instruction, you will disrobe and bathe and then wear

one of the two enclosed kaftans.

You shall now discard all your western wear and immediately return it to Saffi.

You will wear the Abaya and Niqab on exiting your room in London.

You will practice Salāh صلاة, (the Muslim prayer ritual).

You shall wear the enclosed prayer abaya and at such prayer times, you will turn to Allah (Peace be Upon Him) in mind (niyyah) and undergo ritual cleansing (wudu).

You will stand quietly (qiyam) while reciting ‘Praise to God, the most beneficent, the most merciful. All appreciation, gratefulness and thankfulness are to Allah alone, lord of the two worlds The most beneficent, the most merciful. The possessor of the day of Judgment. You we worship, and you we seek help. Direct all of us to the straight path. The way of those on whom you have bestowed your grace, not the way.’

For the second part of the rak'ah, you shall bow low (ruku') with hands on knees, as if waiting for God's orders and think about nothing except you are offering yourself in absolute sexual submission to us and, in the future, to Saffi.

The third movement (sujud) you prostrate yourself on the ground, with forehead and nose on the floor and elbows raised, in a posture of submission to Allah, asking him for acceptance of your prayer.

On your day of travel, you will wear no bra or panties. Over your naked breasts, you shall dress in the brown embroidered kurta tunic top.

With it, you will wear the black chalwar harem pants, with the drawstring waist.

On descent into Doha, you shall retire to the bathroom and firstly put on one of the two panties enclosed in the ziplock. The second you shall cover your head and inhale in your normal fashion.

You will put on the enclosed foot jewellery and put on again the black slippers, followed by your wrist cuffs and the abaya.

You must wear the enclosed black Afghani short burqa over your head, so that you cannot be seen directly by man or woman.

You are now prepared to enter our enslaving of you. Obey all instructions given.

Peace be with Allah and that he ensures your safe deliverance.”

This was it.

I was being made to submit to them already. I gulped, thought of Saffi and I knew immediately she would be saying “Do it Clare, this is my want.”

I looked through the clothing; everything was there plus some silk string tie panties. They were of beautiful quality, it must be said, the sign of a very prosperous household. I knew that I wouldn't be staying with "lightweights."

The kaftans were stunning and I chose a rich, embroidered black and green one.

The kurta was also exquisitely adorned in silver thread-work with pleats down the front. The prayer abaya was an amazing piece of workmanship too being a cream embroidered lace.

However, there was one item that was very unnerving, the Burqa, being black, waist length and a skull cap heavily embroidered in black thread with a mesh, narrow aperture eye grill. I wondered what lay ahead of me.

I did as I had been requested and started my transit programme, taking time to meditate in "sexual" prayer, as duly ordered in the letter.

I then packed up my clothing, and putting my on my Abaya and Niqab, I went down to the porter and arranged the dispatch of my western clothing to Saffi.

I had thought to myself:

"This is it now. I get to live as an Arabic female from now on for however long Saffi wants me to."

I stayed in my suite that evening and even abstained from wine with dinner.

I thought about calling Saffi but then she had said only to do so in an emergency.

What was I being committed to?

I was still thinking that same, uncomfortable, thought as we came to a point forty minutes out of Doha.

But at least the flight had been a smooth and comfortable one.

I had left the hotel, settled the account and taken a limousine to Heathrow and gone to check-in, followed by a visit to the prayer room to enact my meditative discipline, prostrating myself as directed by the Sheikas to God, thinking how my pussy or my tongue may be used later.

I had waited for the flight in the British Airways lounge in my Niqab, only removing it once on the plane and in the privacy of my seat.

The weird thing was sitting there knowing that I had not an item of lingerie on. Could the officials have seen this on their security screens?

Anyway it was time; we were eight hours into the flight, and back in the toilets, I

took the Ziploc out of my bag and pulled out two diaphanous black panties.

I knew immediately that they were Tasnim's and heavily stained they were, her aroma hitting me. The first pair went on and over my naked pussy.

I concentrated on the jewellery. I had rediscovered my waist chain, the one with the pearl and the small antique silver disc with the inscription, "Allah the Almighty protects submissive slave girls." I was hoping this was really true.

I put that on followed by my harem foot jewellery, the diamond studded chains coming off my index toes and up over my feet to my ankles. These were designed to limit my feet movement. On went my wrist Axsmar my necklace and cuffs.

Next came the abaya and to be followed by the dreaded Burqa.

The abaya was a very fine one, lightweight and very sheer with long flowing robes, covering even my ankles, almost hiding my black, soft felt sandals.

I took the second panties and slipped my head into them.

With them Tasnim had left me a ribbon to tighten them at the back to ensure that her "perfume" would incessantly enter me, as I sat there for the remainder of the flight and through the airport.

I took the Burqa and placed it over me, pushing the skullcap into place and letting its drapes come over and envelop me.

It completely embraced me, locking me into my own little dark world; the centre of attention being Tasnim's panties gusset, exactly what it was designed to do.

I cleaned up and returned to my seat to quietly wait for the plane to land as we started our descent and approach into Doha.

I thought about Saffi, what she would be doing, her hips and pussy gyrating before me, the familiar redness of an approaching orgasm appearing on her chest.

I thought back to Tasnim's taking of me and that little room off her bedroom. I even thought of Pari and Nada, would I get to see them or would they even be allowed to attend me? Yes, my thoughts were all sexual and I could feel myself getting damper in my panties.

I was starting to get hot, not because of the Burqa, but my mind. I had to stop and concentrate on the approaching landing.

The plane came down and we were quickly taxied into the terminal. The usual frenetic scramble and the doors were opened. I picked up my travelling bag and computer bag and positioned to come off the plane.

A "goodbye" to the crew through my Burqa and I stepped off the plane, unable

to make a large stride because of the limitation of my toe jewellery.

Sure enough, as had been indicated in the Embassy, there were was a person waiting for me with a name board.

She too was in a black Abaya but with a Niqab on.

She greeted me but did not mention her name. She took my bags and gave them to a colleague of hers standing next to her.

She leant forward and attached a fine long chain onto both of my wrists.

She tugged on me and I walked forward, led by her, as her colleague followed with my bags.

This was so humiliating as it was in full view of the passengers coming off the plane. It was almost as if I had been arrested by them.

Before immigration, I was led into a private room and told to stand still.

The second woman went into my bag and found my Qatari passport and gave it to the immigration official.

I had quietly been dreading this moment as I had thought about the legality of all of this. But then if you have the contacts at the highest level of the monarchy and government, I supposed that such “arrangements” could be laid on.

The official gave it back in an instant.

I was quickly led through a side door, down a corridor and out of the terminal to a waiting Black Mercedes. Not a word was said.

I was helped into the car but told to lie face down on the back seat and wait, my fine chain lead being locked onto the handle of the door panel. I was told my bags were being retrieved from the luggage belt.

I felt my ankles being secured together.

And then there was suddenly a sharp pain of a needle coming right through my Burqa, Abaya and Chalwar and into my bottom cheeks. I was “out for the count.”

Chapter-Two

“Into the Harem”

I came too, groggy and in a dimly lit room.

I felt pressure on my chest and immediately a voice said in Arabic:

“Nathifa, present your mouth open to give pleasure to me.”

This soft dark bottom slid up my chest and my eyes came to focus on a dark, naked pussy.

It pushed back onto me, the rich perfume of it entering me. I was being swallowed into her, whoever she was, and being made to give her homage.

I tried to move. I couldn't. I was on this comfy bench but my arms were secured down, my wrists attached to the sides.

I could feel my legs had been pulled apart and were similarly locked down. I tried to move my waist and I felt the bands holding me down, and also under my breasts and thighs.

There was no way I could escape from this position.

"لسان لي ، النظيفة. اللسان لي ، كليز" "Tongue me, Nathifa. Tongue me, Clare,"

I was later to learn that I had been assigned the name, Nathifa, as Clare didn't really exist in Arabic. Nathifa meant "clear" or "pure."

Her bottom enveloped me, her musky, cummy aroma filling me. It wasn't a perfume that I recognised.

Again she ordered me:

"Tongue me, Nathifa or you get foot-whipped."

I wasn't sure who she was talking to but, given the tone of voice, that I was directly under her and the mention of the word, "falaqa," I wasn't taking chances.

I extended my tongue and immediately picked up her heavy, sticky cum now exuding from its little glands.

I let my tongue dance lightly over her lips as she controlled my breathing.

Whoever it was knew her stuff in terms of face-sitting, expertly controlling me and the use of my tongue on her dark, musky cleft. I could hardly make out any

form as there was so little light, exaggerated by being buried deep under her.

Her cum slowly increased its flow, soaking my mouth, chin and nose, my nose taking in the tart essence of her anus, not a bad aroma and one of one who frequently washed herself.

In fact, as we continued and I came to after the “knock-out”, whatever it was, I began quietly to enjoy this.

I was tense and nervous – but I was also excited.

It was the unknown factor; that I was restrained to the point of being totally immobilised, in what was obviously some form of sex room, subtly lit and here I was, being made to serve a woman that I did not know.

It was scary... and sexy.

The unknown woman pressed down on me.

I felt her tremble as her orgasm came over her and she released herself all over my face, smearing my nose with her cum as she manoeuvred her dark bottom up and down me, not sparing on any gentleness.

She climbed off me and, before I could adjust my sight and see more of my surroundings, another bottom replaced her, sliding straight over my head from

behind me.

The order came:

“Tongue both my cunt and anus, Nathifa.”

I knew now that they were referring to me and it was at this time, it clicked home somebody had given me an Arabic name. I found out afterwards it was Sheikh Hamad himself who had designated this title for me, along with the honorific, “Harem Girl الحريم زواج.”

I repeated my exploration of the second girl; she was much sweeter in taste than her colleague and I quite enjoyed her perfume. I thought that she was quite young, just by her taste.

I could feel my own pussy starting to twitch a little but then it felt as if it had been contained in something, perhaps part of my bondage. I couldn't identify it but it was a snug fit.

The second girl gripped my head between her buttocks and rode me to her climax.

God, I was being used by these girls. I didn't know who they were. My thoughts were running rampant.

I took another girl. I suspected she was much more European in origin as I thought that her skin was that much lighter. Whatever, she was a bigger girl and her bottom completely enveloped me, and again I had to return to offering my tongue and mouth.

Three became four – and this girl was divine, a small framed bottom right over me with an exquisite taste. I was completely taken by her and went to my enjoyable task of pleasing her.

Suddenly, I just heard a little swish and a sting went through my body. She had lashed the inside of my right thigh with a crop or something. It was agony and a second blow hit my left thigh this time.

“Fuck my anus with your tongue,
Nathifa. اللعنة التي أجريتها مع فتحة الشرج لسانك، النظيفة”

She hit me two more times on each side, the pain shooting through my body, as I curled my tongue up and pushed part her fairly loose anus to tongue-fuck her little brown love-channel.

I worked hard on pleasing her, wondering how long this would go on, how many girls were going to take me?

Was I actually in Sheikh Hamada’s house and where were the Sheikas, I asked?

“Just let me know. Is this “Kidnap and Ransom? Have I been sold into slave-

hood?”

Without responding, she sat on me, letting me take in her cummy aroma, making sure that my face was soaked in her cum and establishing that she was in control of me for the moment.

Finally she climbed off but immediately another girl was over me. I heard the girl who had just fucked me say:

“Ok girls, you can use her now for your sexual pleasure, senior girls can get to face-sit Nathifa and demand that she serves you. Whip her thighs if you think that she is slacking.”

As this woman left I heard her comment:

“And if you want to pee on her do so. Remember to clean her up though as we will need to relieve ourselves on her later, before taking her again. She is our new sex and toilet slave; beat her if she tries to speak to you.”

The new girl was very petite and by her stature and taste, I was pretty sure that I knew who this was, the first sign at least of being in the Hamad house.

It was a massive relief to me.

The girl was Pari.

I relaxed a little, my stomach awash with little butterflies.

I felt fingers playing with my nipples, twisting and kneading them. Fingers were everywhere, except my pussy but I felt them invading my anus. I was definitely enclosed in something – was it a belt or something?

Then the girls, at least six or seven of them were on the bench, their bodies frothing against me, using me as some form of toy to bring themselves off against my skin, their naked cunts rubbing against me.

Indeed, not one pussy had any pubic hair on it.

I couldn't do a thing as I was assaulted like this.

I had never been pussy-frothed before and it was highly erotic knowing that all these girls were taking themselves at my expense. They were obviously kissing and playing with each other above me.

I realised that I was at the mercy of the Harem attendants and the girls who had taken me were most likely the Harem principals.

I was slowly being covered in female cum, not one part of my body was spared from this bathing. There were girls on my arms, my legs, my tummy, and then Pari and others wanting tongue service.

I had heard of total immersion in learning a new language or skill. This was certainly a different version of this and Saffi would love this happening to me. Maybe she already knew.

An orgasm just wasn't possible, I wanted to cum or have somebody use me, but these girls weren't going anywhere near my pussy.

I wanted to feel a tongue or fingers over my clitoris or inner lips, perhaps play with my cunt or, even better, take me with a strap or dildo.

This was gradually becoming mental agony, the inability to release myself. I was in their total service.

I was being relentlessly teased by denial and I couldn't even see what they had put me in. It felt metallic but wasn't uncomfortable.

All the weight on me was making me exhausted along with the action, the trip and, perhaps, the effect of what they had used on me.

I felt the girls all climb back onto me, Pari once more over my face.

As she settled into her dominating position, her pussy over my mouth and her anus up against my nose, this warm, tart water started to stream over me and Pari released herself, making me swallow her pee to stop it pouring over my body.

Now I was being used as their toilet. I have no idea how much of their urine I was bathed in. Thank goodness they didn't go further, other than one girl who was just a touch menstrual in her taste.

That was not good.

As they finished, I felt warm towels bathing me and this felt really good, soothing my tired body.

They finished their refreshment of me with some exotic perfume being applied and rubbed across my body. I felt much more relaxed by this.

I felt them playing with my nipples, probably putting henna on them to darken them up. For some reason, the Middle Easterners seemed to like a darker nipple.

Suddenly, I felt what was like nipple suction tubes being applied as my nipples perked up to the pressure, squeezed into their tubes and sending small jolts of excitement through me, but still not enough to trigger the orgasm I was seeking.

Pari came across and fed me some water through a straw and kissed me. The water was so welcome.

They left me to get some rest, slightly releasing the buckles on me but still limiting my ability to see where I was. Any chance of that was neutralised as the light was dimmed down to the merest glow.

I was exhausted and despite the feeling of being somewhat unnerved by my surroundings and what had happened, I managed to dose.

The first that I knew was a blindfold being put on me and then the buckles tightened once again. I thought:

“Here we go again and what was I to be subjected to this time?”

My mouth was forced open by these delicate fingers and I felt some form of spider, or a dental gag, being applied, opening my mouth wide as if I was in a dentist.

Someone climbed on top of me again and smothered me.

The lead voice spoke again, from above me:

“Nathifa, the harem girls are going to use you as their toilet. You are the lowest ranked of all of us, a mere trainee, and you will learn our ways. You have no life now; you are just a sexual vessel. Your orifices, except your pussy, are ours and we shall use you as we see fit.”

With this, she released herself into my mouth.

“Don’t spill a drop, Nathifa; our pee is precious to a slave girl.”

I swallowed and took her in, a sweet and sour liquid that soaked my mouth.

As she finished, she ordered me to use my tongue as her toilet paper. I extended it through my gag and cleaned her up, sensing that little bit of pre-cum.

Another girl immediately replaced her and I had to repeat the process, to be followed by two girls sitting astride me and peeing down.

There was no way that I could swallow this and their pee went everywhere, cascading off me onto the floor. Immediately, I felt two more crop lashes to my thighs. This was so unfair.

I worked out that there were probably four women in the harem; Sheikh Hamad must have acquired another girl since Saffi and I had visited the first time.

How many attendants there were, I did not know but it was at least six. I hadn’t noticed Nada there in all of this though.

On they went in their oral and toilet subjugation of me, the attendants cleaning me up, the lights dimming and the straps being loosened a little, then on resumption my blindfolding and oral servitude of them, followed by the body frotting from the attendants.

I had lost any concept of time.

It dawned on me that I wasn't to be Saffi's property for the near-time, however long that this was supposed to be. I was now theirs, and no more than a sex doll.

I think it was on the third or fourth time that all of them seemed to cum heavily on me, not bothering where on my body their love juices were left. One of the harem girls messily sprayed me with pee and this time I wasn't cleaned up, just left there.

A pair of panties was put over my nose, followed by a sealed hood, except for my nose and mouth and I was left there, taking in what I thought were Tasnim's panties. They were certainly very crusty.

How long would they keep this up? On one hand, I knew that they were exerting their rights over me, well I presumed that but, on the other, this was so intense.

I had never experienced anything like this in my life before and it was the incessant usage that was driving the message home. Saffi couldn't do anything now; she probably wanted this for me even if she didn't know what was going on.

It was pure subjugation of me, knocking any stuffing out of me. I reflected on what Saffi might say, along the lines of:

"Clare, if you are going to be a submissive in this feminine dominant world, then

you seriously better know how. This is not play or imagination; this is a complete lifestyle and offering of your body and mind, to me or whoever I so designate. Get used to it, however hard that it may be in what I or my delegates subject you to.”

I slept fitfully, wondering what would happen next. What more deviant angle could they take?

Somebody poking me woke me up.

With my hood on, I had no idea of time and presumed that it was sometime the next day after arriving.

Having said that, when they had knocked me out, I had lost all track of time, not knowing if it had been for an hour, twelve hours, or even a day.

My straps were loosened but not released and two girls proceeded to bathe me in warm water and with sponges, using a fragrant soap.

I could feel them release whatever was over my pussy and bathe me down there, it was so good to feel relief but it was short lasting as I felt the mechanism being applied.

I was now sure that I was in a heavy chastity belt. I couldn't exactly feel down there, as my arms could move no more than a foot or so either way with the restraints having been loosened.

I panicked a little as I needed stenting soon to keep my vagina from tightening up, but then the Sheikas probably knew that and I wasn't probably overdue with that. The Doctor had said I could go four days, but only to do that if I had to.

I was then perfumed.

I even had the indignity of having my teeth cleaned by them, for this moving the panties aside on me, but keeping the hood in place.

One of the girls even fed me some lovely porridge mix and let me take in some hot, sweet coffee. I had never been fed like this when in bondage.

Obviously, this subjugation had not yet finished.

Once fed, I was left to doze and fell into a light sleep.

I was awoken again and this time, my buckles and restraints were released.

The lead girl's voice spoke to me, the first time for some hours:

“Do not touch yourself, Nathifa. Sit up.”

I obeyed and it was nice to be able to stretch myself, probably resembling a sleek cat. I felt that I really could do with a nice, long hot shower.

The leader’s fingers fiddled with my neck. By the way it lay on me, I thought it was my Talena collar that I had on. She was fitting a chain on me.

I still had my nipple suction cups on, my nipples feeling distended by the vacuum in the tubes. I sensed that I was being hooked up one more time and, sure, my nipples begin to pull a little more.

Still in Arabic, the voice said:

“Girls, help Nathifa walk.”

I felt two girls helping me onto my feet. They were still in my toe-chains, it seemed.

The lead girl tugged and I was assisted by the two girls on either side of me to walk. My muscles were a little sore and stiff, not surprising given the hours that I had been restrained.

I couldn’t see, adding to the experience.

I had an impression of leaving the room that I had been in and taken outside into some airy form of court or atrium, there being a lovely cool breeze blowing through and over my naked body.

We went across and then I sensed being led down a corridor, being able to discern this by the girls' voices changing as we entered it.

I was guided down to the bottom of the corridor and we turned right into a room.

We came to a halt as the leader braked me on the chain.

“Stand there, Nathifa, do not move at all.”

I obeyed and I perceived others entering the room behind me. Whoever they were, they were circling me, gently touching me and saying nothing. I thought that I was being closely “inspected,” for what though? I had no idea.

The lead voice said to my “attendants”:

“Remove her chastity belt.”

So I did have a belt on me. I was to find out that it was a serious one designed to prevent me having sex or masturbation, but capable of taking some interesting

dildos into either my pussy or anus, or both.

A girl dropped to her knees, I think, to unlock the padlocks and removed the belt from me. I was now standing there totally naked, exposed to all watching me.

My naked pussy on show to all, how humiliating.

“Put her onto the bench, breasts up, and make sure the straps are tightly bound. The new harem slave cannot afford to move.”

Onto the bench I went and underneath my bottom was some solid sponge wedge or something; it had the effect of pushing my pussy way up in the air.

My legs were splayed open and locked down. It was almost as if the bench was shaped to take a human body on it in this position.

My thighs and then my arms and wrists were locked down; lastly my neck.

A cold, wide metal band was put across my pelvis, just above my mons and pulled really tight and then one above my waist and under my breasts.

It was just like the night before. I was immobilised but even more uncomfortable, given the pressure from the bands.

The voice barked loudly:

“Give her the drink now. Nathifa, take it all in; you will need its benefits in a few minutes.”

One of the girls opened my mouth, nudged Tasnim’s panties out of the way. I was still inhaling those. I felt this sweet, honey-like nectar being poured in and she whispered that I should swallow it.

Quickly I could feel myself enter a dreamy state. I knew where I was, well as far as I could, and then over my conscious state, the feeling was rather surreal.

Something was popping my brain. It wasn’t an amyl nitrate; it was far stronger.

The girl opened my mouth again and stuffed a pair of used panties into my mouth, my taste buds immediately sensing the stained gusset.

What was I being set up for now? I was starting to get quite nervous in my tummy, but then there was a sense of euphoria building from the potion that they had given me.

It was really an odd sensation and I could also feel a bit of a natural buzz deep in my vagina. I was being turned on by this and, no doubt, the spectators could see some dampness emerging in my folds, wide open because of my splayed legs.

“Nathifa is ready for you, my Sheikha.”

“Thanks be to God. Peace be with you, Nathifa.”

It was Sheikha Khalisa.

“Welcome back and into the Harem. You will be known as Nathifa here, ‘Clear and Pure,’ a name chosen by Sheik Hamad to remove your heathen name that has no meaning here and he has chosen something reflecting the same meaning in Arabic.”

She touched me and I tried to grunt.

“Now no tears and no talking. If you talk, it will be “falaqa.” I have a visitor here and she does all our piercing work.”

Oh my God! I was going to be pierced.

This wasn’t something that I had bargained on. Saffi had shown no interest in this and I didn’t really crave such body mutilation. A bit rich from somebody who had undergone reassignment surgery, I know.

I cringed inside.

“She is good and uses very sharp needles, they will help diminish your pain and, more importantly, aid your healing as her punctures are so clean.”

I really didn't want to hear this. I was starting to react a bit, but then thank God for what they had given me.

“Saffi has given her blessing to this important harem slave ritual. We are going to add a few more piercings than she requested as she can always let you heal up if she doesn't like them. The elixir that you have had will help numb the pain.”

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. I was to be multi-pierced. How many? Where on me? I could guess and I wasn't looking forward.

Khalisa leaned across to me and whispered:

“However, I know that you need to take your vibrators first and normally we let a slave have a big orgasm before we lock her pussy in for two weeks to recover. In your case, you will get your stents during your fallow time but you will not be allowed to go to orgasm in your vagina. You have had a nice job done on you. Tasnim and Minnah come and have a look.”

It was reassuring to hear her words and then to feel their fingers running over my lips and clit, gently opening my pussy. I was nearly cumming. What was this potion they had given me?

A vibrator came into me and they manoeuvred it round expertly so in me. They

needed no instruction on how to stent. As it came to rest in me, filling me up, on came a vibrator, its pulsations running straight through me. I wanted to clench it with my thighs, all I had were my pelvic muscles.

I don't know which of the Sheikas it was, but Saffi had obviously instructed them in my little ways. Two fingers ran up the inside of my inner labia and onto my clit.

I came with a juddering orgasm, my nerve ends on fire, my brain numbing up, the scent of Tasnim impregnating my mind too, the drug making the climax even more lurid and graphic in my imagination.

Khalisa uttered:

“Nathifa is ready. Do her pussy piercings first.”

I couldn't see, only sense and hear what was going on. I felt the woman marking me up and then being wiped in an iodine steriliser. I was tensing up.

I could feel her latexed fingers, so at least the procedure was being performed hygienically.

Then the pain hit me. She had inserted her needle through my right labia.

I chomped down on the panties and, surprisingly, it passed fairly quickly.

I could feel her fiddling away and I was later to discover that I had a silver ring inserted to my inner lip.

The pain came a second time on the other side to match the first one. Again it subsided and a sister ring was inserted.

I thought if that was it, I was ok as the pain hadn't been too bad.

The answer was a No.

Two more pairs of rings were added, the first up with the original pair high up on my pussy, the second down towards the entrance of my pussy.

She wasn't finished though and moved onto my clitoral hood where, I found later, she inserted a long silver dumb-bell bar vertically.

She still wasn't finished down there and I could feel her probing around the base of my vagina.

In went the needle and this one hurt.

I grimaced and immediately got a fresh "injection" of Tasnim.

She had enough of my perineum to set a “fourchette” ring down there, ideal for hanging jewellery off as a welcome to my pussy or anus.

I felt the prick of a needle on my inside right thigh, numbing me, high up and really under my buttocks, and then my left thigh treated in a similar manner.

Quickly the woman worked and I received two bondage D rings down there, pinned under my skin and into my muscle.

These were the painful ones.

The Sheikas hadn't finished yet as the woman was instructed to attach a bar bell through my belly button. This hurt a fair amount.

I thought it was all over as the woman stopped.

One of the girls came over, took the panties out of my mouth. No, it was for a top-up of the elixir and it quickly took me back up to my “dreamy” high.

I needed it with what was to come.

Just like last night, my mouth was widened by the spider gag that they had used on me and the woman worked away deep in my mouth as if she was a dentist.

Fifteen minutes later I had two horizontal rings in my uvula, the little punch bag at the back of my throat.

Khalisa mentioned that this would help give Hamad or any man additional stimulation when I took their cocks in my mouth.

She moved forward and started on my tongue. This, I was told, was at the request of Pamela and Saffi; they wanted me to be able to take my tongue vibrator and screw it on to the bar.

There was blood everywhere with this piercing.

I could taste it down my throat. It was just as well that I couldn't see what was happening. In went the bar and two small studs – this one felt really odd in my mouth.

As the woman finished, I was told that I had to endure three more. I knew where two of them would be and I braced myself.

My nipples.

Two of the girls removed the tubes off my nipples and flicked and kneaded them. I heard a comment from the “piercing” woman:

“Nice nipples, I can get a good-sized hole in them, thick silver vertical bars with screw rings?”

“Yes please. No horizontal ones, too western. Her nipples need to hold jewellery, tassels and shields . Her owner wants her to have large, heavy rings inserted in them to continue to enlarge her breasts and keep them in a constant state of excitement, what the French call les anneaux de sein.”

Her hands roughly handled me and there was a blinding pain as a large needle drove itself in behind my nipple, just into the areola, the pain was searing and I screamed out loud.

Quickly the pain abated and she cleaned up the wound before inserting what felt like some form of padlock.

I braced myself for the second one but, for whatever reason, this wasn't quite as painful. My nipples felt that they were on fire though from the presence of their new friends.

Well that was surely it but then I remembered what Khalisa had said:

Three more!

Khalisa had me released and turned over and then re-secured. She had promised me three piercings and it suddenly dawned on me that the third was going to be somewhere on my back.

I had heard of corsetry clips but surely it wasn't to be that.

Even as I assured myself this would not be the case, the woman started to mark me up on the nape of my bottom and my own query was answered.

In went a needle and this one had me cussing and biting into the cushion under my head.

I was crying in the hood.

This was sheer agony and I can't even describe the intensity of the pain here.

Finally the pain abated and the wound was cleaned out before a large titanium D ring was inserted into the new hole.

Everything was over and the woman departed, leaving some form of Balm of Gilead Oil behind to help in my healing and, in doing so, accelerating my "recovery."

Pharmacology, as we know it, was invented in the Middle East, after all, and I was to learn that they have many "secrets" that benefit overall healing of the body.

I was helped off the bench, a little sore, and the hood was removed. The lights were so bright after being kept in the dark for so long. Khalisa came across and gave me a cheek kiss:

“Welcome to the Harem, Nathifa. At least you now look the part. All the four girls here went through what you have been through. It is our way of induction for them. Subjugation firstly and then piercing to take jewellery, if not already ‘adorned’. Do not think the sexual subservience will stop now, it will not. If anything, it will intensify. Now come and meet your Harem colleagues.”

Tasnim followed Khalisa in kissing me, her blonde tresses glistening as before against her darker hair. Her kiss was more of a provocative one, gently exploring my mouth.

I was introduced for the first time to Sheikha Minnah. Minnah was a little older than me, petite, dark and, I thought, probably Tunisian.

She had beautiful eyes, ones that were so alluring.

Khalisa introduced me to Husna who was the senior harem girl; she followed Minnah. As soon as Husna said “Hello,” I knew she was the one who had been barking out the orders last night.

She was about my age, quite tall and thin with cascading dark wavy hair, wearing a diaphanous Choli and Chalwar that left her appearing naked underneath.

The Choli was a short waisted upper garment that usually came with sheer sleeves and then shaped over the body as a bolero jacket. It was drawn together with a lace ribbon and drawn tight to push the breasts together, as no bra was worn.

The Chalwar was effectively a pair of light pants, tied at waist with a ribbon and gathered at ankles with drawstring to create the infamous harem trousers.

These two items were the core standard items of the Sheikh's harem and therefore to be my uniform. They were all so thin to be shimmering and transparent, thereby leaving us appearing naked to those that had the privilege of seeing us.

There were more solid ones for wearing outside the harem and the Sheikh's and Sheikas' bedrooms. The standard house colours seemed to be cream, gold, burgundy and turquoise and green, cream being the preference.

Husna had lovely breasts, those ones where the nipples seem to be more on top and she was pierced in her very dark brown nipples, small rods with what seemed diamonds on either end.

Actually, I thought these were rather attractive as they weren't gaudy.

In her belly button were two more stones. Her feet were also constrained by toe and foot chains and were "on show" in a very light open slipper, another part of the standard outfit of the girls.

Above all, she was fitted with what looked like a heavy-duty chastity belt, what I was to discover later was of German origin, a Neosteel, and incredibly comfortable with its silicon linings.

All the girls were adorned like Husna and all were bejewelled and in similar chastity belts too.

I was also introduced to Shukriyah, Talah and Yusra, my companions to be.

Shukriyah was of Jordanian origin and a classic Middle Eastern girl with her large eyes, dark skin that meant her nipples and pussy area were most enticing.

Talah was a petite Indian girl with very small breasts and her nipples seemed to be just the diamonds adorning them. She was almost a boy-waif in appearance and I was to learn that she was the Sheikh's joy-girl, her anus being her main source of satisfaction for him.

Yusra was Spanish in origin and after me, was the palest of the women on offering, and slightly paler than Tasnim. She had large breasts with massive areolae that were a very deep brown. I presumed that they had been extensively henna-ed. She was heavily jewelled here, with what looked like weights dangling from beneath them. Yusra was definitely the big-bottomed girl that had taken me the night before.

Ayishah, the girl that had accompanied Saffi, was nowhere to be seen.

The formalities over, Khalisa interjected:

“Nathifa, you are now to lead the discipline of a harem girl and your sexual service will be to Tasnim, Minnah, the Sheikh and myself. This is all you must focus on from now on. Husna will take you now show you the facilities of the seraglio, where you will be sleeping and introduce you to the rhythm of life here, bathing, sexual meditation and prayer. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Sheikha,” I responded.

“One more point and that is when we enter the room, or you are in the presence of the Sheikh, you will assume the peach position that Tasnim taught you and maintain it until we command otherwise. I would also expect you to do this for Saffi, if you return there.”

“Yes Sheikha, I appreciate that and will obey.”

What was this about “if you return there”?

This had me worried.

Not to return could only mean...

Surely not.

“Oh, there is one more thing. You will wear no chastity belt for the next three days to allow the healing of your piercings. Your attendant will regularly apply the balm and your piercings should be fully healed in two weeks, not like the longer periods that it takes in the West. You shall not orgasm either as you need to learn the discipline that your climax is a decision for a superior to make on your behalf, not yours. And you should always cum after your superior has, not before.”

Khalisa came across to me with a delicate silver chain in her hand and fixed it to my new breast rings. I was now pierced and in harem jewellery.

She kissed me, whispering:

“I shall enjoy fucking you soon.”

The Sheikas departed.

Husna fitted the lead onto my collar and led me out of the room into the corridor.

The room that we had been in was, apparently, for female visitors to the harem, largely for service and shopping.

The Harem was, to say the least, sumptuously decorated.

Large corridors lined in a cool, beige marble and, up to about three feet off the floor, pale sandal-wood friezes. There were divans, antiques and lovely oil painting all over the place, the paintings either Middle Eastern scenes or female nudes.

Not a man in sight.

We entered a large lounge area, carpeted in Persian and Pakistani rugs, sofas and more furniture. The centrepiece was a large white marble fireplace, somewhat abstruse in context of the Qatari climate.

Off this area was a dining room. Husna explained that we had a secondary team of (female) servants to prepare our food, serve it and clean the quarters. Any dietary requirements could be handled, other than forbidden foods such as pork, birds of prey or blood products.

We proceeded on down another corridor.

To one side, there were French doors that opened up to a beautiful small garden complete with fountains and a small waterfall, the running water designed to help cool the area. I noted the high walls behind the bougainvillea.

On the other side, the doors entered into a small complex of a gym, a massage room, small lounge, a make-up, perfumery and hairdressing room and the bathing area. Here there were four connected large square baths.

Husna explained that the first was for a cleansing wash, the second for soaping and the third for resting in. The final tub was for a last rinse off to purify the body.

There were two attendants for keeping the place spotless and that the Sheikas also used the facility.

I was amazed at the sheer opulence of all of this, emphasised by its non-gaudiness, so typical of many Arab establishments.

Husna explained that I would be expected to bathe at least four times a day, first thing in the morning, before mid-day prayers, the second evening prayers and before bedtime, and always pre and post a sex session.

For those times, the other girls and the attendants would help ensure that I would be properly prepared.

It wasn't unknown for all four of them to be summonsed in service to the Sheikh and Sheikas' suites, if all four were in Doha.

We headed back towards the front reception and staircase, stopping first by the women's prayer room. We walked across the corridor to another entrance, set in a small alcove.

"Come in here, Nathifa."

Husna opened the door.

“This is where you were last night. It is the Ergastula, the Middle Eastern torture and sex rooms, where we girls get to play. The Sheikas do not mind us indulging in female to female sex and I keep keys to the chastity belts, but such sex is only permitted with the full knowledge of our owners. You can take your attendant as well – that helps work out any dominant side that you may have; but then I understand that you are totally submissive and I have instructed your attendant to ensure that you are the one to be fucked by her.”

The rooms were jaw-dropping.

Padded benches of different shapes and height complete with adjustable straps were everywhere. Not forgetting the one upon which I had been placed.

There were various, stools, stocks, crosses, sex toys, whips including an array of silk whips, rattans, chains, in summary all the BDSM items that one could think of and even more, such as Turkish cups.

Husna said to me that I really didn't want to take these as they were incredibly painful and the breasts were sucked into the cups with the loss of pressure, bruising the skin with what looked like massive hickeys.

The walls were also adorned with various rings and leather thongs allowing for all sorts of bondage.

Inside one chest there was an amazing collection of dildos and carved ivory phalluses of all sorts of size and girth.

It was a larger version of Tasnim's play room and acted as the main storage room to the house. I understood the Sheikh and Sheikas each had their own play room, a mini Erga so to speak of, adjacent to their bedrooms.

At the back there was a dungeon and cages, along with a gynaecological chair and a chair that elevated the feet.

"Do not find yourself in here," Nathifa warned me. "For if you have sinned, then Khalisa and Tasnim do not think twice about beating your feet."

"I know, I was here a few months ago and Tasnim incorporated it into her play of me. It was incredibly painful."

"It's not the worst thing though. That is "Riding the donkey."

"What's that?"

"You do not want to know but, suffice to say, we will shortly be leaving here to witness a girl being punished this way. You are privileged. It is very rare to see such a punishment performed."

My curiosity had been piqued but there was no way that she was going to tell

me.

I also thought that “discretion was the better part of valour” over this as Husna obviously had some influence over my happiness here.

“Come on upstairs and I will show you your quarters.”

On the way up the grand staircase, Husna explained that there were six quarters in the Harem, so I had my own rooms.

If the Harem went up to seven, then it would be double occupancy from the most junior upwards. Numbers went up and down as the girls could be traded or swapped between the Sheikhs.

For now, however, we were five.

“What happened to Ayishah, by the way? I haven’t seen her.”

“Oh, that is not our affair.”

I knew by the tone of her voice not to go further with this line of questioning and backed off.

She softened then and mentioned that life was good for them and, also, their families at home benefited considerably in return for their service to the family.

So it wasn't slave-dom per se, but rather a form of indenture to the host family.

Much as I'm contracted to Saffi perhaps, just an advanced form, I told myself at the time, telling myself also that maybe I should observe Husna closely in order to become an equivalent to Saffi.

If, that is, she wanted a stable of female lovers to call on as our lives progressed.

Now that could be interesting.

We paused at the top of the stairs.

"What about security then Husna?"

"In what aspect?"

"You mentioned that you get the occasional trip out."

"Oh yes, we can go shopping, perhaps accompanying one of the Sheikas. There are family dinners, and we can get to go home once a year for two weeks. The

rules are simple, notification of our wish, to go in at least twos and Abayas and Niqabs. In your case, the Burqa as the Sheikh does not wish you to be seen. You are a heathen; do not forget that. Oh, and a female driver and sometimes a male driver who acts as a guard, as it is only Saudi where women cannot drive. The chauffeur has to wear a chastity penis tube though. No talking to or meeting men, the latter would probably get you a taste of the Donkey.”

“Oh, I have no intention of meeting Arab men other than the Sheikh....”

“And any man he so designates to fuck you, Nathifa.”

“Oh...”

“On the security front though. No man is allowed in here at all, not even the Sheikh. He does have a camera system for viewing us in the bathroom though.

“You may have noticed that the reception visiting room where you had your piercing has a door and that is to the outside. There we can see a doctor or whatever. In fact, you have to go back there this afternoon, not for anything painful! But you will see that we are walled in and our windows are shuttered to the outside to avoid prying eyes, or cameras.”

I laughed.

“Seriously, many people would not understand the concept of the Harem and look, as you probably know, Tasnim progressed from harem girl to Sheikha.”

“True...”

“Come on, down here are your quarters for as long you are here. How long is intended?”

“Husna, I have no idea.”

“Well, you must tell the girls and me all about your owner. But not now.”

She opened what was to be the door to my temporary inner sanctum, my home away from Leaves Farm and Saffi.

It was like a hotel suite, the sandal wood friezes, warm earthen colour walls, wood floors and a cream carpet, sofas and, in the bedroom, a king sized bed covered in eiderdowns, pillows and bolsters decorated in gold and rich brown fabrics.

There on the floor was this naked, prostrate servant in the peach position.

It was Pari.

“I believe that you know each other. Pari has been assigned as your attendant for your stay.”

Now things were looking up. I had really liked her when Saffi and I had visited before; she was so elfish and cute and had a lovely pussy.

I was sure that she was one of my “assailants” last night.

“Pari, how are you?”

She continued in her position.

“Pari, you may rise. Come and give me a kiss to welcome me.”

She came across and offered me her mouth. I kissed her and she darted her tongue into my mouth.

“Ok, Nathifa, I am going to leave you now. Pari will bathe you, apply the balm, and prepare you for prayer time before we eat and then take a siesta.”

Pari showed me around the suite, my closets and clothing hanging up, and the lovely white bathroom.

My cases had been unpacked and removed, my pc was out on a desk table, my sex library was on display and what amazed me was that there also were a large number of lesbian magazines and videos available for my “usage.”

I noted that there was a definite domination to submission theme about them.

She took towels, clothes and led me down to the Bathroom suite.

She led me through the different tubs, making sure that I was properly scrubbed and taking care not to jolt my piercings.

The warm water was a wonderful relief as I was aching and I asked Pari for a couple of Tylenol or Paracetamol to take off the ache of the wounds.

Pari dried me and applied the balm to my rings and bars.

Immediately, I felt its warmth flowing through the wounds, a comforting warmth rather than pain.

She made me up, expert as Pari was in that area, dressed me in the standard Choli and Chalwar but I was allowed no underwear at all. Pari finished by dabbing on an alcohol free Mukhallat AlAmerah perfume.

On went my foot jewellery and my ear-rings, the breast chain having been put on before I donned the Choli.

I slipped the sandals on and finally a Prayer Abaya. Pari took me to the Prayer

room where I joined the other girls.

At the back of the room, I quietly recited the opening prayer “Allah, Peace be to him, who has created (everything).”

I bowed low, thinking of pleasing Saffi’s pussy and how I already missed her and that she would be alright, and then turned my thoughts to offering myself to Khalisa, Tasnim and Minnah.

Finally for the sujud, I prostrated myself submissively on the ground, and asked God to deliver my prayers.

Prayer time over we went through to lunch.

I was hungry and a lovely chicken salad and fresh crusty bread hit the spot for me.

A glass of wine was offered a glass of wine but turned that down, even though it was tempting.

I heard a little about the girls, my new companions, and they came across as being friendly. Yusra and I spoke in French. It was all about life in the harem and sex with the Sheikh and Sheikas.

I had heard stories that harems could be quite a cat fight as the girls strove to

offer their sexual favours over the others to their Sheikh. However, I assumed that here, with the lesbian element to the harem, the girls were all well sated by our owners.

I was then allowed to rest, followed by another bathing session and afternoon prayers.

As we finished those, Husna led us all back to the reception room and I was asked to sit down in this upright chair.

The others were watching me, sitting more comfortably than I was.

I wondered what this was all about and what was going to happen.

The door opened and two of the attendant girls pushed in these two-tiered shelf contraptions.

I was asked to rest my arms and legs on them.

At least I was not restrained this time so, as Husna had indicated, it wasn't going to involve pain.

Husna took out a hood and enveloped me in it, and I heard some fidgeting and something being draped across my breasts and pussy.

The fidgeting, I now know, was the girls putting their veils on.

The door opened and I somehow sensed that the person entering was a man and knew the purpose of the hood that prevented my face from being seen.

Sightless, I heard the door close and footsteps approaching.

Husna ordered me to lift my arms and I felt these bands being put on and slid up them.

I was then commanded to lower them onto the shelf and I could feel the man, probably a jeweller or smithy, tightening them up and riveting them onto me.

I was then asked to do the same with my legs and bands were applied to the top of my thighs, just above where my stockings would come up to. These too were tightened and riveted onto me.

Whoever it was, they left the room and my hood was removed.

I had beaten silver bands on me, about an inch wide.

But, even worse, there were small bells that clearly tinkled as I moved.

“This way, we will know if and when you are having sex, Nathifa.”

Typical Saffi to make me go that extra mile and, in doing so, demonstrate her possession of me and reduce me in the eyes of the other girls.

How was I going to live with these on me, some humanoid form of a cat with its bells on to forewarn the mice?

I knew that the girls had arm bands on them but I hadn't seen any thigh bands.

Husna pre-read my thoughts:

“That was your Owner's request, Nathifa”

Even more, they had swivelling D rings attached on the front and back of my thighs. I realised just how many new options all this was giving Saffi or any of the women or men that she approved of to take me in whatever way they wanted.

My bondage options were now being taken even further, what with my pussy and nipple rings and that ring in the nape of my bottom, as well as these new adornments on my body.

I felt like some Islamic mediaeval bondswoman.

Yes, I will admit that I even had mental images of being a woman who had been taken into full slavery. Indeed, Saffi had set me up an enormous challenge to overcome. I realised now the intensity of what she wanted from me.

And still I missed her.

Eventually I made it to bed - or should I say we made it to bed. I discovered that if a girl wasn't on call to the main house, then she wasn't allowed to sleep by herself. Her attendant was to accompany her to bed.

We could not be left alone, it seemed.

Pari had helped me toilet, bathe, and applied some more balm to my piercings.

She suggested that we should sleep naked tonight to keep the pressure of the nightie fabric off my breasts and the piercing on my back. In fact, I knew that I would have to sleep on my side, my normal position though.

As I climbed into bed and lay down, Pari got on to the mattress and stood above me, lowering her bottom slowly onto my face.

“You may not be able to have sex but I can.”

“What about the bells.”

“Oh I can easily neutralise those.”

She sat down on me, her pussy right over my mouth and stuffed a little cotton wool, that she had brought with her from the bathroom, around the inside of the bell so as to muffle them.

“Clever Pari,” I thought.

I let my tongue do its work. I was aware of my piercings in my mouth and so gently lapped her lovely naked lips.

She gently wiggled her cute bottom on me, her anus pressing down on me, just a hint of her love juice aroma coming over to me.

I heard her comment:

“Your pussy is so wonderful, Nathifa. I look forward to making love to you while you are here. They have done an amazing job on you and you can’t really see any scar marks. I will not mention anything to the other girls; I have had to promise the Sheikas in this.”

She gently stroked me, playing with my clit and avoiding my hood, her bottom splayed across my nose, allowing me to enjoy and please her.

Pari had a wonderfully delicate flavour to her cum, not so salty as others and quite a sticky consistency to it. I enjoyed her taste and I was lucky to have her as a bed mate.

She had lovely little “nubbie” breasts with pert nipples that I would also enjoy pleasing in the weeks to come.

She pressed her hips down on me, forcing my tongue further into her pussy and I sensed her clenching herself as she came into my mouth, a little sigh of pleasure coming out.

I could feel stirrings in my own pussy but she wouldn't allow me cum.

Instead, she sat there letting me be submerged in her juices, naturally implying that while she may be my servant, she had clear responsibility to keep me in a submissive state.

There was no way that I should even be allowed sexually to exert influence over the staff. It was a complete no-no and I guessed that Saffi had requested that to be exercised.

No taste of the forbidden fruit and all that.

Pari eventually came off me, got us dressed in our nighties and went to the bedside drawer. She reached in a Ziploc and pulled out a pair of blue panties. I recognised them as Saffi's.

“Put them on and inhale them. Yes, they are your owner's and it is right that you should be reminded of her.”

It was lovely to be taking Saffi into me. I truly was creased from the day's activities and excitement, and also bearing in mind that I had had very little sleep in over the last thirty-six hours. Pari nestled into me, allowing me to feel her breasts under her thin nightie.

I was soon asleep.

Pari woke me and prepared me for the morning prayer section before we breakfasted.

The morning was given over to beauty sessions and the attendants took me through a full sugar waxing.

I didn't really need this as I had had extensive electrolysis and laser treatment but, as they said, a Middle Eastern sugar wax not only removed and weakened any remaining hair but also softened the skin.

My skin was washed and then treated with tea tree oil and corn-starch to remove

any grease.

A hot wax of brown sugar, fresh lemon juices, and a mix of spices followed this and it was spread over my skin with a wooden spatula to then cool and be peeled away against my hair direction.

Despite being nearly totally devoid of pubic hair now, they managed to find fine hair in places like the backs of my knees and neck.

A Harem girl has to be completely denuded of any hair under her eyebrows – and with a soft healthy skin.

This meant another bath sequence followed by an exquisite massage using a blend of jojoba, apricots, and almonds in the lavender and citric oil, followed by yet another bath.

I could spend hours doing this if the massages were to be this good. Just gently tease my pussy next time; make me feel good.

The morning was finished with me lying on my back while Pari hennaed my nipples again, making them much darker, taking care to leave my ring wounds clear. My piercings felt so much better, the one above my bottom being the most sore.

I decided to let her stent me and she could have easily brought me off but, again, chose not to do so.

After prayers, lunch and a rest, my evening session was given over to two significant “submission” lessons.

First up, Husna appeared and took me into her suite and made me remove my thin Choli and Chalwar.

“Now, Nathifa, into the ‘peach’ position for me.”

I obeyed her and squatted down into the prone position, on my elbows and spread my cheeks, finally lifting my head. I could feel my new arm and thigh bands bite into me.

“Mmmm, not bad. Spread your cheeks further so your lover can see your pussy and the new rings; entice him or her with the fact that you are sexually open and ready to receive them - however they so may wish.”

I did as she requested.

“Better; practice that as I do not want to have to use a spreader on you to force the position. Now hold it.”

She went to a drawer and put on an eight inch strap.

Now at the last bathing, Pari had made sure that I was squeaky clean but I took that as being the norm around here.

As I stayed still in that position, she came up behind me and took me, driving her cock hard into me with the minimum of lubricant, and started to fuck me, but only to the point of her cumming.

She didn't give a fig as to whether I was being turned on.

“Your anus needs some work on it. I want you to be loose enough on entry to take any cock in you easily and, Nathifa, with no lubricant other than any love juices that may be around between you and your lover. You should not need an artificial lube. It is the harem way.”

I grunted from the fucking I had received.

“Ok, the lesson for you today. There are other positions of submission to learn. We will start with a major one, the ‘Bow’ position.”

She had me kneel in front of her as if she was my Mistress and then spread my knees wide apart while keeping my feet together.

“Now place your hands on the floor and hands over your ankles. Then lean backwards a little and shake your shoulders, breasts and hair free.”

I did as she requested.

“Ok, good. Now push your hips forward and lean back a bit as if your head is going to touch the floor.”

I nearly lost my balance.

“Make sure that your feet are well on the ground and use your wrists to press down so as to form the base. Then go backwards, arching your spine. This way, your breasts and nipples will be uppermost, your cunt will be more exposed and if you open your mouth, you can take in it either the cock of the Sheikh or the pussy of the Sheikha.”

Her look was meaningful:

“If they so wish, that is.”

I held my position and I could soon feel the bite of the bands and the presence of my breasts with their ringed nipples.

“Keep holding it; the practice is to firstly get a lovely arch and, secondly, duration. Sheikha Khalisa loves her girls to be in this position and Tasnim likes to whip your nipples into activity, using a silk whip on them. Don’t be modest now – and, by the way, breast jewellery looks especially pleasing when you offer your submission like this.”

I rose from the position.

“Not bad for the first time, you ought to see Talah and Yusra do this, Yusra perhaps is the best as it really shows off her large breasts. You should practice this. Now back to your suite and Shukriyah will be there for your next lesson.”

I went back to my room and Shukriyah gave me a small greetings kiss.

She produced an ivory phallus, some nine inches long, carved into a lovely head with all the intricate veins of a man’s penis defined on it as well as the remnant of the frenulum.

As with all Middle Eastern men, the penis was circumcised.

“Now Nathifa, let us have a look at the way you take a man in your mouth. I want to see how good at sangara **الجنس عن طريق الفم** you are.”

I took the cock from her and gradually teased it before taking it slowly into me and enjoying it.

I had always thought my cock-sucking wasn’t bad, even though I much preferred being under a pussy - after all, Per and Matt had enjoyed my skills, as well as Tony.

“Good, Nathifa, the positive thing is that you were careful about your teeth. Men

do not like that, unless for Parshavat.”

I immediately thought: “if only she knew.”

And what was Parshavat?

She pre-read me:

“Parshavat is an abbreviated word. It is where you take the shaft into the mouth and grip it gently with your teeth on either side of it - very gently mind you - and then let the shaft slide up and down. Some men like that. Let me have a look at your teeth.”

She stuck her finger in my mouth and felt around.

“I will get our dentist in, a female, and she will take off some of your sharp edges on your teeth. Your owner has allowed us to do such small body modifications”

Goodness me, now I was going to be worked over by the dentist all in the name of oral sex with men.

What next?

“As to your sucking technique, let your lips settle more easily right behind his head. Find it with your tongue and then use your tongue to whirl around on him. Your strokes moving up and down should be shorter. We joke that it is sucking a mango stone and the technique is Tantric from Asia, the amrachushita. Take him in slower and then deeper and deeper until you feel him coming and, only then, you go for the deep suck to his pubic bush, letting him plow the back of your throat. When he inseminates your mouth, swallow his jism in one, not two gulps.”

I smiled, as I didn't like to spill male cum.

I rather liked the taste.

“Not bad though. I will leave you the phallus and I want you to practice thirty minutes a day at least. If you were a pianist the Sheikh would expect concert standard, so to speak.”

She made that expression in English so as to play on the pun and we laughed together.

Prayer time came.

The routine was being established; total focus on sex “practice” and sexual meditation being my modus operandi and thought process, broken only by bathing, massage, prayers and eating. And even these activities tied back to my submission and my dedication to serving women and men.

I wasn't even allowed to have a good orgasm.

Chapter-Three

Sheikh Hamad

Life in learning the true meaning of submission continued on; the days became a week, a week a month.

My piercings had healed quickly and, as Husna had indicated, the nature of the piercing and the effect of the balm application worked its magic on me.

Life was a routine of bathing, massage, prayer, food, sexual positions, oral practice, reading about lesbian sex and the bondage sado-masochism scene, looking at photographs of beautiful naked women and, along with the prayer, meditating about sex and the pleasuring of Saffi, or by now any woman that I could think about, imagining her pussy, her breasts and how I could best serve her.

I had even started to fantasise about the women in the lesbian library left in my room.

Never mind being with the Sheikas, the Harem or even Pari, though Pari and Talah were high up my list of preferred women to fuck me, possibly because of their boyish bodies.

My oral practice had come on well and Shukriyah was now confident that I could please the Sheikh, or a man of his choice, if and when the moment came.

Husna was also happy with my submissive positions and I had learnt to get my head all the way back with the Bow, to hold it and give a long arch like a half moon from the base of my spine to the back of my head, so that my breasts and nipples really were the highest point, the apex, of my body.

Saffi would love this position.

I had also learnt how to properly position and hold the “Pike.”

This was a variant on a gymnastics position and I had to stand there, splay my legs and then take hold of my ankles with my hand, or I could be secured wrists to ankles.

The stance opened up my anus and my pussy entrance for oral play, or to be taken by the Sheikh’s cock or Sheikas’ straps.

My breasts naturally hung down in this position and were open to being roughly played with. An alternative on the position was to curve my neck up to be able offer oral sex.

The trick was holding my balance and opening my feet, like in golf, helped to create a stable base for me to hold this position.

Husna had also worked on strap insertion in my anus but she had been frustratingly true to her word, as she wouldn’t let me come on her invasion of me – despite my need.

It was, in part, what had me very worked up in sexual frustration. I had to live and meditate lesbian sex and more sex, continually beautifying myself for the girls. But I wasn't allowed to explode and satisfy my sexual cravings.

I couldn't even sit there and quietly design lingerie without thinking about pussies, breasts and the female form!

And then there was Saffi and my constant thoughts of her that surmounted everything else.

I was being brainwashed and I knew it.

Successfully.

When – if - it came time to leave, I knew I wouldn't be the same girl that had been carried in here.

Matters were also exacerbated by the fact that for most of the time I was kept in the Neosteel chastity belt.

Though it was comfortable to wear, there was no way that masturbation was possible with its metal shield over my mons pubis and down to my pussy entrance.

The waist band sat high up on me, up above my hip bones.

I couldn't even enjoy vibrators or dildos up there, unlike the other girls and I was even made to walk around sporting a large pink silicon cock on the front plate of the belt, the thin fabric of my Chalwar being stretched by it and making it a lewder sight in front of my female colleagues and the attendants.

My anus was opened up when necessary by unlocking the plate at the back. Otherwise the only time it came off was for stenting, now done and controlled by Pari to ensure I didn't orgasm. I could shower in it though.

The one variation that they did go for was to chain my inner thigh D rings down onto my thigh bands, then chains from the belt to there as well, and finally a bar between the bands to limit my movement even further.

Then there were the bells, the cursed bells that tinkled away every time I moved.

I was truly frustrated by having to wear these.

I hated them.

Everybody knew where Clare, sorry "Nathifa", was and the only relief time came when Pari stuffed them with her cotton wool so as to enjoy me.

They were just so humiliating to wear.

Pari was always around while I was awake and though she used me to satisfy herself, she was under clear orders not to bring me truly off. That was also building my frustration. I wanted to have her fuck me as she was so loving, considerate and pretty, almost like a feminine teenage boy in her looks.

I was to the point of having little orgasms by thought alone - I was that horny.

But thought alone would not bring the big one I desired. I was seriously frustrated. I knew it and would submit to anything to be taken.

It was approaching the month I think as I had partly lost the track of the date when Khalisa suddenly appeared and announced to us that this evening we were invited to a special party outside the Harem and to prepare accordingly.

It would be a congregation of harem girls of various Sheikhs and we were not to wear outside clothes but white diaphanous and, I would say totally see through, Cholis and Chalcars, along with “full jewellery.”

There was great excitement at this amongst the girls and attendants.

I understood from Yusra that such outings for all the Harem were rare, usually it was two at a time, or in accompanying one of the Sheikas and usually shopping, or perhaps dinner, with them before sex.

Yusra recounted the last time that she had been with Minnah and how Minnah

had breast whipped her with one of the fine silk whips that split into ten strands and really stung.

Yusra had been born of Muslim parents of a reasonably well-to-do family in Madrid and studied Arabic at Cairo University. It was there that she had met Khalisa on a woman's Anthropology workshop and they had become friends.

She had been interested in the concept of Harem life and Khalisa had tempted her into the lifestyle, something that she enjoyed as she too tended to the submissive side.

We gradually became good friends and early on she promised to teach me how to tit-fuck when my extra-submissive training eased a little, though she did start with a distinct, natural advantage given the beauty and size of her breasts and nipples.

But we digress enough.

Back to the evening ahead:

We were all carefully given enemas, bathed, oiled and made-up by our attendants, Pari doing her superb job with my colourings and, in particular, my eyes and lips.

It was on entering the bathroom that Husna unlocked my Neosteel and handed it to Pari.

I was thrilled, I was going to be allowed out unconstrained for the first time in weeks.

Back into my bedroom, there on the bed were various boxes laid out. Pari commented:

“These are for you, Nathifa and a gift from the Sheikh and Sheikas. It is your jewellery and they are yours to wear. I understand that you may wear your own diamonds and your neck collar. Let us put those on first and then your foot jewellery.”

The first box contained a very fine silver chain with small clip locks on it. Pari had me lie on my back and she threaded the chain through my top left labial ring and through the one on the right and the two below. The ends were attached to my inner thigh rings, thereby lacing my pussy in.

Pari next attached a small chain through my pussy entrance rings and on the end of this were a small weight and a large pearl. My fourchette ring was similarly treated, ending with a matching pearl.

Pari then removed my clitoral hood and belly button bars and inserted larger rings into them and ran a chain up from my clitoral one, not fixing it yet.

Two pearls were offset next to my clitoris and I knew that these would bounce around on me. A pair of diamonds went on my belly button rings.

The third box included a silver chain bra, bedecked in pearls and which was locked onto my collar.

This jewellery left my areola free and Pari removed my rings to insert bigger and heavier gauged ones to which she attached what appeared like diamond ear-rings hanging down off them, each with three progressively larger diamonds on.

I could really feel them playing on my nipples, making me more sensitive.

Finally, my pearl and engraved “Allah” tag from my waist chain went on my bottom nape clip, hanging provocatively down my bottom valley.

“You look beautiful, Nathifa,” Pari had commented, admiring her handiwork and then perfuming me, “Maybe you will be taken tonight.”

I agreed with her when I saw the ensemble and how Saffi may like this look of submission in front of her, with all the options of using my rings to play with my genitals if she so wished; lacing, weighting, splaying my lips.

There were so many options, never mind my mouth rings or nipple play.

I had put on the shimmering lightweight clothing, the sandals, and then took my Burqa with me.

We were summonsed into the house and the Sheikas were waiting for us.

We all assumed the peach position in front of them.

On command from Khalisa, we rose and fine slave leads were attached to us and we were led out to the cars.

We travelled for some twenty minutes out of Doha to a tented camp, similar to the one that Saffi and I had dinner in with the Sheikh.

I had my Burqa on now and Husna explained it was quite common that a newcomer or virgin would wear the enclosure, keeping her eyes from those of the men present. However, as the Sheikhs were friends of the host, harems were often compared and hence our adornment and presentation in “semi-public.”

There was a females-only tent and the food laid on reflected the very best of Middle Eastern hospitality.

I was attached to Khalisa for the whole time who introduced me to various friends of hers and how I had been contracted from my owner.

It was a case of speaking when spoken to and that was a discipline that I needed to better observe with Saffi.

A gong suddenly boomed out.

Khalisa and the Sheikas led all the harem girls out and before us there was a small tent, spot-lit in bright lights.

The Sheikhs came out and various other men and I quickly recognised Sheikh Hamad. He wandered over and greeted us with a formal greeting.

He carefully inspected my body and nodded his approval with what he saw.

“Khalisa, is Nathifa ready to lose her virginity and is now trained?”

“Husna says so and she has not orgasmed since the night that she arrived and was inducted to the harem.”

I immediately thought to myself that I hadn't given any credence to a man recently and that I was still technically a virgin.

At least from a female perspective.

But surely it wouldn't happen now, I told myself; not in full public like this.

It would be so humiliating and almost bordering on the sacrificial.

A small panic attack wept through me.

“Good, that is good,” the Sheikh mused.

The gong sounded again and another Sheikh stood up and formally greeted us:

“As my fellow Sheikhs are aware, I have had an issue with one of my girls who has committed a major infraction by recently visiting the hotel bedroom of a heathen. This is totally impermissible and therefore she is to be appropriately punished in front of our harem sororities as a reminder to them that such behaviour will not be tolerated and that it will result in the severest of punishments.”

There was a small gasp and I admit that I gulped beneath my Burqa.

This wasn't about me and I was relieved at that; however, it was about a very humiliating punishment and a major whipping would be involved no doubt.

I already felt for the poor girl.

“She was not caught “in flagrante delicto,” so she has been spared death for adultery but she has been enduring the second strongest punishment, since the Dhuhr **ظهر** (the noon prayer) until now.”

I knew from my readings, from the girls and from Tasnim's falaqa that the

Middle Eastern men could be very harsh.

The Koran underpinned that with the strictest of measures against transgressions.

The Sheikh delivered a prayer from the Koran.

Suddenly, the tent was pulled upwards into the air, like the revealing of an antique on television or a magician's trick.

I couldn't believe my eyes.

There was a thick pole in the ground, the thickness of a tree. Next to it was a trestle device, almost like a gym horse, built out of blocks of wood and the top block was shaped like a sharp roof, triangular on top.

Sitting astride it, obviously very uncomfortably and looking very distressed was a girl with long blonde tresses and almost naked, well just in a dishevelled Choli that clearly exposed her full pale breasts.

Her ankles were chained with heavy iron cuffs to the side of the horse and I noted that she had very high spiky heels on. It was obvious that she had the choice of standing on tip toes or sitting on the edge of the "roof" of the trestle that would cut into her perineum and vagina.

The pain must have been unbearable.

Her wrists had been similarly secured in iron to the pole at head height.

Her naked, white bottom was prominently displayed over the roof leading-edge and I could see the outline of whipping marks on her pale skin, obviously not the silk ones as laid out in our Harem Erga.

She was suffering, very red-eyed and, naturally, looking scared.

I didn't know her nationality but if someone had said that she was American, Canadian or British, I wouldn't have been that surprised.

I knew that white-skinned girls were highly prized by Middle Eastern men and my colleagues had mentioned how special my skin and colourings were, as well as their eagerness to seeing the pinkness of my pussy.

I rapidly understood that this was what they had referred to as the "Riding of the Donkey" and later I was to learnt that BDSM incorporated a version of this called "Riding the Horse" for use by femme dommes on their submissives.

Even allowing for the shock of seeing this girl totally distraught and very uncomfortable from the length of time that she had been on the "donkey," the next "shock" was seeing a large brazier next to the horse, well lit with hot charcoals and a branding iron leaning against it.

Surely not?

But, yes indeed, it was to be.

The Sheikh came across and placed the iron in the fire, proceeding to tell us loudly that she was to be marked, مخلص العاهرة “Unfaithful Whore” written in two lines on one of her buttock cheeks.

No, this couldn't be.

The poor girl was squirming now and one of the Sheikh's attendants came across and attached strong leather belts around her waist and thighs, before stuffing a cloth in her mouth.

Lastly he rubbed henna onto her buttock, the idea being that the henna cooked in to the skin to make the branding clearer to read rather than a crude burn mark.

After some ten minutes, the branding iron was tested for heat and, in one quick movement, it was placed across her left buttock. Smoke rose as it burned its way into her skin.

I couldn't look but heard her screaming as her mouth rag fell out.

The smell of her burning skin was on the air.

Horrid.

I was nearly ill.

Down came the tent again and that was it. What was to happen to her? Nobody seemed to know or care. She had broken the trust accorded a wealthy harem girl.

Khalisa turned to us with a comment about this being a salutary message that we would do well to take aboard. I must say that I was somewhat shaken by this demonstration of overt discipline and, one could say, harsh cruelty.

As the event wound down and people started departing, Sheik Hamad came across to us and said:

“Well Nathifa, did you enjoy that sight? As a non-Muslim, you are very privileged to see it, but given your knowledge of the Quran and our ways, as well as being a bona fide submissive of the Harem, it was right that you should have witnessed it.”

“No Sir, not really, I was quite shaken, I must say. I can understand why it happened though, if not the severity and brutality of it.”

“I can understand why it is shocking for a Western woman; however it has long

been our ways. I wouldn't hesitate to do the same thing to my women either. It is the way of the Koran and Allah, Peace be to him – and we give the utmost credence to commitment and trust in Islam. It is one of the strengths of our religion.”

He indicated to Husna:

“Make sure she is ready for me tonight. She now needs to be taken.”

Khalisa gave Husna my chain and led me off back to one of the Mercedes.

When returned to the house and the Harem, Pari was waiting for me.

Husna instructed her to bathe me again, to make sure that my feet well loofah-ed so that they were soft, to ensure that my make-up was fully Middle Eastern but to use an intense western perfume, and to check that my period wasn't due before inserting two dildos and re-lacing my rings.

“And make sure that she is presented in jewellery and no clothes at all, Pari.”

Pari and I had giggled; obviously Husna was unaware of my original sexuality with her reference to my monthly.

She did the necessary on me, making sure that I was totally clean in both my love areas. I was asking her how big the Sheikh was and Pari said that she did

not know, only by reputation that he had a good girth and a nice German soldier helmet, as she called it.

Some two hours later, I was ready. Husna came through and inspected me.

She was happy with what she saw, just adding a little more Estée Lauder Private Collection under my breasts, the nape of my back and on my navel.

She pulled out a small jar and said:

“Do you want some of this on your cunt, Nathifa?”

“What is it, Husna?”

“It is a Ylang-ylang cream. We never use a Western or Middle Eastern perfume on your clitoris; it is far too painful, however the ylang-ylang imparts a sweet flavour.”

“I am aware of it from my journeys to the Far East, Husna. Perhaps a little touch on my mons pubis, but my clitoris, no, if I may be so forward. I think that I am sweet enough there, already.”

She respected my decision and applied a little smear of the Oriental oil, which left no greasy mark.

“Now, Nathifa, you enter the Sheikh’s chambers on your knees and elbows and if he indicates you to immediately get into bed, you climb in from the bottom of the bed and crawl up to him under the thin gauze sheet that he has on it. If he is out of the room, you wait on the rug in front of the bed in the peach position.”

“Yes Husna. I understand.”

“There is only one rule and that is never to turn your back on him when walking away from him in his chamber. It is one of those silly traditions that still exist. And of course, obey every instruction of his, however distasteful you may think it is. After all, he is the one that keeps us in our lifestyle, including the Sheikas.”

I thought of Saffi and how she was “my one” who kept me in my lifestyle.

It was no wonder that they had got on, two dominant folk coming together as if magnets and not repelling each other.

“Ok, Pari, lead Nathifa to the chamber and we will see you back here tomorrow. I am off with Khalisa tonight, Shukriyah with Minnah and Tasnim has Yusra and Talah for what will probably be three way bondage and discipline session.”

I was led down the corridor by Pari and through this door that I had not been through before.

We crossed over the drive by a glass “bridge”, we could see out into the dark, the

lights of Doha gleaming, but outsiders could not see in.

Pari said that the door had an indicator to the Sheikh and he could open the door, make me wait, or have me come in and wait.

Across the “bridge,” I find myself in an ante-chamber and Pari opened the unlocked door and motioned me to crawl in, as instructed by Husna.

I dropped to my knees, prostrated myself and crawled in, my little bells jingling away to announce I was present.

I noticed that the room was huge, covered in very expensive Persian woods on the highly polished, mahogany floor.

It wasn't a short crawl.

The bed was huge in front of me and it must have been custom-made, being at least a triple king Colonial American style with its four posts sticking up.

I observed the slave-rings, up and down the posts, hanging from them.

I moved myself onto the rug and put myself in the “Peach” position to wait the Sheikh. It didn't seem that he was in the room.

I furtively sneaked a glance around my surroundings. Dark burgundy walls, sofas, a massive TV, a fireplace, sofas, and then this enormous bed. The walls were covered in paintings of Old Master nudes – there was some substantial money invested in the naked art.

I thought about presenting Saffi with a painting of a naked me, a female artist of course to paint it. I wondered what she would be thinking of seeing me in this position and about to lose my female virginity.

She had set it up this way though, keeping Per and Tony away from me, to be made love to by a Middle Eastern man who wanted me, his temporary harem girl, all but a slave in name to him and his bisexual wives.

And with no easy way out of here even if I wanted to escape.

This was submission, total sexual enslavement where nothing else mattered but the pleasing of Saffi's designated men and women. My body and brain were theirs for the moment, and definitely belonged to Saffi if they hadn't before.

The dildos in my pussy and rectum were doing their work and had me thinking about the sexual side of all of this.

This was what Saffi had meant by making me indentured to her.

It was the intensity of both the submission living and sexual experience and the immersion that mattered and what she wanted me to take forward in my love,

service and devotion to her.

Once a well-educated, well-read young man, now nothing more than a relatively young sexual slave in front of her owner's designated pro tempore "substitute" and now "designed" to think about nothing but sex.

My mind was wandering like this when I heard the Sheikh come in behind me.

Back to reality.

I focused my eyes downwards and made sure my bottom was properly splayed out so that Sheikh Hamad could inspect my pussy, anus and all the decoration, never mind the dildos lodged in there.

He stayed behind me and his large hand wandered gently over my bottom.

"The girls have done a nice job on you, Nathifa. I like your bottom ring and the one on your perineum. When I first saw you, all those months ago, I noted what a cute bottom you had, almost but not quite rather boyish."

Oops, had he tweaked about me or had the Sheikas said something?

His hand continued its expedition over me.

“It is a little like Talah’s, a little more girlish though and a lot paler. Your silver jewellery works well against your skin.”

His finger teased my anus.

He suddenly spoke in English:

“As a Western girl, do you take cock in the rear, then? I have a particular weakness for pale skinned girls who take my cock in them. It’s probably the contrast of my dark cock against the pinkness of their ring and, well, if they are particularly tight in there.”

“I do enjoy it, my Sheikh,” I said in Arabic.

“Good. Call me Hamad in here.”

“Let’s have a look at you. On your feet!”

I obeyed his order and he walked around me, closely looking at me, feeling my breasts and tummy, making me jingle my bells.

“Onto the bed with you, Nathifa. It was me who gave you that name.”

“I know, Hamad, it is a good translation of Clare.”

I climbed onto the very comfortable bed and Hamad followed.

“You are very beautiful and I love your piercings and jewellery, very befitting to a member of my harem. Are you embarrassed by being so naked and decked out in these chains, bells and piercings?”

“No, Hamad. It is part of my duty to you, to be presented to you in a manner that you like.”

“Good, I like complete subservience in a girl. I recognised that in you the first day that I met you.”

He leaned over and kissed me, his fingers darting to my breast jewellery and playing with it, gently tugging my nipples.

His tongue entered my mouth, his black moustache tickling me slightly. This was the first man I had ever been kissed by who sported one. I let him invade and explore me.

Hamad pulled back on me to guide my hands onto his robe to remove it.

His cock appeared, firm and resplendent, some six and a half inches of well-girthed dark brown penis, hard and rampant, wanting my lips to engulf him.

I lowered my mouth onto him, carefully positioning my lips just under his head and let my tongue roll over his meatus, the source of his sperm to soak and impregnate my cunt or anus.

I gently started to half-shaft him, letting him feel the effect of my oral piercings, giving him extra stimulus on the top and bottom-side of his hard cock.

Up and down I gently took him into me, working him deeper into me, the man smell of his black, wiry pubic push beginning to enter me.

My little arm and thigh bells were ringing lightly away with my movement as I orally masturbated him, almost rather surreally in this atmosphere.

This was getting him worked up and I could feel his hands pressing down on my head.

“Slowly Nathifa, I gather you have never had a man in your cunt, only women in there, so you are technically still a virgin. I am honoured to be able to be the first to take you and I am pleased Miss Saffi has effectively sold you to me for this. She did say that men have ravaged your rear, but not your cunt. I wish to inseminate you with my seed.”

“I am not sure you will see blood, Hamad. I have had many a vibrator up there, but not a man’s cock. I am pure. I could have had the girls inset a little sachet of goat’s blood after the old Gulf custom, or one of these false Chinese plastic sachets that harden in the pussy and release an ink when broken, but my view is

that this would have been an insult to you.”

He murmured his appreciation and surprise:

“I’m amazed that Saffi has never had your pussy virginity taken though, until now.”

“She may have wanted somebody very special to do that, Hamad, such as yourself. It is Allah’s destiny, Peace be upon him.”

His hand started to wander further down my body, lightly flicking over my clit, unable to get inside my pussy because of the lacing down there and, behind that, the preparatory dildo I had up there.

It felt so good to be invaded again; I was waiting to feel a real cock in me though before cumming. I wanted to be taken now to release my brain.

The lacing, well that was almost like a form of bondage hymen to my cunt. I felt the Sheikh undoing it, sending little sparks into me, exciting me at the prospect of him taking and satisfying me.

He settled on my anus, and pulled out my dildo.

He let his finger push into me and my loose muscle ring easily gave way from the width it had been experiencing, never mind Husna’s training of me over the

previous month.

It was lovely to feel a finger inside me, something that I had been too long denied.

He pulled me back off his cock. He didn't want to come yet and he ordered me into the peach position on the bed, moving a large purple, corrugate-ribbed, velvet bolster under me, the ribbing to play against my mons, my pussy presented high up to him.

He undid the screws and released the lacing from my now dripping pussy, so eager to receive his mouth or cock in me.

I felt him train the fine chains down onto my inner hip rings, pulling my petals apart and exposing the carved dildo still lodge in me.

He brought his mouth down on me and it felt so good as he ran his tongue along the inside of my lips.

I murmured my appreciation and I felt his mouth bite on my dildo, pulling it out between his teeth, the dildo being so wet with my pre-cum.

He buried his tongue deep into me. This is what it felt like to be a woman, to have a man worshipping your orifices like this but then that you were his to be had as he so pleased.

He murmured something about how sweet my pre-cum was.

I could feel my nerve ends tingling inside me, sending their steely-edged messages up to my brain, preparing me for him taking me.

I wanted the mental release so badly.

He tongued my anus, stimulating the nerve ends there and that little run right down my perineum, once more back into my pussy, anchored ready for his pleasure, its portal wide open inviting his hard cock to enter me.

He pulled back on me but only to reposition himself, climbing onto the back of me, his swarthy dark body against the pale skin of my back, feeling my fine silver chain “bra” underneath him and my nape ring.

I was his to use.

He guided himself into me and I felt every inch of him.

I could feel his hard head burying itself deep into my cunt.

I was to be properly fucked for the very first time.

He felt magnificent in there, his cock deep in me.

This is what I had wanted. This is why I had undergone all this transformation – to be used by women and men, to be fucked by them, not the other way around. Images of Saffi with a man's huge cock flooded my brain for some bizarre reason.

Hamad set about fucking me, nothing subtle.

A forceful in and then out, letting me know that he was in charge and that I was his sex doll, the chosen one to be taken tonight.

Whatever he wanted, I had to comply.

His sexual satisfaction was paramount – nothing else mattered.

Not even Saffi tonight.

He was driving into me, I could feel my muscles clamping against him, my G spot, the nerves from my old cock head partly spliced into my vagina, playing up, as well as my prostate spot, still there despite the surgery.

I was coming and I knew he was excited.

He felt so hard in me; I could almost feel the underside ridge of his cock pressing against my lower side.

Then it hit me. I felt him surge and tense up.

He was going to unload in me, leave me with his child-bearing semen swimming deep in me.

He came and I came.

The nerve ends went; my brain numbed and went white. I was high up on a cloud.

Nothing else mattered but Hamad's cock deep inside me.

Stay in there, Hamad, let me enjoy your length and girth in me.

I naturally wiggled my hips to accommodate him as deep as I could.

His hands found my nipples, aching with desire and extra-sensitive now with the large rings and the weight of the jewellery on them.

He was holding me into him, enjoying my tightness.

His mouth started to bite the back of my neck and my ear-lobes and he soon had me biting my lip and tongue.

I heard him groan:

“You are one heck of a fuck, Nathifa. I have to have your bottom now.”

He slowly withdrew himself from me.

A horrible feeling.

I wanted him to stay in me, but at least I had his seed.

I was his.

For the moment, anyway.

Immediately, I responded:

“What position do you want me in, Sir?”

“Just give me a few minutes. The moment that I saw you, I knew that you would be such a worthy fuck. The fact that you were still technically a virgin was such a bonus. I could not believe my ears when I heard it and then that you were a submissive...? Well you just had to join my harem.”

“Well, that comes of being controlled by a complete femme domme such as Saffi. Circumstances and her discipline meant that I have never had a cock in my cunt until now. It felt so good, Hamad, and I now know why she denied me this. I also appreciated experiencing a nice sized and excellent girthed cock in me. ‘Width maketh the woman’.”

“Great is her reward as she could have sold you to me for thousands of dollars. Indeed, she will benefit as her offering of you as a virginal harem girl to me for she and you have landed an additional multi-million dollar contract for Per Murchison’s company.”

“Yes Sir.”

So there had been a financial aspect to the transaction, albeit a favour.

Saffi had always said that if I were to be taken by a man, it would be for money, making me effectively a prostitute in front of men.

Women were different but she had also threatened that if I misbehaved...?

“Yes, I want regular access to loving and abusing your pussy or anus, Harem Girl.”

“How can I please you now, Sheikh Hamad?”

“Take me in your mouth again.”

I delivered on my training and soon Hamad was hard again, being titillated by the ring at the back of my mouth.

“Who had you pierced back there, Nathifa?” he grunted.

“Saffi, Sir,” through a mouthful of hard penis in me.

“Let us have you off the bed and in the Pike position. No doubt your Harem sisters have told you that it is one of my favourite positions and your anus and bottom is just so tempting. I ought to arrange a spit two-way – perhaps even four or five way - taking of you.”

I wondered what was a four or five way taking. A spit roast I knew about, but four or five penises at once?

That I was unaware of.

Three I could imagine and five if two more were waiting but...?

Saffi had never really exposed me to a gang-bang other than with women; the nearest to that had been back in first degree days with Elaine and was more like group sex than me with a multitude of men.

With these thoughts bouncing around my mind, I assumed the pike, making sure that my feet were spread and anchored before holding onto my ankles.

Sheikh Hamad came up behind me and started to probe my anus, before dropping to his knees and using his tongue on me to lubricate me up. He dropped down to my now wet again pussy to enjoy my precum.

I didn't move, but just allowed him to enjoy what I offered.

The next thing I felt was his hard cock pushing into my rectum. A different feeling to being fucked in my cunt, a feeling that I was, obviously, much more used to.

His entry into me was easy and I clamped my sphincter muscles around him, holding onto him, putting pressure on his shaft.

He started his fucking of me; I had to hold my position as he thrust deep into me. Is this what he did to Talah?

I could feel him right up against my prostate as he took me. Quickly he brought himself to a climax in me.

I could feel his jism shoot out of him, flooding me, the way I used to be taken. It still felt good and I realised that I now had the best of both worlds.

The night passed on and I ended up cuddling into Hamad, his powerful body next to me as we fell asleep.

I slipped into my twilight world wondering whether Saffi would be getting a report of what had transpired this evening, the loss of my female virginity to a man.

Now I was a woman in the true sense.

Taken by both woman and man and submissive to both.

Well and truly.

Chapter-Four

The Sheikas

I returned to the Harem just before the first prayer of the Day, the “Fajr”, this after having orally taken Sheikh Hamad and had him take me one more time before I got out of his bed. The second time with his hard cock in me was as good as the first.

The girls and Pari were all over me, asking me what had happened and how I had enjoyed it.

What happened though was surprising, a release of the sexual floodgates and not a return to the strict discipline of the time that I had been in “Purdah.”

Having said that, after removing my jewellery and my first bathing of the day, I was placed back in the Neosteel chastity belt but this time with two dildos in place and I spent most of the day with them bouncing around in me, doing their evil work inside their cage.

I enjoyed feeling them there though.

Husna gave me some reading to cover on a Middle Eastern sex slave serving her Sheikha, and Yusra was brought in for a lesson on advanced cock-sucking involving tea-bagging, though in reality, it was more a chance for us to discuss the night before.

Tasnim had apparently locked Talah and Yusra together before whipping them so that, for example, Yusra had felt the impact of the blows being landed on Talah as she ground her body into her and vica versa.

Prayers, lunch and the rest period but I was glad that I had some time to work on lingerie designs for Saffi and the business.

It also allowed me to focus my mind on her as well.

The girls were quite fascinated in my design work and I had four willing models if I ever needed them. It was kind of fun to explore concepts with them.

It was about five o'clock when Husna appeared and announced that I had to get ready tonight to go out to dinner with Khalisa.

Yusra was to join us, the Sheikh had chosen Husna for tonight.

The usual scramble to get bathed, clothed and jewelled up started once more.

This time though Pari selected lingerie for me to wear.

I hadn't worn a thing in over a month and this was a real treat, other than the chance to have my head in one of my family's panties that were being sent over in "ziplock" bags and returned after usage.

She chose a very nice high quality black corset that had no real bra with long thin suspenders and metal clips on them, onto a pair of new Wolford stockings with lace tops, and a pair of matching thong panties.

Before we got that far though, my nipple rings were taken out and replaced with the heavier gauge ones, just as for the previous night. The sensitivity of my nipples, being tugged with the little support of the corset underneath, them was quite remarkable.

Pari also fixed me out with my Talena set, so here I was with my collar, earrings, my wrist and ankle cuffs, my arm and thigh bands on, all possible bondage play points for Khalisa tonight.

And then there was my jewellery as off came my Neosteel harness and my pussy rings were locked up with small padlocks. I had my Arabic tag on and pearl hanging from the nape ring, something that I have always treasured, along with a silver, ruby and garnet necklace sent over from the Sheikha.

But oh to be wearing lingerie again was wonderful. I felt that I had been deprived of it all these weeks.

For my outer clothing, Pari had selected a Shalwar Kameez, a Persian tunic with a black and burgundy red lace tunic top combining with a super cute mini dress style. There was a front leather tie-up to add detail along with long flowing sleeves. Underneath, there was a pair of long burgundy leggings in the same fabric.

My final jewellery included a number of silver Omani bangles on both wrists. Pari then used a “Majoon and Mabthoth” Oud to perfume me up.

Pari and I went downstairs and Yusra was there, already to go.

She was dressed in a kaftan of similar colour to my outfit and also had a collar, wrist and ankle cuffs on.

The good news was that, as just being women together tonight and visiting a female-only restaurant, I didn't have to wear the Burqa, just the standard Abaya and Niqab.

We went out into the main house and assumed the peach position to await and welcome Sheikha Khalisa. Some five minutes later she appeared and had us rise and put on our Abayas.

From her hand bag, she produced two panties and put the first pair over me and the second over Yusra who was somewhat startled by this.

“Tasnim said that this was a little fetish of yours, Nathifa. So therefore, Yusra, you can blame her. Now put your Niqabs.”

The scent of Khalisa hit me.

These were nice and strong and a deep, damp, musky smell pervaded my nose.

She took two fine chains and snapped them onto our wrist cuffs and led us out to the car.

We drove over to the South Waqif Souq to an Iraqi restaurant, Al Adhamiyah, where we met up with another Sheikha, Mia, and two of her harem.

The two Sheikas greeted each other and, removing our Niqab “layers” and robes, we were taken through to a private room for a wonderful dinner.

The ambiance was very Iraqi, I was told, with solid beech-like wood furniture, fawn walls and an interesting array of pictures and photographs of the “Fatherland.” Small, black hanging lanterns added to the atmosphere and they even placed candles on our table.

The olive salad was sumptuous and like something that I had never had. The lamb was deliciously soft and tender, having been very slowly roasted. The dolmas, an acquired taste, were good, their humus nice and creamy and some lovely baba ghanouj.

Khalisa offered me a glass of wine if I wished; I declined her saying that I wished to be a good Islamic girl. She chuckled at that.

The privacy of our dining room was just as well. After the main course, I was first to be ordered to my knees under the table, the chain being held by Khalisa.

I lifted up her skirt and could see her black panties in front of me.

I nuzzled my nose into her cleft and could feel that she too was hairless.

That was expected of me.

However, she was heavily pierced with what felt like small plates in her cunt lips, pushing her lips out into the fabric of her panties, making them clearly visible to me.

Khalisa pressed my head closer into her and squeezed me with her thighs to hold me against her.

I extended my tongue and could sense her damp spot from her precum emerging out and soaking into her silky panties.

I ran my tongue up over her cleft, trying to tease her grotto inside and behind the little piercing discs. She pulled me back and I got up and resumed my position.

Mia had done the exactly the same with her harem girl, Nahid, who was sporting her Sheikha's pre cum on her face. Khalisa ordered me to kiss Nahid and clean her up, thereby giving me a taste of her owner, a silky cream.

Yusra was ordered into position, as was Mia's second girl, Ruyah.

Dessert arrived and the conversation was much more sex-oriented now, Khalisa explaining how I had arrived in her service via a trade for a contract that her husband had put together and that I had only recently emerged from my introductory training.

Her complimentary remark was that I supposedly had a skilled tongue, something that Sheikha Tasnim had enjoyed from me, but then went onto tell her about my panties sniffing fetish.

Here they were discussing my sexual prowess almost as if I wasn't there; which was a little humiliating and reminded me of my place as sexually inferior to the Sheikas.

“May I see if she is any good, Khalisa?”

“Sure, under the table, Nathifa and give Sheikha Mia the pleasure that she seeks.”

Mia ordered Ruyah:

“Take my panties off and emerge from under there with them on your head, sniffing my gusset. I quite like the concept and making the girls take me in under their Niqabs is cute. Even if the panty gusset shows a little, so what; it could be a lining to the veil.”

We switched positions, Ruyah coming out, sheepishly, with a pair of light cream Wacoal hi-sides on he; I recognised the style immediately. Working in lingerie had its advantages.

Getting down on my knees and under Mia's robe, I was a little surprised to find that she had a landing strip of black pubic hair.

Mia was a Qatari by birth, about five-foot five, a slender frame but showing a little extra weight, probably from the children that she had already borne.

Like Khalisa, she was gorgeously dressed, wearing a two-thirds long silk print dress in a lovely shade of emerald green that complimented her dark colourings.

She had lovely eyes, made up in the local style and her make-up had been done, it seemed, professionally. She could have passed as a sister of Khalisa but there was no mention of that at any time.

I moved forward and closely inspected at her vagina as best as I could do, being at such close quarters, questing eyes greeted by nicely defined lips, no piercings, and a lovely hood with her little head emerging from it, thanks to the previous ministrations of Ruyah.

I kissed around her pussy strip and then nestled down on her clitoris, applying just suction, bringing her friend out for my eventual tonguing of her.

I just let my lips rest on her and could hear a little groan as the pressure on her

love button did its work.

Then I ran my tongue delicately along the fine line of her inner lips, picking up her nectar that had been on Nahid, before going down to her pussy entrance and gently flicking it to let her know that I was ready to enter when she was.

At this point, her hands came down and took hold of my coppery locks, may hair now as long as it had ever been and she ran her fingers through my hair, holding me close to her.

I went back to her clitoris to gently nip that and suck it before one more pass down her love channel, a little firmer on her lips this time, picking up her vestibule.

This time, I went down to her pussy, curled my tongue, and entered her, pushing it home as far as I could in homage to her cunt canal.

She came and she came hard on me, shaking her hips, pressing them forward onto me as she bathed me in her cum.

I could hear her sigh and she removed one hand to grab Khalisa's wrist, partly in thanks, partly to stop her sliding off her seat.

"Mmmm, she is good; she didn't learn that in your Harem did she? For if she did, you have to lend me your tutor to work over my girls."

I was instructed to surface and leave her cum on my face. I had been quite looking forward to being kissed by Ruyah. Oh well, that was my Sheikha's right.

We had some refreshing Arabic tea to finish with, always black and sweet, sometimes with mint in it, in the little small glasses and gold coloured frames that they so liked.

Just before leaving, Mia invited Khalisa and us back to her quarters, saying that she had something to show her, something that Khalisa possibly didn't have in her Harem.

"I saw one in London, Khalisa, it's a queening stool and I have had a couple of custom ones made for me for my harem's humiliation and service. They are wonderful."

Now, I must say that I hadn't actually seen one in the Harem's or Tasnim's sex rooms.

"Oh, I haven't seen one. Yes, I would be delighted to come to your quarters and see them."

So, instead of returning to the Harem, we ended up driving over to Mia's "palace," for that was what it was, while Mia took me - "niqab-pantied" in her scent by now - and Khalisa took Ruyah.

We went into Mia's luxurious quarters, while Nahid went into their Harem area to recover the second stool.

Attendants rapidly saw that we had glasses of "Saudi Champagne" to hand, the drink being like a "Pimms" without the alcohol and using Perrier water, its refreshing fruitiness refreshing my throat, though I could still taste Mia's cum.

We proceeded to Mia's bedroom, an opulent sanctuary decorated in rich hues of pink and, personally, a little over-the-top in terms of its décor and finishing. Everything was of the highest quality though.

There near the bed were two large queening stools, large black boxes, finished with black leather seating for the Queen, in this case a Sheikha, and the edgings of the stool finished off in silver.

However, there were also a number of rings and attachments off the underneath of the seat thereby allowing it to be used in conjunction with bondage positions.

I hadn't seen that before and I knew that Saffi would be more than interested in modifying ours, and that she would soon tell Fallon as well.

"Remove your clothing, Girls," came the command.

We obeyed and quickly were out of our outfits. I could see my breasts with their large, heavy rings hanging down from my excited nipples being closely looked at.

“Panties off, but take each other’s off using your mouths only.”

I was paired with Ruyah and somehow managed to get hers down to reveal a lovely pussy and, surprisingly, no piercings. The girls were only arm and thigh banded in silver, just like Yusra and me.

I caught a slight scent of her cunt, no doubt starting to pre-cream with anticipation of what was to come.

Ruyah removed mine and was, I think, a little surprised to discover the padlocks down there, never mind my pearl and tag hanging off my back ring and the two rings on the top of my thighs.

“You do like piercing your Harem girls in the Hamad household, Khalisa. You seem to have really gone to town on Nathifa.”

“Well, Hamad likes it for the presentational effect and we Sheikas like it for all the bondage possibilities. It keeps the girls ready for sexual submission too. You can’t see all of Nathifa’s as she has belly button ones too and ones in her mouth. Open your mouth, Nathifa!”

I obeyed and was closely inspected.

“It’s good for the man when she is deep throated and the tongue bar can take a little vibrator on top of it for us dommes.”

“Interesting, I really ought to get my girls done.”

“Send them over to us if you like, you can be there of course, Mia.”

“Now remove our clothes and Nathifa and Ruyah, you remove the panties off us.”

We helped the Sheikas out of their beautiful outfits and had them down to their lingerie, Mia in her Wacoal cream wear and Khalisa in a gorgeous black Aubade ensemble.

Nahid and Yusra went to remove the Sheikas’ bras and immediately gave them breast worship, while Ruyah and I dropped to the floor and took our mouths to the hems of the panties to start working them down.

Slowly they came off, revealing to me, for the very first time, Khalisa’s naked cunt.

Indeed, as I had felt through sniffing and playing with her pussy under the dinner table, it was incredibly pierced with a clitoral bar and then these half inch, small silver, “button-style,” plates riveted right through her pussy lips from the outer labia with a matching disc on the inside of the inner.

This had the effect of making her lips very prominent, opening up her pussy for any tongue, finger, dildo or cock invasion.

I was glad I hadn't been pierced like that as these would have been far too intrusive and would have destroyed the fine line of my inner lips that I had so long desired before my reassignment surgery.

I vowed not to tell Saffi about these, unless asked by her to describe intimately Khalisa's appearance.

That, I could not refuse her.

Khalisa asked Mia if she had any bondage chains or rope. She quickly produced the former.

"Ok, let's have you down there, Nathifa."

It had been a while since I had been in one of these boxes. I always had enjoyed them as it made face-sitting very comfortable for both domme and submissive.

I got down onto the soft rug and put my head into the box, ready to receive Khalisa or Mai.

"Nathifa, swivel your bottom and legs upwards."

Yusra helped me go over and my thigh-bands were attached to the sides of the

box with a couple of the chains.

This wasn't that comfortable now and my padlocked pussy was totally exposed for any play that the Sheikas may wish.

Khalisa sat down and presented me with her open pussy. I started to explore her, enjoying her nectar as it emerged, the sight above right me being very erotic.

Her hand wandered down to my pussy and started to undo my locks, duly exposing her clit over my rampant tongue. Once undone, she started to caress my labia and play with my clitoral ring, sending little pleasure shocks into me.

She sat back onto the seat, presenting her anus to me and, suddenly, in came the crack of the end of a crop right on the inside of my thigh.

This stung.

“Carry on giving me your pleasure, Nathifa. Ignore the beating!”

A second smack of the other thigh and this stung too, again making me wince.

“Take it, take your pussy whipping.”

Another smack, this time right above my pussy, landed on me. Ouch; it wasn't hard but it certainly smarted.

On this went and gradually Khalisa upped her force on me, pressing her bottom down on my face each time before she used the crop on my pussy area. My back started to ache.

I washed over her pussy again and again, lapping at her creamy secretions, savouring her flavour, using the intensity of her cum to concentrate my mind on sating her needs and, in doing so, mentally deaden the impact of my beating.

She responded to my intensified efforts, in particular when I rolled my tongue and started to fuck her pussy with it, feeling her pierced plates against my mouth as I entered in to her.

This is what she needed and she came on my, stopping the beating, enjoying the orgasm crashing through her, and continuing to press down on me to hold me in her.

Slowly she came off her mountain or wherever she was and continued to sit on the stool right above me, letting me closely examine the intricate folds of her pussy, committing them to memory, the occasional little slurp to capture her love cum.

I could hear Mia and Ruyah going through the same treatment alongside us and when Ruyah at last found her mark, Mia let out a little scream of satisfaction.

The Sheikas switched places.

I had no idea what was happening, if anything, to Yusra and Nahid.

All I knew was that after a few seconds, Mia's bottom replaced Khalisa's, her dark folds positioned right above me. Surely she wasn't going to crop me again. I wasn't sure my thighs could take it.

I started to concentrate on serving her pussy, concentrating on her pussy lips and just inside the folds.

She seemed to like this, responding positively to me by gently moving her bottom around above me, so as to allow different access to my tongue.

She began to play with my clitoris and its piercing, gently stroking it, bringing it out of its little resting-place. This was rather a nice sensation.

I was getting used to being in the position that I was, legs doubled back, opening my bottom up for her pleasure.

Her masturbation was what I needed. Some release for me perhaps? I too was feeling a need for releasing my sexual tension.

It wasn't to be.

A suction feeling came surging in, putting really intense pressure on my clitoris.

Mia had taken a small suction cup with some air expulsion squeezer and placed it directly over my little love bud. I could feel that.

As she evacuated the air, it forced my clit upwards and, my God, it ached. It felt like it was going to explode.

Mia applied even more suction.

“Tongue me harder if you want me to stop.”

I pressed home on her and she held the pain level. My clitoris felt like it was on fire. It had never been this far out of its home.

My immediate thought was whether I could physically take this; would it do damage to me? At least she was not applying more pressure now. It would be best to make her come as quickly as possible.

I went for my “down the lips” technique and drove my tongue hard in to her, savouring her taste.

“A little lower down now, Nathifa...”

I moved down to her anus and rimmed her, before curling my tongue and pushing home. Here I was, on a woman I had only just met, and I had to render her anal oral sex and enjoy her intense inner aromas.

I started to motion a fucking of her, trying to get into her as far as I could. She was bouncing around on me, obviously enjoying what I was up to.

Back into her cunt I went and she came hard on me, along with two stinging slaps of her crop against my pussy – and then she played the handle of the crop up and down my love area, frotting me with it as she came down from her peak.

It was just a tease though; she wasn't going to bring me to orgasm.

We were released from our bonds to be replaced by the other two girls, Nahid and Yusra helping us out and then we had to put them in bondage for their service.

Mia came across and put Ruyah and I into a sixty-nine, locking chains off my thigh belts onto her collar and vica versa, and then chaining our wrists together.

We were to be a type of erotic show in front of these two Sheikas as they took their enjoyment from underneath.

Ruyah's pussy was divine: completely bare and nicely defined with small petals at her cunt portal. She also tasted good. I could enjoy this and set about pleasing

her, as she did to me.

She quickly discovered my sensitivity along my pussy lips, my clit still being swollen and tender from Mia's recent attention to that.

I heard Mia barking at Ruyah to concentrate on bringing me off and not watching her with Yusra underneath in the queening stool. I kept my head down, so to speak.

It didn't take too long for Ruyah to grip my head with her thighs as she started to tremble her way to release and I could feel my own intensity growing.

Her mouth ran back over my inner lips one too many times and I felt myself rise, shaking as my climax came. Right through my brain and then deep in inside my pussy, I released, washing Ruyah with my love juices.

Ruyah let herself go, my head pincer-gripped as locked in a vice. She was a "squirter" and soaked me. I tried to take her in my mouth and couldn't handle her.

I heard the laughter from our Sheikas at this sight, Mia eagerly commenting:

"I knew that Nathifa wouldn't be able to handle Ruyah's cum..."

"Aaah, Mia, but Nathifa has oralled her to the point that she is completely out

for it – her tongue is good and you know that well, now.

We were allowed to recover but then had to take each other a second time as our colleagues switched position.

Yusra knew her way over Khalisa's pussy and very quickly had her coming.

That led to a fucking of us.

Here I have to admit to a first. Khalisa ploughing into me with a double strap on wasn't exactly turning me on and I feigned my orgasm.

I was wet enough to get away with it, and Khalisa was more intent over her own dildo bouncing itself around inside her on the vibrations of taking me.

I felt her cum as she shook at her apex and then collapsed forward on me, kissing my neck.

With this we were finished and, once cleaned up, the three of us bade our farewells before we put our Abayas and our "Panties-Niqabs" before being led back to the car and eventually into the Harem.

Khalisa was fatigued from her exertions and headed back to her apartment and her attendant on duty. Yusra volunteered to sleep with me if I wished but in fact I felt like some down time.

I was missing something.

Pari, bless her, knew straight away.

She ran a bath in our bathroom, stripped me down, as well as herself, and proceeded to get in the tub to bathe me in the warm soapy water.

That in itself was very refreshing and helped me relax.

She dried herself off and then wrapped me in the large white fluffy Egyptian cotton towels, before disappearing into my bedroom.

She was gone for a few minutes, eventually coming back into the bathroom with a Harem nightie, a long thin white one that was virtually transparent. She helped me into it, gave my hair a brush and perfumed me, giving me a sexy little kiss as she finished.

The little minx, but that very kiss had raised my curiosity a little.

She took me by the hand, got me to close my eyes, and took me back into the bedroom where she left me standing for a few seconds.

“Open your eyes, Nathifa.”

I did, the room was lit in candles and a small gold Bakhoor was lit, strewing its lovely delicate scent of an Oud and Cedar mix into the room.

On the bed, Pari was on her back, lying there, ready to be made love to, with six things next to her.

Firstly, I saw a bolster pillow positioned for one of us to mount and present our bottom on, secondly a large, black strap cock, double ended with a squeeze ball and, thirdly, a curved black vibrator with a lovely penile head to it.

Then there were two ziplock bags containing what looked like panties and a long ribbon.

“We had a Fedex delivery of panties today, Nathifa, from Saffi and your family. I have two black pairs here, marked Saffi and Pamela. Come and lie down and I will prepare you. I am going to properly make love to you tonight.”

This is what I needed; love sex not outright “service” sex. I was really missing that dimension from Saffi and the Murchison family, the passion of being in love as well as being submissive.

Pari, bless her, had picked up on this and was prepared to help rectify my needs.

I was getting wet at the prospect of her taking me, my eyes wandering over the physical beauty of her, my nose picking up on her sweet scent, my mind being

contorted by the need for her to control and use me for her pleasure.

I got onto the bed and Pari moved over my nose and mouth, forcing me to serve her, to do what I had been up to earlier with Mia, but this time with more zeal.

Her naked lips, her delicate flower, her little clitoris already standing to attention, they were all above me and I gently kissed them, enjoying their sweetness.

Pari got her pressure on me just right, letting me take in air but also so that I was submerged in her love area so that I could take her in and please her with my nose, my lips and my tongue, her thighs pressing down on my shoulders.

I paid her the homage that she was seeking, slowly bringing to the fore her, lubricating up her lovely, tight pussy. I could see little droplets of cum just beginning to form at her entrance.

She moved off me and gave me the strap to help her into.

Firstly, I helped work the straps up over her legs and hips and, secondly, I took her end of the double dildo and gradually worked it into her expectant cunt.

The dildo now beginning its long trip to, hopefully, bringing her to a chain of orgasms, I tightened the straps for her.

With her very small breasts and slender hips, she now looked like a young teenager about to take her woman.

She took one of the ziploc bags, undid it, and let me inspect the gusset of the hi-side panties inside.

They had been lovingly encrusted and I knew immediately these scents were from Pamela.

Pari put them to one side:

“We’ll play with these later; they can be your hood for the moment.”

With her delicate fingers, she opened the second ziploc; this time it was a pair of Barbara bikini briefs, with a solid “ribbed” front panel design.

Pari flipped them inside out to show me the cotton pad and sniffed them:

“These are definitely Saffi’s; I recognise the aroma. These are the ones for you tonight.”

With that, she flipped them back in the proper way and, next thing I knew, she had me enveloped in them, taking in the very essence of my domme, my lover and partner.

Quickly, she had the panties tied off and tightened so that Saffi's bouquet was full onto me, a heady, blended perfume of her cummy cream and a little pee.

I was in seventh heaven.

Pari got me onto the bed again, this time over the bolster with my bottom up, ready to be invaded how she so desired.

I was beginning to get quite wet with expectation now.

This was definitely what I wanted.

Pari took Pamela's pair and slipped them over me so that I was staring through Saffi's leg holes but into the black fabric of Pamela's. I was in my little nasal cage.

She took the vibrator and eased that into my rectum, my muscles giving way to the invader with little resistance, a small amount of lubricant having been applied.

Pari came up behind me and let her "penis" dance over my eager lips, up to my clit and back down. This she repeated.

Finally, she let the cock head rest in the entrance to my pussy. I was almost going wild in wanting to push back onto her, to have her inside me and take me.

Just as I was about to release myself from my tenterhooks by doing so, Pari moved forward on me and I felt that lovely feeling of a cock sliding into me, such a powerful expression of sexual desire and love.

She began her taking of me, her thrusts making me press my nose forward into my domme's impregnated panties, pushing into the soft pillow under my head.

This was exquisite.

Rapidly, my sexual frisson grew. I was on fire with Pari's screwing of me. She had set up a nice soft environment that had relaxed me. I was with a little memento of Saffi. Now all I needed was a divine orgasm, an orgasm of real sexual relief.

She upped the tempo of her fucking, the vibrator behind responding to this by seeming to buzz even stronger behind Pari's cock.

My hips were bucking now, wanting to ride Pari.

My hand was seeking out my stiff nipples beneath me, envisaging sucking on Saffi's nipples.

A tsunami of an orgasm overcame me, the earthquake causing it welling up from deep inside me and completely overtaking me. I could feel Pari coming and she released herself into me, some fluid shooting up deep into my love tube.

I clamped her, wanting more from her. And it just kept on coming.

Relief.

A second wave took me over. I was loving this.

Thank you Pari.

As we wound ourselves down, she removed Pamela and Saffi's panties and kissed me, a deep French kiss, exploring my mouth.

"I love you, Nathifa."

I didn't really take this in until the next morning as we quickly fell asleep, Pari cuddling me in my Harem white nightie.

When I did come to, I thought:

"Oh, my goodness me. She could be in love with me, but I am not with her. I like

her a lot and appreciate her friendship and support, but it's not love in the Saffi sense."

Was this going to be a dilemma? How should I handle it? I certainly didn't want to lose her as my attendant as she was good at what she did and, secondly, she knew what I had been in my past life.

However, when I thought about it that secret was probably safe, as Khalisa had probably instructed her that if it got out, her job would be at risk, as well as my continued presence in the Harem.

I hadn't had that much contact with Saffi while I had been in Doha but I decided to e-mail her for advice.

She came back a few hours later with a message of thanks and that I had to sit down and explain to Pari the intensity of our relationship, but that I was happy for her to continue with her service and didn't want to lose her. And, if she accepted that, then I could use a phrase such as "cherish her friendship," something that wasn't love but reflected the intensity of the relationship.

By the way, Saffi's message did ask how it was all going. Was I thinking of her all the time, well during the down time? And, of course, that she loved and missed me.

That was reassuring.

Pari was actually fine with that. It was probably me being hyper-sensitive and very much an expression of love from attendant to her boss.

However, I did say that she could make love to me whenever she wanted and if I was “off duty.” And when she did, I would be her girl for her love-making and that she could take me however she wished. After all, that was what I had been born to be, a totally submissive girl to be used, and not a male as I had started life.

Time moved on in its repetitive form that represented the way of life in the Harem, all going back to ensuring that we were focused on nothing but sex and pleasure for our Owners.

The direct sexual activities I found were occupying some three to four nights of service a week, once to the Sheikh and the other evenings and nights with the Sheikas in their quarters, sometimes just alone, and others as part of a twosome.

Part of the frequency naturally depended on who was in town, as all of them seem to travel frequently. For my colleagues, this was a little treat with trips to Paris or London in accompanying their Mistresses. I didn't expect to be accorded that honour.

When not in service to the family, then my bed would be usually occupied by Pari, who made sure that I was well and truly fucked. I enjoyed her taking me and she was quiet skilful in her love making with me.

It was somewhat of a weird relationship as here she was, an attendant to me but then she loved to express her dominance and love of me, while I was higher up the Harem hierarchy but submissive to her and not in love per se, but appreciating her deep commitment.

She would make an excellent Harem girl for some-one if she downplayed her domme side but, perhaps that was just part of her naturally being a “switch.”

The other girls could also occupy my bed, though usually they were too exhausted from their formal service. It was mainly Talah and Yusra who slept with me on the occasions that this happened.

In each of their ways, the Sheikas were very demanding and kept us girls “on our toes” so, with the Sheikh’s needs to take into account as well, we were often fighting fatigue.

I have given a soupçonne of Khalisa and in the last Volume, Tasnim. I have not really mentioned Minnah yet.

I got to know Minnah fairly well. On our first dinner, I learned that my first guess to her country of birth was wrong. Not by much, it wasn’t Tunisia but next door, Algeria.

Consequently we spoke in French, with the occasional Arabic expression thrown in and I knew that she spoke English.

She was from a high ranking family and had read Law and Languages at the University of Algiers; this meant that she was intricately involved in Hamad's affairs, providing him legal advice and ran his philanthropic foundations, mainly in underwriting Islamic art and archaeology.

This explained why she was away a lot, mainly in Cairo, Amman, Tunis and Tripoli.

Minnah had met the Sheikh through her legal work and they had hit it off very quickly, and her family were more than agreeable to the match as his third wife, apparently having thought that she would "rebel" in wanting a more "equal" relationship with a man.

She explained to me that the key in Islamic marriage was the negotiation before the marriage, quintessentially a pre-nup contract, that outlined the responsibilities and freedoms granted between the prospective partners.

What had appealed apart from the obvious financial security was not only the Sheikh's love but that she was free to explore her bi-sexuality and fetishes within the Harem.

She had, by far, the best intellect of the Sheikas and she was amazed to hear of my background, in particular my second Masters.

It was because of her that my Arabic came on leaps and bounds.

The girls provided the chance to become fluent in day-to-day conversation, Minnah pushed what one may term, without sounding too arrogant, more advanced Arabic and that also worked well for me in being able to converse as an intellectual equal with the Sheikh, not that I was equal when it came to sexual matters.

I knew my position and if I had any doubts, their sexual treatment of me reinforced that I was, and was committed to being, a submissive female. I always smile at the thought of the journey I have undertaken.

Intellectual discipline and creativity can be a heady mix when it comes to sexual play and Minnah was certainly open to that, being probably the most deviant of the three wives.

In my case, she was, how can I put it, cautious or reserved, taking the time to get to know me and my history. Khalisa and Tasnim obviously had briefed her of my full background.

We had a number of dinners together as well as meetings, not only to cover my background, but also to help her in a couple of commercial matters. The Sheikh had agreed to this.

I also had a pretty good idea of what she enjoyed from the Harem girls and their stories. This came from Pari as well, who had also said that if she could replicate herself as one of the wives, it would be Minnah.

An interesting perspective indeed.

My first evening in her suite came about some six weeks after the Sheikh had first taken me.

I hadn't really given any thought to a sex session with her and had thought that the evening out with her would just involve dinner and a good, lively conversation, our normal *modus operandi* to that point.

I should have given more thought to what I was dressed in, as this was a bit different to the normal dress of the Harem for going out.

Pari had bathed me and made me up as usual in what I would term a "light," young, sophisticated and modern Middle Eastern look, which I quite liked, a nice emphasis of my eyes and cheeks and not overpowering in eye-shadow and lipstick.

That morning I had had a lovely sugar-waxing, immersion in body lotion to soften my skin along with a loofah, and massage and my pussy had been laced and locked out; nothing really unusual about that.

That afternoon, I had made Pari up for some fun and to practice my own Middle Eastern make-up techniques, with her guidance.

Also, I had thought that she may want to make love to me later when I returned from dinner with Minnah and I was quite looking forward to her taking me, as I

had been hors service for five days so as to simulate my period.

Pari had switched my breast rings for the heavier ones, the only difference being that she produced a new jewellery box with five lovely small chains with large cream drop pearls on them and had attached them to my breast rings, two to my navel bars and my clit ring.

She explained that these were a present to me from Minnah and reminded me to thank her when I saw her.

Their look was rather nice and, evidently, I was going out bra and panties-less, nothing particularly unusual in that as with all the Harem jewellery for the female anatomy, going without lingerie on was quite the norm.

Pari had also put on the bra necklace with tiny pearls as well and put a “high” silver waist chain on, and ran my own tag and pearl from that down through my bottom ring.

Just under the waist chain, she took a beautiful new white suspender belt. This was a custom designer from the UK called Elaine Edwards.

It was almost a high waist one and finished in a white transparent mesh on the front half that gave a clear view of my chains and pearls on my navel and left my clit one hanging down provocatively, inviting any person wanting to use me to come in.

Behind it was satin finished before tapering up to a wide strap with a three row, three hook closure system that left my rear chain and pearl hang down between my bottom cheeks.

The belt itself was a nice wide width and hanging down off it were eight white, wide suspender straps with metal connectors and adjustable clips. There was a lovely delicate white lace finishing.

Pari hooked these garter straps up, four to each leg, to a pair of new white Woford lacy-topped stockings, that came up to my silver harem girl thigh bands, the ones that had been riveted onto me on my first full day in Doha.

I loved the virginal look with the transparent white of the belt matching the silver and pearl jewellery and made a mental note that I ought to present myself like this to Saffi.

It also gave me thoughts for my own designs and that I ought to consider, no pun meant, a hook up with a top-quality piercer in New York for fitting bottom nape rings, positioned to take my suspender belts.

Saffi would love it.

As to my outer clothing, I should have tweaked that this evening would be different, as Pari produced a pale grey blouse and a white rah-rah skirt.

The skirt was short, lightweight and ruffled into four layers of lace and chiffon,

but it hung well. I had never worn anything like this before. Pari accentuated it with a silver belt from which hung a false pearl, continuing the theme underneath.

My blouse was, well what could I say? It left nothing to the imagination in being very thin and virtually transparent.

It would show off my bejewelled breasts in their full glory.

I didn't know where we were going for dinner but I hoped that it would be private enough to give me protection in this conservative country.

It had transparent sleeves accentuated with ruffles and ribbon trim on the lower part. The main bodice was transparent down to under my breasts and then the ruffled and laced at the bottom where it met with the skirt. The collar was silk.

Pari said later that it came with a camisole but Minnah did not want me to wear that; she had specifically demanded that I was naked underneath.

Over the blouse, Pari added three silver necklaces, long ones with small balls on and then fixed large silver ear rings in my ears.

As to my shoes, they were like a pair of a matching light grey ballet shoes with a lacing over the lower part of the slipper.

I took a look in the mirror; it was a cute outfit and made me look more like a sixteen to eighteen year old. It certainly highlighted my dark coppery hair and my hennaed ringed nipples stood out like the proverbial organ stops.

Pari came to my rescue with rather a nice lightweight Payne grey silk jacket that was textured and complemented the outfit rather well, the jacket showing some rough silk texture.

She used a Bulgari perfume on me and I was ready.

I headed downstairs to meet Minnah. Talah was accompanying us; again that wasn't unusual as frequently we were two or three who went on an expedition. It all depended on the travel plans of the family.

Minnah had said that when we were alone, assuming the peach position was not necessary but with Talah present, it was only proper to do so.

She bade us to rise and gave us a kiss, her tongue just probing, rather sexily, between my teeth to flick mine.

We donned our Abayas and Niqabs and drove to the Grand Regency Hotel to eat in their Chinese restaurant, Chopsticks.

Chinese food is somewhat of a challenge for the chefs in the Middle East as, obviously, pork cannot be used, being “Haraam,” حرام, - forbidden.

We arrived at the hotel and went into the restaurant, Minnah sitting us so that we were only visible to her and she requested that we remove our jackets.

Talah was also similarly dressed in a semi-transparent blouse, black in her case. So here we were, exposing our decorated breasts to our Sheikha.

A selection of dim sum including one of my favourites in a Prawn Cheong Fan, a very good Hot and Sour Soup, and plates of Chinese Roast Duck, steaming Shrimp in garlic and ginger, sir-fried Garoupa (Grouper) fish, and a fried Chicken with black mushrooms and lovely Iranian cashews, set us up well.

Minnah was going to order wine for the two of us but then realised that the Regency was a dry establishment, so we settled for the omni-present Saudi champagne.

It was rather odd to be sitting there with my breasts so exposed in public and I knew a combination of the environment, my heavy rings and jewellery on show and the feel of the mesh continually rubbing them were titillating my nipples.

Carefully avoiding the subject of my former life, Minnah teased me by getting me to relate my exploits as a schoolgirl with Helena.

I knew that she intensely liked this part of my history, as I had had to tell her about it before, after the subject had come up in one of our discussions.

It was almost as if she was being turned on by it. Her dark eyes were sparkling.

We finished up and Minnah settled the bill.

Talah and I went to put our Abayas and Niqabs on. Minnah made me pause and pulled from her purse a pair of her white panties.

“I know that you have a fetish for this, Nathifa. Tasnim told me about it. Rather fun actually, so I have prepared these for over a day and night for you. I want to see it under your Niqab.”

I took them, a pair of rather nice Empreinte Maud ones, white with a solid front panel and mesh and lace side-panels.

I could see inside the gusset that they were heavily soiled by the pale yellowy colour and crust of her juices all over the inside cotton.

There in the restaurant, I submissively put them on my head followed by Niqab and adjusted my hood.

A sweet, sweaty, cummy odour filtered through to my brain; I was right up against her pussy that had prepared her offerings for my induction to her.

We went out to the car where the driver was waiting and, ten minutes later, we were back in Minnah’s apartment, taking off our Niqabs and Abayas.

I wasn't permitted to remove her panties.

Her quarters were modern in style, far less traditional than the rest of the house but offset by a number of stunning pieces of Islamic art and pottery, reflecting Minnah's interest in this area.

It was also beautifully lit with the top pieces spot-lit, almost like being in a small, intimate museum or gallery.

As I looked around, all I could take in was Minnah's pussy perfume, strong that it was and, for some reason, probably its attraction pheromones, I could feel myself being turned on at being taken by her and made hers for this evening.

In the car, Minnah had had me sit next to her and her hands had suggestively wandered, as well as stealing a number of furtive kisses.

She asked us if we needed any refreshments and on our negative response, she took us through to her bedroom.

That too was very much more open and modern in nature and, like the other Sheikas' and the Sheikh's rooms, it too had a sitting area covered in rich Persian carpets. In her case, there were low western-style sofas along with a continuation of her sophisticated decorative skills.

Here was a woman with an eye for exquisite antiquities and the boldness to juxtaposition them against modernity.

The bed was also ultra-modern with a black frame and very white in its linens, the commonality with the others being its immense size.

To one side was a beautiful white bathroom and, on the other, Japanese style screens in a type of boxwood.

Minnah opened these to reveal her own playroom.

My mouth dropped open as it was set up with a number of devices that looked like fucking-machines. I had never seen one up close, only hearing about them and seeing one or two models in catalogues.

The amazing sight was that there was this stage structure in middle of the room which was lit from underneath. Around the stage were a number of what I will call appliances and stands with bondage restraints on.

Above the stage it looked “industrial” with a range of bars, rods, pulleys and chains of different gauges hanging down.

Just as in Tasnim’s playroom, there were a number of toys and whips attached to the walls and on a side-bench. I could also see a couple of what were Hitachi wands up against the stage.

This was a serious play centre and could have easily made a centrepiece room for a Hollywood sex film set if there had been a couple of cameras.

I thought to myself, “Well I can guess what we are in for tonight.”

The first thing that Minnah did was to have us each put on wrist and ankle cuffs and lock them onto each other.

“Now come here, you two girls. Nathifa, remove my top and then kiss me. Talah, my skirt and you may honour my pussy through my panties.”

I moved close to her to undo the buttons on her olive silk blouse and helped her slide her arms out of it, the blouse falling in a crumpled heap on the floor.

She was wearing a black “Roxanne” Empreinte bra, its laced mesh around the cup highlighting her pert chocolate-brown now-erect nipples. They looked very enticing and she was the only Sheikha that I had seen without any breast piercing.

Talah removed her skirt and she was wearing a matching one-piece deep brief with suspender, made from the same soft-stretch mesh and satin. The embroidery on it was on the upper panels of the waist and matched its bra.

There were mesh side panels to it but her mons pubis and bottom were enveloped in the soft satin, the front being shaped into a shallow “V” and taut enough to outline her shaven cunt behind the material.

Four straps with metal clips were stretched tightly downwards to clasp onto her

plain but high quality, very fine denier and black stockings.

She looked exotic and delicious, a girl that any lesbian could fall for.

Minnah kissed me through her own panties on me, forcing her gusset back into my mouth so I could taste her and moving it to tighten up around where her anus would have sat.

She lifted her panties off me and kissed me hard, exploring the depths of my mouth, finding my little mouth rings. Talah concentrated on serving her pussy through the lovely deep briefs, gradually exciting Minnah.

Her hands wandered to my breasts, undoing my blouse buttons, her fingers playing with my nipple jewellery. She kissed my neck, gentle in her caressing of me.

I felt a little turned on by all of this, the contrast of her tenderness and the almost sci-fi nature of the room in which we were in.

Minnah's fingers wandered down my body and pulled my white rah-rah skirt up so as to get to my clitoris and my laced-up pussy. I was already wet for her, wanting her to penetrate me.

I didn't need a machine; all I wanted was her to strap me, fuck me rigid and use me as her sex toy.

But I knew I would have to endure some abuse first.

The girls had already given me a heads-up that she liked the voyeuristic dimension of her little girls squirming under her commands, her authority.

Ensuring that I was already moist and receptive, Minnah led me up on to the stage, making me remove my little mini-skirt. I still had my suspender belt, stockings and slippers on.

She unlocked and removed the lacing from my pussy rings, taking time to run a finger over me. It was her light touch along my inner lips that had my knees feeling weak.

The light from beneath the stage floor threw a strong white-bluish cast up onto us.

She squared off a machine that looked like a horse saddle in shape, with two prominent cocks on it that I would have said were some six and a half inches with a good girth.

This I was to learn was a Sybian machine, with a difference to the normal one in that the cocks were toughened silicon with a metal plate under it, the plate being covered with small rounded dimpled spikes so as to stimulate the clitoris.

It was also extra-durable as to its speed settings.

Minnah helped me onto it, putting a little lubricant gel on the rear cock, before taking hold of my arm.

I had to push up onto my toes and lower myself onto it.

The cocks in me felt good; it was what I needed, a little sexual relief.

Pure and physical.

She brought down a chain from the roof and quickly had my wrists secured off above me.

She took her panties that I had been scenting and repositioned them on me.

Once again her pussy fragrance diffused through my nasal senses, further exciting me, goading me on to wanting her to fuck me and release my sexual tension for her.

Minnah then turned her attention to Talah and had her lie on a low bench, angled in front of me so that I could see her, and locked her down.

She pushed this contraption into place that look like it carried two long rods off flywheels. On the end of the rods were two large looking, well defined, black cocks, ready to ravage her.

Minnah again applied a little gel and placed the cocks right against Talah's entrances, ready for their entry into her.

I could see a little glistening of pre-cum emerging from her; I am sure Minnah had seen it too.

This she followed by fetching two suction glass tubes and a cup-pad out, placing them on Talah's breasts and the cup over her clitoris. These three "devices" were connected with transparent tubing to what looked like a little pump.

This was not some home play system.

Talah would be facing exquisite pain while she was being truly fucked.

Minnah took hold of a control unit and next thing I felt was this surging buzz through me as the cocks in me started up.

Oh my God, I hadn't expected anything like this.

Immediately I let out a gasp, followed by another as the cocks slid into me, rubbing themselves inside me.

I squirmed on this invasion, gasping each time the cocks entered me which, in

turn, had me inhaling Minnah's personal perfume and turning into a brain jolt.

It was a sensational feeling, driving my mind mad, visions of a naked Saffi streaming in there.

Meanwhile, Talah was writhing, as much as she could in her restraints, her two cocks sliding in and out of her and I had a full view of her being assaulted with her robotic penises.

I could imagine the suction pressure that she was under, her small breasts being pulled right up the tubes and her clitoris evidently very swollen given the sight of the top of her pussy above her mechanical cunt cock.

Already, I could see a film of soapy cum emerging from her both around her cocks and in the cup.

I wanted to finger my breasts; I couldn't though because of my hands pulled above me. I was totally in Minnah's hands.

She upped the rate a little on us.

She moved off out of my line of sight and then returned, getting onto the stage in front of me.

In her hands, she had one of her silken whips, a vicious flogger with ten very

fine tails designed to sting but not break the soft skin of the breast.

She stood near to me and toyed with me, playing the tails of the whip over my nipples, gently teasing them to be harder.

Then she lashed me, my left breast first, stinging me, making me sharply wince, causing the cocks in me to jolt even further against me. My body bells jingled away as my body shook.

I was beginning to get very high on this.

She hit me a second time and the effect through my body was even more intense.

Talah was now shouting from the assault that she was receiving.

A third lash and then a fourth one right across my right areola from Minnah had me yelping; I was coming close to being in tears but then there was the sensation that the cocks were setting up. I now wanted to come.

I was squirming on the chains and this encouraged Minnah to continue her silken thrashing of me, all her lashes targeted at my breasts. She teased me about my bells, a sound worthy of a Kurdish whore she said.

I needed to release. Minnah knew it.

She coiled her whip and released it; a well-targeted lash right on my mons; the pain was searing but it had its desired effect.

With half a scream of pain and the other half of a massive orgasm, I came, gushing my cum out over my vaginal dildo.

I released everywhere, exhausted as Minnah let the Sybian wind down on me.

Talah came not far behind me, ruthlessly pummelled by her two substantial artificial organs that had been drilling her and by the suction that she had endured.

Minnah did not give us too much time to recover. With both of us, we were still having smaller post-orgasms from the surges running through our bodies.

She switched Talah over to the Sybian that I had been one, replacing the vaginal cock with a wider girth one.

Having secured Talah down, she focused on me.

There was a third contraption on the raised stage. I can best describe it as being a form of bicycle with a chassis to sit on and then stirrups for the ankles and lower arms so that they can be secured.

The heavily padded saddle was quite wide but at its rear there was a slit that allowed the dildos to access and ravage the “victim.”

Minnah had me climb onto it and secured me down before applying similar suction tubes and a cup over my clitoris. She also removed my pearl jewellery.

I was still very wet from my previous exertions and, when Minnah triggered the cocks, they entered me with ease though being a little larger than the previous ones, especially the one to invade my anus.

What I had not been expecting was the power of the suction on me.

As Minnah switched the button on, I thought my breasts and clitoral area were going to be sucked out of me. It was like being in the middle of a vacuum cleaner.

The pain was intense and severe, a deep throb. I looked down and my breasts looked like pink cupcakes being forced up the glass tubes. The suction pressure being put on them exaggerated the effects of the previous lashings.

The throb became almost a torture. I had never felt anything like this and I was having to bit my lips to prevent screaming out.

I practised the Taoist trick that I had learned back in Hong Kong all that time ago and that was to try and concentrate solely on the delicious smell entering me from Minnah’s excretions in her panties gusset.

My clitoris also felt like it was on fire. There was a strange sensation of my rings pulling against their hosts and the messages that they were sending to me immediately sent me back up to the highs I had before on the Sybian.

The cocks seem to be entering me at more of an angle thereby putting pressure on my nerve spots inside me.

I couldn't touch myself. With the restraints applied, I could hardly move. My head bounced around trying to find relief but just exaggerating Minnah's scent and, therefore, my excitement level.

I was cumming.

My orgasm came pretty quickly but Minnah made me ride through it, extolling me onto an even bigger one. I had this vivid vision of being proffered up for sale by her, being made to stand in public naked and chained, her tart being sold on for the most depraved use by whoever bought me.

Meanwhile Talah was undergoing a similar breast whipping to what I had endured.

I could now understand why she had been screaming when she had been suctioned, but now she was in tears as Minnah, ruthlessly and unsympathetically, continued her dominant sexual assailment of her.

My next orgasm was even more intense than the previous three and it was just about a black-out. Apparently I slumped forwards, alarmingly so, as it washed over me.

Minnah was across quickly and had me released, before letting Talah out of her bonds. I bounced back pretty quickly, explaining that this happened from time to time when particularly stimulated.

It was, though, the first one where I had lost consciousness in quite a time.

I was a little shaky and we made it back to Minnah's bed. It was nice just to crash there with the two of them fussing over me.

Minnah now removed her bra and panties, exposing her beautiful B cup breasts topped by her small pert and very dark nipples

I said that I was ok.

Minnah kissed me, starting gently and then becoming more intense. She really knew how to kiss a girl.

Talah went to work on my tender pussy and I appreciated her gentle tongue on me, slowly bringing me up again.

Slowly the passion between us grew again.

Minnah swung her body over me, offering her naked pussy to me for my pleasure and service of her.

Talah climbed onto my waist to service Minnah's breasts and to offer her mouth for use if Minnah so wished.

I entered the dark world of Minnah's bottom, noting that she had pronounced lips and then petals of her inner labia near her pussy entrance. She also had a glorious button of a clitoris too, standing prominently from its little "V" hood.

My tongue darted upwards to sate her, to bring her to the orgasm that she was, no doubt, seeking.

She was already very wet and I indulged in her essence, a voluminous creamy sap that was such a lovely deep representation of the Minnah I had been taking in during my own cumming.

I could easily fall in love with this aroma and the way that she directed me around.

She seemed to share a lot in common with Saffi, intelligent, fun loving, sexually deviant in a very different way and, above all, a very strong femme who knew what she wanted from her girls.

I lapped at her as if she was Saffi, mentally urging her on to come all over me,

make me hers tonight, and to use me as she saw fit, in all the little ways a domme does with her submissive.

Minnah kept pressing down on me, making me push my tongue into her to pick up more of her nectar. Meanwhile, Talah was offering her tiny breasts with their now swollen nipples to her.

I could hear Talah moaning with pleasure on me as she came to her own high.

I was enjoying this, being under Minnah and made to worship her bottom with all its small, intricate discoveries.

Minnah responded by a slow ooze of an orgasm over me, not the gush but a lovely small stream of her sexual delight right into my mouth, just washing my nose as that played the sensitive area right under her clitoris.

She sat there, letting me take her in and keep her on her plateau, her nerve ends tingling, her brain being immersed in whatever thoughts, if any, that she was having.

Saffi always said that an orgasm for her was like riding above the clouds, looking down on the world. For me it was more of a wonderful steely numbing, everything being concentrated on my cum and then followed by my mind exploding into the stars.

Whatever, Minnah continued sitting there whilst I gently pleased her, a tender

moment between us. I could feel Talah slumped on me and she was nibbling at Minnah's own stiff nipples.

After a fair amount of time, Minnah ordered Talah off me and to fetch her double strap and help her into it. She wanted to take me.

I continued on my back, the soft white sheets between me and a comfy pillow under my head. Minnah ordered:

"Talah, lower yourself very lowly onto Nathifa, so she can closely inspect what she is going to tongue."

Talah did as she was told and stood above me, almost as if a domme herself and gradually, very gradually obeyed the Sheikha.

It was an erotic sight to see this dark skinned Indian tom-boy lower herself inch by inch onto me, her naked pussy looking so tempting to lift my head up and begin her gratification.

Slowly, her lips spread themselves to reveal the inner dark pink, almost purple, details of her pussy to me.

Meanwhile, Minnah gradually approached me, her rampant seven inch cock at the ready; I could not miss its bulbous head.

She took a vibrator and drove that home into my expectant anus, it quickly filling me down under, right up against my inner g-spot.

Talah came down onto me and the last thing I saw, before my world was darkened into the subservient world of pleasing Talah, was Minnah starting to enter me.

I certainly felt her come into me, quickly wanting to make love to me, to use me to bring herself off again.

She fucked me hard which incited me to work Talah accordingly, also my senses heightened by all the cum that Talah had spent on the fucking machines, a cum very rich in its taste.

I could feel myself responding to Minnah's hard rolling of me, her cock bouncing in and out of me, no doubt making the cock inside her duly vibrate and bring her on.

All I could smell was the aroma of girl sex, Talah, Minnah and mine comingled now, almost a testament to the power Minnah had over us. I was losing it and I knew I was going to blow mentally. This was what I was truly made for.

It was Minnah who started the chain reaction.

She came and in doing so, pushed right up to the top of my vagina, really pressing on my g-spot and with the rear vibrator also doing its worse to make me

cum.

Tal followed, gushing out over me, soaking my face, forcing me to drink her in so as not to spill her cum onto Minnah's sheets.

Not that it would matter, I would love sleeping in her wet cum. I often did with Saffi, who always told me that it was my place to do so, soaked in her love juices as they dried on me while I fell asleep.

This brought me to my own high and I felt myself unload as if a mental dam went, the brain orgasm occurring simultaneously with my physical orgasm.

I went – a second black out, the biggest one of all to date.

I was seriously gone and when I came too, Minnah and Talah were somewhat disconcerted by this and on the verge of calling a doctor. I assured them that I was fine and, panting, said that it was just the serious pleasure and reaction of having Minnah make love to me like that.

A quick drink, and a change into white tie-sides and a little baby-doll, again Minnah's thing of having young girls with her, I cuddled in next to her to fall asleep.

Sleep indeed came around very quickly. I didn't even have the time to reflect on being with Saffi, or wondering what she would be up to as it would be early afternoon in the States.

I think I just got a little, “I love you,” in before I was gone.

The next morning was classic “Saffi-esque” practice and Minnah made me give her a morning oral session and a full toilet service; this had been something that the other Sheikas didn’t really practice and I supposed that this was down, in part, to their dislike or to some religious association of taking in such fluids.

It wasn’t until nearly lunch time that I returned to the Harem to face the inevitable questioning from the girls and Pari.

I had quickly learnt that the thing to do was to give them a little soupçonne but not the whole story, “discretion being the better part of valour” and all that, but I did realise that Minnah and Tasnim took me more and more into their confidences, not only sexual but in their day-to-day lives.

One of the rewards of all of this is that I managed to get two side trips out of Qatar as the harem girl of choice to Minnah.

I was thrilled as this gave me some variety to the humdrum existence of the harem where life, as I have said, was focused on sex, more sex and even more sex, interjected by prayer, food and beauty treatments, and even they had their sexual linkages.

It was fascinating accompanying Minnah to Cairo and to Amman and to see the antiquities and art together.

Apart from her work with the Cairo Museum, we also visited the Jordanian Folklore Museum and managed a side trip to Petra, which was stunning to see.

In both cities we stayed in the relatively new Intercontinental Hotels in lovely suites that gave us the room to play, especially as Minnah wanted me to play the sixteen to eighteen year old schoolgirl for her on both trips.

This involved all day immersion in mini-kilt style dresses, thin blouses, ties and stockings with my hair in ribbons, and then Minnah punishing me, before making affectionate love to me.

This brought back many memories of being with Helena, Matt and Jessica and the fun that we had together.

Saffi hadn't shown any real interest in this form of play in our time together. I didn't object to it as it helped re-emphasise that I was very much the junior in the relationship and answerable to my senior for all aspects of my life.

It was, in short, the control dimension again, something that I have always craved and I could, therefore, take this form of treatment, "teacher or parent" abuse and love.

One day, Minnah had me go back even further to playing a fifteen year old,

dressing me in clothes befitting a young teenager and even including a teenage cotton white and pink polka dot soft bra and panties, before effectively mothering me for the day and, that evening, submitting me totally to her anal pleasure.

It was rather fun to role-play such an age and I did volunteer myself for more infantile roles if she wished to further “mother” me. “I will bear that in mind,” had been her response.

On the other hand, Tasnim provided the harshest regime. I have recounted the first session that I had with her as a form of pre-interview.

Now that I was in the Harem, I was fair game for anything that she wished and an evening with Tasnim meant that next morning you knew you were going to need the Tylenol, balms and the soft hands of Pari to recover.

It was to Tasnim that the Sheikas turned when “discipline” was involved.

There were a number of small offences, or infractions for want of a better term, that were logged by Husna or the Sheikas and that could then result in a chastisement session.

In practice, these usually were pain and pleasure sessions, unless a moderately serious crime. Really serious crimes, well I had seen how the Sheik had supported the punishment of that girl, the night that he had taken me for the first time, and I certainly did not want to go there.

I had accumulated a number of such misdemeanours, mainly for being too involved in things and forgetting prayer and meal times. Pari hadn't been there to rescue me.

I have always this fault, especially when it came to my design work or reading in that I would concentrate totally on the task at hand to the expense of things happening around me.

Husna appeared one time after dinner and said that I had to bathe and present myself to Tasnim naked, except for a plain deep black suspender belt, plain black stockings and four-inch spiked heels, my Talena collar and cuffs.

Sheikha Tasnim would be expecting me in the Ergastula.

I guessed that I was up for "it" and, as she bathed and prepared my make-up, Pari tried reassuring me that it wouldn't be too bad but obviously that some pain would be involved as it was Tasnim's want.

She would be ready with the Tylenol and balm; that was hardly reassuring.

Husna appeared around nine o'clock, secured a chain onto the front of my collar and led me downstairs to the Erga, not saying a word.

We entered the sex-prison, if that was the right term for it, and Tasnim was already there, standing like a gaol guard, dressed in what looked like a fine, black leather, one-piece bodice, but with her breasts exposed and with thigh-high

boots, clinging to her skin.

Husna was dressed in the Harem Choli and Chalwar, which revealed her nakedness and jewellery underneath.

“You know where to put her, Husna.”

Husna led me across to this stand, a black metal base plate, big enough to hold one, with an adjustable bottom bar and stirrups coming off a vertical pole that rose upwards for some six feet from its plate.

She fixed my ankles into place and then turned to my head, securing the back of my collar to an adjustable ring on the pole.

There was a belt that came off the pole and she put that round me and tightened it. Last came my arms and my wrists were locked to an adjustable cross-beam.

I was now totally immobilised on this platform, a form of a stockade.

As Husna finished, Tasnim came across and took a pair of panties out of a ziplock and tied them onto me, so that my nose was immersed in its familiar position. Indeed the aroma was familiar; they were from Saffi.

She took a second pair of full briefs, turned them around and hooded me with them. I could just make Tasnim and Husna out through the satiny fabric.

However, I was taking my lover's scent in; this wasn't such a bad punishment.

“Officially, this piece of equipment is called the ‘Orgasm Tower, Nathifa.’ I call it the ‘Thinking Pole.’ I want you to reflect on what infractions you have committed and, when I return, confess to them.”

She turned around and walked out of the room, with Husna following, dimming the lights, except for a spot-light shining down on me.

I relaxed myself, in this secure position, to take in the gorgeous perfume that was filtering into me, making me want my lover and domme to come and rescue me so that I could serve her.

I knew that this wasn't going to happen soon.

I thought about Saffi, several thoughts about being with her, serving her, her laughter, her compassion and how could I not miss her pussy with the nasal bombardment that I was taking.

I stood there, my stockings pulling against my garters and my toes feeling the pressure of standing on these high heels, much taller in their spiked stilettos than my usual ones that I wore, when I wore them.

My pussy started to dampen with these thoughts.

I snapped back out of “Imagination Land” to concentrate on reality. Now what was it? Yes, a list of misdemeanours for Tasnim.

My mind kept drifting back to Saffi and the little buzz that was wandering around my body. How my clit needed a little relief to give me a smidge of satisfaction, perhaps?

I was in this dream-like state, not knowing how long I had been restrained for, when the door to the Erga opened and in walked Tasnim and Husna again, but not putting the lights on.

Tasnim spoke:

“So what were your infractions, then Nathifa?”

“Well Sheikha, I can remember missing two meals and three prayer times because I was too self-centred on what I was doing at the time, designing my lingerie or reading. Then there was the time that I wore the wrong colour stockings for Khalisa, and I managed to get in the wrong bath early on. But I guess the most serious was spilling some of the Sheikh’s cum onto his sheets.”

“True and good. Well, in fact, bad. I will take those into consideration, but that isn’t the worse. It’s a performance thing. Do you know what I am talking about?”

“No, Sheikha.”

“Well then, I suggest some more time on the ‘Thinking Pole’ then, but I will give you a visual clue. Husna, remove her panties hood but leave her infusing the stained ones.”

Husna did as she was told and they walked out, this time dimming down the spot-light trained on me.

Part of the Erga’s equipment included a number of television screens and what I would call a cinema screen. These flickered on.

Suddenly, there was a photograph of a naked Saffi in front of me, almost bigger than in real life, her nipples erect, smiling, a slight hue across her face and chest suggesting that she had recently had sex.

Then another of her bottom, just showing the rear glimpse of her love nest.

Who had taken these? Fallon, Pamela? When had they been taken? I couldn’t make out if it was Vermont or Garrison as all the pictures were of a short focal length thereby “fuzzing” the background into an opaque blur.

The second to last one really had me going, a beautiful dominant photograph of Saffi standing right above the photographer, an up-skirt type of photograph with her naked except for her suspenders and stockings, very much like the ones that I was wearing now.

This started getting me really turned on and then it was the final photograph that did it. The same picture but with her crouching down part way as if she was going to queen me, her pussy lips apart and her anus puckering, the remnants of her cum more than evident.

She had obviously had a really intense sex session.

But with whom?

My mind was playing games with me. Her perfume was all-embracing and my thoughts were totally erotic ones. The notion of infractions expunged itself from my mind; all I wanted was sexual relief now.

I could picture her bottom right above me, where I wanted to be, who I wanted to serve, to please her, to worship her, to be in her pussy and under her complete control.

My brain gave away and the orgasm rolled in, just like the sea washing over me.

And then “crack”, a whip came flying in and right across my breasts.

God!

The agony!

A second stroke cracked on the air to hit me in a parallel line and I realised I had never been hit like this before.

Two more from the other side set up even marks across me as I screamed with pain.

This snapped me straight out of any relief from the orgasm I had been enjoying.

“Hush, Nathifa, no one but Husna and I can hear you. What is your major infraction then?”

I hadn't heard the two of them re-enter the cell.

I tearfully mumbled:

“I don't know, Sheikha, I don't know.”

“Speak more clearly.”

“I really don't know, Sheikha, I don't know.”

“Well back to some more contemplation then. I didn’t want to have to show this but I am going to do so.”

Husna came across with this four foot long arm and fitted it between my legs onto the pole, tightening it at the back with a screw. It swivelled out in front of me and she bent it over on its hinge, then fixed this enormous vibrator onto the arm end and manoeuvred it so that its bulbous head was tight against my wet pussy.

It was a Hitachi wand.

She stepped back and turned the plug on and this strong vibration began to assault my clit.

Oh, Dear God, I was shaking my head as this surged through me.

The cinemas screen came on and right in front of me.

I couldn’t believe my eyes. There was Saffi naked, engaged in intimate sex, queening a dark skinned, almost Middle Eastern coloured girl, right before me.

And very much enjoying herself as this girl gave her the subservience I would have done.

Who on earth was she?

What was happening?

Saffi bounced up and down on this girl, and it was obvious that she was having her anus pleased, my beloved anus that I so loved tonguing.

She lifted for one of our vibrators and started to exercise her own clitoris - almost as if right in front of me.

This and the wand were just too much for me and I came again, heavily.

The Hitachi wand stopped.

Simultaneously, there was a “Crr-rack” – in came the whip another time followed by three more strokes, two to each of my breasts, just missing my nipples and their rings.

Once more, my orgasm stopped just as quickly as it had begun.

“So what is the additional infraction then, Nathifa?”

I broke down this time and, sobbing, I replied:

“I really do not know, Sheikha. I haven’t got a clue.”

I was also somewhat shocked and perturbed to what I had just seen.

Tasnim put down what looked like a camel or English hunting whip with its silver tag end, plaited shaft, a leather strap and at the end a thick silken thread. She switched on the video again.

Back came Saffi and she completed herself to an orgasm and looked into the camera, almost as if directly at me.

Her voice rang out, crystal clear:

“You must behave, Clare. Failure to comply or failure in the future to obey me in whatever I ask, or demand of you, can see you leaving this world of female-led domination. I don’t need you for sex when there are other worthy beautiful candidates out here like Ayishah who is with me at the moment. She’s even handy with a needle.”

I was absolutely taken back and even more so when Saffi moved to show me that the girl serving her was indeed Ayishah.

Before I could react, Tasnim chipped in:

“The complaint, Nathifa, is that we Sheikas and others have noticed that your

own orgasm comes first too often. You must learn to control yourself more. Yes, you have sensitive lips and are highly orgasmic but that is no excuse. Some self-discipline, Girl.”

I lowered my eyes, feeling more than a little devastated by this turn of affairs.

“I am going to let the video run some more,” I heard Tasnim say.

Husna switched on the Wand again and Tasnim released the pause button to show Ayishah helping Saffi into one of my favourite straps and then get into a peach position to allow my beloved to take her.

This was in full erotic detail and started with close-ups of Saffi’s pussy soaking in her cum from Ayishah’s previous oral attention.

Once again, I felt myself stirring sexually. This time I tried fighting it, trying to suppress my excitement deep inside me. It was to no avail as the mental images and thoughts of Saffi taking Ayishah grew in me.

This time I was a whack that came in under my breasts, from a rattan skilfully wielded by the dominant Tasnim.

“Let’s try again.”

The video recommenced; close-ups of Ayishah’s pussy and Saffi’s face as she

fucked her from behind. This I had never really seen before.

The pressure in me built up yet again, also the vibrator doing its now evil work. This time, I apparently managed twelve minutes before succumbing and took another beating.

A fourth time with close- ups of Saffi starting with her being orally taken by Ayishah before switching to footage of her beating Ayishah with a silk flogger came on; this was something that she had never really done to me.

This was just so erotic and I was imagining being back in my place, providing my partner with the pleasure that she was due, having my bottom secured off and being pummelled like what was showing on the celluloid.

This time, sixteen minutes and another rattan under-breast beating from Tasnim later, an almost disdainful Tasnim said:

“Ok, enough of that today but you are now under a control training programme from Husna here, Nathifa.”

I could imagine Husna grinning at this.

“Put her on the bench now, Husna. She has to pay for her other transgressions.”

I was taken down from the “Thinking Pole” and strapped breasts down, bottom

up, on the bench, still in Saffi's panties and the other pair used to hood me again.

Under my breasts and clitoris, there were those rough "knobbled" pads that I had been subjected to in Tasnim's playroom.

Tasnim and Husna began with paddles on my backside, moving up to crops and then rattans across me. After my breast beating, I didn't really care and focused on the erotic gusset in front of me.

The beating and the "massagers" took their effect and I shot my cream out of my pussy, surprising myself and my assailants. I was so worked up from what I had seen that evening.

Tasnim laid down her rattan:

"Take her off, Husna. She should have learnt her lesson but you can fuck her royally tonight if you so wish."

And with that, Tasnim left the Erga.

Next day, after treatment and TLC from Pari, I thought about the evening before and, yes, they were right about my orgasm "capability." I was more perturbed about what I had seen and went to see Husna.

I asked her the question again about what had happened to Ayishah.

She replied:

“We couldn’t tell you before but yes it is true that Saffi has taken Ayishah as a swap with you. Whether this is a permanent thing depends on both of your behaviour. Ayishah’s advantage over you is that she is probably more advanced in her submission than you are.

“Your advantage, or perhaps a disadvantage, is that you have far more natural intelligence. The Sheikh has indicated to Ms. Saffi that it is her choice as he would be prepared to have you as a full-time member of the Harem here and have you converted to being a full-time Muslim. Who knows, perhaps his fourth wife?”

I was shocked with this. It was not what I had expected. Saffi was truly holding the proverbial decision knife over me as to my future with her and, effectively, I was in a competition.

On reflection over the contents of Husna’s reply though, my innate intelligence could work in my favour as I knew Saffi preferred intellectually “bright” lovers; the question was how educated and “polished” was Ayishah in western society? And I knew that we had signed the Indenture Agreement and how I got on with the family; strangely that was a source of comfort.

My other rationale was that, at the minimum, Saffi had companionship whilst I

was overseas on this “training” and she wasn’t out there trawling the lesbian or Trans and TV circles of New England looking and sampling replacements though, of course, she was free to do that.

I also recognised that there was an element of deliberate deception being exercised around me as if to keep me on edge and to emphasise my submission.

However, I could not risk complacency. I would just have to buckle down and ensure that I was not, wittingly, caught out. I realised that I would have to work hard on my orgasm control. No doubt, they would then want the opposite in having me able to come to orgasm on command.

Given some of the erotic footage that I had recently seen, the latter would not be a massive challenge.

What a change from having been a “one and at best two charge male” that I had once been. That was a quiet thought that had me laughing out loud at myself. Pari had asked me what was tickling me.

“Nothing really, dear Pari. Just something small from my distant past.”

I left it at that.

That evening, Tasnim took me out for dinner and actually made love to me in a nice, dominant, way with lots of pussy worship from me.

I tried to behave in terms of orgasm control and I actually was impressed with her compassion that night.

But my thoughts were never far from Saffi and the decision she would shortly reach.

Chapter-Five

Missed Early Years

It was very early one morning that I got a call to ensure that I was to present myself to Minnah inside three hours. I was to be naked, except for my piercings, and that I was to have been fully cleaned in all my orifices and properly bathed.

Minnah then asked to speak to Pari as to the mode of preparation for me that she wanted to see.

Pari immediately set about her work ensuring that I had a full enema, toiletry, hair wash and that my feet were scrubbed and “loofah-ed,” followed by the usual sequence of immersions in the communal bathing room.

While I was soaking in the second to last pool, effectively the first rinse and the major relaxation pool, Pari briefly disappeared into one of the side rooms.

I had meditated on the events of recent times, limited to the Harem and sex, and how Tasnim’s training seemed to be paying off.

I had been mentally tortured by a huge amount of video footage of Saffi and Ayishah having the most intimate of sex and this was also played over and over to me.

I have to confess I had found it highly, highly erotic to see them entwined with each other, but slowly Tasnim had me holding my want to orgasm when

confronted by their raw sex.

However, towards the end of my training, as I thought she would, she started demanding me to cum on her command.

Her technique was, I recognised, almost “Pavlov’s Dog” in nature as if disciplining an animal, training me to hold on order and then to release myself on another instruction, befitting the serious submissive I am.

As Tasnim ominously said, I required this capability in my sexual armoury, be it within the Harem or for Saffi, or if I ever was to be dismissed from their sexual service and have to rely on becoming an escort girl or prostitute.

On Pari’s return, she dried me off and led me off for a massage where, for some thirty minutes, our Filipino attendant worked over my back and thighs, as well as intensely kneading my bottom.

Her hands felt so good as they rolled, tweaked and pummelled my skin.

Simultaneously Pari worked the bottom of my feet.

On finishing, Pari led me into the room that she had disappeared in and ordered me to get into the tub.

It was full of a milky white substance that could have well been a massive cum

bath as that is what it smelt like but, she told me, it was an old Omani skin lotion that left the body so incredibly soft.

She had me indulge myself in this sticky goo for some twenty minutes before having me step out and onto another bench in the room, where the masseuse and Pari kneaded my skin again, all over my body.

I then had a second immersion and I have to admit it was a lovely relaxing feeling sitting in this almost sexual solution, my mind wandering to fantasise over what Minnah may be planning for the day.

A second massage and a shower with Pari rubbing herself against me in ensuring all my nooks and crannies were clean of the fluid nearly brought me to orgasm.

She dried me off with the huge Egyptian cotton white towels that were standard items in the Harem, and ordered me onto another bench where she firstly bathed me in “Desert Dream” perfume oil that was youthful, heady and intense.

I began to sense that I was up for a play session. But what? Pari obviously knew but she wasn't saying anything.

While I was still on the bench, Pari had me splay my legs and she went to work on my pussy, gently suturing my pussy ring holes up with a very fine thread. The only thing Pari said was:

“Looks like you are going to be Minnah's little virgin girl today,

يبدو أنك سوف تكون فتاة عذراء والمنة قليلا اليوم.” Nathifa.

She attached one of my small pearl chains from my clitoris hood, a second one to my fourchette and my silver Arabic “slave” tag and pearl to the “D” ring on the nape of my bottom. She also chose small pearls as my ear-rings.

Lastly came the now-familiar heavy silver rings into my nipples, which she had prepared with henna to give them a deep umber sheen.

As she finished her jewellery adornment work, she leaned down over me and kissed my pussy, her tongue acting as a massively teasing frisson against my clit:

“Good luck and remember I love you,”

I smiled, knowing that with Minnah things would be interesting. They always were. And not brutal like Tasnim’s regime and interests.

I saw myself in the mirror and thought that this look was really quite sexy and how Saffi would love it.

Pari led me over to the hairdressing room and the girls went to work on me.

My coppery hair had now grown out further and the hairdressing attendants worked on a little shaping including a soft side parting and blow-dry to wave it, before starting to insert little pink ribbons and pearls into it.

This was making me so young looking and what with my skin feeling so soft, I was seriously beginning to question what age range Minnah was targeting. The youngest that she had me role play to date had been fifteen to sixteen.

Pari worked over my nails and make-up, a very light application in a shimmering pale pink, definitely not the make-up of a late teenager or a university student aged girl.

I was just about there, the last item of clothing being a pair of pink ballet sandals that matched my nail varnish.

Pari put a wrist cuff on me, not my Talena one or one of the usual Harem shackles, but more of a tight cotton wrist band with a steel ring attached to the underside of it.

Attaching one of the Harem fine tungsten chains to it, she took me across to the main house to Minnah's quarters, naked but for my ballet shoes, prepared and extra soft-skinned for her inspection and use.

We both assumed the peach position.

Minnah emerged from her bedroom and ordered Pari to stand. She felt my back and bottom and complimented Pari on her preparatory work.

I was now ordered to stand and Minnah continued her inspection, feeling my oh-

so-soft breasts.

“What delicious, cute little nubbies, we have here, Nathi; they need some training if you are to develop nicely for me, your Mommy Minnah. To begin with, I have a present for you.”

She gave me this large present, beautifully wrapped. I opened it.

Inside was a beautiful soft large brown bear cuddly toy, with huge ears and a cute nose, and a big pink ribbon on it with the inscription “Nathi’s Bear”.

“He is yours. Nathi, and you are to bring him with you today. Give him a cuddle and then we will get you dressed.”

I think I looked on in amazement. Here was Minnah and she was addressing me with an affectionate young girl endearment, a shortening of my Arabic name and she had just given me a large, soft bear, cuddly as he or she was. What age did she want me to play, to be for her?

I found out soon enough.

She handed me a box, beautifully gift wrapped.

I opened it and inside there was a white bra with little pink ribbons and small pearl adornments.

I pulled it out and looked at it and almost shivered.

I could see the workmanship was excellent but it was an ivory-white bra with a difference. It was largely made of an elastene and therefore was a breast compactor.

In other words it would compress my breasts to make them as flat as possible.

The shape of it was a cross between a Playtex “Cross-Your-Heart” bra and a Maidenform training one. It would completely cover my breasts and had that A line of the training bra running across my chest. A training bra with a difference it was.

The difference was that there were nipple holes that were reinforced in their stitching and I noted underneath, the fabric was deliberately rough, almost like a Velcro, so that my areolae would be continually stimulated.

The finishing touches were that the thin straps had adjustable bars but it seemed as if these could be riveted down and that the back clips had a small padlock mechanism.

In other words, once I was wearing it, the control would be totally Minnah’s.

The real shock came when Minnah told me closely to inspect the bra label inside the closure strap.

I looked it and pulled away open mouthed.

First of all the bra size 36C was clear, which was what I was, and on the other side it simply read, “Leaves Lingerie.”

“Yes, Saffi has had this bra made for you by your own team to my suggestions. It should fit perfectly therefore. Now put it on.”

I was thinking, “Oh my God,” as I slipped into it, taking care with my rings as my nipples fell into place.

Minnah moved across, quickly fixed the straps and locked me in, before deliberately flicking and pinching my nipples.

It fitted like a glove firmly pressing down my breasts so that they gave the appearance of an A or a small B cup. Immediately, I could feel my nipples being squeezed outwards and knew that they would be ultra-sensitive all day.

Minnah presented me with a second small box and inside were a pair of girl’s soft cotton, ivory-white Capri-length bloomers with lace bottoms. The waist and ankles were ruffled in soft elastic to prevent skin bruising.

Even worse, just under my bottom cheeks were sewn two large pink ribbons.

I meekly put these on.

She handed me her final box and I quietly obeyed her in putting on an ivory-white Peter Pan collared long-sleeved blouse with little pearl like buttons and finished with touches with lace around the sleeve wrists. The bodice was thin enough to see my training bra underneath.

This was followed by a starched bouffant style petticoat, designed to spread out and fluff my white and pink cotton skirt and, finally, a small pink textured fabric bodice with brass grommets that did up by two long ribbons.

“Not a bad looking girl that you make, Nathi, on the cusp of puberty, starting your passage to womanhood. You should be the hit of the party.”

She clipped on to me a heavy twisted-wire silver necklace with a love-heart name tag. I saw the engraving in Arabic, “Nathi, Minnah’s baby girl.”

I was, for once, speechless.

She got out her camera and took photographs, promising that she would forward a copy to Saffi, saying that she would be most interested in seeing what the result was. I didn’t know whether to laugh or cry with the humiliating sight that I was.

“Well, come on then, we have an appointment to go to.”

Minnah dismissed Pari, thanking her, took my lead and secured it to me and we went out to the car, having robed up and me carrying my new cuddly bear. At least I was spared that ignominy of walking around Doha dressed as a twelve year old.

We drove down to one of the shopping blocks in the town and the car dropped us off at the entrance.

It was here that Minnah made me disrobe before getting out of the car and I had the humiliation of being led through the Mall on the chain and without my Abaya, Niqab or Burqa on, carrying my toy, to get to an elevator.

Walking in this bra meant that I could feel every step as my nipples felt like they were being squeezed out of the fabric, my silver piercings also adding their own sensations to the mix.

We went up some six floors and entered this office. On the door read, in Arabic script, Drs. Bin Haji, Fayruz and Abou Shakra, Orthodontists.

Why on earth had Minnah brought me here, dressed like this, to a dentist.

A very brief wait after Minnah had checked in at reception and we were shown through to one of the surgery rooms and this woman in dentist's garb appeared.

She introduced herself as Dr Fayruz and said that Minnah had requested an inspection of my teeth.

Now we had all been checked not that long ago and the usual x-rays and a mould of our teeth had been made along with smoothing of my teeth for better oral sex.

This was a different dentist though.

She motioned for me to get into the chair and the next thing was that my wrists were strapped down. Minnah instructed me not to say anything.

She checked around my teeth saying that everything seemed to be in order.

Good, I thought, but then why am I here?

And then she spoke,

“Sheikha Minnah, we can proceed with the two things that you have requested or Nathifa, firstly the retractable palate expander and secondly the clips. The former will certainly help her smile as she has a little cross-bite and the effect of wearing the expander that the family want will help that.”

I had no idea what she was talking about.

The dentist produced this version of a Jennings gag and rapidly opened my mouth as wide as it would go.

Out came a number of clips and pliers and some small plate mechanism.

In the space of the next half an hour, she fitted eight small anchor-clips to my back teeth and, I was to notice later, two small transparent clips to my upper incisors and two to my lower premolars.

She produced this weird small, smooth plate-like device and fitted it to the roof of my mouth, fiddling around to ensure it was absolutely flush with my roof and of no discomfort to me.

Her dentistry was excellent, as I must say there was no pain during or after the procedure, just a little pressure of the plate pushing on my teeth. However, here I was, an adult woman having some brace contraption put into my mouth.

I felt so humiliated, particularly as no one had said anything about this before.

The dentist removed the gag and the cuffs and I felt around my mouth. It felt a little weird but nothing extraordinary, just a smooth plate up on my palate.

Minnah spoke:

“Nathi, this dentistry will give you a wider smile for us, so that is a benefit for you longer term as it will make you even prettier for the Sheikh and us. Say something to me in English.”

I tried saying, “I didn’t know I needed dental work, Sheikha Minnah” but out came “I didn’t know I needed fental work, Fheika Minnah.”

“Perfect, exactly what we wanted, you now have such a seductive lisp. Try again, in French.”

This was going to drive me nuts, never mind the bells, still on me and that tinkled away when I had no clothing on, unless they had been quietly muted with cotton wool.

I could not get my tongue around “Shay”; that came out as “Fhay.” Ch became Th as in the meat “Thicken” and I even had problems with certain other Ss followed by a hard vowel. For example, words such as Syrup became Shirrup and saddle, shaddle.

“I love it, Nathi, you will fight it but you will get used to speaking with such a sweet lisp. It makes you sound like the youngest of the harem like an eleven or prepubescent twelve year old, which is the age where I want you to play for me. Eleven would be better as I want you so immature.”

I lowered my head in shame.

Minnah lifted it and kissed me:

“You are such a beautiful degenerate submissive, Nathifa. I could keep you like

this permanently as my little girl and love you as all mine, if you wish and if Saffi blesses the transfer of your ownership to me. It might even be fun to have you dress as a five year old, perhaps even in pampers, plastic panties and all those other late toddler, young child accoutrements, including those sweet gorgeous French “bébé dresses.”

She let this sink in:

“But certainly I would dress you full time as a gorgeous, young teenage Arabic girl, destined for a life totally immersed as a female submissive and very personal attendant to her Sheikha. I would expect you, no want you, to sleep always in my bed in young girlie nighties, jammies and panties. You would serve only my cunt. You can talk in English today by the way to get used to your new lisp.”

I just replied, “Yeth, Fheika. I unferstand. That if between you and Thaffi to decide my fate and who I ferve.”

We left the dentist with me feeling even more humiliated than when I came in and, already, very exasperated with this artificial speech impediment.

What could happen next? I thought. Saffi surely did not advocate this form of degradation of her loved subservient.

I had two options, to live with it or to keep very quiet.

Minnah's next destination completely surprised me.

The car sped towards the airport. However, Doha airport is pretty close to the centre of the city to begin with.

Minnah had me robe up in my Abaya and, from her handbag, produced a pair of small white panties and "Niqab-ed" them onto me, followed by the Niqab itself.

We went to the private wing and quickly we were cleared for a private flight, I understood, to Dubai, a flight of just over an hour away. So within forty minutes of having been vocally put into submissive "bondage" here I was on a private jet.

Minnah had my Qatari passport with her and a small travelling bag that Pari had prepared, the bags being in the trunk of the car.

She nearly lost it when I had been asked my name and had replied, "Naffifa th-bin Hamath, ffayadi (Sir)."

We had a lovely lobster salad lunch aboard and arrived in Dubai, to be rapidly cleared by immigration and then we were picked up by a chauffeured Mercedes and sped to the Al-Barsha suburb.

Just like our house in Doha, the compound that we pulled into was just as large and Minnah said that the Sheikh who owned it also had a harem alongside the main house.

Her sister, Sahla, was one of his wives.

We got out of the car and Minnah attached the lead to my wrist and we entered this large mansion, naturally by the ladies entrance.

A servant greeted her and took our Abayas and bags.

We went to a bathroom and tidied up, Minnah firstly removing my Niqab panties and putting them in her handbag.

She made me watch her pee and then get onto my knees to wipe her pussy clean, firstly with my tongue and then toilet paper to finish.

She touched up my make-up and freshened me up with perfume, this time using a Disney Princess spray that smelt to immature to me.

With the chain attached between us, she took my hand and led me out, my other hand holding my new bear. She whispered:

“Good luck with this, my little thing, I know that you will pass with honours. Just do what you are told and you will not suffer any punishment from me. I love

you.”

“Yes Fheika, I luff you and will obey av beft I can.”

We walked into this large cream and gold reception room and there were all these girls standing there nervously, some talking with their Sheikas, others between themselves. I estimated there were some fifteen girls, each with one or two significantly older women. Minnah was on the younger side of the equation.

Refreshment drinks were served as well as a selection of finger foods and a number of introductions were made, most notably to Minnah’s sister, Sahla.

Sahla was an older version of Minnah and very much “out of the same stable,”

After kissing and greeting me, Sahla turned to her sister and commented:

“Gosh, Minnah, she is gorgeous and you say that she is so young looking, intelligent and submissive. What a find. I just love her lisp too, it really becomes her.”

I didn’t know what to say but then immediately was introduced to her young daughter, Qasim.

I knew immediately I would have a problem saying the K and S of her name and out it came as “Hafeem” much to the amusement of all.

She made a comment about my bear and Minnah passed her my leash to hold and she took me off for a little chat.

I took note of my surroundings.

The room was large and too ornate for my tastes even though it was opulent. Rugs abounded the floor and there was some beautiful old artwork and artefacts that were probably Omani or Yemeni in origin.

Minnah's teaching of me did have some advantages.

There were plenty of sofas and a number of benches around the room, some of which looked like day beds but with an open slit up the middle. I even noticed what looked like queening stools but maybe that was my mind at work.

As to the women, well on closer inspection, they all seemed to be at least thirty five with Minnah and Sahla looking like they were on the younger end of the scale.

As to the girls, well I was by the way the oldest though, with the way I was dressed, I looked on a par with many of them, the clothing being similar to mine.

Some of the girls were later teenagers and there were two perhaps just twenty or maybe twenty three, maybe younger.

It reminded of me of the finishing school that I had attended and Lady Seaton.

Qasim was trying to guess my age so I was a little elusive on that, my lisp throwing her to say that I looked like a well-developed twelve to fourteen year old, but why had Auntie Minnah dressed me like an eleven year old?

“Becof I have to obey your Auntie Minnah juff af you haf to do for Fheika Fahla.”

“I just love your lisp, Nathi. Is that from sucking your thumb too long as I see you have brace clips on your teeth?”

It wasn't Qasim's fault I was here so I asked her a couple of questions about her school and then settled on my thumb and stroked my bear's ear. She backed off questioning me.

Qasim was a quite pretty mid-teenager, with sparkling eyes, a very slender body, and small breasts and, like all the girls, beautifully made up, as well as being decked out in jewellery.

I also knew that my nipples were now “killing” me as the bra material and holes, along with my rings had been relentlessly teasing me.

I didn't know whether Qasim could see my piercings, but then there were other girls in the room evidently ringed.

Just at that point, we were ordered to quieten down and we went back to “Aunty” Minnah and Sahla.

Sahla welcomed us all in making the effort to come and that it was a very special day for the girls in the room.

We were either daughters of the women present or very special personal attendants and that we were here for that reason.

Smiling, she said that we were either to be married off or would be entering personal indenture and that, in all our cases, we needed instruction on feminine arts as whoever was our owners, there would be wives or other females to pleasure.

Not for the first time that day, I was surprised what I had just heard.

She mentioned that we were here for a number of tuition sessions and personal practicals with the matriarchs of the family.

It was a way of passing techniques on from mother and aunts to daughters or special girls of the family so that our seniors could be appropriately served and satisfied.

What then transpired was organised chaos as we were sorted into groups and everybody got ready.

We girls were asked to disrobe and Minnah allowed me out of my bra, releasing my compressed breasts. The room was suddenly a sea of dark, nubile naked female flesh and the elders started inspecting the other girls, possibly looking for ideas, maybe even hook-ups for lesbian sexual liaisons.

The first table that I was sent to was for fellatio.

Here there was a table with a line of dildos each increasing in size for us girls to fellate and learn to deep throat. The silicon dildos started at five inches and went up to some nine with the fattest one carrying a five inch circumference girth.

I passed this one with ease.

Other girls had real problems and their relatives were standing behind them, extolling them on, coaching the or even shouting at them and using short crops.

I moved to help Qasim, showing her how to take the head first, settle on it and then inch forwards and avoid the gagging. I was pleased when she could handle a seven by four inch cock.

Minnah and Sahla smiled when I tackled the large one with commensurate ease.

Those in need of development received a set of the realistic cocks to practice on.

The second test involved a lesson about oral female worship and how to play the clitoris, lips and finally entering the pussy, nothing that really added much value to yours truly as, rightly so, the Sheikha focused on soft and hard suction techniques and how to maintain pressure on the clitoris, not so much the licking.

With this, a number of the older women, including Minnah and Sahla removed their skirts and panties to sit on the “split” stools to reveal their pussies to our group.

Essentially, it was mother or sponsor with their respective girl but Minnah motioned to Qasim to come and try and please her, and Sahla took me.

One of the elder women stood behind us, looking for proper technique and marking our performance.

“Ok, Minnah’s little girl, let see if a very young teenager can pass her oral sex test.”

I moved up between the slit of the stool and there in front of me was Sahla’s pussy, not looking unlike Minnah’s, the prominent, dark outer lips and then much more extended petals of her inner labia near her pussy entrance, that had been pierced with two heavy, silver rings.

Again, like Minnah, she had a pronounced button, nicely hidden behind her hood – and she was absolutely devoid of pubic hair; she was made for oral sex.

I started by gently kissing across Sahla's crotch, where her pubic hair would have been if she hadn't been denuded, before slowly kissing down her outer thigh.

I got to her knee and lifted her leg enough to be able to flick my tongue over the skin on the underside of the knee, taking care not to tickle her and make her laugh.

I let her the pretty black-haired girl's leg fall back onto the padded bench and adjusted myself so that I had a great view of my target, her exposed and clearly an excited, inviting pussy.

I wondered if she was like Minnah.

I gently pushed her legs wider apart, giving myself as much room as I could in the position between the bench and softly and slowly kissed her way up the inside of her thigh.

I stopped just a couple of inches away from her obviously wet pussy, her aroma starting to fill me and moved off her to work over her other inner thigh.

I knew Sahla was responding to my deliberate non-focus on her pussy, her little pants and sighs strengthening as I worked my way back up her inner thigh, ever closer to her pussy.

My mouth was now right in front of Sahla's moist cunt, taking in her scent, not that different to Minnah's. I took my time to absorb the visual image of her

pussy and to tease her with the expectation of what I was to do.

I quietly muttered with my lisp:

“Mmmmm, Sheikha Sahla, the scent of your cum is yummy.”

I stuck my tongue out gingerly and for the first time tasted Minnah’ sister slickness.

Sahla moaned in deep appreciation as I slowly ran my tongue over the outer labia of her pussy.

I enjoyed her taste and this made me to lick her even more slowly and gently over her delicate and delicious intimate folds, slowly moving in a little deeper and deeper into the real grotto between her inner labia, teasing her glans to release their sweet nectar.

Sahla was now reacting very positively, holding onto my ribboned hair and pulling me into her, wanting me to go deep inside her and release her love honey into my mouth, wanting me to explore her pussy with my eager tongue.

She was moaning quite intensely, long and deep, as she began to build towards her inevitable orgasm.

I moved off her folds, somehow, and up her wet lips to explore further her, right

under her clitoris. To my delight, I found her little sex-point already erect and wanting, demanding, my homage.

I let my tongue over the nub of the nerve-ends, eliciting a small squeal from an excited Sahla.

Sahla was now holding me tightly to her, so that I was fully subservient to her, revelling in my pleasuring of her. She began to moan that little louder and more frequently.

I let my lips settle on her bud, gently sucking it and increasing the pressure to tease the nub out of her home. Inside my applied pressure, I let my tongue flick over it to add to her sensations buzzing around her body from this little, sensitive, control centre.

A small nip and Sahla shrieked in delight as her thighs clamped around my face as she released in to a good-sized orgasm, flooding my mouth with her juices.

I swallowed as fast as I could, not wanting to waste any of her delicious cum, knowing that, at the very least, I would get in trouble with Minnah if I did.

Eventually, my sticky face was released from between the black haired woman's dark thighs as her climax abated.

"Nathi, your face is covered in my cum, as a good daughter or niece should be!"

I moved upwards and kissed her on her mouth so that she could taste her own cum. Sahla looked at the marker, smiled, and responded with a whisper:

“You have passed that test.”

In English, I said, “Fank you, Fheika.”

The third lesson and test was about anal worship and Qasim and I had to switch our mistresses for our practical. Indeed the stools were Queening Stools.

Minnah preferred not to use the stool, opting for a doggie position on a pad on the floor. Sahla took Qasim into the face-sitting position.

The lesson had again been about taking ones time in rendering good delivery.

In many ways, I had grown to prefer my domme in a doggie position as it provided a fantastic rear visual to the submissive and I could squeeze, pull and pull on different areas as I used my tongue, thereby increasing the worship of her.

However, Saffi, Khalisa and Tasnim, like previous girlfriends had been into face-sitting, probably believing it was a better form of the expression of dominance. I made a mental note to correct Saffi, Pamela and Fallon on this.

Minnah liked her doggie position and, I would argue, this was for good reason.

Just as with Sahla, I started by viewing their delicate anal pucker and then gently kissing their bottom cheeks, playing the slopes in, downwards to their bottom “valley,” the floor of the gorge.

I loved Minnah to appreciate the sensation of my tongue, and it was with her that I had first used my tongue vibrator, something that I had brought with me.

Now that had some effect!

Subsequently, I let my tongue run down her cleft from top to bottom using the flat of my tongue, just as if I was back in Vermont eating a Ben and Jerry’s ice cream.

As Minnah bucked her cheeks in satisfaction with my efforts, I used my soft lips gently to kiss her haven, over and over, followed by pressing down on her opening, indicating, just a little, with what was to come.

A little massage in an in and out motion.

I then moved to rimming her, lightly licking Minnah’s anus, in a circular motion right round the rim of her aperture to her sex haven.

The Sheikha anal worship “expert” had gone on about finding out what your lover likes, the moans, groans and pushing of their butt into your face, the latter something that I really enjoyed as this was an expression of their dominance

over me.

Minnah was now doing this to me, holding me in the grip of her anal power, letting me take her in, not just for a second or two but for more like two minutes.

Slowly I built her up into a rhythm with short, firm licks and starting to fuck her by darting my proboscis in and out of her, a tongue-fucking.

A little moaning on my part to express my appreciation of her and that I was hers served to vibrate my tongue, even with the lisp I now had.

Now it was a question of using my tongue as a soft dildo to explore her love channel.

Mmmmmm and she came, her creamy extraction oozing, and then dripping, out of her wonderful pussy, ready to be caught in my fingers and digested into me.

I had passed "الشرح عن طريق Anal Oral..."

Minnah gave me a kiss and put my training bra back onto me, snapping my padlock into place on the clasp at the back.

Immediately, it flattened me and made my nipples stand on end, the rings looking so prominent on me. I was back to looking far younger than my years.

She spoke, in English, again:

“I expected you to have passed all that with flying colours as you did, Nathi. However, I want you to be a demonstration model to the younger girls now. That is one of the reasons that you are here, never mind the experience and being my little girl.”

I looked at her.

“What do you want me to do, Fheika?”

Minnah led me across to a stockade stand-post similar to the one that had I had been secured to back in her apartment.

Without us saying anything, she tethered me in, the ankles forcing my legs to spread, the waist, my neck and then my arms out on the horizontal. I just couldn't move.

My bear was put next to me on one of the split-benches that had been brought up alongside.

She ensured that my pearl jewellery was hanging properly from my rings and then said to Sahla that I was ready.

Sahla brought the room to silence again and then announced:

“Girls, we are going to have a demonstration here for you. However, I do need five of your panties, preferably nicely stained, and one of your training bras, as small as possible. Not you, Qasim please.”

After some discussion and humming and haahing, the indecision typical of the age group, five girls came forward.

The first one up was a very tiny girl, called Rabeea, with hardly any breasts at all and long, thick, dark brown hair all the way down her back to hand her white bra and a pair of white and pink panties across to Sahla.

I had no idea of her age given her boy-like body.

She was followed by what seemed to be her friend or relative, Hanan, who was very slightly bigger in frame.

Hanan handed over a pair of white panties that were semi-transparent over where her bottom and mound would sit.

She blushed as she made the transfer and held them up to all to show that they were a little yellow and with a brown streak inside.

A late teenager with pierced nipples, I understood named ‘Izzah, then handed

Sahla her yellow bikini panties, saying that they were, unfortunately, very heavily stained.

“Good, excellent,” and Sahla passed them to Minnah.

The other two girls were I guess around sixteen and gorgeous looking, one, Maisa, with fullish breasts and with a thick wiry triangle of silky pubic hair.

Sahla handed her pink bikini panties to Minnah, along with a black fuller brief with a mesh material at the back, pleating pink hems and a large pink ribbon in front, almost like a Brazilian, which belonged to this slender girl, Jawahir.

Jawahir had the loveliest dark green eyes.

She had been wearing her panties and she had the confidence to remove them in front of us all to reveal her pussy in its glory, highlighted by her landing-strip of pubic hair atop her prominent clitoris and swollen pussy lips.

Right in front of me, Sahla proceeded to put Rabeea’s bra on my bear, tightening the straps and fixing the clasp on the furthest left clip.

To the giggles of the room, she took the little panties that were ruffed in white frills and turned them out so the gusset was exposed.

She put them under my nose and told me into inhale, the sweet young scent

immediately penetrating me.

Sahla removed them and put the panties on my bear.

She followed this by doing the same thing with Hanan's, her stronger smells over-riding Rabeea's, and then putting them over my poor bear's nose.

Sahla then placed the bear on the edge of the bench looking at me through his or her pantied world. The room erupted with laughter.

As she did this, I chuckled to myself. I settled on a name for the bear, dressed like this. Gusset would be most appropriate and Bear would be a she-bear, after me, and a transsexual one at that.

"Girls, Nathi is a little older than all of you. However, my sister here likes to keep her in the age to which she speaks and looks like, eleven or twelve. Which is it, Minnah?"

"Eleven, Sahla."

"She is being prepared as a very personal attendant or a future "wife" to Minnah or whoever. That doesn't matter as the principles of what you are undergoing are largely the same."

I was seriously concerned what I was in for by now.

Minnah looked at me for any reaction in my face and, I hope, that I was alright with all of this.

After all, one thing I did like her and respect her for was her sense of compassion.

“There are three things amongst many that you will have to experience before you are ready for marriage. Firstly, you will note that she is totally devoid of any body hair and her skin is very soft. In Nathi’s case, she has undergone electrolysis and sugar-waxing to get to this stage. So will you; as we women ought to be completely stripped of our pubic hair for our male and female lovers or, at worst, the tiniest of strips. Secondly, you will note that she is heavily pierced. It is likely that your lovers may require that. Minnah’s family do and Nathi is an excellent model of what can be done and how the rings support sexual jewellery.”

Sahla smiled at me.

“Lastly for today, I want to bring to you attention that we girls, and your men to be, can have what we call fetishes. That is things that really turn their sexual thoughts and ability to cum on. Nathi here has a fetish for the smell of women and girl’s cunts and all their secretions. There is nothing wrong with it but I am now going to envelope her like her bear.”

Minnah handed her ‘Izzah’s yellow panties and she folded them inside out to show me the crotch before pushing them into my mouth.

She followed this by placing Maisa's pink bikini right over my nose and, then, my sight was partly restricted by Jawahir's, with me staring through the black mesh where her bottom cheeks had been.

Sahla fiddled with the front of Jawahir's panties to ensure that the pink ribbon was truly exposed under my chin.

Maisa's sweet smells soon entered me and took over my thoughts, highlighted by the tart pee and secretion tastes of Izzah bombarding my palate.

I could feel my plate up there, my mouth rings, and my arm and thigh bands, as well as my aching nipples that were already demanding sexual release.

I was helpless and now had been reduced to the humiliating role of a sexual mannequin for, probably, all these hormonally rampant virgins being prepared for their sexual induction, other than any girl to girl, woman to girl and female incest that they had experienced to date.

"Now girls, you can come and inspect and feel Nathi's piercings, before we put her on the bench and whip her. This is something that your men and women may like to do to you and you will learn to bear it, as Nathi does.

"There is one more thing, touch up Nathi as you like; she is now under a clear instruction not to cum. That is something else that you will learn in the months ahead, orgasm control, and something Nathi has been learning recently. At the end of it, if she has behaved, we will time how long it takes Nathi to release her orgasm on Minnah's command."

My thoughts were rampant on this news, that I was to be sexually mauled by an inquisitive bunch of relative youngsters.

This was potentially worse than my “Indenture to Saffi” night when I had been mass-taken.

For the next twenty minutes, I was effectively in a daze as all these hands felt me up, over my breasts, my bottom, my stomach piercing and lots of probing of my clitoris, my pussy rings and down to even inside my anus.

I could make them out through my meshed eyes and I could see Gusset in her lingerie eyeing me up; is this what I looked like enveloped in Maisa’s panties?

I heard comments about my back ring, my inner thigh rings and how I was laced up like a virgin.

All the time, I was being barraged with the intimate, sweet smells of Maisa’s young pussy and the sourer taste of ‘Izzah’s excretions.

I was fighting against cumming, my body was buzzing with all the caressing and probing, the feel of several hands manipulating me, using me.

The hardest part to counter was to handle whoever was inserting their fingers in my anus, along with the girls tweaking my nipple rings and, especially, when one girl ran her fingers along the inside of my pussy lips.

This was sheer torture and, at the same time, an exquisite sensation.

A sweet and sour of female love and I reflected on how Saffi, Pamela or Fallon would love to see me being subjected to this.

I made the dangerous decision to focus on Maisa's scent along and try and avoid the thoughts and sensations of the girl-handling of me.

It was a fight and a real struggle not to cum, knowing that if I did it would be a loss of face for Minnah and, subsequently, appropriate pain discipline.

I manage to hold on. Sahla indicated for the girls to cease their sensual touching of me.

Still in my panties hood from my young colleagues, Minnah released me from the stock-pole and had me lift Gusset off the bench.

She adjusted it and a raised wedge appeared at the centre point of the "Y" of the bench.

Minnah ordered me onto it, facedown, bottom up over the wedge, and then fastened my arms and secured my legs onto the bench's cuffs.

This position opened my bottom up for all to see, including my rings down there and my lacing.

Sahla checked that my nasal and mouth panties were still in place and positioned the bear back in front of me.

She suggested that Maisa and Jawahir could come and stand in front of me and play with themselves to see if they could taunt me to come.

She also motioned Rabeea and Hanan to step forward and watch me being beaten.

Minnah and Sahla commenced with paddles with holes in them and proceeded to pound my cheeks, jarring Maisa's panties closer into me.

Through the mesh of the panties, I could see Maia and Jawahir starting to kiss and play with their pussies, an erotic sight to my eyes.

Their blows rained down warming my bottom up and I could feel a little buzz of pleasure emerging in my cunt through the pain that was being inflicted.

I began to fight this feeling.

Minnah and Sahla moved to crops, expertly and alternately stroking and then placing sharp lashes onto each of my cheeks.

This hurt and I knew that the girls would see welts forming against my reddened and warmed-up cheeks.

Meanwhile Maisa's aroma was keeping me distracted from the pain that I had to endure and I was taking in more of 'Izzah's "perfume" as I bit down on her panties in my mouth to counter the impact of the lashes.

The lashing suddenly stopped but a few second later started up by not quite as strong in the intensity.

The two women had given Rabeea and Hanan the opportunity to beat me.

Here I was being beaten by two girls probably half my age.

Though not strong in intensity, I felt debased by this, knowing it would be something that Fallon, Pamela, or even Tasnim would have adored watching.

The shaming of little Nathi by two girls, who in reality were far younger than either Clare or Nathifa.

Counter to this, I could feel myself building up to an orgasm and it was getting harder to control it as Maisa and Jawahir were standing right in front of me playing with themselves.

Sahla and Minnah took the crops again and I felt two lashes rain in across the top of my back just under my D ring and then two hard ones onto each thigh.

This had me gagging on both of my panties.

However, the beating stopped and I was released and helped onto my feet and had to stand there in front of the audience while Minnah put handcuffs on my wrists behind me.

Sahla looked at the girls and their patrons and said:

“Girls, see Nathi hasn’t orgasmed, despite all your teasing and sensual bombardment of her body. Give her a round of applause.”

In English, she said to me:

“Nathi, would you like to now cum for us. You need to ask Minnah and me.”

I whispered a, “Yes please, Sheikas Sahla and Minnah, may I come please?”

“Louder, Nathi, so everybody can hear you.”

“Yeff, Peath, Fheika Fahla and Minnah, may I come peath?”

“How nice to hear that lisp of yours; now say it in Arabic.”

Sahla was at least kind to me in helping me quickly to attain a climax.

She stood one of the crops off the floor and pressed the fine tip of it hard onto my clitoris. I could ride that.

I took a deep bite down onto Jawahir’s panties and an extra scent of Maisa’s over my nose.

My mine wandered not to Saffi or the Murchison women but to Minnah’s gorgeous pussy and anus, and then lewdly to Rabeea’s and Hanan’s naked pussies that Gusset was enjoying in her way.

I came and I came again, my cum oozing out of the small pee hole left in my lacing, dropping onto the floor and over the crop.

I stood there and quivered with my orgasm. My cum just kept arriving, growing the pool and the wetness of the instrument that had just beaten me.

Sahla took the crop and presented it to Maisa and Jawahir to taste me.

I was trembling and Minnah moved into support me, not wanting me to black

out. The audience broke into applause again.

That was it. I was finished and allowed to put back on my bloomers and Minnah gave me Gusset, still in the lingerie.

In fact, many of the girls came across and kissed me to give me their panties as a little souvenir of the afternoon.

That was quite thrilling and nice of them.

We went off to Sahla's quarters and I was allowed to rest, pray and clean-up and shower with Qasim, with a girl attending us as to make-up and that we dressed appropriately.

I wasn't spared though.

Back on went the training bra but now Minnah had me dress in what were gorgeous cream tie-side silk panties from Gilda and Pearl in the UK.

These were made of flat silk on the front panel and rear with a delicate white lace hem and then the ribbons were seriously long, allowing for big bows to be tied.

Over this "lingerie" went a Monsoon "Petunia" style young girl's party dress. It was navy blue and pin-tuck pleated down the skirt with long sleeves.

It came in a nice thick cotton and there was a blue and white contrast thin hem on the neckline and sleeves, as well as a similar wide tie belt. On the back there was a small keyhole back detail.

It was what one could describe as “cute” on me and again played right into Minnah’s hands to create such a young age for me to play for her.

This was further exacerbated by the little white bobby-socks, the silver, bejewelled satin, ballerina pumps and the “pièce de résistance,” a satin Alice Band for my hair with ivory coloured two butterflies on it.

I was permitted to wear a blue bead and silver wire necklace and bracelet, each with a pink enamel butterfly hanging off it, along with bringing with me an ivory sequin butterfly bag.

Qasim was clothed in a yellow and white party dress.

She bathed me in a Sui Love perfume; she said that it was a lovely perfume for an eleven year old and her first perfume at my “age.”

I was allowed to bring Gusset with me.

Downstairs, we met with Minnah and Sahla who expressed their satisfaction at how we looked.

Sahla asked Qasim if she had bought her panties along with her and she replied into the affirmative and pulled a white pair out of her bag.

Once again, I found myself in my now familiar Niqab but with it came a little surprise as it had been Qasim's panties that I had been enclosed in coming into Dubai.

Minnah pulled out a pair from her bag too and slipped them onto Qasim.

“How nice, they are scenting each other's pussies now.”

We dined at the Al Soufra restaurant in the Intercontinental Hotel, at waterfront level by the Creek, with a nice table overlooking the fishing boats and dhows that plow the route over to Iran.

I was finding talking in French a lot easier than in English and Arabic as my lisp kicked in on the harder sounds, the girls teasing me for words like pleath and their favourites, “Fifth” for fish and All-al Fexth” for oral sex.

As we came to leave the restaurant, Minnah took Qasim and me to the Ladies and, apart from putting our special Niqabs on, she firstly filled my mouth with a second pair of Qasim's panties and gagged me with a ball gag.

I could immediately savour her damp pussy on her panties and they were delicious.

Next she fixed a chain between my thigh rings as a form of yoke, off which came a long leash that she handed to Qasim.

“Nathi, you are now Qasim’s and she is going to fuck you when we get back in her room. You are then to shower and put on a new nightie and panties that are being laid out for you. After that, Qasim will take you through to her mother for her to then use you. I will take Qasim.

“Qasim, there is a new set of women’s lingerie for you to wear. Both of you make sure all your orifices are clean when you come through to us. Ok?”

“Yes Minnah.”

“You two will sleep with each other when we are finished with you, closely chained to each other so that you can frot each other during the night.”

We returned to Sahla’s and Qasim’s compound fairly quickly from the hotel.

It was about nine-thirty pm when we got back inside the house.

As we all took off our Abayas, Minnah and Sahla kissed us goodnight and Minnah said:

“Now off to bed with you two and we will see you both soon. Qasim, you are, of course, in charge of Nathi.”

There, on Qasim’s bedroom sofa, was a Aubade black bra, garter belt, tanga panties and stockings already laid out for her and, for me, a cute short white cotton nightie with a pleated top, ruffed bottom hem, no sleeves, and finished with a pink ribbon. Off my breast line there was a thin lace strip to emphasise the nightie’s girly femininity.

I positioned Gusset on a side dresser so that she could watch the action. She was going to become a little voyeur of a bear.

There was also a pair of soft coral pink tie-sides matching the ones I was wearing.

With each of our outfits was a zip-lock bag containing more panties, the bag bearing our names and a “with love from” tag; in my case, “Nathi, With Love from your Auntie Sahla.”

On Qasim’s bed was laid out a pink Feeldoe and two vibrators, as well as one of the crops from this afternoon.

There was also another bag with an odd penis in it as I noticed it had wire attachments on it. On the bag was an instruction that I had to bring it with me to Sahla.

Qasim came across to me and took me in her arms, kissing me intimately, her young tongue exploring my mouth finding my braces. I found too that she had small transparent clips on her teeth, similar to the ones that I had been fitted with.

Her hands worked their way down my body, exploring me, to eventually rest on my bottom, pulling me close into her.

Her kissing technique for such a relatively young girl was quite good and I realised that this was probably not her first time.

She moved to help me out of my jewellery, followed by my Monsoon girl's dress, which I had quite liked in terms of colour and design even though it did make me look so young. I would wear this again for Minnah.

“Nathi, I know that you have slept with Aunty Minnah, are you still a virgin?”

“No, Qasim, I am not, your Uncle has made love to me several times. That is his right.”

“Did he take your virginity?”

“Yes he did.”

I had decided to tell her the masked truth, not the whole truth.

“Did you enjoy it?”

“Mmmm, yes I did, but I do prefer being with women. They are more tender and loving.”

“I know, I am still a virgin but I have made love with Mom, her friends and some of mine. I guess it is the Arabic way with us not living with the boys.”

“Yes, indeed, Qasim.”

Indeed, it was. Even though it was taboo, homosexuality was known to be pretty rampant in the Arabic culture, largely driven by the absence of the other sex, reflecting in part, most folk’s tendency to be bi-sexual deep at heart.

“So, your Mom is a good lover.”

“Oh yes...” and she proceeded to outline what she liked. Forewarned was forearmed, as the saying goes.

Qasim removed her own dress and I helped her out of her bra. She said that she was under instructions to keep mine on.

She was fascinated by my nipples and the heavy rings hanging from them. I

explained to her that they were naturally pinkish-purple and that they had been coated with henna several times to darken them up.

“You are not Arabic are you? You speak good Arabic, even though you have that cute lisp.”

I explained that I was originally English and spoke a few languages, learning some Arabic, before Minnah had acquired me and left it that.

“And you like being a young girl for Aunty Minnah.”

“Yes, honey, I do as I am what they call a submissive and she is my dominant partner so I have to obey her as she knows what is best for me.”

“Well come here and take off your socks and then you will remove my bra and take down my panties for me.”

I obeyed her and helped her by unclipping her bra and sliding it off her arms. A lovely pair of small B cups topped by pointy nipples appeared, sitting atop the smallest of areolae. I leaned over to kiss them for her, Qasim arching her back towards me and taking me by my head.

I gently sucked her points, letting her gain her excitement, before moving down over her thin, tight waist to her panties line.

My mouth rested against her pubic mound. I couldn't sense any hair beneath the thin white brief pantie satin. I kissed her, moving slowly lower and picked up her now familiar scent, the scent I had been inducted into for a lot of the day under special Niqab conditions.

I started to tongue her through her panties. Qasim now started to emit small moans of pleasure and her love-juice started to appear along the crevice of her panties, a sight that I have always enjoyed.

I hooked my fingers into her panties waist line and lowered them in front of me, as I was now on my knees.

In front of me was a lovely denuded pussy, completely stripped and obviously extensively sugar-waxed. However, she had no real pussy lips or clitoral hood to speak off, her pussy wide open and her clitoral bud very prominent.

I looked up at Qasim.

“Yes, Nathi, my Mom had me partly circumcised when I was very young, but she kept my clitoris. She wanted me to be very sensitive on my pussy so that I would always need sex, and given that we live in a female society, most of my sex would be woman to woman.”

I had heard of female circumcision being practised but this was the first time I had ever seen it, and definitely a first in being a part-one for sexual “slavery” reasons. I immediately thought I had better keep this quiet from Saffi.

Qasim pushed me close into her and I began my worship of her exposed love panel, concentrating on her clitoris and the nerves around her clear pussy hole.

She soon started to cream up, her familiar discharge now coating my nose and mouth.

“It is time for me to take you, Nathi. Help me slip in my Feeldoe.”

She brought her hands over onto my ribbons and pulled them. In a second, the knots unravelled and I was standing there naked for her. She took her time closely inspecting me, muttering how nicely shaped I was.

I was now pretty wet myself and Qasim had me lie on my back into the missionary position. I didn't often get to be in this position.

Her first deed was to take one of the vibrators, one with a base plate, and insert it into my expectant anus. I wanted her to fuck me now.

She entered me slowly, breaking the thin thread that had been sealing my pussy as if I was a virgin. Her time to penetrate me was unwittingly considerate and it was rather a turn-on as she popped my cherry like this.

She let her nipples play against mine, slowly frotting both of us, and only then started to build up her fucking rhythm, taking me up my own orgasm hill.

It was rather nice to be fucked like this by her, being able to kiss each other and our passion built.

Her pace quickened and her force on penetrating me increased. I could feel her arching her body and I too was bending my back, my pelvis bouncing to accommodate her.

I came first, a good solid orgasm, and Qasim wasn't far behind. I held onto her, holding her in me and ensuring that has kept her cock in her vagina to enjoy the after-pleasures, to bathe in those secondary tremors as they went through our bodies.

We wound down and kissed.

“Ok, Nathi, we better had shower and go and see our main courses for the evenings. They will be excited now.”

Qasim pointed to the ceiling and I could see a telltale small red bulb. We had been captured fucking either on direct camera or by video. That wasn't particularly upsetting, as it was quite a normal thing to do in the Harem.

We showered together, making sure that all our cavities were clean as requested, that our make-up was again neat and that we were appropriately perfumed before coming back into her bedroom to dress as had been instructed.

I helped Qasim adjust her bra and attach the clips on the suspenders of her belt,

before dressing myself.

It didn't take me long to dress. I put the new panties on, knotting large bows on either side of my waist, and letting the ribbons hang down provocatively to invite Sheikha Sahla to remove them quickly.

I slipped the nightie on and it felt nice and cool against my soft skin, flattening out the pleats and folds.

There was a pair of pink, soft children's slippers with little bears on and I put those on and adjusted the ribbons still in my hair.

Qasim commented that it made me look very virginal and inviting. She kissed me again, a French kiss, before pulling back:

"Mmmm. I had better stop or I may have to make love to you again. I will see you later."

She gave me an ordinary kiss, picked up my Ziploc and pulled out a pair of white briefs and a ribbon, that she promptly hooded me with and then tightened onto my nose.

I knew immediately it was Sahla's scent I was taking in, a rich, sweet honey and egg mix wafted into me.

I returned the favour immersing Qasim into Minnah's black haven.

"Mom also wants you to be sucking this when you enter her quarters. She has this mothering thing for girls whereas Aunty Minnah's interest is far more physically sexual and in her need to dominate them, their behaviour and manage their lives."

Qasim fixed this pink ribbon to my nightie. Hanging off it was a pink pacifier with the words "Princess in Training" written on the teat.

I looked at it, probably disdainfully.

"Eleven year old girls regularly suck their thumbs and fingers to fall asleep and there is a lot of articles about one or two occasionally using a pacifier."

With this she promptly took the pacifier, lifted up Sahla's panties, and dropped the rubber end into my mouth, before placing the panties back into position.

"There we are. How cute."

Qasim handed me my bag with the strange dildo in, took my hand and escorted me out of the bedroom and down the marble-floored corridor.

Some twenty yards on, she opened one door of a pair and invited me to enter, before closing it behind me. A "see you later," called back as she left.

I was in a large, light and airy living room that was brightly lit. It's decoration was stark with the emphasis on sleek furniture, just as her sister's was, the room dominated by huge pieces of modern art.

Sahla's voice came echoing out of her bedroom suite:

"Come in, Nathi. Come here."

I entered her suite, dressed as I was, my nose enveloped in her panties, those bulging with the pacifier in my mouth and dragging Gusset.

"What a cute sight. Come to Aunty, Nathi"

Sahla was dressed in a matching white nightie to mine, more fuller in length in detail and not quite as childlike, with long straps to it and more lace detail under her breast line.

She was on her bed and she motioned me with her hand to come and join her there. I climbed on and she took me into her arms and kissed me through her panties over me.

As she undid the strap to her right breast and lifted the nasal panties away from me, she guided my mouth onto her nipple to suckle it.

I played along, nuzzling on her swollen teat enjoying the sensation of it in my mouth and her taste. She was fuller in her breasts than her sister.

Over the next ten minutes or so, one breast became two and was that a smidgeon of milk that I tasted off her left breast? I wasn't sure.

“You have made my nipples quite swollen and sore, Nathi. Put my panties back on you, take your pacifier and roll over onto this cushion.”

She put a bolster under me, pushing my bottom up in the air for her and her fingers went on a teasing wander over my back and cheeks, delicately feeling my piercings.

She went to put a spreader on between my ankles and I felt my ribbons being undone, my tie-side panties falling away from me, leaving my love cleft now open to her fingers or whatever. Those fingers began to dance, teasing me even more, teasing me to the point of some precum arriving and wetness for her pleasure down there.

She taunted me with her tongue before pulling back and then pulled my nightie further up my back.

“You are getting wet, you naughty girl.”

With this, she smacked me, right across my cheeks and again, with some force. It made me yelp and careered me forward into the soft impregnated zone of her

panties.

This became a paddle and as the heat built up in me, she switched to the rattan, teasing my pussy and anus with its rod, pushing it into me as if it was a sex toy that I should ride.

Nine heavy blows came down on me. I know as she made me count them. On the sixth, I had to repeat the number as my lisp took over to say, “Fix.”

I was nearly in tears by the end of the beating and could feel them welling in my eyes with the pain that she inflicted on me. Once more, I had to use my ability to meditate my way out of being reduced to a quivering wreck.

Sahla’s tongue came to the rescue, sliding between my cheeks to enjoy me orally. Over my anus and down to my pussy she went, teasing my lips with it. This felt good, building me up with expectations of being taken.

I had to fight against this, as it wasn’t my position to cum first unless she ordered me to.

I wiggled my hips in pleasure, wanting her to take me to orgasm, but she pulled back on me.

“Me first, Nathi.”

She went into the bag that I had brought with me and pulled out the dildo inside the bag. I was ordered to turn over, remove my nasal panties – her panties, and lay flat on the large bed, across it, a pillow behind me, and to open my mouth.

Snap, snap went the wires into position. Sahla had done this before. She had fixed the wires straight into the retaining sockets on my brace clips, the ones on the outside of my clips and the dildo also clipped to the transparent lugs on my incisors and dog teeth.

It anchored my mouth open, and here I was with this black cock sticking right up above me, standing there lewdly ready to enter her.

Sahla lowered herself onto it, her left leg coming over me, her face pointing towards my head and she sank down on it, her bottom sucking me into her, her dark pussy taking in the hard cock.

She was wet and I could already taste her cum as it emerged from her love cave.

She started to fuck herself up and down on it, right above me, giving me a clear view of the cock penetrating her and then withdrawing, her cunt entrance skin stretching and buckling on her motion.

This was incredibly erotic to me and I knew that I was groaning my appreciation, urging her to cum on me, though whether she understood what I was saying was doubtful.

She leaned forward a little and I felt this buzz of a vibrator hit my clitoris as she continued flexing her bottom to sate herself.

She came hard and her cum streamed out, squeezing itself between her pussy walls and her cock to fall into my waiting mouth. I could take her but was finding it hard to swallow her, thus ensuring her cum was awash there, soaking my taste buds with her flavour.

Exquisite.

I came right behind her, my bottom arching and clenching my muscles to squeeze my vagina to its maximum, to get the best out of the climax overtaking me.

If this was a benefit of the dental work, then it was worth it, for moments like this.

The lisp, well that I could not stand as it made me sound so young and almost stupid, though Minnah said it would lessen as I got used to it and my palate widened. However, I would still have one and while I was with her, then I would have to get used to it as she thought it cute and befitting me.

Minnah went on to say that if, if Saffi took me back, then that was her choice to keep it or allow me to recover my original clarity of pronunciation.

However, she would discuss this all with Saffi as she really did want me as her

little girl companion and I could be expected to be kept in dresses like the Monsoon I had worn, or in brands like Ralph Lauren and their ruffled polo kit dresses or Fendi, Mulberry and Monnalisa girls clothes.

And I should expect to have an extensive chest of age appropriate training bras, underwear and nightwear, as well as shoes, slippers and pumps.

Despite my relatively mature age, Minnah told me that I was the best young girl that she had experienced and, just as importantly, I was someone she could intelligently converse with, even allowing for my lisp.

She could live with that.

Whether I could was another irrelevant matter.

I took that as a positive, a flattering comment and I did like Minnah a lot, and I guess could fall in love with her, if I hadn't already given a little of my heart to her already.

However, if my choice had anything to do with it and not allowing for our legal status, my love was for Saffi.

I reflected on the flight back to Qatar and later, that something worrisome had happened to me, well of concern to me.

This was that as the “role play” of Nathi had taken place, from being dressed as a eleven year old to the moment I was changed out, I hadn’t thought about Saffi or her sister, her mother, Chrissie or anyone. I had been so caught up in the play.

Was that me fundamentally changing or was it just the regression nature of this form of sexual positioning and discipline making me demonstrate an infantile mind as part of my submission?

That perturbed me as I had rather enjoyed playing the young teenager and would welcome exploring these plays as Minnah’s “Nathi.” Maybe Minnah could take me back further, if she wished.

I also had Gusset and whatever happened as to who was to be my domme, Gusset, well she was with me.

The evening with Sahla continued on and I ended up being taken twice more for Sahla’s pleasure. I had then been led back to Qasim’s room where we were duly locked in together naked as Minnah and Sahla said would happen.

We had fallen asleep together entwined in each other’s bodies and having frothed each other, talking about the mouth cock, which I learned had been a Sahla creation. Qasim had been subjected to its pleasures for some fourth months prior.

The next morning saw Qasim making love to me again before we rose for prayers and breakfast, the theme being continued on as I was now required to wear a pink Monsoon play-jumpsuit before being switched into a gorgeous white, pink and red crinkle beach dress, that would look good in my adult wardrobe.

We left Dubai with some regret in leaving behind Sahla and Qasim. It had indeed been a frenetic twenty four hours reliving my youth. I would be back to see them again, as Minnah's girl.

Surely no more could happen though here in the Middle East and when was I going to get back to Saffi? It had now been over five months though I had virtually lost track of time, that being one of the objectives of Harem service in that we were dedicated totally to the Aphrodisial world of rendering sexual pleasure to all chosen.

That got me reflecting and a little homesick. Also a nice French or Italian meal and good wine would be a godsend, prior to a Saffi domme to subbie session with me.

Over the days to come, I realised that Minnah's offer of becoming her young companion would be a good back up if Saffi had rejected me in favour of Ayishah and at least Gusset was happy to be with me along with her newly-acquired selection of used small bras and panties.

The harem girls loved her too.

Chapter-Six

The Test

Minnah and I took off from Dubai en route for Doha, just an hour away, flying back again on a private aircraft. The noon day prayers, the Dhuhr, had just passed before we took off but, as we were travellers, we were exempted from proffering ourselves to Allah.

It is such a short flight and one arrives the time that one has taken off with the difference in time zone. En route, we had small refreshments and were just about to start the descent into Doha when Minnah tuned to me and said:

“Nathifa, I have to commence your preparation for this evening. I’m afraid that you are needed tonight. When we get back, you are to spend the day in intense sexual meditation and preparation. I shouldn’t say anything but I will warn you, as your girlfriend, that it is a test to see how far that you have come.”

My interest was piqued but knowing this family, I knew that whatever it was would not be a sexual “picnic.”

“You can keep your dress on until you are back to the Harem but I want you to go to the toilet and take off your girlie panties and put these on.”

She handed me a small bag.

I did as Minnah requested and in the plane’s toilet removed my tie-side panties.

I opened the bag and inside there were a pair of black Wacoal hi-cut panties far too big for me. I had to use the elastic of my dress to help hold them up.

I had taken a look inside them and could see they were used. A quick sniff had identified them as being quite strong and sweet; I also detected a strong-ish pee smell.

I got back to my seat and Minnah asked me if I had them on to which I replied in the affirmative. She asked me for my tie-sides, almost to prove that indeed I had made the switch.

“Whose are they Minnah as they are enormous and none of the Harem or attendants are of this size?”

“You will find out in due course, believe me. I haven’t finished yet.”

She leaned over and took a second cappuccino pair and grey of Wacoal hi-cut briefs out and put them over me; the intensity of the scent hit me square on. It wasn’t unclean or anything, just very strong.

As Minnah pinned the back of the panties up behind me, she said:

“I am now going to hood you with a matching black pair and you are to spend the day in here reflecting on who the owner could be and what their pussy is like. We expect you to give full service tonight without any qualms. The girls

will help you feed and drink but the gusset should not come off your nose, except for bathing, make-up and final hair preparation. I will help you off the plane.”

She shut me off visually from the world, leaving me in the intense environment of whoever’s panties I was wearing underneath.

So I was to be “traded” on for somebody else’s use tonight. There was no respite to be had in this life of harem submission.

That was no surprise in itself, I had long realised that but after the intensity of being a young girl, I could have done with a rest, allowing for Pari probably wanting to fuck me.

She would have to wait.

We landed in Doha.

Minnah escorted me carefully off the plane, having cloaked me, put my Burqa on followed by my lead to both of my wrists handcuffed in front of me, emerging from my Abaya.

I felt like her prisoner. I possibly was.

The customs official greeted us. All I heard was:

“Welcome back to Doha, Sheikha Hamad. Your passport is in order as is your charge.”

I was led through the airport and helped into the limousine.

All I knew was blackness and the intense aroma of this woman surrounding me and drilling deep into my brain. It was almost opium like and my mind started wandering, thinking about submission to a dark and foreboding woman’s pussy, a pussy I did not know.

Who was it?

I was helped into the car and we were soon back in the Hamad compound. I recognised the familiar sounds of the house and then the Harem and could pick up the direction I was being led in.

I was taken back to my room. I presumed it was there as the bed felt familiar.

I could feel my Burqa being removed and then my Abaya. Minnah asked me if I needed the toilet and I said no.

She kissed me and pushed me onto my bed. My lead stayed attached and was secured tightly to the frame and a spreader attached to my ankles.

I was left there to contemplate my fate, to think about my next sexual exposure, the test to come. I had no idea.

I do not know how long I was there as I dosed off in my little world.

I believe that I had missed a prayer time.

Eventually Pari appeared and said that I could not say a thing. I was to remain mute until I had was in the presence and under the command of my domme tonight. I had to be prepared though.

I was led downstairs to the bathrooms and given a double enema, followed by a bathing session, hair wash, dry and fixing back to my usual style, and a full foot and manicure.

This was one of the two times that my hood was removed, the only other being to remove my inner nasal panties to eat and drink, Even then, the outer black panties remained on me and Pari had to feed and water me with the hood pulled up slightly to expose my mouth as my wrists remained locked.

Pari said that she was under strict instructions to keep me in this state to avoid the temptation of masturbating.

As I was being bathed, scented, made-up - with a lot of eyeliner, mascara and dark, graded colours around my eyes, I hasten to add - and my hair fixed, I had noticed the size of the cappuccino and grey hi-sides and the black hood briefs in

front of me.

I couldn't help but notice as they were hung right in front of me to remind me that I was in full submission mode. They were at least a 2x if not a 3x size.

I realised that I was going to be made to worship a very large woman, the biggest of my life so far.

Who was she? I had absolutely no idea.

As I finished my meal, Pari took me back to my room again but not before she took the cappuccino pair and put them in my mouth to savour.

Pari produced a second identical pair, showed me the heavily stained and brown gusset, and hooded me with these, before carefully clipping them in at the back and putting the original black briefs on over the cappuccino panties.

These she turned around and tightened, to serve as that hood again.

They were even stronger in this woman's intimate pussy and anal smells, almost overpowering in the intensity streaming into me. I was just about gagging purely on another woman's discharge.

I was left on the bed again until final prayers had passed.

Pari came back into my room to “dress” me, hardly saying a word, other than when to move my body.

She put me into a deep garter belt and stockings with several suspenders, I counted twelve connections, the stockings finishing just below my thigh bands.

My Talena necklace went on along with all my cuffs. I could then feel her putting my body jewellery on along with my earrings and then finished off with a necklace bra.

I felt a chain going down through my belly rings to my clitoral hood to pull that upwards and one down my back to my nape ring.

She played with my arm bands and mentioned that I had larger bells on me and also on my thigh bands, “as I was to play to music for my domme tonight.”

She then put me in what felt like unbelievably high heels, all my weight being thrown onto my toes.

I then felt her enveloping my naked body in some form of heavy Abaya but with arm slits, completely enveloping me, the robe pressing down on my sensitive nipples carrying their heavy load, or it seemed heavier than normal as the new rings were pulling down on me.

She took my arms and raised them to tie them off on a chain from the ceiling and

pulled it upwards so that I was now really on my toes.

This was very uncomfortable as I struggled to find my balance on my heels.

Meanwhile, my world was so concentrated on the scent and my mind was just so buzzed with the image of this enormous bottom and pussy that I, most likely, was to have to serve. I had the occasional flash of Saffi and Ayishah making love in my mind as well and how I wanted to be back under Saffi's pussy.

Pari hadn't finished.

She worked under my robe and, with no lubricant other than her mouth spit, she worked two dildos into my pussy and rectum and then secured the pussy one in by chaining my rings and the anal one by a chain and a shaped plate mechanism, over my anal dildo, that run from the fourchette ring on my perineum up to my back ring.

This tightened up my necklace that had been attached to the other side of the D.

Her last act was to hang weights down of my pussy rings and then a particularly cruel one of my clitoral hood that pulled at my nipples as well as my clit.

Pari pulled away to cover me in a scent, commenting on how inviting she had made me.

She left me dangling there for a time, meditating on dark, sticky, creamy, large female pussies and whether I could take it.

I don't know whether it was forty minutes or an hour but, by the time she came back to get me, I was already tired and I would have submitted to anybody to be released from standing on my toes.

Pari released my chain so that I could lower my feet a little. Some relief.

“Ok, Nathifa, it is time that I took you for your special night. Remember that I love you and this is the last thing that I can say to you tonight.”

She kissed me through the robe.

I was taken out of the house in complete silence, Pari with my chain, and once more I found myself in a limousine being driven across Doha.

All I could reflect on was the pussy barrage, the exotic blend of spent cum, pee and a hint of anal secretion adding to the sexual wine that I was to imbibe shortly.

I was imagining this enormous weight on top of me, making me submit to her, absorbing me into her folds. What size was she? What age was she? What was the linkage to the family? Was I being traded on –surely no, as Minnah wanted me as hers?

We arrived.

Pari helped me out of the car and I was taken into the house, a house whose owner and location were unknown to me.

She told me to lie down, then helped me out of the robe.

I sunk down on to this soft bed and Pari quickly had me chained up, one arm to each bed post it felt like, my legs splayed open to offer my pussy to my new domme, side chains to my waist and thighs.

Her final act was to suction my nipples, starting by massaging some light grease onto my areolas to make the air-tight seal.

As she pumped the air out of the tube, I felt my nipples being disgorged upwards into the glass tubes, the rings making me extra sensitive as they too were pulled upwards.

I have always loved that sensation and, at this point, I was mentally willing Pari on to do the same thing to my clit so that I could frig myself off to a “gi-normous” orgasm and be done with this evening.

Pari leaned over and kissed me right over my pussy lips and I nearly came.

There was, however, no escaping from what was to come.

I was left in this secure situation for some thirty minutes.

I heard the door open and someone enter the room.

Nothing happened.

Was I being visually inspected?

The first I felt was a long finger nail running over my legs and up onto my thighs.

Her finger balls then explored my waist and where my pubic hair would have been, pressing down on my still soft skin, almost tickling me.

She moved up onto my breasts, caressing them lightly, checking the suction tubes, exerting a little more vacuum on them to see how my nipples responded, obviously closely inspecting me.

What was the appeal? My relative youth, my skin colour, my shape? I had no idea.

Nothing was said.

Whoever it was released the suction tubes. Ooh, relief for my nipples. But as soon as she did this, she lowered her mouth onto my right nipple and suckled it as it was still dilated – and then the left one.

Her mouth felt soft and the sensation was good – though it was not about to make me come.

Not that I was allowed to.

She moved down to my cunt and began by softly touching me again.

This was almost wicked, teasing me to the point of cumming, the dildos doing their work as they responded to her dislodging of them, relentlessly working on my sexual nerve ends.

I then felt her mouth against my pussy.

I could sense that she was a fairly large woman, just by the feel of her between my legs and the way the bed moved, tensing up my chains.

Her tongue expertly played me, despite my vibrators and rings being locked off. She knew where to hit my buttons and I was soon trying to arch my back and lift my hips to respond to her, my excitement growing.

She was shattering my brain, her scent just adding to my approaching implosion.

But she knew I was nearly there and quickly backed off so as to frustrate me.

Her fingers moved down on me again and undid my rings to remove my cunt dildo.

I knew that it was slimy wet as it came out of me and I could hear her enjoying the taste of me.

And then came my introduction to Hades.

I felt her moving onto the bed and as if she was getting ready to queen me. The bed springs were bouncing.

The first I truly knew about it was as the panties were pulled off me.

The light was blinding and I didn't have time really to react when this heavy, wrinkled leg swung over me, a massive dark, creased bottom over me.

All I really saw was this massive dark cleft in front of me, smothered in a mass of black pubic hair.

The bottom descended right down on me and I knew it was the same woman as I had been made to scent all day.

Except for a difference.

She was heavy, yes in weight, but also in scent as if she hadn't washed since yesterday. It was awful, heavy stale cum and pee and she was smothering me, forcing me into her unpleasant world.

I heard her demanding in Arabic, "Please me, use your tongue on me, Harem girl." "الرجاء لي، استخدم لسانك على لي، والحريم فتاة", an old woman's voice speaking.

I pushed my tongue out to take in the acrid mix. Could I stand this?

I was almost choking but stuck at pleasing the thick heavy inner lips, nipping them with my teeth, the woman riding me, using my nose to aid her build towards her climax.

Slowly the sweeter cream started to arrive, overriding the pungent remnants that had been woven into, what I will pleasantly describe as, her thicket.

She started to buck up and down on me, the weight of her buttocks flattening me, making it difficult to breathe.

Gosh, I briefly thought, does submission mean having to serve disgusting women like this. I guess it does, this is my test to see if I can endure this and even get pleasure.

I licked away with a little more fervour as her sweeter juices came through and my nasal and taste buds got more used to the reeking fetor.

I found her clitoris buried deep inside her skin, a mixture of fat and age, I suspected. I pressed up on it and this released whoever it was, her orgasm swamping me, at least in sweeter juices that I could take into my mouth.

The mountain subsided in its tremors but before I was released, an instruction came to put the black panties back on me. I was partly released and managed to do that.

She came off me, releasing me from down there, though it wouldn't be the last time I would be subjugated into coitus oralis that evening.

She proceeded to undo the chains holding me on one and lifted me onto her hip so that she could go cunt-to-cunt on me, masturbating herself quickly to a second orgasm against me, her weight squeezing me, her scent still pouring into me.

It was when she fucked me that I finally got relief and, by this time, she was onto her third or fourth orgasm.

I was being used and I knew it.

This was the sexual charge I needed and I surprised myself by the intensity of my cumming, much to the pleasure of my domme who sucked up my love juices.

It was after this that she removed my hood to reveal a woman into her sixties, grey and black hair, very dark eyes, massive dark breasts and nipples, folds of skin and not the most attractive or elegant woman that I had ever seen.

She could have almost been a southern wet nurse given her size and darkness, and, as we went on, she had me give her nipple pleasure on these massive orbs that had fed eight children, I was to discover.

Thank goodness, I hadn't said anything disparaging about her, her age, her size or her hygiene.

She told me that she was Sheikh Hamad's mother, Badra.

Badra umm Hamad bint Abdullah and, as Pari and the Harem were later to say, still the maternal "Dominatrix" over the Harem.

Now that really surprised me and over breakfast next morning, I learnt a lot about her son, the family and its structure, allowing me to build a clearer picture of who was related to whom and how, never an easy challenge with a Muslim family.

I was used and used again that night and she too was not devoid of her kinks either, the highlight being Pari having to attach my feet to a bar and my wrists roped to a hook off the wall so that I could be raised by pulleys upside-down in the air and left suspended there.

I knew that Pari wished to have a “nibble” but resisted the temptation to get her to relieve me when Badra was out of the room.

This was so that Badra could orally taunt me with her tongue and vibrators to get me to shoot my cum into the air. She seemed to take considerable pleasure from when I released, Pari having to clean up my cum with her tongue.

Pari was made to watch all the evenings’ activities from a kneeling position, part as an attendant, part as Badra’s rigour and discipline, and part, I am sure, to report back to the Sheikas.

It was an exhausted Pari and I that clambered back into the car the following morning to return home to the Compound and a bath sequence and bed.

However, before sleep, we had to unload our experiences to Husna and the girls. And they had not heard of what went on in Dubai. That I kept to an absolute minimum and was more open about Badra.

My newly acquired lisp and how I attained this was more than enough to keep the curious gossiping and, sure enough, the girls were fascinated with my story, coupled with a lot of giggling as I struggled with the names, Shukriyah and Yusra, “Thucktiyah” and “Huthra.”

“That is so typical of Minnah,” was their conclusion about my dental restraint. I left it at that, not really wanting to divulge my own “interest” in playing at being a submissive young girl to her.

It was Shukriyah who commented that this was always an important test for any Harem girl, the satisfaction of Grandma Badra. Failure to please or any unfavourable comment about her body and her hygiene would result in a very quick trade out of the family.

I found that the girls and attendants liked to have a little wager on the “victims” and although they wouldn’t say who had won or lost on me, I noted Pari was more flush with cash when we went out shopping shortly afterwards.

Khalisa and Tasnim both complimented me as well and gave me a kiss. I gather they even had had to pass the test. Minnah just gave me a kiss saying, “I had all confidence that you would come through. You are submissive and perverted enough to endure Badra.”

I did reflect whether a report or video of what had happened would be sent over to Saffi though.

Where was she?

Chapter-Seven

Men, Men and Men

Time rambled on, day by day, week by week. Sex mainly with the Sheikas, especially Minnah whom I quite enjoyed and was getting used to her little ways, Pari filling in on those nights off or when I had to cover for my monthly.

I saw the Sheikh about once every ten days and enjoyed having his cock in me, be it in my pussy, rectum and he usually managed to take me both ways. I gather that I was up there with Talah as his anal favourites. I think that, for him, it was a contrast of seeing his hard, brown member entering the pale me.

I understood from Husna that he had issued an edict that I was to be kept out of the sun to keep me as white as possible.

The routine within the Harem was totally about sex and preparation for it now, other than designing my lingerie and thank goodness I had that as I may have just lost it.

Indeed, I was sending back a lot of design concepts and, with Minnah and Tasnim's assistance, I had acquired some wonderful Omani, Jordanian and Yemenite beads as adornment to my designs. I had heard from Saffi that she really liked this work and that the initial reaction of family and those who had seen them was very positive.

She sent back the message:

“If you are going to keep producing designs like your recent ones, I will have to keep you out in Doha. However, I could sell you, perhaps to Minnah and have a design contract with her as part of the fee. I hope your ability to submit is now reaching new levels and you will do anything a woman demands of you, anything, Clare, my deepest love Saffi.”

I took a lot of heart at the last four words of the message and saw the earlier part of the message with a little tongue in cheek on her part.

I was missing her though, seriously missing her and it was probably why I enjoyed my time with Minnah.

Minnah also provided me with a route to some sanity as to discussing and helping her with her arts projects and little overnight trips to places like San’aa and Taiz, both very poor but rich in heritage.

The Sheikh also provided some intellectual relief too in being able to discuss some of his projects, the economy and history.

All of this meditation and experience I had come to realise was Saffi’s and the Sheikas’ way of knocking out any intellectual pretensions and arrogance I had and to find a better optimum between my sexual responsibilities, thoughts and actions, so that I could be a true submissive.

I was fine with that. What worried me was how it would all pan out. However, I had long realised that my fate lay not in my hands but principally in Saffi’s followed by the Hamad’s, in particular, Minnah’s.

I guess that it was some two months, so yes I had been here well over six months and now approaching eight, when Husna told me that the following night I would be with the Sheikh and that I was to rest and have no sex or manual relief at all.

In fact, I was to wear my chastity belt to prevent “Desert Disease” as Minnah called it in English, i.e. “wandering palms.” We had laughed like schoolgirls at that one.

I found myself therefore locked in my Neosteel with no extra embellishments such as a plug or vibrator in me.

I spent the day quietly, working away on designs, reading an Arabic lesbian novel, Mansour’s “Ana Hiya Anti” known in English as “I am Yours.”

Minnah and I headed out for supper and discussed this Arabic opus on the subject as it tackled what was considered as taboo in Islamic society, the love of two women across the bridge of European and Muslim cultures and the tense relationship between mother and daughter. This was not some lightweight perspective of feminism, anti-male writing or for male titillation.

Pari put me to bed much earlier than usual but before she climbed in to sleep with me, she offered her bottom over me so that I could gently please her and drink her cum as she ejaculated into my mouth.

It was relaxing to go to sleep, tasting her cum inside my mouth and knowing that

I was also coated in her. It was symbolic of how much I needed her as my guide, advisor and attendant in the Harem.

Apart from the prayer intervals, the day was spent in meticulous body pampering. Bathing, massages, lotion treatment, full manicures, hair-dressing I was fully worked over.

This was obviously going to be a special session with the Sheikh. I was quite looking forward to this.

I ate and went into a last cycle of cleaning, bathing, a lotion bath, make-up and perfumery.

My make-up was quite stark with an emphasis on my lips as Pari used a deep hot red Chanel, a Rouge Rivoli, my eyes being made up in shades of brown, carbon grey and black.

I was extensively perfumed using an Oud Shamash which had a wonderfully subtle mix of Pink Pepper, Saffron and Cinnamon, underpinned by the resinous yet mysterious accord of the Absolu of Oud. Further interest came through with some gorgeous notes of amber and patchouli, adding to the sensuality. It was one of my favourite Middle Eastern scents.

Pari put me into new black stockings and a plain, thin black suspender belt. She then turned to my jewellery.

She slipped outside my room and came back with a number of boxes, some I recognised, others I didn't.

The first was a Harem box and Pari took out a thick wide silver collar with large rings on it at the rear and the front. Secondly, there was a matching waist belt, with four rings on the compass points. And of course, silver cuffs with rings and a neoprene lining as well as my diamond toe chains.

“The Sheikh doesn't want you in any bra jewellery tonight, Nathifa, just these large nipple rings.”

She produced these enormous silver rings off which hung large garnets and eased them into my nipple apertures.

She flicked them and immediately I could feel my points respond.

I was then adorned with similar garnets hanging off my pussy rings and my fourchette and she attached my Allah tag to my nape ring.

Surprisingly, Pari asked me to step back into my Neosteel, which she had adjusted to allow my pussy jewellery to stay in position comfortably. However, on the front plate of it was a seven inch, wide black cock with balls hanging down beneath it.

That surprised me, as even though I knew the Sheikh was a connoisseur of anal sex, I had never been asked to take him. Perhaps it was a visual thing for him, I

didn't reflect much on that.

That was probably because of the two black boxes which Pari turned to.

“These are a present from the Sheikh to you, Nathifa, I guess to say thank you for all your little services. You and Talah are his favourites.”

I guessed she was referring to my pliant offering of my anus in the various positions that I had learnt, designed to maximise his pleasure inside me.

She opened the first one and inside there was a beautiful, heavy, eighteen carat, long gold rope chain and this she put over my neck. I don't know the weight of this but it was a substantial piece of jewellery and I had seen similar chains on the Sheikas.

“You should feel very honoured, Nathifa. Talah doesn't have a chain like this, yet.”

She opened the second box, which I recognised immediately as a black Tiffany one.

This was a second necklace with a matching bracelet and the pieces were beautiful being garnet beads threaded and finished with delicate gold clasps.

Pari arranged this and I made a comment that I loved this, the contrast of the

heavier jewellery playing against the redness of the stones.

It was now gone nine o'clock and Pari said that we should go across to the Sheikh's quarters. On went my soft slippers, the normal lead and, surprisingly, an Abaya over my naked body.

For some reason that she wasn't talking about, we didn't go towards the glass corridor that took us across to the Sheikh's suite. We ended up going down the stairs and out to the main door.

Here, Pari produced a black blindfold and said that I was to be covered until the Sheikh released me. She put it on and tightened it at the back of my head so that there was no risk of it slipping.

I was taken outside and over, I presumed into the main house. I knew that I was led into a large room as I could hear Pari's shoes echoing on the marble floor.

She stopped me, helped me remove my Abaya, and then asked me to step down some two feet. I had no idea what was up.

She anchored my feet off my cuffs and then I felt her fixing my neck, followed by my waist, to chains and then my hands were part secured away from my body.

I knew that I was in some form of box. I had no idea what it was for, a birthday present perhaps? I had never experienced anything like this before.

Pari continued to fiddle away and I felt a neck cushion coming out pushing me forward and a cushion around my bottom doing the same thing, wrapping around my sides and cheeks, like some form of standing armchair.

I was obviously going to be in here sometime.

She closed the door on me, giving me a little kiss, and bolted it.

There was a heavily latticed window in front of me, I could feel it with my face as I leaned forward but at least it let cool air into the box, so I wasn't going to be claustrophobic.

I obviously had to wait for the Sheikh to get back from dinner.

I settled down, thinking about the times that I had been with him and that, other than the anal sex, the sex had been fairly conventional play. He loved his blow-jobs, sixty nine and me riding him, rather than a conventional missionary.

Sometimes he enjoyed taking me in a doggy position, the pike being reserved for his anal play.

I reflected on the fact that he had been the only man in my pussy to date; all other takings had been very much female to female.

My mind wandered all over the place, all thoughts being sexual.

This is what I had become, a completely submissive nymphomaniac, destined for a life of continual sexual use and abuse, primarily to the service of female dominants, but not excluding the occasional presentation of my body and its orifices to a man.

Eventually, the door to the room where I was opened.

I heard the Sheikh's familiar voice, welcoming his guests in.

Immediately I panicked. Am I am going to be some centrepiece? What is all this about. Is he just showing me off or am I going to be expected to do more?

I took deep breaths to control myself and I settled down again. I was here for the Sheikh's service; it was my obligation, whatever the scenario.

I could hear the guests being offered drinks and refreshments and there was no evident interest in me. I could hear the chatter of several male voices.

I almost lulled off when suddenly I heard the window in front of me open. I heard the Sheikh say:

“My family and friends, let's begin the fun. I have a special harem girl here that I want you to fill with your cum tonight. You will see later that she is very pale

skinned and being a westerner gives rather a good blow-job. Use her mouth in this glory hole here as you wish. It is a mock-up of one that you would find in the States and I have some video of her naked and performing on the screens either side of the box.”

Oh my, what could I say? I hadn’t bargained on this. What was I in for, some form of those University sex parties so long ago?

“My brother, Hassan, has brought his bottom-slave, and we have the slave in a similar box, so you have your choice.”

So there were two of us.

I didn’t have any time to reflect about this as I heard a rustling right in front of me and this cock came in to touch my lips. I opened my mouth to receive him.

It was a decent sized penis, hard and veiny and I started my fellatio of him. I would have thought him to be some seven inches that nicely fitted in my mouth. Whoever it was, was at least clean and that I appreciated.

I let my tongue run around his circumcised head, gently teasing that and slowly accepted him, inch at a time as he thrust into me.

It wasn’t long before I received my first mouthful of semen for what was to prove to be a long evening ahead. I swallowed him, one down.

The second to arrive instantly followed his friend; this was a thinner and smaller one and I had to work my face forward into the window to pleasure the owner. I could feel him hitting my ringed uvula and let the silver do its stuff before her exploded into me.

The third man came right behind number two and it passed my mind whether they were lining up for me. The weird thing was that I could hear myself moaning with pleasure on whatever footage was being shown.

Number three was huge. Way over eight inches and rather nice the way he filled my mouth, skilfully using me as his love orifice, fucking my throat, opening me up so that he could slide down the back. I could feel his black bush brushing my face as I took him all in.

A massive stream of sperm gushed out as he tensed himself and came hard in me; this I found impossible to swallow and for the first time tonight, sperm dribbled out over my face.

I did realise now that my face in the window was at a comfortable height to take them standing up. The thinking of this family in the design of their houses to accommodate sex never ceased to amaze me.

The fourth penis was a very small one, a thin rod of a cock and I sensed there wasn't too much pubic hair on whoever owned it. I treated it as I did the other and wrapped my lips around it gently to apply suction, letting my tongue roll over him.

He withdrew as to fuck my oral orifice and exploded over my face, soaking me

with his sperm.

I continued on and on. I lost count and I could feel my mouth and tongue tiring and I was now facially dripping in male cum. I had no real idea of the ages of the men involved and who they were, family, friends, business colleagues.

I didn't know if they were all different or were some coming back for "seconds."

The one big shock was getting this large eight inch wide girthed cock and to discover that it had a foreskin, the only one in the room, the Arabic preference and discipline being to circumcise their boys. It made a nice change and I enjoyed teasing his head.

That cost me sperm in my face too.

I lost not only the count but also time, I must have been in the box for over an hour rendering my oral service. My jaw was now aching and the sperm all tasted the same. I was also drenched in it and the box reeked of male cum.

What proved to be my final cock I did know by its shape, size and smell. It was Hamad's and I enjoyed myself in servicing this one, my sponsor and effectively my ultimate guardian.

He slid and out of me and I allowed my tongue to roll over him, teasing his head as he entered me and then letting him use the back of my throat. I took my care to ensure that I swallowed him, knowing from previous encounters and from the

girls that he did not like his sperm to be wasted.

As he finished with me, I heard the video stop and no one followed him in. I was almost panting needing some energy and to stretch my body. My face was a creamy mess, I felt my lips and tongue to be swollen and the cum was now in my hair and over my breasts.

I had just been their cum bucket as if I was a cheap prostitute in the back streets of London, Paris or New York.

The box suddenly seem to collapse around me and my chains were released from the rings on the poles that had been securing me.

At least I could stretch.

There was a gasp from my audience when they saw me for the first time, my jewelled nipples, pale skin and the bondage I was in.

I presumed there was some spot-light on me as I could feel the warmth of a light or lights beaming down on me.

Someone took me by the arm and led me to another part of the room.

It was the Sheikh as his voice said:

Do you have your boy slave ready, Hassan?”

“Yes, he is locked in position.”

The Sheikh announced:

“For a little pastiche as you rest and take refreshment for taking these two, my beautiful Harem girl here will fuck Hassan’s slave boy.”

Before I could even say anything or splutter, Hamad whispered to me:

“I’ll guide you over his bottom and you take him with no lubricant, Nathifa and fuck him like I was fucking you. You will know it when he comes as he will groan and you will feel his drippy cum. I want you to clean him up.”

He made me step forward a few steps and then gently pushed me downwards onto this male body beneath me. I felt his skin and knew that my hands were on his bottom.

I had never done anything like this in my past. I questioned whether I could do it but then it dawned on me:

“Use the memory of your boy days, Clare, what an idiot you are.”

I had become totally female through my submission to Saffi and others.

With my blindfold on, I moved my hands up his back. I don't think that he was that old given the smoothness of his skin and I got into position. My hand felt his anus, he felt slack. I was pleased with that as I wouldn't hurt him too much.

I guided my black cock towards him and found his love channel and I gently pressed, feeling his arse open up for me. I slid myself in, and settled on his back, my heavy nipple rings bouncing on his back.

I started to fuck him.

I could hear applause from Hamad's friends.

Slowly I built up my speed on him, my arm and thigh bells ringing out to add an even more bizarre dimension to this scene. I nibbled his ears, letting him ingest my Oud perfume and, no doubt, he could smell the cum on me. I could on him.

I could feel him bucking under me and I went to angle myself against his prostate to help him out. I was now taking him with a fair amount of force.

I hadn't felt this sensation in years, even though I was now all woman. Perhaps I had an advantage from my history.

I arched my back, let my breasts slide over him, bit his ears and then pulled back to do the same thing again, this time biting his left shoulder.

I felt him groan and sag under me – he had cum. I was close to cumming but I guessed that I would need to hold myself for later from what Hamad had said, that this little show was just an interval.

I put my left hand under him and found his heavily pierced cock. He was like me in that regard.

He was wet.

I pulled gently off him and went down between his bottom crack to clean him up, to add him to my sperm collection that was all over my face and upper body.

There was more applause and cheering going on.

Hamad came across to me, lifted me up and led me over to some divan area. He wasn't allowing me to take off my blindfold just yet, however I was allowed some water and that helped me clear my throat of the heavy egg taste of the cum I had ingested.

He checked me over and I could feel him adjusting my jewellery so that I was well presented.

He spoke to his friends:

“I am going to take Nathifa now. Who of you wants to join in? All I ask is not to sully her pussy as that is my domain only but anywhere else on her body is open for your pleasure.”

I didn't really have time even to think about this as Hamad was all over me and I now felt many hands feeling me, inspecting me. I put out my hands and was immediately presented with two hard cocks to feel.

One found my mouth.

There were men all over me and I couldn't see them, only feel them. The erotic feeling in me was growing. I was a vassal and a part of me was enjoying it.

I took the cock in my mouth and enjoyed letting him run into me.

I could feel Hamad's hands underneath me and he lifted me onto his groin to insert his hard cock into me. That I appreciated. I thought to myself, I was going to be spit roast, but no, somebody else slid in behind me, ran his legs past Hamad's and I felt him pushing at my anus.

God, I was to be taken by three men at once and I wasn't allowed to see them. And I had two cocks in my hand. This was sexual heaven with men. More joined us and I felt two at my ears.

Seven cocks playing with me, what more could a girl want. Well she got it, sperm flying everywhere over me, into my mouth, into my rectum and Hamad taking me in my cunt.

To be fair, they were true to their word and only Hamad had my pussy.

However, I cannot remember how many went up me behind and I was showered in cum from those men standing around playing with me.

At some point, Hamad removed my blindfold but everything was a blur with the bodies around me and the cum in my eyes, down my nose and dripping across me.

As one ejaculated over me or withdrew, the next one was in. Hamad's brothers, sons, senior managers and friends took me and the large uncircumcised cock belonged to an American financier, a close contact of his.

I was exhausted and came and came on this, my body surging intensely on the treatment I was receiving and giving. It went on and on and eventually I slumped on the divan, totally gone.

I came too. It was dark and I was cold.

A coarse rug had been thrown over me and I was still cum soaked, feeling incredibly dirty, exhausted, sore, swollen – my anus hurt, my tongue hurt, my nipples hurt, my clit was still dilated and sending strange signals into me. I was

scratched, my ears were blocked, I was just a complete mess.

My pussy was ok – thanks to Hamad.

I had no sense of what time it was. Was that the first signs of dawn, the Fajr prayer wouldn't be that far off?

Hamad appeared in a white robe. Did he have a motion sensor monitoring me?

“Are you ok, Nathifa?”

“Yes, I think so, Hamad. Just feeling sullied, dirty and tired.”

“That was quite a performance that you put on last night. I haven't seen any Harem girl ever be that involved.”

“Oh well, it is my duty to you and it is something that you wanted to see.”

“Well, I didn't see you saying no to anything that was going on.”

Hamad laughed, and then took me in his arms and pulled me into him.

I thanked him for the beautiful chains he had given me, fingering them and realising that they were covered in cum.

“Mmmm, well you are a very special girl being so adaptive to our customs and so beautifully submissive for me, and the Sheikas by the way. I do need to formally induct you into the Harem shortly, to make you ours, permanently.”

Despite my tiredness, I was a little perturbed by this. Minnah saying it and giving me an option as to being with her was one thing, Hamad now saying it was very much another. Had things been decided with Saffi?

Was I now committed to being effectively, a slave here?

It was almost as if Hamad sensed my uncertainty, my hesitancy at this.

He leaned over and kissed me on my lips, despite my awful used taste.

He took me in his arms, lifted me up and I felt his hard penis, rampant as a man's cock can get first thing in the morning.

He let it slide under me and he found my grotto, suddenly getting very wet in the anticipation that he was going to take me again, this time just him and me, an intimate moment that I always cherish. I was his.

He held me on my waist, the coarse rug still over me and literally lifted me up

and down to masturbate himself on my cunt and in doing so turning me completely on, shocks running through my body, my nipples on fire, my brain alight, me moaning in pleasure at his action.

His strokes were firm, his hands on my mid-riff in synchronisation with his cock, my sex nerves buzzing.

I could hear a muffled sound of my arm and thigh bells tinkling, this time an erotic sound for me, the fact that I was being lovingly taken by the only man who had ever taken me and, last night, had ensured that this remained the case. I wasn't a virgin but I was still his, his only.

My orgasm came first, an absolute sensational tremoring of my body. I arched my body and I came, my nectar flowing out of me around his lovely cock. He came right behind me, gushing his juice of life deep into me. I could feel every spasm of his hard cock.

It kept my orgasm going.

He stayed in me and kissed me again.

Slowly, he lowered me off him, his brown cock losing its cement-like quality to soften up into that delicious semi-flaccid state.

I went down on him, to clean him up, to savour the taste of our cum in my mouth, the sweetest nectar on the thirty, forty, fifty samples of male cum that had

been down my throat or over my face that night.

“Nathifa, let’s get you back to your quarters and cleaned up. Do your prayers here and I will call for Pari to come and get you. I know that you have another tough day ahead of you.”

He kissed me, seductively, in respect of me, and he was quickly gone.

Unfortunately, but understandably so. My life was not his.

The first sign of the sun came up and the minarets jumped into life, the Imams with their pitched inspirational announcements, calling the faithful to prayer.

I made my offerings to Allah, Peace be with him, covering and wrapping my body with the rug. The Taharah and removal of Najas, pollutants, in my Wudu, my ritual cleaning, was high in my thinking.

After qiyam and prayer to Allah, Peace be with him, my ruku, my offering, this morning, I was focused on the protection of both Saffi and Hamad.

They were very much at the fore of my mind, my devotion, prostration and submission, my sujud.

As I was there, waiting for Pari, my mind turned back to Hamad's words about being formally inducted into the Harem, "permanently."

For some reason, that really worried me.

Yes, I could continue in my life devoted to sexual submission. No, I wanted it to be with Saffi who had done so much to bring me this far and who I loved.

Was it to be a love too far?

Chapter-Eight

Which Home Will It Be Then?

As I finished my offerings, Pari appeared with an Abaya and took me back to the Harem. She was shocked when she saw and smelt me, still covered in what had been a male-cum bath, my lips swollen from all the oral sex that I had given.

I felt exhausted, used and abused, but radiant with the sex I had just had with Hamad and that I had pleased him with the way I had performed.

However, I also felt despondent that Saffi appeared to have had made her decision, that I was to become a full member of the Harem and, therefore, to spend my time with Minnah, if not in service to Hamad.

Evidently, she had selected Ayishah as her long term submissive companion.

Should I see if I could become the Sheikh's full wife? That would necessitate making a full conversion to Islam.

I thought about this and, yes I was ready to do so, if required.

What would initiation to the Harem involve?

Pari got my face cleaned up with a warm sponge, then managed to get me some

hot coffee. It was a welcome jolt to my system.

I breakfasted on some fruit and muesli and felt a little more civilised, but then even better once Pari put me through the baths, a full lotion immersion and massage and then a final rinse.

She even removed my arm and thigh bells; they did need cleaning though.

She took me back to my room and pulled out probably the best nightie that I had brought with me, the one that Pamela had given me before my castration, the French black silk and Calais lace one, with a dropped V on my back.

Having got me into the nightie and tightened the ribbon at the back, Pari wrapped the matching robe around me, enclosing me in a luxurious silk cocoon.

She helped me into my bed and said that I should get some long sleep, again referring to another arduous night ahead of me.

She leaned over me to French kiss me a good sleep and I whispered to her:

“Stay with me Pari, could you let me fall asleep to the sight and smell of your bottom?”

Pari smiled, stood up and removed her robe to reveal her usual white bikini panties. She hooked her fingers in to them, lowered them and proceeded to put

her panties onto me so that I could scent her.

She climbed onto the bed and over me, pushing her bottom close up against my nose so that I could see her exotic, dark, naked pussy.

She parted my robe and tugged at the lower hem of my nightie to expose my pussy.

I felt her exquisite tongue gently teasing me as I carefully observed her intricate pussy folds and petals, taking her sweet scent in.

I brought my head up and kissed her.

Exhaustion overtook me. I was gone.

Pari let me sleep through lunch and the afternoon siesta, before getting me up for the Asr afternoon prayer.

She took me through the bathing and then I robed up and offered the prayers. Once finished, I came back to a lotion bath and massage.

This time she took special care in two very deep massages using a Dalfor moistening cream over my mound, my breasts and bottom, Dalfor being a powerful lotion in the Middle Eastern cosmetics armoury for not only body softening but whitening.

Pari had the hairdressers take care of my locks, small pearls, like the ones Minnah had me wear before, being set into my hair. My nails were once more tidied up to look their very best.

A final lotioning and massage of my pussy area, once again, and a last bath, Pari then made me up focusing on my eyes and lips as she had done the previous evening, again using Chanel products.

She kept my jewellery simple, my Harem silver bondage set along with my toe chains, the chains that Hamad had given me, small gold studs for my ear rings, and the heavy nipple rings.

I was not put in any lingerie so I was completely naked under my kaftan.

The kaftan that Pari robed me in was one that I had not seen before, a black and gold taffeta that was gorgeous, accompanied by black slippers. Once more, she used the exotic Oud Shamash on me.

As we prepared, I repeatedly asked Pari what was about to happen tonight or what she thought would occur. She declined to answer me, except that she had an invitation too, so she would be nearby.

Pari had been preparing herself as we went through the process and she was dressed in a similar kaftan to mine.

She looked rather cute and I wondered if we could get time together later.

The time came. On went my chain and I was led out to the main ladies quarters where the Harem gathered together, prostrate, waiting for the Sheikas.

The three of them arrived a few minutes apart and we were left in our peach positions until Tasnim joined the other two. Only then were we allowed to rise to be put into Abayas and Niqabs.

All the women of the household and Pari were shuttled to the Sheraton for dinner in a private room in the Al Shaheen restaurant on the eleventh floor, overlooking Doha bay and the city.

The dinner was excellent, a Lebanese mezze served with wonderful fatir - a flat bread, fresh seafood and fish, Moroccan tagine with a rich couscous full of dates, apricots, cherry tomatoes, herbs and shallots, Kapsa, Koussa Mahshi with its wonderfully soft lamb in hareis – a local wheat, Falafels, Olive Salad and a wide range of sticky, honey based desserts.

Desserts also included traditional Umm Ali, a form of bread pudding and Esh Asaraya, a sweet cheesecake with cream on top.

I was once again offered wine but turned it down in favour of a “Saudi Champagne,” though I tried Pari’s Laban, a lassi yoghurt drink, which was really refreshing.

It was towards the end of the meal that Khalisa hushed the table and said that the reason we were here was to celebrate my induction to being a حرمة ḥurmah the following morning.

The Sheikas and Hamad had approved my candidature and Minnah would become my sponsor for the event.

Khalisa went onto say that I had merited it with my concubine skills and the manner in which I had become so submissive to their needs, the key essential in any hurmah.

This was said almost pointedly at my fellow girls.

I didn't know what to say.

Outwardly, I thanked them for the honour and that I didn't really qualify or deserve it as I am sure that I still had a lot to learn.

Inwardly, my heart was torn asunder.

This was then the formal separation of Saffi and me being served, not even done face to face.

That so disappointed me.

I was heartbroken. I tried not to cry, thinking that I would get through this with my dignity intact and then have a mega, mega-weep.

How could I get some privacy? But I would find it; I needed the time to mourn.

Tasnim was next up, to say further push my virtues and candidacy and then that they had bought me a present to celebrate my graduation. She produced a small black box and gave me a kiss as she handed it over.

I opened it and inside there was an exquisite bracelet, massive deep-red square rubies with diamonds surrounding them. This was a serious piece of jewellery.

“I can’t accept this, Tasnim.”

“Oh, of course you can, Nathifa, you don’t want to insult us, do you?”

“No, of course not, but it is too generous and beautiful even for a once western submissive like myself.”

“Put it on.”

I took it out of its box and slipped it onto my wrist, attaching the white gold security chain. It was indeed a stunning and beautiful piece.

Everybody came up to congratulate and kiss me, French style, cheek to cheek.

Pari was last. She whispered:

“If there is one thing that I have learnt of you, Clare, it is that you are very upset at the moment. I know why and you shouldn’t be. You should have learnt that things are never what they seem in the Harem. Go.”

I was taken aback. What did she mean?

My mind spun away as we enjoyed the end of meal drinks, I multi-tasked, being nice and conversing while I thought about what she had said.

I couldn’t really make head or tail of it. However, what I did settle on is that I should see this “graduation” out, enjoy it if it could be enjoyed, and wait for Minnah and Hamad’s formal confirmation.

Yes, I was more than sure that Saffi would never break with me at a distance.

Simply, she was not like that, not that heartless, particularly when we had had so many good times and a great relationship, the occasional little nag but never a major row or paddy between us.

I simmered down and relaxed, taking in my chat with Tasnim and Talah, enjoying the stunning views of Doha beyond the hotel, across the West Bay.

Minnah rose to speak:

“Nathifa, your induction begins tonight. Prepare yourself for service. You will come with Pari and me back to the Seraglio and we shall get you ready for this evening. Firstly, apart from your tongue and the way you have opened up all your orifices for our pleasure, we have rather enjoyed your love of used panties. I think that the Niqab Nathifa ought to be introduced into the Middle Eastern Domme’s lexicon as all of my friends and family who have heard about it, have lapped it up. Whatever happens, you have left a legacy.”

I picked up on that last line.... Mmmm?

“Come here, Nathifa.”

Minnah went into her bag and pulled out a pair of rather nice, black Le Mystère Francesca, bikini briefs with their plain front and rear panels and delightful lace sides.

“You will remember how I hooded you with two pairs coming back from Dubai and led you through customs with you blindfolded with them under your Burqa...”

How could I forget that being immersed in Sheikha Badra’s world?

“...well I really enjoyed doing that. So here are two pairs for you to wear tonight.”

She showed me the bikini, heavily crusted in her juices. On the front panel was an embroidered inscription for “Minnah’s pussy sniffer” المنة للمهبل الشم with an arrow pointing down to her gusset.

Everyone was laughing as Minnah put them over me, her cunt juices immediately entering me, my favourite of the three Sheikas.

She took a second pair of full briefs, embroidered on the rear cheeks “Nathi, Minnah’s girl is in here.”

This was a little humiliating but I took it in the spirit it was meant, and Minnah’s aroma was particularly delicious tonight.

I wanted to be absorbed in it, to focus on something sexual and cede myself to her. It was, in part a distraction.

Pari robed me up and produced my Burqa for the journey back to the compound. Minnah took my chain.

I was helped into the limousine and onto the seat to get comfortable.

As we pulled away, I could feel my Abaya being separated and my kaftan lifted for Minnah's and Pari's fingers to play with me, the teasing of my lips and their rings. And then a tongue, gently lapping at me, my pre-cum starting to rise.

I couldn't believe it; I was being taken here in the car.

I was very wet by the time we got back and Minnah and Pari took me straight through to the Erga and onto a comfortable bench.

Pari immediately disrobed and climbed over my face, removing Minnah's panties that I had been enjoying, to replace them with her sweet juices.

Minnah removed her skirt and panties and climbed on the bench to frot me, pussy to pussy.

Her friction built against my soft pussy as she ground against me using her hips, naked pussy to naked pussy, clitoris to clitoris.

I could hear her moaning as Pari rode me, using my nose and mouth to masturbate against.

I came hard on her whilst bringing Pari off above me, my orgasm pouring over me, flooding my brain.

We slowly wound down. Minnah eventually spoke, putting her cream panties

back on

“Ok, that was relief for you, Nathi. Now you have to deliver for us.”

She got me off the bench and took me over to another contraption that looked like a gym horse. She removed the top and opened the sides.

“In there with you and sit down.”

I obeyed and both women went to work on me, securing my ankles in, followed by my thighs, my wrists and then my neck with chains off my front and back of my collar onto the side walls of this box.

The seat was pretty comfy and supported my back well. I had the space for some limited movement of my arms and legs. It was almost as if I was driving a kart or a grand prix car.

Minnah closed the door on me and bolted it. I could not escape now.

Both women each taking half of the bench, snapped it into place so that now only my head was sticking up out of the bench further exacerbating my bondage situation.

A comfy blue cushion pad, my head pointing down the length of the bench, now enveloped me.

Pari bought up two matching thin benches and clipped them onto the horse behind me, Minnah put out a couple of pillow cushions at the far end of the bench.

Finally, she put her black Le Mystère panties on me and then the second pair, just to leave me sitting there in the miniature Trojan horse to contemplate her and life at general.

The light went out.

I couldn't dose. My mind was running rampant.

First of all I was thinking about what could happen from this position. Then I was enjoying Minnah's personal aroma. But above all, I was thinking about what Khalisa had said about my graduation into being a full member of the Harem and whether Saffi had transferred my title, tempered by what Pari had whispered to me.

All rather odd and I couldn't come to any clear conclusion.

I would have been some forty minutes to an hour later when I sensed spotlights going on above me. I felt someone climbing onto the bench and putting her legs either side of me.

She then slid herself down the bench and I knew that I was between her legs.

Minnah's perfume panties came off me and there I was, confronted by Khalisa's naked pussy.

She pushed forward on me and, in doing so, automatically demanding that I oral her, give her the pleasure that she was seeking, and bring her to a lovely high. I extended my tongue and started to enjoy her "button-pierced" lips.

I teased her clitoral bar, allowing that to rock and stimulate her hood, running my tongue down the insides of her extended lips, taking in their pinkness, bringing my tongue down to her pussy entrance, gently pushing into her as if I was a mini-dildo.

It didn't take long before she was bucking her hips on me, her pelvis rising up and down, riding my face as if it was just a cheap sex shop toy. She came and came again, her nectar flooding out and soaking me.

It was almost as if she revelled in ensuring that my face was well-coated in her sticky cum.

She climbed down off the bench but I got no respite as Tasnim was now onto the bench, tummy down and backing her love valley back onto me, her dark cleft facing me full on, her anus and naked pussy exposed in all its glory, her clitoris glistening pink against the brownness of her petals.

She pushed right back on to me. By the way she positioned her bottom, I started by licking the creamy entrance to her pussy, my nose up against her anus.

Her aroma was heavy, almost hanging in the air around me. I played the space along her perineum and she wiggled her bottom to press back further on to me, wanting me to tongue fuck her.

I was well and truly locked into this box and there was no way I could move my head, I could turn it, but the chains prevented me from moving it out of the line of service. Fortunately, I had some slack to move my feet and wrists.

It now appeared that I was going to be in here for some time.

I came back to my task, driving my tongue into Tasnim. I could hear her urging me on, giving me the instructions where to concentrate on.

It was furling my tongue up and pressing down on Tasnim's front vaginal wall that did it, her cum came oozing out of her and she too went to cover me with her cum.

I knew now that Minnah wouldn't be far behind. The Sheikas were, evidently, using me in order of seniority.

Minnah came onto me in the missionary position, as Khalisa had been. She was still sticky from the sex that we had had before my incarceration.

She began her session by literally heaving her bottom up and down so as to masturbate her clitoris against my nose and further coat me with her cum from before.

“Just suck my lips, Nathi. That’s what I want. Remember I am your Mommy, now.”

She taunted me about being a sex-maniac of a young teenager, destined to worship this cunt in front of me for the rest of my life. This is all that I would be, a pussy licker, no men, just Minnah’s pussy and those women that she gave me to.

This was getting me worked up, I have to admit and I moved from sucking her lips to running the tip of my tongue up and down them, enjoying her secretions.

She pressed forward on me, tensed herself as if aiming at me, and caught me square on with a spurt of her cum, soaking my nose and mouth, her cum dribbling down over me.

Khalisa was the next on to the bench, starting a second cycle, and reversing her position to how Tasnim had presented herself to me.

I was starting to tire a little bit. My tongue was getting heavy, my lips sore. After all, my mouth had been sore and swollen after all the hard cock I had taken just the night before.

Now I was getting the equivalent of a male glory hole, this restraining bench leaving my head to be used as the Sheikas wished.

I would normally enjoy this, but the oral assault continued on, Tasnim coming into the missionary position and Minnah again to service solely her anus, a long rimming session causing her to spurt again over me.

Six orgasms had now found their way onto me and it was beginning to get like the sperm the night before, a thick crust and coating over my face, in my eyes and even into my hair.

Surely not more, two big orgasms each for the Sheikas, surely I would now be released to be cleaned up.

The answer was no. Husna climbed onto the bench and demanded I took her. Husna followed by Shukriyah, Talah and Yusra. All of them used me, leaving my mouth and face coated even further, Shukriyah and Yusra going for the peach position on me.

Talah was amazing and broke me out of my tiring daze. She managed to squat on her tiny haunches and went into the Bow position for me to please her, her naked pussy and anus available right on my tongue, her cum coating me.

When she came it was a gush, aimed upwards at me right into my eyes and hair and letting it drip down on me.

I thought it would be finally over but we continued on, well into the night now. Out came Pari, followed by all the senior attendants, all of them demanding oral satisfaction from me.

In between them, Husna and the girls reappeared, Yusra and Shukriyah following Talah's example of the Bow.

At least that position didn't exert too much pressure on my neck, which was now stiffening up.

I was seriously tiring now and very wet and feeling sullied in female cum, just as I had been last night.

I could feel my lips and mouth were very swollen now, my tongue distended and all I could taste was the nectar that I had taken.

I had never been subjugated to anything like this; even the male session last night hadn't gone on this long.

I guess it was around two or three in the morning when Minnah appeared with Pari again.

The Harem girls had left the room to either freshen up or go to bed.

Pari got on the bench once more and Minnah put a wedge under her bottom so as to push her pussy up to my mouth.

Naturally, she didn't have the athleticism to perform the Bow.

Minnah ensured that I was well in position to tongue my beautiful attendant's pussy once again, a duty that I wouldn't have normally backed away from.

Minnah urged me on:

“Take Pari, Nathi. You are subservient to her. I know that you love her deep in your heart. If you want her to serve you in the future, for her to make love to you as she has done many times, then please her, really please her. Open your mouth to her and take her cum. Once more, Nathi.”

I stuck to my task and went to concentrate one more time on this divine love-box positioned right in front of me, working her sweet juices into me.

As I went about my duty, Minnah climbed onto the bench and over me. She lowered her bottom over my head and started to frot herself against my hair.

I couldn't believe this though it triggered a spark in me, and I felt a strong desire urge wash through me.

I was going to cum. I thought I was long past it.

Pari was the first to find her climax, her cum oozing out as she ground it into my mouth and nose, shaking as she delivered her love to me, holding my head between her slender thighs.

Minnah followed.

She shot her watery cum into the front of my hair and I could feel it dribble down my forehead.

I followed. I had never been used like this.

I could feel my hips squeeze and release, my brain being numbed by the sexual high.

Pari continued to hold me between her thighs as she wound down.

Minnah maintained her dominant stance and then I felt a warm liquid coming down on me.

God, she was peeing over me, adding her urine to the mess all over my face.

I could taste her, a sweet and tart mix but she was soaking my hair.

She even wiped herself on me.

What had I become, no more than a female cum and pee toilet. This was getting to be even more of an endurance than last night – which had served to build my oral fatigue tonight.

It had all been meticulously planned and executed.

The two girls climbed off me and disappeared, leaving me there smelling of sex and pee, letting me wallow in all of their juices.

I thought back to that very first night when I had been taken, after being knocked out as I cleared the airport.

This was almost as intense and demeaning, a real test of my submission.

The Sheikas had used the terms “graduation and induction” for the morning. I presumed that we were therefore not yet finished.

Pari came back into the Erga some fifteen minutes later dressed in a thin, short white nightie clearly showing her naked body beneath it.

She took a sponge and lightly cleaned me up, wiping my hair, but still leaving my faced covered in all of their cum and the remnants of Minnah’s golden shower.

Minnah appeared once more and ceremoniously held out before me her cream

panties that she had been wearing, allowing me to closely inspect them. She turned them inside out and popped them into my mouth, followed by attaching a ball gag.

Minnah overtook all the other flavours inside my mouth.

Out came the bikini panties and I was put into those.

Only then did the two girls undo the horse and all my restraining chains.

I was released.

Minnah helped me to my feet and I stretched myself, feline like to put some movement back in my limbs. However, she only allowed the briefest of stretches as she led me by a chain through to one of the small rooms at the back of the Erga.

In there, my eyes opened. There was an open cage with a thin mattress in it.

Pari was already in it, a large pink cock hanging menacingly off her mound, making her so boy-like.

“Get in there, Nathi. This is where you are going to spend the night before your induction ceremony tomorrow mid-morning.”

She made me climb in and chained me off before padlocking the cage door.

She first gave Pari a silk rug that she pulled over the pair of us. Next Minnah handed her second pair of black full briefs and I was masked again with them, just about taking out all of the light.

Pari manoeuvred herself behind me and I felt her hard penis up against my anus, forcing me to accept her in me.

She put her right arm over me to feel my breasts and give us the slightest of room within the cage, a reasonably comfortable position except I had her cock deep inside me, taunting my pussy yet again.

“Goodnight girls, what remains of it.”

The light went out and Pari began to gently fuck me, sliding herself in and out of me rhythmically, my bottom responding to her love-making as I pushed back into her.

I came, juddering against my devoted attendee; she came too but remained in me and started a second round on me. A very slow fuck, so slow that I came a second time just on having her hard penis in me, my brain dissolving to a mush as the climax hit me.

I fell asleep, overcome with exhaustion and feeling so sordidly used, content in

this feeling, an ultimate submission to the immediate women in my life.

Looking back, I didn't even think of Saffi as I succumbed; it was all Minnah and Pari in my mind.

I woke next morning.

I had no idea what time it was, the room being dark; it was in fact a cell with no windows. Not least, I was still hooded, Minnah's scent still being fresh in my nose.

It was a little cold, the silk cloth providing little resistance.

Pari was still lodged in me, a rather funny feeling, her right arm over my shoulder, her hand on my breast.

I felt dirty again, a little bit of the feeling that I had before Hamad had taken me yesterday morning. However, I realised that I was more comfortable being in female cum and pee than male juices.

Pari stirred behind me, my movement probably nudging her.

She whispered, “Morning Nathi” and kissed my neck and shoulder.

That felt nice.

Her tongue nibbled my ear. Mmmm, even a better feeling.

I stirred, my little nerves beginning to transmit their love messages around my body.

“Fuck me, Pari, if you are allowed to.”

I felt her hips move.

I pushed my bottom back to accept her and she started up her slow rhythm again, a very gentle sliding in and out of me, building my excitement.

She continued to kiss and nibble my neck.

“Just make sure that you don’t leave a hickey on me, Pari. I don’t think that the Sheikas would appreciate seeing that on me today.”

She bit my ear.

I sighed and sunk back on her hard penis as it entered me again.

God, it felt good.

Minnah's aroma bombarded me, exciting me further.

I suddenly came, my hips pressing into Pari and then forwards, pressing against our cage. I could feel and smell Pari coming behind me.

We lay there, Pari holding me, still in me, slowly coming down off our peaks.

Some ten minutes later, the cell door opened and in came Husna.

"It's time for you to be released and prepare for later, Nathifa. Pari, clean her hair a little but not her face, mouth or breasts, our cum must stay on her for the induction."

As she took the padlock off the cage, "Our cum on you, Nathifa, is an expression that the Harem owns you from now on, it is your introduction to the seraglio."

"Pari, are you clear on how to prepare Nathifa?"

“Yes Husna.”

“No food or coffee either until after. A small glass of water perhaps, but you should keep our flavour orally as well.”

“Yes Husna.”

We climbed wearily out of the cage and Pari took off Minnah’s panties and handed them to Husna.

I was taken through to the bathroom and carefully bathed, Pari ensuring that all my cum encrustation stayed in place. I could really smell it on me, a mixture of all the women in here, even the attendants.

The other thing that happened was a double enema, Pari paying a lot of attention to my rectum being spotlessly clean. Was my induction to involve extensive anal sex as that was the one orifice that hadn’t been used in the last twenty-four hours?

This was followed by a visit to one of the massage rooms and my pussy was once more soaked in the Dalfor lotion, Pari kneading it into me. Back and forth she went, dousing it in me and then rubbing it in.

When she was finished, I felt my naked skin down there.

My mons had never felt softer, the expression being softer than a baby girl's.

She towelled me down and we went up the stairs to my bedroom.

Gusset was there, in her full lingerie, wondering what had happened to me, what a mess my face was, my make-up smeared, my lips and tongue swollen and the physical evidence of what had happened all about me, including the cum in my fringe.

Pari went straight for the jewellery.

She started by putting on very restrictive toe rings and chains, padlocking them onto my ankles, then my Talena set.

She laced up my pussy and locked that off with a small silver padlock. My pearls were attached as well as my name tag and pearl.

She moved up onto my breasts and hung large pearls hanging on chain off my heavy, large gauge silver nipple rings. These had not been removed from me for my bathing and also were covered in cum.

“As it a special day for you, Nathifa, you are permitted to wear your own jewellery.”

She put on my Tiffany necklace with its tags on it, my earrings and slid my

engagement ring on. That felt nice to be wearing even though it crossed my mind that it would be the last time that I wore these in earnest. It was probably part of the transfer of my title to Minnah.

“Ok, we are nearly there.”

She continued on her work, attaching the blessed bells to me and then a huge number of silver bangles with pearls and small bells in them to both my wrists and ankles.

At the very least, I knew that I would be heard.

I put on the soft open slippers and Pari then locked my wrists together in front of me.

Pari went to a drawer and pulled out a pair of her Harem white panties and slipped them over me to inhale while she prepared herself, a white robe, almost like a nightie and also some silver and pearl bangles, something that I hadn't seen her wear.

Her last action was to put some perfume on her but not on me, I was to be “au naturel.”

She came across, took her panties off me and then attached the chain to the front of my Talena collar.

As we left my bedroom, she turned to me and kissed me:

“Good luck, Nathifa, good luck. Remember I love you.”

“I love you too, Pari, in a special way.”

We shuffled down the corridor, the stairs and through the corridors to the lobby before the entrance to the Sheikas’ quarters and the large courtyard room where we would normally greet them.

To my amazement, Minnah and Husna were already there, identically dressed to Pari, in the peach position, pointing to me. Pari immediately joined them.

I whispered, “Please rise, that isn’t necessary, to me of all people.”

There was some form of low bench on wheels in the middle of the corridor evidently waiting for me. There were a lot of chains and restraining straps waiting for me, and three boxes.

This was obviously going to be serious bondage and something very special. I had no clue what was up.

Another mounting session perhaps?

“Step forward, Nathifa.”

Out of one of the boxes, she took a little ornamental gold phial and proffered it to my lips.

“Drink this, Nathifa, it will help relax you.”

I took the contents in, the flavour of it mingling with the old cum over me. I found out later it was heavily laced in opium.

She opened a second small box and pulled out two white hi-side soft silky and lacy panties.

“Nathifa, these are for your induction and as your sponsor, it is my duty to prepare you. Open your mouth and slowly turn away from me.”

She held one pair up to me and I could see they were intensely stained.

I turned around as requested and she pushed them into my mouth, gusset up, a familiar taste hitting me but whose was it?

Quickly she had me gagged with a silver ball gag, locking the panties into my mouth.

The matching second pair came over me and she quickly had it tied off with a white ribbon. The intense scent hit me.

My eyes opened wide. I knew this scent so well. It was Saffi's.

Minnah pre-read my mind:

“We had them flown in for this special occasion, Nathifa. We thought it most appropriate that you take Ms. Saffi into you.”

It was with a little more eagerness that I got onto the chariot. I now noticed it was one of their Y shaped ones.

Husna and Pari snapped on tight chains to my ankles, on both sides, before moving up to do the same thing with my thigh bands.

Minnah pulled a sturdy telescopic post up behind the bench and, firstly, secured my Talena collar by a chain to it. This did allow me to move my head. She took my wrists, lifted them above me and secured those off to a ring around the post, some two feet up.

I was now unable to get off the cart.

Pari produced three wide leather belts. What were these for?

Husna threaded one around the cart over my thighs and to the other side, before tightening it up hard, to the point that it was almost cutting into me.

Minnah did the same thing, putting a thinner belt under my breasts, over my diaphragm, and she tightened it right up. She took the second wider belt and put that over my waist line, right at the top of my pelvis.

By the time she finished pulling on it, I thought the whole of my vagina would pop.

She came around, in between my legs, with the third box, took out and pushed a lubricated heavy chrome vibrator with a plate home into my anus, chaining it off against my clit ring and my fourchette.

It was a nice feeling to have this vibrator lodged in me.

“You are now ready, Nathifa.”

She leaned over me and kissed me through Saffi’s panties, sending a little jolt of Saffi’s intimacies through me.

Pure heaven.

I was now resigned for whatever sexual challenge lay ahead of me.

Husna and Pari got behind me and pushed me down the little bit of corridor, almost like I was on a gurney.

Minnah opened the doors and I was pushed out into the atrium and quickly turned to the left.

To my amazement, Khalisa and Tasnim were there, as well as Shukriyah, Talah and Yusra, along with all the attendants from the Harem, everybody dressed in matching white robes, the distinguishing mark being that the Sheikas also had a thin black and gold hemmed Abaya on.

Minnah quickly got into hers.

The front door opened and in came Sheikh Hamad, dressed in a white Thobe, the black Bisht also hemmed in gold with a tassel hanging down, and with his black corded Agal holding his Keffiyeh headpiece in place.

This was most rare, to have the Sheikh inside the seraglio. I hadn't seen him or heard of him coming in here before.

By now, whatever was in that drink, it was starting to have an effect on me, making me a little dizzy, almost numbing in its effect.

The Sheikh greeted us all and then turned to me, looking at me on the gurney.

“We are here today to formally welcome Nathifa as a fully-fledged member into the Harem. She has fully embraced her life to submissive service and acquitted herself well during her training and tests. Therefore it is my honour to greet her as a member of the Hamad family today.”

He looked at me, bizarrely staring out from behind Saffi’s panties, groggy and numb but not out of it.

“With each of you, as Harem girls, we have tailored an induction appropriate to your personality, experience, sexual interests and needs.

“Today is no different and, after much debate amongst Nathifa’s mentors, we have deemed the initiation most appropriate to conduct. Personally, I look forward to being able to deliver this ancient induction, something that I have only performed twice in my life as Sheikh.”

He checked me again. I could easily take him in, what he was saying, but I could feel an intense numb feeling coming over me.

“Let’s offer a prayer. Allah, Peace be upon him, always grant Nathifa her health, protection and discipline, the continuation of the life-style that she has chosen in the service of all that she comes into contact with and that she accepts our initiation and that she continues turns to turn to Allah, Peace be upon him.”

He walked behind me, the Sheikas following him.

“Turn her around and push the trolley closer.”

Husna and Pari brought me around.

I did not believe my eyes and immediately struggled to break free.

That was no good, I was completely locked in and no way could I escape.

I tried to scream.

I couldn't, I was gagged not only with this professional ball gag but with Saffi's panties infusing their contents into my mouth. The vibrator began gently buzzing deep in my rectum.

I could see a small silver coloured brazier alive with red hot charcoals in front of me; alongside stood a black rod with a branding mark on it.

I was to be branded... No!... Yes, it was to be.

But where?

The candle went off - it dawned on me; it was to be my mons pubis, my mound. After all, I had been undergoing all this lotion treatment and massage for something. This was it. The Sheikh wanted to put his mark down there.

I couldn't escape.

Minnah came across and put her hand on my shoulder and removed Saffi's panties from my nose, exposing how fully wrecked I was in make-up and all the cum over me.

I couldn't even cry. I was that terrified. The potion, or elixir, was having its effect too. I became more confident now. I said to myself I would not be afraid.

I was also fighting the potion that was having what I would describe as a woozy effect on me – a feeling I didn't like and one that was similar to when I had been given morphine.

That had been there for pain management and maybe, I consoled myself, this would do the same thing.

Somehow, it was intensifying the taste of Saffi in my mouth, a welcome relief to me mentally.

Through all these sensations it dawned on me that I would be the only girl to be branded in the Harem; was this my prize for being so submissive to this Dom

and his Domme wives?

The answer:

A plain, “Yes”.

The Sheikh approached me with the iron, the black rod with its silver tip. I saw him put some powder on it.

“Nathi,” Minnah whispered in my ear. “it is not going to be like that branding of the girl you saw over six months ago. It is a silver tip and silver does not have to be as hot. She was branded with the tip being over nine hundred and fifty degrees; yours will be only around six hundred.”

The Sheikh moved and placed the iron on my pubis. I flinched but there was no pain. He took it off and started to bend the silver with his fingers working over the fine wire.

“He is adjusting the silver to your shape, he has henna dust on it and that will tell him how clean his brand is. He only gets one opportunity.”

I thought, “One chance – Big fucking deal.”

“Also the henna on your skin will give you a neat dark mark and won’t look like a burn, therefore making it far prettier. It is also narrow as the brand will widen

with your healing.”

Hamad tried four runs to get the curvature of the branding iron right but finally, he was satisfied and he placed the iron in the white charcoal coals.

He put a little oil from a phial on my mound, marking the dark brown location where the branding was to be pressed into my soft skin.

Time passed and I hardly noticed the women standing there in the atrium. They came across as a hazy white mist as my vibrator ceased its buzz and I realised Minnah obviously had remote control of this. It was just Minnah near me holding my shoulder, and Pari standing behind me.

The elixir was kicking in now and my body felt numb. Would it be an anaesthetic to what was to happen in the next few minutes?

Hamad kept moving the iron, checking it in the brazier for its heat, wanting to see the glow of the silver, occasionally trying it out for its heat and glow.

As we waited, he sprinkled a little more henna onto my naked mons so that the iron would take it into my wound; I think it was quivering with fear; before, finally, he took the red hot silver tipped iron from the searing charcoal and turned to me, concentrating hard and sighting his aim so as to be doubly sure.

Then, after a quick glance at Minnah, he focused back onto my lovely soft naked skin above my clitoris and vagina that was his target and brought his arm down

to press the hot silver into the darkened area on my pubis.

A stream of white smoke and a hiss went up, the smell of burning pork pervading the air.

I tried to scream, biting right into Saffi's panties, holding onto the post, as the white-hot silver tip did its evil work, searing its end into me. The pain was unbearable; I could feel the tears surge through me. I wanted to scream and scream again, the panties and gag preventing me.

My dildo reacted in its home, pushing into me as the iron went in. I felt its presence, a little welcome distraction.

Hamad held the branding iron against me to get the silver tip to set its mark on me. It felt like minutes, it was probably seconds as it burnt its way downwards into my skin.

Smiling, Hamad pulled the iron away and put it back in the brazier. Khalisa stepped forward with some oil immediately to soothe me, to take the heat out. The pain passed as quickly as it came, a third degree burn having been inflicted on me.

"Welcome to the Harem, Nathifa," Hamad commented. "Well done. It looks really good."

By now the opium was doing its work. Numbing me, dulling my senses and

bouncing me in and out of consciousness as Hamad, Minnah and Pari undid my straps and removed my chains. Someone, I don't know who, put what looked like a china cup device over my pubis to keep my wound from chafing against material.

Pari covered me with a white robe similar to what all the women were wearing. I was shivering with shock now, even though the atrium was warm.

Hamad threw some frankincense onto the charcoal to scent the room and remove the smell of my burning before coming over to me and kissing my forehead, with Husna and Pari lending support, anointing me with some perfume.

Each of the women followed him and I think that the Harem and certainly the attendants were somewhat shocked at what they had witnessed.

Minnah, Husna and Pari took me back to my room and Pari cleaned me before getting me to bed where a second phial was opened and given to me and sent into a deep sleep.

I needed it.

Chapter–Nine

Final Acts

I woke that evening and I was sore, really sore.

Pari came in and gave me another potion that immediately knocked the high off the pain.

“Come on, I will give you a bed bath and get you cleaner.”

Following that some food arrived for me. Some shrimp, fish and rice mixed with soft dates, tomatoes and apricots were what I needed. I was hungry. Pari also made me a lassi, a welcome drink that sated my thirst.

I felt a little better for that and the long sleep that I had just woken from.

Minnah appeared and asked to have a look at my pussy. The straps were undone and had an inspection of the burning.

“It looks clean, that is good. We will carefully watch it; do not worry. It is going to look really good on you and be your pièce de résistance, Nathi. The ultimate expression of you being a submissive.”

My pubis cup was put back after the application of some healing oil. I

understood it to be a mixture of myrrh and water, a traditional way to more quickly aid healing and reduce scarring from burns. She applied some herbs as well over the oil.

She kissed me and departed.

Pari dressed me in a long white nightie and climbed into bed alongside me.

No sex of course, I wasn't up for that. I can't remember what we talked about except that, in part, it did cover Saffi. I can remember Pari saying that Saffi had sent me her intimate scents so that must indicate something. Why else would she do that?

I was soon asleep again.

My rest and careful treatment of my pubic area continued on.

I rapidly regained my strength and caught up on my sleep. I was spared any sex, even Pari wanting to take me.

After three days, the porcelain cup was removed and I looked closely at my branding mark.

Its burn marks, the deep grooves where the silver had entered my skin were brown with the henna marking, somewhat polished in their look and still

unidentifiable. Around the grooves, it wasn't pretty. I was seriously blistered and very red, but gradually these recovered, becoming irritatingly itchy as the skin dried out and flaked away.

I was still very delicate to the touch.

A week later I still had had no sex, other than Pari queening me but she had stayed well away from touching or playing with my pussy or anus.

The Sheikas and the Harem girls were fantastic and what the French call "sympa," checking up on me and my progress, Minnah acting as my nurse cum doctor, ensuring that I had the appropriate myrrh and herb poultices applied to my sensitive wound.

It was ten days in when I started to question what this had been all about. Where was this all going? I had had no sex, just a lot of tender recovery and spoiling.

Not that I did not appreciate it. I did. It gave me plenty of time to think things through.

What came back to me was the nagging question about my future. At heart, was I being committed to serving Minnah, Hamad, Khalisa and Tasnim or did Saffi still retain interest in having me back as her submissive partner?

Communications between Saffi and I had been somewhat sparse, business like and perfunctory, well certainly one way into Doha.

However, against this, the occasional one liner of “I love you, never forget that” or “Pamela and Fallon, as well as me, are really missing you” gave me a semblance that the spark for Saffi was still there.

Encouragement it was indeed and it kept my spirits up.

In return, Saffi had got e-mail epistles professing my love and want of rendering deep and long subservience to her, my domme, for whom, to me, there was no one else. But then after all, and on the downside, it had been eight or so months now since I had left Saffi behind at Montreal airport.

Too long.

Way too long in my book, and I also had the interest in me being expressed by Minnah. Even though we had had no sex recently, her compassion and care were more than there, even allowing for the domme to sub relationship.

I did love that about her, her sense of concern for others, an endearing trait in my book.

Meanwhile, Minnah and I continued to share things non-sexual; she provided me with a path to my own mental sanity in being involved in some worthwhile concepts and projects outside my quest for total sexual submission.

I had continued to keep my branding partly covered, a gauze dressing being

applied to keep it clean but, at the same time, the air could get around it to dry it out and advance the healing.

I admit that I had become a little dismissive of it, not giving the healing or the shape of the wound that much thought as Pari was almost over-attentive to my oil and herb washes in making sure that any dead skin was removed, as well as being scrupulously clean down there.

I did appreciate her attention though, as I did Minnah's and the others'.

Pari, in her indefatigable way, once more picked up on my personal struggle as to my immediate future.

Even if she did not know my destiny, she was so good at giving pointers, almost rocks on which I could emotionally tread with certainty.

That day, she delivered one more, as simple in concept as ever.

“Nathifa, have you really closely inspected your branding mark. Because I do not think you have.”

I took down my cotton panties and stood there in front of the mirror in my room.

I was taken aback.

Clearly in front of me, the swelling and redness had abated to allow the hennaed grooves to express themselves.

For the first time, I saw a clear, large western alphabet “S” shape, rising like a graphic phoenix out of a “platform” of المنة the Arabic for Minnah and, underneath that, a large Arabic ح the letter for “H”, H for Hamad. This ح was positioned to point downwards to my pussy.

I hadn’t realised it had been shaped like this.

I had been branded with the three most important markings of the people in my life, other than Pamela and Fallon - but then Saffi represented them.

I was thrilled with it.

Full of emotion, I lost it and broke down, crying for at least half an hour, Pari trying to comfort me.

It was the stress of several weeks coming out, worrying about whom I was going to be committed to, never mind the branding ceremony itself.

Pari understood that.

My branding said to me everything about the future, that Saffi was still there and somehow Minnah, Hamad and the Harem would remain a part of my life.

Yet I had not really heard from Saffi for quite a time and needed her guidance, her assurance.

I was now more than a little homesick.

It was some four days later that Pari suggested testing my pussy and, yes, I was ready for some good sex now. Two weeks had been the longest I had gone without any full service since my reassignment surgery.

In short, I was getting pretty horny and ready to serve any of the Sheikas or Hamad. My preference, naturally, would have been to have a long, languid session with Minnah.

My scars were rapidly reducing now and my branding was showing very clearly, the henna having done its work in beautifying the lines as Minnah had said it would.

It was afternoon siesta time, that period of four hours between the Dhuhhr and the Asr. Pari had me strip off down to my panties and climb into bed, I thought for a rest, as Husna had suggested that I should be prepared for the evening.

She had me put on my wrist and ankle cuffs, I thought in pre-preparation for the evening ahead.

Pari climbed into bed with me, also having removed her clothing.

She seized my hair and pulled my head back to lift my face to hers. She had never been this aggressive. She began to French-kiss me, and then moved to trail kisses down my neck and onto my left breast.

Her mouth closed right over my nipple and she nipped me. I cried out with the shock and the pain. It abated and she started to suck me, gently, arousing me.

She repeated the process with my right breast and then returned to my lips, our tongues probing each other.

Pari went down my body, straight for my pussy and held her hand there. No pain at all, that was good.

I rode her hand, trying to get my clit pressed into her so that I would cum against her. She pulled back on me, the minx.

She reached over to one of our drawers and pulled out a chain to secure my wrists together, getting me onto my tummy, bottom up and exposed for her.

She ran seductive kisses over me, right over my back.

Pari reached for the lubricant and applied a good dollop to my anus, followed by working a large butt plug in there, literally fucking me with it, making me gasp and then sigh with the sensation of being taken this way.

She was more than aware that I really didn't mind which way I was taken.

Slapping my bottom cheeks, hard, she moved up the bed to prop herself up against our large white pillows and opened her knees in front of me.

I could see her naked pussy, pink, wet and expecting my service to her.

I shuffled up the bed to her, almost in a peach position, my movements causing my plug to bounce and excite me.

I wanted to taste her. I could smell her arousal luring me in.

I commenced on her gorgeous, thin pussy lips, tasting her sweet nectar that showed how aroused she already was, and then moved up to her erect bud to flick my tongue across it.

Gradually I changed my movement to swirling circles and then to sucking her, holding the pressure against her as she moaned for me, showing her pleasure.

I knew that she was approaching a climax and she grabbed my hair again to hold me against her pussy and hold me between her thighs.

She came into my mouth, flooding me with her juices, making me digest her.

Quickly she was behind me; she wanted to maintain her high. She inserted a Feeldoe and into my pussy she came, fucking me hard, allowing my senses completely to surrender to her motion, dominating me, and making me hers.

She hit a second level orgasm and I came, all over the place in response to her.

This is what I needed. Pari probably needed it as well as it had been such a time.

She released me and held me in her arms as we managed to take a short, refreshing nap, preparing me for the evening ahead.

After Asr, the usual routine of bathing, massages, hairdressing and make-up began, the girls taking their time to ensure that my pussy area was once again soft as well as my feet and breasts.

Particular attention was given to my hair, inserting the small pearls that I had been adorned with before my induction into the Harem.

My jewellery was again loaded on, this time the Harem silver collar and cuffs – wider and heavier than my Talena, the pearl and chain adornments and the heaviest gauge of the nipple rings.

Pari put several silver bangles on my wrists and ankles and six bells off my arms, thighs and ankle rings.

She also put on my Tiffany necklace, my Saffi ankle bracelet, and allowed me to wear my ear-rings and ring.

I got to wear a black and silver kaftan, which I rather liked as it worked well with all my silver and pearl jewellery, and allowed my diamonds to shine through.

I saw myself in the mirror and thought that if I was to be a permanent Harem girl, committed to sexual slavery and submission, this wasn't such a bad look, stunningly simple, and in the knowledge that I was completely naked and smooth underneath for my domme partner, a lovely vulnerable feeling washing over me.

I still didn't know which of the Sheikas I was to serve tonight, or would it be the Sheikh?

Having perfumed me with the Oud Shamash, Pari took me downstairs on a fine chain lead.

I noticed that this one was a silver one encrusted with small pearls and diamonds and noted that this meant a "special" evening ahead. I had no clues to what lay ahead and Pari hadn't exactly been forthcoming, even if she knew.

I was perfectly at home being controlled by such leads and I actually enjoyed being out in public, led around by my dominant, the lead being attached to the front ring of my neck collar, or my wrists. For me, it was a demonstration of my submission and a reminder that I needed to be humble in my service.

There were times when my wrists were bound or a short chain used between my ankles though, usually, my toe rings and chains limited my steps.

The origin of these had been to constrain the Harem slave and prevent them from escaping. Though now largely symbolic now, mine certainly did limit my step movement and would have taken some force to remove them. My chains were beautiful covered in diamonds over the white metal, having been a present from the Hamad family.

The other girls appeared and we prostrated ourselves into the peach position in the Atrium to wait for our women of the House. I just hoped that I would be assigned to my inamorata, Minnah.

The Sheikas duly appeared.

Khalisa kept us prostrate.

“We are having a number of guests this evening, starting with dinners out as we will be splitting up with the numbers involved and then we shall host a soirée back here. You five are, of course, on duty tonight and you shall find your allotted roles when we return.”

She moved behind us.

“We have guests in the house and it may be that after your roles, you may end up escorting them to their rooms where you will give yourself up to pleasing them as you would us. I am also making available the senior attendants so there will be enough girls for all of us. We will divide by seniority”

She started touching us with a crop to indicate our service partner.

“So that means, Husna and Yusra, you will attend me and my dinner guests, Shukriyah and Talah with Tasnim, and you, Nathifa with Minnah. Rise and hand your lead chain to your Sheikha.”

We did as she commanded, Minnah smiling as she took my chain.

“There is one more thing. Nathifa, you have not received a present from us Sheikas for your induction to the Harem, we thought that we would wait until you first presented your pussy and new branding mark to us for our use of you. Minnah, as your sponsor, has requested that she take you and I know that you two have, how shall I say it, a special affiliation for each other. That is fine by Tasnim and me.”

Smiling, she produced a black jewellery box.

“We thought about changing your arm and thigh bands for gold ones but they would be too soft for your bells and we all like hearing you chime away when

you walk or are having sex with us. So, instead, we have got you this.”

She opened the box, took out a white gold necklace and placed it over me.

It sat below my Murchison necklace, with its padlock and family tags on. It was a similar chain to that one and also tagged, this one saying فتاة من الحريم المنة نظيفة, meaning “Nathifa, Harem girl of Minnah.”

On the back of it was the inscription, Allah, Peace be upon him, protect her.”

And there was a substantial square cut diamond, mounted in a simple white gold banding, hanging off it; it was way over three carats of a sparkling and brilliant white stone, a beautiful diamond, even unto the untrained eye, because of its simplicity.

I knew that I couldn’t “question” this gift, as I would have risked being seen as being churlish. I kissed Khalisa, Tasnim and Minnah thanking them profusely.

The piece was stunning.

We put our Abaya’s on and the Harem donned their Niqabs and we all split up, going to our respective cars.

Minnah had me remove my Niqab in the car so as to allow me to kiss her properly for the diamond, saying that she had chosen it in Paris.

I chuckled at the coincidence, both this and my “engagement” ring coming from the same city.

Our destination was the Souq Waqif and the Tajine restaurant, Doha’s principal Moroccan outlet, with its arched doorways, local artefacts, deep sofas, pottery tiling and wood friezes all adding to its ambiance, as if we were sitting in middle of a Marrakesh or Rabat souk.

There were even a diverse collection of North African and Arabic shishas around the restaurant for those fancying a cool smoke, a social way for the Arabic men to sit and converse.

Here we met up with a number of Minnah’s female family and friends, including Sahla who had flown in from Dubai.

I immediately recognised two of her friends from our philanthropic work together, one of whom was from Petra in Jordan.

I sat between Minnah and Sahla, my chain from my left wrist being sat on by Minnah.

She was direct with her explanation of my role to the others, saying outright that I was her girl of choice within the Harem, her “petite copine” يذكر صديقة and very special to her, not only sexually but as her confidante and assistant.

I must say that I was becoming closer and closer to Minnah, especially when she proffered her love like this, combined with her natural feminine dominance of me and really needed Saffi to make a decision, if she really wanted to reject me in favour of Ayishah.

I was getting quite embarrassed and red-faced when she went onto explained how I had been inducted by branding and there was a clamour for me to reveal my mark during the meal.

There were plenty of questions and conversation that flowed my way, asking me about my thoughts, the pain, the process and after-care.

This was a request that Minnah acquiesced to during the desert and I had to stand there while Minnah hoisted my kaftan to reveal my beautifully henna marked brand and bejewelled pussy.

Applause.

I knew that I was glistening slightly down there, as the build-up had been quite erotic.

Shrimp salad, fresh Chicken Bastilla, wonderful Tagines in their earthenware dishes so as to allow the dish to cook on its juices in the couscous and bring the tender meat to come to the fore.

To finish with a dazzling selection of ktefas, m'henchas, kaab el ghzels and

fekkas were presented to us to tempt our sweet teeth.

Well fed, Minnah and I returned to the house ahead of the other females. Minnah once again getting me to remove my veil and kiss me.

We walked into the ante room of the house, our seraglio, and took off our Abayas.

Minnah brought me on my chain into the main courtyard and atrium.

I could not believe my eyes; the attendants had brought out a number of benches and stocks and laid them out around the room.

“As we are first back tonight, I get my choice Nathifa. Remove your kaftan now.”

I did as she requested and in a few seconds was standing there naked before her.

Minnah reached for a crop and teased my pussy with its tip.

“Pike for me.”

I bent over, spread my feet and assumed the pike position, my anus opening up.

She played with me again before four slashes of the crop hit my cheeks and two on to my thighs.

“Just a reminder that you will serve whoever I chose for you tonight, Nathifa.”

With some tears in my eyes from the sting of the thigh welts, “Yes Minnah, I understand.”

I wonder if this was to be a Badra test; I still had visions of her enormous arse smothering me and the strong odour, one could not call it scent, which descended on to me as I was forced to take her in.

“I have decided. You are to be my little bird, Nathifa. Get into the cage over here.”

I saw a three foot enclosure designed as if it was a bird cage, made out of brass rod and looking very realistic. Space was going to be tight.

“Ok, Nathifa, put your tongue out for me.”

I did as requested and quickly Minnah unscrewed one side of my tongue bar and fitted on a small silver tongue vibrating bullet.

“You will use that tonight with good effect.”

Next, Minnah produced a pair of panties in a Ziploc for me from her bag, a pink silky pair with long ribbons hanging off them. As they emerged, I recognised them immediately and it was confirmed when she showed me the tag.

Yes, they were from Leaves Lingerie and they were my design.

“They are your design and they are heavily impregnated with Saffi’s cum and arrived here in a Ziploc to keep them very fresh. You will need them, I suspect.”

She put them over me and clipped them into place so that I could see the world through the sockets.

“Now in the cage with you.”

I climbed in and was squashed up in there, an oversized bird in its captive home, my knees up to my tummy, my pussy fully exposed from underneath.

Minnah closed the door and tested that the top one opened, fixing my wrist cuffs to the sides of the cage and then went around me to ensure my jewellery was properly presented.

“Maybe next time, I should have feathers glued to you, but I like it.”

I took in that familiar scent of Saffi. Yes it was strong and intense but it was definitely her notes.

There was a familiarity about it that I relaxed.

The other girls came in. Talah was put into a stock that forced her into the bow position, her ankles and wrists secured off, a bar over her waist. That looked so uncomfortable.

Shukriyah was locked down onto a bench, her breasts hanging down, her bottom wide open and I could see her pussy displayed, ready for use.

Yusra was brought into the room hogtied and gagged, her breasts standing out purple, and attached to a stockade pole for further rope usage.

Husna was sitting astride a series of heavy, black posts, her legs almost at the horizontal and secured by matching large clamps, her arms also spliced off in a similar manner, all of it leaving her breasts and pussy fully accessible to roving fingers and toys.

Even the attendants were not spared. Pari was in a dental or gynaecological chair, legs wide apart and the other five were on crosses and wheels around the room.

It was the largest bondage room that I had ever seen.

I saw Minnah's and Tasnim's guests beginning to arrive, drinks being offered by the junior attendants.

Minnah made her way across to me, opened the top door to my cage and asked if I was ok. Having replied that I was, I saw that she pulled out a box of long wands and vibrators on extension poles.

What were they all doing on these poles?

“Ok here we go, Nathifa. I am hooding you in these.”

She quickly hooded me off, my world becoming pink and all Saffi in terms of her scent.

Suddenly, I felt the cage lurch and next thing I was airborne. Yes there had been a couple of chains on top of the cage, draped there loosely.

I was going to be presented as a caged bird and I realised that my pussy and anus were open visually the women looking upwards would see and therefore also to any abuse of my orifices that they so wanted.

I shivered in my pink cocoon.

I could hear the room filling and the conversation beneath me, more about the way that we had all been presented, a true Arabic harem, a Roman orgy, something out of a Hollywood BDSM movie, being some of the descriptors bandied around.

Then the first jolt hit me. A wand came up and probed my pussy and zap, an electrical charge ran through my genitals, followed by a second bolt.

A vibrator then started playing with my anus and I felt another wand play with my right nipple, zapping that.

I couldn't move to avoid it, the pain of the wands playing on me, the vibrator in my anus buzzing. Saffi's scent pouring into me as I moved my head to counter the pain, fighting for my breath.

The room was awash now with the screams of the other girls. I was shouting too and the laughter and chat of the Sheikas and their guests all blurring together.

The assault continued on and on, an orgasm came over me, a second and a third, a fourth. I was losing count as the whole scene played through, the only consistent being Saffi's cunt.

How long I was up there, I had no idea but finally, finally I made it to the ground the door open and my bondage was released.

Minnah's voice spoke:

“Well done Nathifa, you made some good mess on the floor with all your cum there.”

She kissed me through Saffi’s panties, pushing her gusset hard onto my nose, almost jolting me into the living world as her aroma gushed forward again.

“I am keeping your hoods stay on. You have been chosen to be fucked tonight by two of the guests and I am going to take you to their bedroom.”

With my chain and her hand, she led me off and upstairs into the Sheikas’ quarters to one of the guest bedrooms. She told me to halt and I felt a rug beneath my jewelled and chained feet.

“Into the peach position and make it a good one, wide open with your bottom, and hold it there to wait your two women who want to use your orifices and have you render a full service to them and I mean a full service, including ingesting them. Understand?”

“Yes, Minnah.”

“Good, now you wait. Removal of your hood will cost you a full foot-whipping from Tasnim that you won’t be able to walk for a week. Clear?”

Now that was something I was not going to risk.

“Yes Minnah.”

“Well, good luck and remember that I love you too.”

Now that was something that she had never said that word much, the four letter word. I had an enormous soft spot for her, and I guessed that I did love her but the aroma surrounding me said where my love was.

I must add that over the years that one realises that you can love two or three women all at once, in addition to the love, a different sort of love for the likes of family like Pamela, Per, Fallon and Chrissie and then even another love for special people like Pari.

I remained in the peach position, my head forward buried into Saffi’s gusset, thinking of her, thinking about the fucking that I was about to receive and the service that I would have to deliver.

I laughed inwardly to myself that it was probably the same frisson or buzz that an escort girl gets when knocking on a hotel bedroom door wondering what the person on the other side will look like, be like.

Except, in my case, I was in the room doing the waiting for my clients.

I heard the door open and two pairs of heels walking into the room.

There was rustling as they were evidently French kissing and this then extended into removing their clothing and nipple kissing, followed by one of them on her knees and kissing her partner's pussy.

It was all rather erotic and, combined with my thoughts of Saffi's pussy and aroma, had me wetting up, and little pleasure bolts running through me.

What did they look like? One older, one younger? A mother and her daughter? Two relatives? Two friends?

One went over to the bed and there was rustling before I heard the bed linen moving. One of them was getting into or on the bed.

I heard the second woman behind me. The next thing a crop came down and landed on my bottom, crossing my previous welts, a second followed and two more.

I grunted as they came in, my nose pressing hard into the panties gusset wedged now between the rug and my face.

These sensuous, delicate fingers feeling me, stroking my back, under me to my ringed nipples, over to my bottom cheeks fiddling with my nape ring and its pearl and silver tag, followed this.

Slowly these fingers played my thighs, feeling my D rings, obviously taking in

the sight of my pussy jewellery and my by-now very wet pussy.

Her fingers were exquisite, touching my love bud as I liked it, running her fingers down the insides of my pierced lips, taking in what I had to offer her.

I suspected that she was the senior partner of the two.

I was getting very excited now, very wet, anticipating getting well and truly fucked.

Whoever it was took the crop and pushed it against my pussy, motioning me to inch forward, her stockinged foot pushing on my bottom cheek to.

As I had been taught, I crawled forward, leaving my love channel on full view to her as she continued to play me with the tip of the crop.

We obviously had approached the bed. I could just make out a dark mass in front of me but the woman gave me the message to stop by two sharp cracks from the crop on my cheeks.

She placed the crop under my branding, pressing it upwards which I took as the command to climb onto the bottom of the bed.

Just as I had done with the Sheikh, I made my way up the bed, the crop guiding me into position.

I felt a bolster underneath me and I slithered over it, as if an asp, and I felt the legs of the other woman guiding me in to dock.

This woman's bottom came back onto my pink pantied head and pressed against me, she too was tummy down.

The bolster was now under my pelvis.

I was in position.

The woman behind me waited, probably taking in the scene. I could hear more rustling.

A medium sized butt plug entered me, no lubricant, just relying on my own pre-cum and my acquired ability to readily take and accept sex toys in my anus.

I felt the woman behind me get down onto her fours and next thing she was over my bottom, guiding a strap, a double-headed cock or a Feeldoe into my pussy.

I was ready for her, wet with anticipation.

Her build-up had been so skilful, almost worthy of the way Minnah would take me.

Perhaps it was Minnah with Sahla?

As she brushed over me with her soft body, I could sense she was of a medium build, about my height probably, slender. Her fullish breasts pressed into my back. She was too tall for Minnah.

It was just a guest and her partner but then there had been some stunning women around Minnah's dinner table.

Her cock was at my pussy portal. Her well-manicured fingers, I knew that she had French nails, expertly played my clit and, again, ran down my pussy lips.

She was seriously good, this woman, or she had been very well briefed by Minnah to my little turn-ons, a natural domme the way she asserted herself over me.

She backed off me and I felt her tongue playing on my pussy.

God, it was a divine feeling as she took her pleasure from me.

I wanted to come but new I couldn't until they had orgasmed and given me the ok to do so. But I was near to it, my mind was buzzing and this bottom in front one kept pressing back, pushing Saffi's panties and the hood into me.

My mind could seriously go “black-out” on these two women and what they were doing to me.

Having seriously clit-sucked me, she fortunately moved off and back over me.

Once more I felt her cock against my pussy.

The vibrator in my rectum sprung into life and she slid home, her cock running right up alongside the one directly above it.

I was in seventh heaven now.

Instantaneously, my tongue vibrator started up and the woman behind me whipped off my hood and Saffi’s panties for the other woman to press her dark brown naked slit right into me to pleasure with my tongue, her anus up against my nose.

The little bit of light I saw, I knew that she was Middle Eastern or North African, the deep hue of her pussy area offset by the pinkness of her love gash.

I could smell her Oud perfume and then her pussy nectar odour overtook that of Saffi invading me, a sweet cum the sort I loved, very Murchison-esque in flavour, but a lot richer in depth though not as creamy as what Saffi, Pamela or Fallon offered.

The other woman started to fuck me.

Skilfully.

Sensually. I was near cumming.

I pressed my hips back to get in rhythm with her, the forward motion taking me into the deep sticky recesses of her partner.

The woman with the cock upped her tempo and I could feel her hips tensing over me, her breasts pressing down onto me, her weight suggesting that she was someone of Khalisa's or Saffi's weight.

Not uncomfortably heavy but enough for them to exert their influence and power over you.

She came hard into me one more time and I felt her shudder. No scream, no shout, just the faintest of a sigh, almost stifled as her orgasm hit her.

She moved right over me, smothering me with her body, her hair down the sides of my breasts and over my back.

Her partner pressed forward, squeezing me with her head tight so that I could not release myself, and she came too, her cream oozing out of her, right onto my tongue and into my mouth.

I wasn't far behind.

This was too much, my senses and brain having been completely taken out and so lovingly taken by them, one of the most sensual fuckings that I ever had had.

Delicious, Yes.

Mind-Blowing, Yes.

Worth the birdcage, Saffi's panties, the wait for them in the peach position, Yes.

Almost love-making in nature as if we had all been partners for a long time, Yes.

Who were they?

The second woman maintained her grip on my head, releasing it slightly so I could breathe and take in her intoxicating aroma, making me submit to her love cum, bucking ever so slightly to smear me with it.

The first woman lay across my back, almost dead weight, her hands seeking out my ringed nipples so as to hold onto me and, in doing so, making me physically submit to her.

They stayed there for some five minutes, all of us taking in the warm feelings of our climaxes, our afterglow, the sharing of an orgasm as only women, (and even reassigned women), can share.

The sense of good sex, Yes.

Loving sex, Yes.

Finally the woman in front of me released my head.

I looked up to see who it was.

I almost fainted.

Ayishah!

Behind her, it quickly dawned on me....

I sort of half turned around, as quickly as my brain and neck muscles snapped in, together.

There she was, a huge Cheshire Cat grin of a smile, the redness of her orgasm receding in her face, her gorgeous eyes, her oh-so familiar nose and mouth.

Saffi!... Saffi was here.....

Oh My God. Peace be to Allah.

Chapter-Ten

The Return

Saffi moved over me and French kissed me. I opened my mouth and willingly succumbed, not believing it was her.

“Mmmm nice, to have you back close to me, Clare.”

“I have missed you so much, Saffi, so much.”

She kissed me again and we then snuggled together, Saffi in the middle of the bed, and her two submissive girls on either side of her.

With lots of touching, stroking and kissing, a torrid chatter began, of how they had flown in, the party and how they had to take care to ensure that I didn't realise that they were there, and what had been going on back in Manchester and Garrison.

I was really taken back by the way that I had been set up, but then I should have realised that nothing in the Harem was ever done in halves, surprise being a key component of their dominance over us.

Saffi was amazed in seeing her brand on me, my piercings and especially my breast rings and nape D ring.

“I have seen them before, Clare, Khalisa and the girls sent across videos of your induction and piercing and other events as they happened, even including footage of you and Pari having sex, but it is so good to see their handiwork on you close up. I rather like them. What do you think?”

So she had seen more and knew more than I had bargained for.

“Saffi, it is not what I think as they were done in honour of you and the Sheikas and they are in me for your use and control over me; that is seriously my answer. However, I do like the brand now as it sums up three very important people for me, with you as the dominant feature of my ownership mark. Though it was awful to experience it.”

“I saw that too. Ayishah and I watched from behind one of the screen windows in the Atrium on my way to a meeting in Madrid; we just made a little detour.”

I was truly gobsmacked by this. Saffi had been there and she hadn’t come out to participate or comfort me.

“Oh my God” was my response.

“Khalisa thought that was a far more effective way to prepare you, to get you healed before I took you back as we would have wanted sex, and to check that your brand properly healed and formed. So what don’t you like?”

The things I can’t stand are these blessed bells!”

“Rather a nice touch I thought, a stroke of genius from Tasnim.”

“Well, I have become more used to them, but still, they just annoy you in the ear. I have become used to walking around the Souk or in a restaurant, chiming away, and people commenting about them. It is, at times, very humiliating. They are fun for sex though.”

“Yes, quite erotic and they do symbolise that you are my chattel, my subservient.”

“Yes they do. I do know that.”

By now, Saffi was intently feeling me and she began another three way love-making session. We chatted and fucked long into the night before we fell asleep.

A deep sleep as I was safe in her arms.

I woke in the morning, the sun streaming in, Ayishah was up and gone and it was just the two of us in bed together. I immediately moved down under the cotton sheets to Saffi’s pussy to be ready to make oral love to her as she woke.

It wasn’t long before Saffi was on top of me, queening me to let me bring to her first and second orgasm of the day.

Just to have her above me, her love juices flowing into my mouth, was beyond my wildest expectations.

As we lay there afterwards, Saffi opened up:

“Clare, firstly I do have to say to you that I have missed you, never mind the sex, but also having you around to talk to, share things with, eat with, whatever, you know. I truly love you.”

Wow, she was being very open and directly honest, not that Saffi was maliciously deceitful, scheming definitely when it came to domination perhaps, the events of the last few weeks and months being a case in point.

“I love you so much too and I have truly missed you. Pari will testify to that.”

“I know but you have also formed some strong bonds here too...”

I knew that I had to be honest here, totally forthright, anything else would risk lying.

“Yes, with Minnah who has been wonderful and she kept my sanity going in some ways, and I guess Pari too. Saffi, you are by far, to the Moon and beyond, my number one love. I do realise that you can love others in different ways, such as your family, Minnah and Pari and the love even between them is different. Put it this way, as an expression of my love to you, I would lay down my life for you, not the others though.”

“I know what you are saying. Ayishah has her strengths; she is very good as a personal attendant and has a fabulous pussy to taste, but she is not you, rest assured by that that. I enjoy having her around to look after me, but it is not deep love as you kind of put it.”

I smiled.

She continued on:

“Well, Minnah and I have had a chat and I need one with Hamad as well. We will work something out that may be very interesting for you, but you will be heading back with me. I do need you, I hate to say. Let me ask you a few questions.”

“You have always made the best decisions, Saffi, so you know I implicitly and unquestioningly trust you, it’s part of you being you and me being me. Of course, I will respond as best I can.”

“I want to question you about potential scenarios, not that they will necessarily happen, but I want to get a feel of how you are now thinking, following your months of development here. Ok?”

“Yes, Saffi. Shoot”

“Will you now do anything I say, unhesitatingly, as on some things you used to

baulk at before doing it?”

“Yes, Saffi, I have realised that since being here. Of course, I will, I am yours. I have realised the errors of my way. Let me make a suggestion and that is to hang the threat of foot whipping falaqa, over me, perhaps from Fallon of Dominique. I know nothing more painful, apart from my branding.”

“Well, let’s see, as I said these are scenarios, not necessarily my want.”

“Will you now ingest my fluids on instant demand, like my pee, poo and menstrual juices? You used to baulk....”

“I know, Saffi, and I shouldn’t have; it is not being a good submissive to you. There has been a lot of training and thought discipline about that, so yes.”

“What about extreme rope work and hog-ties? Shibari for example?”

“I have not done that here, but yes, Saffi. Why would I object to that?”

“Electrical play?”

“Yes. As you have seen, I have now experienced wands and probes. I wouldn’t say that I like it but I can understand it now.”

“What about role play; say baby play or school-girls?”

“Minnah has had me as a young pre-pubescent and I must admit that I have enjoyed playing along with her. And you know that I have been a school-girl in the past with Helena. Yes.”

Laughing, Saffi commented:

“I know all about that, Clare. What about playing ponies or dogs or whatever?”

“Yes, if you so wish it. If you order me to, yes.”

“And sex with them, their cocks in you?”

I gulped slightly at this prospect.

“Again, if you told me to, I would do it. The one thing that I have learned here is unfailing obedience to you if that helps you.”

“So if I traded you as a very upmarket sub-escort to other female dommes or even a man or two, on the proviso that they were clean, you would not object and obey me, and them.”

“No, Saffi, it would be your wish, for whatever your reasons be it financial, a friend, my subjugation, whatever. Of course, I am going to submit to you and obey you.”

“I’m changing direction here now. What about starting and having a Harem of our own – at home?”

“I haven’t even given any thought to that, Saffi. Tell me more?”

“I was thinking, perhaps mind you, that we could convert part of the barn into quarters and offer girls a job in the business either in making lingerie or selling it in Woodstock – and that they would also get Harem training, as part of their experience. We could even become an outpost of the Harem here, perhaps....”

“It’s an idea, I guess and I like the linkage to here concept. Who would you consider? Chrissie, Tanya?”

“Maybe Chrissie if Fallon was in agreement. No girls like Ayishah, Pari perhaps? I would need to cover this with the Sheikas and Hamad, maybe some form of swap deal as we could source not only you back here to be with Minnah for a short while but also send over other white girls. They seem to be highly prized for their pale colourings over here and you have obviously been a hit.”

I laughed at that.

“Maybe a result of all of your training of me to begin with, Saffi.”

“Oh, you are a natural submissive, a serious one now. What would you say to being a domme to a young girl?”

I thought about this one and gave a measured response.

“I don’t think I could do that, Saffi, it is just not me. However, I could coach them and that way, between us, they experience both sides.”

“True, what about finding candidate girls. I was thinking that we should look for a minimum age of, say, eighteen unless there is a very strong candidate, and allowing for Vermont law on minimum age which is sixteen?”

“Yes, I believe that I could do that. Like Pari for example, she could make a candidate if she has some sewing skills and if we could get her a work permit. It would certainly appeal to her, as she is more in deep love with me, than I am of her. However, she is a sweetie and a wonderful assistant to ensuring that I have always been properly presented and mannered here, as to the Islamic and Qatari customs.”

“Ayishah has that already, and has proved to be a gem of a find in terms of the quality of her work. I know what you mean.”

She thought about it.

“Well, I am not promising a thing but let me have these chats while I am here

and we shall see. While I am doing that, you should look to packing, stuff to bring with you and other stuff that you want shipped back - I hate to see what the US Customs will think if they see inside your boxes. By the way, I have some of your clothes for you for when we leave.”

“It’s going to be odd to be back in western clothing and lingerie. I hardly have worn any while I have been here, Saffi.”

“I know, now to the bathroom with you, I need some of this newly promised service.”

I found myself beneath Saffi’s pussy, taking her pee and poo, without objection. I had her back with me, my domme, my strong and demanding partner, the one I cherished, obeyed and loved.

We breakfasted with Khalisa and Minnah and, afterwards, I went back to the Harem to change and also to find Pari and explain what had been going on, as well as to start my packing.

Khalisa had said that I should sleep with Saffi now and that, effectively, she had first call on me.

Khalisa also mentioned that she was leaving Doha on business that evening. She came across and gave me a kiss, and a lot of complimentary comments about my

time in the Harem.

I was more than blushing over this. However, I really did appreciate what she said and that it would certainly not be the last time that we saw each other.

Pari was obviously a little distressed by the news that I would be shortly leaving.

I avoided mentioning any concept of a Vermont harem and if she would be interested. It wasn't my place and Saffi had to do her spade work on it with Hamad and his family.

It was around eleven-thirty when I got a call from Saffi that I should prepare myself to go over to Hamad's suite after lunch and be ready to service him as part of my farewells.

Pari, bless her, went into overtime in getting me ready with all the prerequisites that had now become routine and very much the humdrum of my day in the Harem. We had it down to a tee now and the two hours advance warning from Saffi was adequate time to be prepared.

She ensured that I was finished in Hamad's favourite perfume on me, the Estée Lauder Private Collection and that I was wearing his gold chain, the garnets and my new Harem diamond necklace.

It was just gone one-thirty when she led me across the bridge corridor to his suite, naked but for my jewels and an almost thin transparent robe on, so as to

add a little more of a tempting visual to him when he saw me.

Pari opened the door and I assumed my peach position, waiting for his command to enter.

I could sense him rising from one of his sofas and moving over to his huge bed.

“Come here, Nathifa, and make your way up the bed to me.”

I inched my way over in my “humility” position and climbed up onto the bed and under his fine, thin, top sheet, designed to keep him cool in bed if he was not between the sheets.

“Come and lie down beside me.”

He smothered me with his dark, hairy arms, pulling me in to kiss me.

I let him explore my mouth and neck with his tongue, throwing my head back in expectation of what was to come.

He started to work his way down the bed to get between my legs and, no doubt, he could already smell my pussy.

His hands parted my pussy lips, opening me up.

“Open your legs a little for me, Nathifa.”

I complied, permitting him to take in my sights, my pussy lips opening up further for him, to show him my pink love area that wanted his tongue and then his penis, hard in me, re-emphasising that he was my man.

He lowered his face down on to me and his tongue touched me, sending a little shiver through my body. He could taste me, running his tongue up and down my lips, playing and teasing me, getting me to let some pre-cum go for his predilection.

Hamad teased my urethra and then up onto my love bud, making me harden up and sigh with the nerve ends sending their love message deep into me.

He slid his hands under my bottom, lifting me up a few inches so that he could work his tongue further into me, as if he had a mini-cock, pushing it in and out of my pussy.

I began to rock my hips in time to his movements and could feel myself beginning to climb my mountain. I needed to stop, the Sheik had to come first, not because of his preference but because I was his submissive. That is unless he gave me his permission.

That came:

“Come on Nathifa, I want to see you cum, all over my tongue.”

I lifted my pelvis again, moving in time to his rhythm.

I moaned; my orgasm right on its brink of arriving.

A squeeze of my cheeks and a finger at my anus sent me over the top, releasing, soaking the Sheikh as my body trembled with my nerves jumping, my muscles spasming as I took in the enjoyment of what he had just delivered.

Hamad let me come off my mountain a little as I caught my breath back.

He laid back, his head on a soft pillow.

I knew what to do.

I went down his body and took his hard cock in my right hand.

“Mmmm, Hamad, you are a little sticky down here. Are you getting excited at the prospect of me sucking you?”

“Just a little pre-cum, Nathifa.”

I brought my head down onto him, running my tongue across his tip, and slowly around the head. I looked up at him, tasting his pre-cum.

I inched downwards, lips closing around his head, nipping around his pronounced sulcus and frenulum.

I could see him enjoying the sensations I was sending into him.

Slowly I moved downwards, taking him further into my warm, soft mouth.

I could feel him wanting to fuck my cavity, for me to take him all the way in and to feel my uvula rings.

I let him enter, taking him all the way to the back of my throat, his wiry pubes coming up into my nose carrying his clean, manly smell.

“Keep it going, Nathifa, keep it going.”

I moved up and down on him so that we were now in sync, his thighs thrusting his cock up into me and then withdrawing.

I gradually upped my speed on him, feeling him starting to tense, tasting a little more pre-cum.

He was beginning to close in on his cumming.

I didn't relent.

“Mmmmm, Nathifa, I am going to cum. Are you going to stop?”

No way. I just opened my eyes and looked at him, and my hand went to his taut balls, where his explosion in to me was laying wait, ready to erupt its contents into me.

Hamad pumped his hips up and down, his cock slapping the back of my throat.

He suddenly let out a large grunt and he came, shooting his stream of sperm into my throat, ready for me to swallow him.

A second spurt and a third flooded my mouth, his now-familiar taste washing my taste-buds.

I kept up my motion and pressure to ensure that I extracted all his cum onto me.

He slowly pulled of me and lay back on the pillow, content.

“Mmmm, I should have done this sooner with you, afternoon oral that is Nathifa. I needed to say goodbye before you left as Khalisa and I have to leave this evening for Madrid.”

“I enjoyed that too, Hamad, but surely you want to do that to my pussy or, knowing you, my bottom.”

“Yes, my little anal-loving girl.”

Hamad recovered pretty quickly and had me assume my pike position, his hard cock sliding into my waiting anus, not needing any lubricant as, between us; we had plenty of dampness down there.

However, with me down and forward, balancing around my ankles and Hamad inside me, he had me raise my back, pushing my bottom into him to take his length fully.

God, it felt good having him buried to his hilt in me.

His hands came around to my front to play with my pierced nipples, now hard and taut in his fingers.

I pushed back even harder on him and I felt his jism spurt into my pussy,

encouraging me to cum as well, his sperm invading my interior, making me temporarily his.

We stayed there, some ten to fifteen minutes, just enjoying the sensation of the position that we were in.

He slowly withdrew from me and I cuddled into him, my head on his hairy chest, his fingers dancing over my wet pussy to nap for what remained of the siesta.

As the Asr prayer time approached, we parted, Hamad kissing me. I said:

“Hamad, I am sure it will not that be long before you see me again.”

“I hope not, Nathifa, I hope not. I am sure that things will work out well.”

I returned to the Harem and quickly cleaned up, took in the prayer and went to see Saffi.

We had some tea and just chatted before I suggested that she came over to the Harem to experience the bathing and cosseting before we went out to dinner with Minnah, partly so as to give her a soupçonne of what I had experienced on a daily basis.

The Harem attendants swung into full action and Saffi enjoyed the indulging, in particular the lotion bath and massage, as well as the manicure and pedicure. My skin by now was incredibly soft and my nails were beautifully shaped and presented.

Having a harem would indeed be wonderful for this sort of pampering!

The other girls had the evening off with the two other Sheikas away. Minnah wanted to host a last dinner with just Saffi and me.

Saffi dressed in a black cocktail dress and I put on something quite daring given its relative short length, chosen by Pari, a beautiful sheer black-olive kaftan dress featuring floral beaded hand-embellishments over its thin material. It had loose-fitting batwing chiffon sleeves, a deep v-neck and gathered in at the waist.

Underneath it came with a matching cami slip.

I was presented in my usual jewellery, I wasn't back in the States or England yet.

Minnah had decided to go to the restaurant that I had first met her in, the Al Adhamiyah.

Apart from the memories that we had, it was an opportunity for Saffi to experience the local "colour" and their wonderfully succulent lamb and the fabulous olive salad that they made.

She thoroughly enjoyed the food and we even went for some wine, the breaking of my fast, the logic being that I was now in transition back to the West.

We ended back up in Minnah's suite, well her playroom to be exact.

The girls had brought up a bench and Pari and Ayishah were waiting for us, to see if we needed anything else. They had brought up an awful lot of white cord.

Having had me remove my kaftan and cami, Minnah took a rope and quickly spun it around my arms to lock them behind my back; this had the desired effect of pushing into my back and forcing my breasts to extend forward.

With a second rope, she circled me three times around my upper body to give tightly spaced loops right over my chest, on the upper side of my breasts and also pinned the biceps of my arms in to me.

She followed this by a third rope that she carefully positioned right under my breasts to create a bra effect. Then the two ropes were "reinforced" by a short rope directed down the valley of my breasts to push them outwards, as well as the force of the rope underneath pushing upwards.

Minnah made some small adjustments and the roping was unbelievably comfortable, but with the restraint feeling coming through.

Saffi said afterwards that the sight of my bound breasts and nipples with their

rings through them starting to swell was unbelievably erotic for her.

Minnah ordered me onto the low bench and asked Saffi to circle my waist with five turns to secure me there, while she went to work by getting me to bend by knees and roping my shins to my thighs.

I was feeling like a trussed duck, unable to move, knowing that, like this, I was highly vulnerable to their pleasure.

The girls put in two posts to the back of the bench and my ankles and thighs were bound off against those. Now my pussy and anus was wide open to their play and I was there, my head pointing upwards.

My nipples were now swelling upwards in excitement from the shibari rope and certainly not helped by both Minnah and Saffi rolling each side of me in their thumbs before applying suction tubes.

I was already getting wet.

It was Minnah who said:

“Nathi, it is time that we took you; we are both going to fuck you. Then Saffi and I are even going to allow Pari and Ayishah to take you in this position. Push your head back.”

With my head upside down, I could see Ayishah help Saffi into a full strap that sported a good girth pink cock that offset the pinkness of her nipples, Ayishah having helped her remove her black dress and lingerie.

She was stunning, standing there dominantly in her suspender belt and black stockings.

Pari helped Minnah out of her kaftan and she too was dressed in black lingerie, her bra and panties coming off to provide a contrast against Saffi's colourings.

"Head back, Nathi, I am going to straddle your face and you're going to reverse service me, your tongue in my anus and your nose square in my pussy."

She started to move to climb over me but, before she smothered me, I saw her hand Saffi an "evil" vibrator, a round cylindrical shaft and a head that looked like a helix thread, almost a probe or a small wand.

Minnah settled into position, her wet pussy right over my nose and her anus on my tongue.

I couldn't recall having been made to serve someone from one of these positions before, also being so aware of my breasts that were sending me their strong messages of "we are highly turned on."

I eagerly took her into me; her familiar creamy cum exuding out of her prominent lips so feed me.

She wiggled her hips on me, bouncing her bottom to get me to push into her, telling me to circle her anal ring and push my tongue into her.

Meanwhile, Saffi was playing with the probe, cruelly teasing my anus with it, rimming me with the proboscis and then taking it up to my clit and letting it vibrate against my love bud.

This was cruel.

It was also delicious.

Saffi moved between my legs and I felt her coming into me at an unusual angle that pushed right up on the nerves that my surgeon had left in me, my G spot.

She started to fuck me, a beautiful, sensual feeling.

Harem discipline or not, the sensation of Saffi taking me, being buried at an unusual angle in Minnah, my breasts über-sensitive from their binding and applied suction, well it was too much.

A huge orgasm flooded me. Minnah was right behind and I remember feeling Saffi tremble as she came too. It was then a switch over and I got to take in Saffi's lovely, delicate nectar.

This had me soon wanting to come again.

Minnah's fucking of me wasn't helping either and I soon hit the high spot, all three of us having those lovely earth-shattering, ground-moving type of sexual explosion.

True to their word, Pari and Ayishah had their way with me in this unbelievable position, trussed except being able to move my head, before I ended up in Minnah's bed, sandwiched between the two domme women I worshipped.

What a way to finish my time in Qatar, in an extreme position, serving the women I loved and also being made to honour Saffi and my attendants.

I felt so safe in bed, my two domme "controllers of my life" wrapping me in their arms.

We had to be up and moving very early as the flight out of Doha was at eight thirty.

My arm bands were removed, Minnah saying that they would be held in storage for my return. I would be expected to wear them when in Doha.

In a mad scramble, we assembled the luggage for the flight and said our

farewells, “Au Revoirs” for the moment.

Even though we knew we would see each other soon, it was still a tearful time to say goodbye to Husna, Shukriyah, Talah and Yusra and the attendants. When it came to Minnah and Pari all three of us were in floods of tears, as were Saffi and Ayishah.

Over the months that I had been there, strong bonds had been formed and these were now to be tested for their resilience.

Saffi had said nothing about Pari and Ayishah and I knew better than to ask her, she would tell me when everything had been decided, one way or the other.

I flew out in western clothes.

It felt funny to put on a cream, lacy Chantelle bra and matching hi-side briefs and over my lingerie, A French Connection tie-skirt, black leggings, a black fine knit top and my Nanette Lepore gold beaded jacket, black ballet shoes, my Hamad gold chain on as well as my ring and gold studs.

It was also rather odd to have my passport back in hand. I was returning to being Clare again.

Saffi was wonderful, as she had pre-read my need to adapt back into western life.

Never mind the discipline of the sexual life and contemplation that I had undergone, I hadn't really seen green countryside for several months or really experienced cool weather.

Our destination therefore was not London or onto New York.

Instead we were flying into Milan for three nights, followed by five nights in Florence, one of my favourite cities in the world for all the art work and the glorious Tuscan countryside around it.

We left on time, the Qatari Airlines plane quickly climbing out of Doha, the sand and dust left behind, heading for the azure blueness of the sky and the fawn to reddish colours of the barren Saudi desert beneath us, the occasional oil facility evident on the landscape looking like a small fortification.

As we had to traverse Saudi airspace, it was some ninety minutes into the flight that we were able to have a glass of Krug and toast:

“Doha, to Hamad, Minnah, Khalisa, Tasnim and the Harem, particularly Pari and Ayishah.”

We kissed each other to send a farewell, however short or long time-wise, to the Middle East.

I quietly made a toast to Doha and submission.

Chapter-Eleven

The Italian Surprise

We arrived in Milan early afternoon, a weak sunshine showing through the broken cloud, the Italian land beneath us on our descent into Malpensa looking so verdant, despite the season being the late Fall.

Even though I was looking forward to being able to get back to Leaves Farm and see the team and also visit Garrison to visit the family, Saffi was absolutely right to have arranged this small vacation as a transition break back into Western society.

The other benefit was that, not least, it helped re-cement our relationship as well.

On the flight, I don't think we took our hands off each other, nothing overtly sexual or *domme* to her submissive *femme*, but just the need to touch each other.

We continued to chat away, sharing our experiences over the absent months, learning what had gone, in particular the way the business had grown, as well as, probably, re-learning each other.

I knew that the spark between us was still there.

That was a very satisfying thought.

We cleared customs and all the Italian over-zealous and gold-braid-decorated customs officials, picked up a car and drove east and northwards from the airport for an hour towards Lake Como and Cernobbio.

I hadn't driven since being in Qatar, so I welcomed the opportunity to be in the driver's seat and also Saffi preferred me to take the crazy Italian roads.

She had booked us into the Villa D' Este, an opulent hotel right on the shores of the Lake, set in its own magnificent gardens and with glorious views out over the water up the Lake to the now-snow covered lower Alps.

It had been originally built by an Italian Cardinal in the sixteenth century and then was extensively modified by Caroline of Brunswick, escaping the excesses of her husband, George IV of England.

The beautiful, almost over-the-top, Italian villa, sumptuously decorated and furnished, its exquisite cuisine and fabulous attention to detail from the staff was exactly what I needed.

We spent two of the three days walking and being pampered with massages. Also we managed one day, shopping in Milan not only for Christmas presents but also for ourselves.

What girl or transsexual girl could ever resist the temptations of cheaper Fendi, Prada, Dolce & Gabbana, Gianfranco Ferré and Armani, never mind the beauty of the central Milanese buildings?

With a wonderful suite overlooking the Lake, decorated in off whites, slate blues, fawn and dark blue furniture, offset by the gold and cream curtains, lamp shades and accessories, we were enveloped in total luxury.

And who could fail with food like the ‘Villa d’Este delights’ – Foie Gras, Lobster and Beef Carpaccio, Tagliolini with speck and porcini mushrooms, and Fillet of Beef in three pieces and three sauces.

Special mention has to be made of their Zucchini blossoms, stuffed with vegetables and ricotta cheese and served with truffle sauce that were as tasty as they were pretty. And the soufflé of wild berries with peach sauce was ravishing, but then Saffi and I had always been soufflé lovers since those heady Parisian La Cigale days.

The wine list was exceptional but we stayed on the Italian wines, enjoying a big chardonnay from the Alto Adige region, Forrigar, Colterenzio, a 2003 Tuscan Il Pareto, Nozzole cabernet with a vegetal nose and intense black fruit and an intense, highly perfumed, red Nebbiolo, Amarone style wine from Lombardy, recommended by the sommelier, a Numero 1, Plozza.

This was just the main restaurant as there were other outlets such as in the Grill, where we had some wonderful Maccheroncini pasta with cherry tomatoes, basil and ricotta cheese, roe deer fillet with chestnut dumplings and mushroom sauce a absolutely divine filling tiramisu.

It was here that we had a really stunning wine, an Ornellaia that was so rich, luscious and packed with structure, the sommelier setting us up a day visit from Florence to the vineyard for our next stop.

Our sex was more loving than in Doha.

Yes, Saffi was in charge, yes, I performed my morning oral and toilet duties but it was more as if we were falling in love once again, full of mutual oral and tender moments, especially when she entered me and we were locked together enjoying either side of a double cock, strap or just plain pussy-to-pussy in a scissor position.

I remembered though my disciplines, that Saffi should always come first and then only to release myself when she ordered it.

This was something that she picked up on and commented on as to my improvement, my own orgasm was always to be secondary to hers.

I asked Saffi about my mouth brace and whether she would consider having it removed.

I was still lisping badly over the letter S and hard vowels, so Saffi was still very much “Thaffi” and I could see problems ahead with the hard Pæ sound of Pam that came out as Famila. Fallon would have a field day in teasing me.

This was denied:

“I rather like hearing you with a lisp, Clare. I know it’s rather humiliating and frustrating for you, but that’s the point, it should remind you that your mouth is reserved firstly for pussy worship, especially my pussy worship, and cocks; it’s

not for speaking. And it's rather cute hearing you struggle."

So be it. I knew not to raise the topic again and learn to live with it.

The one other comment that she made was about my piercings:

"I really love what Khalisa has done to you and the thigh, back and uvula ones are brilliant. You are going to have to continue to live with them, Clare, unless the family say otherwise."

We transferred down, by the car to Florence, or Firenze as the locals call it, just under two hundred miles away, to the sister hotel of the Villa D'Este, the Villa La Massa.

I loved this hotel even more than the previous. The D'Este was magnificent and opulent; this was so much more intimate and personally appealing.

Set on the edge of Florence in its own massive gardens and bordered by lemon trees and olive groves, it bordered the River Arno, a large stone wall in front of the property rising out of the waters.

Like its sister, it too was a sixteenth century building and was once part of the Medici family holdings. The juxtaposition of the yellow washed "nobile" villa to the pink washed old estate buildings, the gardens and the river presented what I thought was almost worthy of being a scene from a Renaissance painting.

The hotel itself was far more romantic and had the charms of a luxurious country residence, full of frescoes, stone, woods and terracotta, coffered ceilings and hidden vaults; as such it had less than forty rooms. It even came with its own gorgeous chapel.

Our suite was gorgeous, sandy coloured walls, a Tuscan stone fireplace with a log fire already burning in the grate, a large wrought iron bed, Italian antique furniture, and a fabulous, white marble bathroom.

Apart from a day visiting the Ornellaia vineyard, we spent our time visiting the Pitti Palace, home of the Medici family with its many galleries, the Palazzo della Signoria, the Cathedral, the Ponte Vecchio, the San Lorenzo as well as time spent out in the Tuscan countryside.

Apart from fashion, we wandered the Via Maggio and Via de' Fossi exploring the up-market antique shops, and then to the covered Market of San Lorenzo and the Sant'Ambrogio Market to see the fresh in-season produce, the diversity of local oils, pastas, butcher shops and more.

We ate our way through the Via Tornabuoni sampling the tasty truffle sandwiches and the Cantinetta da Verrazzano, for their pastries and biscuits. Wine shops were everywhere and provided another distraction for us.

The highlight came on our second to last night in Florence.

We had dined well in the Hotel's excellent restaurant and at the Alla Vecchia Bettola for lunch, a fun place with loads of character in the dark wooded, white marbled atmosphere, enjoying their lamb and rabbit.

We had also dined well at La Cucina del Garga with their charming chef and his wife, a displaced English woman, with their traditional Tuscan cuisine using the fresh local vegetables and herbs and oils. His work was like one of the great local artists, their vibrant, intense paintings adorning the walls of the dining room.

The treat though was dinner at Arnolfo, a two stars Michelin restaurant in La Colle di Val d'Elsa, south-west of the hotel. This had been recommended to Saffi over the three stars Enoteca Pinchiorri in Firenze, as it reflected more the high-end of Tuscan cuisine, and was worth the travel.

Two brothers, Gaetano, the chef, and Giovanni, front of house, owned it.

I was still trying to get used to wearing lingerie and, at Saffi's insistence, we wore matching black corsets that she had packed away for me, my corset supported my breasts but let my ringed nipples remain free with their rings in.

I attached my pearl chains to my pussy rings for Saffi. Over them went the matching tanga and Saffi said I ought to wear a new three-quarter, shimmering Dolce and Gabbana purple dress, with thin straps.

Underneath new black stockings and strappy heels.

Saffi suggested I wear my black Hermes watch, a treat from having been denied wearing a timepiece in Doha, my diamond necklace from the Sheikas along with my indenture necklace, my ankle bracelet from her, my Paris ring and diamond

ear-rings.

Saffi wore an Armani black belted two-thirds crepe dress with a crew line and seamed A-line. She wore pearls, diamond earrings and the ring that I gave her along with a second family ring on the other hand.

This was dressing up, and fun to do so after all the time in Qatar. Our perfume was Fendi.

Saffi had brought me a Burberry coat that I had and she too was attired, as the weather was nippy outside. The hotel laid on a car to take us the sixty kilometres or so to the restaurant.

The concierge had managed to get us a nice table in the restaurant, saying that at this time of year locals were more prevalent and, hence, more colour in terms of the atmosphere.

The restaurant was starkly presented, off-white walls with white ceilings, frosted and plain glass tulip chandeliers, a red patterned carpet, modern paintings, an old antique mirror, the occasional Italian style modern urn with reeds in, along with white starched and pressed linens tables. Candles and a small floral centre-piece gave the colour to the table.

The food was, simply, amazing.

We began with Goose Livers with red onions, spices and cherries plus some

wonderful local Veal, Panzanella and vegetables. This was followed by sumptuous homemade pasta, Spaghetti alla chitarra with Courgettes flowers, Squid and Red Prawns, and a lovely Lasagnetta with a mixture of Scampi, Red Mullet, Potatoes, and Saffron.

Both of us shared Roast Pigeon and Goose in Autumn Berries, and a fabulous Roast Swordfish with red peppers and tomatoes, and then what I had been waiting for, a selection of Tuscan sheep's-milk and goat's milk cheeses.

In fact, I admit to binging out on the local cheeses having been largely deprived of it, along with wine, for so long.

Talking of wine, we found a lovely local Vernaccia di San Gimignano, almost sauvignon blanc-like with its crisp acidity and a slightly bitter finish.

For a red wine we took a very local Chianti Classico Riserva Monsanto Il Poggio, 1985, a true Tuscan wine with its pure, elegant, delicate structure and so full of fruit, yet so deep and mature, a great expression of the terroir.

As to desserts we had a selection of zuccotto – a Tuscan semifreddo, chocolate sorbet, mille-feuille of wild berries and a vanilla bourbon cake, washed down with a Venetian, Torcolato Fermino Miotti.

Our conversation was general, mainly about Christmas plans, where to be and how long, the division of time between Woodstock and Garrison, that sort of thing/

As we got to the end of dessert and waiting for coffee, Saffi said that she had had a message from Hamad and that he and the Sheikas were in accord to the possibility of Pari and Ayishah trialling in the States, if we could secure the appropriate entry and work permits.

But that was not all.

The Sheikh had also agreed that I could enter an agreement, completely at Saffi's control, to have Minnah domme me as her personal sub.

“This brings me onto one more thing, Clare, and that is us.”

I wasn't sure about this one given the gravitas of her voice as she took my hand.

“Now we can't marry as of yet, even though the subject of gay marriage rights are beginning to gather steam but I have discovered one very interesting thing. As you know Per has a Danish heritage and holds both passports. Therefore, as his direct descendant and second generation, I am entitled to Danish rights, so...”

At this point, she went into her handbag and pulled out a Danish passport.

I said:

“I am not sure where this is going, Saffi?”

So it covers civil rights and the rights of couple to register...”

She squeezed my hand and looked intensely at me, her eyes almost boring into me.

“Now I am not sure whether I should order you but on this one, I will ask you...”

Oh my goodness, what now? What did she have arranged or as a surprise? It was certainly serious.

“Will you be my partner for life and that we register effectively as a civil marriage in Denmark? We could even have a small service of blessing if you wish and I think we should.”

I almost did a double-take.

Shocked.

Stunned.

Especially after all my doubts about the resilience of our relationship when we were apart from each other in Qatar.

Quickly though, my senses came together.

“Saffi, you know my answer already and that is one decision that I can make quickly, very quickly, a resounding, yes I will.”

She leaned over and kissed me, full on, right there in the restaurant.

“Just one thing, this is not about any legal aspect as to something happening to one of us; that can be addressed by the lawyers, partnership or not.”

She placed a hand over mine, gazing into my eyes, making sure her point had registered with me before continuing:

“It is all about my love for you, Clare.”

My response was instant:

“As it is for me, Saffi. I love you so much.”

End of Volume-Six

(Volumes seven-&-eight to follow shortly)