

Date: Sun, 18 Jan 1998 07:49:31 EST
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Subject: Dedicated Female Sub

DEDICATED FEMALE SUB

by

Roberta Angela Dee

The Planting Fields located in Oyster Bay, on Long Island, is easily one of the most beautiful sites on Earth. It consists of 409 acres landscaped with an incredible variety of exotic flowers and plants.

It was May and a perfect time to visit the wonderful garden.

Mistress Tanya had instructed that I prepare a picnic lunch. As instructed, I prepared a small banquet befitting two sophisticated ladies. Our tiny feast included a bottle of Cabernet Sauvignon and an appropriate amount of Gouda cheese.

It had been 5 years since my previous trip to the Planting Fields. At that time, I was still living as a male. Today, in my cut-offs and string tee-shirt, I was decidedly female.

We did not follow the trail carefully marked for visitors and tourists. Instead we cut across the field to an area near to a clearing where hippies had once held their 'happenings' back in the late sixties.

Hippies were mostly young people who had adopted a philosophy of peace and promiscuity -- an anti-establishment crusade often fueled by marijuana, wine and mind altering drugs. A 'happening' was simply a joyful event. Today, the fear of AIDS had chased away the spirit of free love, and conservatism had chased away the spirit of individuality. These days few people ventured into these parts of the Planting Fields.

My mistress is a beautiful woman. At the time she was only 20-years old -- 10 years my junior. She stood 5-feet and 8-inches tall but only weighed 125 pounds. She measured 36C - 24 - 38 and was considered remarkably curvaceous for one who carried such a slender and delicate frame.

On this day, she wore a silk shell and a long broom skirt that was easily translucent against the sunlight. Even a casual observer could detect that she wore neither a slip, nor a panty. I envied her boldness as much as her sense of freedom. I, of course, always wore a thong to conceal what remained of my male appendage. It was considerably smaller than it had been before I began taking female hormones. Still, it needed to be kept secret so as not to reveal my original sex.

Mistress Tanya stood and watched as I prepared the area for our lunch. I spread the blankets across what appeared to be the most comfortable area, then set out the foods and eating utensils. Our wine glasses rested on two books.

After our lunch, Mistress lay on her back with her knees raised. She seemed very pleased and satisfied.

"I'm glad you brought the wine glasses," she commented. "I was afraid we'd be drinking wine out of paper cups. You've been a good hostess and a good girl."

"Thank you, mistress," I answered, quite pleased that she was kind enough to compliment my efforts.

"Are you smiling?" she asked.

"Yes, mistress."

"Tell me why."

"Because it makes me happy to know I have pleased you, mistress," I answered.

Mistress did not reply. She raised the hem of her skirt to her waist and said, "Attend to my pearl."

I immediately moved to position my head between her parted thighs. Then, I licked, kissed, sucked and savored the treasure of her feminine passage. Twenty minutes later, she sighed at the relief brought to her through the orgasm my tongue and lips had delivered.

"That was wonderful, Roberta!"

"Thank you, mistress," I whispered. "Again, I am happy to please you."

"Yes, you're a very good girl and a very skillful pet," she replied.

It was euphoric to watch the smile upon her face. Her happiness had become my happiness -- her contentment mine.

"Tell me something, Roberta," she began. "Are there any pleasurable feelings left in your male part? Are you able to become erect?"

"No, mistress," I answered almost apologetically. "It has become useless, sexually."

"So your anus has become your portal or pleasure," she inquired.

"Yes, mistress."

"So, you do not regret your decision to become my female pet," she inquired.

"No, mistress," I responded with considerable enthusiasm. I have absolutely no desire to have any part with being a male. My happiness is in being female, particularly since I belong to you.

"I shall determine this for myself," she replied.

Then she removed several clamping clothes pins from her bag and ordered me to remove my cut-offs and thong. I did as she ordered.

"Sit with your thighs parted," she commanded. Again, I obeyed her instructions explicitly.

Mistress Tanya caressed my male appendage for several minutes and was delighted to see it could not respond to her loving touch. Then she began attaching the clothes pins to areas of my scrotum and male shaft. The pain was excruciating and soon caused me to writhe and perspire.

She sat and watched me wince -- my misery clearly evident in my face.

"I do this because I love you, Roberta," she commented. "It is one thing to become a woman and another to be dedicated to being a woman. I must know that your dedication is genuine and that I have made a woman of you for the rest of your life."

"I understand, mistress," I replied -- the pain undeniably in my tone of voice.

"Would you like me to remove them now?" she asked.

"Yes, mistress! Yes, mistress! Please!" I begged. "Please remove them!"

She smiled, then said, "You need only tell me that you want to be a man, and I will remove them."

"I am not a man," I yelled. "I have no desire to be a man, and I will never be a man again, mistress."

I closed my eyes, grimaced, but refused to utter a single word. It seemed that hours had passed, but my mistress later informed me that she had only kept the clothespins on an additional 15-minutes.

I cannot explain the relief I felt as she slowly and carefully removed each clothespin. My entire body was covered with perspiration. Still, I managed a smile and managed to thank her.

"Feel fortunate that you have passed my test," she explained. "If you had said one word about being a male, I would have dismissed you as my female pet."

"I will never disappoint you, Mistress Tanya," I replied. "It would be as much a disappointment to you as to myself. I am, and shall always be, a dedicated female submissive."

She smiled and watched as I packed her belongings. I followed a few steps to her rear as we exited through the field of flowers.

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