The Feminisation of Michael. - Chapter 6

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Chapter 6

The taxi dropped me off at a top hotel in London. I checked in as Miss Michaela Wilson. My new name!

I had credit cards and bank account details sorted out when I was in hospital so had a purse full of plastic! A bit like I now had a bra full as well!

After the porter had left me alone in my suite of rooms I just collapsed onto my bed. What an amazing few months I thought. This is now the start of a new life as a totally new person, in every way! As well as being a woman now I also felt so different mentally.

In hospital I had not seemed to have time to contemplate my new self. I sat up and unzipped the black lace dress I had put on to leave hospital.

I walked over to one of the many mirrors in the suite and looked at this beautiful woman staring back. I was 5ft 9 tall, thin and I looked at my large round breasts sitting in a black lace balcony bra.

I moved my fingers down my neck to the extents of my breasts, then down the front of my flat stomach, thin waist and stroked my new vagina through the black silk knickers. My bottom was pert, fleshy and soft and my pelvis had widened giving me almost child bearing hips! I was stunning. The scars were visible on my legs but these would fade in time, I still had a slight limp.
My face was very feminine now with a thinner nose that almost kicked up at the end, full lips and a small round chin. Again a few scars were present but easily covered with a regular foundation. They would fade too.

I was expected to carry on taking the hormones and using something that looked like a vibrator to dilate my new vagina regularly. I had done this in hospital and it felt very strange, and painful at first but I was getting use to it.

The thought of a penis inside me intrigued me and made me feel a tingling sensation in my vagina. I was told that my man made clitoris would get more and more sensitive. I didn’t however feel in any rush to experience sex. I felt like I had been eaten up and spat out. I felt sore bruised and fragile.

I unhooked the clasp of my bra and inspected my full breasts which sagged slightly against my torso. They were very natural and soft, and it was hard to feel any

Implants were present. My nipples were large and deep red in colour against my white skin. The nipples were soft but stood erect by a good few millimetres.

I was told that they had performed regular treatments of electrolysis on my body hair whilst I was in the coma. I had not had to remove any hair since waking up.
Yes the surgeons had indeed done an amazing job!

I took my knickers off and walked through to where there was a vast Jacuzzi bath. I started running a big hot bath and poured in various lotions and salts that had been provided.
I rang for room service to order champagne and one glass.

In a way, thinking back, started to enjoy dressing as a woman. I didn’t think about it at the time. Now it was all so much easier!

I felt suddenly quite light headed and almost happy for the first time for many years. I was a gorgeous, rich woman.

I slipped on a long silk dressing gown and tied it tightly around my slim waist. My breasts filled the top and my nipples protruded through the silk.

I answered the door to the young porter who was wheeling a trolley with the champagne. I noticed his eyes widen! I tipped him and then slipped off the dressing gown walking into the Jacuzzi room with the champagne bucket and a full glass.

I lowered myself into the warmth, and thick bubbles, my breasts submerging like some huge water beasts!

I sat there massaging my new body.

The next day I was to take delivery of my new car. It was a top specification Range Rover , in black.

My Solicitor had lined up a visit to the main house I had inherited.

I put on some black lace shorts, I still loved how my panties now fitted smoothly across my vagina. I put a black t shirt bra and a tight black v necked sweater that clung around the shape of my ample breasts, with a visible cleavage. I put on a short tight leather mini skirt and a short fitted leather , biker style jacket, black ribbed tights and some flat, leather, knee length boots.

I wore my long blonde hair around my shoulders.

I put on a large pair of sunglasses and slung a large slouch bag over my shoulder.
The receptionist had called me to tell me the car had been delivered, and the porter came up to carry my luggage down and load up the Range Rover.

I sat in the new luxury beige leather seats. What a superb car I loved it. I keyed the address into the Sat Nav, Stanmore House, Bodmin Moor, and was on my way.

I powered the V8 engine through the streets of London and out onto the open motorway.
The seat belt fitted snugly between my protruding breasts accentuating them, and my silver bangles jangled as I operated the large vehicle. I felt a pleasant tingle through my vagina as the slight vibration moved through the seat as I drove.

This was the first time I had driven as a woman and it felt so lovely, I smiled as I listened to the V8 burble away.

When I stopped for petrol I could sense a few stares from other women, possibly envious? And of course from guys! I stood in a line to pay along with truckers and other road users, I was a tall thin elegant lady and I liked it.

I got back on the road and in a few hours was driving through thick woodland on the edge of Bodmin moor.

I pulled through a large set of wrought iron gates with “Stanmore House” carved on one of the gate posts in fine Roman text.

Ahead of me was a curling avenue of trees, no sight of a house. I drove for some ten minutes or so through parkland, then caught my first glimpse of my new home. I slammed on the brakes in disbelief.

In a shallow valley ahead was a rambling series of buildings around a symmetrical Georgian edifice. It was a very large mansion!

I pulled up awe struck, to be greeted by an elderly gentleman in a black butlers suit. He opened the door and bowed as I stepped out.

“Welcome Miss Michaela, we have been expecting you. Please follow me m‘lady”

“M’lady!” what the heck, I really was a lady now!

He lead me into a large high porch with marble floor then into an enormous room that had a dome high up in the roof and a double sweeping staircase at its far end. This was the entrance hall!

Ahead of me were twenty or so staff. Young girls and older women in black maids uniforms and a number of boys and older men in black suits.

I was lead along the line as they bowed and curtseyed, with them saying welcome m‘ lady! In turn. I smiled and said hi informally.

My Solicitor was at the end and I smiled in disbelief at him. “What the hecks happening Peter?”

“S, s.. s..orry Michaela did you not realise the estate your Auntie left? This is just a sm..sma..ll part of it.” He stammered. He was still nervous around me.

“Chill Peter.” I said. “Now can you dismiss theses guys for now and we need to talk.”

He did as I asked and the group disappeared in various directions.

He lead me through to a vast library which had floor to ceiling glass fronted cases, crammed with expensively bound volumes, and we sat down opposite each other at an antique desk.

“Firstly Michaela the paperwork is complete for you to take the title of your Aunt over. You will be known as Lady Wilson Villiers, if that’s ok with you of course? Villiers was her name, and I thought with your name it made a nice double barrel name.”

“The Villiers made their money in Tin mining originally in the Cornish tin mines. There’s also legend that the Villiers had Pirate links!” He carried on as I listened intrigued.

“Your Aunts, Great, Great, plus a few! Grandmother as a young girl, fell in love with a notorious villainous seaman and disappeared only to return with treasures way in excess of what the family already owned. Her new husband took over this house rebuilding it in an opulent style with treasures from around the world. “

I looked around the room to see amazing portraits and statues in alabaster and bronze. There were cabinets with various curios and artefacts displayed..

“ It will take you some time to explore this place. It is around 2000 acres and has two smallholdings with two tenant farmers currently in place. You have twenty five staff here at the house, a market garden, a visitors centre, conference facilities, a chapel, swimming pools, leisure complex, 30 bedrooms, a ballroom, cinema and around 15 horses, but there is an estate manager who sorts it all out.” He took a deep breath.

“All you need to do is sign the odd cheque. Main income comes from rentals of property, or rather streets of houses you own in central London. Again all looked after, you will just see the money coming in each month! Its all sustainable even though this place costs thousands of ponds a day to run. I see you like a nice car judging by what you arrived in, well there’s a stable of cars here too with some classics as well as some more recent models. Your Aunts husband, Lord Villiers was a car fanatic. There’s also a fashion museum that has been maintained through the ages, including more recent sixties, seventies and eighties iconic dresses. Your Aunt and her family were all tall so you

may find they fit you.”

I was stunned, excited and could not take it all in.

“You also have a large house and smallholdings including working vineyards in Tuscany.” He continued, reading from his notes.

“ You also have penthouse apartments in the best locations in New York, Paris and London.” He closed his notes.

“Ill introduce you to Samantha who was your Aunts recent PA and may as well take that role for you in the short term.” He picked up a telephone and called her.

A few minutes later a pretty, tall, brunette girl in her twenties entered, wearing a black shift dress and flats. She looked nervous but spoke quite confidently.

“Hello Samantha.” I said and she bowed to kiss my hand. “Don’t bother with that Samantha, can I call you Sam?” She agreed and seemed to relax a bit. “Well you have a lot to show me by all all acounts!".