



THE GIRLFRIEND

An Exotic Work of Transgendered Fiction

Volume Two

By

Clare Penne

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ISBN: 978-1-4583-3005-5

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Volume Two



The Story to Date:

This book is very much an autobiography of my life to date as a transsexual who happens to also be submissive and now in a long-term relationship with a woman, the two of us being seen and living as lesbians. Essentially Volume 1 comprises of two halves, the first part being my life as a youngster and up to my mid-teen years and my introduction to male-to-male sex if it can be called that as, when I was at boarding-school in Shrewsbury, my music teacher, one Ed Morrison, would have me dress up in girls' clothing, 'lock, stock and barrel' when it came to lingerie and outer-wear, largely with clothing from his daughter's past collection.

However, the first part begins with life at home, Tarporley in Cheshire being my base, and then on to prep-school where my introduction to gay sex, or any sexual experience come to think of it, happening at an early age starting with one of my peers but also involving an incident with the second master which, no pun intended, probably aroused my interest in sex with older men and women..

The second half, actually two-thirds of the book, covers my early times with a young woman called Debbie Latymer – with whom I am still with in this book. We had been holiday friends in St. Ives when younger, a group of us coming together, the commonality in that our parents owned apartments in two luxury blocks that fronted onto Porthmeor Beach, the one that the Tate Gallery down there overlooks.

I had sat my A-levels at a relatively young age and took a gap year before taking up further education in London and I was down for a few days break staying in our family flat when this rather attractive young woman approached me one afternoon when on the beach. It turned out to be Debbie and the fuse between us

was lit there and then.

Debbie was a little older than me and the rest of the gang by nearly two years, but still mucked around with us. I think that this was because there weren't too many kids of her age, a low want to see teenage boys and also that she got on with us, one commonality between us all being that, in true St. Ives tradition, we enjoyed sketching and painting the old streets and alleyways in the town. With this as a base, she found the group easy to converse and mingle with, Debbie being very bright intellectually and ahead of her years, this also having led to some unwanted ostracisation at her school and now university.

I could well sympathise with her over this but I too was also bright – mainly the arts subjects including art itself but what was the real driver in my life was that I was musically gifted. In fact, I had qualified for a place at the Royal Academy of Music in London, located close to Regent's Park and would be taking up a place after the summer, my time in between school and this degree course being occupied by three main things.

Firstly, I was living in Manchester at the Royal Northern College of Music and helping out with all sorts of tutorials and coaching, my piano playing that advanced.

Secondly, my father had been able to get me a laboratory analytical job that paid good money and this provided me with the funds to live on. This was 'mornings-only' because of the demands on my eyes – but I valued it as working with the team there was a good realistic balance to 'life outside music.'

Thirdly, towards the end of the 'Gap,' I was invited by the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra to perform live on stage with them, a rendition of Rachmaninoff's Third, a concerto that usually puts the fear of God into concert

pianists because of the physical pyrotechnics needed to play it and the amount of emotion that can be spent, this opportunity being a huge honour and to help me catapult on to greater things musically.

I should also add that physically I was small – except for my fingers.

My hands weren't that large but my fingers were long and elegant and I had the span to cover the octaves required. I also had the advantage of ease in sight-reading and an instant-recall memory when it came to absorbing the scores. Perhaps this was how my mathematical side of the brain came out in me, rather than the pure maths that the rest of the family, a much older brother, two elder sisters and a younger one pursued, not that I was a complete chump at it when it came to maths in the schoolroom.

Not only was I small but I had a condition called 'IGD' that I had to live with. IGD stands for 'Isolated Gonadotropin Deficiency,' a condition where, apparently, I had a lifelong low level of the two main puberty hormones, the 'Lutenizing Hormone' known as 'LH' and the 'Follicle-Stimulating Hormone,' 'FSH.' In short, I had a repressed puberty condition – my masculinity hadn't come through that much and it was still persistent when I met Debbie.

The cure for it, for boys I hasten to add, would have involved entering a programme of frequent testosterone injections to induce puberty and the medics ideally like to tackle this when a patient is in their twenties to give the body a chance naturally to induce change, allowing for the mental side of the equation as many sufferers can have psychological issue over this. By the way, it can also affect girls too – and oestrogen becomes the catalyst used.

The long and short of it is that I gradually discovered that Debbie wanted her partner to be either female or a very feminine male – and I turned out to be ideal material for her to work with.

Obviously my previous dalliances with Ed helped me with this but, in essence, Debbie put me onto a challenging programme of dressing when I was with her along with, firstly, having to be fitted with silicone-falsies that self-attach on my chest, secondly being fitted for dresses and lingerie and, thirdly, a little later, having my first consultancy with one Doctor Katie Maddox as to transformation and, in particular, going on to a hormone programme.

With all this dressing and now being in lingerie, along with a rather defining event when we both cross-dressed for a fancy-dress party at the Ethiopian Embassy, it had dawned on me that I wanted and should make the cross-over. As to my IGD, Doctor Katie agreed in that initiating puberty through my female side, what with the elevated oestrogen levels that I naturally had in me stood more chance of success than going onto the testosterone route.

The first volume describes all of this in some depth – along with Debbie's want to dominate me, playing off my own fetishes, one for 'women's natural scent' by the way, and that I should be in a position to worship her. Indeed, she saw me as a future wife alongside where my music took me but able to move with her as she looked to advance her own career on the fringes of international politics, a career that her father had successfully pursued, working around the world with a lot of time spent in New York but their family residence in Wimbledon.

Talking of fathers, this brings me onto our respective families and how we were going to tell them that we would be living together in Debbie's house in Bloomsbury, near to London University where she was studying and then that I was to be undergoing a sex transformation and, by the time that we did tell them, that I was taking in oestrogen to begin my male-to-female journey both physically and mentally.

The occasion for this worked out to be a treat as we decided to tell my family the

day after my performance at the Philharmonic Hall in Hope Street in Liverpool – and then discovered that Debbie’s parents were attending so it became the proverbial ‘two birds with one stone’ as to the ‘great revealing’, held on the back of all the family celebrations at our Tarporley home after the ‘night before.’ Then there was the following night when I dressed up to show off just how feminine I could be and to help justify the reasons for this transformation.

So this book looks to take things forward and is a continuation of our ‘history’ and development together, starting from when I arrived full-time to live in the Duke’s Road house with Debbie and to take up my place at the Royal Academy – as a woman, by the way, as I had already tackled the issue of whether they would take me aboard as a woman, something that they acceded to. My performance in Liverpool, as such, was to be my last public outing in men’s evening wear and, from now on, it would be in evening dresses.

Oh, by the way, I had better introduce myself to you – Thea as in ‘Timothea’ Alexa Spencer Latymer, née Timothy Alex Spencer Trevanyon – and I am still of my maiden name at the start of this volume.

London Calls – Early Days

Organised chaos it was, the move to London that is. I guess most moves do involve a measure of disorder, pure bedlam and, at times, panic along the lines of ‘Have I packed this?’ or ‘Where have I put that?’

After my debut with the Liverpool Philharmonic and then coming out to both my family and Debbie’s parent about my transformation, I went back to Manchester and the Royal Northern College of Music – and to a fair amount of congratulations, back-slapping and the rest from their staff to the students.

I wasn’t going to be there long as my move was now imminent but I did want to say farewell to folk there and over at the lab that I had been working in. I even got a ‘farewell’ cheque from the company and a little get-together to celebrate my assistance and the success of my concert, some of them having come across to Liverpool.

The person that meant the most to me was Helen Krizos who had so brilliantly mentored and coached me and, in many ways, was a huge part of the success that I had achieved, not least in helping me to extract emotion out of ‘The Third.’ We promised to remain in touch with her – and I also owed the College at large a debt for their accommodation and support, never mind their friendship and companionship.

The packing of my quarters in Manchester wasn’t too difficult and we were able to move my possessions quite easily in the parental estate car, or station-wagons as our American cousins call them. My bedroom and chattels around the house was another matter and what was organised was for a van delivery down to

London. Meanwhile I would travel down to the ‘Big Smoke’ by train.

The better part of a week in Tarporley was also taken up with, firstly, shopping.

On my first night back, my father announced over supper that he was arranging a transfer of fifteen hundred pounds to my account, the purpose of which was to help fund my wardrobe. My mother said that she would take me on a shopping expedition – so we ended up back on the edge of Manchester at the Old Trafford Centre, Selfridges being our main target. Then, later on, we came back via Alderley Edge, this being where my younger sister, Annie, often shopped but she had more of a taste for vintage clothing.

We stocked up on a reasonable amount of lingerie, a couple of nighties, blouses and skirts and two jackets, essentially all with the view for wearing in college as in day-to-day.

There was one more addition and this was a present from my mother, an evening dress for any concert performance that was to come my way, my mother wanting to be the first person to have me dressed for this event – even though there was nothing on my schedule yet.

What I ended up with was quite surprising, a ‘Seafolly’ ruched cotton-cloth maxi-dress that just slipped on, double shoulder-straps to it as well as a drawstring neckline, the dress with an underlining and then near-shimmering layers that gave it a sense of femininity and floating. It was ideal for playing in being lightweight and my arms would be nice and free – and also cool as in playing at the Philharmonic had been a warm experience under their spotlights, never mind the physicality needed for that music, the Rachmaninoff Third, particularly during the second half of the concerto. Unfortunately for that concert, I had been in male evening-wear and I won’t go into the amount of perspiration that I shed.

The colour of the dress was a pale moss-green.

I called Debbie with the news of this shopping-trip and then the outcome, also mentioning that my father had funded it but my mother had also chipped in with a 'concert' evening-dress. She was thrilled with this news and, as she said, it certainly marked an acceptance of my change of sex by my parents. What would they say if and when it came to final surgery though?

We had a good supper out for my 'penultimate' night at home, a meal at a local hostelry as in 'The Fox & Barrel' at Cotebrook. As we joked, there must have been a penultimate supper if there had been a 'Last Supper.'

It turned out to be a good meal with some interesting dishes such as Chorizo and Squid risotto with a squid ink tuile or their Stone-bass with prawn ravioli that was served with braised fennel and a shellfish sauce. However, without coming across as ungrateful, anything but, my thoughts were on being with Debbie - and Il Baretto would be my choice of restaurant for us to eat in what with its so tasty and well-presented Italian food there in the depths of Marylebone.

The final day saw the packing of the van, my bedroom looking rather denuded by the time that we had sent the van on its way and taken a trip to the local charity shop with my excess clothes and books, a second run to the waste centre on the edge of the village. One more night and I would be on my way – this was rather exciting. I was leaving home and shedding my youth and, superficially, I was now a woman.

We had supper at home, a homemade chicken and leek pie with a very two very good Burgundy wines from the same St. Morey-Denis vineyard, 'Domaine Arlaud,' that offered both white and red wines and at reasonable prices according to my father.

I slept reasonably well but needed to be up for final packing and to shower, make-up and dress – what a thrill it was to be doing this and I don't necessarily mean sexually either. Here I was, once again, thoughts about having been born and reared as a boy in this house that had been 'home' and now I was leaving dressed as a girl. Good memories yes – but this was all about looking forward and into the future.

A quick coffee and a bowl of cereal and we left for Crewe railway station so as to catch the nine-forty-five train to Euston, a bit of a scramble even though

Tarporley to the station is only a distance of sixteen miles. The reason for the relatively early departure was so as to be at Debbie's for the incoming van, their estimate for arrival being for after lunch around two o'clock in the afternoon.

We made it and there was just enough time for my mother to have a little sob as her son-daughter was leaving to take up the next phase of his-her life and to live with his-her girlfriend.

Kisses all around and they did ask me to pass on their love to Debbie. From what had been said, they would be down in London in early November for a jewellery exhibition and trade event to be held at the ExCel Centre in East London.

At least this gave me time to settle in to my work and music, never mind living with Debbie and 'serving' her as best I could.

London was two and a half hours away, time for some reading and more coffee and lots of room as my parents had managed to find a discounted first class ticket – now what a way to go up to University!

As was our usual practice, I gave Debbie a call when we were pulling into Euston station so as to give her a heads-up that I would be shortly arriving, the walk from the platform gate to her Georgian house on Duke's Road less than five minutes, the only tricky thing being to cross the main road, Euston Road, that connects Paddington and King's Cross, with all my luggage.

We sat outside the station for five minutes or so and then crept in, the brakes coming on and that rather acrid smell that gets emitted filling my nose. Oh well, I would soon be enjoying the lovely and intense scent of Debbie's pussy, either directly so or veiled in her panties as had been her want since the early days of our relationship.

Coming down the platform to the exit gate, imagine my surprise when I saw Debbie standing there and waiting for me.

"Hi you – I thought that you may need some help unless you plan on nicking and pushing a trolley across Euston Road. Anyway, I wanted to welcome you to London – not that I have put out any bunting or anything like that though we may have a glass of champagne later."

We kissed, nothing too intense at this time as we were in public. A good, intense

kissing could wait for later but I did think, ‘My goodness – what would be said if Debbie ordered me to drop to my knees and have her put her skirt over my head and shoulders so that I took in the damp scent emanating from within her panties’ and ‘what colour would she be wearing today?’

“I haven’t got too much here – however, the van is another matter. You’ll probably shoot me as to my clothing and bits and pieces.”

“As to clothing, along it’s female, I’m okay. I’ve cleared space for you in our bedroom.”

“Thank you.”

“So, has all your male underwear and things like your boy-pyjamas gone?”

“Yes – to the tip as I couldn’t exactly give them to the local charity shop, though the local hospital could have benefitted perhaps. It’s all panties, bras, corsetry and stockings from now on and then there’s there are the nighties and the rest and I’ve quite a collection already taking into that shopping trip with my mother. Quite enlightening it was too.”

“As you said on the phone – think about what Annie would have made you buy – her choices may have been more outrageous perhaps – leather G-strings and suspender belts?”

“You are probably right.”

We made our way across and down Euston Road towards the Premier Inn, Duke’s Road coming off the south side and Debbie’s house set back and in a lovely row of old houses of a similar age. He had been incredibly lucky to have inherited this from her childless and spinster Aunt along with money not only to fund improvement and updating but also comfortably support her through her University days and beyond – my transformation included.

Debbie described this latter spend as ‘an investment in both our futures.’

Once inside the front door and before we went upstairs or down the corridor to the kitchen, we seriously kissed – no worship though as this would come later. Now it was all about the practicalities of moving in.

“Let’s get your cases upstairs and at least the major things split between what stays in the bedroom and what goes downstairs – I’ve cleared space all around, shelving included, so that we have a study together and, upstairs in the sitting room, there’s more space for you as to all your scores and what you need for practice. By the way, I have had the piano fine-tuned. It may not be concert-level but it’s now pretty good.”

Thank you, Debbie, I could have done this but it’s one less job and I love you for what you have done to accept me in your home.”

“Our home...”

“Oops, I stand corrected – sorry.”

Indeed, the piano was beautifully tuned and possibly better than what I could have done, the Bechstein now able to ‘sing’ properly. And I really did appreciate what Debbie had done to accommodate me, particularly when it came to when we had the van come up the street to unload my contents.

Before the van arrived, we had time for a nice chicken salad and even a glass of a Viognier wine – and a little more kissing - long that this may last.

I was still as much in love with Debbie as at any point and, even though I often shook my head in disbelief, it was amazing to how much we were in cahoots together, maybe even a case of one plus one equals three given how we seemed to spark with others present, such as our families on both sides.

My concert in Liverpool and the resulting aftermath had been proof of this, a welcome acceptance and encouragement by both sides of what we were once that they were aware of what had been going on. However off-beat that it may seem as in being what was quintessentially a quasi-lesbian affair but with role-reversal spliced into our relationship as well, their support was deeply appreciated by both of us and it had helped to bring us even closer.

Time just allowed us to make a coffee before the van arrived at the front door, coffee for the driver and his mate – and then the question of getting it unloaded and into the right room took over, Debbie directing operations by allocating the boxes between the main bedroom, the sitting room and towards the downstairs study – a couple for the kitchen as well, some of my favourite kitchen accessories like a ‘Moulin’ and a ‘Cuisinart’ mixing wand coming with me to

help beef up our cooking equipment.

Yes, I was still a ‘late’ teenager who already owned a few kitchen accessories such as these smaller items, a set of Sabatier knives too – at least it had given my family more choice for Christmas or birthday presents.

We began the unpacking and worked together, books and then musical scores first in the study and the sitting-room. From this, it was on to the largesse of the boxes in tackling my clothing and getting this hung up or put away in the walk-in closets, a lingerie-fest that this became as Debbie inspected what I had brought down with me including all my recent purchases.

“Do you know something, Thea – I think that you have a far more girly collection than I do. In fact, I’m going to pass you over some of my lacier wear and concentrate my lingerie on plainer things, panties without frills, bras that compress me in to flatten my chest a little, corsetry if it does this too and pyjamas for bed rather than nighties. Those are more for you to wear so I can feel you in them in the middle of the night.”

“What about your outer clothing then?”

“A similar approach but not all the time though my wear is probably more tailored than your style. Pants yes, as I want to wear my packer-cocks more. Anyway, have your brought down that evening dress that your mother bought for you? I’m interested to see it after you told me about it on the phone – and you didn’t send me a photo of it.”

“Sorry, my fault but it’s only been a couple of days. Anyway, it needs to come out and be hung up, doesn’t it?”

I opened up the clothing-box that I thought it was in, peeling back the tape with a knife and there she was, hanging up on the temporary rail and in one of those protective jackets. I pulled it out for Debbie to see it and hung it up against me.

“It is rather beautiful, Thea, and it’ll look good on you. It’s rather clever too as you can dress formally in it or it could work for a lesser occasion such as an embassy do or one of my parents’ evening functions at home. Talking of that, they’re having one this weekend and are hoping that we are coming along.”

“Well my diary isn’t exactly full – yet.”

“We can stay the night too.”

“That will be fun. I guess that I could get a feel of what is to wear it if I am let loose on your family piano.”

“That’s true.”

We carried on working for the rest of the afternoon with just a break for tea. By six o’clock, we had broken the back of it and the ‘affected’ rooms look like that they had hardly been disturbed. The only evidence was a small mountain of broken-down cardboard piled up near the front door.

A shower was the reward for our efforts and a chance to soap each other up and for me to use my tongue to clean Debbie’s vaginal area, my first worship of the day and my new life in living with her. Debbie’s familiar taste and aroma

quickly filled my mouth and nose and it was good to be back where I belonged, between her thighs, taking her in and ready for submission to my Dominant.

We didn't end up in bed though – Debbie suggesting that we go out for supper to celebrate my arrival and the two of us living together. There was only once choice and that was a little expedition to Il Baretto.

Debbie put on a plain black bra and panties whereas she had me dress in white Chantelle lingerie complete with tan stockings and then on went a 'Peruvian Connection' 'Amalfi' dress that was ideal for late summer, the dress rather sublime as to its simplicity, a faux-wrap design with what I describe as a sultry crossover v-neck, the knit being a lovely pima and bamboo viscose.

We partnered it with tan shoes – and a little silver from both Debbie's and my jewellery collection, mine rather limited in size and variety at this point of time.

A little discussion and we caught a taxi down to Blandford Street, this part of the west to east cut through between Marylebone High and Baker Streets.

It was good to be back in this eatery with its 'cool' interior, no change having been made to the white and duck-egg blue walls, the expanses of wood floors, dark tables and leather chairs and padded banquettes that had been carefully put together. Other than the Italian and Union Jack flags, this restaurant always seemed to be more French than Italian in nature.

This time, the owner, Angelo, greeted both of us in true Italian custom before showing us to the table downstairs that we had sat at previously, Debbie and him gabbling away in fluent Italian at a hundred kilometres an hour as we walked

across. The fact that she could speak it with ease was something that Angelo appreciated and why he ensured that we were well-looked after.

The food was as good as ever, some wonderful tagliolini pasta with lobster, tomatoes, sweet chilli, garlic and a white wine sauce emerging from the kitchen to come our way and this after a divine starter of burrata that had been amply truffled. Then we had to add an Insalata Verde and the red wine, a Barolo Essenze Vite Colte that had been recommended by Angelo. Finally of course, there was the question of the dessert, both of us unable to resist their Tiramisù served in a cup.

Dinner allowed us to relax after the day's 'exercise' and we reminisced about the aftermath of Tarporley and how the family had taken to our new as well as my brief time back in Manchester, more a 'farewell for now' rather than work – and my 'fame' had taken a big step up, not least the Manchester Evening News and the Gazette having picked up on reviews of my performance.

I admitted that it was all rather odd to be reading articles about myself but it was actually slightly discomfoting as, in time, there was a risk of my privacy being eroded.

"Thea, it's something that you'll have to live with and maybe the issue of your transgenderism may come to the fore as well – just to warn you and forewarned is forearmed."

"I guess so." "Talking of this, Katie Maddox has been in touch and is suggesting that you should drop in and see her for your first check-up and before you enrol at the Academy as your time may be a little more limited once the course gets under way. While we are at it, we could visit a lawyer as well and I've contacted the name that she gave me, this Bryony Trott, who specialises in women's issues

apparently – including transgender women like you. So we have two appointments set up for the two days' time, then the day after I've got you booked in for a ballet class to help you with dexterity and female poise – now, have you purchased a leotard by any chance – and ballet flats?"

"No – I would need to buy these."

"We'll go down to Covent Garden tomorrow – there are at least six specialist dance shops in the area, Drury Lane and the Royal Opera House probably being common denominator. Do you know, I'm looking forward to seeing you in a leotard and I may want to take you in one – just a little kinky thought?"

"You are inscrutable at times, especially when it comes to sex."

"Well we have to keep you toned and in good shape for being able to play the piano, particularly if you have to play 'The Third' again – how difficult is the Fourth by the way?"

I laughed, "Hard enough but very different to 'The Third' in the sense that it is lighter but more oblique in nature, more subtlety to it – that doesn't translate to simplicity through. There are more than enough piano runs and cadenzas to it as to a lifetime's worth and there's quite an unusual chromaticism and even a jazzy feel to the music, Rachmaninoff having worked on it in New York where, apparently, he loved big band jazz."

"God, Thea, do you have an encyclopaedic memory when it comes to music? I'm not sure who is going to be teaching who at the Academy."

“There’s plenty that I have to learn and practice. If I ever get big-headed about it, tell me or take me out and shoot me.”

“Or I could fuck you in a bondage session?”

“That will do. By the way did you buy that stool?”

“Yes, it’s being made as we speak.”

We walked back to Duke’s Road from Il Baretto, the evening quite pleasant to do so, crossing over Manchester Street, rather ironic that this was being where I had been just a few days before. It took us some thirty minutes to cover the distance, so about two miles.

It was a question of kick off the shoes and relax in the sofa next to the kitchen, two very long balloon glasses of Cointreau on ice rather than a more conventional post-dinner liqueur such as a Cognac or an Armagnac Debbie’s bar as complete as my father’s, a lot of the stock having come from her Aunt who had left quite a cave of wine and harder booze downstairs.

Two ‘orangey’ flavoured sets of lips soon engaged and now Debbie was French kissing me, her tongue probing deep into my mouth. It didn’t take long for Debbie to open her legs sitting there deep in the sofa and for me to be on my knees and giving her the oral worship that she was seeking – and how good was it that we could now practice this when we wanted to rather than sporadically what with our visits to each other.

Her scent was as magnetic as ever, so rich and lush as it filled my nose, my mouth taking in the dampness of her cream panties, plain ones that had a slight satin feel to them – and a thick cotton gusset that really picked up the contents of her cunt and her other ‘drippy fluids’ that, to me, were equally as attractive and to enjoy, such a variety of flavours and aromas on offer.

I guess that I threw myself into this task. Literally, nothing mattered other than pleasing Debby. What was it that she had said early on in our relationship in that I would become increasingly focused on serving her, pleasing her and eventually becoming her wife, the word ‘husband’ never used?

It was true and, being here in London, I could devote myself to this now. Okay, she had given some leeway to my music as well.

One thing that I did know was that, in time, I offered her the flexibility of being able to follow her around to where she chose to work, in whatever country. This had proven to be a little difficult for her parents but if I genuinely did become a performing concerto pianist, as long as there was a decent airport to be able to fly in and out of, I would be able to do this.

I suppose that I spent nearly thirty minutes working up and down her panties, neither of us making any effort to take them off, the gusset becoming wetter by the passing minutes – thank goodness that the seat-cushions were made of leather.

I was thoroughly enjoying this and, from the sounds filling the room, so was Debbie. Two mini-orgasms came through fairly close to each other, the second being the stronger one what with Debbie’s hips and bottom lifting upwards to ‘manage’ the climax coming through.

The moment came and Debbie suggested that we went upstairs as she wanted to make love to me, to assail my boy-cunt with her Feeldoe replica so that she would feel the vibrations coming through to her vagina from being inside me – and my prostate would come under pressure perhaps to initiate a ‘milking’ and a more feminine orgasm in my mind.

Even though it hadn’t been that long since Debbie had taken me, I loved the moment – in my lingerie, my false breasts pushing down into the bed, my bottom up and my Chantelle panties pulled down to expose my bottom and my naked boy-cunt.

Maybe I should remind the readers that my IBG condition had left me denuded of any pubic hair in my sex area and one other consequence being that my ‘male-equipment’ was really quite small, any sex where I would make love to Debbie done with me wearing a penile extension to give her the length and girth that she needed, actions perhaps closer to being lesbian in nature.

Indeed, we called my penis a ‘cockette’ from time to time but, more usually it was my ‘clitoris.’ As to my testicles, they were my labia, the reason for this being, as I understood it, where my future labia if I went in for surgery would originate from.

And, as to my hair, a friend of Debbie’s had waxed me not that long ago to remove those fine body-strands that can hardly be seen. The feeling of being totally naked had been so dramatic particularly in having stockings on, just such a sense of smoothness coming through,

Anyway, now I was on the bed and on my front, bottom up and supported from

underneath by a couple of pillows under my tummy – and I was spread-eagled, Debbie having used her cuffs on chains and put them on my wrists and ankles, my ‘identity’ ankle-bracelet that she had given me still on and riding above my left cuff.

I was now totally in her hands in being vulnerable to what she wanted.

It turned out to be a simple but much-needed fuck.

I felt her climb onto the bed and come up over me, her penis appearing between my bottom-cheeks, so hard and ready, a little lubricant needed to help it into me. It wasn't as if my protective sphincter muscles didn't know what was coming – after all how many folk of my age had been taken so many times down there – probably in the hundreds of times given not only Debbie but when Ed and his friends, Marcus and Jenny had fucked me.

A little lubricant was more of consideration to allow the ease of gliding in and out so that Debbie could get at my prostate and really get the feel of what it was like to fuck me, possibly a tighter feeling than fucking a real girlfriend, one such as my predecessor, Alice.

She carefully guided her penis home, that delicious moment and sensation when she came to penetrate me, a feeling that I have always loved – anal sex or otherwise.

Once in, Debbie began her take, the feeling of that cock of hers sliding in and out of me totally divine and sending me off to another world, one that I wanted to live in – to be permanently filled like this by her. Now that would be

something else.

Forget being a future musical virtuoso to become a sex-slave to this woman, my orifices, my body and mind belonging to Debbie.

This may sound mad but, at the moment and, indeed on a very frequent basis, this was how I felt. A concert pianist of international note or a sex-slave and Debbie's housewife?

I could easily decide on the latter, such sex moments underpinning this. However when it came to realism, maybe no, but perhaps this already was halfway there and my issue was to bring both together and to our mutual benefit. Debbie knew that as well

I tried to lift my bottom upwards but a combination of Debbie's weight over me and that I was stretched out with her bondage, I couldn't and neither could I arch my back to add to this sense of ecstasy that was coursing through me. Indeed Debbie was pressing me down not only with her body but her right hand was pushing my head into the pillow beneath, as if I was her bitch dog and that I had to learn to feel my master control me.

This was raw sex and, my goodness, was it having its effect on me, making me give myself in my entirety to this alpha-woman of mine, a young lady that I could call my girlfriend, partner or Dominant. Things went white on me, intensely so, as if I had been pushed out into an intense snowstorm and almost to the point of a complete white-out – and I felt myself beginning to pump away.

In short, I was being milked and a little surge went through me, more akin to a male ejaculation and it came through towards the end of my orgasm and, only then, did the whiteness begin to lift, the snowy veil over me slowly abating to

leave me exhausted but still there and bound in those bondage chains of Debbie's.

I was spent but Debbie wasn't finished. Releasing me from my bonds, she had me roll over so that I was on my back and I was prepped for receiving the extension on my cockette, the only way that I could get the size and girth that she wanted but, ultimately, it gave the impression that I was a female.

To begin with, Debbie moved into a face-sitting position to make me pay the necessary homage on her perineum area between her two love-orifices as she 'toyed' with me, her fingers playing with my clitoris and keeping it hard, as hard as it had ever been.

Over my lower body went the harness with its attachment-ring fitted to take the extension that she wanted me to wear, a black one with good ridging to it to help her feel me as she rode it. My cock, if I could ever call it this, was now swallowed up inside and helping to act as an anchor.

Debbie mounted me slowly, a gradual lowering onto the penis rather than immediately taking it all in, the sight of the insertion rather an erotic event to watch as she was facing me, her breasts and clitoris fully exposed and her face too.

Gradually she became increasing redder, not only her face but around her chest and her mons too, either side of the little strip of pubic hair, a narrow runway, that she had left, Rebecca having removed the rest, which I appreciated as it made it easier to give her oral pleasure around her labia and clitoral hood – and for her cream to flow.

She moved up and down on the black cock, a slow rate to begin with but

gradually interesting, her bottom and thighs on the move and this giving me a clear view of how her pussy-lips, those around the entrance to her cunt, folded in and out - and a delicious sight that this proved to be, more cum beginning to appear as her excitement stepped up.

Her orgasm came across as being near-cataclysmic as she really juddered as it went through her, quite a stream of cum emerging and running and dripping down the shaft to fall over my crotch and down into the damp spot that I had created earlier – my task, if it can be called that, to sleep over it.

There would be no way that I could sleep in the gorgeous slip that Debbie had bought me in Tarporley before we were chauffeured up to Liverpool, not only a slip-cum-nightie but with a matching kimono for a robe.

Debbie grunted and all but collapsed downwards on to me, the two of us kissing. “Think, Thea, we can now do this most nights now, even when I have my periods. I’ll warn you now that I get quite turned on when they have their time with me.”

We half-cleaned up, straightened the king-sized bed and fell into it, a final cuddle and kiss – and sleep wasn’t that far off. My first evening in London and I could have slept for the proverbial ‘England.’

I was up early and went to make us some fresh coffee to kick-start the day, my betting that it would begin with an oral ‘wake-up’ call when I went back upstairs. I took a little time to sort out some of my musical scores, the coffee machine now heated up and ready to deliver a couple of espressos to make a good Americano and then it was time to take them upstairs to wake up my sleeping beauty in the manner that she enjoyed.

Sure enough, I ended up under the duvet and nestled up close to my morning altar, my tongue there to enjoy Debbie's overnight taste, that little stronger than it was.

Some more tidying-up after breakfast and Debbie was true to her word, we went shopping in the Covent Garden area and ended up in 'Capezio' in Endell Street and 'Dancia,' a specialist dance shop right in the middle of Drury Lane.

Two shops and two Lycra leotards, one a pale blue and with double shoulder-straps that crossed over in the middle of my back and the second one, a very attractive 'Luna Leo' leotard in black with a hint of cutaways on my sides and the valley between my future breasts – and a high neckline, one that proved to be quite 'snake-like' to put on, or should that be skin-tight.

Throw in two ballet shoes both in 'ballet pink,' one in canvas and the other made from a leather, satin and Lycra along with four pairs of tights and a practice tutu, we were done and I was equipped, my ballet school to be the Pineapple Dance studios with a course in basic ballet to begin with to refresh me in the basics, one Hannah to be my teacher.

After all, I had had some exposure at school but it had been quite a while since I had been on a floor or up against a barre rail.

Debbie was most taken by the Luna Leo and after we had enjoyed some dim sum on the edge of Chinatown, in a new restaurant for me, the Baozi Inn in Romilly Street, close to Ronnie Scott's jazz club, I found out why.

As I discovered, Baozi is the term for steamed buns, particularly the pork barbecue ones - that were as they should be as in being soft and fluffy on the outside and gooey, sweet and warm on the inside – and very tasty indeed.

They also served up an interesting chilli pork steamed bun made of bright pink beetroot juice dough, which had just the right amount of heat, and the Chinese vegetable bun made of green spinach dough, which was a refreshing veggie option. Some light and crispy vegetable jiaozi, regular dumplings, dipped in salty soy sauce, also got our thumbs up.

It was a good restaurant to find and offered value, a restaurant to come back to in the evening as it had an unusual intimate atmosphere for a Chinese establishment and we could imagine having a nice romantic evening here.

I guess that it was inevitable that we ended up in bed, Debbie with her Feeldoe inserted in her and with me undressed but then with the Luna Leo leotard on, the Lycra gripping my skin from my chest down through to my sex area and bottom. Back onto my front and rear high in the air, Debbie took a lot of pleasure from pulling the Lycra aside and pushing into me, her fuck hard and firm for that is what it was, a good old-fashioned fuck and designed for her pleasure, my own being secondary.

I came out of this ‘veiled’ in her used panties – over my nose and head and a strong pair used as a gag, Debbie leaving me to think about her vagina and environs as well as her nipples for a good half hour, the first time that this had happened since I had arrived the day before. And then I had to lick her to another orgasm and take the resulting facial.

I ended up exhausted, perhaps the result of all of the activity and nervous energy of the past few days and topped off by our sex and I took a long afternoon nap,

part of the time cuddled into Debbie, refreshing that these zzzzs proved to be.

I also had to think about Doctor Katie Maddox as well – and then this meeting with the lawyer as to adjusting my papers.

A nice evening at ‘home’ as Duke’s Road was becoming where we had a simple pasta based around sautéing off a number of different types of mushroom including the hint of a little black truffle and a lovely Beaujolais wine from Fleurie to go with it, this ending up as a television supper with some quiz-shows on the box, and we relaxed, a long cuddle and spoon to go to sleep on.

Our appointment with Katie was set for eleven so we had plenty of time in the morning to finish off some tidying-up, housework and in placing a few of my nick-knacks and photos around the house before we dressed properly for going out.

Once again, we were back in the Wigmore Street area, not that far from one of our favourite lingerie stores in Selfridges, and more specifically, Welbeck Street – and, once again, we visited Gino’s Café for a coffee before we went in, partly in recognition of being here before the first visit to see Katie and as their offering was so good.

The visit to Doctor Katie Maddox seemed to go well even if it was what I described as being low-key. Over another coffee, the joke being that Debbie and I had read that three to four cups a day was good for lowering the risk of heart attacks and strokes.

We went through a number of questions as to my health, no change there and the same to whether I had noticed any changes in my body or in the way I was thinking – and I hadn’t, none at all.

To be fair to Katie, she did ask about what we had been up to and out came the story of my concert with Vasily Petrenko and the Liverpool Philharmonic and then followed by how we had told both families of my coming out and the move down to London – and then how I was looking forward for taking up my course at the Royal Academy of Music.

My guess, mentioned to Debbie, was that Katie was ‘testing’ my mental side and whether there were any undue issues or tension – and allowing for my IBG.

Naturally, off came my clothes and Katie had a feel around. Surprisingly, there was a twinge when Katie felt my breasts and not just because she was pinching my areola, the feeling more of a throb from within than the nip of her fingers.

She also commented that my areola had widened a little and, “Thea, I believe that things are on the move. If you find your nipples too painful, then take a low dosage of ibuprofen such as Neurofen or Advil. I would suggest making sure that your bra isn’t too tight and you can even use a little petroleum jelly to act as a barrier.”

After a feel around my cockette or clitoris, certainly the future nerve-centre for love, and my testicles, read labia from my scrotum, she took three mini-test-tubes of blood out of me for her analysis of my fundamental liver and kidney function along with cancer markers, my comment to her and Debbie, “I need a red wine to replace the Burgundy that Kate has taken. I can’t claim Bordeaux really other than the wine my father served us.”

Katie did take it as a joke, no warning comments about limiting our alcohol content. I was pleased that she wasn’t that uptight.

Overall, Katie was happy with my medical ‘profile,’ my hormone medication levels, Estradiol and Spironolactone, to continue on unless there was anything unusual in my results when they came back from the laboratory.

We were free again, release time as it felt – ‘Phew’, as such - “Another stage over, so now I guess we go and start the next on,” as I said to Debbie. “Correct,” being her response.

It turned out to be a very short walk up the street to what proved to be the offices of ‘Coulson, Stoppard, Troughtman & Foot LLP,’ perhaps all of fifteen houses, all of the same age as we had been in, their name presented in the form of a highly polished plaque on the right-hand side of the door, up a couple of steps from the pavement.

Now this was convenient.

I think it was Debbie who pressed the button, the door opening a few seconds later. Debbie introduced us to a rather surly receptionist, one of those women that one wonders manages to hold down what should be a sensitive and customer-facing role, particularly when it came to handling transgender customers.

However, Coulson, Stoppard, Troughtman & Foot handled more than just clients such as Debbie and me – this was understandable but we could say, ‘So what? After all, we could be your future customers.’

We ended up being shown through to a waiting room, somewhat of a similar size to Katie’s practice one but a little smarter. To me, it was a typical up-market

lawyer's establishment, the walls panelled, three rather run of the mill bronzes, lawyers magazines and a selection of the Financial Times and broadsheets.

A guide or pictures of the partners and associates may have been of use, as both of us had no real mental map of who we were meeting. We did have this rather stupid game of musing about people that we were going to meet or in building life-stories of folk around us, say sitting there in a café or restaurant.

Our thoughts here were that this Bryony Trott was probably a lot older than us and probably somewhere in the late thirties to early forties and with her youth waning.

She was probably work-driven – to be a partner of such a practice took enormous commitment. Debbie even suggested that she was a divorcee who had probably experienced her fair share of traumatic relationships and now clear in what she wanted from her support team and the business at large.

Imagine our surprise when the door opened and who proved to be Bryony came in.

Not only was she younger than we expected or she was youthful in her looks, low thirties we would guess but she was petite as I was and probably around a dress-size four and with a poitrine of 30 to 32A, maybe just a small B - but then her bra could have been padded.

She was a blonde, her hair shoulder-length. Her eyes were quite dark and she had a nose that was a little Roman in shape and offset by high cheek bones. Debbie and I commented afterwards that she had a resemblance to the actress Emilia Fox when younger but one who was ultra-slender and tiny.

Bryony was dressed as the archetypal lawyer, the black skirt, cream blouse and a rather nice string of pearls around her neck that she fidgeted with – her legal prayer beads perhaps.

“Debbie Latymer and Thea Trevanyon, I am presuming? I’m Bryony Trott.”

“This is Thea and thank you for your time. We were referred to you by Doctor Maddox down the street. We’ve just been over there for a check-up for Thea as to her hormone programme.”

“Katie – yes. How was she?”

“Fine I think – obviously she was in work mode.”

“Anyway, come this way and we’ll go up to my office and we’ll see what we can do for you. I do know it concerns Thea here and a possible sex-change registration.”

So upstairs we went to her office, the place a little bit of a rabbit warren just as it had been down the street – however her office was a lot more organised than I expected for a solicitor, not too many sheaves of casework on show, just a couple of manila folders on her antique partner’s desk and one of which was my ‘virgin’ file.

On the desk, there was a modern Italian desk lamp and three framed photographs, two of Bryony cuddled in with another woman and one a family

photo with younger folk, perhaps her siblings. My first thought was whether Bryony was a lesbian?

Bryony invited us to sit down in her modern black sofa and she began by offering us coffee or tea, something that we politely declined. “Now, Thea, I am presuming that this is about your transformation and in handling some of the legal issues that go with it. My para, who’ll you meet shortly, and I specialise in handling cases like yours and also in handling legal problems pertaining to women, all my clients being of female or transgender persuasion. We also handle not only investment and trusts between women but have a very successful syndicate of women as an investment group, one that has some serious high-rollers as members of it.”

Debbie responded, “Interesting but in currently being students, I don’t think that we are up there in the ether with the financial Gods quite yet, though I have had a fair inheritance. However, who knows as to the future as I am looking to go into NGO activities and Thea here is starting at the Royal Academy of Music next week and is hoping to become a world-class concerto pianist, so we could be nudging towards the wealth stratosphere down the line.”

“Interesting...” Bryony’s eyes had sparkled on hearing this – “Perhaps we could offer something in the course of time. However, to the now, I’m interested to hear about your experience to date, Thea, and then your history of moving from being a male towards becoming a female. I’m assuming as well that the two of you are, how should I say it, an item?”

“Yes, we are. That’s a little story in itself.”

“Well to put you at ease, my paralegal, Emily, and I live together and are partners – together as such, not both for the practice, not yet anyway.”

I think that we were in ‘explanation mode’ for about half an hour, telling Bryony of the background, my IGD and the reasons driving my want to change. She listened intently, notes made and some questioning for clarification’s sake but it was largely one way.

At the end of it, she concluded, “Well, what with your IGD heavily entwined with your reasons to have a sex-change, Thea, I believe that we can accelerate your case from a legal angle – and then we’ll take across all your identity to being female in status so, for example, you’ll see your new passport with the letter ‘F’ on it, your driving licence too and then, behind scenes, things like your bank accounts, HMRC, the local Council, the electoral roll and NHS records and anything else that you need change on. It’s really good and open-minded that the Royal Academy is enrolling you as a female student from day one – most enlightened and reasonable of them, I would say.”

“Yes, we thought that.”

“Essentially, you need to give me the details on all your accounts and ID and I’m going to be in contact with Katie as an affidavit from her as to your IGD and that you are of sound decision-making mind will help catalyse this and we can quickly take it forward.”

“Thank you.”

“One last thing, I can’t help but comment on how pretty and female you are already. I guess having this IGD condition has had one or two benefits as in the delay in puberty and aspects such as your voice having not dropped that much.”

“Yes, true.”

“It also helps that, by nature, Thea is on the submissive side and will actually listen to me and take action or guidance accordingly.”

“I thought or rather sensed that this was the dynamic between you. Suffice to say, I have a similar relationship with Emily in that she is my submissive and we gel together well. Look, I have another appointment in a few minutes otherwise I would suggest lunch, as there’s some interesting angles off this group of Circle, as I call it, including lesbian training and surgery when it comes to the final act if I can call it that, right at the front of research when it comes to vaginal construction and, in fact, looking at the reproductive system as a whole. I’ve got your e-mails and phone number so maybe supper one night and I’ll tell you more.”

“That would be really interesting and thank you.”

“Okay, that’s it for today. I’m sorry Emily hasn’t appeared to meet you as I’ve no idea what has held her up in filing a deposition but, shall we say, to the near future and you can meet both of us together.”

“We look forward to that - thank you for your time today with us as well.”

Bryony showed us out, there being no sign of this Emily, and I suspect her next client had run the challenge of meeting the receptionist and was now sitting in the waiting-room ready for Bryony to appear.

Out in Welbeck Street once again and Debbie commented, “Well that was certainly interesting and a little more, no a lot more, than I had been expecting. Imagine Bryony being like us in living in a similar relationship to what we have. She’s also much younger than I imagined – what would you say to her age?”

“Around thirty-two to three would be my betting, maybe a tad younger but then she’s like me in looking younger than she is. She’s also very pretty.”

“Yes indeed. I wonder how she made the shift into dominance as she surely must have been a gold-mine for any dominant woman when she was younger. It just goes to show that one can’t judge a coat at first sight doesn’t it?”

“Now that is a truism if I have heard one. Are we heading back or a snack lunch somewhere?”

Eventually we ended up back at the house and the rest of the day was spent quietly and so too, relatively so, was the next day though Debbie did take me down to show me where she had her lectures, seminars and the library, impressive that it was. I even got to meet a couple of her professors.

As to reciprocity in visiting the Royal Academy, we agreed that we should wait until I was enrolled and found my way around the facility.

The afternoon – well that was my first ballet session and Hannah soon had me stretching muscles that I had forgotten about, the leotard holding up well and I don’t think she had any idea of me not being a female.

I came back home and was promptly taken, that dildo coming in around the edge of my costume to find its natural home, Debbie really liking this little deviancy of hers and leaving me not only with sore limbs but a well-used bottom and needing a short nap before dinner.

The weekend was with us and we packed a couple of overnight bags and took on the underground to Waterloo and the train out to Wimbledon – and then the walk up the hill to the Latymer house. This would be the first time that I had stayed there.

I was greeted as if I was a long-lost daughter by both Debbie's mother and father and that was appreciated – and, even more, that we were put into what had been Debbie's bedroom, the bed upgraded size-wise from the one that she had grown up with.

Downstairs, out came the wine glasses and a good Pouilly-Fumé and both of us went into bat in preparing for dinner, this of course being the Shabbat, a couple from Poland invited for dinner, Bendet and Adela, Bendet heavily involved with the Polish Embassy and a major sponsor of the Krakow Jewish Festival, one of the oldest and largest events for celebrating the culture in the world, some three hundred events taking place in ten days and over thirty thousand attendees.

Now, and I admit it had come with some forewarning of their presence, I had prepared a few pieces to be played on the excellent family piano – not a Philharmonic Hall concert Steinway but a very good model indeed. Obviously, I was already armed with my Schindler's List score from memory as well as Gershwin but I had also added Mendelssohn, Mahler and Irving Berlin to my potential repertoire, the Felix Mendelssohn offering being his Piano Sonata – No. 1 and Gustav Mahler, his 'Adagietto,' this a beautiful piece of music and not that well known in my humble opinion. In fact, I would focus on this latter piece for my next concert so taken was I with it.

And I always had Chopin to fall on, even if he wasn't Jewish though there were connections particularly with his Nocturne in C sharp minor what with its devastating melody in pianissimo and played in Roman Polanski's 'The Pianist' – the film showing that it was the piece played by the Holocaust survivor Wladyslaw Szpilman during the last Polish radio broadcast in 1939 when Warsaw was being invaded.

This would be my 'tear-jerker' for the evening ahead, the term that I liked to use for emotional music.

We helped with dinner and laying the table before the formality of lighting the candles, Bendet and Adela arriving just before and introductions made.

We began with a creamy non-dairy asparagus soup and then it was followed by a rather unusual but delicious salt and pepper kugel with its noodles – salmon with lemon and oregano and served with couscous to then topped by a stunning maple and mustard roasted chicken that had me asking about the recipe.

However, I certainly wasn't getting off lightly as to playing the piano as just after we sat down to eat and prayers over, Adela said that she had heard that I had 'brought the house down' with my Rach Third in Liverpool, her words not mine. "And Thea, would you play for us tonight – after dinner of course."

"Well, one thing it won't be the Third as the LPO won't quite fit in the sitting room. I'll be delighted though and I'm sure that I can remember a few pieces."

So armed with a glass of Ben's red wine and Diane's petit fours, I sat down and played for my audience of five – very different to the fifteen hundred plus in Hope Street but probably more enjoyable as this was very much 'relaxed' playing. The Mahler was wonderful to play as well and I knew that it could transpose onto a full concert piano on a stage.

My reward, apart from some applause, praise and the usual question about how I could remember music and not have to revert to sheet, was having Debbie over me in a sixty-nine in bed – and how I enjoyed that as she was particularly wet, her cream oozing between her lovely labia right in front of me and I discovered that I had a nice follow-up to the red wine to take in.

Did the piano-playing really induce this?

Just as in the parental home in Tarporley, it did feel a little weird to being fucked in Debbie's parents' place, this feeling lasting some time and well beyond these first visits. However, at least we could sleep with each other.

The real function and why we were at the house was for the dinner the following night, a dinner for ten of us, the six visitors to include the chief economist to the United Nations, Elliott Harris who was born in the Bahamas, raised in Trinidad and educated, in part, in the States. Then the politician and ex-economist to Shell, Vince Cable, and his wife Rachel would be attending as well. The final guest was a professional friend of Ben's, Margret Einarisdottir who was the treasurer to the World Bank and visiting from Washington DC.

This would be quite a table and I knew that it would be highly interesting for Debbie with her career aspirations – perhaps this was the reason why we were here.

Debbie, her mother Diane, and I set about the preparation for dinner – canapés, salmon and watercress soufflé, a grape and champagne sorbet as a palate refresher, Beef Wellington, cheese and then Diane asked me to create my triple-layer berry Pavlova.

This necessitated a visit to the local Waitrose particularly for the berries, our shopping list topped off by a few items for dinner such as extra milk and limes but, more importantly, we were able to spend a little time over coffee and with the meringues undergoing their low-temperature bake while we were out and about.

We had a giggle as to the reasons to live in Wimbledon or not, the negatives coming down to a big one. As Debbie put it, “There’s no sex shops here, not even an Ann Summers though they do have a party organiser – the nearest is Kingston and, frankly, near La Barca in the Cut in Waterloo is the best place. It’s too puritan for my liking or they all like looking up female tennis skirts.”

I laughed, “The Waitrose is okay and the shopping looks okay.”

“And there are some okay restaurants and pubs like the Fox & Grapes but Mum’s cooking rivals most of them. Nah, I prefer Duke’s Road.”

“So, if you could walk into the most enormous, comprehensive sex shop with a limitless budget, what would you come out with?”

“Good question – if purely for sex, I’d go for one of those fucking machines

where a cock on a shaft, fly wheel and motor whirrs away incessantly. However, if they sold furniture, maybe a glass bath so I can watch you bathe. There's a brand called Le Cob if you are interested."

"They're probably way-expensive."

"Yes, they are – but fun."

"Well, when I lay down my first music and it goes gold, perhaps. As long as you don't fill it full of tennis balls."

Laughing, "Come on we should get back – maybe a bath later?"

Back at base, things were progressing and once we had the fruit and strawberry coulis prepped, we took on laying up the table for dinner.

I should add a little about the setting though I covered this in the first volume.

The Latymers lived in a large house that from the front, Highbury Road, was as Edwardian as they come - the back of the building overlooking the garden was another matter as the building had been reworked into an ultra-modern structure with a lot of glass used in the extension to create an environment for contemporary living. They had effectively constructed a lot more space for their reception rooms, both the main sitting-room and dining-room having ceiling to floor windows that overlooked the good-sized garden space – and with limestone terraces in front of the building for outside hospitality.

With their grand piano sitting in one of the corners of the sitting-room, it was a lovely place to play, not only because of the semi-pastoral views out over the garden but because of the acoustics in the room, the relatively high ceilings helping to accentuate the sound.

In the dining room, Ben and Diane's design sense came through, an equally voluminous room, the centrepiece very much the glass trestle-table with its 'film-director' chairs in black and then the pale-grey canvas cloths to the seats and backs.

We decorated the table in its usual simplicity, the small forest of Riedel glasses for Ben's wine selection, the white china as per other dinners or suppers and, then, Debbie showed me how to position the cutlery accurately by using a knife and holding it on the handle to measure where the bottom end of each utensil should sit – a quicker version than what they do with the Royal dining-table where everything is precisely measured.

Diane appeared with a low-level, long silver trough of white flowers, the last thing being to add four simple Irish glass candlesticks with white tapers that they had bought from 'Browns' department store in Dublin - and not forgetting the white napkins.

We were 'released' to go and dress for dinner – and, somehow, mysteriously, Debbie came upstairs with two glasses of a very acceptable bubbly.

Naked, as I was and already in the bath, Debbie gave me a glass and slid into the warm water so that she faced me from the other end. I had already come to appreciate having a bath with her and the fun and chat that we had.

I hadn't realised it but Debbie had brought along one of our penile extensions in her baggage and I found it placed over my little cockette, its head provocatively sticking out of the water when it went on. Before I knew it, she had slipped forward to take it into her cunt and, there and then, we began to slowly fuck, to make love – and without letting her parents know what we were up to.

The beautiful thing was that Debbie's bottom was over my thighs, my 'pseudo-dick' in her cunt, and she was so close to me that we could intimately kiss, long and deep, French kissing at its best – and a lovely sense of warmth between us and not just the effect of the water.

We thrust away, Debbie's face becoming redder as she approached her peak, the two of us continuing to kiss – and, really quite suddenly, she went over the top and peaked, flows of orgasmic electricity running through her as she came. This was our ore-aperitif as such,

Time was marching on and we had to move fairly quickly to dry down, get made up, and then dress, Debbie having suggested that I bring an off-white lingerie set that my mother and I had bought, an Empreinte 'Cassiopee' lacy bra, deep knickers and a belt, this to hold my tan stockings taut on my legs. Ballet flats, not the ones that we had bought for my dance lessons, but that served to emphasise my petiteness and also were comfortable to play the piano in.

Over the top went my new dress, the lovely, very feminine robe that it was and, as we had all agreed, able to be worn formally such as on stage for a concert or for 'lesser' evenings like this, dress-wise, 'formal but not formal' if that makes sense – perhaps this was a stage up from 'smart but casual' and equally as vague.

Debbie did wear a dress, a charcoal grey cotton one that almost hinted at being indigo, in the form of a Broderie dress with pleats in and with a little embroidery and a gentle A-line silhouette, the length of it coming down to mid-shin level. The reason for this was more in deference to her father, Ben, who preferred to see her in more feminine wear, an old-fashioned view but why raise the heckles over it – and these guests were worth a little extra as well.

We came downstairs and went in to the kitchen to help finish things off as far as we could take things before folk started arriving.

Just before they were due, we lit the candles. Okay it was too early before the traditional tosefet Shabbat, when the ceremony should be held eighteen minutes before sunset – but this supper was more secular than part of the overall weekend rites.

The doorbell rang and we were ‘green light’ as such.

I have to say that the evening was much more relaxed than I had expected in that it wasn’t all about economics and politics at the global level. Our guests proved to be very amiable but I could see why they were where in their career, their minds and recall of facts and figures as well as their ability to reason and debate really quite impressive, not least Elliott Harris but also Vince Cable and Margret Einarsdottir.

Elliott had been a recent appointee to the job, the move endorsed by the Secretary-General, António Guterres and he had an amazing depth of knowledge when it came to their multi-lateral and inter-agency coordination, his main field being the design of macroeconomic policies and their application as an instrument for the reduction of poverty and for resilient and sustained development – and then he was attuned to global social and environmental

policy making.

It was like having a tour of Africa as examples came out, Senegal and Gabon from Elliott, Vince's deep knowledge of Kenya and Ben on Ethiopia, Eritrea and the Sudans. Margret's contribution was more North African with Egypt through to Morocco.

Debbie was thoroughly enjoying herself and she seemed to be able to hold her own with them, talking about the development of the Philippines and Indonesia – which she had studied but not yet visited.

As to us women who weren't economists, our chat was much more general though travelling in these countries did feature – and Diane, inevitably, told them about my musical prowess, how had I recently played with the LPO and was enrolling at the Royal Academy – as in a matter of a few days now. Just as the night before, she dropped me into it as to playing the piano later, not that I really minded as it was a lovely instrument to play. I would also get an idea of how it felt like to play in this new dress.

As I pointed out, there was no direct crossover between economics and particular titles of music but the one thing that I could do is play some Scott Joplin, ragtime music having a tie to the economic times of the period from the Boer War to the First World War and just after. I could actually recall the Maple Leaf Rag from memory, the other one being the famous piece, 'The Entertainer.'

So, for the second night in a row, after a delicious meal and very good wines, I found myself sitting at the piano and playing away, my 'repertoire' covering more the lighter pieces in it. Surprisingly so, there were calls to hear something more serious so I re-played the Mahler from the night before, Ben and Diane quite content to hear it again.

When I finished, I think it was Margret who said, “Well, I wasn’t expecting to be listening to exquisite piano playing this evening, the food yes I did expect as Diane is a fabulous cook. Well done, Thea, you really do have talent and I am sure we’ll all be seeing you in the future on various platforms around the world.”

The guests said their farewells and duly departed and Ben and Diane thanked both of us for our contribution to the success of the evening and not just for the help with the food but for our respective ways of entertaining the visitors.

We enjoyed a quiet coffee and late-night drink, Debbie almost ecstatic as she had really enjoyed the chance to meet and converse with well-known people in her intellectual sphere of interest and, “Thea, the evening probably gave you a fairly good impression of what our future life could involve if my career aspirations come off as I hope they will do – the senior economist or political emissary with her concert pianist wife in entertainment mode.”

I didn’t say anything but it did cross my mind that Ben and Diane had quietly put us to the sword to see how we would shape up as a couple in these heady surroundings and, not least, it would help Debbie develop her network of contacts for future work, even job opportunities or formal and informal references.

Whatever, we went up to bed and into each others arms. I had to admit to something.

“Debbie, remember when we were with Katie and she gave me the physical once-over. Well, I just want you to know that while sitting at the piano this evening, I felt a dull ache in my nipples for the first time – not that it was painful

but it's there and still is. I think my breast development is on the move."

"That's brilliant – do you need any Ibuprofen?"

"No, I'm fine – it's not really hurting, just that it is there, a low-level ache."

"Well, as a distraction, you can kiss mine if you wish."

Sure enough, as the grass is green, I ended up working my way southwards to end up between Debbie's thighs, Debbie gripping me quite hard as I worked on pleasing her love cleft, more of her love-cream to the fore and, just as the night before, I got to enjoy a cummy late-night liqueur, not that I was complaining about this. And, following this, I ended up covered in her moist panties to the point that they were clinging to me as I fell asleep.

Whatever would have Debbie's parents said if they had come crashing in to find this hooded 'girl' there in bed alongside their daughter?

Sunday was spent quietly, a walk up to the 'Hand in Hand' on the edge of Wimbledon Common for their potted Devon crab and their pies as a main course and then the four of us taking a walk on the heath, dodging the golf balls out there on the 'link, the club created in 1908. What was odd was that all the players were strangely dressed in red tops to warn the casual onlooker that they were there.

We then walked back down the hill for tea and quiet evening, unctuous omelettes

and a green salad for supper along with the remnants of the cheese and the Pavlova from the night before, the berries freshened up a little with me preparing some additional fruit.

It was what the doctor called for, fresh air and calm what with my nipples continuing to ache a little – not enough for pain relief but I did wear a loose top. Also, the week ahead would be ‘fun’ as we both had registration to go through, Thursday being the date in the diary for this. What’s the quote about ‘a big step for mankind’?

We went back into London on the Monday morning – after rush hour was over and having enjoyed breakfast and plenty of coffee to kick-start the day, back to Duke’s Road and ‘normality’ whatever this was.

What happened was that the next day, Debbie got an e-mail from Bryony Trott inviting us to come over for supper with Emily and her on the Saturday and, considerate as she was, whether there was anything that we couldn’t eat or hated. Debbie joked with me, “Being the lawyers that they are, they’re probably covering their asses legally to any incident from their food.”

However, before that, there was our opening ‘ceremonies’ to think about, the enrolment day the first of a week of induction for me to get to know my way around and who was who both with the teaching staff and my fellow students. The timetable itself wasn’t that rigorous, the first day given over to registration and a general introduction meeting as well as health support, the second to concerts, prizes and the student’s union.

For me, it was day three when things began to crank up what with meetings with the piano and composition teams, the booking system not that I had an enormous need for practice rooms what with Debbie’s piano available. Throw in a student’

societies' fair, information on their recording studios and we would be there.

I dressed comfortably and rather conservatively, a blouse, plain skirt and jacket – after all, I didn't want to shock anybody upfront or unnecessarily reveal that I was effectively a transgender student.

After coffee, Debbie and I went our separate ways, she taking advantage of getting her matriculation underway too – though she didn't have to undergo what I faced being a returning student whereas I was a 'Fresher.'

It would have been nice to have had her accompany me as I was a little nervous, Debbie telling me that she had been the same on her first day and so would be my peer group – there really was nothing to be nervous about.

In I went – and I have to say that the reception folk were great, welcoming and steering me in the right direction, my Masters of Arts in Performance, basically the MA designed to allow me to concentrate on elements that I needed to develop my own performance initiatives and to form a bridge to the performance career that I was seeking.

I knew that the system was geared to tutorials but what I had probably underestimated was the emphasis put on Masterclasses that really focused on developing my technical craft and then adding to my development as an artist. These would be a combination of group and individual sessions and tutorials, the tutorials also to take care of any pastoral issues.

I got to meet my tutor, Mei-Ting Sun, a critically acclaimed performer who had won the US National Chopin competition and played at many world-class venues such as Carnegie Hall and the Lincoln Center as well as Madrid's Auditorio Nacional, Zurich's Tonhalle and Prague's Obecní Dum. I also

discovered that my Liverpool performance had even made it to the Academy, both Mei-Ting and Professor Joanna MacGregor – not that the first time that I had met her, obviously, she welcoming me aboard.

Back to base and Debbie was already home and out came the teapot for the debriefing by both of us as to what had happened and the challenges that we would be facing. We had a rather childish giggle over my tutor's name, particularly when written down and then Debbie asked me out of the blue if I had bought a corset in my last shopping raid as she hadn't seen one in the closet.

“No I haven't but can I ask you why?”

“I thought it would be rather good to go along on Saturday night corseted – it's just as I am sensing something about Bryony though, I accept, we have yet to meet her partner, this Emily.”

“Sensing what?”

Debbie smiled back at me in response, weakly so, as in ‘Come on, Thea, put two and two together.’

“There could be a problem with a corset in that my nipples are still very tender – I honestly believe that they are beginning to grow. They're now very sensitive and I just think any undue pressure on them may be uncomfortable. I could certainly feel them under my silicones today.”

“Okay, I'll take this into account – how about a really deep waspie then, one that pulls your waist in tightly so it acts as a quasi- corset or we could also look at

under-bust ones?”

“We could look, I guess.”

“Well, let’s have a look on Saturday – we could do the Waitrose shop and then head on or the other way around and grab dim sum at Baozi or elsewhere, as long as we keep it light what with Bryony and Emily’s supper later on.”

“You obviously have somewhere in mind.”

Debbie smiled again, “Yes I do. There’s an interesting corsetry shop called ‘Honey Birdette’ in Long Acre and we could always have a look in ‘Coco de Mer’ in Covent Garden though their pricing can be a bit rich and above even that of Agent Provocateur.”

“It sounds like a plan.”

What happened is that I asked Mei-Ting what recommendations he had for dim sum, a question that as I positioned as a pastoral care one, to much amusement, and he came up with ‘Din Tai Fung,’ located in Henrietta Street, as every one of their ‘Xiao Long Bao’ dim sum was made fresh and in front of we customers with, apparently, precisely eighteen folds, steamed for three minutes and served in seconds. “Thea, it’s not the cheapest dim sum but it is delicious, it’s worth it and it’s a taste of home.”

Even though the restaurant was Taiwanese, there were connections through its

founder to Shanxi Province and Mei-Ting was originally from Shanghai via New York where he had been sent aged nine to the Professional Children's School and Mannes College.

My own schooling suddenly looked very mundane in comparison.

Saturday morning came around – at this point of time, I must say that I hadn't really understood what Debbie had read into the relationship between Bryony Trott and her partner but, hey ho, I would cede to her reading of what she thought was there.

After all, she was a full female and I wasn't and, as such, she had a better natural perception for this sort of thing – would mine develop in time as I took on my oestrogen surge at the expense of any testosterone?

Why Debbie wanted me in a corset or whatever, followed on from this. However, I was prepared to go along with the waspie if we could find the 'right' one, my budding breasts just that too sensitive to be meddled with in terms of full coverage that an over-bust bra would provide – and even an under-bust may have proved to be uncomfortable.

To be fair to Debbie, she didn't insist that I wore a bra when we dressed for going out. Once again, I wore a loose top over a casual skirt and, as it was cool, a light jumper.

We decided to take Waitrose out of our equation and went and did the shop, returning to the house with it to unpack the bags. We were then free to go shopping for this more frivolous item – and to enjoy lunch out in the form of this

recommended dim sum palace.

Another walk, this time to Russell Square and we caught the Tube down to Covent Garden and our first shop was Coco de Mer. Interesting it was to visit but more for its vibrator collection and furniture, less so for its lingerie as there was no corsetry or waspies on show.

Well, this took them out of the equation, though we did rather like their Mark Brazier horse-cum stool, a piece of furniture that would look good in any sex-aficionado's bedroom but offered lots of potential bondage positions – it was, however, very expensive, to say the least, and very much one of those items to buy if either of us were successful and made our first fortune.

It was a question of a short walk over to Honey Birdette.

Now this place was full of what I'll describe as lingerie for sex, some of it, frankly, not exactly my cup of tea. However, with a little ferreting around, we did find a waspie that hit 'the mark.'

It was nice and deep, almost of under-bust size, particularly when we held it up against me – a lovely rich pale-blue in colour, lace and boned and then a column of hooks and clips at the back and satin ribbon lacing at the front, a matching ribbon to be able to make a large bow that would hang down my bottom valley.

It was finished with long suspender straps with metal clips on them for my stockings – tan, black, blue or dark-grey that they could easily take. It wasn't cheap but it did come with matching panties, these 'seamed' to follow the boning of the waspie and the front ones were shaped into a 'V' that would show my

‘clitoris’ behind through the tulle mesh, the panties being high-waist in overall design.

This was the set that we chose and Debbie wanted me to wear it for dinner – my dress to be one that my mother and I had bought from ‘Esprit,’ an unusual horizontal rib texture to it in cotton and a short knit with a stand-up collar, ‘Raglan’ sleeves and a straight mid-length cut that finished just above my knees – to be paired with dark-grey sandals as Debbie suggested that we buy and I wear the pale-blue stockings that went with the waspie.

Given what we had spent in Honey Birdette, it was surprising that we felt like a dim sum but, hey ho, the budget for this was in another account – and the Din Tai Fung was only three hundred yards walk away.

The restaurant was far larger than I had expected, cavernous in fact, and somewhat sparse in its furnishing and fittings, pared-back one could say but, as I said to Debbie, “We could be eating in an Asian equivalent of Ikea.” This was further endorsed by the china and glassware on the table, our choice of drink being their black Chinese tea, the Pu-Erh with chrysanthemum added to it.

As Mei-Ting had said, their dim sum was good – and different, the kitchen on show and looking like an operating theatre with the kitchen staff dressed all in white and with masks on, making each dim sum by hand and then acting as part of the serving team in bringing their dishes to the table.

The Xiao Long Bao, particularly the crab and pork ones, were very tasty and eaten alongside the piquant soup. Equally as good though were their ‘Jiao Zi’ pork and vegetable buns but equally so their steam pork and prawn ‘Shao Mai’ dumplings as well as Dan-Dan noodles in a spicy sauce, sautéed string beans with minced pork and shrimp and a Hong Kong stir-fried ‘Kailan’ in an oyster

sauce.

Having overeaten somewhat, relatively so what with dinner ahead of us, we decided to walk back to the house, just under a mile and a half – and then we had a nap together.

Rather than a shower, we had a bath together with a little oral pleasure, some gymnastics practised by Debbie as she slid on to my mouth, her feet anchored either side of the taps and her arms pushing up on the rounded edges of the tub as if she was trying out a reverse push-up – and I got to enjoy dessert, a “Debbie version of a ‘daan tat’ from lunchtime,” as I called it, the term in Cantonese translating to ‘egg custard’.

Her response was to push further on to my tongue, telling me that “Thea, you seem to have food on your mind, not my vagina, though I will concede that you are half-way there.”

I forget what I mumbled as I pressed further into her vestibule to help take Debbie up into her personal ‘white country.’

We dried off, made up and dressed, my new waspie going on. With my nipples still aching, I left my breasts off and opted for a cami to help provide a soft screen between them and my dress, the knit of it made from organic cotton, so at least it was naturally ‘kinder’ than wearing wool.

Perfume on, my selection being my Cartier “Must de Parfum,” an evening scent what with its near-Oriental fragrance and whose vanilla base notes that I so liked – I had worn it the previous weekend when we had been down in Wimbledon with Debbie’s parents.

I was happy with my hair, my bag checked and I was ready, a little after Debbie who had gone for her high-waist warm-grey pants and a plain cream silk top look, combining them with a black blazer, her version of a 'smart but casual' look for someone who was an alpha-female and confident with how she felt, low heels for her footwear and with her hair wept back – whereas my bob still had that more natural look, relying some tinting too for highlights in it.

Having not forgotten our bottle of wine and flowers, we took a taxi, Bryony and Emily's house being a fair distance from us, more in the north Notting Hill area, a part of 'town' that I didn't know that well.

From Euston Road, the taxi took us on to the A40 before he turned into Westbourne Grove. Not long after, we found ourselves in classic Notting Hill country, my mental map fulfilled from the movie of the same name with Hugh Grant and Renée Zellweger. The area around Bryony's and Emily's house was full of Victorian houses and, as we moved closer in, more upmarket too.

Our destination was Elgin Crescent, the street obviously gently curving and all the residences neatly presented behind black iron railings and then gates opening up to a short flight of steps to their front doors set in pillared porches.

Bryony's house was typical of the area, her porch with its classic white Tuscan columns on either side of the door.

We rang the bell and a few seconds later Bryony opened the door, Emily standing behind her. This was, of course, our first meeting with her.

Emily was very cute, a little taller than Bryony but not by much and she was certainly curvier when it came to body-shape, probably around a 34C, 24, and 35 around her bottom. She had rich brown hair, thick that it was and chestnut coloured, her eyes a rather unique grey and her cuteness added to by having a lovely smile. Age-wise, it turned out to be that she was just our side of thirty and therefore a little younger than her partner though, in terms of looks, partly because of Bryony's size and young looks, they came across as being of a similar age.

We were invited in – there appeared to be a lot of similarity with Duke's Road in that this one was also relatively narrow and deep and, as we were discover, stretched over three main floors plus a basement and attic, Bryony owning the property, a reflection on the success of her career so far, perhaps.

The kitchen was to the right of the entry hall and it was gorgeous in terms of size and décor, large pale quarry tiles on the floor, ultra-modern kitchen units in a Dutch moss green, an Aga in its own recess, a massive north French oak cupboard in such a rich brown burr and an island for working on.

Towards the street side of the house, there was a fireplace stripped of its mantelpiece and a seating area with two massive sofas dominating the area, a Persian rug on the floor and an ultra-modern coffee-table in the area created by the sofas, two lovely country barley-legged tables in the recesses either side of the fireplace, some personal knick-knacks on them but the whole room having a stripped-back effect.

At the back of the kitchen and effectively behind the staircase was a small but intimate dining room, big enough to seat eight and made up for supper around the circular dining table.

Then behind this room and pushing out into the garden was an extension and, to my surprise, what was effectively a music room-cum study, this well-strewn with

papers, a small baby grand carrying photos, Bryony commenting that she too had learned to play to a good level.

We gave the two of them our wine and flowers, Emily opening up a bottle of Pol Roger professionally so in holding onto the cork and turning the bottle while Bryony handled the flowers.

With a glass in hand, Bryony led us upstairs to their sitting room.

Just like downstairs and, to some extent, our abode, this room turned out to be a double one

that had been opened up and, therefore very spacious. There were two classic Victorian fireplaces in there, similar to ours, both of them with simple white fireplaces and surrounds and big mirrors topping them off, the sort with plain gold frames to them and very late French Napoleon III in their presentation.

The floors were a stunning dark wood, almost black in colour and the rooms were classically but comfortably furnished, almost in a style beyond Bryony's years, but so beautifully balanced in colour from what were muted gold walls to pale yellow sofas and three patterned wing-chairs, everything blending in, suggesting an interior designer had put the set together but in such a homely style.

There were recessed-shelves either side of the fireplaces, these full of books and there was even a second piano in the back-room, the instrument that she, apparently, had grown up with at home, her fingers drifting casually and musically across it as we walked through the room. I thought – how many folk have two pianos in their house, the only couple that I had heard of was a headmaster and his wife at Sedbergh School in Cumbria and they would

serenade each other, this story coming from my own headmaster who knew them.

However, what really took me back was what was on the walls – and, from what I could see, their photographs. Oil and acrylic paintings, both large and small, two bronzes and a Japanese sculpture all had a commonality in being of nude women, some of them in blatant lesbian positions.

As to the photographs, I couldn't help but notice two black and white ones set in silver frames – individual portraits of Bryony and Emily both completely naked and their bodies arched and their vaginal areas clearly exposed, both of them totally depilated and Bryony looking like me as being pre-pubescent when she wasn't. Did she have this same IGD that I had as, at first sight of her, it would explain a lot? Yet she was plainly the dominant one of the two of them.

I think that Bryony noticed my curiosity as she commented, “I know what you are looking at – all our collection of female pictures. There's some more downstairs and the risqué ones are upstairs. However, the first viewing of them always takes visitors aback.”

“Well we, or rather Debbie has some but not on this scale. What do you your parents say, assuming that they are still with you?”

“Oh they have known about my preference for women for a long time, Thea, and they have either given up on me or accept it...” There was a little giggle. “... more seriously, they know about Emily too and are happy for us. The same is true for you, isn't it, Emily?”

“That’s true.”

“Actually, there’s quite a story behind it and we’ll tell you more over supper – their acceptance may be in part down to what happened when I was younger, what they actually know of the story – which isn’t everything, rest assured as they would have freaked out big time.”

Debbie remarked, “I think we are both intrigued but I rather like your paintings. I’ve been thinking about commissioning one of Thea for our bedroom.”

“Wait until you go upstairs – after we have eaten.”

Emily was blushing now.

“So do you play the piano, Emily? Not many houses have two pianos, let alone one.”

“Not me, my musical skills are nearly zero. A paint-brush perhaps or a potter’s wheel would be even better. No, they’re both Bryony’s – the one up here, she grew up with and the one downstairs the better one. There’s more room for the baby grand downstairs, we felt. Anyway, from what I have learned, you can play and seriously so too.”

“A little. I’d love to hear Bryony play at some point.”

“Maybe later – I’ll play a little if you do. We don’t have many concert pianists in

the Circle that I was telling you about.”

Debbie chipped in, “I can only play to a moderate level, certainly in comparison to Thea but I’m interested to hear more about this Circle that you have mentioned.”

“That’s for over the supper table, I think.”

“So who is the cook between you two?”

“We both enjoy it, so it’s a mix of the two of us – as with tonight.”

“That’s like us too – one night me, one night Thea and then maybe together, the only structure is probably who has a paper to submit or a recital gets the night off, though it’s still very early days for Thea but these days will come. If both of us end up being ‘squashed,’ then it will be a take-out or a quick Chinese.”

“Talking of cooking, let’s head downstairs.”

We went downstairs, a chance to look closer at the pictures on the wall and some of the photographs, this time with a little more focus given their ‘content.’

The table looked very attractive and a white wine duly emerged, a South African Semillon, a ‘Boekenhoutskloof’ – and try saying this after three glasses, the wine

from the Franschhoek region in the Western Cape and due east of Cape Town, crisp and peachy that it was with a really balanced acidity to it. It was an excellent accompaniment to a starter plate of Teriyaki prawns and broccoli noodles that emerged from the kitchen.

What had captured my eye and I am sure Debbie's too was a photograph of Bryony in a school uniform, a blazer and green gymslip on, her hair in pigtails, sucking her thumb and holding a big plush bear – and she was far from a child, the background being in Oxford.

“I love the photograph of you in your school uniform, Bryony, and I have to say that you don't look like being eight, ten or even thirteen in that picture. What's the story behind it?”

“I guess that question leads onto what happened when I was younger and to how I am today. Let me give you a little synopsis.”

Emily chipped in, “It's more than a little synopsis but it's interesting.”

A slightly glacial stare followed.

“I grew up in the Wallops not that far from Winchester and I went to school in the city, St. Swithun's actually, and that's where I discovered the attractions of other girls and women. Having taken my A-levels and won a place at Oxford to read Psychology and Behavioural Sciences and you are going to like this, my research was into aspects of transgenderism, I took the gap year and went to live in a lesbian community in Provence to get to grips with my French but found myself learning a lot about female sex.”

“Interesting.”

“Yes, being petite like you are, Thea, I was highly attractive to the Dominants there and learned all about the art and pleasure of being submissive. However, I struggled with it from a satisfaction and leadership perspective, as I tended towards being a Domme myself – not that it isn’t a bad thing to understand what it means to be a submissive and I believe it has led me to being a better Domme.”

Debbie’s comment was, “I can appreciate this.”

“However, my wants for a submissive girlfriend were put on hold when I ran into another Domme, luck would have it. My college was Lady Margaret and she, Geraldine, was a Reader in Human Biochemistry and she latched on to me and, put it this way, she took advantage of me big time.”

“How, may we ask?”

“Well, I was interested to hear about your IGD condition, Thea, as I too have suffered, not from this but a condition, also genetically driven, called Amenorrhea – Secondary Amenorrhea, in fact, and a whole host of things can cause it and have I been tested inside and out. The doctors have ruled out pituitary and thyroid problems, often a cause, and maybe it’s genetic, uterine or, in part, a function of the stress that I get at work. Though I do think that I know the root cause to it and it dates back to when I was a student. Like you, I struggled with puberty and the ability to have a period. ”

“Go on.”

“I don’t think it takes a genius to see that I am very petite and quite girly in nature – and then with my relatively slender body and lack of pubic hair, that can be a side effect by the way, I give the impression of just being on the cusp of a teenager. It’s amazing how many folk have underestimated me when it comes to the work side.”

Bryony giggled at this, her own comment.

“Well, what happened was that Geraldine took me under her wing, as such, and she knew what she was doing when she had me take supplementary hormones. This had the effect of holding back my puberty, keeping me slender and girly-like just like a nine or ten year-old – imagine my tiny bubble bottom and no real hips. These hormones ensured that what pubic hair I had completely disappeared and, of course, repressed my periods and this state was exactly what she wanted of me – answering to this dominant woman, probably sating a fetish or want of her, and always available to her without being hindered by cramps and all the rest that goes with that turf and therefore ready for her bondage play and fetishes – and in being lent out to other older women for their use as well.”

“Oh my God – you poor thing.”

“Well, the sex side of it was rather good and she did look after me. The photo in question was one of her role-plays and being her little schoolgirl was fun, I have to say. I’ve kept the photo as it’s not a bad one of me and it reminds me of those days and therefore the need to keep Emily here in check.”

“As long as you don’t put me out in the street dressed like that – the good citizens of Elgin Crescent would be appalled.”

“Who knows, Emily, I might.”

Bryony turned her attention back to Debbie and me, “As to the question upstairs about my parents knowing, they even approved of Geraldine, as they liked her to the point that they trusted her to look after me and, de facto, supported the suppression of my body so as to keep me looking ultra young – that’s all part of the story about how Geraldine manipulated my body. What it comes down to is that my Dad has always had his image of his little daughter and being petite and almost child-like has been essential for him, I think, so that he kept his mental image of me intact.”

“God, Bryony, that’s tough, that you were sculpted like this, not the fact about your sexual preference.”

“I lived through it and the consequential effect it had on my body.”

Emily added, “Yes, it’s very young looking but I love her for it and it really throws other folk upside down when they find out that I’m not the Dominant but Bryony is.”

“I can imagine this – I haven’t had the issue with Thea yet – in this sense we are more conventional.”

“But you are having a lesbian partner in the form of a transgender – nothing wrong with this. However, we would love to hear something more of your background, Thea. However, before we do, let’s get the main course on the table.”

This proved to be an unusual ‘Mexican Lime Chicken’ and packed full of flavour, the chicken having been roasted on a bed of onion, chopped garlic and herbs, the meat first marinated in a blend of crushed coriander seeds, grated lime zest, paprika and muscovado sugar before the lime juice was added.

They served it with a Mexican chipotle corn salad, full of salad and to keep the Incan theme, local potatoes that were rather tasty, boiled and fried with onion, garlic and paprika before being mixed with sour cream and cayenne. We asked for the recipe for this.

A lovely deep ‘Domaine Saint-Laurent,’ a Côtes du Rhône, was the wine to go with this.

While trying to appreciate this mini-food fest, I unloaded as to my background when it came to my IGD and how I had found my metier with Debbie, some details of my experience with Ed and Marcus given as well and then how Katie Maddox had endorsed my sex-change and, voilà, here we were, still relatively young days though, but I did give some idea of what Debbie was looking for.

Emily then gave some indication to her background in having followed Bryony through Guildford Law College though she didn’t know Bryony at that point of time. From college, she was serving out her Articles and their aim was that she would join Bryony as a fully-fledged lawyer working with her on this female client-only business, Emily having been assigned to Bryony for this qualification time and ‘the rest was history’ as is said, their affair developing pretty quickly

and Emily moving in to Elgin Crescent with her four months after joining the practice.

This brought us to dessert and we really enjoyed what Emily had prepared a tiramisù and meringue roulade where the crisp meringue combined beautifully with the silky coffee cream – stellar was what it was and, yes please, the recipe for this as well was asked for.

Debbie asked Emily one of the things that had been on her mind, the question of what this ‘Circle’ was all about, her curiosity having been raised when we had met in the office. “Can I be direct and ask you about this ‘Circle’ that you have referred to, starting in the office? I am a curious cat!”

“Well, Debbie, it is a very important source of work for both Emily and me. I can’t give you any names as I am sure you realise but essentially it’s a large group of women across Mother Earth who share a commonality in being lesbian and dominant at that. The other commonality is that they are wealthy and looking for investment opportunities that are female-led, not only submissive-owned but dominant too. The portfolio of businesses is pretty wide but includes anything from female to banking to sex toy making, hairdressing to cosmetics to lingerie and clothing making to retail – you name it, if it is female led and staffed, then it could be a funded business or at least an investment candidate. We also find that these ventures usually seriously out-perform the market, so the Circle members love it for this and, never mind the returns, but the discounts too.”

“Sounds interesting as a concept.”

“Then there’s the Domme to submissive side, the provision of girlfriends and sex-slaves to them, effectively an ‘Exchange and Mart’ – this can involve

identification of candidates and marrying their personalities, characteristics and skills to Dommies and then training as well as auctioning and other services.”

“Other services, such as?”

“I’ll leave this to your imagination but let’s say they are personal.”

“So can you give an idea of what the type of lives the Circle members lead?”

“Just general – a lot are successful in their businesses or investment jobs, others are successful in the arts, anything from film-star, actresses, to world-leading artists – and we even have old nobility and royalty as members. The important thing is they can afford it and virtually all lead luxury lives.”

“Two things come to mind as questions.”

“Go on – shoot.”

“Firstly, how are candidate members decided on?”

“Not only does the Circle look and advise on potential submissives, the same is true for finding other members. It’s not just a question of direct sponsorship but each candidate has to be verified and supported by four others before consideration by a central senior team. The prerequisite is that they have a

lesbian side and there are no exceptions to this, the preference being that it is publicly stated.”

“Linked to this, are you a member?”

“No, I am not wealthy or important enough. They provide us with plenty of work though from contracts and evaluation for investments to personal legal issues, personal documentation and things like your papers, Thea, as we do handle transgender submissives for them.”

“So is there scope for younger Dommies who have moderate assets and hopefully can take up senior posts and opportunities in the future, ones with a submissive already who also offers potential talent-wise and hopefully performing-income?”

“So yourselves?”

“Yes.”

“I can give your names to someone and they would arrange a small group to follow your development – though you won’t know that they are there. I can’t promise that they’ll take your candidature though.”

“Okay – question two then. “What about their training programme as for Thea?”

“Again an assessment from them, a little different in assessing not only capability but where the gaps, the needs per se, are. Training exists in different

centres around the world, a couple here in Europe.”

“Whereabouts?”

“I can’t say at this time – one of them though has a tie-in to a major surgeon at the leading edge of sex-change operations and some remarkable advancements are coming through – rather than the usual ‘let’s build a cunt for you,’ they are talking about full uterine transplants with some cosmetic surgery for the vaginal area, the vestibule as such – but this too is all about assessment, age and health, as you can imagine.”

“How interesting – I bet this costs a fair packet?”

“It does – but there are some incentives of sponsoring from within to build and advance the science and if one is prepared to take the risk, a lot of the costs can be offset. Anyway, how about some coffee and given the better piano is down here, let’s enjoy it and some more wine if you wish.”

I took this that Bryony had disclosed enough and was distracting Debbie way from going further with questions that may make her uncomfortable. Emily got up from the table to collect the dishes and make the coffee.

“Do you want to play first, Thea?”

“I’d rather hear you, as it’s your piano and house,”

“Well, I’m just an average player, I think, and it’s not everyday that we have a concert pianist in the house. I may prove to be bloody awful!”

Emily shouted through, “She’s underselling herself – she’s very good and managed to get to grade eight and beyond.”

“Look, don’t be embarrassed and I’m here as your guest and not in a future professional capacity. It would be completely unfair and rude of me to criticise you. It’s just like a really good home chef entertaining the likes of Marcus Waring or Raymond Blanc – and those two appreciate good home food as it’s more than just the cooking, it’s the whole evening as such and this is the same here.”

Bryony smiled, “Maybe you are right.”

“And, afterwards, we maybe able to play a duet or two?”

“Okay. I’ll play then.”

She took on Richard Strauss’s ‘Andante teneramente’ and then followed it with Liszt’s ‘Consolation Number 3,’ also known as being part of the ‘Six Pensées Poétiques.’ Okay, she played from sheet music but her technique was very good and quite a surprise. Obviously Bryony was a girl with a lot of talent on show.

As she finished, to applause I may add, she ‘handed’ over to me. “Well done, Bryony, as Emily said, you undersold your skills – you are very good.”

“Okay your turn now. I’ve got a stack of sheet music here if you want a look for something.”

“I won’t need it. I’ve got a little repertoire up here.” I pointed to my brain and she looked back open-mouthed and just said, almost disbelievingly, “Oh – surely you can’t remember a lot of music?”

Debbie answered for me as I sat down, adjusted the stool, “My goodness, Thea can hear a piece and re-create it then and there. She’s got a tape recorder up there.”

“I’m not going to do that as it could be seen as bragging but, yes I can do that. Instead, I’ll play a little Mahler and then Zimmerman’s score for Gladiator and finish with George Winston.”

So I let ‘rip’ and thoroughly enjoyed the piano and the ambiance.

Finishing up, it was Emily who made the usual comment about my memory and how did I do it. “Actually, Emily, I don’t know but I have a natural ear and can take it in for recall down the line – how much is in there, I really don’t know but it’s a lot. One thing that they have said at the Academy is I don’t need any ear-training and, yes, they have a module in it.”

“Wow incredible – I am just so envious.”

“Now, Bryony, do you have any duet pieces?”

A few seconds later, she pulled out Chopin’s Minute Waltz in D-flat for four hands, op. 64.

“Go on you have a go at the treble and I’ll take the bass and turn the pages – not least I can recall the notes.”

And off we went, our fingers dancing over the keys– a rendition the other two loved. We followed this up with a second piece in the first movement of Beethoven’s Fifth, with the same arrangement at the piano and then we switched to replay it with the two of us taking on the other’s role, Debbie saying later that the second version was infinitely better but what a great job and good sport that Bryony had been – and not taken over by ‘fear and trepidation.’

In fact, she asked me if I would give her some lessons for which she would pay me. “I can’t do that for money, Bryony. Honestly, it would be a delight though.” “Well at least let me pay for your travel or I could come to you or a mixture of both?”

I looked at Debbie – who smiled approvingly. “Okay, then yes – deal done.”

“Look, we should show you upstairs – if you think Emily and I are brazen with our choice of artwork down here, then it’s in another league.”

Music put away and glasses down, we wandered upstairs with Bryony leading and Emily behind us. I hadn't taken in what a cute little bottom she had.

We went up two floors, the first one being the sitting-room level.

Bryony's and Emily's bedroom and bathroom copied the principal rooms downstairs in terms of décor style. There was also a second bedroom with its own room around the corner of her floor, the stairs continuing on up into the attic space for other guest rooms.

I thought that it was incredible that Bryony had been able to buy such a house at her age; however, as I was to learn it was legacies and her highly successful mother who had not only been a headmistress but an author that had enabled her to make the foray to buy a serious London home – and possibly her mother had given Bryony the innate intelligence and drive to succeed as well.

Their bedroom was located over the front of the house, not huge but big enough, the floor in the same dark wood as downstairs, the walls a pale warm grey with the surrounds in white.

The room was dominated by a vast antique brass and metal bed, the mattress set high, the bed linens in white and grey, a serious splash of pink colour in the form of the bed cushions and bolster – and four tethers laid out neatly from the main bed-posts, blatantly obvious where they were to go. Debbie was probably getting ideas on how to present our bed.

Other than their bed, there was a large ottoman, a wall of closet space and a rug to match the cushions and then one massive painting above the bed, the naked poitrine of a woman in beautiful detail, she with a good 'D' cup if not 'DD' and with huge nipples.

The shocking thing though was on the wall leading down to their walk-in area, a series of six small paintings and evidently of Bryony and an older woman, presumably this Geraldine, the two of them standing together in an embrace – her lover towering over her, Bryony in the bath and her lover about to get in, Bryony tethered on a ruffled bed, spread-eagled on a cross, and in a sixty-nine with her lover's bottom over her face and the lover's dark intimate area captured as Bryony's tongue took her.

I was a little surprised that Emily even allowed these to be kept never mind hung on the walls.

“Yes, Debbie and Thea, they are pictures of Geraldine and me and the one over the bed well, that was my last girlfriend. I should have had her nipples pierced, having had her labia done and there's another one of her upstairs showing before and after piercing, some weight hanging down from her lips, the purpose of which was to open up her vaginal entrance to me.”

Bryony then added, “I'm having Emily painted in a similar way by an artist who works for the Circle and, when it's ready, then we'll shuffle the pictures around so that Emily is above the bed though I prefer her strapped down.”

“As I do with Thea here.”

Now a quick look at the bathroom and then I suggest we get a little more comfortable. I don't know about you, Debbie, but I could do with some appreciation being showed down under."

"Yes, a nice tongue would be very good, as long as the right level of subservience is demonstrated."

We went through the double doors and into a spacious bathroom with a Victorian claw-bath as its centre-piece, the most enormous and ornate rectangular mirror positioned behind it that would show any body off in all its glory.

The floor around the bath were black and the walls an extension of the bedroom except for a lightly veined white marble left of the bath and around a shower wet area, and the rest of the floor – well, that was the palest grey cord carpet.

Otherwise, it was the standard modern vanity unit and toilet but for one thing; there next to the toilet and positioned on the shower floor so that water would run away was a second toilet in Perspex, a shelf underneath it and anchoring points on the floor and the toilet itself.

Now I knew that this was going to generate a lot of interest!

"Wow – look at this, Thea – it's gorgeous."

"You'll enjoy the pleasures of this if you get one like this, Thea, your head locked underneath Debbie as she unloads into you or just face-sits you – and she

can even control how high up and close you are to her, just as I do with Emily. I have two more stools, one in the bedroom and one upstairs for other face-sitting and Emily more than familiar with my petit derrière and what it holds. This could be the same for you as to serving Debbie.”

“Wow, I never have seen anything like this before, I must say. It’s rather nice though.”

Debbie added, “I’m glad you agree – maybe we ought to get one installed.”

Bryony explained, “It’s Japanese – and hence the electronics. Only they could come up with something as convenient and comfortable as this – and we all need the comfort factor.”

“True.”

Seeing this and the place at large had my curiosity piqued – and Debbie’s too if not from her Dominant angle. This house was certainly a den of Sapphic love – what else lay in the other bedrooms upstairs or even in those massive cupboards of her and the closet space through which we had come to get to the bathroom – simply so, the mind boggled.

I didn’t have to wait long.

We walked back into the bedroom and Bryony turned to Emily and barked her order – in a nice way. “Down on your knees, young lady and take me in.”

Debbie followed suit, “And as she is doing it, so can you, Thea. On the rug with you and you know what to do. Seeing that queening unit makes me feel that I need a little subservient pleasure from you.”

I obeyed, Emily dropping to her knees a little ahead of me, Bryony giving her the dress treatment that Debbie would normally give me when she was wearing one. In my case, I had to nestle up against her high-waist grey pants, my nose pushing into her mons.

“I think that you can go a little further, Thea. “Undo my button and zip and lower them.”

Now where they? Then I remembered that this was a pair with them on the left side from Debbie’s waist down towards her thigh. I reached up, found the button to undo it and then pulled the zip down so that I could gently lower her pants.

Debbie stopped me with them down near her knees and ordered me back in, my nose now getting a far stronger draft of her magnetic sex essence with its little hint of her pee.

She settled down on me, my head tilted upwards so as to ‘appreciate her’ and I got an even stronger whiff of her, her plain black Eres panties really quite damp and so good at absorbing her juices into its lovely soft gusset, one that would cling closely to my nostrils if she was to ‘veil’ me later.

I took her in, my nasal ridge acting as a pressure point between her labia as I

moved up and down her vestibule cleft from her clitoris down to her vaginal entrance and giving me the chance to pick up all that emerging cream from those little glands in there doing their work.

Her scent was musky as ever, that hint of vanilla, egg white and herbs riding on it and a touch of coffee, perhaps from that delicious tiramisu of Emily's making that we had enjoyed or from the coffee afterwards as Bryony and I had put our little recital on – or both.

I could feel Debbie's thighs tightening against my cheeks – I was bringing her closer to that wave of bliss and gratification that she was chasing and suddenly, really out of the blue, she pulled back. My thought – why are you edging yourself?"

I hadn't seen the eye contact between the two Dommess having preoccupied with my task in hand.

"Swap over with Emily, Thea. I want to feel her against my pussy and Bryony wants to exert her dominance over you – a clear positioning of where you and Emily lie in terms of your submission – and don't stand, just shuffle over to her."

Again we obeyed and Emily and I passed each other, Bryony evidently very wet judging by the moist film around Emily's lower face, from the middle of her nose to her chin.

Bryony was wearing a black cocktail dress and as I arrived in front of her, she told me to undo the button at the back of it and gently lower it so that she could step out of it.

I obeyed. To be truthful, I was intrigued to see what she was wearing beneath and just how ‘juvenile’ her body was – and were there any similarities between us, allowing for the little fact that she was female and I was currently a ‘screw-up’ between the two sexes.

The dress fell away to reveal that Bryony was in black lingerie, no surprise here, the brand being ‘Aubade’ and the set from their ‘Passagère’ range.

Her bra was fabulous - beautiful lace braided cups with tulle between them and on the back. Then there were three thick elastic strips with gold-coloured fastenings between her boobs to bring an erotic look to her breast-line and to enhance what feminine curves she had – which was as she had said and shown from what she had been wearing in being not very much.

“I told you that I am very small, Thea, and I’m almost flat.”

Indeed she was and not much more in the breast department though – she was definitely closer to a size 30 than 32 and very much an A cup.

Bryony had on a matching suspender belt, this also in black too and playing off the three elastic strap theme that her bra sported, the suspender straps emerging from underneath and then passing under her tanga panties – and, indeed, I could see that she was damp, perhaps more than Debbie was.

She looked gorgeous and when she turned around, I could see how small her bottom was, a really petite and girly ‘O’ shape, better known as a bubble-butt,

one that would later on draw me in and deep enough to block most of my eyesight when she pushed back onto my nose and mouth.

Perhaps it wasn't surprising but I could smell her sex already, some early signs that her panties were damp showing through – the air rich with it and comingling with her Van Cleefs perfume that she had been wearing.

“Unclip my bra, Thea.”

I reached up and found the small gold fastenings between her cups and the bra fell away, revealing that she her flatness but she did have two lovely brown nipples, puffy at the base extending into erect points and their little ducts circling around her areola.

“I told you that I was small and almost girl-like. You'd be amazed how many women have wanted me because of my young-looking shape. Geraldine adored my body and often would have me dress for age regression. Possibly like you, I often have to shop those sections in stores to get size two or four underwear. Training bras and Disney knickers have been my life but I much prefer to wear brands like Aubade – they are more womanly, shall we say?”

“The set looks good on you, Bryony and a nipple is a nipple when it comes to worship and subservience to.”

“Now you know what to do – yes, I want bringing off and we'll go from there.”

Her scent proved to be lighter than Debbie's but still captivating what with a lovely creamy tone, the same coffee tint showing through as well.

I had to work harder to get in position under her, there being quite a difference in height between her and Debbie, my head all the way back to get in between her thighs, the same sort of grip coming on to hold me where she wanted me and that was right over her cunt entrance and the lower part between her labia minora.

Just like with Debbie, Bryony pressed down on me, the space between her thighs firmly over me as if, subliminally so, saying that she was in charge and I would deliver what I was supposed to, namely that I should be her frotting aid and that she was going to masturbate to a climax – 'whether you like it or not.'

With her height and weight difference, this was such a different experience, everything seemingly focused on her cunt entrance –and, my, could she produce her offering. Poor Emily, I was surprised that she hadn't been 'drowned in action.'

Bryony was also quite forceful, her frotting being more of a grinding using my nose and chin, my mouth to act as a receptacle for what was making it through her gusset, her personal filter and yet a net for the heavier crud, those delicious stringy bits that I so loved in Debbie's pre-cum and then particularly when she came to orgasm. There was also the question of what use these soaking-wet black panties of hers would be put to, the same equally true when it came to the pair that Debbie was still wearing.

She trembled as she came, her gusset now truly soaking and serving as a wipe-cloth against my face.

She stepped off me, leaving me smeared and getting my breath back. A few seconds later, she said, “Thea, you are coming with me, the other two will come upstairs later.”

We left the bedroom and walked up the next flight of stairs, this ‘new country’ for me, having not been up here before.

Up on what proved to be the top floor, there were two doors off what was a short landing, the floor beneath like the others downstairs, the décor similar as well in being fairly minimalist. There were a couple of really nice rugs on the floor that I learned later had come from Northern Vermont and then three more pictures of nude women painting, these down-lit by those thin stainless-steel lights designed to illuminate artwork, this adding a warm glow to the corridor – the only furniture was a beautiful Jacobean coffer that was richly burred, this at the end of landing.

Despite being in ‘sex-mode,’ Bryony showed me inside the first room, one of their guest suites with a Colonial-style bed and two gorgeous pieces of Shaker furniture in there. However, it was the next room where we were to go and what a shock it proved to be.

Firstly, it was under security, Bryony producing a control unit from the coffer and then she punched in a key and I heard the door unlock, my curiosity aroused as who has this sort of security in their house and for what purpose? I was about to find out.

“You will see why I need this security in a second – it’s certainly not a sight for our cleaner, Olga or, in fact, any other service folk or vanilla visitors and family.”

She stepped aside and let me go in first, the lights coming on as Bryony flicked the switches on.

I presumed that my mouth dropped open when I saw what was in here.

I could hardly call this an ordinary room as what I was looking at was a huge sex room full of all sorts of equipment, a room taking up more than half the floor, a bathroom with glass fittings tucked in behind where the staircase finished.

It was hard to take in all but immediately four things registered themselves indelibly on my brain. Firstly, there was the bed.

It was certainly dramatic, sturdy and bondage-themed, a modern form of a queen-sized four poster made of tubular steel that was coated in a charcoal-black finish, rods across the top where the beams on a four poster would have been and then extended down into the head and foot boards, ideal as it proved to be for snapping tethers on to.

Off the bed-head behind, I could see quite a variety of floggers, paddles, harness-cocks that were hanging down and, on the side, an umbrella-style box in which various crops, canes and even a whip were showing. And there were a number of restraint hoops spread across the frame both horizontally and vertically offering flexibility to any tethering that Bryony wanted to practice.

The second jaw-dropping thing that caught my eye was an extraordinary looking cube, full of chrome and black tubular steel, winches, ratchets and anchoring points along with various tethers and chains in leather and steel showing and even more laid out on the floor next to this contraption.

Honestly, it looked like an attempted mini re-creation of the architect, Brendan Rogers in his construction perhaps of his 'tour de force,' the Centre Pompidou in Paris, where all the service pipes and conduits had been pushed to the outside of the building.

Bryony could see that I was looking at this with a mixture of being aghast yet curious showing on my face.

"This is a brilliant piece, Thea. It gives me so much flexibility to tease and taunt Emily or whoever up here in it. Quickly I can morph it into all sorts of play – for example a doctor's bench, a spanking bench or in replicating an old fashioned stock."

I could well remember the latter from Ed and Marcus days – how long had I been immobilised in that whilst I was teased and taken.

"Restraint, flogging and whipping and teasing, they are all in the same unit – it's a genius of a design even if it did cost a small fortune and then installing it all the way up here was particular fun."

It certainly was impressive and my mouth went dry at the prospect of being a bit-part of this and being subjected to Bryony's discipline and dominance, as I suspected that this was why we were up here.

It wasn't the only thing of interest – they had one of those Brazier 'horse' benches that Debbie and I had seen, beautiful but expensive that they were.

This one had slender, wrought-iron legs and a beautiful kid black leather cushion set into three positions that reclined down its length, a separate foot-stool at the base, discreet attachment rings fitted to the legs and frame, as well as a waist belt and even stirrups. Was Bryony going to put me on this ‘beastie’?”

The fourth piece, I had to ask Bryony about.

On the wall were mounted three off-white plaster of Paris vaginas as a piece of sculpture, everything outlined in graphic detail and down to the clitoral hood, labia, the perineum and on towards the anus in exquisite detail, no indication of pubic hair either.

“I have to ask you about this, Bryony. Where did you get these?”

“It’s a piece that was sculpted by a friend of mine from Uni days, Anna Letherington and she has become pretty well-known. They show not only my vagina, the one in the centre, but also two of my past girlfriends, the one before Emily called Meghan and that’s on the left and a previous subby girlfriend I had, Colleen, a Chinese girl who has gone back to Hong Kong, another lawyer. I want to get one of Emily’s up there as well”

“Well, it’s definitely different – I bet Debbie will love the concept of them.”

“And quite good for thinking about me when locked on my cube, Thea and as to this, I want you on it now and taking me in, so let’s have you down to your panties and suspender belt.”

I looked at her.

“Now – or it will cost you a painful whipping. I may be petite but my arm is strong.”

I had to comply.

Off came my ‘Wrap’ dress and shoes to leave me standing there in my blue waspie, panties and stockings, my breasts duly exposed - the thought of having had Bryony’s pussy recently up against me was keeping me semi-erect.

B*riony ordered me onto this contraption, the ‘Cube’ as she called it and, well within five minutes, I was sitting astride a small saddle in the middle of it, my knees on the ground.

She had my arms folded upwards and shackled from my wrists on to what I’ll describe as a mini-stock board that locked on to its sister back-board. This latter board had a tubular bar running through from post to post at the back of it.

Bryony locked my head between the two black boards, the restraint working in largely immobilising me, my ankles also chained off to the base of the cube’s back-posts. God, I had never been put in bondage like this, not even with Ed or Marcus, Marcus especially who prided himself on the art, as Henrietta more than knew.

I shouldn’t have been surprised when Bryony stood in front of me and removed

her still-wet panties to turn them inside out and pushed them into my mouth. A second pair appeared from nowhere – obviously there had been some preparation beforehand and this pair went right over my head to inject me with her scent. A third pair, white in colour, were turned the other way around and ended up over my head as well, my eyes now veiled by where her bottom would be sitting in the panties.

Now where had she learned about this little fetish – or did she know about it already and practice it on Emily?

It turned out be contemplation time – all rather familiar that this was, whereas being trussed up like this was not.

“See you soon, Thea – a little scenting and thinking for you about my pussy and Debbie’s too and, hopefully, this will do you some good. You submissives really need to be dedicated to worshipping our sex, de facto altars to you that they should be and I’m always on Emily’s back about this. I’m going downstairs to see what’s happening down there.”

Bryony walked out and even turned the light off as she closed the door, the electronic lock sliding across to isolate me in this, her sex-prison.

There were only two things that I could think about or experience – firstly to breathe her in to me and let her purée my brain into a mental ‘Bryony mash’ to add to how Debbie’s aroma had churned me up. Then, secondly, I had to think about her their cunts and, in Bryony’s case, how it had leaked all its pre-contents and daily emissions to create this wonderful scent into her gusset, the image strong in my mind of those delicious pearls of cum falling towards me. Mind you, this was the same for Debbie’s too.

Bryony left me there in this meditative, state, her very essence drilling into me and almost more than Debbie's did, so persuasive and magnetic to a submissive such as I was. Was Emily treated in the same way?

Had I become too used to taking Debbie's aroma in and, in doing so, had become a little complacent about it?

I don't know how long Bryony left me; it must have been forty-five minutes to an hour, her aroma seeping in, the image of how she could look from underneath strong in my mind. Images of Debbie's vagina came through in full 'colour-scope' too and in such detail from the top of her clitoris through to the nape of her bottom-valley as it merged into her back.

And I sat there on the saddle, my head wedged in Bryony's stock, cockette hardening up from time to time and then softening out as I couldn't sustain it.

Finally, the door opened, the lights went on and Bryony re-appeared, Debbie and Emily following her in – I could just make them out through the white 'silk' of my veil – and I realised that these two were now naked.

When my veil came off, it was obvious that Debbie evidently had taken Emily, the signs of cum on both of them.

“Good, session one completed, Thea. Debbie and I have agreed that you should have a weekly session to make the point that service to women's vaginas is what your life should be like and whether you are a transgender female or as a

woman. So you'll be trained in either my aroma, Debbie's or Emily's and you will learn to appreciate and distinguish them. Nod your head if you understand."

I obeyed and did as she asked, my freedom from this form of bondage achieved but only to end up on Bryony and Emily's horse and tied down, all three of them enjoying my boy-cunt and with me having to give Debbie and Bryony oral in a 'spit-roast.'

God, how nubile was Bryony's vagina and not any sign of a pubic hair or even a root in sight. How much did we have in common?

London Calls – Later Days

I move on in the story – Debbie and I still living in Duke's Road with the two of us in the final throes of completing our degrees, Debbie having decided to read a Masters in Economics and International Development, continuing on at London while I was finishing my Masters of Arts in Performance at the Academy.

I had thoroughly enjoyed the course and the opportunities it had thrown up, my final concert to be based around my speciality and research including commentary on Mahler – which, *given my previous love of his wonderful 'Adagietto.' I guess comes as no particular surprise and even more that my repertoire was anchored around his 5th Symphony, the piano version of it.

It is said that he composed this in part as a love-token to his wife, Alma, shortly before they were married in 1902 – however, it began in typical Mahler style in a pyrotechnical funeral march, the 'Trauermarsch,' his approach though being rather autobiographical in comparison to the textures of his previous symphonies.

With the 5th, I had put alongside it a selection of his songs, particularly 'Das Lied von der Erde,' translated as the 'Song of the Earth' and based on six Chinese poems that tackled life, nature, beauty and depth, my version a piano rendition that played off the phrase 'Dark is Life, Dark is Death' and underscored by a magnificent orchestral accompaniment with pentatonic colourings to it. Others chosen included two lesser-known pieces in piano versions of 'Blumine' and 'Totenfeier.'

For the record, I had experienced another major concert, this time with the Hallé in Manchester, the Mahler Piano Quartet and Chopin's Piano Concerto No. 2, the Quartet playing a really lovely experience. To add to the evening, Debbie bought me a beautiful red evening-dress to play in, bare shoulders and a halter-neck and all – and my family, as well as hers, the Latymers, had once more enjoyed a tremendous evening and with another suite of memories created.

In many ways, I enjoyed this more than Liverpool in that I was more at ease and technically more connected with the music this time and from an emotional perspective more mature in how I played it - though the concert with the Liverpool Philharmonic always would hold an enormous place in my heart.

Not only had I played in this gorgeous dress but in the appropriate lingerie too but my hair had been piled up in a rather alluring bun, enough and further to excite Debbie.

Bryony and Emily had joined us as well, the parental house well-stretched to accommodate us all – but we managed it and with some bed-hopping too with out the parental generation specifically knowing what was going on – and, in my parents' case, underneath their roof.

Annie had been at the concert – and, maybe, she had a better idea to what was going on.

Medically, as to my progress towards becoming a little more feminine, I was pleased that my hormone treatment, my oestrogen course along with Spironolactone seemed to have done its work and I was now the proud owner of B-cup breasts with large, puffy areola and nipples set towards the top side of my breasts that Debbie adored.

My hips and bottom had put on more 'fat' at the expense of my waist so, as predicted, I had taken on much more of a female form, never mind my 'tits.' There were also the other side-effects such as the even-thicker hair, the softer skin, the loss of muscular power in my arms and legs but not at the expense of my ability to play, the change in my natural body odour and, of course, the mental and emotional side as well.

A degree of contentment to how far I had gotten was there on both our parts – though I suspected that Debbie wanted to continue the change in me. This was to come given that both of us were about to enter another phase of change in our lives as we came out of our degree and graduation completion.

Doctor Katie Maddox was more than happy with my progress and Bryony and Emily, in conjunction with her depositions about my IGD and overall natural feminisation, had secured the administration side of my equation. Now I was a female in the eyes of the law and general bureaucracy when it came to banking, the NHS, insurance and all the rest, The Royal Academy having accepted my matriculation as a female from the 'outset.'

Moving to London and living as a female had been a really good thing and, not least, I had a hell of a guardian to prevent any slippage or recession back to masculinity on my part – also known as Debbie. She had brought me so far and she wasn't going to let the pressure off my transformation, anything but.

I underwent various aspects of what I would call training - on the formal side, I still had my ballet classes and these I enjoyed for the exercise and that they also combined them with music and timing. The result was more suppleness in my body and hence gracefulness, along with the ability to handle some unusual positions for Debbie's pleasure.

I also underwent a series of deportment lessons to refine my femininity, things like in my movement, particularly on high stilettos and involving general movement in and out of seats such as in cars, or with shuffling along between auditorium seats. Then there had been refinement modules as in dining-table etiquette and flower-arranging and others, all geared to increasing my confidence as a woman.

As my tutor, Helena, had summed it up, “There’s a wonderful saying in what do people say about you when you have left the room and that the best we can hope for in that experience with that person is that they were impressed.”

Confidence was therefore the name of the game and, as Debbie had put it, “Thea, this will extend to your professional life on the concert circuit in handling conductors, the orchestra, agents and even your audience and press, never mind in being able to support me when we have to entertain or take on professional engagements – and it’s all part of your general submission to me.”

Indeed, by the time that the end of the course came around, there was little give-away to the fact that I wasn’t a female – even on the physical side.

I could stand there in my panties or a leotard, in front of Debbie, Bryony, Emily or even Katie Maddox, and my mons was pretty smooth, my cockette now really just a clitoris that urinated and my testicles having shrunk to seeds – my scrotal sac looking more like the labial root that they come from when an embryo.

The only thing questionable was perhaps my fingers – per se, my hands weren’t large but my fingers were long, delicate and incredibly flexible giving me the span across the piano keys that was often demanded. Fortunately my ability to play had not been touched as this could have been catastrophic to future concert ambitions.

One other training discipline had come courtesy of Bryony and Emily, more Emily than Bryony though as she was charged to take me through a practical course of how to hand-wash lingerie, prepare and present it – to the level of what a five-star hotel may offer their guests, my source being the three girls once I had mastered my own.

And we know what this meant in my exposure to their intimate scent and still frequently used in sexually managing me and keeping me firmly on the side of being submissive and very much a bottom to the three of them, Emily included.

Bryony's involvement was that I became a frequent visitor to Elgin Crescent, ostensibly to give a piano lesson but, as we knew, it was more to visit the 'Cube' in their sex-room.

Here, I would come under Bryony's influence while Debbie enjoyed taking Emily.

This was in addition to the increasing amount of domination to submission accessories that gradually we were acquiring in Duke's Road, namely a stool to which I could be sat and strapped in around the legs while Debbie sat more conventionally with her legs opened for me to worship her, her vagina being at the height of my mouth – or there was a glass queening-stool that was a replica of Bryony's one.

Indeed, the sex between Debbie and I hadn't abated since those opening exploratory days described in Volume One – indeed, it had probably increased and, from time to time, involved sex outside too, my dress flicked up, my panties pulled down, my hands spread-eagled on the wall wherever and with me

standing on my heels, my legs apart and my bottom pushed out to receive Debbie – and sometimes even Bryony.

Increasingly, to Debbie's approval, outside music, it was all about worshipping them and letting my body be used as they thought appropriate, nothing held back.

As to the next stage of transformation, little had been said about this recently, partly because exams were creeping up on us, as well as the need to finish our research or, in my case, my commentary paper. The visits to Katie had also dropped back in frequency as now my hormone level was now more about 'maintenance' of what I had rather than stimulating growth and body transformation.

The question of our future post graduation on both our parts was looming – the timing being final examinations first and then the actual ceremonies before we were cast off into the 'Big Bad World.'

We hadn't really sat down and discussed this, largely we had been so engrossed with work but it needed to be fleshed out, both medium and long-term.

One weekly event that Debbie and I had adhered to during this intense phase was supper out on Friday night, usually to one of our kitchens - it must be said as we wanted familiarity and knowing that their food was good.

Il Baretto featured on our short list and it was probably near the top of it.

Our usual table following our greetings with Antonio, ‘Che piacere rivederti’ as in ‘nice to see you again’ followed by the traditional kissing acknowledgement and we sat down and ordered our normal format of their Burrata to be followed by a pasta dish and accompanied by an insalata verde, ‘il pane dal forno rosamarino’ to begin with as a pre-starter.

We both went for their burrata with black truffle and then I opted for my usual tagliolini with lobster whereas Debbie chose their ‘Pappardelle al ragu di cinghiale,’ wild boar being the meat in the dish, more wholesome that this was.

Armed with a bottle of ‘Morellino di Scansano Mentore Mantellassi,’ a Tuscan red wine, we were set and we started by outlining what work we had been pursuing and progress, as well as a couple of domestic issues of no consequence.

It was as we came to the pasta that Debbie initiated the ‘future,’ “I need to have a chat with you, two things that have surfaced and that you need to know and have an input on as we shape out decisions. I’ve had a phone call from Dad today, after you had left for the Academy and I’ll start with this, if I may.”

“Go on – I’ve been a little suspicious that there was something scratching you – just your body-behaviour in being a tad distant.”

“Sorry, I hadn’t realised this and I haven’t meant it. What’s been getting me is that Dad phoned to say that he’s going to retire from his work with the UN.”

“What – surely not, he’s still relatively young. What’s his reasoning?”

“Twofold in fact – he’s sick of all the travel and, secondly, his pension cashed out will be valuable.”

“What’s he planning to do as I can’t see you Mum having him linger around the house all day and, truthfully, I can’t see him doing this either and he’s not likely to take up golf, is he?”

“No I don’t think so. He wants to follow a doctorate in Economics, of all things, and to take up painting as well.”

“Are they planning to move then as, never mind you, I would miss going down to Wimbledon, seeing them and then having access to that lovely piano.”

“No, I don’t think so – unless it’s at Oxford but he’s talking more about LSE as his choice. However, there are couple of angles to this which will tie into my second issue. He mentioned that he would love to have me to step into his shoes.”

“Why not?”

“Well, come off it, I haven’t even started with them, never mind the ascendancy needed in an organisation like the UN. In short, it doesn’t happen overnight. However, he’s a realist and knows that and he’s trying to lure me in to considering a career with them and that the Latymer name and reputation would carry me through.”

“Fair enough.”

“He went on to say that there were at least four station manager jobs going in the next year, he and his HR focal point having been considering and discussing the organisation going forward. Panama, Thailand, Indonesia and Tunisia on his list.”

“So what are your thoughts?”

“I’m not sure about being seen to be hanging on his tail, as such – rather, if I was to be considered by them, I would want it to be on my own merit and probably moving in from a job outside as he did - and, yes, to be worthy of being catapulted up the organisation. However, he knows that too and he mentioned something else as an option.”

“And what’s this?”

“Remember Margret Einarsdottir?”

“She of World Bank fame that we met at that economics dinner at your parents?”

“Yes.”

“I liked her a lot – not only was she very knowledgeable but social too – and very pretty.”

“Well, she’s also looking for potential recruits over the next two years and to work in the field – they have over one hundred and twenty five offices across the world and are looking for folk with my sort of background and also languages would be a big plus too. Any way, she asked Dad about my availability, interest and she also asked after you – you made quite an impression on her apparently.”

“So what did your Dad say?”

“That she should contact me but he would mention it to me first and see if there was a match to be made.”

“So, notwithstanding the second issue, why not meet with her – on a non-committal but ‘I am interested’ basis? And may I say I have a suspicion of what the second could be and Margret may take your wishes into account as a qualification in internationalism and politics maybe a win-win for you both.”

“Well done on perception, I’ve had two e-mails today from the Université Libre in Brussels and the Sorbonne whether I wish to pursue a year’s postgrad with them along the lines that I am looking for – and I have to give them a decision in a month.”

“That’s after Finals at least.”

“Your point is?”

“Time for some consideration and perhaps we could go and visit them in person so that you can bottom things out. With Margret, I would ask her outright about the value-added of both options and whether she wants you in her organisation straight-up, field experience versus theory and networking and all that.”

“I guess you are right. Thank you.”

“You could mention it to Bryony – hasn’t she had some linkage with the Sorbonne – or at least she seems to have a good knowledge of Paris with her contacts? Brussels, well I don’t know about this but it wouldn’t surprise me. You could mention it tomorrow night as we are due over there to see them.”

“Yes. It’s just crunch time coming around the corner and it has to be a decision for both of us.”

“Look, Brussels, Paris or wherever, I can survive on my skills. Okay, I’ll agree that Tunis, Bangkok and Jakarta may be somewhat harder but, even then, I’m sure that there’s a call for concert pianists in the Far East and definitely so in Oz and NZ as well as Singapore or Japan. The key thing, Debbie, is take me out of this thinking equation for the moment as I am committed to fall you.”

“Thank you – now what about dessert?”

“Well there’s only one choice in here as you know.”

“Two tiramisùs then please,” as Debbie turned to the waitress with a smile showing, a little relief for her, perhaps? Debbie also knew that she had my support.

“And let’s indulge in their dessert ‘Dulcis Liqueur Lungarotti’ with it, shall we?”

Espressos afterwards and, as was our custom with decent weather, we walked back to the house and to a long refreshing balloon of Cointreau on ice – okay, this wasn’t very Italian but we both knew it would have its sweetening effect on her cum, that little addition of a high note in it for me to enjoy when I went under her bottom.

How I enjoyed our sex this evening, no real bondage partly as we both knew that I would be trussed up by Bryony the next evening – how, I had no idea but a good supper would come first and then Bryony would lead me upstairs and what Debbie and Emily got up to, I can honestly say that I didn’t really know and, maybe, I didn’t want to know.

I seriously mean this interpretation too. One of the things that I learned and not only from the relationship between Debbie and me but also from my time with Ed, Marcus and Jenny was that one could have a primary love and then, as a rewarding addition, secondary ones too.

As long as the latter type doesn’t impact on the primary one but rather adds to it, then it is healthy and this is what we currently had, my primary love with Debbie and then the secondary one with both Bryony and Emily, the two of them in support to us.

As to Saturday, we liked to keep it as a ‘normal’ day as in a day for ‘us’, time for getting on top of our chores, anything from shopping to cleaning the house and, of course, hand-washing and all the rest associated with my lingerie duties – including the chance for me to have a surreptitious sniff of what Debbie offered, not that she didn’t know what I was up to in the utility room but she would let it

go. After all, this was another dimension to my submission to her.

The day drifted on, a mackerel salad for lunch with sweet corn, all largely no carbohydrates but for the white wine that we enjoyed, an Australian Margaret River Semillon-Sauvignon Blanc blend – and then a carbs ‘destruction’ with some lush chocolate mousse that I had whipped up first thing in the morning when I went downstairs for our opening morning coffee.

We made the journey over to Elgin Crescent in what had become a fairly regular event. Debbie had me wear an under-bust corset, one that she loved to see me in as it pushed my breasts and, hence, my puffy nipples upwards with an effect of exaggerating what I had in terms of ‘flesh’ there.

Black stockings and hi-side panties that were almost thong-like made up the rest of my lingerie and, over it, I had on a pale-blue summer dress, a ‘Khloe’ jacquard midi-one that had a bit of a bohemian quality to it, the material being a lightweight chiffon which had been woven with a dotted jacquard to add texture to what was essentially a wispy style.

It draped beautifully over my now more-feminine curves and its elasticated band helped to define a relaxed and casual silhouette. Strappy sandals with three inch heels completed my look – but I was still short of Debbie’s height, she wearing a low-heeled sandal that pushed her height up by an inch or so.

To look back to my younger days and think that I would be ‘walking’ reasonably comfortably through London in such heels and as a woman should walk with smaller steps, the feet more in front of each other with each stride and my bottom jiggling away, I would have simply said, ‘No way José.’

Debbie on the other hand was wearing a khaki that was a more grey than khaki coloured jumpsuit and a cotton Breton-style striped top in grey and white. Superficially, we were dressed for summer, the afternoon-cum-evening being quite warm in the Capital and I really could have done without being in stockings but, hey ho, Debbie liked to see me in them or was it the suspender straps arching over the curves of my bottom that appealed to her?

Bryony and Emily welcomed us in and, once inside, both Emily and I had to drop to our knees and take in their aroma, Bryony wearing a grey dress that she slid over my head so that I focused on the camel-toe inside her white panties, this showing through and then picking up her moisture as I pressed my nose and chin in, feeling the outline of her clitoris, labia and where the entrance to her love-centre lay.

Then we were allowed an aperitif, a lovely cold Riesling wine from Luxembourg, a first for me and well worth trying, the Pundel Riesling Wormer Koepchen, the wine so typical of the Alsace-Moselle region and rich in flavour.

Emily and I headed to the kitchen so as to finish the supper preparations, lemon garlic scallops and a green salad with a light balsamic dressing over it to follow a starter of cured salmon with prawns, a pickled salad and dill lime crème fraîche.

There was a wine switch too, over to an even more intense Rhône Valley Hermitage, De l'Orée, from Chapoutier.

Once we were through with this, we would then have a lovely cheese selection including ash goat cheese that I had discovered and, this time, a new one in Saint-Marcellin, the cheese having been aged for a month and deliciously creamy, silky and mushy and almost as good as the pleasure to be derived from Bryony's, Debbie's or Emily's vaginal areas.

Dessert was to be a lovely and very easy recipe for a peach and almond slice, homemade vanilla ice-cream to go with it, rich in vanilla seeds which we joked were in fact bugs. It also merited opening a bottle of Tokaji dessert wine to go alongside it.

There was always one thing that was certain when visiting Bryony and Emily and that was a rich selection of wines that would impact on the cum that I would taste, the desserts adding to the blending process as well.

Apart from the chance to relax, it also gave Debbie a chance to outline what she had told me the night before and she presented it in the same way, starting with her father and his involvement and then going on to describe Margret Einarsdottir in more depth than she had with me, what with me having met the woman.

We also had a synopsis of what the World Bank was all about, this being a question from Emily. “Everybody has heard of them but exactly what do they do other than assess a country’s economy and occasionally intervene with emergency financing?”

“Emily, in short, they provide a suite of financial products, technical advice and analysis to address national development challenges and help countries to find solutions to sustainable and inclusive development. These involve financing mainly through government programmes to support achievement of their objectives and also support policy and institutional reforms of national and sub-national governments and, apart by providing budget financing, they provide global expertise. My job would probably be to begin with economic analysis and policy implementation.”

Debbie went on to say that she had received e-mails as to her possible enrolment at the Université Libre and the Sorbonne, the latter in combination with the American University Paris, both offering Masters in International Relations, the latter particularly focused in humanitarian assistance, diplomacy, non-profit management, negotiation, legal problem solving, health assessment in conflict zones, micro-credit management and mediation.

Bryony asked, “So, Thea, what’s your view on this?”

“What I have said is that Debbie has my support whatever. Obviously Paris or Brussels would be better than being in the Far East as to getting my career going but if it comes to it, I’ll go. From this and if it is possible, what I have suggested is to meet Margret on a non-committal basis and particularly salient if she and, say, the UN are both looking for resources and are having to begin planning and recruitment from two years out. Thinking about it further and I haven’t said anything until now, may be the World Bank or whoever may be interested in passing you project work during any course as you have said that a lot of both courses are pragmatically based. Secondly, they may even put up some financing.”

“True and what about ULB and the Sorbonne-AUP offers?”

“Given that we aren’t that far off to the end of our courses, then we should go and visit both of them and it would give an opportunity to marry up both courses to what she has covered already and perhaps there may be some room to tailor something that is more focused.”

I turned to Debbie, “I guess that this could come down to how much flexibility each institution has and their want to have you studying with them.”

“It strikes me what Thea has just said makes complete sense and my opinion is the same in keeping things fluid as you can at the moment and further assess the opportunities. I will add one thing more though and this is if you are going over, you should meet with a friend and client of mine and who is a big noise with this Circle that I have referred to before – her husband is the surgeon involved in advanced transgender surgery that I told you about, Thea. It won’t be so much about the offerings of both Unis but she may have some tips and a network of contacts that could help you, things like finding accommodation for example. And who knows what – you may even get a short break out of it and something that you may well appreciate after all the work that you have each put into your studies recently.”

“Thanks – can you tell us her name then?”

“La Comtesse or Countess Brigitte d’Orsayville – husband is Count Henri – though their full title is even longer. They live in the Lower-Ardenne but, in true fashion, they have property all over the place, for example in Paris, here in London, Portugal and elsewhere. Not least, Thea, she may be a useful contact for you as to networking in the Circle for recitals, tuition work or even recordings.”

“Thank you, Bryony – how do you think we should go about contacting her and synching this?”

“I’d get the Universities on board first and I would say ideally to get one or two days off between the visits, not only for travel but also to allow you to think and, dare I say it, breathe. Brussels and Paris are only two hours apart by train and around four in a car. Then, once you have the dates tied down, let me know and I’ll see if the Countess can manage to meet you somewhere, assuming that she’ll have interest in it which I am sure she will.”

“Okay. This sounds good and, yes, I think we should make a wee break out of it and, as you said, time to recuperate after the exams - Luxembourg even for a visit to that winery?”

“Personally, if I was to take a break and if you were to end up visiting the Countess, I would say the Champagne area – there’s a number of good inns in the area that we can give you names for.”

Coffee in the sitting room and Bryony and I played a piano version of Pachelbel’s Canon in D as well as Alberto Piazzolla’s Libertango, Bryony having not come across his music, Piazzolla being an Argentinean composer and then we finished with a Chopin Polonaise, the number 6, ‘l’Heroique.’

I recounted the history of the Brazilian pianist, Eliane Rodriguez, playing this in a concert in Rotterdam and the bass pedal stuck on the opening chords – and she had the piano changed out while she carried on playing, the piano descending under the stage with her for her to come up with the new one much to the amusement of the audience and plenty of applause. And then once the piano had been manoeuvred into position, with her still playing, Elian restarted the Polonaise as if nothing had ever happened. How to win an audience over to your side! Please, never let this happen to me.

Bryony ended up taking me upstairs to her bedroom and not the attic.

She soon had my dress removed to expose my corsetry and my now-swollen and puffed-up nipples. After this, it was veiling time and I was veiled in two pairs of her white Eres panties, the pair over my nose really quite aromatic and then I had a black pair inverted inside-out pushed into my mouth – was this for

contemplation time?

The answer to this was yes and no as Bryony did leave me for a few minutes but not the usual thirty minutes or longer.

She was back to see me quite quickly, my nipples her objective and out came her flogger to warm them up and get them as hard as little pebbles, ready for her mouth to come over them to keep them at their peak, my areola taken in as well as she kissed, licked and sucked away.

Out of the blue, she began to tease my 'clitoris' and the next thing that I felt was Bryony moving into position, pushing my panties to one side but not removing them and she penetrated me with what I think was her Feeldoe – certainly no harness in play, not one that I could feel as she took me.

It was explosion time for both of us, a mind numbing wave coming through me and principally driven from what Bryony had been doing to my nipples. I wasn't let off though but I was released from her veil to be led into the bathroom and placed under the glass queening stool, my head on the small pillow under the bowl, my body on the mattress and, finally so as to incapacitate me, my hands were secured to the sides of the unit.

I knew where this was going and it wasn't just oral subservience.

Bryony's bottom appeared above me, her valley opening up to show her vaginal area in detail and then up her perineum to her slightly darker anus with its little wrinkles. Her cum was showing, little silvery-white pearls and streaks of it around her labia, her inner-thighs and, of course, thicker around her vaginal entrance, her cunt still oozing it seemed.

She sat there for a minute or so, saying nothing.

Gradually it began to happen, the arrival of other pearls of liquid emerging from slightly further up, golden ones – yes, Bryony wanted to use me as a receptacle for her pee, her water to be mixed in with the wine that we had enjoyed and, no doubt, other flavours, hopefully a little of that peach and almond slice with the ice-cream that we had enjoyed, enough to sweeten her offerings though.

Down it came, the drops rapidly becoming a yellow warm stream – and it was ‘destiny – my mouth and face’ – whether I wanted it or not. If I didn’t want to be drenched in her urine, I had to open my mouth and practice what I had been taught as in calmly to let her fill me, swallow in one and then repeat as needed until she dried up.

This way, I could minimise the soaking otherwise I would be facing a major shower and clean-up – or to be left somewhere with a pair of clingy panties over me for them to dry on me and adhere themselves. Bear in mind that Bryony’s panties were two sizes smaller than Debbie’s so there was always a ‘built-in’ clinginess when I was veiled in them.

Whatever, there would be one more thing to do and that was to lift my head – or Bryony to raise the little platform under my head and pillow by a few inches, this possible with a control – and then I would have to imitate her toilet paper to lick away and clean-her up and, after this to continue on and go one stage beyond so that she could come to another orgasm.

Gradually, her taste became sweeter as we proceeded.

Actually, over my younger years, I had learned that my appreciation for such play depended on the person as to their natural taste and, fortunately so, Bryony had joined Debbie on the right side of the fence. I lapped away and it wasn't long before there was a complete change over, her familiar cummy taste taking over and her aroma too – and then I got to enjoy a second dessert as my reward,

Indeed, seeing her cum from underneath like this was fascinating and what I was love was seeing those stickier creamy drops cohere together eventually to drop downwards to my waiting open mouth.

Now this was more like it.

What were Debbie and Emily up to, well I had no idea and didn't see them all night, Bryony getting me cleaned up and back into bed, this time for me to put on my extension-cock and have her ride me from above, the 'reverse cowgirl position' as I think it is known but certainly it was memorable seeing her cum to yet another climax and how she went red in the face and across her chest, her nipples standing well to attention for me.

It was back to study and practice the next day but only after a 'lingering' morning and then brunch with Debbie and Emily, this in a local deli-cum-coffee place that specialised in organic products, the 'Daylesford Dairy' on Westbourne Grove, with their wonderful Eggs Benedict, the eggs and ham coming from their Cotswold farm – and also their artisanal bakery, the toasted bread being a sourdough. Their coffee wasn't bad either.

Debbie was happy too, not because of the sex that she had enjoyed or the food or wine though she appreciated them but the affirmation of what to do, the question

being to try and bring it all together.

I left her to work on drafting her e-mails to ULB, the AUB and the Sorbonne, as well as contacting her father as to putting a feeler out to meeting Margret, all of this ideally to take place after our final examinations and my last recital.

There was a pretty quick response from the two Universities and dates were set up for the start of July, after we had completed and I had received my degree, the ceremony to be held in Covent Garden in the Freemason's Hall. Debbie's would come later in the summer in the University Senate House.

What really made it was that we would drive over, Diane, Debbie's mother, lending us her car, a Ford Focus, which would give us the flexibility to travel around, our ability to rent one limited by the fact that we weren't yet twenty-five years old.

The other date beforehand was dinner with Margret Einarsdottir and she said that she would be delighted to meet with Debbie – and me too, the suggestion that it should be over a good dinner to celebrate our course completion.

It turned out to be a real treat and a bit of a bombshell too, a positive one, I hasten to add.

Dinner was to be at The Connaught in their Grill room, the restaurant re-opened after a long closure and then a renovation to bring it back into play. Alongside the hotel's catering other than Hélène Darroze's eponymous outlet, it came under the jurisdiction of the starred Jean-Georges Vongerichten. This would be a treat indeed.

First came our finishing of exams and I duly performed my recital in the stunning Susie Sainsbury theatre, the penultimate event before a final oral examination, and it went down really well, my Mahler programme well-accepted and lots of praise coming my way not only for my playing but for my expansive repertoire and the depth of knowledge that I had accumulated.

Debbie, Ben and Diane as well as Bryony and Emily had been allowed to come along.

The long and short of it was that I had graduated and what really threw me was that I was awarded an Academy Alumni Club prize 'for your work on not only Mahler but your recitals and commentary on Liszt and Chopin.' I was thrilled, so too Debbie and, no doubt, others who had been supportive of me along my development pathway from Mei-Ting Sun and Helen Krizos, back to Ed and my very first teacher, Donna Parsons, who had given me lessons in Tarporley.

We had celebrated well after the announcement and that of Debbie too, her parents, Ben and Diane, treating us to dinner in 'Locanda Locatelli,' the noted Italian restaurant on the side of the Churchill Hotel in Portman Square and fabulous it was, the food exquisite and very different as in being on a higher plane to what we enjoyed in our favourite two Italians, Il Baretto and La Barca, two restaurants that were seriously a cut above the rest that we had tried, the balance between the cuisine, the wine and the ambiance being a unified trilogy, the 'degustation' that the 'emballage' is known as in France.

Or should I use the Italian word 'degustazione' as the term just translates as 'tasting' in English and it is far more than this?

Not only this, but my parents had informed me that my grandparents had left a 'graduation prize' of their own for me in the form of a not-inconsiderable sum of money to be spent on a vacation after my graduation. The consequence of this was that we could afford really nice hotels and restaurants, never mind the travel costs, for our European trip and we still would have probably more left over.

I add this because of what Margret came up with.

So first, over to the dinner that Margret kindly invited us to.

What with no pressure coming from exam revision, practice or performing and sitting the various exam papers, Debbie and I now had the time to indulge in luxury a little, time spent to tidy up our hair, nails and all the rest, Debbie calling in Melody, our 'make-up' specialist to provide her services before we left for The Connaught.

If you remember her, she was the girl who made me over before the 'memorable' party at the Ethiopian Embassy that, in so many ways, led to the path where I was today, certainly in terms of my transformation.

I decided to wear my mother's gift of the 'Seafolly' moss-green maxi-dress again, this being such a lovely balance between formality and informality, even if its primary purpose was for concerts and recitals, my lingerie beneath in white with grey stockings attached to the deep suspender belt, my bra being a quarter-cup one to push my breasts up a little so as to tease Debbie.

Debbie wore one of her trouser suits – whether she had packed her panties, this I did not know when we went out. However, to me, this was almost a business dinner and it was all about Debbie rather than me, though I would accept it involved both of us as to where we would be based both in terms of living and

professionally in my case.

We caught a black cab over to Carlos Place where The Connaught was located.

Even though I had been in hotels such as The Grosvenor in Chester, The Connaught came across as a cut above, pure and indulgent luxury. There was a linkage between the two as both properties had been or are owned by the past and present Duke of Westminster.

We walked in to the lobby, traditional in its wood and marble, and managed to find the Coburg Bar, this the agreed location for us to meet Margret, this having asked the reception to pass a message onto her that we had arrived.

Margret appeared shortly afterwards, just as we were thinking about getting a glass of wine, greetings all around and then we got the drinks in. It turned out that she was in London for a European finance meeting.

She asked us how our finals had gone, asking me about my final recital and what my programme had been and then we turned to the serious agenda of the evening, the menu.

Margret explained that the Grill Room had been largely restored and the menu included classic favourites such as their 'Oeuf en surprise' that was actually a three cheese soufflé with a soft, poached egg in the middle of it. However, the main theme was about British dishes and in using local ingredients.

"It's always been a bit of a bastion of tradition since it opened in 1955 and part of its novelty was the wide-spacing between the tables that provided discretion

for its diners, many of whom rapidly became regulars. If you know the name, Michel Bourdin took over the restaurant in 1975 and it was rumoured that he was to change nothing but slowly he made his mark but, to be fair to him, that fads such as ‘Nouvelle Cuisine’ weren’t for him, the restaurant remaining open until year 2000. I remember eating there, obviously much earlier in my career, and it’s good that it is back – and apart from the décor, it’s largely unchanged – and you Brits do ‘tradition’ so well.”

No ‘Oeuf en surprise’ for me as the menu had some seafood on and I went for their ‘raw diver scallops in the shell’ with pickled cucumber, finger lime and samphire and this to be followed by a Scottish lobster, grilled on the open flame, habanero butter, sucrose lettuce and a lemon vinaigrette, Debbie and Margret choosing the ‘surprise’ and Sussex ribeye-roast with caramelised onion jus and a crème fraîche with horseradish in it, the surprising thing being that Margret followed Debbie with a wish for the meat to be saignant.

As Margret said, they know how to cook saignant here, not in the States though.

The wine sorted out, Margret and Debbie began their chat, Debbie explaining what the Université Libre and the AUB-Sorbonne were offering with their courses. Margret listened intently to what Debbie outlined and then came to the fore with what the job would involve in the World Bank and how difficult it was to find the calibre of graduates that was needed – and then on top of that those who would be prepared to take on posts in countries such as Ethiopia, South Africa, the Philippines, Jordan and Mongolia, all positions that would be coming up and there probably would be others in time, the posts offering a lot of autonomy and the chance to take up ‘station management’ if successful and always a bit of a catapult to rapid promotion within the Bank.

To be fair, Debbie was also in listening mode, finally responding to the inevitable ‘What do you think?’ question, “Margret, yes, what you have described to me is of interest and I have no problem with working in a

developing nation – the only conditions being that they have an active music heritage and or access to an international airport. I’m thinking of Thea’s career of course. The other thing is to add the political risk and management to my portfolio and if it involves an element of diplomacy – this is something that I think would be of value not only to me but to an employer such as you too.”

“True, Debbie, it would. However, to cut to the chase, if I was in your shoes, I would be looking at a completely different option to what you are looking at, one that you may not have considered and, with your background, would seriously add the two-way value that you are talking about – and also it could address Thea’s musical consideration.”

Debbie looked a little puzzled.

“Have you come across the School of Transnational Governance at the European University Institute?”

“I presume we are talking Italy as in Florence?”

“Yes, the School has only recently come into existence but it’s already building up a head of steam and its core values, teaching and results, as in however you want to look at it, are well-aligned to what we are looking for and I think would be of immense value to you.”

I had to ask the daft question, “I haven’t heard of it, the School that is, the EUI, yes. What exactly do they do or what is transnational governance?”

Debbie sighed – but sometimes the stupid questions can be good ones in eliciting clear responses.

“Thea, basically it brings together the worlds of academic research in economics, law, international relations, politics and other disciplines with policy-making in an effort to navigate a context both inside and outside Europe where policy-making transcends traditional national borders. It also extends to major global organisations as well. Ultimately it’s about giving early and mid-career students the professional skills to accelerate and succeed.”

“In what sort of areas are we talking about?”

“Areas such as climate change, gender equality, the digital society, and migration and so on, governance issues are often crossing national borders and now policy-makers or organisations such as the UN, the World Bank and regional ones like the European bloc need to design new responses and service products or finance to these new challenges. Having folk in the organisation well-disciplined in this is already of immense value and hence I do see an opportunity for Debbie if she wishes to pursue this.”

“Given that the other two are pressing me for a decision, how do I go about their application process as I may well be too late for this coming year?”

“One is never too late – and, as you well know, it’s not what you know but who you know, as in your network. If you are seriously interested, I’ll contact Renaud Dehousse, a Belgian Professor from Liege who is the President of the EUI and specialises in integration issues and then there’s Professor Michael Bauer who heads up the STG and is director of their Masters programme.”

“May I ask what language the course is conducted in?”

“Thea, it’s English but a working knowledge of Italian is more than useful as to living in Florence and having French and Spanish would be good, then any other language like German, Russian, Japanese or Mandarin.”

“Or American?”

“Touché.”

“Debbie’s fluent in Italian and French, my French is pretty good but I would have seriously to swot up on the Italian.”

“My guess was that Debbie is fluent after her family time in Rome with Ben and Diane. As to you, I’m sure you can learn the language very quickly what with your ear. Florence has a lot of music linkages too, never mind the Arts at large – and then you are within striking distance of Roma, Milano, Bologna and Venezia.”

“Yes, the Scuola di Musica di Fiesole is located there. I’d also have to up my knowledge of Italian music as well to get to a good local playing level as to my programme.”

“I think that we should have a serious look at this, Thea, if Margret could be so brilliant in making the introductions for me.”

“I can do this for you but I would also say to continue with your plans to meet with ULB and the AUB-Sorbonne so that you have your options fully mapped out.”

“Thea, it seems that our European break may last a little longer than we imagined.”

With a ‘sort of map’ worked out, we relaxed more, our discussion becoming a lot wider in nature and there was more chance to savour the food, the lobster that I had being very tasty indeed, the first time that I had enjoyed one with habanero fused into the butter.

Desserts in the form of Crêpes Suzette followed and then coffee before we said a heart-felt thank-you and goodbye before taking a cab back to Duke’s Road.

Debbie was happy with what she had heard, saying that, although she had heard of the European University Institute, it hadn’t been on her radar as publicity or news about this new school had not made its way through to her so she owed Margret a lot for having opened her eyes to this option. More research was necessary and she would be contacting Bryony about it, Bryony wanting to hear about progress as to dates and seeing if she could fix up a meeting with this Countess d’Orsayville.

Little did I know what impact that this dinner would result in, far more than I could have ever imagined – what’s the saying about the stars lining up in heaven?

As sure as the Moon waxes and wanes, I ended up in giving Debbie the

‘pleasure’ that she needed to de-stress. After the tension that she had been under, she more than needed and demanded this – and I didn’t exactly object to providing it either.

Second desserts were always welcome.

The ‘Grand Tour’ Begins

What a pleasure it was to be driving down to Folkestone to use the Chunnel Tunnel.

This was the first time that we had been out of the UK together so this was definitely a thrill. In fact, other than trips back up to Manchester and Tarporley, as well as St. Ives to see Debbie’s grandmother, we hadn’t really been away on holiday. Yes, there had been a few piano recitals to perform but I didn’t count these as holidays, rather more as work.

Our first destination was Brussels, a city that I had visited once in the past, one that is a little grim to come into but with a lovely centre based around the Grande Place with its opulent Baroque guildhalls, the Sablon with its art and antique shops, as well as a luxury pâtisserie in ‘Witte-mar’ - and then the Avenue Louise shopping area out to the Bois de la Cambre and, lastly, the east side of town that was more high-end residential, friends and colleagues of my father living out there. This was an oddity as usually the wealthier sides of European and British cities are to the west side of town.

We had two nights booked, our hotel being the Hôtel Amigo, right behind the Grand Place and ideally situated for the restaurants, not that Bruxelles is short of those. Debbie went off to the Université Libre for her meeting and I took advantage of the stay to visit the ‘Koninklijk Conservatorium Brussel,’ also known as the Royal Conservatoire – oh for the joys of living with two languages seemingly often butting up against each other.

Part of my thinking was widening my network of contacts either for work or for

concerts and recitals, the ultimate question being where we would end up being located.

There was a second meeting too, the chance to meet with Dominique van Neste and her agency 'Artists Promotion' as to potential representation for me as to bookings across Europe. They also represented a female pianist that I really admired in Elif Allenfort, Turkish by origin and a graduate of the Ankara Conservatory, the Royal and Queen Elisabeth here in Brussels and the Roosevelt in Chicago.

In short, my time wasn't wasted and Debbie and I still managed to find time to wander around the main centres of the city and enjoy a glass of wine or two people-watching in the Grand Place and admiring the architecture, not least the mediaeval Hôtel de Ville, a building that shouldn't stay up apparently owing to the height and weight of the spire placed over the arch, the two pillars of which supporting the spire above being totally different in thickness.

The legend is that the architect, on seeing what the builders had done, threw himself off the spire to the cobbles below, Debbie joking, "I wonder if this is how diving was invented."

More likely, the reality was that the asymmetry of the Town Hall was an accepted consequence of the scattered construction history and space constraints.

We ate wonderfully well too, the Aux Armes de Bruxelles the first night for very good quality Belgian cooking and then a wonderful find we thought, a recommendation given to us, in 't'Misverstand on the Chaussée d'Alseberg on the way out to Uccle. This cosy restaurant proved to serve the most amazing 'Côte de Boeuf' cooked over a fire and possibly the best beef that I had ever eaten – and with loads of 'frites' too.

As to her meeting with the ULB, Debbie was non-committal as in “Interesting – I was right to look at it but I’d rather comment after visiting all three.”

We made our way out of Brussels to the south-east and the Ardennes and on to Luxembourg for a couple of nights, this about hedonism and nothing about jobs and the future.

Our hotel, the ‘Place d’Armes’ was exceptional – the room rather like staying in the countryside, yet close to the Duchy Palace and the hotel rather quirky in being across various houses linked together by inner courtyards and enhanced by various terraces, patios and ‘salons.’ We spent a day in the city, much prettier than I had ever imagined but then the roots of the capital did go back to the tenth century – we ended up walking their ‘Wenzel’ circuit, this covering their history from the fortress to the Old Town in two hours.

Day Two and we ventured out to the small town of Vianden and then on to the Pundel winery to enjoy a tour of their facilities and to taste more of their product, this to add to the ‘Wormeldange’ that we had enjoyed the day before. And as to dining and Luxembourg at large, what more can one say than to take heed of the adage, ‘Make sure your stomach is empty, your wine cellar is empty, your tobacco container, your car is empty and also your perfume bottles are empty’ – or ‘French and Belgian food with German quantities.’

We ate in the hotel at the ‘Bei de Bouen’ for our second dinner, the latter to try their infamous kniddelen, dumplings cooked with butter and bacon and served with home-made apple compote.

I have to admit that when we were in Brussels, we had visited a sex shop on the

Boulevard Adolphe Max and not too far from the hotel. This was largely to see if there were any different products to what we had seen in London and, sure enough, there were to the point that we left with three new items for our play, a brilliant glass dildo that offered nearly seven inches of penetration and with a diameter of one and half inches that was shaped into five knobs including the penile head.

Secondly there was a sister product in the form of a sturdy double dildo, one end curved for Debbie's vagina, my end to be the deeper one with just a gentle arch to it, five and a half inches of length with a good girth for Debbie and nearly nine for me. This too was made from smoky-black glass and, essentially, we had found a nice pair of 'matching' sex-toys for our play and as holiday souvenirs.

Lastly, and perhaps the bizzarrest one was a rather striking piece of bondage in the form of a leather arm-binder with cross-lacing, the laces black but the 'harness' red. Debbie would pull my arms behind me and then buckle me in the straps, my shoulders to act as a brace and then a belt fixed across my front with cross-straps to stop me from wriggling.

There was even a D-ring at the end of the binder to act as a tethering or anchoring point if Debbie so wished to immobilise me further.

Just as in the Hôtel Amigo, Debbie used this on me in the bedroom before riding my face before she inserted my end of the black double-dildo into me, her end already riding in her vagina and pushing up towards her cervix and its moulded knobs serving to stimulate her G-spot, whereas my own P-spot, still there but less active now because of my hormones, also took its pleasure from the inserted shaft pressing down on me.

There was something primordial about being arm-bound like this, on my back

and having Debbie over my face or fucking me. Mind you, it was the same the other way around, a sense of helplessness and subservience that resulted from such a take.

Note – we did buy a second one as a thank-you to Bryony for her arrangements as to our trip and so that she would be able to use on Emily, having not seen anything like this in their extensive collection.

From Luxembourg, our next destination was Paris for Debbie to assess what the American University working in cahoots with the Sorbonne could offer her, another two nights taken, given that we took most of the day to drive to Reims via Metz, stopping to visit the cathedral in Reims and then on into Paris to Saint Germain-des-Prés and the hotel, a boutique one that Bryony had recommended, the Hôtel Esprit.

The hotel turned out to be a fabulous place, privately run and only twenty-eight rooms behind a rather attractive typical 18th century Saint Germain residence house but with a difference with its midnight blue façade with romantic gas-lamps flanking the large curtained windows.

Inside, it oozed charm, antiques everywhere mixing well with the contemporary, a décor that was chic and stylish but understated.

Okay, this place wasn't cheap by any means but it was far less than half the price of the major Parisian hotels, such as the Hôtel Meurice across the Seine from where we were, behind the Louvre – and I had that generous gift from my grandparents in the bank.

The staff were amazing too, first names immediately but what was even better was that we were escorted to an upgrade in the form of a 'prestige club room,' Bryony having worked her charm on them as we found out.

In the upper part of the building, the original period-painted beams just showing, the bedroom turned out to have great views over the rooftops of 'le quartier' and particularly the Saint Sulpice Church – as I said to Debbie, it was like being in the middle of the set for Disney's 'Aristocats.' Even better, we had a small terrace to enjoy the views and partake of a glass of wine – or coffee.

The room was comfortable with its king-sized bed and neutral colours, the furnishings accented with plenty of antiques that had been sourced in the local area by the owner - and we had a lovely bathroom too.

The other incredible thing about the hotel was where it was located – right in the middle of the Left Bank restaurants and boutiques, a glorious one across from the entrance called 'Vanessa Bruno.' The area was also perhaps the capital for the city when it came to pastries and macaroons what with delicious boulangerie and pâtisserie shops 'partout.'

There was also a really nice lounge to kick ones shoes off and enjoy breakfast, tea, or a wine, particularly after the drive over and then, next day, after I had walked around the Seventh Arrondi and beyond.

We ended up eating at a local bistro, 'Au Pied de Fouet,' a restaurant that was classic French with not only its food but also its 'vrai Parisien' décor, the zinc bar and red and white checked tablecloths, classics like lentil salad, rillettes d'oie and grilled steaks served at bargain prices and then scrumptious desserts such as crème de marron, fondant du chocolat or even pruneaux aux vin.

As Debbie pointed out, “You do realise that this restaurant is really appropriate for you – “At the foot of the whip!”

After a drink in the bar in the Esprit, that is what happened to me, my bottom happily lashed with a small crop that Debbie had brought along in the baggage, my arms firmly locked away in the leather bondage ‘sleeve.’

All of this was a precursor to Debbie’s visit to the AUB, situated on the Quai d’Orsay and close to the north end of Les Invalides.

In the interim, I took advantage of meeting the music agency, Véronique Jourdain, that was relatively close by to the hotel, just a ten minute walk from door to door, taking me past the Odéon Université de Paris, the logic for this being that they had links to the Liverpool Philharmonic, my reason for visiting them being the same as in Brussels in networking for my potential appearances.

We met at lunch time back in the hotel and, to my surprise, Debbie a little despondent and ‘down in the mouth,’ “Not for me as it’s too American I feel and, by that, too lecture led though they have some workshops. The International Diplomacy is too law led and the International Affairs is too Western dominated. ULB outscores here and that’s the long and the short of it. I haven’t rejected them yet though. EUI here we come. By the way, the fees were enormous as well, nearly thirty thou Euros and that’s before accommodation, so double that number.”

A light lunch and we went for a walk down the left bank and crossed over to the Louvre, ending up in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré window shopping with a lot of ‘oohing and aahing,’ not least in front of Chanel and around the corner, a lingerie

shop, Alice Cadolle, the purveyor of haute-couture and gorgeous it appeared to be. It was a case of ‘wait for the future when we have made our fortunes.’

Back to the hotel and a lovely glass of wine before we went out to eat, a walk of about half a mile over to a restaurant with a difference that Debbie had been recommended by Bryony apparently, down the Rue Saint-Sulpice and onto the Rue du Vieux Colombier on to the Rue de Sèvres, the actual location just off on a small lane but one with views westward over to the Eiffel Tower. Welcome to the amazing ‘Le Récamier,’ also known as ‘La Cigale de Récamier.’

Though a rather ordinary bistro from the outside and an interior that was rather cool, full of wine boxes, books and magazines as if it had been lifted from a restaurant that the cast of ‘Friends’ could have been seen in, the food was really unusual and one that I really enjoyed.

What Bryony had recommended was a restaurant, almost café, that specialised in incredible soufflés as high as a huge stack of pancakes. I exaggerate but the mixes, both savoury and dessert, rose out of their large ramekins and far higher than I could ever achieve – what was their secret?

This was something that they weren’t going to divulge, even to two Brits who spoke excellent French.

We indulged in oysters as a starter, les ‘Fine de Claire No. 3,’ before tackling these incredible soufflés – their salmon one with its juices, lemon and dill for me and a Burgundy snails with herb one for Debbie – which actually was delicious.

And then their dessert ones to follow?

Well, 'Out of this world' was our considered verdict.

It was a difficult choice between 'Dark Chocolate Santo Domingo,' Grand Marnier or Caramel with 'fleur de sel.'

We went for the last two, both spoons sharing and, yum-yum, to the point of 'bring on Debbie's pee' after these two sensational flavours - and not discounting the bottle of Grand Marnier that was magically left on the table for our indulgence.

The question for me was what we were up to the next day, Debbie having been vague about our next destination as we set out towards Florence and her meeting with the EUI, some four days away, but okay, it gave us time to explore the Champagne and work our way south either through the Rhône valley and Provence or even to go across to and through Switzerland, before driving south to Milano and down to Firenze, as Debbie called Florence.

My thought was that we would be travelling over to the hotel deep in the countryside to the south-east of Reims that Bryony had mentioned, the 'Hostellerie La Briqueterie de Champagne' in L'Épine.

In part, this was true. "Yes, we're heading back towards Reims and onto L'Épine for a night there, the chance to sample some of the local product and food, particular to the region that it is. We've also been invited to move on to meet the Count and Countess d'Orsayville at their château towards Troyes for two nights."

“Do I read the hands of Bryony and Emily in arranging this?”

“Correct. Apparently, The Countess sees the two of us as worth considering for the future as being high-income or influential lesbians – plus the Count is on the search for younger ‘gurls’ for his research programme and, even better, Thea, there’s a linkage to Firenze that we may be interested in. So, we have a little visit and it pushes us towards the EUI.”

“So we are talking about this L’Épine tomorrow night and then two nights somewhere near Troyes?”

“You have it spot on – Bryony asked me if we had a sat-nav in the car and also sent me an e-mail that covered two pages of instructions on how to get to the Château. Apparently, it’s so far off the beaten tracks that the Germans left the place intact or, as she said, ‘Even the axe-murderer would get lost in those lanes.’ However, we do have a phone number if we get into trouble, assuming our mobiles work.”

“Yeah Gads, where are you taking me?”

“To be truthful, I don’t exactly know, not quite yet. However, Bryony has said that it’s really in our interest to go and accept the invitation. Their accommodation, food and wine cellar is stellar from what she has said and worthy of the best French country hotel and to forget Relais de Château listings.”

“Wow, it sounds interesting and way beyond our price point.”

“They are inviting us, Thea - it’s not a commercial hotel but does have other commercial interests on site at a discreet distance. Bryony has told me that their set-up should be of considerable ‘interest’ to us and, not least, they have an incredible Bösendorfer concert grand piano that, by itself, should interest you. The Countess is going to ensure that it is professionally tuned before we arrive so perhaps part of our thanks to them, per se, is that you play a little – and don’t tell me that you wouldn’t mind the run out for some practice. Obviously, she has done her homework on you, Bryony helping to catalyse this.”

I didn’t ask her to define what she meant by ‘commercial interests on site at a discreet distance’ – my fault. Perhaps I was besotted by the prospect of such a piano.

My immediate thought had been ‘Wow – I’m yet to play one of these, their reputation as a magnificent piano-maker, out of Vienna, going before them, their concert pianos better known in major German concert-halls and conservatoires.’

Little did I realise the Count d’Orsayville’s potential interest at this point – and his linkage to Florence – or Firenze, Debbie insistent that I use its Italian name.

Having got back to the hotel, we enjoyed a fine X.O. Armagnac and then I could say that both of us rose to the occasion after that meal – and no need for a whipping that night, my bottom still a little sensitive from the night before. Debbie’s fucking of me in this comfortable bed, with the summer evening light streaming in.

Thoughts of being here in Saint-Germain-des-Prés on the Seine’s Left Bank in the heady summer of 1929 came to mind when the American literary capital effectively moved into ‘le coin’ what with Ernest Hemingway reading final proofs of his ‘A Farewell to Arms’ and, just a few blocks from our bedroom, F.

Scott Fitzgerald was writing his 'Tender is the Night,' the latter perhaps a good descriptor of what I was feeling now while being taken with that Belgian-sourced cock again, my bottom very receptive and open to Debbie's 'penis.'

Behind this, where were we going and what would we be facing when it came to this mysterious château in the depths of the Champagne unknown? Not that it would be long before I found out – and Debbie would learn a lot more than that she already knew.

We had a leisurely start to the day, fresh croissants, juice, fruit and black coffee, even more of that as we strolled around the local area looking at the boutiques and delicatessens, the London equivalent of around Beauchamp Place and Walton Street an equivalent but lesser in terms of numbers, variety and, dare I say it, quality.

One final coffee at the Café de la Mairie and we were ready to begin the next leg of our expedition, allowing for us to navigate our way out of the east side of Paris and make our way out towards the Champagne area, centred around Épernay.

By lunchtime we were wandering around the centre of Épernay and a visit to Alfred Gratien was in order and then on to the village of Ay and a second visit of the day to the vineyards of Henri Giraud.

The tour was better than Gratien as our guide was brilliant and we learned about the traditional know-how and the rigorous selection of grapes to set up the best vintages, the respect for the terroir, and the vinification in oak barrels. Where Giraud scored was that the tour was just for three of us, making it personal and seeing the terroir out there between the rows of vines and then to descend into their century-old cellar was, indeed, impressive.

At the outset, our idea had been to taste wines that we did not know – not that we were huge champagne connoisseurs and to buy a small number of bottles to take back to Duke's Road and also Ben and Bryony had put orders in for three cases.

From Aÿ, it was just a short jump to L'Épine and the hotel, the 'Hostellerie La Briqueterie,' located in a hamlet, Vinay, just to the south of Épernay- and quite a place it turned out to be starting with being a colour fest or onslaught on the eyes, depending on one's opinion..

As the name implied, the hotel was sited on what had been a brickworks and was now a rambling house with thirty-six rooms and four suites and, just like L'Hôtel Esprit, its relatively small size underpinned its superb personal service.

We discovered that the hotel was one of those country retreats found in 'Relais et Châteaux' and with a French décor that had various Japanese finishing-touches, not least the bonsai trees and mini-garden. The views over the vineyards and nearby farms were really quite enchanting.

Our room was certainly colourful and, thankfully not as garish as some of the rooms that we saw through their open doors, ours with a red theme, a vine-like wall paper of grey and pink-red leaves winding their way over the wall behind the bed, this finished in red and white striped pillows, a red-check bed-cover and then a lovely pale grey covering the other walls, a sumptuous bathroom for our use as well.

The public rooms were a delight and warm and intimate with their beams, posts, massive fireplaces and the use of a lot of red and yellow-gold in the décor and

furnishings, the name of their game very much about customer comfort.

What also was a nice surprise was that their restaurant carried a Michelin star and it was here that we dined and rather sumptuously too, the room an extension of the intimate public rooms and the next-door bar. It had a wonderful fireplace, one of those limestone ones with a simple Provençal shape to it, the high mantelpiece with gently curving posts, nice and simple and a contrast to the ‘Louis XV feel of the furnishings, the warm red and gold colours continued along with wild-cherry wood-panelling – and a lovely panoramic view out over the gardens to the vineyards and fields beyond.

The food proved to be excellent to the point that I wondered if this was our ‘Last Supper’ before we went to visit the Count and Countess d’Orsayville.

“I wouldn’t say that, Thea. Bryony and Emily have said that their food is superb with a heavy emphasis on local produce and recipes of the Champagne-Upper Rhône area.”

Anyway, we dined on lightly poached Brittany langoustines with a watercress sauce for me followed by seared scallops with salsify, arugula cream and a lovely smoked mustard sauce. For Debbie, she couldn’t refuse their sliced duck foie gras served with a shrimp broth and herby and hazelnut thin ravioli to contrast the duck – and then pigeon breasts and stuffed legs, the stuffing with the bird’s giblets and with an accompaniment of cauliflower and a bergamot condiment.

Put in a bottle of bottle of Armand de Brignac champagne and then local cheeses and ‘deux’ L’Ecrin de Vanille that consisted of crunchy Muscovado meringues finished with airy egg-white with roasted vanilla, smooth almond caramel, pearled custard and Maldon salt.

It was an evening to crash and relax – and not knowing what lay ahead.

Things became intriguing when I casually asked Debbie how far we had to travel the next day, Debbie replying, “Not that far as in just under fifty miles, the problem is finding our way in – as I mentioned before, Bryony asked me if we had a sat-nav and then she sent me two pages of instructions. I’ve looked at it and the conclusion is that we’re going to be in a spider’s web of D and E roads and possibly ‘hors classification’ or F – if they exist.

“It could be interesting – I guess we’ll see some of the real French countryside and what it could have looked like if the Germans really couldn’t penetrate the area.”

Truth be told, the two of us were asleep in minutes of getting into bed, a rare event indeed, the combination of fresh air and champagne having gone to work on us – and we probably needed it as the stresses of the past few weeks as to exams and their preparation, never mind live recitals came home to roost.

It was one of those nights to be snuggled into Debbie and wear the black ‘Luna di Seta’ slip, the one that I wore as a nightie and that she had bought me prior to my Liverpool performance and telling the parental units about my transformation – as well as that we would be living together as a pair of lesbians.

Next day, we took our time, a lovely breakfast, a local walk and then we left to go for one more Champagne House visit, this time avoiding Épernay and driving through some lovely countryside that gave away the very heart of the region – and I could imagine this in Autumn time, the Fall, when rolling mists came in, or so we had been told.

Our third visit was to a House that was over one hundred and fifty years old and now part of the Bollinger stable, 'Ayala Champagne.' We took the cellar tour and learned about the history of the estate and how they had relatively recently overhauled it and the vinification process – the products culminating in a wonderful Cuvée in their 'No. 7 Les 7 Grands Crus.'

A little tasting and we bought four bottles, two as a present for the d'Orsayvilles – though they probably had a good cave already, but this was one that they may not have. The other two were destined for our rack at home.

We kept lunch to a minimum, more a light sandwich and coffee and then returned to the Hostellerie to pick up our luggage that we had taken out of the car for our stay – and then we set out to find this 'invisible' château and find out what this was all about.

There was somewhat of a mystery to this next stage of our 'Grand Tour' – maybe Debbie already knew more than me but my sense of curiosity was rising by the minute, or by the kilometre.

Indeed, it was one hell of a drive, not in being incident-strewn or with loads of traffic to contend with but in the navigation, particularly the last twenty-five kilometres in.

Just as Debbie had described it, we were in middle of a spider's web and thank goodness the instructions that we had been given were clear. Outside the landscape was changing, less of the 'Champagne' and more of the Ardennes – as we had seen in the days before, more woods and sharp-cut valleys coming into play.

We came to a scarp and made our way down it and into a green valley below,

even more trees here than we had seen in the last five kilometres.

Finally, Debbie turned off the road and two hundred metres up this gravel lane; suddenly we were in front of huge gates, those typical of French chateaux – tall wrought iron, ornate and gold-gilded, two massive towers and a high fence of brick on the base and wrought iron running away on either side, very much a protective barrier to the estate behind.

We had arrived at the Château Droupt-Sainte-Aurelia Petronilla – that's what Debbie called it, the title shortened to Droupt.

The mystery of who we were meeting would be shortly lifted – all that I had learned to date was that The Count was a medical consultant and surgeon with specialities in psychology and reproduction of all things. He seemed to be based out of the Reims Sébastopol hospital and was affiliated with the local university. The indication from Bryony and Emily was that he and his wife, The Countess, were thought to be very wealthy and that they had notable collectors of art, pottery and china, especially Sèvres and Meissen.

If the gates were anything to go by, the wealth factor was certainly there.

We were to learn that The Count had inherited a substantial plate-glass business in Alsace-Lorraine as well as a property portfolio and, so typically French, equities in several retail and perfumery businesses throughout the country and on into Belgium and Luxembourg. The Countess had come from a wealthy titled Swiss family who weren't short of cash and assets either, alcohol having been their business – as well as watches, something inevitable, I guess.

They kept themselves out of the limelight as much as possible owing to this wealth, The Count having the higher public presence with his medical and research work, The Countess keeping her head very low owing to her involvement with this Circle that Bryony had referred to and because of the very nature of some of her feminine-driven businesses and, as we were about to discover, what was in the Château grounds.

‘Citoyens ordinaires de la belle France’ ils ne l'étaient pas.

The security of this place immediately became evident – either we were on camera or a detector had picked us up and checked us out, as a gate keypad on an arm emerged – and on the driver’s side of the car too. We presumed that there was an arm for drivers on my passenger-side.

Debbie punched a code in and a voice came through, in French, a welcoming us with an instruction to direct us to a second gate, « Bienvenue, s'il vous plaît venir et conduire jusqu'à la porte de douves, utilisez le second code et il va ouvrir. La maison principale est sur la gauche que vous entrez dans le quadrilatère. »

This translated to “Welcome, do come in and drive up to the moat-gate, use the second code and it will open and lower itself. The house is on the left as you enter the courtyard.”

I have to say that the drive up to the house was stunning.

We drove through an avenue of trees, the woods behind on either side of the now-metalled drive but with pasture-land first. Deer and sheep were grazing idly around the open expanses, the estate impeccably kept, American-style white

fences running down parallel to the road, and two kilometres in from the main gate.

Over a small hill with more woodland to either side of the fields and, suddenly, there in front of us the landscape opened up to reveal the Château Droupt and its own moated island.

Deceptively, the main building looked like a rectangle of a structure and with its gatehouse facing us, a classic seventeenth to eighteenth house sitting in the so-called quadrangle of outer houses and stabling, the property truly beautiful in this near-baronial setting.

It was likely that we were looking at an estate which would have been owned by someone close to past French royalty, perhaps well beyond a Count and probably guillotined during the Revolution, unless this place was so far away from the radars of the time.

The drive-in took us right up to the moat gatehouse, its wood and cast-iron drawbridge pulled up, the studs on it very impressive and making for a strong defensive mechanism to the castle. On our side of the green water, landscaping had shaped some lovely formal gardens, a little first tease of what was to lie behind the gate.

Out came another keypad arm and Debbie punched home a second code into the terminal and then we had the pleasure of watching the bridge lower itself into its horizontal position, and quite a sight and what security this proved to be.

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Now we could see a lot more of the property.

To the left of the 16th century bridge was one of the main house's wings, this block that we had seen from up on the hill, all rather resplendent and probably 17thC in structure and built of white limestone with two floors of high windows and then a third floor set into the slate roof, six windows and two larger ones giving this away.

To the right-hand side, there was a five windowed building that looked much older with its mediaeval-style post and beams showing and with lovely honey-coloured bricks in-filling the wood-frame. There was a small landing area set into the base and just above the moat water, a large and heavy wood door down there and that probably had been used for the provision of goods at one time if the moat connected to a local river.

To the right of this building, the moat walls continued on in the form of another house, this in not quite the same condition of the main building and the windows covered in strong metal grills that gave the impression of a prison or secure area.

We drove over this bridge, a few bumps as we passed over the old wood and under the building where Debbie stopped, a massive entrance door to our left.

Beyond there was a splendid sight of what lay beyond – our left and behind us the main house lay and was actually an L-shaped building. Beyond that, there were lower-level buildings probably all having been stables, service areas or staff accommodation in the past – and in the centre of the far block, we could just make out another arch and secondary moat-house out to the fields.

Inside the quadrangle, there were formal gardens that were typical of seventeenth and eighteenth century design, small green rectangular lawns,

miniature poplars, neat border beds and three massive oak trees, the whole area surrounded by the main house outbuildings and yet another drawbridge to the right that, we were to find out, led off into the classic French estate gardens, not the size of Versailles or Chantilly but still impressive.

The outbuildings gleamed in the afternoon light, their brick walls glistening in a light but warm honey colour, like can be often found in the Cotswolds.

Their post and beam frames were made of a darker wood to the building to the right of the second moat-house and their roofs were tiled in red clay pantiles to contrast with the grey slate of the chateau's roof, the latter highlighted by two slight towers at either end of the building with typical French 'bell-shaped' slating and, design-wise, we later learned that they had originated from Normandy.

I think it was only fair to say that our reaction was one of being speechless as we took in all around us – a place of considerable beauty and in such a good condition – and tastefully done as well keeping 'le coeur' of the château intact – and no obvious sign of any technology other than discreet lamps – yet my suspicion was that the security was there.

We got out of the car and, as we did, the massive oak double-door up a small flight of stairs opened up.

A young girl, a little taller than Debbie appeared and she wasn't much older than Debbie as well. It was her 'uniform' though that was remarkable.

She was dressed in a cream blouse that was so thin that we could see her brown

nipples and then brown leather pants, the kid used of a very good quality. As it was reasonably warm, she had on no jacket but this showed off two pieces of jewellery, the first a form of silver necklace that doubled up as a collar with a disc hanging off it, presumably an ID pendant. Incongruously, the second piece was a string of pearl, all rather 'BCBG' as in 'Bon chic, Bon genre', the French equivalent of being a Sloane Ranger.

She spoke to us in English with a French accent, "Welcome to the Château Droupt and I am assuming you are Debbie and Thea. Now come on in and don't worry about your luggage as we'll see to that and La Comtesse d'Orsayville, Brigitte is expecting you. I'm Amélie, her comprador by the way."

Amélie held out her hand and we exchanged pleasantries as in our delight to be here and what a beautiful place that this was. She invited us to enter the house – and my sense of curiosity and probably Debbie's as well had been turned up to 'maximum' as it had from when we had turned off the lane to arrive in front of the first gate.

I have to say that the hall was impressive and just so reflective of what we had already seen – a high ceiling with light oak beams as one would expect and the floor in a classic Georgian-style diamond tile, alternating between black and white.

The walls were pale-warm blue and white, apparently mediaeval colours leading up to heavy, ornate, white plaster friezes under the ceiling.

Two colossal fireplaces were set on either side of the room and, I could imagine, designed to welcome visitors with warmth once the Champagne Autumn with its rolling mists had set in, the logs taken from the Estate's fallen and seasoned trees.

A huge round table dominated the centre of the room, the sort of thing that Princess Margaret's son, David Linley could have designed in that there was a contemporary feel to it, a massive floral display of lilies on show in the centre of the table, their perfume heavy on the air.

Other items of furniture around the room including, bizarrely so I thought, an antique clavier – I wondered if it was tuned as I had played a number of spinets and harpsichords, and even a mediaeval monochord and a couple of virginals, all part of my degree course and the intention to diversify my understanding of older music and their instrumentation.

Amélie showed us down a rather attractive corridor, the highlights being the furniture and art and then the windows looking over the inner bailey in front of which we had parked, the gardens outside looking beautiful and the interior space looking like a long room decorated in yellows, huge drapes of a deeper shade of yellow hanging as curtains, the floor close-tiled tessellated marbling with a number of rugs strewn seemingly randomly across the floor.

Throw in a selection of period armchairs, two sofas either side of a large central fireplace, a smaller table to the hall one and two walnut display cases packed to the gunnels with antique porcelain on show and one gets an idea of just how opulent that this place was – and I thought, 'no interior designer involved' in putting this together, just history, innate taste and an acutely sense of balance and appreciation of how colour actually works.

This was brought home by the fact that we could already see personal touches, particularly with their selection of antiques, collectibles and the paintings on the wall, otherwise this house could have been as sterile and museum-like as the Palais de Versailles or many a National Trust property back home, their emotional hearts ripped out and sterilised.

We were obviously the guests of two people, our two hosts who had an immense sense of taste and historical legacy.

Amélie showed us into a drawing room off to the side that overlooked the main moat and where we had driven in from, this room being wood-panelled and warmer and more intimate than the corridor, not that it was impersonal or museum-like.

Some superb old French oil paintings were on show, each canvass lit by a brass painting lamp and perhaps this was a major factor in making the room warmer, plus there were signs of it really being lived in, papers on the desk, books on one wall and magazines, these and the photographs and kick-knacks all over the place.

As the Countess hadn't yet arrived, I looked at some of the photographs and signalled to Debbie to take a look at what I had seen.

Christ, this house made Bryony's display look as if it was Scottish Presbyterian or even from the 'Wee Frees.' There was a group of framed photographs on a table and the subject matter – well, just like Bryony's photographs but far more numerous, they were pictures of beautiful naked girls, each girl denuded of any pubic hair and showing that they all had been pierced, belly buttons, nipples, even their cunt lips, a range of accessories like fishing-weights, rings, studs and even bells hanging off some of the piercings.

I was shocked at this.

Who were they? And where had Bryony and, to some extent, Debbie, had brought me to?

A glance across the room and I saw another cluster of ‘intimate’ pictures on display in their silver, gilt and wood frames, the same thing on show to what I had just seen, the girls with an age, I guessed, between fifteen and thirty, their commonality being their nakedness and piercings, one picture showing two of them intertwined and making love to each other.

I have to admit that even by what I had seen ‘Chez Elgin Crescent,’ I was taken aback.

I didn’t get time to say anything to Debbie, the door on the far side of the room opening up and in walked the Countess, accompanied by a girl dressed like Amélie and pushing a serving-trolley that was laden down with the necessities for tea – not French-style but more of an English format.

The young lady too sported the same revealing clothing that Amélie was wearing but she was also fitted out with two bracelets with heavy D-rings hanging off them, one on each wrist.

This hinted at bondage in some description and I hadn’t yet put my finger on what this place was all about – except it was far more ‘intense’ than what on the surface it appeared to be, daft that this may sound.

The Countess Brigitte was a woman in her mid to late forties and therefore somewhat of a similar age to my mother, maybe a little younger than Diane.

She was a natural blonde with some grey showing through, some five foot seven maybe eight, slender but with a womanly curvature to her, a full poitrine and bottom that one could quickly adore.

Brigitte was elegantly dressed, as I would have expected - a haute-couture blue dress with a white collar to it and suggesting Yves Saint Laurent as 'la maison' rather than off the rack.

With it, evidently but even allowing that it was summer that we were there, she had black hosiery on along with court shoes and plenty of impressive jewellery, a long string of sizeable pearls, diamonds in her ears, a large ring on her wedding finger with an eternity band on the other hand, this one showing off large rectangular diamonds, a Chanel pearl watch on her right wrist suggesting that she was left-handed.

Her English was nearly flawless, just the slightest hint of her Swiss origins, but when she realised that we were reasonably versant in French, we reverted to her home language as 'le mode de conversation' – any commentary from now on for our time there is hopefully a reasonable translation.

“I’m delighted to welcome you here, a very positive recommendation coming through from our mutual friend, Bryony. She speaks highly of both of you and what you have achieved so far and at a young age – you, Debbie, by the sounds of what I have learned that you should rapidly be in a position of influence in the UN, The World Bank or a NGO and we, the Circle like to have members in such organisation, not that we would ever put pressure on you as we know that you would work positively on influencing issues that favour the advancement of women in society at large – and when I say this, it could be in Europe, North America or in a developing country or region.”

“Thank you, Comtesse, and your warm words and invitation to your home.”

“Now do call me Brigitte and drop the formalities, certainly for you, Debbie.”

The Countess Brigitte turned to me, “Now you, Thea. It’s not that often that potential concert artists or even pop-artists have come over the Château Droupt drawbridges and then the threshold of the main entrance to the house. Your genre are somewhat attuned to the likes of racing drivers and the like as you need that confidence, that domination and often a strong touch of arrogance needed to succeed in your field. However, what I have already learned is that these characteristics are definitely not you but that you have a prodigious talent and you play for the love of your music – and, yes, I am aware of your transformation and want to become a woman.”

“Thank you for these kind words - I also endorse Debbie’s comments about your welcome.”

“You both may find that I offer certain services from here that may surprise you – but all on behalf of my ties to the Circle, this being the name for the ring of Dominant women that have succeeded in life – and on a global or regional platform. Thea, rest assured, you aren’t the first transgender candidate that has come here, by any means, as many of my fellow members have interests or own girls like you. I accept, not many concert performers in any instrument or conductors, though we do have one world-class female conductor as a Circle member. I’m hoping that you will show us a little of your talent while you are here.”

“Well, I do understand that you have a Bösendorfer concert piano of note here – and I have also seen that lovely clavier as we came in. I’d be delighted to play a little, perhaps after dinner?”

“Perfect – Amélie already has arranged for the tuning of the piano, should I say more the fine tuning of it, for you. There’s one other thing and that is we have had some early briefing of the challenges that you have faced from a medical point of view and my husband, Henri, wants to meet you. He’ll be here at supper tonight. With his linkages and your visit to Florence for Debbie’s meeting, you may find this more than interesting. Anyway, let’s have some tea.”

Tea was served and very civilised – forget the mugs or whatever, this was taken from very nice bone china, I assume of French origin, small sandwiches and, yes, with the crusts of the bread cut off, along with delicate fondant cakes, Battenberg, delicious mini-éclairs that my mother would have gone ‘bananas’ over, and small slices of Victorian sponge cake, worthy of a ‘Mary Berry’ cookery session.

This was just a little glimpse of the quality of the food to come and, frankly, we could have been sitting in the tea-lounge of the Ritz in Piccadilly or the Grosvenor back in Chester – not that I had much experience in ‘tea-sniffing.’

It was now rather genteel as things went, The Countess giving us a little of the Château’s history.

The ‘reveal’ or ‘la grande presentation,’ came when I asked her so, rather innocuously I hasten to add, what the outer-buildings that we had seen were used for.

“Hasn’t Bryony or Emily said anything about the business that we have centred on here?”

“No, not really at all.”

“They are good girls, very discreet and excellent lawyers.”

Debbie did add, “There was a little hint that it involved some aspect of domination over submission but not exactly detailed to how or what.”

The Countess started to reveal her proverbial ‘hand,’ “As you two may be realising, starting from when you drove in here earlier, this is rather a special place and, Girls, I don’t necessarily mean the beauty of the place. However, I will say that on the physical side, I guess that the beauty is, in part, the result of living here for over twenty years and slowly modernising and restoring it from the relative wreck that it was.”

Brigitte paused for a moment as if she was wondering whether to tell us or not what the real *raison d’être* of this place was all about , the proverbial dance of the black and white angels on her shoulders, the decision falling in our favour, perhaps.

“I guess that you should know - you are actually staying in the middle of a female sex-training academy, my school set up to provide education for girls who will enter life as either lesbian escorts around the world or as submissives to their female dominants.”

I really hadn’t been expecting this and so full-on.

Yes, the medical side I knew about as well as this woman in front of me being involved in some investment ring where the women shared a commonality in being high-worth and successful, strong hints of lesbianism but here we were now sitting in the middle of what was, I guess, the equivalent of a Swiss finishing school but with a particular mission focused on sex between women.

God, what would my family think? What was Debbie thinking?

Debbie asked, “How interesting – how many students do you have?”

“Numbers go up and down with demand but we usually have anything from six to fifteen in house – their facilities are there on the right of the main moat-house and run up the other side of the compound, the top side given over to our services and Henri’s medical suite as well as the main wine-cellars to the château. Then there are my staff, largely drawn from my graduates, they’re the girls dressed like Amélie and we have eight of them employed not only in the house here but to the college as well.”

“Are there any outsiders then?”

“Yes – living on site though and providing tuition in specific areas or they are women like our chef, Claire, who runs the kitchen. They’re more on the older side and have worked with me for a number of years and you’ll find that they are dressed normally.”

“What do the girls learn in this college?”

“Well, if I was you, think of a finishing school and everything that goes with creating well-adjusted women able to grace their households with poise, style and confidence but who also have a high proficiency in sex with women, particularly from the submissive side. Each girl gets closely assessed before and on entry and everything is tailored to their needs. If they have a particular skill that they are excellent at then we will use their experience to help coach or mentor their peer group – for example, Thea, if you were enrolled here, we would ask you to act as a music teacher, particularly for the piano obviously.”

It was my turn to ask a question now, “So how long are the courses?”

“Again they are individual specific but generally from three months to a year – though we also have refreshers for a month that can be quite strict if the candidates have slipped in terms of their performance – again the areas are closely worked out by both their Dominants, my staff and me. Now tell me a little about yourselves, your achievements and aspirations – though I do have at hand some research and input on you both.”

“Bryony and Emily?”

“Yes but you would be amazed from who else we have had feedback. Such are our ways.”

My thought – ‘my goodness, is this the equivalent of a sexual MI5 or the French DSGE, better known as la ‘Direction Générale du Sexe Extrême.’”

As we enjoyed the tea on offer, Debbie expounded on her career and interests to date along with a little about her lesbian life and finishing with why we were on

this ‘tour’ and then it was my turn, my life in these volumes stilled down to five minutes, I guess.

Then tea was over, The Countess suggesting that we went with a girl that she summonsed in and introduced to us, Ella her name. “Ella will show you your suite and will get you anything you need and help you settle in. We’ll reconvene at, say, seven-fifteen for les apéritifs and dinner. The Count, Henri, will join us at some point –he’s a bit of a loose cannon when it comes to timing but, I guess, this is probably one of the costs of being a medic where the patient rightfully comes first. You’ll see our ante-room and the salle à manger as you go down the corridor with Ella.”

Ella indicated that we should come with her. We rose and thanked the Countess for tea and her briefing.

Ella was very pretty, probably mid-twenties and a tad older than Debbie.

She had blonde hair that fell down onto her shoulder with it slightly dark underneath.

She was taller than us, well a little taller than Debbie and she was beautifully shaped when it came to her breasts and hips – her exquisite nipples evidently pink and prominent under her diaphanous blouse – the two of them carrying heavy-duty titanium rings pierced on the vertical, grey-eyed, quite a prominent nose that had been studded in the left nostril and also a ring hanging down from her septum.

How annoying this piercing must be for her.

Otherwise, she was dressed as the other two were - the universal collar and cuffs that were on show around here were on her too.

We left the Countess's study, Ella introducing herself in French and then where we were in the main corridor, giving us a glimpse of the principal rooms, the Count's study, two reception rooms and then the dining-room and its salon where we were to meet later, the décor a mix of restoration and modern, the combination of traditional furniture with their antiques and porcelain collection and onto more recent works, especially in terms of sculpture, pottery and paintings, the blend making for more of a personal touch than the usual emptiness of such large houses.

We also saw the Bösendorfer piano in the ante-room and what a glorious instrument it was, my fingers running over it with a couple of scales so as to ascertain its tonal qualities. I was hooked and wanted to play it right at that moment but, no, I would have to wait until later.

It was one of their concert '280' models and stunning, the exterior veneer used an American walnut but it was what lay inside the casing as to under the lid that was jaw-dropping, a marquetry set on with a flower with stems motif.

Later Brigitte would tell me that this piano was known as an 'Imperial' after the Hapsburg Palace in Vienna, the Schönbrunn, and such motives, usually flowers or animals, had always been a symbol of extravagance and luxury and such furniture had become precious with the quality of the inlays.

The piano here had been inspired by the Empress Maria-Theresa and her, husband, the Holy Roman Emperor, Francis I, who had commissioned the artist

Johann Wenzel Bergl to decorate their reception rooms and the 'Imperial' piano had been designed in recognition of this, each piano identified by a numbered brass plaque.

I began to think about what I could play – it should really include something of French origin. My knowledge of French composers wasn't brilliant but I probably could come up with something, Ravel for example, maybe Berlioz or Debussy.

We moved on, Ella taking us through to another hall with an impressive staircase in the centre of it and up we went towards our suite.

The Count and Countess's individual suites were to our left now, back over the wing that we had just come from but Ella led us down another corridor, this taking us into another wing that flanked the building – with the moat on three sides of it, all part of the château's defences, now possibly used to keep The Countess's 'students' within – and perhaps, in part, explaining the other security that we had seen or sensed.

Ella walked us down to the end to open a door that led into a spacious room with windows on all three sides overlooking the moat, the gardens and the estate beyond. It was an impressive room with its high, beamed ceilings, white curtains, a massive triple king-sized antique bed that even had what looked like an antique canopy – and then a sitting area in front of a pale grey limestone fireplace, so typically French, the fire made up in the grate.

To my 'horror' and Debbie's delight, there were two contraptions on one side of the room, the first a heavy looking wooden stock and the second some sort of frame set close to the floor and designed to take a body across it.

I then noticed the other two BDSM items, as they turned out to be, the first an ultra-modern padded bench with different levels to it on a brass frame and lots of leather straps hanging off it.

The second was a grid above the bed and under the canopy, hidden for discretion, the grid with hooks and chains hanging off it, many of these copied along the lower base of the bed. This was no ordinary bed and probably represented a Domme's idea of sexual paradise.

Ella took us through a second door, another short corridor here leading to a comfortable panelled study full of erotica and pictures of nude women.

Next door to this was our bathroom, spacious and in white marble, excepting that all the fixtures were made of glass and I realised that I wouldn't have any privacy to my toilet or bathing - everything would be exposed. Again this would be up there in this elevated paradise, certainly in Debbie's book.

There was another room beyond at the end of this secondary corridor next to the moat on our left – and it turned out to be another bedroom and a Dominant's dream what with an

RSJ beam traversing the ceiling with sturdy chains hanging off it, a dais beneath and various cages and what looked like crosses anchored off the far wall, the only windows in this room on the left side and holding frosted glass so that nobody could see in – or out.

“This is the second bedroom where the Countess may take you, Thea, if you were taken in to the College if she wants to punish or fuck you – or if any of us

girls as we elder ones have full use of your bodies as we would need to train you in orgasm control and release.

Debbie asked “Wow – it’s some suite in here and I love it but what about storage space as we haven’t seen any cupboards or closet space?”

“In here, I’ll think that you will find all that you need.” Ella opened one more door and, inside, there was the biggest closet we had ever seen and beautifully structured.

“If you were enrolled, you would find that the largesse of the space is given over to what would be your lingerie collection as that would become even larger than you arrived with. As to clothing that is minimalist in that you would find that you are dressed in even thinner blouses than I am wearing and a matching short skirt, the idea being that the Countess prefers to see her newbies on display and what lingerie they are or are not wearing. It’s all about accessibility too, so she and we can use you freely. Life here is about training you to think sex and more sex with women. We become no more than sex dolls, you know.”

Now where had I heard that message before?

Our luggage had already made its way to the room - as Amélie had promised, the behind-the-scenes team had swung into action. Emily helped us move them on to the bed, “May I suggest that we get you unpacked and I can run you both a bath and if you want me at your disposal in there, I am there to help or be used.”

I knew that Debbie would be interested in this.

The next thing was that with our luggage put away and the cases and bags now lounging in the closet, Ella undressed me and cleared me out with an old-fashioned enema while Debbie checked e-mails. I was subjected to some salt-solution in a bag, a long rubber tube inserted deep into my boy-cunt, the filling of it and then drainage, the process to be repeated twice more so that I was spotless in there.

I can remember Ella telling me, “Down on your knees and hands, bottom in the air. I’m going to push the rubber nozzle in your open anus and squeeze the contents in from the balloon and then, in a couple of minutes, you’ll unload all your waste in there into the toilet.

Then, what I will do is hose you out so you are spotlessly clean. Now if you were a student here, a ‘gurl’-student, we would do this daily, maybe even twice, as it’s essential to be clean in there for any penetration play from anybody who is above you in the order of things around here.”

With Ella satisfied with my internal readiness, we both undressed Debbie, due reverence paid with fingers, mouths and even our noses as she stood there, enjoying the devoted attention.

Ella ran the bath-water and then we were in the warm tub, all three of us.

Within minutes, I found myself speared on Ella’s flesh-coloured and veined cock, one of the Chateau’s I hasten to say, a Feeldoe-style with more girth and curvature to it, my P-spot pressurised and all while Debbie was straddling me so that I could take her orally, her taste filling my mouth and this was before she came over me.

Sure enough, there was a role reversal between them, Ella's taste quite intense – the familiar cummy eggy flavour one gets but with a savoury note to it, some vanilla tarragon and rosemary flavour to it as well, one that surprised me, I have to say and made me wonder what she had been eating.

However, her taste wasn't the 'mind-blowing' factor – it was Ella's appearance in front of us and Debbie said that she had been taken aback too.

Never mind her heavily-pierced nipples that had been on show since we had met her, Ella was completely depilated, her labia minora hanging down and these were perforated with four button studs on either side and her clitoris carried a titanium ring inserted in it, nothing that mind-blowing here, perhaps but one more of interest.

However, what was more shocking was that she carried a branding mark on her mons, not a tattoo but a neat, deep-set shield showing three clear gryphon heads with an embossment of a three-rose chevron dividing them, two gryphons above and one below.

Underneath there was an inscription set in two lines and clearly legible, 'Prop. de la Comtesse Brigitte.'

This was mind-blowing – I could say 'shattering' in that young women could be branded like this. Debbie admitted that she was more intrigued by this than I was, the difference between us being our 'Domme to sub' relationship.

Otherwise, Ella was stunning, a lovely honey colour, not an ounce of fat on her, her bottom fuller than both Debbie and me and her valley down there showing a

tinge of pale brown to her skin.

It was Debbie who asked Ella the question about her branding. Ella responded by standing close to us, fingering her mons, so that we could see it in detail.

“It was done here by the Count with the Countess looking on, using a silver branding rod, which was heated in charcoal and then finished with a Camping Gaz torch to get it to the right temperature – iron as a metal is too hot for such neat marking but they do use iron on animals. At least we are spared that.

Ella added, “The effect is not only created by the burn but in that The Count also sprinkled burnt umber and henna over my mons area and it’s that which gives the colour not the scarring – that just gave me the depth in the brand.”

“It must have hurt like hell as that sort of depth means a third degree burn.”

“Nothing that water, morphine and then ‘Bacitracin,’ an antibiotic, couldn’t handle and then some Middle Eastern healing balm, one of Tallula’s specialities and you’ll meet her soon – she heads up The Count’s support team – I think she’ll be at dinner with The Count.”

“I see – we see.”

“I forgot to say that their medication also comes with a tetanus shot. Having said this, I should point out that generally it is only done to girls who are going to stay here – unless you, Debbie, register Thea here, and then want a branding done.”

I asked, “But why, Ella? Why do they do it?”

“I suppose that it becomes a symbol of our acceptance and submission, – and it serves to keep us here. What Domme would want to take a girl on who is sporting a branding like this, unless future plastic surgery covers it up and I guess that would also be painful, possibly even more painful than the brand itself and no guarantee of success and further scarring?”

Debbie spoke up, “Can I ask how long have you been here and how did they find you, Ella?”

“I lost my parents in a vehicle crash in Denmark and, obviously, became an orphan. I had a strange distant aunt who didn’t really want to take care of me and it was she who found the Countess. I’m not sure if it was an advert or by word of mouth – you don’t exactly advertise in magazines like your ‘Tatler’ or ‘Country Life,’ or here in France, ‘Point de Vue’ or ‘French Vogue.’

“I guess so.”

“Imagine an advert in any one of these magazines, ‘Wanted – young girls, fifteen to twenty-something, for development and education as lesbians to a leading European member of the nobility.’”

Now this had us laughing.

“More seriously, I have been here just over eight years – and am happy. I was thirteen when I came here. Most girls are your age and up to about twenty five or six if you aren’t sponsored by a Domme. Your future is decided on after two to three years but The Countess likes us to be at least eighteen before we are sold on to another woman for partnership or end up going into one of the major lesbian escort companies. I also think that this reduces the legal risk in most countries too.”

“Oh my goodness, surely not?”

“Well, it’s here that one can gradually accumulate money to develop a life outside your sex life. For girls like me, and possibly you if you were to join us, Thea, it’s a life in indentured service to Debbie or whoever you end up with or, if you look at it, kept in luxurious bondage.”

Debbie asked her, “So are you happy here?”

“Oh yes, very much so. I am well-looked after and I have a tremendous sex-life with the house, the College and visitors like you – always with women, the occasional one like you Thea.”

“So there are other transgender girls that come through?”

“Yes, there are but always very feminine ones and going to be operated on at some point and that’s where The Count often comes into play in providing the surgery. Some of his work is quite radical in pushing the boundaries of the research in turning trans-girls into full women complete with reproductive organs too – they’re hoping to have a girl that can become pregnant shortly.”

Debbie replied, “My, interesting. Tell me, do you know how they, The Count and Countess met and how to they rationalise The Countess’s involvement in this Circle and running the College.”

Ella dropped her voice – was she fearful that there could be listening devices in the bathroom? “Effectively, as we girls understand it, they have an arranged marriage or one of convenience – they get on well together but sexually they are apart. Brigitte is a dedicated lesbian whereas The Count is thought to be largely asexual. However, there are some rumours of him having a preference for younger feminine boys and particularly you transgender ones. I think you call them ‘twinks’ but from what I have heard they have to have very female-like bottoms and legs. He loves to bring you across the gender sex-bridge apparently and his view is that your girls make for very loyal submissives and ideal partners for women or escorts.”

“It sounds as if you may have to take care if you’re left alone with him, Thea.”

“As to where they met it was Dijon apparently when fairly young and family arranged, ‘les affaires de la noblesse,’ and they were married in Reims Cathedral – there are a couple of photographs downstairs of that event. Now I think we should get out of the bath and get ready for dinner.”

As we dried off and then made up, Ella turned to Debbie, “Can I dress Thea, Debbie, as if she was on her first night here as a submissive trainee?”

“Sure – go ahead. I’ll be interested to see.”

“And can I plug her boy-cunt?”

“Very much so.”

“Excellent. Into the back-bedroom with you, young lady and we’ll get you ready for your Domme to take you down for dinner.”

Ella had me lean over the bed, hands on the duvet beneath, and my bottom pushed out.

She went on the rummage in a nearby drawer to produce a curved, clear-glass, dildo with a narrow base to it, this designed to run up and down by bottom valley and prevent it from disappearing me and, as Debbie often did, using a pair of panties to act as an anchor as well.

A little lubricant and she pushed it home, Ella telling me that, if I was fully trained, I should be able to accept the glass without any assistance. As it went into position, I could feel its pressure on my internal walls – and was I really expected to sit through dinner with this in me and, when the thought hit me, Oh my God, to play the piano?

She went into the large closet and came back with a very deep black suspender belt, almost a waspie, and the straps hanging down on it longer than the ones that I usually wore. Out came a pair of luxury ‘Cervin Rive Gauche’ black stockings that would shimmer on my legs and we rolled them on to hook up to the clips.

This belt was of superb quality and despite being tight on my upper-waist so as not to slip, it was incredibly comfortable, Ella saying that it had been made in Paris by one Alice Cadolle, the very shop we had looked at after window-shopping the main Chanel store. I could see why women would pay out large sums for such a piece as this.

“I’m leaving you without a bra on tonight – and you’ll be wearing one of the College slips which entry trainees wear for their first few dinners so I am warning you, your nipples will be on show for everybody to see.”

I don’t know if I rolled my eyes at this but I really shouldn’t have been that surprised. I had already guessed that this would be a dinner party with a difference.

Next on was a pair of tulle panties, also Cadolle transparent all around except for a sturdy gusset that could well have been specially reinforced to perform its duties and hold the dildo in me. And then came Ella’s slip – a case of ‘surely not’ once more, this being like a long cami or even a nightie, not unlike my Luna one, except that it was definitely semi-transparent, in black, and finished with a little ‘Leavers’ lace around my neck-line.

With my black ballet flats, having pointed out to Ella that I needed them to play, I looked like something out of a 1930s movie, the ‘Swing’ era – maybe I should rethink my music for the evening? This reminded me that I needed to look at a score online so as to refresh my memory – once I had been over its first page on the laptop, I would be up and away.

“Ella – would you mind if I pop next door now, there’s something that I need to prepare if I am going to play the piano later – just a quick refreshment of a score.”

You play from memory?”

“Most of the time, Ella, yes I can. I have a pitch-perfect tone and I can usually play a piece after one listening.”

“Goodness me – couldn’t Mozart do that or was that hype in the film ‘Amadeus’ when he sliced the court composer’s piece inside out?”

“Well it’s in the movie and the composer was Antonio Salieri. It probably could have been a stunt for the movie but, aged fourteen, he heard Gregorio Allegri’s ‘Miserere mei’ and wrote it down from memory and was near perfect on his first attempt, a few small corrections after the second hearing – and bear in mind this is a choral work lasting nearly fifteen minutes. In many ways, he popularised the piece as the Vatican had guarded it closely and it was the then Pope who gave him a chivalric award for his feat and ‘released’ the Capella choral work.”

“It sounds as if you have an encyclopaedic knowledge too.”

“Well, music is my profession - if it takes off.”

I went next door and asked Debbie if I could borrow her laptop for this little bit of research work, her comment on seeing me, “I just hope it will be warm enough in the dining room.”

Ella had come in behind and commented, “Rest assured, it will be.”

I brought the page up, Ravel that it was, and took in the page, things falling into place and turned back to the other two, Ella having taken advantage of the time to freshen herself up.

“Okay, I am ready now.”

“Not quite – I have two pieces of bondage-jewellery here for you to wear and so that Debbie, or me, can control you – and they’re expressive of your submissive status around here.”

With this, she produced two silver bands, the first being a rounded collar to sit on my neck, one D-ring hanging off it – and then a matching cuff for my right wrist. On they went and out came a silver leash with a plaid black leather handle – and this was clipped on to my front D-ring and Debbie took up my lead.

Debbie was wearing an emerald-green dress – and also had put lingerie on, judging by the fact that I could see her stockings on, black sandals with heels to finish her outfit and so she towered over me to some extent.

We were ready now, except for a spritz of perfume, ‘Fendi Palazzo the brand’ - this being fresh, floral and very feminine.

It was strange leaving the suite, as for some reason, I had a few butterflies bouncing around. It wasn’t as if I was going on to a major stage this evening – maybe it was thoughts about what this event could be – and I would also be meeting The Count.

We walked back down the stairs, Ella leading and Debbie with my leash in hand.

Here I was, and ultimately still a boy dressed in women's clothes, albeit very scanty, everything exposed, my cockette frustratingly beginning to stiffen, perversely so, at the prospect of being presented to the Countess like this – a mixture of one quarter male and three-quarters female perhaps and along with a strong message about what my imminent future could be.

Ella led us to the reception room to 'la salle à manger,' the two rooms that we had had a glimpse of earlier. This ante room was smaller than the studies-cum-drawing-rooms that we had seen before and with the concert piano in here, really was quite snug in fact.

Other than the gorgeous piano, and yes I was itching to play it, the room was dominated by a beautiful old Provencal fireplace in limestone and, much to my surprise and I think Debbie's too, there was a fire simmering away in its hearth with a massive English-style cast-iron back to it, this portraying the d'Orsayville's coat of arms.

The fire had been lit to take off any risk of chill and add ambiance, the signs of continual usage over the years shown in the sooting of the stone and adding to its character.

Otherwise, the room was comfortably furnished, two massive and comfortable-looking sofas in a pale blue and white pattern, various armchairs, two display cabinets full of porcelain, mainly Meissen I think, and then a long Dutch antique oak table with various ornaments and photos of their girls in silver frames, the pictures in black and white, and I couldn't but help notice that all of them were

on their hands and knees, bottoms in the air and their sex revealed in full glory, all of them devoid of any pubic hair and many pierced.

My reaction, well I kept this to myself but it was a 'Good God, I don't believe what I am looking at.'

I decided to look at the impressive collection of oil paintings on the walls, country scenes centred around the Champagne-Ardenne and including no less than a Poussin.

One of The Countess's girls was already present and ready with champagne flutes and bottles sitting in an ice bath. Ella introduced her as Sylvie, she dressed in the uniform that we had already seen, her blouse thinner than what Ella was wearing.

It was only two or maybe three minutes and then The Countess appeared with Amélie, another 'senior' staff member, Kerstin, a pretty girl around the late twenties to thirty years old mark and, apparently of Austrian origin, her hair long, brown and very lush.

The Countess was beautifully dressed in a black cocktail dress that spoke Chanel in spades, along with black stockings, the colour that there was coming from an impressive double strand of pearls and emerald-cut diamond earrings along with a tennis bracelet on her right wrist and a Chanel pearl watch on her left.

I could sense that she was eyeing me up as in seeing how I shaped up in this 'novice' uniform of hers and how uncomfortable I was.

“Good evening, Debbie and Thea. I hope that you have settled in upstairs and welcome to dinner this evening. Thea - you look fine and there’s really no need to be embarrassed by how you are dressed – it’s all standard wear for new girls dining in here, the same for both the girls and any transsexual ones, like you, that come along.”

At this point, Sylvie appeared with full glasses of what proved to be a rather tasty Charles Heidsieck vintage champagne.

Brigitte introduced Kerstin now, her role in this set-up being to act as housekeeper to both the Château and the College, the latter more as a ‘Mother Superior’ to the girls, or should I call them ‘inmates.’

Debbie was just about to ask Kerstin what the challenges of looking after a group of young submissives were when the door opened and in walked a rather good looking man in his mid-fifties, accompanied by two women, one who was petite, almost of my size and of Middle Eastern or North African origin, and the second one a tall blonde girl who could have been from anywhere in Scandinavia or perhaps Germany or Poland.

The Count Henri d’Orsayville had arrived – with two of his team, Tallula who was his head nurse and also ran the Château’s spa centre and then Annemieke, also from his nursing staff and, as we were to learn, had a twin sister, Marietje and they were from The Netherlands.

Tallula turned out to be North African, Rabat in Morocco having been her home and she had become an expert not only in Middle Eastern treatments through spices and herbs, essentially homeopathic treatments but also in nursing, and

worked very closely with The Count both here and in his Rheims facility and, as such, was his right-hand woman.

As to Count Henri, he was charming and, in so many ways, like Debbie's father and of a similar age, maybe a few years younger. He was dressed in beige slacks looking like that they were well-tailored, brown brogue shoes that were highly polished, a twill white shirt with gold cufflinks and a darker sports-jacket – possibly Lanvin with a mid-blue Hermès tie with a hunting-horse motif on it.

Henri was quite handsome, a chiselled-face, salt-and-pepper hair and broad-shouldered and all there, his grooming evidently 'impeccable' as the French say. He was already carrying a drink, a whisky and water being his preferred tippie as it turned out to be.

"Now I am assuming you are Debbie Latymer and Thea Trevanyon and it's pretty obvious who is who when it comes to being the Domme and the submissive. I understand that you are transgender, Thea, and may I say very pretty with it. I'm also aware that you have had an ongoing issue of IGD and this has, in part, led to your decision to become female. I haven't had too many cases such as yours and I would love to have a chat with you while you are here. Perhaps and a very big perhaps, you may be of interest to my major partner and me."

"There's absolutely no harm in having a discussion."

"Good – shall we say ten-thirty tomorrow morning over in my suite? We could meet in the kitchen or Ella could bring you over. Now, I also understand that you are an outstanding up-and-coming concert pianist?"

“Yes to the time and ‘outstanding,’ well I have yet to prove that but my desire is to become a good internationally-recognised one.”

“And one of the reasons that Brigitte will be interested in you as I don’t think that she has too many female pianists on her books. Given how many of her circle will be involved philanthropically on this Arts committee or governance, she could prove to be a great asset to you in accelerating your career. Anyway, are you going to play to us while you are evening? I know that Amélie and Kerstin have had a piano-tuner in to ensure that the piano is ‘en forme’, her credentials being from the Conservatoire de Troyes.”

“The Countess has asked me that at tea-time. I may have something lined up.”

“May I ask what?”

“Put it this way, Austrian and French, two pieces from France.”

“I can see you like to tease. Okay, I will look forward to it – and to a good Armagnac on hand too.”

I laughed, “Why not? – you may fall asleep. I’ll have to make my third piece a lively one.”

“So are you and Debbie interested in wine, as I have a substantial cave?”

“Well, we enjoy it and actually have come down from a little visit to Ayala,

Gratien and Giraud.”

“Three good houses, may I say, and a bit off the beaten track, so that is encouraging as you showing an appreciation of ‘le gout.’ What do you think of the Heidsieck?”

At this point, Debbie came into the conversation and we ended up discoing champagne and, of course, our opinion of l’Hostellerie La Briqueterie.”

One of the kitchen crew appeared to announce that dinner was ready and we started to make our way next door. How one could cook dressed as she was with her large breasts exposed, who knows.

We finished our ‘coupes de champagne,’ Henri draining his Scotch and the doors to the dining room swung opened to reveal it in its full glory and this was, apparently, just a supper.

The room reflected the elegance of the other reception rooms that we had seen what with their high ceilings and intricate friezes and with the walls decorated in the palest of blues in here the floor tiled like a chessboard in black and white, a huge pale-green antique rug beneath the table, a colossal marble ‘buffetière’ on one wall and yet another fireplace on the other – this one also having been lit earlier, a stunning oil of the Château Droupt at the turn of the eighteenth into nineteenth century above it.

The table was a classic French one, subtly rounded into an oval, set up for ten of us, Claire, the chef to join us at various times during the meal. The surface of the table was covered with a simple white cloth, silver candelabra, Christofle

wineglasses and cutlery and large pewter sous-plats laid out for quite a dramatic effect and a trick to take back home for our own suppers with Bryony and Emily.

Debbie sat next to the Countess with Amélie on her left and I was placed to the right of Henri, Tallulah next to him, the others in-filling.

Sylvie, this girl from the kitchen and one other provided the service.

The food was exquisite and classically French, a beautiful vegetable terrine, a fresh-water fish bouillabaisse followed by Charolais beef in the form of Beef 'Fleurie' with marrow, a dish that was originally a Troigros creation.

Then came the cheese, some of the nicest Brie de Meaux, again local, that I had ever tasted and strawberries that were served fresh and macerated with macaroons, the wines including a Chevalier-Montrachet followed by a Domaine Tawse from Chambolle-Musigny, both Burgundian Grand Cru and Tawse a most appropriate name for a wine in this establishment.

The chat around the table was informal; really it was about the Count and Countess questioning us about our backgrounds, particularly our academic lives, but also covering likes and dislikes, Ella adding questions to the list too.

And yes, some of the questions were sexual too – again on the same themes of likes, dislikes and experience. I realised that any lying on our part, or should I put it as misinformation, would have been completely off-limits as these two had seemingly been well-briefed and I wonder who was responsible for that, the answer most likely, as sure as the sun rises each day there back in Elgin Crescent.

We retired to the reception salon, the ante-room where we had enjoyed champagne and Henri, his whisky and water. Coffee and those pink ‘biscuits roses de Reims’ were served, some pink marc de champagne chocolates too – and then pousse-café were offered, all being French of course except there were a couple of malt whiskies available for Henri, if he so wanted. X.O. Armagnac proved to be the choice selection.

Others appeared in the room, not least Claire and her two kitchen staff but also four other girls that I didn’t recognise, though the moment that I saw Marietje, I knew immediately who she was, the very same image as her twin.

We now had sixteen of us in the room and chairs were brought through from the salle à manger to make for an impromptu recital room. To my amazement, out came the candles en masse, two massive candelabra, two smaller ones on the piano and four or scattered around the room, the fire stoked up slightly to create an atmosphere the likes of which I had never experienced before.

Was this what it was like to play the piano when electricity didn’t exist? This would be fun though – as long as the notes flowed out of me.

The moment had come – and Brigitte triggered it, “Girls, Henri and I have invited Debbie and Thea to stay with us for a couple of nights. The recommendation to meet with them came from a name some of you may know well for her involvement on legal issues, Bryony Trott, who works out of London and has stayed here a few times with her partner, Emily.”

There was a slight pause as The Countess composed her thoughts.

“Now these two guests of ours are an up and coming young duo starting with Debbie who is looking to have a stunning career in international politics, economics and relationships, particularly where they involve going across borders. Then we also have Thea. Thea has recently graduated from the Royal Academy of Music in London one of the world’s leading conservatoires, and she may well be on the way to a prestigious career as a concert pianist. She has already played at concert level in front of large hall audiences with well-know orchestras and conductors and we are incredibly lucky in that she has agreed to play for us tonight. By the way, I have no idea what she is intending to give us – and I see no music? Over to you, Thea.”

I rose and walked across to the piano. “Hello to all who have joined us but just let me run a couple of scales to get a feel of the keyboard though I admit to having had a little go earlier when Ella took Debbie and me up to the suite.”

I sat down and let my fingers run, my feet too so as to get an idea of how the three pedals performed.

“May I thank The Countess and also The Count for their immense hospitality tonight and also on behalf of my partner and Dominant, Debbie – I also extend my thanks to all of you here and behind scenes who have made things so comfortable, welcoming and delicious.”

I paused for a second or two and then continued, gathering my thoughts and getting ready to launch forth. “What I am proposing is to play you three pieces this evening, starting with an Austrian composer and a huge favourite of mine, a transposition to the piano of a movement from his fifth symphony and that is Gustav Mahler, his ‘Adagietto,’ which I think is an entrancing and sublime piece of music and, for me, this has been the same from the moment that I first heard it. The works of Mahler have become one of my specialist areas – from this, we’ll move on to two French composers, Debussy and Ravel, two very different pieces, one for emotion and the other for some keyboard pyrotechnics to keep

Count Henri awake.”

There was some sniggering to that last remark. I took a couple of breaths so as to settle down and added, “He composed it in 1902 and its key is in F Major, the basis of it being a love song to his wife, Alma. Kerstin, I could recite it to you in German but excuse me for my French translation:

‘In which way I love you, my sunbeam,

I cannot tell you with words.

Only my longing, my love and my bliss

can I with anguish declare’

or the final line in German:

‘und meine Liebe, meine Wonne!’”

I let my fingers loose and off I went, those gorgeous sequence of notes filling this château’s room, the piano so deep and sonorous, the music an exquisite piece of sensuality in my opinion and hopefully the way that I expressed it when it came to playing.

Debbie after all had heard it so many times and she knew what it meant to me.

(Suggestion to the reader -- put it on your laptop with a Google search for

Mahler's Adagietto and Beatrice Berrut, the soloist, as you read this, and if you don't know the music!)

As I finished, there was a hush in the room – my small audience totally taken by what they had heard and my, what a sublime instrument this piano truly was.

I raised my hands, “Now hopefully you have heard why it is such a special piece of music to me. I’m going to go straight on with the romance and play Debussy’s ‘Claire de Lune’ and then I’ll continue with the stunning Ravel’s ‘Gaspard de la Nuit’ to finish off with some high jinx, my hands having to work in overtime and in very close proximity of each other through this piece.”

My small audience rose as one at the end – after another little pause when I finished the Ravel, Brigitte admitting that they had all been taken aback and not expecting this level of playing, Debbie saying afterwards that this was one of my best Adagiettos, if not the best, that she had heard me play, possibly because of the late nineteenth, early twentieth century atmosphere of the room and the quality of the piano;

The Countess thanked me, expressing her deep appreciation and wondering how I could play all this music from memory, my answer being, “I don’t want to sound as if I am boasting but I just can do it – and I appreciate having the talent.”

They tried to get me to play an encore to which I said, “Look, I’ll play again tomorrow but maybe less classical and more film scores and that sort of thing. Let me pull my thoughts together.”

The surprise came from Ella who came up to me after The Countess had said her words. “Thank you for your playing this evening and you were amazing and beyond belief. I loved the Mahler by the way, a very special piece.”

“I think so. Thanks.”

“I play viola – not to your level but I used to play in my regional orchestra and I would love to play with you if you’ll consider it. I’ve got my instrument here with me, I call it ‘Dorel’ or Doré here in France. Doré was made by Andrejz Kalata, a luthier from southern Poland and she has a beautifully rich and projecting sound to it.

“I’ve heard of that maker before. I think he is still alive and quite a few of the strings at the Academy in London had them and that says a lot. How did you get one?”

“It was from a legacy from my maternal grandparents who were Polish and Estonian and came from Podhale, which is where Kalata was born and lives.”

“How nice a story is this – tell me what can you play? Any pieces for a duo with a viola and piano?”

“I couldn’t play solo from memory like you do and it takes something really special to be able to do that across so many pieces. I have played some though – with my grandmother’s Estonian heritage, I’ve played a fabulous Avro Pärt composition that is for both piano and viola and to which I deeply love. Have you come across him before?”

“Yes – he’s composed a lot of classical and religious work and I believe he’s still alive, He works in a minimalist style and uses a compositional technique that he created, one called tintinnabulation and which he says originates from Gregorian chant.”

“I didn’t know the name of it until now but it is rather haunting.”

“So where on earth are we going to get a score of any of his work out here in the depths of the Champagne-Ardenne?”

“I have the score of one of his duo pieces that I played in my room.”

“Brilliant – let’s have a look at it tomorrow and we can have a go at it together. I need, say two runs at it and then I’ll have it memorised and we could put it on the list for tomorrow night if you are up to it.”

“Only if you think that I am good enough.”

“It’s about making music together Ella, and if the others love the piece, that’s great. It’s like someone cooking with a really good chef and, do you know what, the chefs generally appreciate the cook making the effort and this is no different. Let’s ask The Countess if it is okay to use the piano tomorrow, say just after lunch as I have to see The Count late morning, as I think you know.”

Debbie and I ended up saying goodnight to The Countess and Henri and we went back upstairs towards the suite with me on the leash again, Debbie holding it and

asking me, “So how was it to be wearing what you were and in feeling the dildo in you while you were playing?”

“Actually, I didn’t notice it – more so while we were sitting at the dinner-table where it did play up – the clothing, well what with others around me showing their breasts, I didn’t feel out of place.”

“Maybe I should have you playing for guests at home like this.”

We got back to the room and walked in through the door, the sight greeting me taking me aback – whether Debbie was shocked or knew about the girl standing there but chained to the bed so that she couldn’t go anywhere.

She was in our age group and a similar height to Ella, long brown hair that came down her back – she was naked but for her black stockings, a suspender belt identical to the one that I was wearing and tie-side panties – and she had been gagged with a pair of panties that were hanging outside of the sides of her mouth, a black ball-gag stopping the knickers from tumbling out.

“This is Anna, a close friend of mine. She came to the Château about the same time as I did – she’s from Ireland from the deepest southwest, Kerry I think that she calls it. And she’s already getting a taste of Debbie.”

“Well this is different.”

“Yes, it is, Thea, and you are going into the second bedroom with Ella tonight

and you should see what both you and Anna are in for this evening.”

Ella had gone to a drawer and held up two large brown-coloured penises, at least eight inches long and with a humongous girth and that were attached on thick thongs. It looked like that they were made of leather and, quite frankly, looked positively mediaeval, yet the sculpturing of the shaft and head were really quite modern in design as in a clear definition.

I obeyed Debbie, not least as she had given Ella my leash and Ella gave it a sharp yank to tell me that I was to go with her. To the second bedroom we went, the sex-den that we had seen earlier when we had first arrived.

Once inside, I felt Ella’s hands take hold of my cami-cum-slip that I had worn all evening. She lifted it off me, over my shoulders, so as to leave me naked on top. And then, the next thing, my panties were being removed to leave me naked in front of her but for my stockings and this considerable belt that I had also worn, comfortable that it had proven to be despite its considerable boning.

I then felt Ella’s warm breath on my neck behind me. She was breathing deeply, long inhalations as if she was trying to calm herself, an evening with a submissive, a transgender gurl – was I her first?

As she calmed down, I could feel her breath becoming warmer and moister and then I felt her first proper kiss – on the nape of my neck, just above my collar, that ultra-sensitive area just beneath my left ear, my knees beginning to buckle slightly. How did she know this?

Her hand slipped along my spine, warm and soft, it sending pleasure and warmth into my body and up to my brain. ‘Oh God, what is going to happen here?’

I breathed out in a little gasp, one of appreciation – yet had Debbie given her agreement to this? I had to assume so, given that she had done so in the past to Bryony and Emily.

My eyes probably widened in anticipation and shock and I didn’t move.

Ella stepped around to my front and looked me down – and I tried to do so back to her even though I was more than aware that our bodies were touching each other now.

She took a pace back and then, rather seductively with her cross-over arms, removed her ‘uniform’ top – so that she was now naked on top even though I had been able to see what she had on offer before. Her pink nipples with generously proportioned areola were standing out erect in front of me, the proverbial small organ-stops that were now demanding my attention.

Ella’s left arm moved around my neck, her breasts stroking against where my little ones lay, their fullness and stiffness of her nipples so evident, so attractive and, yes, I was weakening.

I lifted my head in response and a little gasp came from my mouth.

Ella took another half-step closer into me so that we just about became one, our bellies together, even her skin touching my belt, our bodies locking together for the moment. Our breathing was becoming quicker and it was becoming one between us.

She bent her head slightly forward and down to me, slowly closing that space between us and then I felt her, her lips touching mine. Ella was kissing me even more intensely now and I responded as I did to Debbie and, dare I say it, Bryony, by letting her taking control.

I was now hers, well for the moment this combination of our mentor for our stay here and, as I had found out, also a musician. Here she was, one of The Countess's trusted handmaidens, and she began to kiss me frantically, our lips slipping together, her tongue probing me, her taste and perfume powerful.

I closed my eyes and let her in – a nagging doubt though that I was being disloyal to Debbie next door, even if Debbie was in the process of having sex with Anna. This was her right as a Dominant though, sex with whomever she wished and something that I had to accept

In an instinctive move, my hand found her uniform-leather pants, and I went to unbuckle them – after all, think of all the practice that I had experienced in this department with Ed and Marcus though, of course, the main button lies on the other side. Between us, we soon had them off her legs and crumpled on the floor – what would it be like to be enveloped or veiled in them, the musk of her vagina and overall sex area combining with the aroma of the kid-leather from which they had been made?

Now I could feel her naked, soft skin down under and I squeezed her thighs,

perhaps rather provocatively so to send off a range of ‘I want you – I need you’ signals.

One of Ella’s hands found my bottom, a squeeze of my cheeks and a run of her palm over my soft skin down there, a little whisper of how soft and feminine it felt, especially for someone who was supposed to be male

I found her underwear, and as I had come to discover and realise, the standard black tulle and lace panties that the Countess liked to see her girls dressed in for day-to-day wear.

A little moan of appreciation came from Ella and I sensed that she was becoming damp, very damp – and her sex-aroma began to fill the air in this bedroom.

It was intoxicating; the smell of her sex – I had already discovered from our bathroom session how this was very different to what Debbie, or even Bryony and Emily offered, but the overall effect was just so magnetic, the smell off her panties so attractive and when I went ‘under’ them, well this was another world and one that I could easily be sucked in to.

Ella pushed me back onto the bed, pushing the chains to the side for the moment – she continued kissing me and, as we hit the comfort of the bed, she pressed against me, the full weight of her breasts pushing downwards against my chest.

She was all over me, her tongue exploring my neck and then down to my nipples, these proving to be incredibly sensitive to her mouth – and then she rolled over, giving me access to her. “Let’s see just how good your oral skills are,

Thea – if you enrol here, they will need to be for the Countess as she is far more dominant and exacting than any of the rest of us, the likes of Amélie and Tallula included.”

My mouth ran down over her chest to her huge, pink nipples, the left one first and I found it hard and erect as my lips enveloped the love-point, and ever so inviting it was too.

It stood pert against my lips, the titanium ring through the nipple that pierced it in my way but positioned so that it added beauty and intrigue to taking her areola into my mouth – in fact, this was the first time that I had encountered anybody pierced like this, though I had enjoyed an earlier ‘taste’ in the bath when she had stood in front of me, Debbie fucking me at the time.

I flicked it and then moved to draw her in between my lips as Ella moaned, a deep sigh of appreciation as the first bolts of electricity shot out from her sumptuous point to travel through her body.

I took the other circle on its bar into my mouth, the ring running roughshod over my tongue and I sucked her – not too hard but enough to draw her out and stiffen her up, the smell of sex between us beginning to increase. This was one thing that had changed with my hormonal programme, my body-scent so much more feminine now.

With her hands, Ella motioned that I move down her body so off I went with my mouth, using my lips and nose accordingly, down over her belly-button and on ‘southwards,’ her intimate aroma increasing as I neared her cunt, her scent proving to be rather addictive.

I remember thinking ‘What was there about it that was so appealing? Was it natural?’

I came to her naked mons, her branding-mark right beneath me and I gently licked around it, Ella now beginning to thrust her hips upwards as she became more excited, her body being consumed by her want to orgasm.

The purity of her body odour here had me spellbound, even better than what Bryony or Emily had offered me when with them, but not as innately musky as Debbie’s.

I couldn’t resist descending into her centre of Paradise – even if I was still relatively innocent and inexperienced, I knew that she wanted my tongue and nose, my mouth too and that I would emerge coated in her sticky, wet offerings – and I wanted her to spurt as much as she could over me – ‘soak my face with your cum, Ella!’

I could feel Ella’s natural wetness now as well as her body heat and I nuzzled down into her, her brand under my chin now, my head bowed inwards to have my first taste of her sex this evening, her personal altar, the inner temple and all that she wanted to give me.

Ella was pushing me lower and lower, eager for me to deliver, to put me to the test and probably report back to the Countess about my proficiency and what training I would need if I ever was to come here to take my subservience to the highest level of delivery – and to match my ability on a piano so as to become and hold the title ‘Concert Orallist’ on my business cards, perhaps on the reverse side to ‘Thea Trevanyon, Concert Pianist.’

I swivelled around and approached her from underneath, my hands now under her hips so I could push her upwards slightly, open her legs and really deliver. I held her thighs apart and I slowly made my way upwards, Ella's hands holding my back, her nails trying to pull me inwards to her..

I took a long lick to savour her and it was brilliant, my mind almost numb for the taste of her. Just as earlier there was a rich eggyness to her tinted with vanilla and rosemary and now I recognised that there was a slight hint of saltiness to her – maybe this was the result of the dinner that we had enjoyed.

I went in, my nose and mouth into her cunt, my eyes at mons level, and I worked over her clitoris, her lips and the rings piercing them down there, her pre-cum now oozing quite profusely.

Ella was moaning even more now and trying to push into my face, locking me onto her, taking me under her control and my task ever so clear – to bring her to a massive climax. I focused on her clitoris, remembering how Debbie, Bryony and Emily enjoyed this, Ella's hands firmly gripping my head and steering me into a circular motion to worship this erotic nerve centre of hers.

Her reaction was also to hold me with her thighs even harder and then spasm, the signs of a clitoral orgasm or more becoming imminent.

I had already learned that this was what I wanted – to be enslaved in a woman like this, a permanent worshipper of her pussy, my satisfaction in pleasing her, the chance to taste her cum – almost to live on a feminine-fed diet. Of course, I had Debbie for this but Ella proved to be an affirmation of my want, as had Bryony. Maybe, I was just a lesbian sex-fiend.

Ella oozed her cum into me, more of a steady flow than an onrushing stream or a flood. I could feel the twitching in her body, never mind hearing her groaning and heavy breathing as she sought to take in more air. Rather than stop, she rolled over, turned herself around and climbed over me, putting me into a sixty-nine and then raising her back into a queening position, smothering my face in her bottom.

This was my favourite position and it went back to whether she had been briefed by The Countess or Amélie at some point, Debbie having passed on intimate details on how we engaged.

Whatever ‘Seventh Heaven’ had arrived again, my nose now playing in her anus and her aroma filling me and my mouth and tongue impaled over the entrance to her cunt.

She rode me cleverly, controlling my air-flow, building the tension up deep inside her and seeking an even bigger release.

I could feel the next waves on waves of pleasure shooting through her, the combination of nervous electrical energy pulsing away and her body warmth that accompanied the twitching – from her feet to the top of her head. Ella’s hands were working my body, possibly as a distraction or to deliver the focus on exploding over me.

And then she came, a magnitude stronger than her first climax, this one flowing out of her and all over my head, my mouth taking the brunt of it but also her cum finding my eyes and nose and making my face feel very slippery indeed as if it was a skid-pan – not that I minded.

We weren't finished – Ella reaching for the leather harness. This was like something that I had never seen before, a high-positioned belt made of leather from the belt through to the tip of the substantial cock.

Embossed on the belt in gold were four shields showing the increasingly familiar d'Orsayville coat-of-arms replicating the one that made up Ella's mons' branding, a clear reminder of where we were.

The penis looked like a long, thick pencil, some eight inches and maybe more, a small head to it that was pointed and tapered, not really a penis but more of a probe – but the shaft was another matter, its tapering in line with the corona.

Ella fixed it on to me, tightening the belt at the sides, two clips to pull it tight on to my waist, the belt quite wide as it passed over my clitoris, the belt then spreading out into a triangle that attached to the rear, the nape of my back becoming its centre point.

With my harness in position and belted down, Ella mounted me, her comment, "It's designed to reach my cervix and stimulate it, Thea, and if we bring on a cervical orgasm then I will need servicing all night as I go into multi-orgasm mode – and I may still be in orgasm mode tomorrow night if we do perform together. It will be the same for Debbie and Anna too as they should be using their harness too.

Ella began to ride me to the most enormous orgasm I had possibly ever seen at that point, really exhausting her body and soaking me – and she was true to her promise about the need for more worship.

As she thrust away on me, she took her panties and let me smell her pussy on her gusset, a heady mix of her cummy pussy aroma and the leather of her pants.

Along with the oscillation of the plug still inside my rectum, her perfumed offering stiffened my clitoris, or cockette, inside my belt, my mind feeling like it was freezing as if I too was orgasming – and what a dry one it was too. God be praised that such sex was possible, exquisite that it was.

Whatever time it was when we got to fall asleep, I do not know – Ella was with me in a reverse position, her cunt close to my mouth and nose, a position that I hoped was going to become very familiar if Debbie would enrol me here in the Château Droupt.

Was Debbie having such an experience ‘from the other side of the fence’ of course?

The ‘Grand Tour’ - From Droupt to Florence

Well what a night that was with Ella in the Château guest suite.

When we did get to sleep it could have been for ‘France’ – in fact, the other three were well out of bed and dressed by the time I work, Debbie and Ella waking me with a coffee and saying that if I wanted some breakfast, I had better get moving.

Not only was this for breakfast but I had to think about the meeting that I had coming up later in the morning with The Count.

Once showered and yet another full-on enema performed Ella had me dress in the uniform of the College – would I ever get to wear a bra if I was taken in here, not that I was enormous in the breast department?

What happened was that Ella and I went downstairs and she slipped back to her room while I treated myself to some freshly-squeezed juice, home-baked croissants that were so rich that butter wasn’t needed and some lovely coffee, almost an espresso in thickness and designed to jolt the system into action.

Ella returned with a small sheaf of scores for viola and piano duos, so we sat there and went through them, Pachabel’s Canon in D, Beethoven’s Nocturne in D-major, Schumann’s Märchenbilder, the viola and piano duet from Bach’s Brandenburg in B-flat major amongst a few others and, of course, Arvo Pärt’s ‘Spiegel in Spiegel.’

We had a discussion and I suggested that we begin with the Pachelbel as it was a piece that Ella knew well, as would everybody present, and then move onto the Pärt as from the score it looked relatively easy to play for both me and for her – and for me to memorise, though Ella would play with the music in front of her for both pieces.

Fair enough, anything to build her confidence was my view on this and a practice after lunchtime was duly confirmed.

Henri appeared for coffee and Debbie came down from working on her e-mails to join us, the three of us then walking across the Château's bailey to his medical facilities.

On the top side of the quadrangle was where there were what had been the old service blocks and stables, The Count explaining that they now comprised of some accommodation for Claire, the chef, Amélie and Kerstin along with some more modern needs when it came to servicing the house and estate, such as the heating and air conditioning systems, general utilities, storage and, if we were interested, his wine cellars. And, located in the 'what-had-been' stables next to his medical suite and facility for the campus at large.

We entered through a rather imposing classic French double door made of old oak and set into an arch, the walls outside covered in what looked like old rendering but rather attractive with their aged colouring.

Inside it was far from old.

The first room was a very modern office set within the context of a historical

outbuilding what with its posts and beams exposed and the walls in between painted in a thick white emulsion. Yet, the contrast was a large smoky-glass trestle table that had a bank of computers on it and then the room furnished with two black leather sofas, a coffee table that matched the desk and then the walls 'decorated' by a mix of modern art and books, both antiquarian and modern, the commonality being that they were medical tomes.

We walked through this area and into what appeared to be a spacious consulting room, set up as a typical doctor's office with the ubiquitous analytical bench and also what I realised was a gynaecological chair, though I initially, and rather perversely so, thought was yet another bondage chair. This Château Droupt was getting to me.

There was ample closet space in here, as there had been next door, and the décor was identical to the outer office what with the type of art and artefacts on display.

Off to one side was what I thought was a kitchen area but it turned out to be that this was reserved for basic sterilisation and laboratory work.

There was even a room with analytical equipment in it including a CT scanner and an x-ray unit. I commented afterwards to Debbie that the facilities would have graced any top Harley Street and how much investment had been made as it must have been considerable, the combination of the modernity of the suite, its technology and contents coming together.

However, the most shocking room lay beyond the consultation area.

I guess that I was probably open-mouthed when I saw it.

There before me in dazzling white, chrome and pale blue lay an operating table and with all the accoutrements that one would see in such a room, computers and monitors, electro-surgical equipment, surgical suction units, lighting, magnifying glasses, pendants for x-rays and notes and waste and sanitisation control.

Beyond there was a room for advanced sterilisation and anaesthetics and then a recovery room coupled with facilities for intensive care for four people, each of the rooms with air-conditioning and temperature regulation.

Debbie was the first to comment, “My goodness, Henri, this would be impressive in any major European or American hospital theatre. Why here though – I don’t quite understand?”

“Two reasons mainly. Firstly, it allows me to cover the needs of the girls and staff on site so we can handle illness or injury speedily and safely and with the necessary discretion and privacy that Brigitte and I want to see.”

“That makes sense – what’s the second reason?”

“Both of you, I believe you know that my specialist consultancy is in the field of psychology and reproductive surgery and that this covers issues or challenges like Siamese pregnancy and birth and, of course, transgender transformation – in other words turning men into females and females into men.”

Debbie replied, “We have heard that – but this?”

“It’s my research facility. When I am here, I have more chance to conduct some detailed cutting-edge studies here both in terms of procedures and candidacy. As I said, I have all the equipment I need to perform sexual reassignment – and it helps complement my work, and other centres that I use in Reims, Paris and elsewhere, hence the investment – which hasn’t, by the way, all been funded by me. The French Government and the European Community have been very generous.”

I opened up, “Henri, may I be direct with you and ask what’s your interest in me then? This I don’t yet fully understand.”

“I am interested – Obviously Bryony Trott contacted Brigitte and gave a low-down on you including the facts that you are a woman in the making and that you have this condition which is quite unusual and Brigitte told me. I then spoke to Bryony and what came out was that you had sought medical advice over this over the years and that any treatment had been put back until your late teens and into your twenties and that is normal as puberty can often emerge. Now in your case it hasn’t and your ‘solution’ is an interesting twist on what would normally be done. Thea I’m assuming that you have had specialist advice over this?”

“Yes, of course. Debbie has had me in with a Harley street consultant for endocrinology and transformation, one Doctor Maddox and it was with her work on me that we discovered that I had an elevated oestrogen count and that, given my or, rather our, aspirations to become female, it made sense to go the female hormone-testosterone suppression route.”

“As I thought. If you are up for it, I would like to examine you and run some

scans. But first, let me ask you both a question and this is whether you want to go as far as surgery to turn you into a fuller woman, indeed far more than you may have ever thought?”

“My answer to that is yes and I understand that you have some advanced techniques that could come into play – if I offer the right parameters for you. I’m not exactly sure what you are looking to achieve though.”

“And you, Debbie, how do you feel as her Dominant and effectively sponsor? Some Dommies do like to keep their trans-girls in male mode physically and then warp their minds and bodies into becoming more feminine to arrive at what I will call ‘in-betweens’ or some would say ‘intersex.’”

“I would support Thea’s transition but not quite yet as I need to build our financial reserves for this. Okay, it’s great that Thea is about to become a professional concert artiste but she’s at the beginning of what is hopefully an international career and I need one more year of study before I start the ladder of international relationships and diplomacy, as well-paid that this can be.”

I hear you – but let’s begin with determining if Thea is a candidate for more radical change than just giving her a vagina made from her penile and scrotal tissue along with any skin grafts. The financing question we can sort out later and, perhaps, in some imaginative ways that you may not have thought of or yet discovered.”

I followed on, “This may not work in French, Henri, so excuse me for reverting in English for this but what is the cutting edge that you are proposing and working on?”

Henri laughed, “Je comprends ce que vous dites et votre jeu de mots aussi. In short, we are working on reproductive system transplants not only for women but also for transgender candidates too – the whole system from the fallopian down to and including the vagina if possible and you may be able to manage the complexity of this when it comes to arranging the muscular support and then the blood and nervous systems.”

“So who are you working with?”

“A number of leading specialists from all over Europe, particularly in Sweden, The Netherlands, here in France and even Poland. However, one of my main colleagues works from the Hospital and University where you are going on from here and that’s Florence, one Professoressa Carla de Luca who works from the Universitaria Careggi. What I am going to propose is to conduct an analysis on you and then, if the initial prognosis looks favourable, then to get you to visit Carla while you are in Firenze. Then we would take it from there. What I would also suggest is that you contact your Doctor Maddox in London to get her approval of this as a course of action.”

“Thea, I think that this makes for a lot of sense. Maybe there will a little discomfiture but it’s in your interest, our interest, to understand better what we are looking at.”

“I guess so.”

“After we have been through your basic medical information, I will then call in Tallula and her team and they’ll get you ready, Thea, and they will take you

through the basics.”

I went through my story, Debbie adding certain details that I had missed for Henri’s benefit, his questioning very thorough but in quite an amiable way.

Tallula and her support team, namely Annemieke and Marietje. Talk about the contrast between Tallula and the Twins what with Tallula’s colouring and size versus the blondes and paleness of the other two.

They led me through to the pre-room and here they stripped me, and in front of Debbie, who said after that she found this rather erotic. Standing there completely naked, Annemieke took blood off me, something that I could have done without and then I was asked for a urine sample – the ignominy of having to squat over a potty and unload two phials of my pseudo-champagne taken.

It didn’t finish there – next came the CT scanner and my midriff was duly examined, the machine passing from my toes up to my head. Henri sat outside the can with his computer supporting the resonancing and apparently using tomography to create ‘sections’ as my body passed through. Now this was way beyond anything that Katie Maddox had done.

Things continued on after the scan, the girls turning me over, strapping me down with a sturdy foam block under my stomach area so that I felt as if I had been jack-knifed over the block, my bottom way up in the air and exposed, Tallula inserting what seemed to have been designed by someone still working with the Spanish Inquisition, a substantial speculum which she then opened inside me, pushing my boy-cunt walls all the way out – hence, this explained why I had the enema earlier in the morning.

Henri spent quite a bit of time prodding and probing away down there, my cockette or clitoris along with what remained of my testicles getting a lot of attention, Tallula taking down notes and what I heard as a lot of measurements for him.

Finally we were done and I was allowed to dress, if I can call it that. We regrouped in the first reception room and waited for Henri to appear. Tallula put shivers up me when she asked me, “Thea, do you know what a Jennings Gag is?”

“No, I presume something for a mouth?”

“Correct – often when we have a new recruit secured down on the scanner or in the gynaecological chair, we put one in to your mouth so as to remove your lingual frenulum, the web of skin between the tongue and the floor of your mouth. This frees up your tongue for better oral sex but it can also leave you with a lisp. Now, in the future possibly, if Debbie decides on sending you here and the procedure?”

“Tallula, I wouldn’t want her voice affected with her musicality though a lisp would be rather cute, I do say.”

Henri appeared – thank goodness. “I need some more time for your analysis but I would like the Professoressa to have a look at you when you are Firenze. As to cost, this will go to our research budget and, with this, we can upgrade your accommodation to help you out – more comfort for you as such as we have a deal with a lovely hotel in the centre of the city and on the banks of the River

Arno and close to the Ponte Vecchio and the Palazzo of the same name as well as the Pitti with its famous Uffizi gallery. Now, how about a glass of wine before lunch and I'll show you my wine cave? It's just next door."

After that little session, a glass of wine was more than welcome.

Henri led us next door, Tallula and the Twins staying behind.

He unlocked the door and then a second one that was controlled by a keypad.

The reason for this became more than evident when we saw what down under ground-level, the most enormous cave with row after row of black racks that ran back under the quadrangle above, The Count explaining how all the storage areas had been sealed off very cleverly when the facilities were constructed so that the moat-water could not seep through.

His collection was quite remarkable, particularly when it came to Champagne and Burgundy wines not that there weren't some fine Bordeaux and then there were small suites of Armagnac, Cognac and Calvados.

He opened a bottle of red wine, a very fine Burgundy, a 'Hospice de Beaune Pommard,' the 'Cuvée Billardet' from Jadot from the 2005 vintage. I had to laugh about this as 'hospice' was perhaps a tongue-in-cheek reference to the medical facility above us. However, what a wine it was in being so balanced, with vibrant structures and rich in fruit and tannins.

As Debbie and I said afterwards, we could get quite used to drinking wine of this quality.

A couple of bottles made their way across to the kitchen for lunch, this held in an area just off it that had an enormous table in there and also where we had sat for breakfast. Lunch was typically French, a salad to begin with, an entrecôte saignant with green French beans and sautéed potatoes, followed by a selection of cheese and dessert, the wine ideal for the rare and succulent steak – and the cheese.

I commented later to Ella how did the French keep themselves so trim when eating like this, her answer being “Portion control, lance and, of course, sex.”

What happened after lunch, rather than a siesta, Ella and I went through to the reception room where the piano was and Ella got a little lesson on how I could memorise music.

We began with the Pachabel as I wanted to ascertain just how good a player that she was and her rendition of the music was better than I hoped, about the equivalent of a Grade VII or even an VIII player back at home. Actually, I was unaware of how the French graded their young musicians except that it was over three cycles, Grade VIII equivalent to their third.

Then I played the Avro Pärt ‘Spiegel’ twice, Ella open-mouthed when she saw that I had it tied down and note-perfect – and we then went through the piece with her playing off her viola actually rather impressive and well worth putting on the ‘show’ this evening, these two pieces to begin with and I already knew what two that I would follow with.

There were no more than three suggestions that I put forward and I had a laugh with her, telling her the story of my concert with the Liverpool Philharmonic and how Helen Krizos had pushed and pushed me to becoming more expressive with the piece to catch the emotion – and not to worry as to the evening ahead would naturally elevate her playing.

Ella did ask me about the rest of our programme – to which I fudged the answer by saying that I would judge on how alert that our audience-to-be was after dinner as there was a risk that we could send them to sleep. This resulted in a little giggle and “Talking of this, we ought to grab a siesta – who knows how late we will be tonight.”

Debbie was just up from her nap and, instead of taking ours, the three of us went for a walk, not only around the beautiful gardens of the quadrangle or bailey but across the moat bridges to the estate beyond, some lovely views of the château from over there and different to the ones that we had taken in when we had come down the drive. Ella explained a little about the security and where it was, “The idea is to keep us in as well as keeping out undesirables or those curious to what goes on here.”

“How does The Countess position it to the local community then, Ella?”

“As a finishing school and because of who is here, privacy and security becomes very important.”

“Well, I guess this makes sense but wow.”

“The girls call it ‘Château Colditz, you know.”

“Maybe – but a lot more luxurious, constructive and beautiful.”

“And we do get out of here from time to time - certainly the staff members that have come through from the College and then the likes of Claire can come along too – I think you call the time away a ‘Busman’s Holiday’? The d’Orsayville’s have a lovely house in the sixteenth Arrondissement in Paris and The Countess a beautiful holiday home near the Algarve in Portugal. I’ve been lucky to be able to go to both properties a few times.”

We walked back to the main house and, just as we were about to enter, Ella said that I could dress in my own wear tonight and she was allowed to as well as in being able to perform with me, the reason being that there would be some of the College girls attending tonight and as I wasn’t enrolled - I was considered as a full guest of The Count and Countess.

Ella disappeared off to her quarters to retrieve what she needed, her viola, ‘Dorel,’ or ‘Doré’ staying in our guest suite to wait for her return.

I took the advantage of the time to have a nap and then check on my own e-mails as to the meetings that I had arranged in Florence – nothing new there except that I informed them that Debbie and I were being ‘upgraded’ as to our accommodation and I would let them know when I knew what the name of the hotel was.

Ella appeared in the suite around five before, armed with her dress and lingerie for the evening – and, sure enough, I found myself having to give them oral worship before Ella gave me another enema and the three of us ended up in the bath again, my rear-cunt being stretched once more and ready to receive an even

bigger glass plug in it before my panties were pulled up to act as the main line of defence to it sliding out.

For dinner, this our second and final dinner with The Countess and Count, I wore a dress that I could use for recitals, an emerald green, jersey midi-dress with a subtle white and blue polka dot pattern and with three-quarter sleeves that were ideal for playing the piano in as they didn't get in the way.

My concession to being where I was staying was to continue wearing the collar and bracelet that Ella had put me in – oh, and for the record, my lingerie black except that rather than the waspie-styled suspender-belt that I had worn the night before, now it was a one-piece with the garter-straps to hold up stockings with a lace top.

I also went to dinner in heels but took my black ballet-flats downstairs to be able to change into them before Ella's and my recital.

Debbie wore a khaki jumpsuit and Ella's choice was a simple but stylish silk-crepe dress with a rather nice and elegant off-the-shoulder silhouette to it and a chic twist detail at the waist. It looked like that it could have come from a Ralph Lauren store or catalogue but this was something that she had bought on one of the Paris expeditions that she had undertaken with The Countess.

It would work well with my colourings as we perform and with the brownness of her viola and the rich burr of the piano – and not forgetting that we assumed that we would be playing with the lights dimmed and the candles lit.

I hate to say it but the visual effect in performing can be an important factor.

We went downstairs for the aperitif session, more champagne on offer, this time the chosen wine being a Billecart-Salmon from Mareil-sur-Aÿ, a rather sublime 1999 vintage blanc des blancs and Henri telling us that the vineyard was still in the same family, the sixth generation now in charge and that, in 1999, their Nicolas-Billecart 1959 cuvee was awarded 'champagne of the Millenium in an event tasting one hundred and fifty types in Stockholm – their 1961, for its part, only came second.

Dinner was for sixteen this time, Claire having taken the evening off to join us and leaving 'the plating up and pass' to Arlène, her number two, and then there were girls from the College attending, those more of a musical persuasion invited to come along. After all, one of their supervisors and a member of the alumni was going to take up her instrument to play.

I guess that it would come as no surprise but the food was as delicious as the night before, the menu comprising of Boudin Noir aux Pommes, Mushroom and Truffle soup with a pastry top, Coq au Vin, salad and cheese and finishing with Claire's damson pie with a touch of crème fraîche and vanilla ice-cream, a lovely rich jus of damsons added and, a complete surprise, a 'Château Droupt' damson gin liqueur offered, the rich and fruity flavour added to with a hint of spice and orange peel.

Our wines after the champagne, well a 'Mont-Louis sur Loire' with the boudin, wine that neither Debbie and I had ever tasted and then a Domaine de Prieuré 2005 to balance against the chicken and the cheese.

It was a convivial evening with lots of things discussed from Debbie having to give a synopsis of what her future career would involved and how transnational organisations worked to influence and implement their plans to the latest fashion in some of the countries around the table and, of course, a running commentary

and compliments as to the food, plus a side-group discussing the wine with Henri – who then offered a Château Giraud 2001 Sauterne to go along with the delicious damson pie.

Coffee, more of those Rheims rose biscuits and petit fours followed, this time at the dinner table as, we were to learn, the ante-room had been prepared for our recital and so that not only the sixteen around the table could attend but others too – a table moved out of the room and two dozen seats laid out, the fire smouldering, the candles lit and even including four antique candle-stands with white-cream candles worthy of a church used.

The time to perform had come about – actually I felt a little nervous, not for me but for Ella and just hoped that ‘stage-fright’ wouldn’t set in.

The Countess rose to her feet, “Henri and Ladies, we have another chance tonight to enjoy Thea’s piano-playing again and I am sure you will welcome her.”

Spreading her arms to stifle any advance applause, “However, I’m also delighted that one of us is going to join Thea and play two pieces with her as a viola and piano duet. I knew Ella played but not to the standard that Thea has said that she has attained, which is just pre-conservatoire entry. I hand it over to you two and, Thea, will you give us an idea of what you are going to play?”

Ella and I rose and went up to the piano, Ella with Dorel and her bow in hand. I played her tuning notes to help her fine-tune the lovely Kalata viola.

Once she was ready, I turned to the audience, “Good evening if I really need to

say this again as I think I have said that already to a lot of you – anyway, good evening to those of you who have just joined us. What we are going to do is split the programme in two, the first up being two viola and piano duets. The first one needs no introduction and I'm sure all of you will recognise it, the Bach Canon in D. The second piece that we'll play is rather different though and I'll explain more after the Bach but it's a piece composed by an Estonian, Arvo Pärt – and I'll ask you to put your hand up if you have heard any of his music."

Surprisingly so two girls did, Ella responding "Well, at least I hope you two would. Thea, Lutsi comes from Estonia and Austėja from Lithuania."

I laughed, "Oh well, I guess it should have been predictable in this mini-United Nations. The Canon was actually written more for a religious purpose than what it has become, wedding music. Originally it was composed for three violins and what's called a basso continuo, as in a piano or cello or lute providing the baseline. It went out of popularity but it was a French chamber orchestra, the Jean-François Paillard, which brought it back in 1968 and with this version."

A round of polite applause and I was ready and I asked Ella, "Okay?"

"Mais oui," – and off we went, my introductory chords providing the bass line and rhythm, Ella then coming in with the melody – before I worked with her with piano overlay. Three and a half minutes of familiarity to get her comfortable before taking on the 'Spiegel.'

Applause and I then spoke about the Arvo Pärt and how he had developed this contemplative music with its roots in Georgian chants and his tintinnabulation technique.

“It’s a highly meditative piece of music and rather haunting in its nature – with the ambiance in here tonight, the fire, the candles and the setting, we may risk sending you to sleep with this. However, it may sound simple but, for Ella, it’s not the easiest piece as it has to be played accurately and with a lot of emotion involved. So here we are - a first duet of it by ‘she and me’.”

I laid down the opening reflective piano keys that set the tone for Ella and away she went and with her holding her opening notes that little further to convey the richness of her viola and the emotion that she was feeling – wonderful – this would be a success. Ten minutes of musical heaven and we would have those present spellbound by the beauty of it, for me as if I was in Estonia and amidst their forests and lakes and Baltic architecture in the small villages, though I had never been. One has to be able to dream though.

We finished, the music drawing to a close and then there was a hush after the final notes, the room rising as one and tremendous applause. I let Ella take the credit as her playing had merited it – and this was her quasi-home that she was in with her peers, students and, of course, Brigitte and Henri.

Ella brought the room to normal, raising her hands and asking for a few seconds, “Thank you for that everybody and I really enjoyed playing the Pärt – sorry I couldn’t resist that play on words. No, seriously, thank you, Thea, for giving me the chance and for your coaching. I just want to say something and that is if you the audience haven’t realised it, Thea played last night and my two pieces from memory, no sheet music in front of her. I’ve been privileged to see how she works though and it’s amazing – the Pärt, she played through the score twice and that was it, committed to memory, as you have just heard.”

Debbie added, “And for the record, she won’t forget it either.”

I came in now. “It’s just one of those things, believe me. Anyway, let’s move on. I want to keep the contemplative theme but with a twist and lighter than last

night, a film theme this evening with short pieces. I'll begin with John Dunbar's 'Dance with Wolves' and then onto Itzhak Perlman's 'Schindler's List.' Then I'll continue with Hans Zimmer's 'Interstellar' main theme and I'll finish with his 'Gladiator – Now We are Free.'

As folk settled down, I whispered to Ella, my question being would she like to play a duet encore, short and sweet, if she knew it or if she had the sheet music, as in Liszt's 'Consolation Number 3' – a famous piece that had been written for piano and violin as well as cello but could be played on a viola. She said that she knew the music, that she had played it before, and had a copy of it back in her quarters.

Bryony had also played this music to Debbie and me when we had supped with them, also a bit of a proficiency test for both of us as I had followed her rendition.

Twenty minutes or so and I came to the end, the music to 'Now we are Free' perfect to end the programme on – and the room stood again, calls for an encore.

"I'll play two short encores for you but only if you let me invite Ella back on. Could we just take two or three minutes so you can get a refill and I can quickly check a couple of things with her."

And that's what we did, a quick run through the beginning to the Number 3, Ella having slipped out and gone and found her sheet music for the piece. I followed Ella with Beethoven's No. 14 'Moonlight' sonata, Opus 27, No. 2 and in C sharp minor.

So that's what we finished with, a final sample of this 'reflective' music – or so I thought – until The Countess thanked us and then added on, "Would you be a darling for us, Thea, and replay your Mahler 'Adagietto,' as it's just so wonderful and almost ephemeral in nature and I would love those who didn't get the chance to hear it – and I believe the rest of us wouldn't mind hearing it being played by you for a second time."

There was applause and then cries or pleas of 'yes please' to this proposition and how could I refuse after all their warmth and hospitality – and not just The Count and Countess.

For one last time, on this incredible Bösendorfer piano, its exceptional tone putting it up there in the top three pianos that I had played to date, I played the music and, as I have said, it remains one of my favourite pieces and, on this front of haunting and emotional music, up there with Morten Lauridsen's 'Magnum Mysterium', this latter one being a choral work and not really scored for the piano – or rather, I hadn't yet sighted one. This would come later.

A final Cointreau on ice and we ended upstairs, all four of us as the previous evening, The Count and Countess and many others having said their thanks and praised us for what we had delivered – it was also a time to thank Ella for her playing, my remark to her being "I hope that we get the chance to play together in the future – maybe we should put a naked recital on next time? Well maybe just some form of corsetry and stockings."

I found myself back in bed and bathroom play, this time toilet-service being one of Ella's want and I got to be showered by her, a soaking that then necessitated a shower to clean up before I got relief by having her mount me from behind, my head veiled in her 'performance' panties and I wondered how she had learned about this little fetish of mine?

Whether it was this late-evening exercise or the emotions coming through from earlier, I had no problems sleeping once I was allowed to do so as not only did Ella take me but I had to wear an extension-harness and fuck her, my thrusts going in and out while she rode me from on top, her pierced nipples and branding mark right in front of me – and also the sight of her labia studs moving as she wrapped herself over this artificial extension to what, as a male, I once had there, albeit never that large.

The morning came around to quickly in my book, this being the day when we struck out towards Italy, a two day drive we felt as the indication was that it would take around twelve hours to drive – and this without stops.

I felt Debbie's cock coming up between my bottom valley – I was cuddled into Ella as this happened, a gentle prising apart from my cheeks and then a push past my entrance, my boy-cunt probably still open, or maybe even fatigued, from the night before. I could feel its head, hard and wanting as she slipped into me, her hands coming around to feel my breasts.

Ella responded by pushing closer into me. Even though she hadn't opened her eyes, she knew that Debbie was in bed with us and about to ravage my cunt, her want in this to be closer into me as the 'vibrations' came through – so, yes, she shuffled in to me, her cunt up against me, her mouth open and waiting to be kissed – and effectively with Debbie massaging both our breasts as she pressed, or tried to press, her nipples against mine, the back of Debbie's hand riding against her rings to add a little more sensation.

Debbie slipped into me, pushing in her full length and then she began to fuck me. I realised that she wasn't wearing a harness and dildo but rather had one of those that anchored inside her own vagina so that any movement would pass back through to her and help bring her to a morning orgasm – and all of this before a worship session, either 'conventional' or with me acting as her morning toilet. With the bathroom facilities in this suite, this latter action was more than

possible and it would mean that I would have ingested both of them overnight.

If anybody had been watching us, no doubt they would have seen three bodies moving in synch with each other, back and forth on the sheets, my cunny being shafted from being the piggy in the middle of them, both of them looking to cum and the same true probably applied to me though being their intersecting sex-toy.

I could feel that Ella was becoming wetter by the moment and also Debbie's hands were rubbing my nipples quite aggressively, or as best as she could move them what with Ella also pressing into me. However, overall, it was that cock in me that overrode anything else and particularly intense having just been asleep.

There was a long moan from behind me as Debbie found her 'moments' and I knew that she had come, a little love-bite on my neck coming in, Ella responding with her climax and my mind sent into a white freeze.

Then, remarkably, as I had never heard her sing anything this, out came the words 'Rise and Shine, we're going to Italy today.' Oh well, reality has to set in at some point.

We rose, showered, made up and dressed and then went down for breakfast.

We were in for a little surprise in that individual plates of Croque Madame appeared, the classic French sandwich made with fresh buttery and homemade brioche, tender ham, sharp Gruyère cheese, creamy béchamel and topped off with a fried egg. I had never seen this on a breakfast menu or thought of serving them.

Henri appeared and complimented Ella and me for our performance the previous evening, “I think that my wife should arrange that you become a permanent member of the staff here, Thea, Debbie or not. I wouldn’t mind having a musician-in-residence such as you to be able to enjoy your playing while I partake in my pousse-café. And to think I could work on turning you into a full woman.”

We had a laugh.

“Anyway, you should call Professoressa de Luca when you have arrived and settled in and I have her number here for you – she’s expecting a call from you. And, as to your hotel, it’s called the Portrait Firenze on the ‘Lungarno degli Acciaiuoli.’ Now the booking is made under your names and, for your information, the account is covered using the reference ‘Il Fondo di Ricerca sulla Trasformazione della Riproduzione e l’Associazione No. 4554552 Italia’. Carla holds the account for this in Italy if you are asked as to who the responsible is. And, Girls, don’t hesitate as to using the account for food and drink, though any spa or salon expenses are yours.”

“Thank you for this, Count Henri – and for your advice and the wine too. It’s really been an education staying here, even though for a short visit.”

We had another coffee and then went up to the suite to pack, Ella arranging for the car to be at the front door and the bags to be taken down and loaded into the car.

With the two of us ready to go, Ella took us down to see Brigitte who was working in her study. Having been shown in, coffee and tempting tartines appeared alongside on the trolley that Arlène had pushed in.

The Countess came around from her desk to sit in her armchair near the fireplace. She summed up our visit, “Well, girls, first of all, I hope that your visit to Firenze goes well and for both of you, Thea as to continuing your transformation discussions and particularly you, Debbie, in finding the course that you feel will help catapult your career.”

“Thank you Brigitte – and indeed for all your hospitality and welcome to us, and shown by all who we have met – and to Clare and her team for some fabulous food.”

“Your visit and quest, Debbie, has helped crystallise some thoughts that I have been having. I’ve been increasingly of the opinion and your visit has helped me to cement the idea that we in The Circle need to have an associate membership targeted at young women of wealth or potential wealth and influence in their lives but perhaps a decade or so away from them really coming to the fore. This would help ensure succession in the Circle and even diversity of membership as we move forward and allow us to change from within, given societal development and women’s positions and influence within the outside world – and, in doing so, ensure the dominance and submission between women too and their interests.”

“I’m pleased that I have been of help – believe me, it’s the least that I can do.”

“Well, I have enjoyed our chats, Debbie, and you are a young woman going places, so I ask you to keep in contact and we also have Bryony as an intermediary. As to you, Thea, all I can say is that you are an exceptional pianist of incredible promise and our piano will probably not get as fine a player until you come back here for another recital - at the very least. I can certainly ‘advertise’ you around the Circle for potential private recitals if not more, given many contacts that my fellow members have into various national arts

administration and boards.”

“Thank you and I really enjoyed playing for you all – that is a magnificent piano that you have and one of the finest that I have ever played, certainly in the privacy of a private home. The ambiance was unbelievable too, so who could fail? And my congratulations to Ella – she has a lot of talent if she wants to develop it and I suspect that she could gain enormous pleasure from furthering her talent. She’s an exceptional woman.”

“I know that if others don’t and perhaps last night was a statement evening for her – we shall see. Seriously, I hope that your meeting with Carla goes well – it is yet early days but I am sure you will come to a satisfactory solution to go forward on. And, one more thing, you are both lucky to have each other and you make for quite a pair that I am sure we will be hearing much more of you both as time moves forward. Like I have implied, I look forward to seeing you both again and, hopefully, not too long and, please, keep in contact - advice, references, or to come and stay, whatever. There’s an open door here - once you have come across our security!”

We said our thank-yous again. In came Ella and even Brigitte came to the front door to see us off – cheek-to-cheek kisses and some emotion exchanged.

And the moat-bridges said their farewells by ‘bumping’ us as we drove over the centuries-old wood beams.

We exited on the lane outside the main gate – and now we were totally dependent on the sat-nav system to find our way out and eventually head southwards.

“Wow, Thea, that was far more of an experience than I had been expecting, the same for you, I think, if not more so?”

“Yes, very revealing and, in many ways, quite inspirational – and a lot to think about. Goodness knows what Firenze will serve up?”

“Well, you deserve a good fucking tonight – you more than impressed you know – both The Countess and Henri.”

“You’ll be making me blush.”

“You have earned it, you know.”

“And so have you – anyway, let’s push on. Where are we heading to?”

“The half-way point within a few kilometres, as just this side of the Mont Blanc Tunnel as in Chamonix , the hotel being one that The Countess recommended and Amélie booked for us, a very good restaurant with it and it’s family run. Settle in, we’ve got a fair way to cover but no more than London to St. Ives, so a break around Dijon and a refuel and hopefully we’ll be there around five, say five-thirty.”

The drive was largely on two Autoroutes, the A6 and 40 and, as such, was more about speed and minimising time than beauty. However, east of Ceignes in the Auvergne, across to the Swiss border but not crossing over and then undercutting the city of Geneva and on into the Alps, things greatly improved.

Having said this, it would have been great to have stopped for a night in the Beaune or somewhere like this in the Burgundy area – the next time perhaps?

We came off the Autoroute and on to the road that would take us to the tunnel the next day, turning off this and onto the short D road into the town of Chamonix, a first visit that this would be for me, Debbie having been here to ski when she was younger and living in Italy.

Our hotel was close to the centre of the town, the ‘Hôtel Hameau Albert 1er,’ the main shopping and restaurant area about a six or seven minute walk away.

It turned out to be housed in a classic Alpine chalet style building along with what had been the family barns, the interior and especially our bedroom quite modern in nature but also reflecting the riche heritage of the Carrier family who still ran the establishment.

However, for Debbie and me, it was the views of the mountains, particularly Mont Blanc, that were seriously awesome and I tried to imagine how they would look in the middle of winter, covered in snow. Now who wanted to go up their personal mountain into the snowy peaks and the stunning azure blue sky?

We found ourselves housed in the main building, the room being a festival of black and white, black oak panelling behind our bed, white walls and even these two basic colours taken through to the furnishings and floors – the colour came in from outside – and then there was a fireplace for those cold Alpine nights. The bathroom was really nice, a little softer in colour with brown woods, mid-tone tiles and contemporary white fittings, the bath big enough for the two of us and to see some ‘action’

We went for a walk around Chamonix, enjoying the high-end window-shopping and the rather ‘cavalier’ atmosphere in the cafés and bars and this wasn’t even the après-ski season.

There were no sex-shops though, not that we saw – however lingerie shops seemed to proliferate and we ended up treating each other, a Simon Pérèle set in icy-blue for me and an ‘Antigel’ body for Debbie, this one a lovely burgundy colour, jersey-modal, and plain in design but for a cute ruching in her breast valley.

Debbie loved it though as it played to her vision of plain but feminine lingerie that was beautifully put together and luxurious to wear.

We enjoyed our dinner, our decision to opt for the hotel’s ‘traditional’ restaurant.

This was driven, in part, by the fact that we would be crossing the border into Italy and a complete shift in cooking on the cards – and the wine selection too. Also, there was a massive difference in price between the two outlets that the hotel owned, the Carrier with a price-tag that reflected its Michelin star status. However, ‘La Maison de Carrier’ being the one that offered back-to-basics in its food offerings, the raison d’être was to offer the best of Savoyard cuisine at a reasonable price-point.

It was also a lot more informal as to dress – and there was no Bösendorfer piano present to distract me from the real purpose of the evening. The other thing too, the restaurant had been one of the family farmhouses in the past and had kept its lovely warm atmosphere.

We enjoyed the atmosphere and the cuisine was tasty, our choice for the à la carte – they had a menu for a ‘whole pig – from head to tail’ covering four dishes and two desserts but that much pork did not appeal.

Therefore, we went for their terrine and home-cured salmon with beetroot and local creamy goat’s cheese and then we shared a delicious rack of lamb that was cooked on an open fire and served with sautéed potatoes and summer vegetables.

Put in a cheese course that contained a reblochon, a tomme, a chevrotin and one that I had never come across before, ‘Abondance’ – all of them local and who could go wrong?

Then there were some lovely Crêpe Suzettes to finish with – along with coffee and a sampling of Génépi, a local liqueur not unlike Chartreuse, a drink that was an acquired ‘Alpine’ taste as in sheep or goat’s pee and led us to having a Cointreau on ice for me and an Armagnac for Debbie.

We chatted away about our expectations in Florence – and also the Château Droupt, Debbie telling me that The Count and Countess had been impressed by how feminine I had come across as and very little sign of any of my male legacy, despite still technically having a penis and testicles in behind my panties, my future clitoral head able to feel the lace pressing against it and stirring things up.

Secondly, we compared notes on the girls, Debbie curious to find out what I had thought of Ella and then, “and what did you think of her piercings and branding mark? Anna had similar treatment which I had discovered when those tie-side panties had come off after we had discovered her waiting in the room. Rather delicious, she was too.”

“The piercings, I could live with – but the concept of being branded like that. That must have hurt like hell to say the least. It was beautifully done though and amazing just how deep and defined that it was. You could really see the d’Orsayville coat of arms coming through.”

“Should I have you pierced then – when your breasts are fully grown and you have proper labia to punch holes into, as I quite fancy putting you into chastity by lacing your cunt up?”

“Ultimately, that is your choice as I have committed to submitting to you.”

“And a branding – my coat of arms is a Maltese cross on a square with a knight’s helmet and visor along with plumage on top. There’s no direct motto except ‘Latymer’ with an ‘i’ or a ‘y’ owing to its meaning. I think I would have you marked as ‘Prop. of D. Latymer.’”

“I think that I am shuddering at that, Debbie. Anyway, what’s the meaning?”

“Its origin is what they called an occupational name – in this case ‘the latimer’ or a person who could speak, interpret and write Latin the Old French being ‘Latinier.’ When such names became hereditary who knows but in my family’s case it could have tied back to a specialist job in the Church or Royalty and it was often done for status.”

“I thought your father was Jewish and aren’t surnames a fairly new thing for them?”

“Yes, but the surname was metronymic in coming through from his paternal

grandmother's side.”

“Okay – did you study Latin at school then?”

Debbie laughed, “Of course I did and I got an A-plus at GCSE. Carry on like this and it will be a question of ‘tuam teneram fundum flagello vererabo ut hac vevpera rubeat ac rudis!’” This translates to ‘I’ll whip your tender, little bottom red and raw this evening.’

“I don’t need to ask you to translate this – I’d better be quiet.”

“Actually, I came away from Droupt with a rather delicious paddle, one that Brigitte gave me to use on you.”

“Oh, I really do need to keep quiet.”

We went back up to the room and I found myself with my wrists handcuffed and lying on the bed with two bolsters under me to push my bottom high into the air – and my panties pulled down and dress and bra removed. Debbie had produced the spanking implement, a cane with a rounded end and looking like a miniature rug-beater, well the inner circle, what with the long thin strand that it had been made from being twisted together.

Before she punished me, Debbie produced a Ziploc plastic envelope and out came two pairs of pink panties and one black pair – “These are a present from your Ella,” and, with this, the black pair ended up in my mouth and the other two over me but in opposite directions so that I was blindfolded and taking in her very essence from the incredibly well-stained gusset. It was definitely Ella and

nearly as fresh as having her queen me.

God - did this beater sting, far worse than any cane and soon there were tears in my eyes and my rear was on fire what with the heat being generated down there.

How would I ever be able to sit down all the way to Florence during another six hour drive the next day?

Indeed, I probably was red and raw, Debbie turned on by just how my bottom radiated after her whipping – and thank goodness that she didn't actually have a whip with her and that the crops that we had brought along in our baggage were sitting out in the safety of the car.

I felt her caressing her handiwork, my skin down there on my rump ever so sensitive to her touch – and then in came the cock and, OMG again, it was the leather one on a harness, this pushing past my portal to fill me up to the point that I thought that my boy-pussy was going to be split in two, the panties in my mouth stopping me screaming but releasing even more of their cummy, pee and anal juices.

Perhaps this was the ultimate 'sedative' and I was soon whimpering with the pleasure of being crudely fucked like this – well, to be fair to Debbie, hard and aggressively as she ploughed in and out of me.

I felt Debbie explode around her end of the leather shaft and I followed her, my mind collapsing and everything going as white as what we could see on the upper slopes off the Mountains around us – to the point that I was 'out of it,' Debbie having to wait before removing my gag and veil and then face-sitting

me, a very wet and sticky valley greeting my nose and tongue, my face smeared in the remnants of her cummy orgasm.

As it was, I had to bring her through to a second wave and take her load into my mouth, this with some pee as well, a risk that this was what with the pristine Egyptian cotton sheets and duvet beneath us.

I took it all just - and ended up being facially very wet indeed, this a chance for Debbie to re-veil me and to let the panties and cum adhere together as they dried out on my skin and crusted up, the aroma now a mix of both women that was infusing into me as I fell asleep.

The fact that I was veiled did not matter – I was used to it, this practice having started many moons ago now, even in having to breathe in through the gusset over me even if things became a little humid. I was also pretty tired after the trip and the two short nights with Ella, never mind the emotion of the two de facto recitals that I had given.

I don't know whether it was the mountain air, after all we were now at an altitude of over a thousand metres, whether it was the need for sleep or the addictive fusion feeding into me but I slept well and found myself still veiled when I woke up.

Veil off and I slid under the duvet to give Debbie some early morning satisfaction before we got ready for the second leg of this trip from Droupt, Florence to be our furthest point from home.

We enjoyed a good, simple and hearty breakfast but not as good as Clare's and

we went for another walk through the town to let it settle and then got underway, the first ‘challenge’ being the tunnel under Mont Blanc, nearly twelve kilometres of it at a charge of nearly forty Euros, a figure that astounded me but, as Debbie said that it was a question of time and cost as in twelve kilometres versus over one hundred and seventy via Valoire and Turin.

Twelve kilometres, therefore, and it was great to see the daylight again and we were now in Italy, despite all the French village names around us and for a few kilometres.

We pushed on towards Milan to turn off the A4 and onto the A50 cutting down the west side of the city, stopping for fuel and a coffee – and then onto Florence or Firenze as Debbie kept reminding me.

I was looking forward to visiting this famous city with a population of nearly four hundred thousand folk and another million or so in the wider metropolitan area, a city full of culture, art and history and one that I read had been voted the most beautiful city on ‘Planet Earth’ by Forbes in 2010 – now how true that this was, we would see. How much could we cram in while we were here?

We wound our way into the city centre though coming in wasn’t too hard given the navigation in the car – in from the west to the River Arno, cross over the bridge on the right side and off the main road and then turn right at the Via Il Prato, onto the Lungarno Amerigo Vespucci and a loop around to the Lungarno degli Acciaiuoli, the buildings now very much what I had expected, an Italian version of being in a French city with eighteenth and nineteenth facades, particularly while we ran along the Arno, the river on our right – and we were there, the Hotel Portrait Firenze.

It turned out that this hotel was another boutique one – there were no bedroom-

only suites here and most of them overlooked the north bank of the Arno and the hotel really was just a few steps from the eponymous Ponte Vecchio.

The staff started pampering us the moment that we walked in to the hotel and, during our stay, they were fabulous, and well-presented in their Salvatore Ferragamo liveried-outfits. I guess that this came as no surprise when we learned that the family owned the hotel and its nearby restaurants and bar.

There was no reception as such, rather just a communal area, a sitting room-cum-reception area with lovely, deep armchairs and a very stylish decoration that hinted at the retro of the 50s and 60s yet was still modern, the hand of Ferragamo more than evident again in the choice of furniture, fabulous textiles and a superb monochrome print collection, the period concerned when Firenze surpassed Milano in terms of Italian haut couture.

As to their catering, there was an attached restaurant with a bar, the Caffè dell'Oro, and then there were two sister hotels with a few metres walk with high-end restaurants and bars for us to enjoy.

We were shown to our room and, my, the views from the room were seriously 'out of this world' – so much history in front of us and we were really in the heart of it all – the manager who escorted us up to the suite saying that it was less than a ten minute walk to all the major central sights such as the Uffizi Gallery, the Duomo, the Palazzo Vecchio and the Bargello Museum.

As for the shopping, all we had to do was step outside and we were on the Via Tornabuoni and the Museo Ferragamo was around the corner, a must for anybody who has a shoe fetish.

We were incredibly lucky to be staying here – ‘thank-you, Henri and your sponsorship as there was no way we would have normally stayed here.’

We had referred to the fund when we checked in as The Count had advised and this wasn’t an issue at all, Debbie confirming this in her fluent Italian, something that the staff frequently commented on to how good she was – a natural speaker apparently.

There was also a note waiting for us from this Professoressa Carla de Luca suggesting dinner the next night at the hotel’s sister hotel, the Hotel Lungarno, on the other bank of the Arno, and connected through to the Borgo San Jacopo.

We would then set up an appointment time for any analysis that she wanted to conduct on me.

I have to add what was stunning was that there were photos of Bryony and Emily as well as Ella and Anna set in frames next to our huge bed – a most unusual touch we thought and something ‘personal’ that we had never experienced before.

I should give a little descriptor of the room – the two of us were sold by the floor-to-ceiling views and we even had a small outside terrace for us to enjoy.

The suite had a good-sized bedroom, a river-view study in the middle and then a living room to the right hand side with a lovely, soft sofa to collapse into, the rooms decorated in soft dove-grey hues, dark hardwood floors that were covered in neat rugs and then quite a selection of ‘objéts d’art’ throughout, never mind all the glossy photography on show and fashion books and magazines galore, not

least linked to our hosts, the Ferragamo family.

We wondered if there was any connection between them and the d'Orsayville nobility.

Debbie has corrected me on the use of the expression 'objets d'art in pointing out that what I should have said is 'oggetti d'arte.' I stand corrected for you Italian purists.

What was even better was the large king-sized bed, the view from it allowing us to see folk out on the river, there seemingly being quite a lot of rowers here who were gliding seemingly at ease up and down the water.

The bathroom was as nice as any as we had seen on this trip what with its gleaming grey and white marble, a huge bath and white fittings finished in chrome and the double basins lined with dishes full of 'Tuscan Soul' toiletries, a brand that neither of us had come across.

Indeed, if this hotel group had any major female investment alongside the Family, we wouldn't have been surprised and we could imagine The Count and Countess thoroughly enjoying this place and its superb hospitality, their service and commitment to their customers very much evident in all that they did or advised.

We went for a stroll outside, one that was rather unique as the history that was evident was stunning but then the Via Tornabuoni was also the most expensive shopping street in the city.

The Palazzo Strozzi was probably the most impressive of the palazzi on the street.

The courtyard is open to the public, but we found out that the floors above can only be visited when exhibitions are held. However, the woman that we spoke to knew its history and she considered it to be the last and grandest of the magnificent Renaissance palaces in the city. As to our opinion, we were green and maybe we could answer that question later.

Filippo Strozzi, banker and agent for the Medici, had this 15th century half fortress-half palace, built with three stories of equal construction and it was apparently said to have been designed by him.

However, the palazzo itself was left unfinished when the money ran out after Strozzi's death in 1491.

That's what I was beginning to appreciate and love here - the great history that Firenze offered and the attached 'rich' stories that seemed to go with each site that we visited.

The street was a sight to see though, full of hustle and bustle.

However, looking into the large archways of each building and I could imagine what it was like to be a noble-woman walking the streets of Renaissance Firenze, a genuine female or someone like me, a male in transition to becoming one. There was a wonderful juxtaposition at street level from the history into the contemporary what with all the up-market shops for brands such as Gucci, Prada, Burberry and Ferragamo, to name but a few.

As Debbie said, “Thea, think what was here before – probably basic necessity stores, the sort of ones that finds in the streets of Cairo, Ankara or even Tripoli, either one by the way. What you have here is the latest generation of commercial activity and at least the buildings now are preserved and protected for generations to come – or so we should hope.”

We window-shopped and said that, if we got some time in the next few days, we just had to go and see the Salvatore Ferragamo palazzo and its shoe collection, this close by to the Basilica di Santa Trinita, the mother church to the Vallumbrosan monks, created by a nobleman in 1092, a lot of perversion alluded to by their linkage to the Benedictines.

“If it was a nunnery, I could put you in there to learn even more discipline and submission. I could imagine you dressed as a nun and kept in scanty lingerie and a chastity belt underneath to be abused by your Mother Superior and her Sisters.”

“I must say that I thought that was what the Château was all about.”

“Perhaps, Thea, perhaps,” Debbie wearing a wry smile as she said it.

We came back to the hotel and decided to eat in the hotel’s café, the Caffè dell’Oro, named after the goldsmiths that used to occupy the site of the hotel.

It was good, better than the night before but Clare’s cooking rivalled it - what it was good at was that the food was so fresh, seasonal and not too fussy.

We began with an interesting pasta served with a semi-soft sheep's milk 'cacio' cheese, black pepper and sea urchin and then we moved on to a beautiful dish of cod that was cooked with a widely available local vegetable, scarola, along with olives, capers and a fabulous homemade garlic mayonnaise.

Desserts just had to be our first Tuscan tiramisù and lush it proved to be – yes, would this translate on to somebody's offerings after a coffee and a late night pousse-café – or 'digestivos' as should be the term.

It was Debbie's turn to crash as to falling asleep – after all, she had driven for two days and she also had her meeting with the European University Institute late morning and through lunch time so she needed to be in good form for this. A quick worship session with me on my knees, the two of us in nighties and hers draped over me and then it was into the very comfortable bed and time for 'out for the count,' the rather nice thing being the sound of the River Arno outside our window.

We had a leisurely start and then, once dressed and ready, we took a taxi together, both our visits to be in the same approximate area, the EUI coming before the Fiesole School of Music. I dropped her off and the cab went up further into the hills the School being close to the village of Fiesole in the San Domenico commune, the location of it well above the city and in what proved to be a rather beautiful area and with the views back down over Firenze.

The School was a relatively new one founded only in 1974 by Piero Farulli and it was housed in a wonderful, old Italian villa called the 'Torraccia,' four floors to the house, and then recently extended into a music park where a farmhouse and its adjacent barn and other buildings had been converted into an extension of the school, along with new buildings for practices and classrooms, a library and 'stacks' as well as an open-air theatre and car parking.

I met with the Artistic Director, Alexander Lonquich, the Vice President, Stella Sorgente, and the Head of Piano, the delightful Irene Novi, and we discussed potential collaboration as in helping with teaching and mentoring – apparently my reputation had even reached here, no doubt some research work carried out on my time at the Academy and the concert level that I had already attained. Certainly, there was value to be had for both of us if Debbie was to decide on the EUI as being the place for her.

Irene and I were together for over two hours including a very pleasant lunch comparing notes on our careers, her experience naturally far richer than mine at this time, she being at least ten years older than me and she was evolving her direction increasingly towards chamber music.

It was gone three o'clock when I texted Debbie to ask if she had finished, back coming the message, 'Still here, how much longer?? See you back in the room sometime, so call a cab.'

So back to the hotel it was and I enjoyed a pot of tea out on the balcony and the views of the river with all the activity on and around it. I did think about going out to walk the Ponte Vecchio and see what that was all about but this was something to do with Debbie.

My thoughts did turn to why I hadn't brought along a sketch-pad and some pencils or paints as I could become a semi-temporary-Florentine and indulge in the art-scene.

I went and saw one of the staff and they pointed me in the direction of a nearby store, Zecchi Colori Belle Arti and close to the Cathedral though reasonably easy to find though, as she said, not the cheapest art supplies in the city but they did offer a comprehensive range and some unusual products like their own dry

pigments and covering colours like lapis-lazuli, ultramarine and genuine vermilion, as well as rare brushes and papers.

She even volunteered to come along with me just in case I needed language assistance to further my basic Italian. I said that I'd wait for Debbie to come back.

On that front Debbie got back a tad before five and was in an euphoric state having thoroughly enjoyed her visit and so positive to how the EUI went about things.

She had met with a number of the staff during the day, including Professors Kenneth Amaeshi and Madeleine de Cock Buning as well as the administration side – one more meeting having been suggested with Professor Bauer, the Director, and this was scheduled for the day after tomorrow.

The time would give her space to think about what she had seen and heard. In essence, the school was located in the Palazzo Buontalenti, about another kilometre on from Zecchi Colori and close to the Galleria dell Accademia. It was down the hill from the main EUI campus where she had had her initial meeting.

We walked over to the art-shop, Debbie telling me that the issue was that there was some overlap with her Masters and the question under debate was whether to shape a programme that would build on this education and experience to date rather than having to sit the whole course and risk repeating elements of her London Masters.

What she liked was the way that their Masters of Transnational Governance

examined the most pressing policy issues of our time and also possible future scenarios through an interdisciplinary lens to capture and formulate perspectives from political science, economics, law, public management and international relations with a view to considering the broader impact of international government and how to create, combine and orchestrate their tools to design effective and results-driven transnational policy solutions.

Not only this, but the Institute brought in ‘heavy-hitters’ in their fields be they politicians, academics, bankers, practising lawyers, economists or international administrators for lectures and events such as ‘interviews’ and ‘Q&A’ sessions.

I was nearly lost by this and some of the jargon and terms that Debbie was using but it was her world, her specialism and as long as she got the results and satisfaction from this – and the ‘catalytic’ effect towards her intended career, so be it. She was certainly enthusiastic about it.

I ended up getting what I needed to produce a drawing or painting or two and we wandered back to the hotel with a little detour around the Cathedral, the Santa Maria del Fiore, famous for its enormous dome engineered by Filippo Brunelleschi and perhaps the most prominent feature of the city’s skyline – and certainly more than visible from Fiesole.

We had to put a little speed on to get ready for the dinner with the Professoressa, my dress being the one that I wore for my Liverpool concert and ideal for the warm evening out there. Debbie went for her silk khaki jumpsuit.

At least, we didn’t have far to walk. I had forgotten that the Borgo San Jacopo restaurant, next to the Hotel Lungarno, was across the river from us and, to get there, we had to pass over the Ponte Vecchio.

The bridge was amazing – from a distance it looked as if it was covered but it wasn't – shops and flats over three floors on either side of the street that traversed the bridge and then three open arches at the central point that gave us a view up and down the Arno.

Over the bridge and into the narrow street from which the restaurant had taken its name – and then a right at a little piazza, the Hotel Lungarno and the Borgo San Jacopo under yet another arch, part of the hotel above it.

We got to the table just after Professoressa Carla de Luca had arrived, our timing nearly perfect.

Carla was very much Italian in the sense of having olive skin, shoulder-length dark-brown hair and eyes and she was quite young looking – much younger than The Count Henri. My guess was that she was around five-foot seven and, shape-wise, a 34B, 26, 36 or even 37 as her bottom was quite rounded.

The Maggiordomo brought us across to the table, Carla rising to greet us.

Introductions made, we sat down.

The first question was what language to speak, Debbie explaining that she had lived in Italy when she was younger, a little surprise when Carla acknowledged this, “Yes, I understand that your father was an attaché or some other senior post in the Roma Embassy.”

“Correct – obviously Henri has told you – I’m realising that his briefings can be pretty thorough. However, Thea’s Italian is pretty basic though she can understand more than she speaks, so I think we should speak in either English or French as she’s fluent in French. She is also the reason that we are here tonight though, upfront, I am looking at taking up a second postgrad at the EUI.”

“So Franglais perhaps?”

“Yes, why not.”

“The EUI has an excellent reputation – so what area are you looking at?”

“An adapted Masters, as such because of my first Masters in Economics and International Development, in Transnational Governance – and it’s a powerful stepping stone towards a career with an NGO like the World Bank, FAO, the Commonwealth of Nations or the United Nations.”

“And you, Thea? Though we ought to order in an aperitif – a cocktail or wine?”

“Wine please.”

Carla signalled to the waiter to bring across the menus.

“And back to you, Thea – if you end up with Debbie here in Firenze, would you move here or stay in London? And if you move, what would you do, apart from learn Italian?”

I looked at her a little blankly and in amazement, “I’m surprised that Henri hasn’t told you – I’m a concert pianist who has just qualified from the Royal Academy of Music in London. In fact, today I have been up at the Scuola Musica Fiesole to discuss some form of collaboration and other areas of interaction with them.”

“He mentioned that you were an incredibly talented musician and that you had played for them after dinner. Sorry I hadn’t realised that you were this good. If you move here, we would have to find you a piano!”

“If Debbie comes here, perhaps yes. After all, one of the good things about our relationship is that we can be together wherever Debbie’s career takes her as long as there is a good airport nearby – and a decent agent or two. Developing my network is crucial and I’m meeting with an Italian agency the day after tomorrow. Oh - and I would need to brush up on my Italian repertoire, Monteverdi, Vivaldi, Verdi, Puccini, Pierluigi da Palestrina, Scarlatti and not forgetting Rossini, Einaudi or even Morricone. If there was a piano here, I could manage to play some Morricone and variations on ‘Nessun Dorma’ maybe a few other things as well.”

“And she does it from memory, Carla.”

“No – now that’s impressive. I want to hear you play.”

The wine list arrived along with the menus.

Carla proposed that we should try their truffle menu, a real Italian treat that it always is, the truffles being white ones.

As a wine, she ordered a local wine on the basis that we should try the Tuscany wines and particularly if we were ever to reside here, her choice being a 'Rocca di Montemassi Vermentino Calasole,' a wine grown not that far from the sea on the Maremma coast and reflected in what we tasted. The grape was Vermentino and half-way between a Sauv Blanc and a Pinot Grigio is where Debbie and I put it, the wine being bright with fresh acidity, and notes of apple, grapefruit and lime and a soft and unsurprisingly salty minerality to it.

With the wine to the table and the food ordered, Carla added, "Coming back to you playing, Thea, would you consider a little session on a hotel grand? I can give the Hotel Bernini's manager a quick call, as I know him well – he's been there for over thirty years -and tee you up. And perhaps a nightcap after dinner perhaps as payment – perhaps even on the house?"

How could I refuse what with the meal we were about to eat – and we knew what the cost was and the figure wasn't a low one even before the wine was taken into account.

Carla picked up her phone and speaking at two hundred words a minute, meaning I was lost, she had David Foschi where she wanted him, even cheekily adding, "Per favour potreste controllare quando il vostro pianoforte è stato accordato l'ultima volta - visto che questa." Or to translate 'Please could you check when your piano was last tuned as this young lady here is of a concert standard?'

I nearly died when Debbie translated that – the nerve or chutzpah involved and, if the piano did need tweaking, where would Signor Foschi find a tuner at this time of the evening?

The food in this intimate atmosphere, the restaurant really quite small in size but with lovely views out over the river, was seriously delicious and worthy of the Michelin star that the Borgo San Jacopo held.

We began with a low-temperature cooked egg with a potato mousse, chard, Castelmango fondue and white truffle, following this with a tagliolini with truffle, Debbie having their risotto version and then onto the main course, a sensational ‘Beef Rostinciana’ with spinach, pink Muscat, lemon onions and white truffle, this a dish based off braised short ribs that were truly succulent and cooked with rosemary for probably hours at a low temperature.

The red wine chosen was also a Tuscan coastal one, this one from one of the Ferragamo family, a ‘Prima Pietra’ and an Italian equivalent of a Bordeaux with its grape varieties of Cabernet Sauvignon, Franc, Merlot and Petit Verdot.

Carla began to focus on me, asking questions about my childhood and schooldays and then onto how Debbie and I had met – and, naturally, how my IGD had impacted on my life and the move to the decision to push for a sex change. It became evident that she had also been briefed by Henri and all my blood results confirmed the course of action that Katie Maddox had suggested for me and that I had taken up – not that I had needed to have much of a chat with Debbie or to get vexed over the decision to ‘switch.’

She even went to the extent of asking me about how we had told family to our intention so, between us, we related the story of Liverpool and how we were able to bring down ‘two birds with one stone.’ Debbie translated this for me into ‘prendere due piccioni con una favalate’ and we had a laugh at the variations of this across Europe, the Italian version meaning ‘catch two pigeons with one fava

bean.’

The most common version appeared to be ‘to hit two flies with one hit or swat,’ this being the theme running from Scandinavia through Germany and Austria and down through the Balkans to Macedonia. Oh, a giggle to what was really useless information but ultimately it showed that Carla had a sense of humour.

Over dessert, Carla turned away from the medical inquisition which Debbie and I later talked about, our conclusion being that the dinner had been an ‘informal’ way for her to test my psychology and was I really committed to the pathway that we had chosen. It could well have been the case but, if so, she did it ever so subtly.

We learned a little more about her such as she was divorced with two daughters, the elder one very much a lesbian but with no girlfriend at the moment – and that her interest in this transgender project had risen out of not only her background in reproduction and in being able to transplant uterine systems from one woman to another but that one of her nephews had made the transition and she had thought that there was far more to the process than what convention had established – hence the challenge, first with women and then over to girls like me, once males but with a want and a medical or psychological call to change.

Carla had grown up in Modena, home of balsamic vinegar and her medical career started in Bologna at what is the world’s oldest university. She advocated that we should visit either city if we could, a veritable triangle of mediaeval heritage, coupled with their cuisine and, no Bolognese sauce didn’t originate there but from Imola to the west and the home of Formula One in Italy, hence Ferrari and Lamborghini – though they were Modena-based.

As to living in Firenze, “Everything is here and, food-wise, it’s magnificent from

the simplest deli to restaurants like this – Firenze has over ten Michelin-starred restaurants and Tuscany has nearly forty but, even better, are the small bistros, the trattoria, in every part of the province. For me if I have to sum up our food – well, I would choose Bistecca di Fiorentina, Papardelle al cinghiale with a wild boar ragout, Tagliatelle funghi porcini e tartufo, our crostini and, of course our gelato. My advice is if the colour of the pistachio is anything brighter than a dull greenish brown, keep on walking as the gelato is not a good quality, handmade one - you deserve better.”

Then Carla added, “You can live really well here and we are so central for all of Italy, Sicily and Sardinia excepted perhaps – but then they have their regional specialities and, in many ways, I think that our regional diversity in food may outweigh our friends in France – as to wine, we’re on a parity though they may have a better international reputation. However, if you ask me about Spanish and Portuguese wines, I would have to admit ‘up and coming’ as to Iberia at large – there are some good cheeses to be had as well. I believe Henri and Brigitte enjoy their time on the Algarve.”

This had me wondering how much Carla knew of the Château Droupt set-up, something that I mentioned later to Debbie and she agreed – ‘dark, murky waters’ and all that.

The dessert was even truffle-based, if one could think that this could ever work but it did – a white chocolate parfait with a lush cocoa heart that balanced with the white truffle, Carla adding to our palate by ordering an exceptional Capezzana Vin Santo di Carmignano Riserva 2005 to go alongside this dessert – such a lovely marriage of the dessert against the caramelised stickiness of the wine.

Throw in a couple of espressos and this fabulous dessert wine, I was ready to say ‘thank you’ for this lovely meal, even if it was about Clara wanting to explore my candidature for her type of transsexual surgery. And, yes, a little strum of the

piano keys was in order.

Carla having settled the bill and with our thank-yous, we left the Borgo San Jacopo, a limo arriving to greet us and take us over to the Hotel Bernini, just ten minutes away although my building sense of geography suggested that we could have walked it in the same time, though it was a little humid out there.

The hotel was more traditional than the Portrait, an older building and quite ornate inside but pretty luxurious – and a wonderful display of flowers on show in the reception-cum-lounge-foyer. This was where the grand piano was standing, ready to be played.

Carla introduced herself and Mr. Foschi appeared a few minutes later and we were then introduced – when he spoke to me, his English was impeccable, asking about my background and then letting me sit down to play but only after ordering up nightcaps for us.

He also asked what I was going to play, “A mixture of music and all should be recognisable along with some Italian compositions or set in Italy. I’m going to begin with Morricone’s love theme from Cinema Paradiso for example.”

I adjusted the piano and off I went – and I soon had a small crowd forming, Carla and Mr. Foschi beaming, realising that I could seriously play. Then I switched to a piano version of Puccini’s *Nessun Dorma* and onto Boccherini’s string quintet in E major, a piano version of course. I finished with *Gladiator* and then back to Morricone for his ‘Gabriel’s Oboe.’

The applause was considerable, David Foschi thanking me in public and saying that I could have a job here in the hotel if we moved to Firenze, he having learned why Debbie was visiting. He also noted that I had played everything

from memory and then, would I play one or two more pieces and they didn't have to have any Italian linkage.

Out came the Mahler and I actually managed to have two women in tears by the time I finished. To finish on an up-note, I played Leonard Cohen's 'Hallelujah' to much appreciation by the sounds of it.

As I finished, David took me aside, "I am serious, Thea, about you playing here if you wish and if you need somewhere to stay when you first come here to live, let me know. I've already had a chat with Debbie about this and I am sure we can come up with a win-win for you, her and the hotel."

Carla was also well-impressed, "I think Henri was a little coy about your talent, Thea – you have a precocious skill. Anyway, I'll see you the day after tomorrow at eleven o'clock in my suite. It's located in the Gynaecology department in the 'Universitaria' hospital."

She slipped me a card with her work addresses and contact details.

With this, we were back to the 'Portrait' and said our thanks and 'Buona Notte.'

"Well Thea, you were popular – and, yes, David did ask me to contact him if we need a hotel to stay in if and when we come to Firenze, so that little performance could pay out in spades down the line – and the hotel is a five star one too. I still don't know how you remember all these pieces – it's as if you are a human classical jukebox."

I laughed – “Look, if you want to punish me tonight, I would, as Carla has suggested that I should see her at ten the day after tomorrow – I shouldn’t go in with a red bottom or covered in cane-stripes, I guess.”

With all our luggage in the suite, Debbie now had access to more of our accessories, one of our cases having been packed with the necessary.

“I don’t see why not – after all, she will know the score with Henri’s candidates and that you are a submissive compliant lesbian in the making. I wonder which side of the fence her daughter is on?”

Out came the tethers and Debbie’s crop and I submitted my posterior to her punishment, followed by a fucking and then, of all things, a fisting to get me milking, my mind numbed over the feelings of this – talk about being stretched and my P-spot taking a lot of pressure.

Oral on Debbie would come next morning - when we rose, my head ducking under the duvet for a little creamy feed. This was my daily protein shot duly completed - even without the yoghurt for breakfast, this preceded by a long, tart ‘drink’ in the bath and then showering to clean me up.

We had a day off from our tasks at hand, most importantly Debbie’s next meeting with the head of the School, our immediate future seemingly increasingly dependent on this. We decided to go sight-seeing and the beauty of Firenze was that one could walk – and the centre of the city with so much to see on every corner. It was all about getting to know this old city, perhaps the height of the Renaissance, better.

The Uffizi Gallery and the Palazzo Pitti were the top of our list, the former to see Boticelli’s ‘The Birth of Venus’ along with their da Vinci collection and then the

latter for the palace at large but particularly the Royal and Imperial Apartments and the Palantine Gallery, the huge building a fifteenth century extravaganza that became the Medici family base in 1549.

Raphael came to the fore but there was so much on show, Titian, Caravaggio, Tintoretto and Rubens and so many others.

After this it was the Galleria dell' Accademia for Michelangelo's 'David.' We also managed to take in the Piazzale Michelangelo for its views over the city and a visit to the Mercato Centrale and this was a real introduction to the food and wine of the area.

In between, I admit that we did look in a couple of real estate windows as to potential apartments or other accommodation, the prices a little up for the centre of the city but some interesting looking properties. Debbie also revealed a little of her thoughts about this, "I'm thinking that if we rent Duke's Road out, we should be able to cover the rent on something quite nice, Thea – and then we would have your salary coming in along with any other funds like savings and trust funds and their income. We shall see but let's get the outcome of tomorrow but if it is a yes, I think that we should spend some time on the property hunt to at least to get to know a few of the players."

"That makes sense. I've also got a meeting with a potential agent tomorrow – before Carla's examination. It's a reference from the Fiesole."

We got back from our wanderings around the city and ordered some tea up to the suite. I sat out on the balcony with mine and my newly acquired artistic pad and watercolours and went to work on a painting of the Ponte Vecchio just up from us and rich in creams, yellows and gold in the early evening light.

Ninety minutes later, the time disappearing like that, Debbie came out to have a look. “My, that looks really good. You are just so talented – I’m envious.” A kiss followed.

Truth be told, this was an activity that I liked to follow but probably didn’t do enough of it. I had always enjoyed my art lessons at school, the love of drawing and painting encouraged by my two art teachers.

I found it very relaxing, almost meditative, and a distraction to the piano - and I enjoyed drawing or painting old buildings, land or waterscapes. I could also draw people too, clothed or unclothed – and yet had to have a go at taking on a nude Debbie. As my life-drawing teacher had said, ‘master people and you’re well set for drawing anything’. I didn’t really shout about it though.

In fact, I thought she was going on to suggest spending some time to draw or paint around here, perhaps beginning with the Ponte Vecchio or other old buildings around here though sitting out on the Via Tornabuoni wouldn’t be on what with all the folk out on the street. Playing a piano in public was one thing, drawing with a group of people watching me was another and to be shunned.

Debbie threw me - “Let me ask you something, just an idea at this time and there’s no logic or ulterior motive to this idea though. How about having a go at designing lingerie? Apart from your drawing capabilities, you have a good sense of colour and it would play to your fascination for it, particularly panties as we all know.”

I blushed – I could feel my face turning red.

“I haven’t really thought about it before – maybe? And now I have a bit more ‘me’ time having finished my studies.”

“Well you should – if you have finished, a little pussy-worship may be in order.”

I found myself kneeling on the bedroom floor and taking in Debbie’s scent, strong that she was after all our walking around ‘town’ – though I rather liked it when she was like this. I also knew that they would be even stronger later, as we weren’t changing for dinner, just a freshen-up and then out.

Debbie had been given a recommendation from the EUI for a pizzeria near the hotel, the restaurant also specialising in Tuscan dishes, particularly their appetisers and fish.

My goodness, after a three hundred metre walk from the Portrait, we nearly missed the place, such a narrow property that it was.

Inside though, it was nice and cool with tables on one side and a ‘pizza bar’ on the other, the wood-burning ancient oven on show – after all they had been in business for over half-a-century, through the cream and mushroom décor didn’t show this, the restaurant quite contemporary but set under an old wood ceiling above.

We sat at the bar along with some ten other clients and went through their pizza offerings – and when it came to tasting them, no wonder that La Bussola was considered to be one of the best pizzerias in the city.

I was completely sold by their pear, honey, walnut and pecorino pizza - Debbie's pizza was very good too, pecorino, wild boar salami, fresh tomatoes and black pepper and topped with a different pecorino cheese.

Were we going to turn down the chance to sample home-made tiramisù – no was the answer to that. This eatery could become one of our 'kitchens' if we moved here what with their pizza quality and the dessert sold it – though we knew that there were probably some very good others out there to go and sample in time.

Indeed, London could quite tame after this, though Il Baretto and La Barca would remain special to us.

We walked back to the hotel via the Portrait's 'sister' bar, the Fusion, and where rather than a simple nightcap, we chose two cocktails. I suppose that it shouldn't have come as a surprise when Debbie selected one of their 'Old Fashioned' drinks, a blend of Cognac and blended Scotch, sweetened by Jerez Pedro Ximenez sherry and with light notes of Mrs. Bitter's 'smoke and oak.' My choice, or rather Debbie's suggestion was a 'Whiskey Daisy,' a cocktail that brought together Bourbon and orange liqueur, Tuscan honey and lemon.

Rather good it was too – and I also realised that I would be tasting the 'Old Fashioned' later and, if not, the next morning.

To my surprise though I suppose that I shouldn't really have been taken by what happened, I found myself on the bed and strapped down but also wearing the harness with our principal extension over my clitoris, Debbie telling me that she agreed that my rear shouldn't be showing 'the marks of the night before.'

She began by queening me, her bottom placed firmly over my face and demanding that I service her from underneath, both her vagina and anus coming into contact as Debbie started to masturbate herself against me whilst, at the same time, controlling how much air I took in, this being 'tainted' with her fresh scent when she gave me opportunity to breath.

I was also getting quite a liquid facial, yet another cocktail to take in to add to my previous intake, this one so different to the 'Daisy.'

Once she released into my mouth, plenty of cummy fluid to ingest, I hasten to add, Debbie shuffled down my body, her bottom-cheeks facing me, and she lifted and then lowered her rump on to my penile extension. Despite my cockette being inside the extension and acting as part of the anchor to keep it upright, Debbie began to use the extension by moving up and down on it, her fucking motion underway and her hands finding her nipples to massage them.

Watching her bottom rise up and down on this artificial penis was brilliant, the occasional glimpse of her cunt-lips accepting and then pushing out as she fucked herself towards completion.

She could go on doing this for as long as it took her – or perhaps repeat as she went on to enjoy another wave passing through her and giving all the mental high that she wanted,

This was all about Debbie taking her pleasure and so she did, my role reduced to that of being a human sex-toy that happened to have a 'penile' replica over where my manhood should have been. But it wasn't, I had transitioned that far, any idea of being masculine long committed to the transgender waste-pit of past

sexual-identity.

Hormones and whatever, with Debbie's encouragement and intervention, I was ninety-five percent female in mind and, physically, probably around seventy percent, the issue now being able to have a vagina and, from what Henri and Carla had indicated, maybe even more, God be willing – and this, possibly, I would get a better handle of the next day, just as Debbie could define where we were to be based.

On this front, I was reasonably relaxed – London, Paris or Firenze, I really didn't mind as long as we were together.

Debbie's second climax was an intense one. It drained her, and I knew it by how she trembled on me, her head back as in almost leaning backwards so that she was down on me, my sticky face in her hair just above her neck, a scream stifled to become a long, deep moan, one of immense pleasure.

This release was what we needed – the natural solution to sleeping and that we needed as the day ahead would be an important one as to our future direction, primarily for Debbie with me in tow. And that was the main thing – that we together as one in this.

'Porta il nostro futuro,' as would be said here.

Firenze Opens Up – In More Ways than Bargained

Well what a night that was and too soon the next morning came around. Time for action for both of us and a scramble to get out of bed and moving, the two of us having to dress up a bit for our respective meetings.

For information, I decided to dress in a lovely pale blue, white polka dot, dress, so soft and light that it felt like that I was wearing a nightie. Debbie suggested that I wore stockings, at least a pair of hold-ups to offer a little more formality for the first meeting, “Your choice of hold-ups or a suspender belt, Thea.”

I went for the latter; my white guipure 'lace Pérèle suspender belt, my panties from the same brand – and no bra, not that I was enormous on top, just my areola and their nipples coming through. At least this would be one less item to worry about in Carla's consulting room.

Tan stockings as to hosiery were my choice, despite it being relatively warm out there – I would have to hope for some air-conditioning en route. As Debbie suggested, the rationale was all about boosting my confidence in a business setting though my suspicion was that she was out to tease Carla and see how she would react, given what we had heard about her eldest daughter being of our persuasion – as in lesbian.

Charged up on plenty of Italian coffee along with croissants and something that we didn't get at home, a Tuscan Farmer's breakfast, this comprising of a delicious stew of cannellini beans, tomatoes, with a herby gremolata sauce with eggs simmered in the dish, Debbie having local sausage in hers, I set off for the day – Debbie would hopefully join me at Carla's suite after her meeting with the

EUI head, Professor Bauer.

I caught a taxi to take me over to the Fratelli Rosselli where the prospective agent was based, their business based around publishing and promotion and with offices in the States and Japan as well as through various agency linkages in Italy and Europe. Japan.

Not only could they cover from composition to recording but also arranged tours and promotion. Most perversely, they even had an English school in Ferrara – my issue hopefully not the English but in having to up Italian so that it became my third reasonably fluent language. Perhaps there was a deal to be done.

The useful thing about the location of the Carlo Bellotti's offices was that, time-wise, they were more than half the distance for me to get out to Carla's hospital at the Careggi.

Having said my goodbyes and that I would be in contact when I returned to Florence, I took a second car over to Carla and managed to find where she was located, my driver having a good knowledge of the campus, large that it was and, in comparison, it would have been the second largest in the UK behind the University of London.

Carla's suite was in the hospital area, the Azienda. Having introduced myself in reception, I waited for her to come down, a message that she would come and meet me in ten minutes. Debbie's meeting with Professor Bauer would now be under way – would she be able to make it here, at least for the conclusions as to what Carla would propose?

Carla appeared, dressed in her medical blues, a big smile coming my way when she saw me.

We greeted each other – à la mode française as kisses to each other's cheek. Then we went upstairs, Carla asking if we had heard anything more about Debbie's opportunity. "Her meeting is on at this moment, Carla, and I am hoping that she may join us at some point – however, if she can't make it, so be it, and she has said that I should proceed."

"Well, there are three things that I want to cover with you but, ultimately, it's all about what I see in examining you to add to Henri's findings and opinions. By the way, just in case I don't mention it, I so appreciated your playing the night before last – you have a precocious talent and I hadn't realised just how much and I too am in awe as how you can memorise music – and not just a couple of pieces."

"Thank you for your comments – I just love playing and I've been blessed, I guess, with this ability to recall from memory and, essentially, perfect pitch, something that helps the process. When I was at Henri's and Bridget's, one of their girls saw me take a piece in first hand, the Arvo Pärt 'Spiegel' that's such a beautiful piece of music for viola and piano."

"I shall have to listen to that – I don't know it."

"He's an Estonian composer and the music is surreal."

"I'll come back to this – first the business of the day."

I have to admit that I had wanted to test her reaction to the oblique reference to the Château and their ‘interesting’ set-up as surely Carla knew about this and Brigitte’s want for submissive girls for her Circle – and for her own use? Also, was Carla a member as she was certainly a woman with a high income what with her specialist medical role and that she hadn’t even flinched when the Borgo bill had been presented to her – as well as the fact that we were enjoying unadulterated luxury at their expense through some arcane research budget?

Carla changed ‘tact’ on me as we entered her suite, a typical doctor’s set-up what with a small secretarial area, her office and consulting area with the ubiquitous sofas, hers a brown leather and chrome frame, and then an examination room next door. “So, I’m guessing you had a day off yesterday and a chance to get to know your way around Firenze a little more?”

“Yes indeed. I had a meeting with a potential agent before coming to see you, one resulting from a reference from the Conservatoire. We went on a little sightseeing, all good tourist stuff as in wanting to see Michelangelo’s David and the Botticelli ‘Venus’ at the Uffizi. However, we also went around the Mercato Centrale and saw a few estate agents’ windows to gauge the property market in the city. We even got time to allow me to put together a first watercolour painting of the Ponte Vecchio from our suite terrace.

“You paint as well – indeed a person of many talents?”

“Just for my pleasure – and for Debbie’s too, if I am truthful – I’m not up to performing in public though.”

“I’ll come back to this later but this is even more reason for my eldest daughter,

Terza, to meet with you both. Anyway, Thea, do you want a coffee or we can make a start to your examination?”

“Let’s get started – what are you wanting to look at today?”

“I want to give you a physical examination, culminating in having a look in through your anal area to see your prostate.”

“So a speculum then?”

“Yes – I appreciate that they can be uncomfortable. Then I want to give you a MRI scan – the reason for this being that a magnetic resonancing will give us a more detailed image of your soft tissue, as in blood vessels, nervous system and then organs like your kidneys and liver. I can also conduct measurements with them and then, afterwards, determine what the best route for your sex change will be – though this takes a little time so it won’t be straight away until I can confirm this. However, we’ll have an indication today.”

“So no blood-work today?”

“No, I have all that from Henri and he’s done the analysis and I have your hormone levels benchmarked – nothing there to worry about and certainly not as to the impact on your liver and kidneys. I’ve also got your historical ones and I can see why Doctor Maddox has taken the route that she has given your IGD and the high oestrogen level in your body that explains a lot as to your feminine side. What I want to do is to take you to the next level, perhaps in two stages but let’s have a look before I comment.”

“Okay.”

“So, let’s have you naked and onto my gynaecological chair next door and we’ll have a look at you – in some detail.”

Carla led me next door and, with her in front of me, I began to undress. “You’ll have to excuse me in being in stockings, Carla, but Debbie believed it was more professional of me to be dressed like this in front of the agency earlier.”

“I can understand.”

I undressed and I could feel Carla watching me closely – was this personal or professional – or possibly both?

The last thing off in my little strip-show was my panties, discarded and now I was standing naked in front of Carla.

“Okay, the first thing is that I want you clean down there, so into the bathroom with you and an enema – I’ve had a solution prepared that will rapidly expunge your system, so one flush with the solution and then warm water and you’ll be as clean in there as you ever have been.”

This bordered on serious embarrassment, no standing on graces it seemed and all rather perfunctory in nature.

I took the enema and five minutes later, having sat on the toilet twice, I was purged of anything extraneous.

The next stage was totally predictable, Carla motioning me towards the chair in her examination room.

I got into her chair and then it was a question of lift each leg up and place them in the stirrups, this forcing my legs apart and exposing my sex area in its entirety to her. Carla moved quickly to put straps over them – and then up on my thighs and further down on my shins, half way down from my knees.

I was now ‘locked in,’ Carla foregoing the use of waist or breast-straps which I thought may have been coming. Now if this had been Bryony, I would have been bound.

Actually, she began by feeling my breasts and nipples, measuring them quite carefully and also checking for lumps, this being her only comment that my tissue was free of any potentially worrisome growths.

Ten minutes on my breasts and she moved south, pushing and probing over my waist and then down to my area, her first area of examination being my ‘cockette’ – a comment about its small size and how it had reduced what with my oestrogen regime.

Onto my ‘walnuts,’ or should I say ‘my future labia,’ and similar attention and measurement made, all seemingly professional and no other intent. Indeed, Carla commented, “I have seen from your results in the past that you are sterile so, the good news perhaps, I don’t need a blood result or even a semen sample, so you

aren't going to be masturbated this afternoon."

Inevitably, then came my anus or boy-cunt and out came the speculum to be inserted and then widen, Carla using the screw mechanism to open its four metal leaves to expose my interior. I thought, 'God, how I would hate this job.'

She seemed to spend forever down there – not only did I have to contend with the speculum in me but also she inserted what felt like two dildos, one of them an endoscopic camera that she pushed deep into me and further than any sperm in the past had ever swum – well to the best of my knowledge when I make this claim. The images taken were captured onto her computer for further analysis.

"I don't want to make a joke, Thea, but everything appears to be clean in there."

Finally we were done and I could get dressed again, this time without Carla watching me –back on with my suspender belt, my panties, and shoes and, of course, my pale-blue dress.

I went back into the reception room and sat down, a coffee needed now. Unfortunately Debbie hadn't arrived so I would have to brief her later.

"Well, Thea, things look fine with you and you are healthy. What I have been looking at is if you are a candidate for a full uterine transplant along with the cosmetic surgery that would be needed to build your vaginal area. It's too early to say as I have to perform some computer simulation and use the scans that we have to simulate your body and then we can determine your appropriateness to become a surgical candidate. On first appearance, things do look good though."

“Thank you.”

“There’s one thing that you may want to consider as a preliminary stage though – and this is to have an orchiectomy, better known as a castration. At the same time, I could perform a first stage relocation of your urethra and build a meatus, that’s the exit, into your area where your scrotal tissue will be. There are some clear advantages to this.”

“And they are?”

“You wouldn’t need to take Spironolactone as your ability to produce sperm would have been removed and this takes away the downside risks of managing your blood pressure and all the on-problems that this can create on you heart, liver and kidneys, and particularly as to damage, the latter two. It can also throw your electrolyte balance too and expose you to hyperkalemia where there is too high a potassium level in you.”

“What else?”

“We could create even more of a feminine form. Let me show you a couple of pictures in a few seconds but what happens is with no testosterone present, your penis would shrink further and become more like a clitoris – and, as such, more sensitive too. As to your scrotal tissue that helps us build your labia, we would tuck this under and essentially create the image of a mons, the curvature leading down to where your vagina would be. Here, have a look at these.”

My eyes probably widened when I saw Carla’s photographs – for all intents and purposes, I was looking at a female form without the details other than the

clitoris and pee-hole. In fact, there wasn't a huge difference to a woman who had, unfortunately, experienced female genital mutilation.

"It really would have impact on putting a brake on your male puberty happening, Thea. However, there are some downsides."

"Sure, I'm not surprised – so what are they?"

"A risk of a decrease in your sexual desire and erectile dysfunction issues. You may also get hot flashes similar to women experiencing the menopause and your face, neck and torso becoming very warm, though the oestrogen in you can manage this. You can also have a weight gain of three to seven kilos but this can be managed – this is quite common."

"So cut back on the pasta then?"

"Yes but eat healthily as I am sure that you do. I'll be honest, depression can occur but given your want for change, I believe that this would be minimal. However, you can be suspect to mood swings though – however, in time, more docility may be forthcoming, all part of your femininity. Fatigue and the feeling of extreme tiredness can also be an issue and, on this front, we would watch your red blood-cell count as it can be driven by anaemia. Lastly, you may experience further muscle mass and strength and, over time, we would monitor you for any osteoporosis though this can be easily countered with oestrogen, calcium and vitamin D."

"That's quite a list, Carla."

“Nothing too drastic such as increasing your cancer risk and nothing that can’t be managed by monitoring, particularly for your liver and kidney functionality.”

“Obviously, it’s a big shame that Debbie isn’t here to have heard what you have just told me and I’d like to discuss this with her. Would it be possible to have a copy of those photographs, even a photocopier version would be great as she may be impressed by this?”

“That’s no problem.”

“Can I ask you a sensitive question and that’s about the cost of this?”

“Sure - are you free for a little light lunch and I’ll give you an outline of how this would work and there’s one other thing that I’d like to discuss. Do you want to check if Debbie would be free – and, if so, have you ever had Italian dim sum? There’s a restaurant called Il Gusto on the Viale Rosselli, close to where you were this morning and it’s en route for both of us.”

“I’ll text her and see if we get a response if she is done and, one condition, lunch is on me.”

Carla went and got me a copy of the photographs and then we went downstairs to hail a waiting taxi, it being about a mile back into town to the Fratelli Rosselli again.

There was no response from Debbie so she was, most likely, engaged in meetings with the EUI – a little surprising as she had been there for the better part of two hours.

As to arriving at Il Gusto, it was another one of these restaurants with just a well-presented door with a small branded canopy above that one could see from the roadside – and housed in a much later building than the great building period in the city but still in the Italianate-style that one saw all over the place.

Debbie seriously missed out though it wouldn't be long before I took her there. The restaurant had been set up by two Firenze fashion students, one Chinese woman and an Italian male, the chef, Beijing born, drafted in from Shanghai, their differentiation summed up by the founder, Xin Ge Liu in providing an unusual experience where traditional Chinese recipes are married with local Tuscan ingredients and Italian and European cuisine elements to create innovation.

This was so true – Bao dumplings, as we had found in London with the Din Tai Fung restaurant and their delicious Xiao Long buns, a recommendation from my tutor, Mei Ting – and then there was the Baozi Inn as an alternative venue, were the theme here but the difference really was in the ingredients used.

To give a few examples of what came our way, we dined on 'Sheng Jian Bao Pork and Crab,' the pork being Tuscan pork and the crab from the coast, or there was 'Bao Pork and Foie Gras with Balsamic Vinegar, 'the foie gras from France and the vinegar from Modena.

I could go on, a mixture of traditional Shanghai recipes and beautifully presented or dim sum with a twist such as 'Rice Pearls with Prawns and Saffron,' local water chestnuts and mushrooms inside them and, the most unusual of all, their

taro dumplings with lime in them, the texture being silky, soft and sticky, the filling – a mixture of Mediterranean turbot, fish tofu and shrimp, this bringing together a salty and marine flavour with the sweetness of the taro for quite a burst on the taste buds.

A crisp ‘Kurtatsch Sauvignon Blanc’ from the Südtirol went down very well with this food.

As to the matters in hand, Carla surprised me. “As to payment, Thea, the cost would come under our research budget, the one hosting you now – that would cover the surgery, the team, and the hospital – as to recuperation, I would suggest that you spend time at the Château Droupt, given that they are set up for looking after you and if there were any complications, they could likely be handled on-site, and failing this, in the Université of Reims hospital to which Henri is tied. Travel costs would be yours – follow-up costs on the fund, by the way.”

“My, thank you is all I can say – this is one big surprise. How can we pay you back?”

“Twofold – one your story and testament support to the project and, if you are successful in your career, which from having heard you, I am sure you will be, then the occasional donation to the fund would be welcome to help to continue our work.”

“That’s fair – how would we advance this? I know Debbie would ask this question if she was here.”

“Subject to your results, we would put together an agreement and programme leading into your eventual operation – the orchiectomy that I talked about would take place very early on and it would also help establish your credentials for this sex-switch beyond what you have already achieved. Don’t worry, the agreement isn’t that long but it does contain confidentiality clauses, obligations and duties and the second half would outline the programme with anticipated timings, meetings with Henri or me – or other members of the team including the psychologists and then aspects like medication, physical and mental exercise, diet and, of course, a commitment to not smoking. It’s a well-put together document and is written in English with Italian and French copies, its creation having taken place in London.”

“I don’t do that, the smoking that is – what about wine?”

“That’s fine – in moderation.”

I realised afterwards that I should have explored ‘London’ more – as in one ‘Coulson, Stoppard, Troughtman & Foot LLP’ being the law company used by them, perhaps?

“It sounds reasonable but may I ask what my appeal is to you both?”

“That’s a good question to ask. Firstly, you would be very much on the younger side of the girls we have taken on – in fact the youngest. Secondly, your IGD has been a blessing for you as in holding back your puberty, we would be able to get a good luck at how your body, as a young teenage girl, responds to the transplant and also in giving us information on hormonal development too – and this starts with the orchiectomy when we take your testosterone out of the equation.”

“Thank you – I’ve no issue with this as in becoming a human test-bed. Debbie

may and I'll be giving her the low-down on what you have told me though, honestly, I think that she too will buy into this. By the way, have you tried this Bao Pork and Chinese Garlic dumpling – it's sensational?"

"Chinese garlic has been used forever to take advantage of its healing properties – and eating it would be good for your post-op in both cases. What they do here is to embellish the local pork and bao with fragrant sesame oil – what they call Florentine 'caviar.' Wait until you taste their mini-sandwich with bacon and frigitelli – this dates back to 200 B.C. and is from the Xian area, the meat cooked at low temperature over a long time and then minced with a knife and put into a sesame sandwich with oil. Frigitelli, by the way, are Italian peppers and Tuscany is one of the main production areas."

"We saw them in the market – what we call capsicums."

Carla topped off my wine, "So no news in from Debbie then?"

"No, she must still be interviewing or gone to lunch, perhaps with the head of the EUI."

"It carries an excellent reputation and particularly this 'School of Transnational Governance.' It's quite a first for Firenze and helps put us as a city on the map."

"I think that you are already there what with your art, sculpture and buildings, never mind your food and wine – how many tourists a year is it?"

"I'm not sure but several million."

“What’s this other issue that you wanted to cover?”

“Not so much an issue but my daughter, Terza.”

“Yes, you mentioned her earlier.”

“Well, she’s sixteen and pushing seventeen – she is very pretty and has come out as a lesbian to me, not that I have any issue, anything but. She’s a bit like you in that she loves her music – piano and particularly violin though she loves the cello as well. She doesn’t have your prodigious talent but she’s pretty talented and probably could qualify to a conservatoire. As to art, she loves this as well and, in many ways, even better at this than her music.”

“So what’s the problem then?”

“Getting her to believe in herself and work hard – and this message doesn’t go down well from ‘Mama,’ believe me.”

“The joys of teenage youth.”

“Yes, firstly I am wondering if you two would meet with her and pass on some encouragement. I’ve mentioned you to her and she’s intrigued by your background, artistically and what your sexuality is all about – and she knows that you are a very pretty transgender and that the two of you are like her when it

comes to a preference to partner with another woman.”

“The art is easy – if she has a portfolio to bring along. The music harder unless it as at your home, her school or a place with a piano such as David’s – and, if there, would she or could she play in public and would David permit this, say earlier in the evening. If so, could she let me know what she would like to play with a piano accompaniment – may be one or two classical pieces and the same for non-classical? I’m sure that Debbie would be delighted as I would be - a small chance to say thanks.”

“Okay and then there is a second request – I’m not sure how to put this so I’ll be direct.”

My thought – ‘now what on earth is coming?’

“Terza doesn’t have a proper girlfriend at the moment and I’d like her to have more experience and confidence in this area too – maybe it’s me being rather Italian and in our personalities being open to sexual matters.”

“I know what you mean – we prudish Brits.”

Carla giggled, “Maybe – anyway, it could also be that she knows what I do and the type of cases and research work that I am engaged in and she’s interested in transgender women as well and wonders what sex would be like with them and their partners. I know that this is not very conventional but, fundamentally, I do believe in openness when it comes to sex and, in this sense, Terza is no different and the more that she learns about female sex at her age, the better for it she will be.”

“Can I ask how dominant or submissive she is – not necessarily in BDSM terms but as a person?”

“Like you she’s very much on the submissive side and she may learn a lot about how you respond to Debbie.”

“Have you thought of sending her to Henri’s wife, Brigitte – she offers a training college for submissive girls starting from a young age, depending on the legality of the country involved. What age is it here in Italy by the way?”

“Fourteen. I’m aware of the Droupt college and am thinking about sending her there. What was your impression?”

“Well I didn’t meet that many students other than at a recital I gave. They’re all well behaved though and, as to the staff taken on by The Countess, they are all sexually skilled and really nice and helpful girls if that is a testament to the training – which, by the way, is not all sex but more akin to a French or Swiss finishing-school. The Countess did mention whether I would like to take on the role of a music teacher, as I have done some mentoring and run tutorials – for example, at the Royal Northern College of Music in Manchester, close to where I grew up.”

“Interesting.”

“Even though most of the students are sponsored in by their Dominants, The Countess does also offer a placement service as well as taking off a small

number of the girls at the end of the course. From what I learned, the course is personalised to each girl's needs and these are extensively researched up-front so as to maximise the impact of what they learn and to use their skills if they have an existing talent – such as in music or art but it could be anything – say cooking, needlework, wine knowledge or even home economics or some sports skill.”

“Yes, Henri had mentioned something about this too. I should seriously look at it. So, would you be on for meeting Terza?”

“Let me have a word with Debbie when I see her and maybe we could call you. Perhaps if you could have a word with David as to the piano – after finding out if Terza is on for this. If she is, then maybe she could get in contact with me. And if Debbie is on for it, then maybe supper afterwards and if you were to leave us at some point, then we'd take her from that point for the night ahead. A couple of questions first though?”

“Yes – shoot?”

“As you know, Debbie's Italian is pretty good, mine is basic. How good is Terza's English or can she speak French as both of us are accomplished in this?”

“Not bad on either language – take your pick.”

“Debbie likes to keep me in nice lingerie – it titillates her I guess. Could you have her dressed in something cute and should we say that could be in white with black stockings so as Terza and I are co-ordinated.”

I couldn't believe that I was saying this – however, it could be interesting and I remembered how Jenny, Marcus's wife, had encouraged and mentored me to enjoy sex with not only her but with Marcus, Henrietta and, of course, Ed.

Perhaps this was the wheel coming full circle?

“Last one – are there any no-noes from your perspective?”

“I trust you implicitly to take care with her – no others would be one and nothing in public as to humiliation. No men either”

“We wouldn't be doing that on all three counts anyway. What about any bondage or light punishment?”

“Go for it. Show her that there's an amazing life to be had out there.”

I decided to risk one more thing. Panties – used ones.

“Carla, one more thing if Terza or you could arrange it – I have a fetish for taking in the scent of used panties and Debbie likes to veil and gag me with two to three pairs – as such, it's all part of my submission to her. Would it be possible for her to bring along hers and this may sound awful but the stronger the better?”

“As chance, I would be running a laundry later so I could get what you want.

After all, paraphilias such as this, often called olfactophilia aren't that unusual and don't cause any damage. Why not?"

With this, Debbie texted me. 'Given lunch is over, all finished here – see you back at the Portrait. News of course xxx'

I texted back, 'Finishing lunch here, another amazing place. News here as well - xxx'

Back came the message, 'May just slip out before coming back, something to get – don't worry if I am not there. Tea to be waiting and another painting perhaps? See you xxx.'

Carla and I enjoyed dessert and a Chinese oolong tea and then we parted, a promise to be back in touch later when I had spoken to Debbie and she with Terza.

Back at the hotel, there was no sight of Debbie but she had been in as her brief case was in the room. I ordered a tea up and, sure enough, I went to work on a second picture, more of a panorama down the river – in the afternoon light which was ideal as to creating shadows and the river was still enough to create reflections of the buildings across the water thereby adding more colour and texture to the picture.

I worked quickly to capture the light and had the largesse of the painting down on the heavy-duty water-paper before Debbie appeared. In she came with a shopping bag, a brand that I didn't recognise.

“Hi, how are things here. I’ve been out and bought you a present to celebrate. Any tea left?”

“What? Am I reading you right – I’ll call down for a fresh pot...”

“Yes, we are celebrating – I’m in – they’ve said that we’ll work to graduation in fifteen to eighteen months depending on my field project.”

“Well done you. So who did you meet?”

“Firstly Michael Bauer and then I had lunch with him at the end. Essentially, it’s a small world and he knew my name even before I went in.”

“Your father?”

“Yes – from Rome days and then in his UN role – not only that but Margret fed through an informal reference, one that he took really seriously. So what happened, he passed me onto one of the professors and we visited others to go closely through their programme and marry where I could gain value from the course and what I already had studied – even to the point that I could act as a mentoring resource on international economics and finance. Then the lunch with Michael at the end, a formalisation of sign-off of the ‘deal’ if I can call it that and then a catch-up for him to what Dad has been up to – one question that I have to put to him is whether he would like to spend some time supporting the Institute so this could bring them out to Firenze while we are here. So I am in – yeah!”

I came across and kissed Debbie or rather she kissed me, our lips locking and her tongue exploring my mouth.

“I guess the house-hunt has become more serious now?”

“Very much so – accommodation was offered but with your career to think of and to have the space for a piano, we need a place of our own. Therefore, we need to spend a couple of a couple of days on this before we start the trip back to London. You may want to cement in your contacts and I’ll double-check with Henri and Carla perhaps as to continue staying on here as it is rather nice.”

“After my lunch, I don’t think that this will be an issue – I’ll tell you more later, but first let’s celebrate the next step of your career. Who was it who came out with the quote, used usually for a major birthday, ‘Today is the first day of the rest of your life.’? John Denver had a song that used that quote.”

“I have no idea but Mark Twain famously said, ‘The two most important days are the day that you are born and the day that you find out why.’ I’ve always wondered what happens on day two.”

I laughed at that, Debbie kissing me again, even more intensely this time, suggesting where, shortly, I would be ending up.

“Anyway, before I call Mum and Dad and send messages to update folk and to say thanks like to Brigitte and Henri, Margret and Bryony and Emily, I want to give you this present to say thank-you for your flexibility, openness and

support.”

Just as she said this, the doorbell sounded and the fresh tea had arrived.

With two fresh cups poured, I remarked, “There’s really no need for this as it’s about being partners together, even if one of us is more in charge than the other. However, thank-you but what’s in here?”

“Go on – open the box.”

All I can say was that the black box was overflowing with tissue – thank goodness that it wasn’t those sparkly bits that will cover the floor and a real ‘b’ to get hovered up. As I delved into the paper, this yellow lingerie began to emerge.

What Debbie had bought me was a set of ‘Incanto’ – very much an Italian brand was and still is centred on Desenzano del Garda, a small city between Milano and Venezia. Perhaps the Po River valley is one of the great world centres of lingerie manufacture and retail?

It was a full lingerie set and stunning, the deep bra and suspender belt almost coming together, that deep that both were, the design very ‘angular’ with the emphasis on the borders of the two items and the stays within.. Both pieces were tulle and then inlaid with Leavers’ lace on either side, a hint at some transparency but with my nipples actually covered.

Then there were the panties that reflected the bra and belt, my curves to be covered – just – and with a nice, wide gusset to them, the fabric a blend of nylon,

elastene, polyester and then cotton to create the tulle mesh, lace and sateen finish, the rear of the panties being quite scanty in appearance and almost tanga-like.

What was amazing though was the colour, a golden yellow with a slight hint of lime in them, the colour able to sustain black or sherry stockings – or ones in the same yellow hue – think of a deep daffodil-yellow colour, nigh on golden and one will have the shade, described by Incanto, rather perversely so, as ‘tender shoots/nude’ – ok as a descriptor for the nude given the mesh exposed, largely down the centre of both the bra and belt and onto the top of the panties, as well as the rear of the latter.

One other fact that showed the near-on corsetry of the bra and suspender belt was that there were seven clips and hooks on the rear of both the bra and six on the belt, the attachment system, ‘comme d’habitude,’ running down my spine and designed to give any woman a feeling of being ‘locked’ in.

When I reflect on this gift, I look back and I have to smile if not laugh. Imagine my reaction if I had been given this as a gift when I was ten or eleven. Fifteen or sixteen perhaps but with being red in the face as it would have been lingerie to wear in front of my then-lovers and I was wearing Ed’s choices whenever I could.

“Really you shouldn’t have. You know that you have or had my tacit support for this decision be it here, Paris or Brussels. However, thank-you and I look forward to wearing it – I have the occasion in mind already.”

Before I could tell her of my news, Debbie ‘ordered’ me onto the floor – not that I wouldn’t do this. She lowered her high-waist pants as I got on to my knees in front of her and here I was, the outline of her pussy area showing through the

thin layer of black, silky fabric, and was that a hint of wetness that I could see.

Not least her aroma was quite strong from having worn these panties all day so far and probably intensified from walking around outside in the warm weather as well as the stress of her meetings-cum-interviews, not that she would ever admit to this.

I took her in, my nose nestled in the sensitive space between her labia minora and below her clitoris, my mouth down towards the entrance to heaven and increasingly so, as Debbie gradually shuffled over me, pushing my head back to offer her an even deeper service.

Debbie did her usual thing in gripping me with her thighs to hold me in position – a subliminal message about me being in subservience to her and, in particular, special attention to be paid to her vaginal area, her anus following behind – and then, lastly, her nipples but obviously not from this position.

Her panties did not come off – nor did she ask me to remove them with my mouth.

In essence, I was frigging her with my nose, chin and mouth, no use of my fingers permitted, not even to pull her panties fabric back by an inch or two to get direct access to her cunt, clitoris or between her labia.

I was waiting for her sticky fluid flood and, sure enough as the Severn bore comes up the estuary and into the river on its predicted time and course, Debbie came and right over me, some of the cum passing straight through the gusset of her panties or around the side, not enough for me to drink but sufficient to smear my face, not that I minded this.

I could say that I didn't mind Debbie cumming over me, either directly or as she had done to start this evening of celebration. The same had been for sperm splattering me as had happened in the past, Ed and Marcus not amiss to doing this – oh, the joys of being a submissive boy – or trans-girl.

Finally, she released me.

Even then and for reasons that I didn't yet understand, a little frustrating that it was proving to be, Debbie put off finding out what had happened on my front.

Instead she insisted that we took a shower together and then a dry-off, light make-up before we dressed for the evening ahead, light and casual as to our clothing and lingerie style given that it was pretty warm by our standards as in twenty-six degrees out there - but with a reasonably comfortable humidity in being inland and that made for a lot of difference as we would discover in the future.

Once dressed and ready to go, Debbie took me by the hand, saying “Let's go to the Fusion Bar and enjoy a drink or two before we think about some supper, something casual tonight, me thinks.”

Over to the bar, it was a question of whether to sit down to a nice bottle of cold white wine, Italian fizz or one of their special and unusual cocktails.

We went the cocktail route, two of their Manhattans, a little difference to them as they made the drinks from Veritas Rum; a Bitter, a bottle that we had never come

across before in a 'Zucca Rhubarb Pumpkin' liqueur, then a 'China Clementi' along with sugar and citric acid

Rather refreshing they proved to be, so we had two each.

Sitting down, Debbie said, "I know it's been all about me so far and getting into the EUI along with what this means in managing our future but there's you as well. I thought it best to wait until we had time and the place for a proper chat, so give me the low-down on what Carla told you."

"Well, there were four things that came out, three directly related and one that isn't, I guess. First, Carla put me through with a detailed examination of my body, particularly around my breasts and down under, a lot of time spent involving a speculum and endoscope on my boy-cunt. This was all oriented to my candidacy for a full uterine operation rather than a standard sex-change – her comment was that I looked like I was a good candidate but she needed to take results not only from Henri's measurements but also from a MRI scan that she ran to look at my blood and nerve networks down there, along with my muscular structure. So it was a little early to confirm the results were one way or the other. However, she did say that I would be an interesting candidate because of my young age and the IGD, this allowing them research into how a teenage candidate could react or whatever."

"I guess this makes sense."

"The second thing was or is perhaps a surprise is that this fund of theirs that has paid for the hotel would also cover the operation in total and that the aftercare could be at Droupt, travel costs but not accommodation would be ours. As to other 'costs' to us in all of this would be follow-up checks and results plus any testament papers from me and then, as our careers develop, a contribution

towards the fund from time to time. All of this would be laid out in an agreement between Carla, Henri, the fund and us and it would also include obligations such as confidentiality and communications and even diet and that I should not smoke.”

“Well that’s redundant as you don’t and you won’t. What about wine?”

I laughed, “That’s the question that I asked her, partly in jest – but I’m clear on this front.”

“Okay – that is interesting as an option and I think we have to see what Carla comes back with, don’t you? Then, following this, to have a look at this agreement.”

“I do smell the hand of Bryony in this part of the equation, I have to say – this agreement was put together in London apparently and comes in English, French and Italian.”

“You may well be right. So what are the other two points?”

“Carla would like to make it a two-stage process as in wanting to perform an orchiectomy, a castration on me, as soon as possible when we return to Firenze as that is now the case.”

Debbie looked at me hard, “Why – what’s her reasoning?”

“To take the testosterone and Spironolactone out of my system and lower the medical risk there, things like impact on my liver, kidneys and electrolyte levels and to help further my body for their transplant down the line. It would allow them to monitor the full impact of oestrogen inside me and the work it does promoting my feminine body and mind changes.”

“And the downsides of this?”

“Principally libido decrease and possible erectile dysfunctionality.’ I could also experience hot flashes that are something similar to women experiencing the menopause where my face, neck and torso becomes very warm and sweaty, though the oestrogen in me should manage this. One other common factor is that many folk can also have a weight gain of three to seven kilos but this can be managed – by diet of course. Essentially, she wants me to stay trim and keep fit. There’s also a long-term risk of osteoporosis just as in any woman.”

“So more sex then?”

“Yes, perhaps that is the conclusion. There’s one more twist with this castration though.”

“And this is?”

“Well, what will happen is that my penis will continue to shrink with no testosterone supporting it and, effectively, it could become no more than a large clitoris and my testicles will also reduce. However, Carla wants to take things to another level. I’ve got a couple of copies of photographs here in my bag but what she wants to do is to close off my urethra there and reset it, effectively re-

lay it into my scrotum and in an equivalent place to where it would be between my future labia, these shaped out of my scrotal tissue. On this score, she doesn't remove any tissue but packs and shapes it so that it is available in the future. Anyway, take a look at these."

I passed over Carla's material, clear that it was.

"Oh my God, this is amazing. It really does look like a vaginal area with a mons, just minus the final details – a prototype in fact. I love the hint of your slit running down towards your pussy. Yes, we should have this done to you. When did you say?"

"It depends on whether I am officially accepted on to the programme but if I was, it could be not long after we arrive in Firenze and settled in as to accommodation."

"How long for your recovery from the castration then?"

"I should count on two weeks to two months and I shouldn't lift anything over five kilos for those two weeks. As to sex when the incisions have healed, the castration being bilateral but then there are those for redefining my urethra and shaping what they call the meatus. No exercise, sports and running for four weeks – whether this includes bondage and being flogged by you, I don't know."

"From what I am seeing, I would like to see you go through this – behind your panties would become even more attractive. Let's see what arises then. Now what's the other thing?"

“A complete curve-ball and one that she talked about over lunch at this amazing dim-sum restaurant, a combination of bao dumplings with touches of Italian and European food – very unusual and delish that they were.”

“So what’s the curve-ball?”

“Do you remember Carla mentioning her daughters – the eldest one being lesbian? Anyway, she brought the subject of her development up on two fronts. Firstly it turns out that she is very musical, strings by the way, and, above all, she’s highly talented artistically and whether I or we meet with her to encourage her on – it’s a confidence thing apparently and Mum can’t tell her anything though she has told Terza about me, even to the point that I am transgender and with you and she would like to meet us.”

“So what are you thinking?”

“If David Foschi is up for it, perhaps early in the evening, to have a little recital and see how she does – she has played in public and is conservatory material though this is mother telling me this. In my view it sounds like the message that we would be conveying would be ‘Be yourself – make your choices.’”

“And what’s the action then?”

“Carla thought playing in a duo with me was a good idea and she’ll ask Terza to come up with a couple of pieces that she’s comfortable in playing, Carla to ask David whether we could do this – say tomorrow or the evening afterwards, now we are here to house hunt as well.”

“There’s something else as you indicated.”

“This one is more delicate – Carla would like us to show her the ropes sexually as she is submissive too and she may learn a lot from seeing how I respond to you and you control me. Now, as you know I had that sort of leadership at her age and, again, it could lead to her gaining confidence. The only thing that I have promised is that I would get back to you on this and then contact Carla. However, let me add one thing, I think we owe Carla a favour for what she has done in underwriting our trip never mind the dinner.”

“True – any limitations put on us and how do you imagine this working?”

“Just us two involved with her and no-one else, nothing in public and no humiliation - as well as no men either. Otherwise, she indicated anything goes including bondage and light punishment – actually she said, ‘Go for it.’ Carla did mention that Terza has a fascination in my type of sexuality as to being transgendered, never mind in being lesbian. ’”

“Fair enough.”

“We could have drinks at the hotel, a little ‘recital’ though it is hardly that and then go on for dinner, Carla to leave Terza with us and then back to the suite.”

“Interesting indeed – let me have a think about it for a few minutes. Tell you what, shall we go and have some supper?”

We walked over to the Piazza Duomo and the Osteria del Fioro, a traditional restaurant right in front of the Cathedral that had been recommended to both of us and very much more a carnivore's dream what with the speciality of the house, the most enormous 'Bistecca alla Fiorentina' and up to two kilos of quality beef, not that we were going to demolish what seemed like half a cow.

For once I ignored the lobster offering that was served as linguine and we chose a lovely and fresh buffalo Caprese with its buffalo mozzarella, pomodori and basil. As a starter and then straight into one of their Bistecca, the succulent and very rare or 'saignant' or 'al sangue' beef drawn from a female heifer and a bottle of a hearty Tuscan red wine, a Chianti Classico from Albola, to go with it.

Then it was the turn of a couple of lush tiramisùs to come our way – and espresso too.

It was as the beef was coming to the table that Debbie came to her verdict, "Why don't you call Carla and say that we are on for the night after tomorrow if David is fine with the music making and to prepare Terza appropriately. We could meet in the lounge and then continue on to dinner, say at the Fusion and it will be on us, the menu there diverse enough for all of us. From there, Carla leaves Terza with us for overnight, maybe longer and obviously depending. An alternative that could be even more relaxed is Totò as they have pizzas, dishes such as this and a good local wine list apparently. We can work out which one tomorrow and make a booking."

"Okay, anything else?"

"Yes, more for you. I'm going to suggest that you wear your new lingerie for this

and that you'll be under Terza in terms of submission so that she isn't totally subjugated and just in case she shows any switching. With this, I expect you to be under her anus and prepare her with rimming so that you had better request her to be clean – that will put them to the test that Terza and her mother are really open to 'anything' as you put it - and if she can bring along her own dildo or harness that would help too."

I hadn't mentioned that I had already requested her soiled panties – however, these two demands were more on top and how would Carla react if she knew her daughter could gain anal experience, never mind having to bring along a sex toy – if Terza had any to begin with, otherwise they would have to go and buy one or Carla would have to lend her something.

As Debbie settled the bill, I wandered out into the Piazza and called Carla.

"We are on, Carla, as discussed, and Debbie is suggesting the night after tomorrow as she has been accepted and we have a day or so of house-hunting tomorrow."

"That's great – in fact Terza is sorting out some music as we speak and with an Italian theme, such as Morricone's 'Cinema Paradiso', 'Gabriel's Oboe,' 'Lady Caliph' and 'Lost but Won,' both for cello and piano."

"They're fine – I know all four pieces and I have played them in the past accompanying the violin or viola and a couple of them recently too – I think that we may have the basis for a nice twenty minute recital already. How about some Vivaldi as in the duo for 'Verdo con Mio Diletto?' and, if she knows it, there's a cello part for Hans Zimmer's 'Gladiator,' this having an Italian feel and particularly 'Coming Home.' Anyway, if there is anything more and specific that she loves, text them over or call me."

“And what about her experience with you two?”

“Debbie has said no issue there and, as I suggested, we’ll start the evening at David Foschi’s if he says yes, then on to somewhere to eat – Debbie’s suggesting Fusion because of its wide range of nibbles or possibly Totò for pizzas and then you leave us towards the end of the meal. She’s also suggesting if we can keep her on for a second night for a fuller introduction and if we and she are happy about it, so I would suggest some light packing. Now on this score, and it could be delicate, does she have a favourite dildo or harness cock that she can bring along – and I would add anything else, sex-wise, that helps her orgasm. Lastly, one more, Debbie has already said that I would have to be under her at some point and to ensure that she is douched and clean in both love orifices. Hopefully this is no issue?”

“Not at all, I am glad you are concerned about hygiene and of course she’ll be well-prepared for you. I’ve also noted your fetish and I think there will be an adequate supply. I’ve already bagged a few pairs – you know what teenagers’ bedrooms can be like.”

“Thank you, Carla. More on the music front then and to forty-eight hours’ time. Ci vediamo presto.”

Debbie wandered out of the restaurant, saw me and came across, taking me by the hand.

“I got through to Carla and absolutely no problem as to the arrangements and in terms of having Terza cleaned out fore and aft. She’s an enlightened mother, I must say, as how many mothers would let their girls have such an experience at a

young age but then I suppose she has insights through her job and wants to ensure that Terza has a good and safe grounding. As I said earlier, this is just a small thing we can do for them considering all that we have experienced and been given this trip.”

“Excellent – I am looking forward to having the two of you in submission to me and to have an even younger girl than you to initiate to becoming a dedicated woman lover – who knows what could happen? Do you know what this Terza looks like?”

“No, except Carla thinks she is pretty but that she’s likely to say that, isn’t she?”

“We’ll find out in due course.”

I wondered if there was anything out there on the Italian internet, particularly if Terza was so talented, perhaps a press photo of an event at her school or to a wider audience in the city or something like this. However, would there be something more salacious on social media – maybe, if I got time, I would do a quick search.

We returned to the Portrait, our love-making session one of those where I was bottom-down to the bed, my body upwards and with a pillow underneath, one of our extension harnesses attached and protruding upwards, Debbie out to queen me first before enjoying riding that penis ‘extension’ though it was hardly that given what I had inside it – and then my legs pulled upwards so that my rear-cunt was exposed, ready that it was, to be taken by my alpha-lover.

I had a pretty good idea that she was really quite turned-on by the prospect of

what was to come – and this elevated by the sense of achievement of landing a place at the EUI and what this implied for both of us.

The next day was all about hunting for somewhere to live.

Before we went out to visit various agencies, Debbie made a couple of calls home, not least to her parents, Ben and Diane, to break the news and that we would be delayed in coming back to London what with our accommodation issue.

Charged with a fresh pot of coffee, she then sent off her various update e-mails, to the EUI to thank them for their personal interest and register her acceptance, and then off to Bryony and Emily, Margret and, ultimately Brigitte to thank them for their support, as well as a separate one to Henri covering us both and to thank him for his and Carla's funding – so generous that he and Carla had been.

I had been warned by Emily that hunting for rental property in most major cities was hellish and could rapidly reduce grown women and men to tears – persistence, patience and luck was involved and in Spades.

Firstly, given our age and estate agents could be so dismissive by assuming that we had no real assets or income behind us and then, secondly, even worse and despite briefing them to what we wanted, they would start by showing really awful properties that hardly matched the brief – the reason being to see if they could offload their dormant or slow-moving stock.

Firenze proved to be no different and around four-thirty in the afternoon, we cut our losses for the day to come back to the hotel for a pot of tea and to rethink our

strategy. Perhaps we could put feelers out through the EUI, the Music School, my prospective agents or even Carla – this tomorrow when we saw her.

However, tea over and before a worship session and bath, Debbie opened her laptop up and there was an e-mail in from The Countess.

Dear Debbie - and Thea – thank you for your e-mail give me an update on what is happening in Firenze and my congratulations to you for gaining a place at the EUI. It's excellent news that they are shaping their degree to your background and needs.

So this means a move to Firenze for both of you as I am assuming that Thea is coming with you and, by now, she has probably visited the conservatoires there as well as those agents that handle classical artistes. I'm aware from Henri that she is being analysed by Professoressa Carla and her candidacy will be determined shortly. On this score, as long as Carla is happy to continue, Henri is as to the extra time needed at the Portrait.

On this front and as to your accommodation, I have an option to put to you. One of my Circle colleagues, an Italian equivalent of me in terms of title has an empty property, a furnished apartment, in the centre of Firenze, and she and her agent-cum-domina, the equivalent of Amélie, have been looking to have it occupied as it risks deteriorating. If you are interested, I shall contact her and ask if Signorina Fabiola Camilleri would be available to meet with you to show you the said place. I don't know the address but I believe that it is close to the Piazza del Carmine, just across the Arno from you. I think that the apartment has three bedrooms with four bathrooms or maybe it's four and five.

Let me know as soon as possible so we can get Fabiola to meet with you both.

Meanwhile, we send our best wishes to you both

Brigitte.

Debbie read the message out to me, my response, “Wow – well worth a look at if there are no hidden catches involved.”

“Oh, I don’t know – I could think of a couple of acceptable ones such as if there was an Amélie type to keep you on your toes.”

Anyway, Debbie responded there and then in the affirmative and with our profuse thanks for the potential match-up.

Regarding the next day, we would continue the hunt but also go and look around this Piazza del Carmine and its environs to get a better knowledge of what it was like and what was there – after all, it was only a ten minute walk away from the front door of the Portrait.

However, we were in a much more positive framework what with the chance that there really could be something nice on offer – this keeping us going during seeing one awful apartment and two very mediocre ones, places that we couldn’t see ourselves living in.

As to the Piazza del Carmine, it proved to be one of the main squares of the

Oltramo quarter, dominated by its church of Santa Maria del Carmine with its unfinished façade to the basilica while, to the south the dome of the nearby Church of San Frediano in Cestello came into view – the Santa Maria even had an ancient monastery and a museum with access to the Brancacci Chapel. Across the square there was one more impressive building, the Palazzo Pallavicini, part of the St. Francis of Assisi College.

It turned out to be that this area of town was one that wasn't flooded by tourists and therefore was more about the local neighbourhood.

The area was full of local restaurants across the spectrum of the local corner trattoria up to some highly rated ones, Tuscan cuisine at the heart but other types of food available as well – and then there were a smattering of delis, bakeries, vegetable shops and all the rest, including upmarket fashion and all that we would need, including two Italian lingerie shops nearby in 'Carami' and the exquisite 'Negozio del Intimo' close to the Portrait's sister hotel and the Ponte Vecchio.

There would even be access to a nearby sex-shop, the 'Sex Lovers' – one has to think about these things. However, one huge surprise was that it operated on an unmanned kiosk basis.

The only inconvenience was the distance to Debbie's EUI palazzo and, when needed, for me to travel up to the School of Music in Fiesole, Debbie looking at a twenty minute walk or a ten minute bike ride and with me looking at forty minutes by bike or a similar time by public transport – or a twenty minute drive, give or take a few, if we had a car – and I didn't have my driving license yet.

It really came down to frequency of having to be there and if just one or two days a week, economically, I supposed that I could taxi it 'allez et retour.'

We made it back to the hotel and there was a message in from Brigitte proposing that Fabiola would meet us at the hotel just after lunch the next day, so encouraging that this was. Then it was time for tea and we had to think about taking a shower or bath and then dress and prepare for the evening ahead.

So, one deep enema later with four flushes of my system and then the bath – with a little service with Debbie backing her bottom-cheeks on to my nose and mouth while I lay there in the warm water, the object of this more her anus than her cunt entrance, some rimming and tonguing called for – as is said, ass-worship of the highest order what with me tongue-fucking her. And we had this Terza to take on later.

Talking of her, I had only been able to find two photographs of her and, in both of them, she was largely hidden behind the cello in front of her.

Two conclusions emerged though – she looked like that she was a member of the ‘petite’ club and probably no taller than I was and, secondly, her hair and what I could see of her features were much lighter than Carla’s to the point that I wondered if her father was Italian. We would soon find out.

I opened Debbie’s present up and separated the three items, my decision being to put the deep suspender belt on first and then to attach sherry-coloured stockings on to the long straps with their silver-metal clips.

I duly adjusted the straps so that the belt would be close to the underside of the bra, this the next thing on, support on the underside of my budding breasts, my nipples already stiff and showing partly through the tulle of the angular-design – two shoulder straps either side. I loved the set.

Last on were the panties, ones that were more like a tanga with a thin waist-belt to them, yellow lace on the groins and over part of my bottom-cheeks, some tempting tulle over my clitoris – and a seductive key-hole at the back and right over the top of my valley down towards my boy-cunt and beyond.

It all fitted incredibly well – did I already have an Italian body when it came to cut and fit?

Debbie saw me in the set and said, “It’s probably just as we are going out and have an appointment as I could fuck you now. You’d better get your dress on pretty quick – otherwise?”

“I love it – and, yes, I hear you as I too could fall into bed with you or wherever.”

I had decided to wear my ‘concert’ dress, the one that my mother had bought for me, the moss-green colour of it working well with what would be underneath, tan heels on and I would also take my nude ballet flats to play in, a better grip for the pedals – and the dress was so comfortable to be in when sitting at the piano.

Meanwhile, Debbie went for a taupe silk blouse and then cream high-waist pants with a matching jacket, more of a blazer, the jacket there if she needed it with the weather outside.

We checked our clutch-bags and off we went, a wee walk over to the Hotel

Bernini in time to be there for Carla and her daughter.

David Foschi greeted the two of us and we all went through to the lounge.

As to a bottle of wine he suggested that we ought to try one of the oldest Tuscan wines dating back to the thirteenth century and beyond, even to 1000. In its history, it became the first Italian wine to attain the DOC categorisation in 1966, the 'Vernaccia di san Gimignano' Riserva and then lost a little of its reputation for being 'touristy' but now with modern viniculture, oak barrels and upgraded equipment, the wine had really taken a turn-around.

It proved to be crisp, fresh and quite fruity with pineapple and orange blossom coming through with hints of acacia and even a little salt – the wine smooth and well-balanced.

I went to the piano, sat down and began playing Puccini's 'Nessun Dorma' as I had the other night, this seemingly waking the hotel up as both guests and staff walked in.

Out of the corner of my eye, just as I was finishing, I spotted Carla walking in with her daughter and brought the piece to its natural end – applause for this as I let the last notes resonate.

I turned to my small audience and spoke in English, Debbie translating for me. "Thank you, all of you – if you can give us fifteen minutes to prepare, we have a young and promising musician here from Firenze too and she's brought along her cello, so once we are set up and tuned in, we'll play for about half an hour for you, mainly Italian film music or films attached to Italy – but maybe a

classical piece or two as well.”

I went across to Carla and she introduced me to Terza – and they had already exchanged greetings with Debbie and David. I have to say that her English was already pretty good, certainly for someone of her age.

Indeed Terza was small – as in just under my height, her body a little more curvy from mine at that age, her hair quite ‘dirty blonde’ and close to what a hair-stylist would call ‘medium to dark toffee-blond,’ some blond streaks showing through on the surface of her hair.

She was visually very cute, grey eyes with a hint of light brown to them, a turned up nose and a nicely shaped chin with high cheek-bones, her skin remarkably pale for an Italian girl. It turned out that ‘Dad’ or ‘Papà’ had come from the Tyrol so there was some Swiss or Austrian genetics in play.

Dress-wise, Terza was wearing a pale-blue lace, two-thirds long, strapless dress styled with white pumps and a matching clutch-bag, a hint that she was wearing white stockings underneath given we could see her lower silhouette through the lace, an ideal summery outfit for an Italian girl – and a hint of a tease to it.

“Now Terza, what are we going to play tonight, anything more that you have brought along after your mother told me last night?”

“I’ve just heard you play and Mamma said to me that you can play from memory and having heard or seen a piece just once or twice. Your playing is stunning.”

“Well I have heard that you are good and if you are close to a conservatory level,

then that's brilliant – I was your age and then went to the Royal Academy of Music in London when I was just a little older than you. Yes, playing from memory helps me – it's my party trick but it allows me to focus on playing with more emotion."

"Don't you make mistakes?"

"Sometimes – hopefully not too often but it happens, just as it can with sheet music. Anyway, anything additional music that you are happy with and have brought along?"

"Yes, I thought we could add Francesco Sartori's 'Con te partirò' in."

This was the song made famous by Andrea Bocelli when he introduced it at the 1995 Sanremo Festival – and, yes, I knew the basics of it.

"Do you have the score for it here?"

"Yes."

"Let me have a look at it and play it on the piano first and you'll see me take it to memory ready for you. With its title it would be very appropriate to finish with this."

Terza was pulling out her cello and what a beautiful instrument it was, a Tonarelli Cremona cello made of spruce and maple and, when she began playing, it had a lovely tone to it, quite remarkable for an instrument that was relatively new and also slight smaller than normal given her size, not only the tone but the sound projected well.

I took the sheet for the Sartori and ran through it, Terza looking on goggle-eyed as I took it in and then began the first few chords from memory, Carla setting up her musical stand for her sheets.

This attracted our audience back from the bar area or wherever and Terza and I went into tuning mode for a few seconds and I suggested that she play a little from memory just to help her settle in. She came across as being reasonably relaxed and at ease with what she was doing.

“Tell you what, Terza, if you are ready, we’ll begin with ‘Cinema Paradiso’ as virtually everybody here will know the piece and it’s beautiful music. Don’t worry about these guest watching us – there may be a few more but we won’t have hundreds watching us – and just enjoy it.”

“I will – I love to play as I love to paint as well.”

“Obviously I open with some introduction chords and then over to you to take up on the main melody after I have given some hint of it – and this will set the tempo – no rushing and let your cello speak out to those listening and we’ll be fine. Ready?”

“Yes, let’s do it.”

Six minutes of sublime music from Terza as she gradually came to the fore, the melody sounding rather haunting as it echoed around the lounge and beyond, the marble helping to build this resonance.

This girl could play – whether she had it to become really good, that was hard to say but I could see her becoming a very solid orchestral cello, even to lead the section.

The applause was thunderous and I gave Terza the floor.

Having checked with Terza that she was comfortable and then on tune again, I introduced the next piece as “We’ll continue with the Morricone theme – ‘Gabriel’s Oboe’ and then we’ll play his ‘Lady Caliph’ for you.”

Again some lovely playing from Terza – and I managed to exchange a smile of appreciation with Carla as in ‘she’s doing really well – no need to be on edge here’ and also with Debbie as ‘what do we have here, then?’

More applause and next up it was Vivaldi’s turn with ‘Verdo con Mio Diletto’ and we finished the main part of this mini-recital with ‘Gladiator’s’ ‘Coming Home,’ a remark about it being written by a German but as to the countryside filming for Maximus’s home, it had been set in the Val d’Orcia here in Tuscany.

Sure enough, there were calls for encores despite the fact that we had been playing for about half an hour at this point – and it was here that we played Sartori’s ‘Con te partirò’. I thought we had finished but there were still calls for

another, so I whispered to Terza, “Do you know Pachelbel’s Canon in D for if you do, we’ll finish with this as it’s short and sharp?”

“Yes I do.”

“Okay – last one, I promise.”

“Don’t worry, I’m really enjoying this.”

All I can say was that we had a standing ovation.

To my astonishment, Terza stood there and calmed everybody down before saying, “May I thank Thea here for accompanying me this evening and to Mr. Foschi for lending us the room and the piano. I’ve never done something like this before and I have to say that I really enjoyed it. However, my mother has told me about Thea’s unbelievable playing and her specialism in Mahler, who I love. I’m wondering if she would consider giving us her Adagietto from his Fifth symphony, as I understand that the piano version is beautiful to hear and I would love to hear her play it.”

So I ended up playing the Adagietto – poor Debbie having to take it in yet again and then it was a second time for David and Carla but then they loved it and said that it was even better the second time around, as in almost ‘addictive,’

We had David enthusing once more, my comment being that he may have found another musician in Terza to entertain his guests but given the decision that we

had as in that we would be moving to the city, then I could arrange to play with her, if both Terza and Carla were up for it.

‘Bear in mind her age, David – however, she offers a lot of potential and with Terza being a Fiorentini local, she could offer you quite a neat public relations platform in supporting the city’s young artists and musicians, something that your guests may quite like.’

“Sì, potresti avere ragione - ci penserò un po'.”

Carla was quite ecstatic with what she had heard and seen and she had good reason to be proud of her daughter’s performance – stage one down and number two to come – after supper, of course.

“Carla, Terza has talent – how far can she go, I can’t honestly say as it’s about her want for a musical career. I’d love to see her artwork though and see how good she is.”

“I have some on my camera but, if she agrees, I could get her portfolio case sent over to the hotel tomorrow morning?”

“I’d love to see her work – and she’ll see mine when we get back to the room, two paintings that I have managed to produce while I have been here – over the Arno, Debbie wanting to get them framed. I’ve got a couple of pics on my phone here if you want a quick look.”

I pulled them up and Carla's comment was, "They are lovely – you are incredibly talented you know."

"For me, Carla, this is for relaxation and very personal, my music is very much my public persona and very different. For Terza, I think you may want to consider, between you, what is the serious route to follow, professional if you want to call it that, and what is for pleasure – and that doesn't mean that she retreats from public performance on her second love even if I do – my art is incredibly personal and, maybe, it's a bit like fishing as I can completely switch off for a few hours."

I paused for a few seconds, "Each of us is different, I guess."

Debbie came over, "Okay, you two, time that we pack up and move on to supper." She turned to Terza who was putting her cello to bed in its case, and speaking in Italian, said, "Well done, you, very impressive that this was and, do you know what, I see so many parallels between the two of you, a few years apart, mind you."

Back to us, "Let's go for supper."

David intervened, "I can offer you something, if you wish,"

Again in Italian, "David, can we take a rain-check, a 'rimandare,' on this, please, particularly as we will be back shortly now that we will be moving here. I think Terza and Thea need something very casual when it comes to supper tonight."

We packed up and said our ‘goodbyes,’ the consensus for supper determined by Carla, Debbie and Terza being that we should head for the Ristorante Totò on the Borgo Santi Apostoli, very close to the Portrait. There we were, as we exited the Bernini with Terza’s cello case and her music bag part of an exchange made with their chauffeur, her largish overnight vanity case coming our way as the ‘trade-in’ when she dropped us off in front of the restaurant.

I don’t know about Terza and the others but I was hungry – maybe this was a reaction to being in front of an audience and a little on edge in not knowing how good Terza would be.

However, she had proven herself to be quite a prospective talent but, as I have already indicated, I was still a little unsure as to how far she could go on the musical front. Certainly she merited being looked at by decent conservatoire, if not la crème de la crème, the issue being her motivation and, as I had already amply seen, this was what I will call a major deliverable.

One positive that she possessed, as she had proven in duetting with me, Terza certainly had demonstrated that she had the confidence and that public ‘je ne sais quoi’ or as the locals would say, ‘non so ché.’

We sat down to look at the menu but the first thing was to order some wine, a Villa Antinori Bianco as an ‘apero’ and then some Brunello di Montalcino, a ‘Fattoria La Magia’ coming our way for the main course, a very good bottle with a nose of tilled soil, mocha coffee and plum, the palate really all about prunes, toasted oak and coffee beans along with a hint of liquorice - and the wine rich in tannins.

A whole range of dishes were ordered, crostini, papa al pomodoro, Fiorentina crepes and potato tortelli from Mugello as ‘primi piatti’ and then Carla and

Debbie went for Fiorentina steaks and Terza and I launched into their excellent pizza, prosciutto and funghi for me and a quattro formaggi for Terza.

Terza was quite chatty about her strings playing and experience and asked me several questions about what it was like studying in a conservatoire, my replies talking about the music-making and increasing my repertoire and experience at playing in public.

She then showed me photographs of her paintings on her phone and they looked glorious – particularly her oil and acrylic landscapes that really did seem to capture the atmosphere of the Tuscan landscape, bold blocks of colour and really good composition – and she also revealed her talent at life-drawing, the two of us talking about how this gave us the basic skills, then the use of colour and techniques with the actual painting.

She then moved onto school and chatted away about that, nothing about her relationships yet though, more about all that she had to study and the hours involved and also very little about her father – though she did mention that her parents lived apart from each other.

Slowly I was building an image of a bright, intelligent girl and well-developed in her ability to reason and it was no wonder that philosophy was one of her favourite subjects. However, I suspected that she was a girl who kept herself to herself a fair deal, her art and music being her creative outlets but maybe, to some extent, she kept things bottled in and it was one of the underlying reasons for Carla wanting her to meet us and bring out more of her outward-going side..

Overtly, at this stage of the evening, I couldn't see too much submission in the way she interacted with her mother and Debbie – indeed, she came across as bubbly, intelligent and confident – and knowing what she wanted too.

The subject of girls as pertaining to her being interested in them didn't really come up – I gave her space and I think that Debbie was on the same wavelength too, in that there may have been things that she would tell us once Carla had left us.

After all, I just had to look back at my own young years and how could I have ever told my parents or even my sisters that I was involved in a relationship, heavily sexual and quite deviant in nature, with not only Ed but then with Marcus, Jenny and Henrietta – and then to add for further good measure that I was highly submissive and being treated and fucked like a girl.

No, I couldn't have and I sensed that it would have been completely unfair to put Terza on the spot – also, the tables in this 'traditional' restaurant-cum-pizzeria were set pretty close together. Terza also came across as not being a girl who was going to 'shout from the rooftops' about who she was seeing and who was fucking her and how.

Pizzas and steaks duly finished, we indulged in their 'dolce,' some rather good tiramisù and panna cotta sampled, a lovely texture consistency to both desserts – and then the inevitable coffee, welcome as it would help us counter sleep as we made a fuss of and coached this young woman in the ways of our love world.

Carla came to leave, a quick call to her chauffeur to bring up the car and then she and Terza kissed, Carla speaking in Italian to her, Debbie translating to me later, "Now you enjoy yourself and I am sure that Debbie and Thea will teach you a lot. I want you to give of yourself, to show your true submissive side and give your body, wherever as well, to them and I have a suspicion that you are going to find out really what it is like to orgasm as a woman and then orgasm again and again."

Debbie said this had immediately prompted her to think about taking Terza into sexual heaven with cervical climaxing and all that this entailed as to losing control of when she would orgasm and perhaps for the whole time that she was with us.

Carla added, “I’ve given the okay for Debbie and Thea to keep you for tomorrow and tomorrow night as well so as to allow your development, experience and pleasure to evolve and not be rushed. Debbie will call me tomorrow as whether they’ll keep you on. I’ll arrange with them and Mia and Giana about your return.” Giana was, apparently, their housekeeper and Mia, the chauffeur.

“I’m off now, one more kiss for Good Night and who knows what could happen – you could even end up in subservience to them and wouldn’t that be good?”

Debbie admitted that she had been taken aback to hear that remark, the Italian being a little too advanced for me at that time.

We finished our coffee, Debbie saying that she would love to hear about Terza’s romantic relationships and her submission but this wasn’t the place to have a chat – we would walk over to the Fusion where we would have more space, quietness and privacy, the Fusion all of sixty metres away.

So the bill paid, we went over there and settled down in a corner, drinks then ordered.

“Okay, Terza, take your time and nothing is considered weird or off the table here. For example, Thea here lost her virginity at a very young age – effectively

when she was thirteen and by the time she was fourteen she had had sex with men, a woman and a trannie. I hope that you realise that Thea is a potential sex-change candidate and possibly to receive your mother's offer a uterine transplant."

"Yes, I do – she's given me a little briefing and that you, Thea, have a very young looking body that's resulted from a genetic condition and it's one of the reasons that she and Count Henri are interested in you."

"As to me, I lost mine to an older girl when I was fifteen – and I've always preferred women to men. I've tried them but no thanks."

"I know what you mean."

"And the relationship that we have is that I am the dominant one and Thea is my submissive and she's there as my partner and that my sex areas and mind come first in her life, not her music, though this may be surprising. It is important though but not like my vagina, anus, nipples and mind are when it comes to love and sex. Now what about you and don't be embarrassed – one other thing, what you tell us stays with us?"

"Me – I lost mine when I was fifteen to a history and Latin teacher of mine. Bria was thirty-six at the time and it began when she suggested to my mother that I visit her for some extra tuition as I was an exceptional student and could go far academically. My mother acquiesced to this, partly as Bria lived in comfortable walking distance of the villa, this being out in the Pian di Mugnone."

"That's behind the Fiesole music school, isn't it?"

“Correct - more in the valley of the Mugnone River. It all began innocently enough but soon we were discussing fashion and she mentioned that she had clothes from when she was a teenager and the naughty nineties. So some show and tell led to me trying it on and then I was down to my bra and panties. She began by caressing me as I was undressing and dressing and soon she leant over and kissed me. Very quickly and I found myself in her bed and, my, how I loved the oral sex and the way she licked and kissed me down there.”

“And was she like me in being dominant and introducing you to submission to her?”

“Yes, very much so. It wasn’t long before she introduced me to her dildos and her vibrati and I loved being underneath her and taken, the feel of any of those false penises in me sensational. I said nothing about this to my mother. Slowly her love of dominating me came out and I realised that I was a submissive lesbian through and through.”

“How did she dominate you?”

“All sorts of ways such as in bondage and introducing me to other girls at school and I had to offer my body to them – and not just one and she had to be there, one, two or three – four women taking me one evening. And the things that went on, well. For example...” and here Terza reverted to Italian for some unknown reason, “Ha fatto mettere tre dildi nella mia vagina e colleziona il succo in un bicchierehe.”

However, even I understood that this Bria had them insert three dildos into Terza’s young pussy and collected the resulting cum to make her drink it from a

glass.

Debbie was quite taken aback, this girl having more experience than we had initially thought and quite impressed by what she had just heard. “I haven’t done that to Thea – except I make her drink my cum and pee directly so and sitting over her face.”

“I like to be sat on like that.”

“So when did your mother find out?”

“It wasn’t about Bria but that one of the girls, Licia, was dating me and I had to own up, Mama really quite relaxed about it and telling me that she had relationships with women when she was my age – but that she discovered that she was bisexual but still liked to have a woman in bed with her. She also enjoys an occasional threesome. So Licia and I have also been a thing but it has cooled off – so too with Bria as things started to become a little too transparent and there could have been a serious issue in the school and as to her legal position. However, we have been able to keep the wraps on things.”

“Can I ask you what does your mother think that you can learn from us?”

“Experience, two women older than me but younger than her who can help advise me and she also thinks that I may not be submissive enough and more like her. I’ve told her all along that I don’t like men and that I prefer a woman who knows what she is about. Also the way that I behave in the bedroom is different to being out in public – look at you two for example. Yes, it is plainly obvious that you are lesbian but you don’t flaunt your respective domination and

submission, well not really.”

Terza sighed and continued on, “She does believe there is someone else in my background but she hasn’t put it together that it is Bria and thank goodness to this as I am not sure how she would react.”

I asked her, “What’s the legal age here in Italy?”

“Thea, generally it’s fourteen and goes to sixteen when one participant is in a position of authority over the other – such as a teacher, so Bria has been crossing the line. One little variant is that a thirteen year-old can have sex with someone up to sixteen but not older than that, so this too has given me some variety and, yes, Bria made me go to bed with a girl of that age, fun that it was to do.”

“Thank you – I have an idea from where you are coming given my own teenage experiences.”

“Can I ask you, Thea, about your transition a little and how you two got together? I’m just interested in your dynamics and what makes you both tick.”

So, between Debbie and me, we gave her a low-down of how things had happened and some hint, or a little more on how our love-making went, the sort of areas that we were interested in, Terza seemingly unfazed by anything that we told her and really quite surprising of someone of her age. However, on that score, I just had to look back at my own development and to what I had been exposed – indeed, there were a number of parallels between us and as I had hinted at to Terza. She seemed happy enough though and came across as being more thoughtful and considerate than most of the girls of her age.

Debbie went to settle the bill – and Terza leant over to kiss me, this being quite a surprise, her mouth tiny but welcoming as her tongue looked to explore my mouth our lips locked together albeit briefly and before Debbie came back to the table.

It was time to go, not that we had far to walk – just a hundred yards or so from the table to the bedroom, Debbie taking Terza by the hand and with me following behind, a chance to admire her tight little bottom.

I had spotted this from when we had been playing the duets in the Bernini. Cute and very girly and I could imagine being under her – given what Debbie had said earlier about prolonged play of her anal area as she face-sat me, no doubt Debbie presenting her cunt to Terza to take in and learn how to worship her from her clitoris all the way down to her wet entrance.

I hadn't realised that Debbie had brought a bottle of white wine to the room, a Pinot Grigio in the form of a 'La Castellada Collio' from Friuli-Venezia and delicious it turned out to be and definitely one of the better examples with its opening wildflower scent along with a hint of red berry and balsamic, the core of the wine showing tangerine, ginger and cinnamon and a little peppery finish.

She sat down in an armchair and turned the two of us, "I want the two of you to start to make love to each other, kissing and then undressing each other – and into a sixty-nine with Thea underneath and Terza on top. Terza, Thea will be subservient to you in this so that you can be comfortable in steering her to what you like. Understand?"

"Yes. Should I take a few things out of my bag first, ready for later?"

“Yes – hand them to Thea who will hold them up so that she knows what is coming her way and this will prepare her mentally as she’s going to work your anus and vagina over with her skilled tongue and mouth. I’m sure you’ll want her to take you later on – with a harness and extension over her clitoris and I’ll take you – and we’ll go from there.”

Terza opened her vanity case and out popped a leather and studded harness with a curved, black cock hanging off the belt. I wasn’t quite expecting a cock of such magnitude and wondered where she had got it – not least, could she really handle this, not so much its length but a tremendous girth to it?

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I passed it over to Debbie.

“If you want to know where it came from, then it’s one that Bria has used on me and I love it when she takes me with it,”

Out came a couple of vibrators and, again another surprise, a flogger. “Mama lent me this for my stay with you,” my thought being that, indeed, Carla was an enlightened mother.

“I’ve also got these, Thea,” and two ‘Ziploc’ bags emerged, one with what seemed like a selection of panties and the other being all black. “Two bags for you, Thea, one with three pairs of mine and the other from Mama, two pairs of hers, I think.”

Debbie looked at me quizzingly, probably realising what had gone on in the run-

up for tonight.

“That’s it other than my clothing, panties and nightie – if I need one.” With this, she turned to me and we began to kiss, our height really quite similar so allowing for a natural kissing session for us. In other words, I didn’t have to tip my head backwards to take Terza’s tongue into my mouth so that she could explore me.

Right in front of Debbie, from carefully observing each other and little hen-pecks to begin with, our kissing became increasingly passionate what with both Terza and I losing ourselves in each other. Our little mouth movements from side to side gradually became slower and more intense, the ‘lock’ becoming longer and I felt Terza’s left hand caressing my cheek.

We were becoming one.

Terza’s right hand found my side-zip and my dress was lowered- or rather crumpled on to the floor, this giving her the first sight of my lingerie present from Debbie, this taking her back a little with me being dressed in this yellow near- corsetry.

I returned the compliment and her pale-blue lace joined the heap of my moss-green concert dress on the floor as one, as we were, our hands now feeling each other up and our open lips re-engaging for some more mutual tongue-swapping. My hands found her ivory-white bra that Terza was wearing, as Debbie had requested, a three-piece Italian set from Bluebella, slender, elegant and strappy that it was.

She had on a chic open-cup bra that used the strapping to cover her nipples,

opulent guipure lace added as a rather nice floral detail to create a fluid line on the cup yet softening the silhouette and adding a certain delicacy to the cage effect of the strapping.

Three slim-line bands led up from her cups and over her shoulders to a superfine mesh back-strap, the hook and eye clasps back there and very nicely integrated into the overall line of her bra.

This combination of strapping and lace-detailing was then taken through the suspender belt and into her string thong, her main banding around her lower waist also softened by a central diamante giving sparkle to both the front and back of her waistline, the suspender straps taut in holding up Fiore stockings.

Off came her bra to reveal two gorgeous nipples fronting her breasts, these a pair of 32B pushing C cup-size, her love-points not large but already erect and sensitive, as I would have hoped of a young woman such as Terza.

In fact, I could already smell her sex – she was beginning to become turned-on and her love-juice was beginning to stir inside the front of her thong. A little ‘gentle’ swipe of my finger down there had confirmed that there was moisture to be had.

Terza returned the compliment, my bra falling away to reveal my smaller breasts but with their larger nipples than hers. She dropped her head and took my left nipple into her mouth – Oh God, the sensations that came pouring through, a little gasp or two on my part.

Then she was over to the other one, the electricity in me now buzzing away.

My hands found her bottom, my fingers running over her pussy, a little more of a hint to what was happening underneath her thong. I wanted to taste her and take her scent in – and from the well that would have fed those panties.

Being truly veiled in those could come later.

Then and there in the lounge and on the rug in front of Debbie, I dropped to the floor – after all, she had said that I should be on the underside of the two of us. Terza followed me down while still orally enjoying my nipples.

“Swivel around on me, Terza, please,” and she did, quickly rotating her body and sliding over me so that my head was now between those thighs of her, her white thong gripping her vaginal area, her pre-cum acting as a weak adhesive – her aroma now filling my nostrils and, in doing so, making me want to get behind that slip of tulle, ivory straps and lace and enjoy what was in there.

I pressed my head in there, picking up some of Terza’s pre-cum and I could feel her mouth exploring my sex area, my yellow panties also acting as a flimsy barrier. My thought was that I was probably her first transsexual that she had been with, if not seen outside a magazine or on-line photograph. ‘Treat me like a girl, that’s all – as I want to become one of you.’

Terza was working me over through my yellow panties, even getting below my clitoris and I tried to get in alongside the seam of her thong and directly take on her pussy, particularly that wonderfully intimate area between her labia, her clitoris the obvious starting point to bring my tongue in contact with.

I could just see Debbie and her pants were now down and she was gently massaging her vaginal area, her fingers dancing over her panties as she watched the show that we were putting on – and enjoying her wine at the same time. All I could think was ‘you voyeur...’

The time had come, Terza releasing my arms which had been under her and I was now able to take hold of her thong’s waistband and pull them down. Somehow we managed to get them off, mine not quite the same challenge – and now we were just in our yellow, white or tan, our bodies frothing up against each other and each taking on the other’s sex area.

Now things really did become intense and I threw myself into serving this young woman, the taste of her cum really quite sweet and reflecting the lightness or pale nature of her skin-tone down here, not what I would have expected of an Italian girl but then that is awful stereotyping on my part. In addition to being pale-toned, Terza’s pubic hair was minimal, quite thin and matched her slightly unusual blonde-platinum hair and more like Debbie’s hair in being presented in a thin strip down there, not unlike one of her straps to her lingerie.

Terza was such a contrast to Debbie – Debbie far darker down there and muskier with her aroma. If I can give an analogy, Debbie’s vaginal offering was like a stellar vintage Bordeaux in being rich, dark, full of tannins and mysterious with further ageing to come to bring out its finest qualities whereas Terza’s was more like a fine Beaujolais, such as a Morgon in being light, young and fruity and soft and thirst quenching – both delicious in their different ways.

She was also responsive or sensitive to my tongue and nose, this manifested by her moan and that she was pretty profuse when it came to her pre-cum, plenty to go around and I was wondering what would happen when we came to her chalice exploding and releasing everything – and I would be there under her and would have to take it.

My 'clitoris' was as stiff as it ever got, pretty small that it was and this before any remaining testosterone in me was expunged. To think that I could have this pre-operation that her mother was proposing and make another small step to becoming a female was quite earth-shattering. I knew that Debbie wanted it and at heart it was a necessity although I didn't want to lose any libido – no sex like this and I would be truly mortified.

I was ready to have her release over me and, sure enough, she did, quite a flood finding its way into my mouth and smearing me, a 'starter for ten' as Terza didn't stop there.

Instead, she moved herself into a position where she was face-sitting me. Whether Debbie had suggested or motioned for this to happen next, I don't know, I was still between her legs and focused on what had just happened and enjoying it.

Terza navigated herself into position, those little buns of hers firmly planted down on me, her tight anus, quite pink in colour, right over my nose and the entrance to her vagina, still seeping cum from it, taking on my greedy mouth, the chance to lick away supposedly to clean her up – but probably taking her on towards a second full orgasm.

This was Terza expressing herself in front of Debbie, her hands moving up to her breasts and to finger her nipples. I half-sensed Debbie on the move to stand in front of her, Terza's height ideal for Debbie to be licked out and worshipped by Terza, the first time for Debbie really to impose her sexual will on this young charge, albeit temporary for the moment.

Debbie had to remind Terza to control my breath and she had the chance to move forward and lift her bottom enough for me to take in a draught of air, the refreshing stream quickly penetrated by her odour – or just to lift her hips and bottom upwards from me to achieve the same thing, the movements designed to control me and remind me that I was subservient to this young girl just as I had been in London when we were visiting Bryony and Emily.

The second flood wasn't far off – and much richer it was than the first time around, strings of cervical cream that came my way, pure protein for my ingestion and I always loved when Debbie, Bryony or Emily had released this, there being something very special to it, perhaps because it represented the ultimate in their climaxes, each of them saying that when they came like this, their orgasms were always more intense both physically and mentally so, the numbing in the brain feeling or being trajected upwards and away.

Were we on route to taking Terza totally over the top and into that magical world of multiple-orgasming and the loss of control when they decided to arrive and wrack their host?

Orgasm after orgasm spilling out and even more to come, something that I, as a young boy and like other men, could never achieve. Hopefully, as I made the further transition across, this state could become 'common' and maybe a frequent occurrence for me.

Out came my extension-cock and it was slipped into place, the harness supporting it so it would stand proud and erect when I was on my back.

It had been a long time since I had had a full erection that was half-worthy of being considered as a male and, in honesty, I had to look to my life 'pre-Debbie' for this – and, of course, my current hormone programme had killed that off and

any risk of producing active sperm, if I ever had any capacity to do this.

I found myself involved in a spit-roast of Terza, Debbie beginning by offering her own cock to Terza to take in orally, my own 'penis' used to penetrate her anally, Debbie telling us that she wanted the use of Terza's vagina to be hers – and hers only.

Debbie had us swap over to achieve this, Terza well away with the proverbial fairies when this happened, Debbie inching her cock into our new friend's pussy, this immediately triggering yet another wave of cummy orgasming – and before she was even fucked. We were well on the way to 'cervical heaven' if we weren't already there, Terza now gasping to control her breathing which was indicative that things were 'developing' nicely.

Another swap-over – and now it was me who got the fucking, both of them working together in, yes, a double penetration, this a first for me and, my, I have to say that I thought my boy-cunt was going to be split apart, such the stretching of it that I underwent, my prostate overworked and making me milk and relatively profusely too.

Possibly, the only thing I needed was to feel one of them ejaculating into me, to feel that seminal fluid spurting with all the strength that they could muster to flood my upper regions.

And on we went, Debbie wanted to be taken, this love-duty given over to Terza – and what a sight it was to see her little bottom, framed in the harness that she was wearing, thrusting in and out of our Domme. Sure enough, Terza went over the top too and began to experience what cervical climaxes were all about, these cummy waves to continue on next day.

There was one more thing that happened – and that should be reported. This was about the use of the contents of those two Ziplock bags, Terza having never met any woman who had such a fetish as mine.

Debbie took her through on how to gag and veil me, one pair of Carla's panties turned inside out and stuffed into my mouth and then the 'two pairs veil' applied with her own knickers, one heavily-used white pair over my nose and the second one coming over so that area, where her bottom had been, put over my head, this pair being pink in colour.

Given the type of fabric, a relatively thick cotton duly used, I was effectively blindfolded now and there was another 'assault' on my clitoris and cunt – by whom, I wasn't totally sure and it could well have been both of them working in tandem.

My brain seemed to fuse out with this, the sensual bombardment from Carla and Terza really taking me up and over my snowy mountain. How many 'girls' or 'gurls' could claim that they had taken in their potential surgeon's sexual aroma and taste, never mind her lesbian daughter's as well.

This was 'scenting' that came from another planet – and Debbie and Terza left me like this, effectively to 'stew in Carla's and Terza's juices,' not that I was complaining about this. In fact, I was led to bed and fell asleep with them making love or rather Debbie fucking Terza, even the sound of some punishment at one moment though, by this point, I was half gone.

What time it was when this happened, I was clueless to, waking next morning to a sense that it had been a short night and I really ought to fall back to sleep but

with the other two waking at a similar time, we took on an oral ‘troika’ – or triangle, Terza continuing with her waves of ecstasy.

The triangle continued in the bathroom what with the two of them using me as their morning toilet, two loads to take and two pairs of labial lips to lick in between to clean them up and bring them some ‘dawn’ pleasure, this always a reminder of my role in life – not as a musician turning professional but as Debbie’s sex-slave and partner.

Eventually we dressed – after a three-way shower, there being enough space in the bathroom for this, three wet and soapy bodies intertwining that would have made excellent fodder for any video-camera filming.

The order of the day was ‘light wear’ what with the warmth outside, Terza pulling a short black mini-skirt out, black flats and a thin but soft patterned grey top, Debbie and I slipping into summer dresses, mine from a favourite brand of mine in ‘Peruvian Connection,’ the dress being one of their ‘Iznik’ pima-cotton mini-dresses in teal, a stylized tulip and geometric pattern print on it – and a loose Prussian-blue T-top with an open neck – our underwear kept to a minimum for all three of us.

Debbie had called Carla to say that she was ‘keeping’ Terza for another night, Terza saying that she would act as our guide to the lesser-known parts of the city and, over breakfast, mainly for coffee, we mapped the day ahead out. One other call was made by Debbie to Fabiola to confirm our meeting the next day – effectively the last day before we set out on the long trip back to London, everything being equal on the question of our course, residency and my role as a concert pianist.

Allowing for giving Terza time to recover from her ongoing battle with her cervix, this staying in spasm mode all day, we began our day of exploration walking over to the Piazza del Ciompi, not that distant from the hotel, to see the

local flea market there, the market packed full of antiques and some pretty good second-hand stuff and quite a vibrant atmosphere there.

Then it was over to the Palazzo Vecchio and, to our astonishment, Terza showed us a carving of a face of a man set into a pavement stone and apparently made by Michelangelo who spent a lot of his time in the square, and by legend, he carved this face behind the man's back as he used to bore the famous sculpturist with some appalling stories.

After this, it was a very short walk onto the Loggia dei Lanzi, a pavilion with several statues including a very striking Cellini one, 'Perseus with the head of Medusa,' the carving magnificent with its front – but also because he had carved his own face on to the back of Perseus.

Next we had a complete change of direction in another relatively short walk to one of the most important Gothic structures in Italy, the Basilica dei Santa Maria Novella and, very close to it, an equally fascinating and stunning bookshop, 'Todo Modo' that was selling both Italian and English books and doubling up as a very acceptable café-cum-wine shop for lunch.

This was proving to be a fun day and very informative as to getting to know Firenze that little bit better, another layer down from being the equivalent of a tourist and for this we had Terza to thank.

The afternoon was spent smooching around the shops, slowly walking back down to and over the Arno ending up at the San Marco Museum, the building that we had seen before on our house-hunt to prepare for seeing Fabiola, the museum home to some glorious paintings by Beato Angelico – and one other comfort factor, there were no tourist hordes here.

Back to the hotel and into the bath, Terza and Debbie having a discussion with the staff downstairs to order some tea up to the suite while I went ahead to run the water, so they could strip off and jump in once we were all sorted out and the tea had been delivered.

Bath-time - and a bottom in front of me to worship from behind, Debbie pushing hers onto my face, my nose and mouth firmly in her valley and this then followed by Terza, both of them quite aromatic after all our walking around in the heat out there but both demanding the use of my tongue and lips on them.

All of this before Debbie had us on the bed after we had dried off, Terza and I couple together with cuffs on one of our wrists each and also our ankles to bring us together as one and to be subjected to a light flogging and a few strokes of Debbie's crop, the ones laid on me being somewhat stronger, should we say, than on Terza.

Inevitably, this resulted in a fucking, Terza receiving Debbie's cock before Debbie took me with it, the knowledge that Terza's juices were smeared all over it and the little fact that I was partly veiled in Terza taking me to quite a climax.

Yet another climax it turned out to be, the three of us then enjoying a nice glass of cold wine as a prelude to the evening, the surprise coming as we were finishing up and I was wondering where we would be eating this evening.

"We've got a surprise for you, Thea, and probably for Debbie as well as I have arranged one more little 'Firenze-with-a-difference' event for you – we're going to take an evening boat ride on the Arno, a different way to experience the city and it comes with white wine."

“Brilliant – what a great idea.”

It was too what with the evening light descending as night came in and changing not only the colour of the water but the rich hues of the buildings on both banks of the Arno, a glass of chilled Grigio in each of our hands – and refilled too.

It truly was memorable and made for a wonderful experience to file away even if we never came back to Firenze. Over an hour on the water as we went down the river and then back up before returning to the hotel – we had decided to not go that far after all our ‘exercise’ during the day and the warmth out there, still pretty toasty out there and a hint of sultriness with the humidity, though not too uncomfortable.

In other words, we ended up in the Caffè del Oro – and a table overlooking the Arno to watch as the last of the sunset disappeared under the hills to the west.

Terza hadn’t been in here before, the cotemporary interior based around an updated interpretation of the 1950s what with the Ercol-style tables and chairs and the sofas-cum-banquettes, the colours though muted and mainly silvery-greys, creams and a near-black Payne-Grey floor, the wood on the furniture dark in hue in comparison to the normal sandal-oak colour that Ercol markets.

Part of the interior designer’s logic, rightly so, was that the real décor lay outside the windows and the views not over the Arno but the front-row vista of the Ponte Vecchio, almost as if we had been given a privileged position to watch the outside goings on.

Terza and I went for their octopus starter, ‘Polpo Croccant,’ the octopus served

crispy with potato lemon foam and Calabrian sausage known as “nduja,” one that I had never tried before. Debbie – well with her, it was an unusual Angus sashimi, effectively a carpaccio, coming with sesame and soy meringues and with a Thai chilli aioli.

We all avoided the non-Italian main courses, Terza and Debbie ending up with a rather tasty ‘Risotto Acquerello al Pecorino di Fossa,’ some vanilla and lime added with celeriac and pistachio where I went for the ‘Fusilloro allo Zafferano e Gamberi Rosa,’ a dish of Fusilloro pasta laced with saffron, loads of pink shrimps and then with a Japanese spicing of tōgarashi, local ‘Guanciale’ – a cured pork and really fresh pecorino.

Inevitably, we ended up with tiramisù where local cantuccini biscuits had been used and a lovely vin santo gel to go with it, something that I would look to create back at home, the santo deliciously sweet but balanced to the main coffee flavour. We even snuck in a complimentary taster of their ‘baba with white chocolate and rum ice-cream,’ decadent that this proved to be.

Terza quizzed us about moving to Florence and the logistics and timing thereof, something that Debbie and I hadn’t really thought about and probably a good discussion to be had as we crept back towards Duke’s Road and home.

As Debbie pointed out, the first thing was securing somewhere to live and then ascertain what we needed to bring with us, the principal question for this being how much furniture we would need and whether the piano needed to come with us – and then from that things would fall into place, particularly if we were to rent out the house at home.

In many ways, her questioning helped the two of us to start to focus on next day’s meeting – and, from this, whether we needed more time to search for an appropriate property, a couple of the estate agents having promised to show us apartments closer to what we had asked them for as in two to three bedrooms, a

good bathroom and kitchen, period features such as beams, a half-decent view of the river or a good piazza, safe and with good local shops and restaurants and, ideally, reasonable sound-proofing with my piano playing and to keep any external noises to a minimum.

Coffee, some more vin santo and Terza and I ended up enjoying that, Terza brave enough to take on Debbie's want to pee, something that was a first for her, so some coaching from me on how to take it, the key thing being not to rush or 'panic' – and then me having her offering, no time for Debbie's contribution to make its way through her system but the thought was there.

Next morning, a good breakfast and we said our goodbyes to Terza, Carla's chauffeuse, Mia, turning up to pick her up mid-morning and after the traditional Florentine time for an espresso, the promise that we would keep in contact with the details and Terza very kindly saying that she and her mother would help us sort out any issues that we had and in dealing with folk on the ground.

Kisses all around and we waited for Fabiola to appear, the chance to relax for an hour, a light salad lunch taken along with one glass each of white wine and yet another coffee.

Signorina Fabiola Camilleri duly appeared - a call from the staff downstairs up to our suite and we came down to meet her in the lounge.

I don't know whether our mouths dropped open but when we saw her, both of us really had to do a double-take – we were looking at a near-twin sister or doppelganger of Amélie, about the same age and height, a similar build and hair colour, her hair a little longer and maybe a tad darker, the brown eyes – and also that she had a silver collar-cum-necklace with an ID pendant hanging off it that was, we thought, identical.

Yet Fabiola was Italian and Amélie French – after exchanging greetings and if she wanted a coffee or a glass of wine, we just had to ask if there was any connection at all.

“I know of the Château Droupt’s existence and I have met La Contessa d’Orsayville three times, twice in Paris and once in Rome, but I haven’t yet visited the château. I was trained up in Croatia so no reason really to go there.”

So there were other colleges was the conclusion that I made.

“Anyway, La Marchesa d’Arezzo has been in contact with La Contessa Brigitte about you coming to Firenze to study and work and I have been asked by La Marchesa Sofia to show you a property that she owns and is looking for someone who is responsible and can keep the apartment in good order.”

I asked, “Arezzo – that’s to the south of Firenze, isn’t it?”

“Correct, but more to the south-east and eighty kilometres from here. It is a very old city that dates back to Etruscan times and strategically important as it sits on the joining of three rivers – and in the valley. Do you know it?”

“No, I gather it is very beautiful – and there is an international music festival held there for choral singing, the Concorso Polifónico Guido d’Arezzo.”

“How do you know this? You are right though.”

“I’m a concert pianist who has just qualified from the Royal Academy in London and, in addition, I have been visiting various agents and La Scuola di Musica di Fiesole.”

“I am impressed – so will be La Marchesa as she likes to put on musical soirées or ‘serate musicali’ as we call them.”

“Interesting – I have given a number of small recitals in recent weeks, at Droupt and here in Firenze at the Bernini Hotel, a mixture of classical and film music mainly.”

“And you, Signorina Latymer – you are a postgraduate student, I believe?”

“Yes, and it’s Debbie please. I have just completed a Masters in London and have managed to get a place at the School of Transnational Governance at the European University Institute.”

“The EUI – that isn’t easy to get into.”

“So that’s why we are looking for an apartment as my ‘tailored’ course is for fifteen to eighteen months before I qualify and hopefully take up a career with an organisation such as the United Nations or the World Bank. Thea here is my partner and can travel obviously and she is, how do I put it, my submissive, ‘la mia femmina sottomessa.’

“I understand. Well, this is encouraging as to your suitability and you have had very good references from La Contessa and one of the Circle’s lawyers. Shall we go and see the apartment – it’s a ten minute walk from here to the Piazza del Carmine or nearly twenty by car and a bit of a nightmare to get around there.”

We left the hotel and went down river and over the Ponta alla Carraia, proceeding on to the Palazzo Antinori’s gardens and around them down to the Piazza del Carmine, the apartment’s entrance around the corner on the Via Santa Monaca.

It turned out to be huge and more of a house than an apartment.

It was spread over four floors – from the entrance hall and passage down to a central lift up to a roof-top terrace complete with its own loggia. Indeed, this wasn’t the only terrace as each of the two accommodation floors had their own terraces, all of them focused towards the Piazza and a rather privileged view of the Santa Maria del Carmine church, the roof one with glorious views over Florence and to the hills beyond as well.

In fact, the building was formed around a central courtyard.

It really was quite remarkable what with its two reception rooms off a spacious entry hall, the latter big enough to take a large, round antique table and, in overall appearance, more like a country cottage in town than some palatial presentation. Light poured in, all the main rooms on this floor looking outwards and the connecting corridors having windows to the inner courtyard.

The two lounges were tucked under a terrace roof and beamed, all the woodwork

painted in a contemporary white-pale grey, the rooms long rather than wide, each with a large and, fortunately so, simple fireplace rather than made of ornate marble or limestone, and the rooms were extremely well naturally lit what with two large windows to each room.

On one of the 'inner' sides of the building there was a lovely dining room big enough to entertain eight around the table, the room also light in nature and helped by having a glass screen and sliding doors out on to the hall area.

The far side of the dining room led down to a storage area and wine cave as well as a guest 'bathroom' as well as access to yet another terrace on the back side of the building but still with views out over the city on one side and over the courtyard below on the other – and complete with a stone table and benches to dine 'al fresco.'

Fabiola led us into the kitchen and utility area on the opposite side of the hall – not huge but nicely modern and ultra-clean, there being quite a contrast between the modern units finished in pale-grey and steel and the age of the building. Off the kitchen, there was a study with plenty of shelving for books and this could cater for Debbie's needs in having her own bolt-hole for her academic work.

Then there was a staircase upstairs and we were back to the reception rooms.

What I haven't mentioned so far was that the larger reception room had a baby-grand, Steinway sitting there - not the smallest of their range but appropriately large enough to have a good tone though it needed some tuning to bring out the best in the instrument – yes, Fabiola got a little introduction to my talent in this area.

We used the second staircase to go upstairs, this located at the end of the smaller reception room and that took us up onto a railed balcony. Overall, it was a warren up there – three bedrooms connected by corridors, two of them big enough and housing rather nice sofas, coffee tables and shelving, and the rooms housed under the beamed eaves of the roof, this lending character to them.

All the spacious bedrooms were on suite and the main suite even had a huge copper bath shaped in an old-fashioned freestanding style with raised ends – the other two having modern, rectangular baths and fittings.

There was even a spacious laundry and closet facility – the latter adding even more storage space to what was already built into the bedrooms.

One more ‘luxury’ to this offering came downstairs – just beyond the elevator, there was another door that took us through into what proved to be a contemporary spa with its own sauna, steam-room, shower, gymnasium and games-room. This was, simply, an amazing addition and I, for one, was speechless.

We went back upstairs and through to the main reception room for a ‘Questions and Answers’ session.

We couldn’t believe that this Marchesa Sofia didn’t want to rent this place out and we asked Fabiola again just to be doubly certain about this.

“No, I can assure you, she doesn’t want tenants and have an agency to deal with and all that the hassle that this can involved. She would prefer a private loan to a family but, even better in her book, I can assure you, that you two women are

together will appeal and, dare I say, seal the deal, never mind the recommendations that you two have.”

“No rent at all – are you sure? What about city taxes?”

“All paid for and there’s also a cleaner who lives fairly close by who will come in four days a week to ensure that the cleanliness is kept up – as you can see, the place is spotless.”

“Indeed it is.”

“As to heating and air-conditioning, that would be for your account but there are separate systems for each room and these are all new fittings and are very economic to run so, despite the size of the place, it is surprisingly cheap to run and helped by screens and outer shutters on the windows as well as the thick walls of the building. The result is that the place remains nice and cool in summer, the inner courtyard helping to cool air down as it is drawn downwards through the building and warm and snug in winter. The fireplaces are usable by the way and there are logs cut and supplied from our Arezzo estate and a chance to use up the excess wood that we have, mainly from storms bringing the weaker trees down.”

“Thank you, Fabiola – we have to admit to something and that is we have explored the area around here so as to get a better feel of what it is like and one of the nice things that we have noticed is that it is more tourist-free and local in nature, what the French call ‘le coin’ – or what I guess is called ‘il territorio’ or ‘area local’ in Italian.”

“So do you like the house?”

“Very much and I speak for both of us – can I ask how you propose that we progress that assuming that we qualify?”

“Well, I shall be seeing La Marchesa Sofia this evening for dinner and I shall recommend that we take you on. Papers for an agreement will be drawn up and I am assuming that Signorina Bryony Trott will be handling things from your side.”

To me, this confirmed that, indeed, there had been dialogue between Italy, France and London over this – as is said, ‘surprise - surprise.’

“I’ll send you detailed photographs and an inventory by room and then if you indicate to me what you would like to keep and use, I will arrange the clearance and storage of the other items – and then, I would say, you should look to arrive here about two to three weeks of starting at the EUI to allow you to settle in – and then I’ll also arrange a date for you to come out to Arezzo and meet Sofia over dinner.”

“By the way, is there any parking space in the building?”

“On the far side from the main entrance, for two cars and some space for bicycles or scooters.”

“Thank you so much, Fabiola. Now surely there is something we can do to help

repay La Marchesa and you.”

“Well, obviously if Thea can come and play for us – and we’ll take things further when you come back to Firenze and out to Arezzo.”

“Perfect – May I be cheeky and personal and ask how old La Marchesa is?”

“No problem – fifty-three is her age. As you can partly see from here, she has a substantial fortune accumulated. While she is still relatively young, part of her motivation is to simplify life for herself but hold onto the intrinsic asset value, property an excellent investment assurance just as in the United Kingdom.”

“We look forward to meeting her.”

“Okay, what I suggest is that you return to the hotel and if you can send me an e-mail of confirmation, copy to Bryony Trott, that would be most appreciated. I have to leave by car to go to another appointment in Siena.”

We went downstairs and, sure enough, there was a rather deluxe, black Mercedes waiting for Fabiola, yet another ‘Mia’ as in a ‘chauffeuse’ on duty. We said goodbye and started our walk back.

Debbie asked me “Cause for celebration?”

“I hope so. I really like the place and the presence of such a piano is a bonus – and, normally, we would never be able to afford such a place. I just wonder what

the conditions really are but let's see the agreement if this Marchesa Sofia supports what Fabiola puts forward. I couldn't believe how similar to Amélie that she is."

"A little distant I thought, despite you trying to warm her up – which maybe you did with your knowledge of that competition in Arezzo – certainly a bit more aloof than Amélie is but then this job of showing us the apartment was part of her duties and I am sure she probably has another side to her. Who knows – another Château Droupt perhaps?"

"Personally, I don't think so but there could be some other commercial business involved – I would have thought that Bryony may have said something before we came out here and it does look like that she has been waving her magic wand in the cauldron from what Fabiola said."

"You may well be right."

We walked back to the Portrait hand-in-hand and, on entering, one of the Ferragamo-liveried staff said, "Tea to your suite, I guess?"

"Sì, per favore, sarebbe gentile da parte sua."

Once in the suite, Debbie opened up her laptop. "Oh, there's a message from Carla here."

She read it out aloud, 'Dear Debbie and Thea, thank you for looking after Terza

and she said that she had a great time with both of you and learned a lot – she would love to see you when you come back to Firenze and that will not only be for your studies, Debbie, but I want to take you under my research wing, Thea. I will be in contact with you with some more details.

Meanwhile, I hope that your house-hunting goes well and if you were to consider Terza for a ‘position’ if you have the space and time - that would be brilliant. She would love to live more in the city and with other women – and she has just had news that she has a place at the Luigi Cherubini Conservatorio di Musica over in the Piazza delle Belle Arti and for viola and cello.

Thank you again for your time with her and your consideration – and Thea, as I said, consider yourself as on the list for a uterine transplant down the line. When, I can’t yet promise.

Yours and affectionately, Carla.’

“Well, Thea, it looks like both of us are definitely ‘on’ as they say. Firenze, here we come.”

“Wow – that is news and so good for both of us – and to have the accommodation as well. If this comes off, we are very lucky. Back to London, I guess.”

“With a couple of nights en route to see an old friend of mine when we get into France – One more night and we’ll be on the road, a sensible pace to returning home and time to tie loose ends here.”

“Love you, you know.”

“And me you – and time for worship ‘quando finiremo il nostro tè.’ We’ll have to work on getting your Italian up to scratch, you know.”

“Yes, I am more than aware of this – and I will.”

The End of Volume 2

Volume 3 will continue with Debbie and Thea returning to London and the move out to Florence,

‘Florence – ‘The City of Lilies’ or ‘Firenze – ‘La Città dei Gigli.’