

Almost Incest



Susan Strange

A "New Woman" Novel

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ALMOST INCEST

By Susan Strange

MUMSY

“There is a new woman moving in next door, Vivian. ”

“Is there, Mumsy?” answered her blonde-haired son.

“Yes, I believe she has retired from business. We must invite her here someday, mustn’t we, Vivian?”

“Yes of course, Mumsy.” Vivian didn’t dare ever contradict his mother, well not since he was a boy. Then he found himself constantly over his mother’s knee and severely spanked. Mother was always right. Vivian depended on his mother; she did everything for him. He was lucky for Ariadne Wright had been left a fortune when her husband Ronald died. Ronald was big in the stock market. He invested well and Ariadne after his death could sit back and enjoy herself as a lady of leisure and she did. Vivian Wright never needed to work as long as he adored his mother, which he did after his boyhood experience of

chastisement and the fact that she sheltered him from the outside world. Never needing to find work, he adored his mother.

To Vivian, she was the only woman in the world. He put her on a pedestal, and that was the way she wanted it. In Vivian's student days she had discouraged any girls who showed an interest in her son. There would be only one female in her son's life: Ariadne. Ariadne had instructed her son to call her Mumsy when he was a boy.

Vivian, even at the age of 23, was forever kissing his Mumsy at the drop of a hat; she never said a word but would encourage adoration from her son.

"That's a good boy. Vivian I do declare a mother never had such an affectionate son."

Such remarks pleased Vivian; he loved her so.

Ariadne was forever taking her son to stores or special shops where women's clothing could be purchased. Therefore Vivian was not unfamiliar with women's clothes and lingerie.

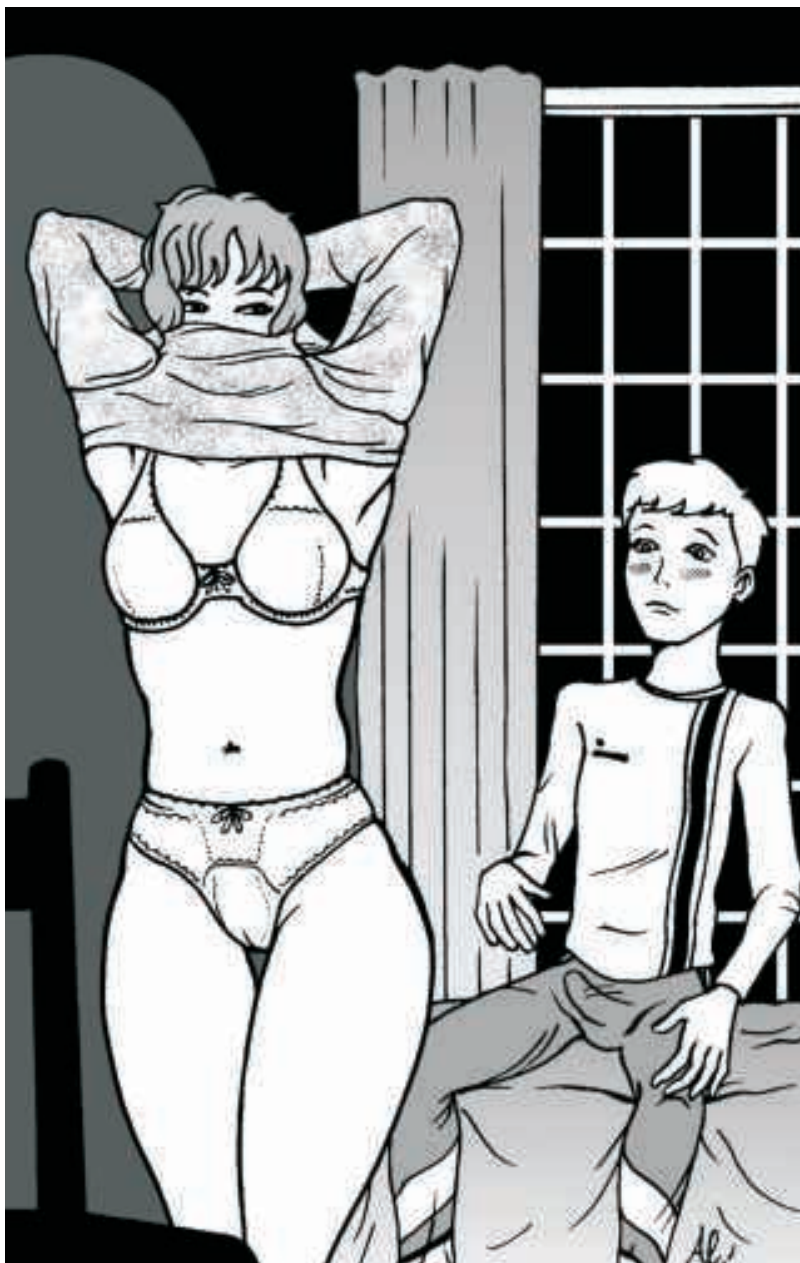
"Mumsy, wouldn't that dress look divine on you?" was said by her sharp-eyed son.

More than flattered, Mumsy observed him. "Do you really think so Vivian?"

"Oh yes, Mumsy. What a vision of a woman you would be, Mumsy."

Mumsy looked at the price tag. It was expensive but then what was money if not something for her to spend and look divine for her son?

"You've twisted my arm, Vivian. I'll have it then you can have the honour of watching Mumsy put it on tonight."



That was always the part Vivian liked best, watching Mumsy put these delightful dresses on in her boudoir. It was the nearest he had ever seen of the female naked form, but Mumsy wasn't naked for Mumsy would linger in her bra and knickers, letting him fill his eyes. He did have an erection from this exhibition by Mumsy but he never said a word of it as such things were not discussed in polite society. He need not have worried for Mumsy saw it smiled and was extremely happy that she was the cause of such excitement in her son. "Maybe one day, she thought, "maybe..." Some day Vivian might see a lot more than she was currently exposing, a lot more. For now Ariadne was quite content to let matters rest as they were, time was on her side.

There was no doubt Mumsy was feeling a little bit excited herself as the night approached for her modeling exhibition. She would be exposing her body to Vivian.

The maids had cleared the dinner plates from the table and Vivian looked anxiously at Mumsy. It had always been thus on these nights of body display by Mumsy. Ariadne was in no hurry to go to her boudoir; it would only make Vivian all the more appreciative of her womanly charms.

"A little more wine, Vivian?" asked Mumsy politely in order to delay matters further.

Vivian really didn't want anymore but knew a refusal could very well upset Mumsy. Past experience had taught Vivian that Mumsy was always right.

So there he sat sipping the wine as Mumsy made conversation with him.

"Did you see these two ladies in church Sunday holding hands, Vivian?"

Yes, he had seen Miss Elizabeth and Miss Sandra who lived together a mile away from his home.

“Do you know they’re lesbians?” whispered Mumsy who seemed to have a keen eye on everybody in the local neighbourhood and their personal lives.

“That means women who make love to each other, darling,” She said by way of an explanation.

“I think that is common knowledge, Mumsy.”

“Is it?” she replied, shocked by the fact her son should know what a lesbian was. She thought she had shielded from such things, not that she was against such lovemaking. As long as women kept away from her son, there was no danger if they were lesbians. Besides, Elizabeth and Sandra were mature women. Mumsy often wondered how both women had the title of Miss before their name. She would sniff around and find why.

“We are going to the ballet next week, Vivian. I’ll wear that dress.” Mumsy knew Vivian liked that for he had been eyeing up the boys in their tight tights, not the ballerinas. She approved of such things and they were nice boys.

“I feel so tired, Vivian. I may give trying the dress on a miss.”

“Oh Mumsy, you promised. OH PLEASE, PLEASE put it on tonight just for me. PLEASE, Mumsy.”

Mumsy had no intention of not wearing the dress. All she was doing was making her son all the more eager to see her in her lingerie. It excited Vivian.

“Well maybe, darling, just for you. If you REALLY REALLY want to see Mumsy in the dress, I could persuade myself to put it on just for you.”

Mumsy had picked some fancy lingerie for the delight of not only her son but herself. One thing Mumsy was never ashamed of was her body, and she always kept it in trim condition. Vivian would get excited looking at her fine gossamer lace-trimmed

transparent panties. He would see Mumsy's shaved and clearly defined mons veneres but such things were never mentioned by either him or Mumsy.

"My darling," Mumsy took Vivian by the hand and led him to her boudoir. As a boy many times he had been over Mumsy knee for a severe spanking, however the perfumed atmosphere within the boudoir always softened the blow.

"You will have to help Mumsy dispose of her clothing, won't you darling?" That was something that more than interested Vivian.

The long black satin evening gown lay there on the bed awaiting Mumsy.

"Unzip me dear?" asked Mumsy. As quick as a flash Vivian was at her side answering Mumsy request, her order really. It was never a request by Mumsy. It was an order that gave Vivian the utmost pleasure. Mumsy suspected such by the little lump in her son's trousers. Things were going well tonight.

"Slowly, Vivian darling. I don't want any damage done to my precious dress."

Vivian was in no hurry to remove the dress; he would savour the delights of Mumsy as he pulled the zipper from her neck to her waist. In time he would see the front of Mumsy. That was something special, it always was.

"Aren't your hands cold, dear?" said Ariadne as Vivian slowly pulled the zipper down the dress. She didn't mind that her dearest had a sly feel of her naked flesh when the zipper passed that point.

"Sorry Mumsy, maybe after a while they'll warm up."

"I'm sure they will," thought Mumsy, "if you keep them there long enough." She was making no effort to remove them.

The zipper had made its long slow happy journey to Mumsy's waist; if she had turned her face Mumsy would have seen the ear-to-ear smile on her son's face.

"There we are, Mumsy, not a scratch or a rip anywhere. You can remove the dress without a worry."

"I'll give you a kiss for that in a minute, you darling boy."

This Mumsy would do as soon as she wriggled out of the dress which gave her son sufficient time to peruse her curvaceous body.

"There we are, darling, come to Mumsy to receive your just reward. You deserve it."

Vivian saw Mumsy in her bra and panties. Every time he saw Mumsy like this, her lingerie was different. Today Mumsy wore a half-cup brassiere of a light blue colour containing her ample breasts. The nipples of Mumsy's plump breasts were on show and they had a redder colour than Vivian had ever seen before. That was explained by the fact that Mumsy had used her red lipstick on the nub of each nipple for the benefit of Vivian.

Mumsy held her arms out to receive her darling boy. Safely entwined within Mumsy's arms, Vivian was once again swooning to the aroma emitting from Mumsy's body. She had heavily perfumed herself for Vivian.

"Now my darling, this is Mumsy's reward that you deserve." Ariadne pressed her son closely to her bosom, something he always liked, and kissed him on the forehead. As Mumsy stood there in her bra panties and stockings, she felt a slight protrusion pressing against her leg. Vivian liked to be close to his Mumsy in more ways than one.

Mumsy knew that, that was why she put the indecent act on display for her son. It was to hold his at-

tention ever to her. In her wafer thin panties, Vivian observed Mumsy's Mound of Venus. The night had only begun. Mumsy placed Vivian in the Queen Anne chair where he could take delight in watching Mumsy in the dress he had told her she would be divine in.

Down in his pants, the expectation of seeing Mumsy in that dress was getting to Vivian. She would swish and sway, showing a bit of leg; he picked a dress with a long slit in it on purpose. Mumsy knew that of course and she would not disappoint her son. That slight protrusion in his pants would increase in size but not one word about it passed the lips of either Mumsy or Vivian. It wasn't incest but it almost was. It wasn't incest both Mumsy and Vivian reassured themselves so whatever it was, was alright, wasn't it?

As soon as Vivian hit the Queen Anne chair, he jumped to his feet. "Little back rub, Mumsy?" He had almost forgotten about that; it was usually part of the ritual of watching Mumsy whenever she tried a new dress in front of Vivian.

"Certainly Vivian, you have such soothing hand, You know where the invigorating cream is. I'll lie on the bed and await your magical hands. "

Ariadne Wright lay on the bed in her bra, panties and stockings, to await the magical touch of her son. Vivian opened a drawer in his Mumsy's dressing table, withdrew a jar containing invigorating cream, and stood above Mumsy lying on the bed face down. From where he stood at the side of the bed looking down, his eyes beheld Mumsy's prominent backside. What a wondrous sight to behold! Her panties were tightly drawn over the skin and tightly held between the cleft of her buttocks. That would keep him on the boil, thought Mumsy. Then she felt the cold cream on her shoulder blades, so soothing, so relaxing, so wonderful.

For the purpose of the massage Vivian was at performing, he was allowed to unclip Mumsy's brassiere

at the back. He couldn't see her from the front but it didn't stop Vivian's mind from working overtime.

Vivian's hands were doing wonders for Mumsy at working the cream into her skin. The cold cream was giving deep heat to Mumsy in the right places.

Suddenly a loud shout of "Ooooooooh," was emitted from Mumsy's lips.

"Are you alright?" was asked by Vivian.

She managed to stutter, "Yes. Thank you, Vivian." The excitement of the massage had gotten to Mumsy; she had wet her panties. These things happen when it's almost incest, don't they?

Vivian merrily continued the massage without any further interruptions from Mumsy.

"There we are, Mumsy, it's all done," said Vivian as he redid the hook and eye attachment of Mumsy's brassiere.

"You're a good boy, dear." Mumsy rose from the prone position she was in. Vivian was once more in the Queen Anne seat to get an eyeful of Mumsy as she was about to exhibit that dress he wanted to see his Mumsy in.

Mumsy again wasn't in a hurry as she lingered in her lingerie for the benefit of her darling son Vivian.

"You'll need to help Mumsy into this dress, darling." No sooner were the words out of her mouth when there beside her stood a smiling Vivian. "What do you want me to do, Mumsy?"

"Give me a hand to raise the dress over my shoulders, then you can zip me in."

A simple request and one that Vivian would derive the utmost pleasure from. Mumsy, ever the crafty fe-

male, was well aware of the pleasures her son would find in the simple task.

So there was Vivian helpfully assisting his Mumsy into the long black gown and carefully putting it over her shoulder. The zipper could have been zipped quicker than it was, but neither of them wanted that.

Vivian was back on the Queen Anne chair once more in expectation of the fashion show Mumsy was about to give.

Mumsy was forty-something, had a delightful figure for her age and she knew it. Tonight her charming boy would see her flaunting it once more, He liked it, and she knew he liked it.

Ariadne Wright smoothed the dress down in preparation for the catwalk-style parade she was about to give for her son. She was indeed a magnificent figure of a mature woman; her hair was upswept with not a sign of a grey hair anywhere. Her makeup was done to perfection; she had picked her jewels with Vivian in mind. The long silver dropper earrings would tantalize Vivian as they swung from side to side as she walked. The silver chain necklace Mumsy wore showed up excellently against the background of her low-cut dress and her ample breasts in their half-cup bra.

Mumsy put a foot forward to start her display of the dress. In doing so her leg had projected through the slit in the dress, giving Vivian a good eyeful of Mumsy's shapely honey-coloured stocking-covered legs.

The walk began as Mumsy sashayed to attract Vivian attention, which didn't need much work to attract. Vivian was seeing plenty Mumsy's leg as it would step out of the convenient slit from time to time and the long black dress swirled and swayed round Mumsy's body. It was erection time once more for Mumsy's boy; Mumsy took a quick glance in her

darling boy's direction, which kept him interested in her, his Mumsy.

The show was almost over for the night. There was no doubt Vivian would have forbidden dreams of his Mumsy. No one would ever know he had incest with his Mumsy; well in a dream anyway. Mumsy has a similar dream of near-incest herself.

In the morning Vivian woke up to find an emission in his bed. Mumsy never knew about it although she suspected such; it was the maid who did the dirty work to clean it up. Mumsy would have been pleased to know she was the cause of the overflow of her son's seed.

BALLET BOYS IN TIGHTS AND ALL THAT NONSENSE

As Mumsy had promised, the following week she and Vivian sat in the private box overlooking the stage at the ballet. Vivian liked the ballet; he was always there, watching the boys in their tight tights. Mumsy knew that and it was why she had a regular appointment there. After the second act Mumsy was seen in the bar lounge of the theatre talking to someone.

Before the start of the next act she communicated to Vivian that they had been invited after the ballet to meet some of the men taking part in the ballet.

"Oh Mumsy, that will be a great thrill to meet some of my favourites." He kissed Mumsy on the cheek, which she expected him to do.

Both Mumsy and Vivian stood in the dressing room where boys were changing into their outdoor clothes and chatting. Vivian received a limp handshake from one of the boys who was giving him the eye in the nicest way possible. Vivian was not averse to the come on. Mumsy noticed this and looked at the boy who hadn't as yet changed into his outdoor

clothes. Bryan, for that was the boy's name (a young man in his early twenties), stood there still in his tights with a hand on his hip. No wonder Mumsy's son was looking at Bryan, for his tight tights plainly showed his manhood in all its enormous glory.

"You boys will have hardly any time to socialise, will you, with all these performances?" asked Mumsy.

"No ma'am," answered Bryan.

"Tell you what," said Mumsy placing a hand over Bryan's, "why don't you come to our home Sunday afternoon? It'll give you a rest and chat about other matters." Looking at her son, she said, "That will be OK, won't it Vivian?"

That surprised Vivian. Mumsy never usually asked his opinion; he certainly wanted to see more of Bryan.

"Oh yes Mumsy, I would be delighted to welcome Bryan to our humble abode anytime," he said most enthusiastically for to Vivian something seemed different about Bryan. There certainly was.

Bryan seemed very concerned about something as he whispered in Mumsy ear.

"Don't worry, dear. Everything is perfectly in order. We look forward to seeing you come Sunday."

A very relieved Bryan seemed most happy and shook Mumsy's hand, then Vivian's in a most peculiar manner. Such a handshake Vivian never had before. "You learn something all the time," thought Vivian, and from Bryan he had plenty to learn.

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"Miss Abigail Robinson awaits your pleasure, ma'am, in the drawing room," announced the maid.

“Very good, Matilda. Inform her that I shortly will be with her,” replied Mumsy.

The maid departed to inform Miss Abigail Robinson that her mistress would shortly be with her.

Miss Abigail Robinson was a sweet demure young lady in her early twenties. She seemed a trifle fidgety as she waited the arrival of Ariadne Wright.

“Ah, there you are, my dear. How pretty you look.” Ariadne embraced the girl with a chaste kiss on her cheek, returned by Abigail.

“You will of course be staying for lunch. That was agreed upon.”

“Yes, thank you, Ariadne, if I am not too much trouble?”

“My dear, you will be no trouble at all. It will be our pleasure to entertain you over lunch. I am sure Vivian will be delighted to see you. In fact I shall ask the dear boy to show you round the garden before lunch. Spring is the best time of year to see the flowers bloom at their loveliest. ”

“That would be nice, Ariadne. ”

“Do make yourself at home, Abigail. You seem such a nice girl.”

Mumsy more than approved of Miss Abigail Robinson’s manner of dress; these were decent proper clothes for a young lady of her age, nothing tarty or whorish looking in her delightful gingham green and white check dress with the mutton sleeves. She wore a locket round her neck, and stud pearl earrings. Her hair had been done up in bangs.

“My dear, we shall depart to the lounge while we await Vivian.” Mumsy noticed Abigail smoothed her dress down before she sat in the chair, such a charming well-mannered girl.

“What would you like to drink, Abigail?”

“Sherry please, Ariadne. ”

“But of course. A true lady’s drink.” Mumsy pressed a button beside the chair she sat in and a maid appeared. ”

“Sally, pour out two small Sherrys for Miss Abigail and me.”

Mumsy and Miss Abigail sat primly sipping their sherry, making polite ladylike conversation. Vivian entered the sedate scene somewhat surprised to see the young lady conversing with Mumsy. He was sure he had never seen her before, however it was delightful to see her now.

“This is Miss Abigail Robinson, Vivian” introduced Mumsy.

Abigail rose and held her small hand to Vivian. Vivian glanced to Mumsy; she smiled to her son. He had her approval to take the young lady’s hand and kiss the back of it, as he had read royalty do, in the manner of the French aristocrats before Madam Guillotine had beheaded them. There was no danger of such happening to this young lady, although she had a very noble appearance.

“I said to Abigail you would be delighted to show her round our beautiful gardens before lunch, Vivian.”

“I would indeed be honoured, Mumsy. If she would take my hand we will go now. ”

Abigail slipped her arm round Vivian’s. He opened the French window leading out to the surrounding garden.

“What a nice mother you have, Vivian.”

“Yes, isn’t she?” said Vivian trying to think how this pretty girl knew Mumsy. Vivian put an arm round Abigail’s waist with no resistance met from the young lady. He was in luck today; any girlfriend he ever had was shown the door by Mumsy in double quick time.

As the saying goes, fill your boots when your luck’s in. In that vein of thought Vivian knew where they were heading for, the summer house. That seemed a good place for messing about. After all, hadn’t he seen the butler and the serving maids at it as he sneaked a hidden peek?

“Where are we going, Vivian?” asked the sweet feminine voice of Abigail.

“Err, it’s a surprise. I can’t tell you till we are there.”

Abigail gave a girlish giggle. “I just love surprises,” she said and gripped Vivian’s arm all the more tighter.

“Here we are,” said Vivian as he opened the wooden door. The summer house was vast; it also acted as a greenhouse where many flowers had been brought on faster than they would have been outside. There were a number of benches inside; Vivian picked one near some blooming flowers. A rhododendron shrub was nearby and Vivian plucked a pink flower and presented it to Abigail.

She held it to her nose and sniffed. “I shall kiss you, Vivian, for being so thoughtful.” Vivian received a kiss the likes of which he had never received before. Not even Mumsy delivered that kind of kiss; hers was more of a gently motherly kind. He grabbed Abigail and found himself snogging her like mad.

“Oh Vivian, you have swept me off my feet and so soon! We have hardly met.”

“I can’t help it, Abigail. You are so pretty.”

“Am I really, Vivian?” said the blushing fair maiden called Abigail.

“Of course you are. Say you’ll be my girlfriend, please.”

“I don’t know Vivian. You are a nice boy, and it’s not that I don’t like you, I do, but would your mother approve of me? I would never do anything to hurt her as she is such a nice lady.”

Vivian thought for a moment. Mumsy had quickly chased any girlfriend he ever had away, yet with this one she had said nothing, she even encouraged him to take a walk with her. If Mumsy could be taken out of the equation, he was on to something. Mumsy was always there in his thoughts, she had an influence over him, and it would be hard to push it away, if not near impossible.

“Oh, I don’t think Mumsy is a problem, Abigail. She rather likes you.”

“Well...if your mother approves of me, I would be more than willing to be your girlfriend. Your mother is such a dear woman I would never want to hurt her.”

“You won’t.” Vivian had a confidence about that from the way Mumsy was treating this girl. Vivian placed his lips on the sweet lips of Abigail without resistance. Her offered lipsticked lips tasted delicious, as delicious as she smelt. Her hand’s red painted nails were softly touching Vivian cheeks, helping to arouse his feelings to an even higher pitch than Vivian thought possible. To Vivian the green light was on, fill your boots when your luck’s in.

Without hesitation Abigail felt he hem of her dress slightly raised and Vivian’s hand upon her knee. She gave a small ladylike giggle. “You are a one, Vivian.”

Vivian was too concentratrf on the serious business to have heard one word of what she had said.

His hand by now had progressed to the exciting lace edge of her black silk panties. Abigail had expected to see at least some sort of bulge in his trousers indicating his mounting excitement. Nothing. "What has a girl to do to arouse her man?" she thought.

Vivian's hand was now past the edge of Abigail panties, moving between her willing and open legs. He never had been as far as this with any previous girlfriend, simply because Mumsy had chased them away before he ever got this far.

"What's this?" thought Vivian the fearless lover. An object was in the way, preventing him from going further to Abigail's holiest of holies. Without hesitation Vivian had Abigail's skirts up to expose her black panties which in no time hit the floor.

"There it is," thought Vivian. And what did our hero see? None other than Bryan's member. He may not have recognised Abigail as the alter ego of Bryan but that member he'd know anywhere, for his eyes were forever fixated on the tights of Bryan during his performance in the ballet.

"You're Bryan!?" exclaimed Vivian.

Abigail was most upset by those words. "No I'm not! Do I look like a Bryan?"

With that Vivian had to agree. She certainly didn't look anywhere near Bryan. If he was honest she was one of the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, but her male member was identical to the outline of Bryan's he had seen through his tights.

Abigail withdrew a fine white lace-edged hanky from her handbag to wipe the tears from her eyes. This was what she had been afraid of: someone calling her male when she knew in her heart that she was not. The only way anyone would ever know would be if her panties were removed as Vivian had done.

“There, there,” said Vivian as he held her and patted her on the back, “you’re one of the most beautiful woman I have ever seen.”

“Do you really think so, Vivian?” she asked between sobs.

“I do and that’s no lie.”

Abigail snuggled closer to Vivian, feeling all the better for it. She was now more receptive to his amorous advances, for the fact Abigail was a he never discouraged Vivian. If anything, it encouraged him.

Vivian was holding Abigail’s male member in his hand, working it up and down.

Abigail, now that she had been exposed for what she was, lay back and enjoyed herself. Soon she would be ridden and looked forward to that pleasure. She had dressed in female clothes many times in the past. This weekend would be the start of full-time dressing in frocks and all that, except when she had to perform ballet as a he, and even then she cheated for the tights she used were ballerina-style.

One other thing Abigail was most looking forward was having sex dressed as a woman. Don’t make the mistake of thinking Abigail had never had sex before. On those occasions it was as Bryan with one of his male partners from the ballet.

Abigail unzipped the fly in Vivian’s trousers and probed inside for his member which was not easy to find. Eventually Vivian male member was exposed to the light of day. Abigail looked at this apology for an appendage of a male. The boys in the ballet had better than that, maybe she wasn’t going to be ridden today. The way things looked it, it might be the other way around!

”Take your trousers down, Vivian.”

“Why?”

“You are about to learn a lesson from women who possess a male appendage. I suspect it is a lesson that has never been taught to you before, and you’ll probably enjoy it. I know I will.”

Abigail proceeded to arranged Vivian on his hands and knees on the bench, his backside to her uppermost. Now she could get down to business. Abigail lifted her skirts, her penis stood erect, nicely framed with the taut suspenders holding her nylon stockings up. She stood near the edge of the bench where Vivian knelt backside awaiting entry from his new girlfriend’s male member.

It was going to be a rough ride for Vivian. His backside had never been entered at any time. Abigail clamped a hand on both of Vivian’s buttocks. Although they were small and womanly, they were firm. “Pity there’s no soap or grease about thought,” Abigail thought. “Hold tight, Vivian,” she shouted.

He was about to ask why but he soon knew why as Abigail forced her large member into the small, tight aperture of Vivian’s anus.

“Don’t worry darling, you’ll become used to it. That little pussy will widen every time I ride you.”

Vivian may not have noticed he had been demoted to the temporary status of a bum boy.

It certainly was tight for Abigail’s member. It was Vivian that felt the pain as he moaned; it was Abigail who received all the pleasure.

“Don’t worry darling, it gets better every time,” were the encouraging words from Vivian’s girlfriend.

“Oh my God,” thought Vivian, “there is not going to be a next time is there?”

“I enjoyed that,” were the happy words of Abigail as she withdrew her dripping member from within the

tight orifice of her boyfriend. “We must do it again...soon.”

“Must we?” thought Vivian.

For Vivian it was a relief to return to the house and relax.

“I hope you two young things enjoyed yourselves?” was asked by Mumsy.

“Oh yes, didn’t we, Vivian?” replied Abigail, looking at her now boyfriend, and expecting him to give support to her answer.

“Oh yes, Mumsy, a terrific time.” If he was going to have a girlfriend that Mumsy seemed to like, there was no use disagreeing with Abigail.

“That is good, Vivian. You will have plenty to discuss with Abigail, as she is staying the weekend.”

That was welcome news to Vivian; he would see more of her. A lot more, he hoped.

Mumsy knew everything about Abigail; at the ballet Bryan, as she was then, had whispered in Mumsy ear that he liked to dress in women’s clothes, and asked if she could do so this coming weekend.

“Surely dear, you come in your women’s clothes. I am sure you dress in the best of taste. Vivian will act the proper gentleman in your company.”

Abigail was the type of woman Mumsy would welcome in her house, unlike genetic women who had the same properties as she between their legs. Vivian could fool around with as many women like that as he wanted. They were still male, and they didn’t have what Mumsy had down below.

“Lunch is ready, my dears. I’m sure you have worked up an appetite after your long walk.” They had but it had nothing to do with long walks.

“That was a most delightful meal, Ariadne.”

“Glad you liked it, my dear. I expect you would wish a lie down. Your case has been taken to your room where you can freshen yourself before dinner.”

“Thank you. Could Vivian show me the way?”

“Of course he could, my dear, I’m sure he will be delighted. Vivian, show the young lady to her room.”

Vivian Wright was on his feet in a flash to escort Abigail Robinson.

From then on Abigail and Vivian occupied each other’s lives for some considerable time, much to the pleasure of Mumsy. In the meantime Mumsy had a mystery to solve which would occupy her time.

EYE OF NEWT, WING OF BAT, FROG LEGS

Mumsy was off on an expedition to solve the mystery of the Misses Elizabeth and Sandra. It wasn’t a mystery about the two women’s relationship for they had never denied they were lesbians. If anything, they were proud of it. The Misses Elizabeth and Sandra had started what was called a record club. Elizabeth and Sandra once a month held a meeting in their house where one could listen to various types of recordings. Most of the records played were of a classical type; however there was jazz played now and again by big bands such as Stan Kenton, Duke Ellington or the Modern Jazz Quartet mixed in with your Bach, Mozart and Beethoven. While Elizabeth and Sandra had a large collection of the classical kind of recording, members would bring their own for others to listen. A small fee was charged mainly for the club to purchase new records. Which records was agreed upon at the monthly meetings. Members could take these records to their homes for a month at a time; inbetween the records were kept in the Eliz-

abeth and Sandra's home in dust free jackets and in the best of condition.

Such was the atmosphere when Mumsy came to her first meeting of the club. The Misses Elizabeth and Sandra cordially welcomed Mumsy with chaste kisses on her cheek.

"It is so nice to welcome new members into our club, Ariadne," came from the lips of Elizabeth.

"Thanks. I've always wanted to be at one of your meetings, dear." answered Mumsy.

Sandra handed out a syllabus of the monthly meetings to come for the year.

"If you have any recordings in your own collection you would wish our little group to hear, do let us know, darling. As you can see, there are still a few blank spaces to fill in," informed Sandra.

"Thanks," Mumsy said again, "I will do that," then she looked at the syllabus. This afternoon they were about to hear some Mozart, Rameau and Lionel Hampton, a strange mixture indeed for an afternoon hearing.

More people arrived and seated themselves in the comfortable chairs placed within the large drawing room.

One elderly gentleman arrived. "It's Jim," said Sandra "I'm afraid I must leave for the present, Ariadne, I'll see you after the meeting."

Hurriedly, Sandra made her way to Jim, took him by the arm and led him to the most luxurious comfortable chair in the whole of the drawing room. Then she excitedly exclaimed, "Quick, quick, Elizabeth, it's JIM!"

Elizabeth immediately turned round, stopped what she was doing and like a shot she was beside this Jim.

“I hope you gave Jim a comfortable chair, Sandra?”

“Well, would I give him any other, Elizabeth?”

Mumsy surveyed the scene being played out before her with two mature ladies and an elderly gentleman. Whoever this Jim was, he was onto a good thing with the two mature ladies fussing over him. Then Mumsy thought, “Elizabeth and Sandra are supposed to be lesbians. What has this man have that other men have not?” Mumsy would keep a close watch on the trio.

The drawing room was near full; to Mumsy it appeared more like a Derby and Joan club, not that she was a spring chicken by any means.

Elizabeth rose and stood in front of the gathering and clapped her hands for attention. “Ladies and gentlemen, as you know from the syllabus this afternoon we will hear some Mozart, two of his early symphonies from when he was a boy. Also we will hear some Rameau, excerpts from *Les Indes Galantes*. Not the whole lot, otherwise we could be here for days” Elizabeth laughed. “And Lionel Hampton on the vibraphone. Thank you, Mr Hetherington, for that. I think there is something there for everybody’s taste. Sandra, if you please.”

Sandra stood beside a stereophonic record player, a state of the art piece of equipment, pressed a button and the music started. Within the drawing room a number of speakers were strategically placed on the walls so that the full effect of the stereophonic sound was heard in all its glory. If one shut their eyes, one could almost imagine they were in a concert hall and hear the orchestra itself.

Mumsy didn’t shut her eyes; they were directed on Elizabeth and Sandra. As soon as Sandra set the re-

cord in motion, she sat on a comfortable seat, with lucky Jim next to her and Elizabeth on the other side of him. So there was this elderly Jim between Elizabeth and Sandra, two mature ladies. He stretched a hand round both of the lovely ladies who shut their eyes. As far as Mumsy was concerned, it looked as if Jim was onto a good thing with the supposed lesbians.

After some long silence, the session came to end. For many there the good part was to commence.

At many afternoon teas etc one usually receive sandwiches, tea, cakes and that sort of thing. However at Elizabeth and Sandra one could never be too sure of what one ate or drank. It was never refused, however; in fact there were some who came for second helpings, No one ever asked what it was they ate or drank. They just took it...gladly.

There was a large punch bowl brought in when the record session concluded, then it was help yourself with the ladle and glasses beside the bowl. As all sat sipping their drink, whatever it was for nobody knew, Misses Elizabeth and Sandra would distribute a mashed-up mixture of a gooey mess in a soup plate. Mumsy reluctantly put a small part of it on her tongue; it was delicious whatever it was.

“You must give me the recipe for that, my dear,” said Mumsy to Elizabeth. Elizabeth looked at Sandra, Sandra looked at Elizabeth. Then both looked at Mumsy and smiled.

“I’m afraid that is our little secret but call in any time and you can have a jar of it on the house,” one of the ladies answered smiling. That answer satisfied Mumsy, she could be knocking at their door quicker than she thought. There was a lot of chat between those present after their refreshments and thank yous for a pleasant afternoon. Slowly people started to leave. One who seemed in no hurry to depart was the elderly gentleman called Jim.

Mumsy wanted to hang on but if she stayed any longer she would just be making a nuisance of herself. She was more or less forced to leave, being the last to depart except for Jim who it seemed was making a home for himself. Both the ladies fussed over him, Mumsy thought he had his feet under the table there with Elizabeth and Sandra. Mumsy left reluctantly with a chaste kiss on the cheek from both Elizabeth and Sandra. "Nice to see you. Next month, dear." "

"Wasn't that a great afternoon, Jim?" was heard from Elizabeth.

"It certainly was, my dears," answered Jim, "but now we can get down to business?" His arm was round the two ladies' waists.

"Jim will do it with me this time, Sandra. He always does it with you. "

"That's because Jim knows I'm good at it with him."

"Now now ladies, stop this fighting. I'll do it with both of you. I only do it more with

Sandra cause she does it more slowly and we have better results that way. You do it faster, Elizabeth, and we're all out of breath."

"Well, let's get on with it. You know it's going to take all night," remarked Elizabeth.

The two mature ladies and the elderly Jim proceeded to remove their clothes. Once in the nude, their bodies looked very youthful and agile, more like in their twenties,. The two mature women had bodies any twenty something would be proud of. As for Jim, he looked like an Adonis. Elizabeth and Sandra had

ample breasts which in no way sagged like a mature woman of their age would normally experience.

Jim looked at his female partners and the magnificent specimens of their female bodies. "Right ladies. Shall we get down to the serious business?"

"Oh yes, Jim," both answered spontaneously with enthusiasm.

Oh lucky Jim! How I envy him.

Jim stretched his hand out and entwined his fingers with those of the beautiful ladies on either side of him. The three departed the bedroom and made their way to the basement, which was always kept locked at the record club meetings.

The door now opened and the candles just inside the door were lit and placed in their holders within the bare large room with the stone floor. The flickering candle light produced an eerie sinister atmosphere for the naked trio.

"Did you gather the wood from the trees like I told you, Elizabeth?" asked Jim.

"Of course I did and the trees were the ones you wanted."

"Good girl. You set up things while Sandra and I prepare all the other accoutrements. Did you get the ingredients I asked for, Sandra?"

"Of course I did, Jim. How many years have we been doing this? I'm not likely to forget, am I?"

"Sorry Sandra, you know I like to have matters perfect. We did make a slip up the other year and you know what happened."

"Yes. I'll tell you more about that later. We haven't the time at present."

A cupboard was opened and a large glass bowl taken out and placed on a nearby table.

“I had to go nature hunting in the woods to find these,” said Sandra as she placed a number of frogs legs on the table alongside eye of newt. “The vicar must have thought I was nuts when I asked him if I could have the keys to the belfry.

“He kindly gave me the key and I spent the afternoon collecting bat wings and there they are!” Sandra opened another cupboard and placed a number of bat wings on the table.

“Excellent Sandra, some of the best I have ever seen.”

With the frog legs, bat wings and eye of newt, the place stunk to high heaven. Our naked trio didn't seem to notice that for they had done this many times. Jim produced a manual meat grinder from the cupboard and set it up on the table.

“Right Sandra, place the frog legs in and then we will start.”

This done, Jim turned the handle of the grinder and the frog legs were shredded down into the container placed below the grinder. Happy in their work, Jim and Sandra chanted words that were akin to witchcraft. The same procedure was applied to the bat wings and eye of newt. Sandra placed her hands lovingly on top of Jim's as she helped him grind the ingredients to a pulp.

Meanwhile Elizabeth had placed the wood she gathered under a heavy metal cast iron cauldron which hung from a tripod. In time the wood would be lit when the cauldron had been filled with the components from the bowl Jim and Sandra were at present filling with frog legs, wing of bat and eye of newt.

The glass bowl was filled to the brim and was a squashy gooey mess. Everything was now ready as

Jim and Sandra brought the large bowl to the cauldron and poured it all in with the assistance of Elizabeth.

A large candle was taken from its holder. Its flame was placed to the dry wood and in no time flames were licking round the cauldron.

The naked trio linked hands, Jim between the two beautiful ladies. The ritual started as they danced round the cauldron. Chants were heard. Every now and then one of them would pour a liquid of unknown origin into the cauldron, causing clouds of steam to arise from the cauldron.

At this juncture, Sandra produced a large wooden spatula. It was placed in the gooey mess and stirred slowly with the help of Jim who placed a hand on Sandra's as she stirred. Sandra looked at Jim with loving eyes.

"See Elizabeth, Sandra does it slowly and better will the outcome be for all."

"Please let me try with you, Jim. I'll not do it so fast this time."

"Well, just this once. If you make a mistake, then Sandra and I will be doing it all the time." Jim received great a big kiss and a loving smile from Sandra.

Oh lucky Jim! How I envy him.

Inside the cauldron the ingredients were boiling, bubbling, and emitting foul odours. It was well known in the region that every four or five weeks a vile smell came from the vicinity of the Misses Elizabeth and Sandra home.

Our naked trio were dancing and issuing incantations, chanting themselves into a frenzy, albeit not of a sexual nature at least for now. They had progressed

into the middle of the night with their dancing and chanting and the sweat was running off their brows.

“Stop!” commanded Jim. “Bring me that goblet, woman” were the words spoken to Sandra.

Both women watched anxiously as Jim placed the silver goblet in the boiling hot gooey mess. He withdrew the filled goblet, placed it to his lips, took a small sip and savoured it.

“Yes ladies, it is good. We have done well this night and our work is done.” Jim held the goblet out to the ladies to taste. Each took a sip and their eyes lit up.

“Marvellous!” both exclaimed.

“Then let’s not waste any more time. Fill a bottle, then retire to your boudoir and leave the potion to simmer the night away.”

This was done and Jim with his arms round the well-shaped bodies of the ladies made his way to their boudoir.

Oh lucky Jim! how I envy him.

Dawn was breaking and there was Jim with his hands round Elizabeth and Sandra in their double four poster bed. He yawned and stretched his arm.

“You’re not tired are you, Jim?” asked both Elizabeth with a certain amount of concern.

Jim looked at his naked girlfriends and laughed. “No, girls, this thing has an erection for days and days. You know it will never go down. It is just I need a little of the invigorating liquid.”

So saying, Jim picked up the bottle they had filled from the cauldron and took a swig.

“It’s nearly finished.”

“Don’t worry about that, Jim. We will soon be filling the bottles, the cauldron will have cooled by now,” said Elizabeth, fondly stroking the hard erection projecting from Jim’s body.

“Indeed, Elizabeth, that will be harder work. I suggest we have some breakfast, rest a while, then bottles of the elixir of life can be produced.”

“Excellent idea, Jim. We may be having our pleasure with you but we haven’t forgotten one of your own pleasures,” Sandra informed Jim.

“Oh Sandra, I could kiss you. I’ll put then on right after breakfast.”

“Then you can kiss me as well for we both picked the clothes, although we have already done plenty of kissing this morning.” Elizabeth gave a cackle that sounded very similar to that of a witch.

Sandra made breakfast and conversation flowed among all as they ate.

“How is the coven coming along, girls?” asked Jim.

“Slowly,” answered Sandra, “it’s hard to find another eleven round these parts.”

“Anyone here would have to start as a novice, not being born into the craft as Sandra and I were.”

“Yes,” said Jim, “weren’t your mothers two of Macbeth’s witches?”

“That they were. You know, Mother was here only the other week. She still has her beauty. Bill Shakespeare got it all wrong. Mother looks nothing like the old hag with the crooked nose he has portrayed her as.”

“Arrived on her broomstick did she, Sandra?” laughed Jim.

“Now don’t you make a mockery of my mother, Jim. Actually she came here in her chauffeur- driven car if you must know.”

“Pity that. I think brooms are becoming outdated in covens at present. Maybe someday we’ll see all you witches arriving at the convention on broomsticks.”

“Hope springs eternal,” smiled Elizabeth.

“Tell me, girls. You’re descended from two of Macbeth’s witches. Whatever happened to the third one?”

“We’ve been trying to find her or any of her family for hundreds of years,” said Sandra.

“Someone told me she became Prime Minister Margaret something or other,” Elizabeth informed her friends.

“Something tells me that Ariadne will be knocking at the door soon. ”

“Why would that be, Elizabeth?” queried Sandra.

“She kept asking questions about the mash we served her.”

“Oh yes, I remember that. Elizabeth, married is she?”

“No, a widow I am told.”

“Got a boyfriend, girlfriend?”

“Not that I have been informed of. ”

Sandra broke out in laughter.

“What was that all about, Sandra??” asked a curious Jim.

“If she isn’t married and doesn’t have a boyfriend or girlfriend, the only way she can release her sexual

tension, which as you know the mash is very much responsible for, is the old five finger exercise.”

A burst of laughter was heard from everyone.

“But seriously, girls, you know what your mission is from the Master down below, yes?”

“Yes, our purpose is to make the elderly sexually active, which you must admit has been a great success. Why do you think there are so many that join our record club, with more every month?”

“Word has been passed to Him below. As you very well know, house prices have rocketed in this district as the elderly scramble to buy them.”

“True Jim, it makes it all worth the trouble. We have revised the process since that mix-up the other year. ”

“Elizabeth, you know I hold you responsible for that disaster. You were going too fast in the stirring of the mixture.”

“I’m sorry for that. It all happened when that nice Mrs Appleby and her husband came round. We had just made a new batch of the mash and run off the liquid. You had left by then to see some other of your girlfriends; I wish you wouldn’t do that, Jim. Aren’t Sandra and I not enough for you? You know we would service you perfectly day and night.

“Anyway, Emily Appleby and her husband Howard dropped in for their monthly supply of the elixir. Sandra served them some mash and elixir as we usually do when guests drop in. What followed was like some X-rated movie. No sooner had Howard put his glass down than Emily found her skirts up and her knickers down. They were like rabbits, oblivious to the fact that Sandra and I were spectators to their sexual activities. Emily had lifted her legs on the shoulders of her husband and was shouting words of encouragement to Howard. I admired the elderly pair. They

were both in their sixties. ‘They’ll do themselves a mischief,’ I thought as they found themselves in positions that even a contortionist would find difficult.

“Somebody should get a bucket of water and throw it over the pair, I thought. They were like two dogs in heat. Eventually they stopped; whither through exhaustion or from lack of ideas I couldn’t tell. Howard was in no fit state to drive his car home. Sandra drove them home while I cautiously tasted the left overs of that which had been served to Emily Appleby and her husband. My tasting detected a very spicy tang, not the taste I expected. When Sandra came back, we decided to either dump the batch or dilute it; otherwise everybody would be humping each other at the next record club meeting. Sandra told me that Emily Appleby and her husband were at it again in the back seat of her car on the way home.”

“So everything came back to normal after you diluted the elixir, Elizabeth?” enquired Jim.

“Not exactly. There wasn’t anything like an orgy at the record meeting, but word spread that Emily was pregnant. True to the rumours, nine months later a lovely bouncing boy was delivered by Emily. Congratulations were received by the happy couple and club members showered the couple with all sorts of baby things. There were a massive amounts of elderly couples joined the record club after it became known that Emily gave birth to her child. As you know, Jim, we had to increase the amount of elixir we made. Emily’s daughters weren’t too happy having a brother forty years younger than them.”

“Stop it, Elizabeth, I’m splitting my sides with laughter. Girls, it is time we went back to work.”

“Right, Jim. First we’ll dress you in the skirts and frocks you long for.”

Now back in the ladies boudoir, both set to work on Jim with makeup and clothes.

“Hey, what’s with this Victorian stuff, I wore plenty of that when the Queen was about. I’m progressing through the ages. I was looking forward to wearing the Roaring Twenties stuff. You know, flappers, the Black Bottom, the Charleston and all that nonsense. You know, short skirts with fringes on the hems, no bra and all that.”

“Sorry about that. We’ll make up for it next time, won’t we, Elizabeth?”

“Certainly. Do forgive us this time, Jim. We’ll make up for it, no bra, no corset, right?”

“Definitely no corset. This one is killing me.”

This brought a fit of cackles from the ladies. “It’s not easy being a woman,” laughed Elizabeth,

“But I’m not a woman!” answered the bold Jim.

Elizabeth looked at Sandra and laughed. Both the beautiful ladies wrinkled their noses in unison, then Sandra told Jim standing there in his Victorian ladies gear, “Well, you are now.”

True to their word, Jim now sported a lovely pair of ample breasts and a beautiful pussy below to go with it.

“Thanks girls, how can I ever thank you? I know we’ll have some girlie fun in your boudoir after we finish work.”

“I don’t know. Elizabeth and I prefer you as a man.”

“But you’re lesbians, aren’t you, girls?”

“Everybody thinks we are and we reluctantly indulge in lesbian practices. What we really want is a man and the only man we want who can satisfy our lust is yourself, Jim, no other man, well warlock.”



“What about me? Don’t I have any say in the matter?” asked warlock Jim.

“Well,” said one of the two lovely witches, “I suppose for one afternoon we could all be women together, but only one afternoon. Then you’re back to the man we desire for the rest of the time you’re here.”

“Fair enough. I’ll take that, from woman to man. ”

Oh lucky Jim! How I envy HER.

So three pretty women, witches, warlock or whatever they presumed to be, made their way back to the basement, fully dressed this time.

Bottles were filled, corks put on and gold foil wrapped round the tops to be placed in their large fridge. All that was left in the large cauldron was the gooey mess which was scooped out into metal containers and placed in the freezer till such time as it may be needed.

“Its playtime, girls,” remarked Jim.

“Time to retire too our boudoir for fun, fun, fun” said one of the happy girls.

The three heroines were soon in the four poster bed doing to each other what lesbians are supposed to do to each other.

Jim never had his pussy felt so much in her life by his/her lesbian witch partners.

“Aren’t you supposed to be lesbians? You could have fooled me,” warlock Jim asked

“When there is no man around, and you are the only man we care for, then we do the lesbian stuff so we may as well do it right, don’t you agree, Sandra?”

“Yes but who wants to be a lesbian when there is a real man around to do the heterosexual stuff with us?”

“I agree, Elizabeth. I think its man time for Jim. He’s had his lesbian fun, it’s time we had our man fun.”

A couple of female noses wrinkled and voila, there stood a naked Jim with one of the biggest erections that one is likely to ever see.

Elizabeth and Sandra couldn’t keep their eyes off it. It was permanent, at least till Jim left, many days hence.

You may be wondering as to the effects of the elixir of life potion? Elizabeth and Sandra had to make it once a month to retain their youthful complexion, shapely bodies, and agile figures. Once the elixir was taken, their appearance was very youthful, attractive, and desirable. As the weeks progressed, they quickly passed the various stages of womanhood till, as at the record club meetings, they had the appearance of mature women. They needed their monthly doze of elixir; if they didn’t get it, the aging procedure would continue till they would look like Bill Shakespeare described the tree witches in Macbeth; three old hags with warts and crooked noses. At the present, one could never imagine Elizabeth and Sandra would ever turn into that sort of woman, or witches.

Lucky Jim was pumping his girlfriends stupid, that is the he version of Jim, not the she version. While Emily and her husband may have been contortionists, Elizabeth, Sandra and Jim could have taught them a thing or two about contortion. After all, they had been taught by the greatest teacher of them all, him down below.

It was endless sex, sex, sex, nights and days, never stopping, excepting for something to eat. Unfortunately eating and drinking had to get in the way of

sex. Look on the bright side of life; there was always more sex after.

Oh, lucky Jim, Elizabeth, Sandra. How I envy them!

It is a well-known fact that witches have familiars, the best known one being a cat and, typically a black one. Elizabeth and Sandra did have a cat, a Persian, a big fluffy grayish-silver cat called Thomas. How old Thomas was will never be known, for he came with the house and that was bought fifteen years ago. Thomas at that time looked old and scraggly. Looking at Thomas today you wouldn't think it was the same cat; his appearance was almost kittenish and he was so frisky. Since the change in Thomas, the cat population had somewhat increased around the district, most of these kittens had a similar appearance to Thomas funny that. Wherever there was a female cat in the district, Thomas knew where to find her.

It was Elizabeth who received complaints from some of the neighbours who had prize cats kept for breeding purposes and cat shows about the likeness of their half breed kittens to Thomas. What would she do about it? What could she do about it? Elizabeth knew full well the reason for the sprightly kittenish Thomas. It was all Sandra's fault; she kept feeding him the mash and the elixir of life liquid. Thomas was not a stupid cat by any means; he knew when he was onto a good thing.

One day Elizabeth wagged her finger at Thomas. "If you don't stop your nonsense with your lady friends, it's the vet you will be going to and neutered you'll be."

The prospect of becoming Thomasina didn't appeal to Thomas. Thomas would be a pussy with a pussy!? He arched his back, hissed, spit, flexed his claws, and ripped the stockings Elizabeth was wearing. Then he lightly padded over to Sandra and rubbed himself against her legs. Who was the good witch, Elizabeth the bad witch in Thomas' eyes.

Sandra picked the cat up stroked his back Sandra placed a saucer of the elixir of life liquid and a plate of the mash in front of Thomas. He devoured it quickly with a satisfied smack of his lips.

“Out you go for the night, your number one girlfriend is waiting for you, Thomas.”

“You’re only encouraging that cat, Sandra,” said Elizabeth.

“Well, why can’t he have the same fun we have with Jim? It’s only right, isn’t it?”

Elizabeth didn’t answer.

Thomas was out like a shot as soon as his mistress opened the front door. There was the big Manx cat waiting for him. She was his favourite mainly because she hadn’t a tail to get in his way when they did it whatever it was they did in the bushes. When he was tired of her, there was always the Siamese and the Burmese. Thomas knew where they all hung out at night. He could come back and finish with his old girlfriend, the big Manx, as she never tired of him.

What Thomas liked about the big Manx cat was that with all the noise the pair made in the bushes, it was not uncommon for someone to throw a brick or stones at them, even a bucket of water. It never put the big Manx off her stride; she just carried on doing whatever they were doing, which was not so some of the others. Such goings-on scared them off.

Thomas would be tired out by the time dawn came around and he would slink back home, crawl into his basket and be out for the rest of the day. Thomas would dream of the time he was a scraggy cat, a bag of bones. Now he was as fit as a fiddle. With that stuff his mistress fed him, he was going to live forever and have his pick of lady friends. This was one cat that certainly got the cream. Come night, his mistress would give him that mash and liquid stuff he liked so much and he was rejuvenated and ready to meet his

girlfriends once again. Thomas was never short of girlfriends.

Oh lucky cat! How I envy it.

MUMSY'S SOLO ACT

Ariadne Wright had come home late that night from the record club. She felt sexy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror. She hadn't been so pretty since she-didn't-know-when. That itch between her legs needed relief. If Vivian had been there that tight, Mumsy would have received what she always wanted from her son. However that was not to be; stupidly she had steered Vivian to that gay boy who called himself Abigail when dressed in women's clothes. Mumsy wanted her son to be what some vulgarly call a motherfucker. Mumsy didn't like such vile terms. In her mind, Vivian would be a son who loved his mother in every way a son should.

She was all alone in her boudoir this night. There was only one person who could give her satisfaction at the present time, herself. There was only one way that could be achieved, the old five finger exercise. The last time Mumsy had to resort to that drastic means of sexual relieve, she was still a spinster.

"Oh well," thought Mumsy, "if you're going to do that, you may as well look the part."

Mumsy stripped herself down to the buff and placed her war paint on her dressing table, ready to start the beauty process. Mumsy, after her elixir of life drink at the record club, was as pretty as a picture. All Mumsy was doing was aiding her appearance by means of makeup to make her look like a drop dead gorgeous woman.

So there was Mumsy applying cleansing creams lotions and all that nonsense to her face. Mumsy was without clothes and no prettier sight could one see than the naked curvaceous body of Mumsy. Who

could blame Vivian if he saw his mother and wanted to join the motherfucker's club, but he wasn't there.

Mumsy prepared herself as if for her son to see how pretty she was. Mumsy had finished her makeup to her satisfaction, then opened her jewel box. If she was going to have her enjoyment, then she must have her accessories to be even prettier her appearance if that was possible.

From the jewel box out came her bangle marquise watch. The bangle was placed on one wrist, her watch on the other, followed by her diamond necklace and matching dropper earrings. Mumsy was all ready for the five finger exercise. She hadn't forgotten anything, had she? Well, it couldn't be as perfect as she wanted for Vivian wasn't there. Regardless of that fact, the five finger exercise must begin. Mumsy sat in a petite bedroom chair with French cabriole legs in front of her dressing table mirror. Now Mumsy could see all the action at her leisure.

Mumsy exercised her fingers in front of the mirror just to see them active and agile. Maybe some hand cream on the finger tips would make them just a bit more slippery, make it easier to get to the heart of the matter. Now it was time to open her legs for easier access, and a good view in the mirror. Now she could get down to the business at hand, no pun intended.

Mumsy glanced between her legs; her clit was standing to erection waiting for its share of the fun. Pity Vivian wasn't here to have his fun with Mumsy. Another time perhaps. No time for delay, the right hand was always good for starters. Gently, gently the tips lightly touched the stiff clit, and Mumsy sighed. She jiggled her fingers over the stiff profusion which by the look of it seemed to be liking this agitation. It swelled, adding length and rose to meet Mumsy's creamed fingers, which smelled nice. That clit wanted attention from every one of Mumsy fingers, not leaving the thumb out. Oh, that was the best part.

That digit was plunged into her holy of holies to give herself pleasure. Of course her self-manipulation was accomplished by images of her dear son Vivian on the night stand. In Mumsy's mind, Vivian was always there in the male role and doing to a female what a male would usually do to a female in a sexual mode. Mumsy snapped out of dreaming; a lovely pleasant feeling was surging through her body. She looked in the mirror once more and realized she must slow the procedure down, otherwise there would be a sticky mess on the petite French chair with the cabriole legs.

It was time to give her right hand fingers a rest and let the left hand do its share of the work. The left hand fingers slipped easily inside Mumsy and made a squishy noise as Mumsy worked them one by one in and out of her pussy, as Mumsy watched in the mirror in front of her.

Mumsy's rolling ride to happiness was nearing completion. Her fingers were going nonstop. Her pussy was about to erupt and explode, sending its lava all over the place.

Mumsy watched herself in the mirror as she kept diddling; it was fascinating to watch her gusher blow its top like an oil well. "Oh," thought Mumsy, "that's tonight entertainment cum to a sticky end." A visit to Misses Elizabeth and Sandra was in order in the coming week. "Nice women," she thought.

VIVIAN AND MORE BALLET BOYS IN TIGHTS

Abigail was becoming fed up with sticking her member up Vivian backside. Her anus wanted attention and penetration. Tonight it would be a threesome; Derek, another ballet boy, would be the third member. She had thought of Clive but Abigail was tiring of Clive up her backside. Derek would be a nice change. Derek would have double pleasure for not only would Abigail have her bum felt, Vivian was go-

ing to have his backdoor roasted, although he didn't know that yet.

Abigail had purchased what was called an imitation pussy; when put on, it was almost impossible to tell this fake pussy from the real item. However it was with difficulty that the creation was put on. Abigail was stepping into the device; her legs went through the two openings and it was pulled up her legs to where a woman's pussy would be. Within this fake pussy was a pouch where one could place their male member out of sight. The latex fake pussy adhered tightly to the body. It was a fleshy colour and blended nicely with the body tone. The pussy itself had hair round it and could be entered by any male member. On entering, one would think they may be having sex with a woman. The contraption could be kept on for days and days. All that was needed was to sponge it down with soap and water every day. Abigail had even used it while doing the ballet. On observing his appearance people would have sworn they were looking at a woman. So tightly did his woman's tights stick to his body that the outline of a woman's pussy could be seen.

He was in it now and looked forward to being fucked by Derek for he had the constitution of an ox. As soon he was finished with her, his stiff member would be transferred to Vivian who was going to feel something up his backdoor he had never felt before. Derek had a whopper bigger than any of the guys in the ballet, Abigail would know for she had had them all in her rectum at one time or another.

Derek would pick her up; Vivian would already be there for she had told him to be. Derek would take them in his car to the gay bar he usually frequented on a Saturday night. He would get Vivian pissed, come back to his flat, and fuck the brains out both Abigail and Vivian. Abigail's member was already erecting in the pouch which one could not see.

Vivian was seated in Abigail's flat. He was informed that a man called Derek would accompany

them on their rounds of pubs. He wasn't too happy about that. He wanted Abigail all to him, seeing that Mumsy wasn't there. Maybe some time he and Mumsy would...

Just then the door bell rang and in came Derek.

Vivian looked at this giant of a man. He was a ballet boy? He looked like a fairy elephant, nothing like the slim lithe young athletic effeminate boys that ponce around in the ballet.

"Well Vivian, I think we will get on alright tonight," boomed Derek who promptly grabbed Vivian round the waist and started kissing him.

Abigail stood with her hands on her hips, most annoyed. "Hey Derek, I'm the main attraction tonight. It's me your supposed to fuck, not Vivian."

Derek pulled his lips away from Vivian long enough to say, "Don't worry, babe, you'll get your share of the action. I'll screw the arse off you."

Abigail's heart skipped a beat at the thought and she meekly said, "OK but don't forget we have a round of the pubs to do first."

As Vivian hit the settee he wondered what that was all about. He had never kissed a man before. True, he had kissed Abigail, a man in women's clothes but that was different. She didn't look anything like a man. Just what was this Derek going to do to him? It wasn't as if he had never had his bum felt. Abigail had done that many times, however from the bulge in this Derek's pants, he looked as if he had more to offer. That thought scared Vivian. Could he take what Derek had?

Soon all found themselves in Derek's car heading for a well-known gay watering hole. Abigail found herself getting the eye from some gay boys whom she didn't mind. They would be noted for a later time.

While Abigail took some ladylike beverages and Vivian accepted a glass of white wine, Derek was sinking pints of lager like the place was running out of it. Vivian kept looking at this Derek. How the hell did he ever become involved with ballet? They must have been one shor that day and took him in.

Derek had never had so many effeminate bum boys in his life; despite his rough male exterior he was inclined that way himeslf. They would gather round him in their tight ballet tights and his hand could wander to have a feel of one of their derrieres.

“Oh Derek, you are awful but I like you,” was heard from some ballet boy.

Vivian wore no ballet tights but that didn't stop Derek from slipping a hand into Vivian's fly and having a feel of his member.

A few more pubs and all become a bit more pie eyed. Derek certainly was. With his hands round the waists of Abigail and Vivian, he said, “Come on, girls. Let's go back to Abigail's and I'll fuck the arses of both of you.”

Vivian was now being called a girl. What was this Derek going to do to him?

Back in Abigail's flat, in her bedroom, Abigail let this fairy elephant unzip her dress clumsily for there was no finesse from Derek or could she expect any. She was going to have a real man for a change. Mind you, it could be rough going but the rewards would be worth it. Maybe Vivian could sit and watch and take notes for future reference.

Abigail stood in her bra and panties and stockings but not for long as she hit the bed with man mountain Derek on top of her. If she expected her panties to be gently taken down her legs, she was very much mistaken. Derek ripped them from her to expose Abigail's fake pussy. What a delight! His erection

twitched, his trousers were withdrawn and his cock was soon inside the fake pussy.

“This is wonderful!” thought Abigail, “a real man at last.” Forget about her ballet mates that had been up her backside in the past. They were novices. She put her arms round Derek’s neck, embraced him and whispered sweet nothings in his ear, hoping he would never take his cock out of her.

Unfortunately her sweet nothings fell on deaf ears for Derek’s eyes had wondered to Vivian. Derek wanted him on the bed beside him and Abigail.

“Get your clothes off NOW!”

“Oh help!” thought Vivian, “where is Mumsy now? I’d gladly have incest than face what this giant of a man is about to insert in my backdoor.”

Poor helpless Vivian had to obey, otherwise he would have his face smashed in. It was with some trepidation that a naked Vivian found himself in bed beside Derek. In no time Derek had his hard member up Vivian’s anus. It was sore unlike when Abigail, who was gentle with him, took him. Not so Derek who couldn’t care less as long as he was enjoying himself. A length of male member slid all the way in Vivian. Vivian was under the impression it was long enough to touch his tonsils. All Vivian could do was lie there and hope nothing would be ruptured and his backdoor would remain in one piece.

Then the dreaded words came from up above. “This is one fine piece of ass. I’m having more of that!”

Abigail was not one bit pleased to hear that; she wished she had never brought Vivian here for she was being neglected.

“Hey big boy, what about me?”

“Don’t worry, sweetheart. You’ll have your turn next as a respite from Vivian,” was heard from Derek.

So she was playing second fiddle to Vivian. That was not what Abigail planned on. All the frustrated girl could do was watch her boyfriend get fucked by Derek as his tool easily came out and plunge in once more.

It was with some relief to Vivian that Derek's attentions were now transferred to Abigail. He didn't even watch, he just shut his eyes and took a nap.

Then it was his turn again. This time he was on his back, facing the ugly face of Derek. He had to kiss it, hadn't he? That decision was taken away from him as Derek descended on his lips while his cock entered him once more. "He never gives up, does he," thought Vivian.

Vivian had to endure the assault on his backdoor again.

"I love you so much. Say you'll be mine forever."

"No way!" thought Vivian. "As soon as I can remove myself from here, I'll be shot of you. Never again."

During all this, Abigail was not too pleased for Vivian was getting fucked the way she should have been. That would be the last time Vivian would be invited on a threesome with Derek. If Vivian had known, he would have jumped with joy.

At last it was all over and Vivian could go home and console himself with Mumsy. Trouble was, on arriving home there was no sight of Mumsy.

MUMSY JOINS THE CLUB

It was a nice spring morning. Everything in the garden was rosy and Mumsy felt really with it. She had looked at her complexion in the mirror this morning. Very pretty she was, if she said so herself. It was time she paid a visit to Misses Elizabeth and Sandra. They did say she could come back any time

for more of that liquid stuff and the mash also. As she made her way to their place, she passed the house next door where new neighbours had recently moved in. There were two women in the garden with a watering can and pruning shears. Mumsy couldn't quite see their faces. They seemed friendly as they waved to her as she passed. She must invite them to lunch one day.

All the gardens seemed to be in bloom at the wealthy mansions in the district, a veritable sea of Technicolor. There was a large garden in front of the house of the Misses Elizabeth and Sandra. Mumsy thought she saw a Manx cat slink into the bushes as she walked up to the front door. Mumsy chapped on the brass cat-shaped knocker and it was opened by Sandra.

"I thought I would give you a call seeing I was nearby, Sandra."

"We are more than delighted to welcome visitors anytime, Ariadne. Do come in and have a chat."

Mumsy noticed Sandra looked a lot younger than she had at the record club. Elizabeth, when she was again introduced to her, seemed younger still. "It's something to do with this liquid and mash thing, I'm certain," thought Mumsy. Thomas the cat made an appearance, unusual for him at this time of the day he was usually knackered after his round of lady friends. He came and rubbed him against the stocking legs of Mumsy; she stroked his back. He liked that. Sandra took note.

"Well, here we are," said Elizabeth, laying down a bowl of mash and a glass of liquid before Mumsy. That was just what she wanted and what she had come for.

"Don't worry dear, you'll have a bottle and tin full of mash before you leave."

Meanwhile Sandra was trying to catch the eye of Elizabeth.

“You must excuse me, dear, while Elizabeth and I make up the mash and liquid in the kitchen. Come, Elizabeth.”

In the kitchen Elizabeth seemed most annoyed. “What is it now, Sandra? I was having a nice chin wag with Ariadne and you’ve spoiled it all.”

“Do you remember what He From Down Below said the other day?”

“Of course I do! I can’t get to sleep because of it. He said, ‘You two get your arse into gear or you’re coming back here to help stoke the fire.’”

“Yes, he wasn’t pleased we have been here so long with no sign of a coven, I think we have our first candidate right here, Elizabeth.”

“You don’t mean Ariadne, Sandra?”

“The signs are all there. Did you see how Thomas was sniffing around her? When did you ever see that cat up at this time of day? I tell you that cat knows something. It can smell a witch out anywhere. She will be our first neophyte. She has a lot to learn but she has two of the best that know everything there is to know in witchcraft.” Sandra finished with one of her cackles.

“There is one snag, Sandra.”

“Oh and what would that be, Elizabeth?”

“We are going to have to share her with Jim, aren’t we?”

“True but if we raise a whole coven, Jim will have to satisfy thirteen of us all in one night. On the plus side, our first guest will be Him from downstairs.

Wouldn't it be marvelous if you or I conceived a baby by him?"

Oh lucky Jim and Him Down Below! How I envy them.

"Oh I would just love to bring up Damien. Mind you there must be a lot of Damiens for it is always darkness somewhere in the world. So as soon as He From Down Below is finished here, he will be off to America or Australia to satisfy our sisters there."

"You know what they say, no rest for the wicked."

There followed a chorus of cackles from both of the beautiful women.

"Then let's stop gabbing and get down to business in the drawing room right now," said Sandra, always the practical one.

"Yes and give her the business," added Elizabeth.

Mumsy found herself in the middle of Elizabeth and Sandra, both with their hands round her shoulder. It seemed like it might be a good time to inquire on the health of that elderly man they called Jim.

"How is Jim? You both seemed keen on him," Mumsy asked.

Sandra looked at Elizabeth and Elizabeth at Sandra. "You could be seeing a lot more of him, Ariadne, in the near future," Elizabeth answered.

"Oh, I would like that. He seems a nice man."

"He is, Ariadne, when you know him like we do."

These two women were supposed to be lesbians but from the way they talked about this Jim, it sounded as if they may have had carnal knowledge with him. Surely not at his age.

“Now eat up your mash and wash it all down with the liquid.”

Mumsy had already done that but wasn't going to say no as Sandra spoon fed her and Elizabeth poured out a glass full of the liquid.

Sandra winked at Elizabeth who nodded. Mumsy saw the room going round and round in a spin, then she was out like a light.

“Right. Let's take her to the bedroom. When she wakes, the fun can begin. What did you slip in the drink, Elizabeth?”

“Knockout drops, then Spanish Fly. Why?”

“What a deadly concoction that is. She'll be climbing the walls and it will take all our time to satisfy her. Looks like an all-night session.”

“Do you think it will work, Sandra?”

“Of course it will. She'll be taking up permanent residence here. It'll be hard to stop her from going between the sheets with us every night.”

“Then we may as well take a rest till the action begins. Did you get all that 1920s gear for Jim when he comes calling next month?”

“Of course I did. Feather boa and all flapper stuff; cloche hat, black Chemise dress, waists that drop, hemlines that rise. He doesn't need corsets or bras; they let it all hang out during the Twenties. The Charleston and Black Bottom I taught myself in case he/she cares for a dance. Don't worry, Jim will have the full treatment. He'll be a flapper, a dashing young thing with skirts flying, a long pearl necklace swinging round her neck as she does the Charleston showing all she has underneath to all. I tell you, Jim will be so excited he may do a mischief to himself.”

“You know something, Sandra? I’m fed up with calling Jim that when he/she has the skirts and knickers on. It’s not right.”

“I’m with you there. He should have a woman’s name more fitting for the Roaring Twenties. What about Dorothy? That was a popular name around then.”

“Yes, that’s it. From now on, like it or not, when she has the skirts frocks and knickers on, it’s Dorothy.”

Not-so Lucky Jim had no say in the matter.

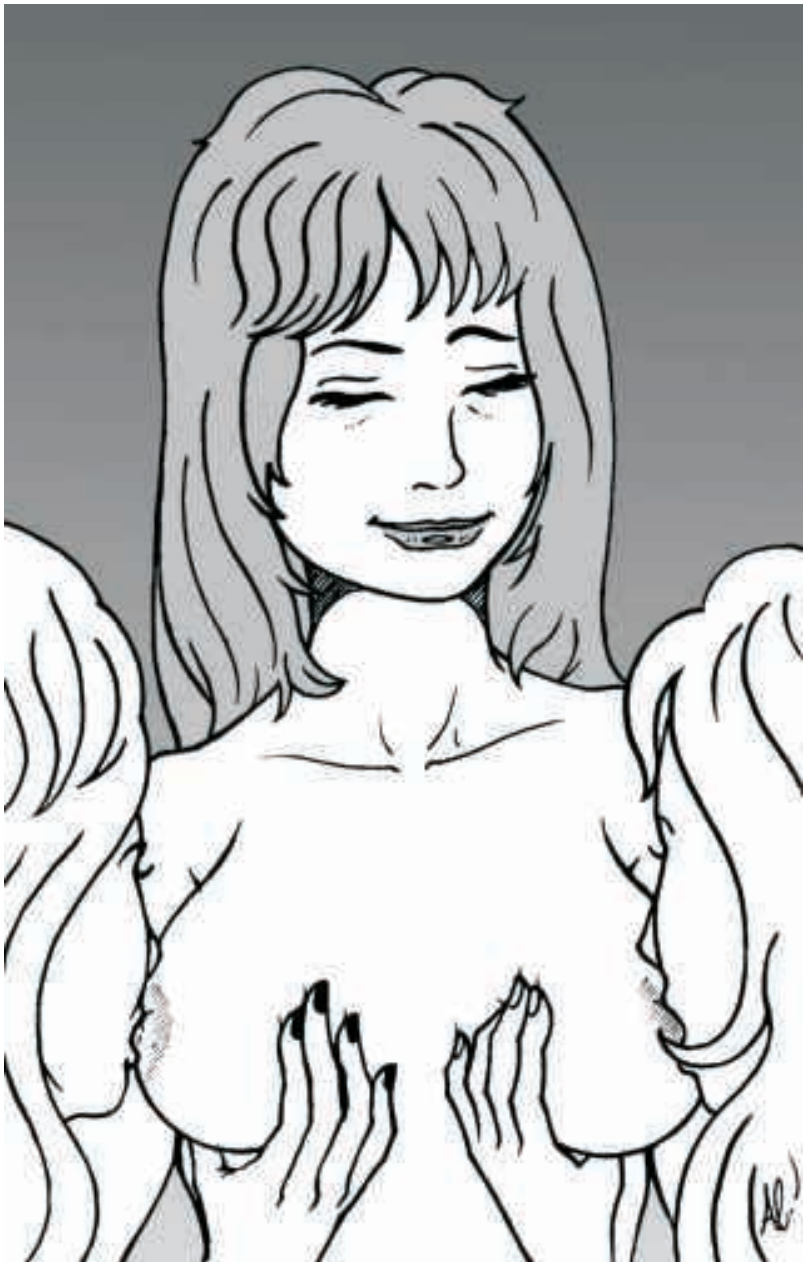
By this time Mumsy was beginning to come back to daylight. “Where am I and who are you?”

“Don’t you worry about such trifling matters. You’re in the arms of two loving women. You’re about to be led into a wonderland of love and we are here to teach you,” answered Sandra.

Mumsy found her breasts taken by Elizabeth and Sandra who seemed to be making a good job of sucking and licking them. Mumsy wasn’t really a lesbian; that side of her had never been explored before. She wasn’t complaining, however. She wanted to get into the action herself.

Soon Sandra found her tits being attended to by Mumsy, making good work of it for a beginner. Meanwhile Elizabeth was between Mumsy’s legs, doing a spot of muff diving and licking her out. Mumsy turned her attention to that which was between Sandra legs. Mumsy ended up in various combinations of herself with Elizabeth, then Sandra, doing all sorts of lesbian things to each other. Even the dildo got into the action among the ladies.

Eventually all three women ended up in a delicious daisy chain as was bound to happen.



As if matters were not exciting enough, they became more decadent by the minute. He downstairs was in favour of such couplings. He would be, wouldn't he?

Morning saw the bodies of three women sprawled all over the double bed that belonged to the Misses Elizabeth and Sandra.

“So, Ariadne, you will become a member of our coven, won't you? Then you will know all about Jim or Dorothy, depending on what mood he or she is in. We both like the Jim version, don't we, Elizabeth?”

“Give me Jim any time. I mean that cock never goes down. Endless fucking day and night nonstop!” gushed Elizabeth.

“Then why are you girls doing the lesbian stuff?” enquired Mumsy.

“Ah, well, it's like this, Ariadne. When Jim is not here, Elizabeth and I need something to pass the time. We just become friendlier to each other; it's part of our image. We do say we are lesbians so it is all the better that we practice being them.”

“Yes that's right, the more we practice the better we become,” said Elizabeth putting her two cents worth in.

“Who's knocking it? The more the merrier,” said an interested Mumsy.

Sandra quickly latched on to Mumsy's words. “That's where you come in, dear. Number Three which you are in the coven to be, is the recruiting officer for the coven.”

“Am I? What does that mean?”

“Exactly what it says, sweetheart. Your job is to recruit suitable woman to our cause for your Master Down Below,” finished Elizabeth.

“And just what is our cause?” asked Mumsy.

“He From Down Below has many causes but the one he had us focused on is fornication with the over-sixties. That’s where the elixir of life and the mash come in. I don’t have to tell you, Ariadne, how sexually active that made you, not to mention how young you look.”

“So the Master Down Below has found the secret of eternal life. I wondered what that liquid was. Count me in as one of his followers. I shall live forever.”

“Yes and forever make love to men...and women,” added Sandra.

“While it was nice making love to you, girls and I look forward to this Jim or Dorothy in which ever form he or she is in, I have but one desire in my mind.”

Sandra looked at Elizabeth and she at her. “What would that be, Ariadne?”

“It is my son Vivian that I want sex with. We almost had it many times but it never happened.”

Sandra and Elizabeth exchanged looks again.

Elizabeth spoke. “That is a very commendable desire and one of the top items on the list of our Master. However I’m sure the Master may allow you to forget that desire at least till our coven is established.”

Maybe Mumsy could go with that; it only fired her into a recruitment drive for more witches for the coven. There must be plenty of women round these parts dying to become witches. Oh yes, Mumsy would find them by hook or by crook.

Elizabeth and Sandra were quite pleased with the outcome of their meeting with Mumsy. She was not Number Three in the coven and counting.

THE WOMAN NEXT DOOR

Mumsy had decided to pay a visit to her next door neighbours who had been chosen by Sandra and Elizabeth as potential members of the coven. The spacious lawn in front of the house had been kept all neat and tidy with herbaceous borders. Mumsy had not seen any men working in the garden, just the two ladies with the watering can and pruning shears. Surely they weren't lesbians as well...or were they?

Mumsy pressed the bell push to hear the usual Westminster chimes. A pause and the door opened by an elderly-looking woman.

"I'm your next door neighbour Ariadne Wright. It was remiss of me not to have welcomed you some time ago."

"Do come in, Ariadne. You're more than welcome. We too have been somewhat remiss ourselves."

Ariadne was taken in to a nice drawing room where another lady sat with what looked like embroidery on her lap.

"Hester dear, we have company."

The woman called Hester looked up from her embroidery. "Indeed we have, Edwina dear. You must make the tea and scones and use the best china. Do sit down, dear, it's not often we have such charming company. Don't you look so young. What's your name?"

"How forgetful of me, Hester dear. This is Ariadne, our next door neighbour," was said by Edwina.

"Now you hurry along, Edwina. We don't want to keep our guest waiting, do we?" Edwina hurried away like she was used to taking orders from Hester.

"It is so quiet and peaceful here one could almost commune with nature, don't you think, Hester?"

“I couldn’t agree with you more, Ariadne. One of the reasons I came here was to get away from the hustle and bustle of city life. You know I had my own company in the city. Tannery, cow hides, and all that. I tell you the stink was putrid. I was glad to sell the business off, come here, and breathe fresh air. Mind you it was a good going business. They got a bargain but I’m not complaining. Ah, here comes Edwina with the tea and scones.”

Edwina placed the China cups and plates down on the table before all. Edwina poured out tea.

Mumsy for the first time had a good look at Hester. What came to mind was how like herself was Hester in appearance? Not the new Mumsy as she was now but the old Mumsy, the only difference being Hester’s breasts were a lot larger than Mumsy’s ever were. An idea was formulating in Mumsy’s mind. She was landed with this job as a recruiting officer for the coven. Elizabeth and Sandra had said their Master approved of the incest she desired although that would have to be put aside till the coven got off the ground. Maybe this Hester could take her place in the affections of Vivian. Hester was so much like the old Mumsy they could have been twins.

Hester, of course, knew nothing of all this. After all, she had never seen the old Mumsy. In fact she thought she was talking to a pretty young thing.

“You and Edwina must pay me a visit soon for lunch. I will introduce you to my son Vivian.”

“Still at kindergarten is he, Ariadne?” enquired Hester.

“Not at all, Hester. Vivian is a full-grown young man.”

Hester looked at Mumsy. This young woman had a grown-up son? She didn’t look old enough for that. She must see this son Vivian or whatever he was called.

“Edwina and I will be most delighted to take your offer up for lunch and meet this son of yours.”

Mumsy looking at the two ladies and thought they could do with going to Elizabeth and Sandra and the record club. That would only spoil her plans for Hester and Vivian. The elixir of life would make Hester so young. But there would be no mentioning of that. She would have to look elsewhere for recruits for the coven.

Mumsy wasn't the same Mumsy now, thought Vivian. She was so young. He preferred the older version, the more mature Mumsy. If he wanted a younger woman, there was always Abigail. He did like her; however there was one stumbling block, Derek. The thought of meeting him again didn't exactly please Vivian. That monster cock up his backside almost made him sick. Now that Derek said he fancied Vivian, it was either him or his backdoor he fancied. Vivian couldn't care less, he just didn't want to be anywhere near Derek...ever.

Mumsy had said she had invited the ladies next door over for lunch. Maybe that would take would his mind off Derek and his monster cock. Vivian wondered if they were the same two ladies that Mumsy seemed to spend all night with. Whatever did they get up to? Since then Mumsy began to look much younger. Where had the old Mumsy, the one he would gladly join the motherfuckers club for, gone?

Vivian was rather looking forward to meeting the ladies next door. Mumsy had said he would like the one called Hester,. In fact she seemed to be saying a lot about this Hester, all of it positive.

Vivian, believe it or not, was becoming quite excited about this forthcoming visit. The last time that happened it was Abigail and look at the trouble that landed him in. The big day had arrived and Mumsy

insisted he take a bath and wash behind his ears just like he was a little boy again.

“We don’t want Hester and Edwina thinking I haven’t brought up a nice and clean boy, do we, Vivian?”

“But I’m not a boy anymore, Mumsy.”

“Don’t say that, Vivian! You’ll always be my little boy,” said Mumsy, hugging him tightly to her bosom.

Vivian thought he may have seen a tear in Mumsy’s eyes; he had for she was giving up her desire to have carnal knowledge with her son.

The afternoon arrived and there was Mumsy welcoming Heater and Edwina in her drawing room. Vivian had been delayed as he was sorting out a tie to wear to meet the ladies. He chose an old university one as it happened.

As he entered the drawing room, Vivian saw three ladies talking among themselves. Mumsy and one lady were facing him; the other had her back to him.

Mumsy rose on the entrance of her son. “Ladies, this is my son Vivian, Vivian, this is Edwina.” Vivian shook hands with her.

Then Mumsy introduced the lady who had her back to Vivian. “This is Hester,” said Mumsy. Hester rose to shake hands with Vivian.

Vivian froze at the appearance of Hester. This was Mumsy, or at least someone who had the appearance of Mumsy. Vivian decided at once he was going to like this woman. He wanted to know more about her. He had fallen in love with her immediately, he wanted to kiss her.

Vivian sat on the couch beside this angel from heaven. Mumsy, not knowing his thoughts, smiled on her son as he sat there mesmerised by Hester,

hanging on to her every word. From the smile on Mumsy's face, Vivian knew she was giving her stamp of approval on anything that might transpire between the pair.

Then Vivian thought this Hester was older and more mature than Mumsy, now that Mumsy was like a young thing. Would she know or understand the games that were played between him and Mumsy?

Then Hester let it drop that she was keen on ballet.

"Are you really, Hester? You know, Mumsy and I go there often. Tell you what, I'll order tickets and we can go together. Wouldn't that be nice?"

"Yes, you darling boy, I would love that!" Hester said, giving a knowing glance at Edwina.

The only thing about that offer that worried Vivian was Derek. He would keep well clear of going back to the dressing rooms after the show. Just how the hell did he ever get into ballet? He was never likely to get out of it for there were too many bum boys anxious to have their share of his monster cock.

Vivian wasn't worried any longer about Derek, or Abigail come to that. He centred himself on Hester and her breasts. While she was very similar in appearance to Mumsy, her tits were much larger than Mumsy's ever were. The whole Hester thing was getting to Vivian; he had an erection coming on. Unbelievable, but there it was. He just had to get to know Hester better

Dare he even imagine that they could get married down the road? Now there was a thought; if that happened, he'd have the next best thing to Mumsy every night. It would be almost incest, wouldn't it? Not quite but almost. It was the next best thing to Mumsy and it was legal.

It seemed Hester was interested in Vivian as she was quite talkative near him; Edwina kept giving

glances in their direction. Everybody seemed happy. Mumsy was pleased with the way things were going between Vivian and Hester. Vivian was pleased that Hester seemed to like him Hester was very interested in the sweet boy. That left Edwina. One could not say she was unhappy with the situation, however there were other matters going through her mind.

The happy band finally had to break up as it was becoming late. Vivian considered himself very friendly with Hester at that point and as the ladies prepared to depart, there he was at the door to give them a friendly kiss. It was on the cheek to Edwina but Hester received a full-blown kiss on the lips. This Hester returned as encouragement to the dear boy.

It would have been hard to get Vivian off the ceiling that night. Vivian actually had a wet dream about Hester just like he had before of Mumsy. Mumsy seemed pleased herself with the way all was happening between her son and Hester. However she had other matters on her mind tonight for tomorrow would be the meeting of the record club at the Misses Elizabeth and Sandra's house. She was about to meet the real Jim or Dorothy, depending on what mood he or she was in.

Hester and Edwina didn't have far to walk to their lovely mansion. Hester stopped in the garden to pick some colourful flowers. As they entered their home, Hester addressed Edwina while handing her the bunch of flowers. "Put them in a vase, Edwina, and place it here on the table in the drawing room."

"Yes of course, Hester." Edwina left and came back with a large crystal vase with the flowers in it and placed it as Hester had instructed on the middle of the table.

Hester had already poured out two glasses of wine from her nearby cocktail cabinet and handed one to Edwina as she sat down.

The first words that came from Edwina's lips as she took a sip of wine were, "Hester, I saw that smile as you looked at Vivian."

"Of course I was. You can remove all the gear from the attic; it is time it received an airing. How long has it been, Edwina?"

"A couple of years. Harry was the last to receive the treatment, I believe. But this Vivian may be a lot stronger than Harry, Hester."

"I doubt it. From the way he looked at me, you know he has fallen in love with me. I'll have him eating out of my hand."

"You mean feeding out your breasts, don't you, Hester? Then I can stop the hand pump nonsense."

"Yes and you can become Nanny Stern again. You always liked playing that part, didn't you, Edwina?"

"Yes, I believe it gives me some authority especially with a paddle in my hand to back it up."

"Well, naughty boys need taking in hand, don't they, Nanny Stern?"

"Of course and I'm always ready to show them the errors of their way with a paddle in my hand."

"It is so exciting, Edwina, just like the old days. We were a good team then. How many men went through our hands?"

"Oh, I don't know. You married three times and every husband received the same treatment, didn't they?"

"They were all naughty babies weren't they, Edwina?"

“Yes. Don’t you think it is time we changed Vivian’s gender, Hester?”

“Now that is an inspired idea, Edwina! Baby Vivian. Hmm, I wonder how he was stuck with a female name.”

“It’s a unisex name actually.”

“Whatever. It will be Baby Vivian but in female mode. We do have baby girl clothes, haven’t we?”

“Yes, I took that precaution some time ago in case we went in that direction.”

“You think of everything, Edwina. I sometimes think I don’t know what I would do without you. Now remove all that gear out the attic, wash, and iron the clothes, set the crib up in the nursery and clean the pram too. Then we are in business and set for Baby Vivian.”

Vivian Wright was about to enter the world of Adult Babies and become a girl.

While all this kerfuffle was going on next door to Mumsy, she was preparing herself for the forthcoming meeting of the record club. She paid more attention to her appearance than she had for a long time; there was a man to meet.

Mumsy arrived at the home of Elizabeth and Sandra very early.

“You may have to wait for sometime, Ariadne. Jim hasn’t flown in yet.”

“Still at the airport is he?” asked Mumsy.

“No,” answered Sandra, “he hasn’t flown in.”

“You may as well make yourself useful, Ariadne. Just fill these glasses with the elixir of life and the plates with the mash, then we are all ready for after the record session,” said Elizabeth.

“Right, girls, show me the kitchen,” Mumsy said, rolling up her sleeves in the spirit of this witchcraft stuff.

By the time Mumsy had finished, the drawing room was beginning to fill. Howard Appleby was surrounded by many elderly women making a fuss over him. Many women there had already bought the clothes and all the paraphernalia needed for a baby. This man was so fertile they simply must conceive.

The ladies may look elderly at the present time, however hours after the record club they would be very desirable women indeed. Should Howard Appleby need any advice to handle the female rush for his affections, there was a cat called Thomas who would give him plenty.

Oh Lucky Howard and his would-be harem.

Lucky Jim made his appearance about 10 minutes before the record session began. He received his favourite seat at the very front of the room and was fussed over by Elizabeth and Sandra. Mumsy was introduced to him. He eyed her up and down. “Not too shabby,” was his assessment.

First came the making of the elixir and mash. Once that was done, it was time for fun and games. Jim hoped the girls hadn’t forgotten the Roaring Twenties gear for if it was the Victorian stuff again, all that tightening of corsets would take his breath away. His corsets were killing him, as many a lady must have said in that era.

Elizabeth and Sandra were seated on either side of Jim who had an arm round each of their shoulders.

“Here, girls. I’ve brought two records to play today,” he said, handing the two 33s over to Sandra.

“We can’t do that, Jim. They’re’s not on the syllabus for this month,” said Sandra, disappointed her schedule was going to be upset.

“Do as you please, girls. It was Him downstairs that gave me these records with the express wish that you play them today.”

“Oh,” both ladies exclaimed. They were already in enough trouble with the man below for not having a proper coven. This had to receive Top Priority.

“Let me see, Jim.” He handed the records over to Elizabeth who inspected the labels.

“This will have my immediate attention.”

Elizabeth took the records out their jackets and placed one on the turntable. Facing the audience, she now spoke.

“Ladies and gentlemen, there has been a change in the programme today. I’m sorry about that, Jim who has never had one of his records played before has asked us to play two of them. It is only fair that his recordings receive a hearing, isn’t it?”

“Yes, of course,” was the consensus of the audience, prompted by Sandra.

“Thank you so much. I knew you would all understand,” continued Elizabeth. “The records you are about to hear are fModest Petrovich Mussorgsky’s ‘St John’s Night on Bear Mountain,’ followed by Camille Saint-Saens ‘Danse Macabre.’ I think you will like them.”

The records were played, followed by other classic masterpieces. There followed the serving of the elixir of life and the mash; Mumsy played a large part in that. She also helped give out parcels of the stuff as

everyone left. Everyone made sure they received their parcel. Not one parcel was left.

“A good day’s work, girls,” commented Jim. “Now it’s time we were ready for the hard work of the night. Ariadne, observe so that in the future you will know what to do.”

“Yes, Jim,” answered Mumsy weakly for this man was in charge of the ladies. They did as he asked.

“Right. To the bedroom we go and divest our clothes.” All naked, three ladies and one man made their way to the basement.

“Did you gather the wood from the trees as I told you, Elizabeth?”

“Yes, of course.”

“Did you gather the ingredients as I told you, Sandra?”

“Yes, Jim.”

Elizabeth made the fire and lit it. The caldron was placed on the tripod. Sandra and Jim had pounded the frogs legs, eye of newt, and bat wings down to pulp and placed it in the bowl, ready to empty into the caldron.

Mumsy as a neophyte witch was to take note of all that took place as Jim, Elizabeth and Sandra as they danced round the bubbling contents of the caldron.

Mumsy eventually started to get the swing of the dance and joined in only to feel a finger up her bum. It was Jim’s, actually a pleasant and she smiled towards him in encouragement. Jim was pleased with the way things were going. He even let Mumsy have a stir of the gooey mess. After some time, Jim tasted the gooey mess. “Perfect!” he proclaimed.

“Right, girls, fill a bottle and a plate of mash and make for the bedroom. Leave the mixture to cool. Then it’s fun, fun, fun for the rest of the night.”

That was just what the girls wanted, including Mumsy. She had not had sex with any man since her husband died. Just how was Vivian getting along with Hester? They seemed very friendly with each other. Mumsy must give the couple every encouragement.

Jim had Mumsy between the sheets and she getting more attention than Elizabeth and Sandra combined. Were they jealous? You bet they were. The cock that should have been inside them now occupied the inside of Ariadne. What were they to do since if everything went to plan, that same male member would find its way inside thirteen females in one night.

How lucky can you be?

Elizabeth and Sandra kept shoveling the mash and pouring the elixir down Jim’s throat. That way he would never run out of energy so that they would receive their turn of the fun. Silly old witches. There was never any chance of that. Did they forget they were making the elixir of life?

Morning came to see four naked bodies sprawled over the double bed that Elizabeth and Sandra shared. None of the persons there was exhausted, just resting.

“Come on, girls, let’s have a fry-up. I feel a bit peckish.”

So there were Jim and three women tucking in to this breakfast.

“Now tell us this joke, Jim, that He From Down Below laughs so much about.”

“Now for something completely different. Jim, we have collected Roaring Twenties outfits, not just for yourself but everyone. So you will not be alone. We also have authentic jazz records of the period so we can all do the Charleston and Black Bottom together. We’ve been practising, haven’t we, Elizabeth?”

“You had me at it for days, Sandra. My feet are killing me. We better clear the drawing room to make space for a dance floor. Then we can go upstairs put the dresses on and give you a makeover as per the Twenties, Dorothy.”

“Dorothy? I like being Jim whither I’m doing the Roaring Twenties or the Victorian maid or a medieval Lady of the Manor with the long skirts and all.”

“Whoever heard of a Lady Jim? No, you’re a Dorothy and that’s the end of the story. You’re Dorothy from now on when in the skirts and knickers,” finished Sandra.

Jim, like it or not, was a Dorothy from now on when in frocks.

So there they all were in the bedroom changing into their Roaring Twenties frocks: cloche hats, long pearl necklaces, and all. The 20s flappers were in business once more as Sandra applied the makeup to the “Dorothy’s” face.

Dorothy and her lady friends made their way to the drawing room. Sandra did her DJ thing and soon the room was filled with the sound of Paul Whiteman’s Orchestra playing the Charleston. The girls were right in with their legs flying and arms swinging along with Dorothy’s feather boa. Then followed Al Jolson with Pasadena, then Sweet Georgia Brown On and on it went with the short skirts flying and feet moving side to side. Now came the Black Bottom. Sandra was good at that, she had practiced it well.

“What about the Lindy Hop??” someone said.

“No, you really need a male partner for that,” Sandra informed all.

“Then maybe if you girls have your coven up and working, He From Down Below will pay you a visit and partner everybody in the Lindy Hop.”

“Yes and you can do the Dorothy stuff and maybe end up with He From Down Below up your backdoor!” said a nice lady in the crowd.

“Nice,” thought Dorothy, “maybe calling myself Dorothy does have its good points after all.”

Dorothy was more than interested in Mumsy who was a constant dance partner of hers. This was not to the liking of the Misses Elizabeth and Sandra. However there wasn't much they could do about it. The way matters were going, it looked like they would have to do the old lesbian stuff like they did almost every night, and watch Dorothy and Mumsy go at it like horny teenagers. Any more of that nonsense and Dorothy would be returning to Jim. I mean they only saw Jim once a month for a few days. This just wasn't right. They would happily ditch the lesbian stuff at least short term; it was the cock of Jim they hungered for.

However Dorothy was a fair woman; both the Elizabeth and Sandra had their turn to show Dorothy their lesbian skills. Then it was back to the Jim they all liked and loved. Mumsy was to learn a few new sex positions she never knew before when she was married.

It is fair to say Mumsy would be back for more of Jim or Dorothy, whichever form he or she was in.

ALMOST MUMSY

Hester and Vivian were now at the ballet in a private box overlooking the stage. Today they were watching “Swan Lake.” Maybe watching was maybe

the wrong word for Hester and Vivian were getting stuck in to the kissing game. From below one could vaguely see them embrace however everybody was more interested in the ballet than being nosey parkers.

Edwina watched the kissy kissy nonsense from where she sat, right behind them in the box. It didn't really worry her; she had seen it all before with Hester's other victims. Only this morning she had been there sitting in the drawing room stitching 'Baby Vivian' on the clothes she would wear.

Hester had her Vivian's head resting on her large soft breasts which had hooked many a man. They certainly attracted Vivian; Hester was so like Mumsy in every way except her breasts were bigger and softer. He rested his head between them in contentment.

"Vivian, when can we marry??"

"Marry? Oh yes, please, I'll attend to that as quickly as I can." This was almost as good as incest with Mumsy. Vivian couldn't believe his luck.

"Don't bother arranging the wedding. I have already sorted out the register and wedding. I'll wear a white frock and a head veil, we'll honeymoon at my house and that's it."

Hester was a great organiser and she had anticipated no resistance to her proposal. She always beat men at every move. That was why she was a successful businesswoman.

Edwina would be her bridesmaid as she had with Hester's previous three weddings. As for a best man, someone would be roped in on the day of the ceremony.

Mumsy was informed of the forthcoming wedding of her son and gave her blessings. At present Mumsy was much involved with the coven and had tested the

water on two women whom she thought would fit in the coven.

The wedding day had arrived. There stood Hester in her white dress veil over her face, beside Vivian. The registrar pronounced them man and wife. Vivian lifted the bridal veil and kissed his new wife. The registrar looked on the pair. "Well," he thought, "you do get some funny couples, don't you? She looks old enough to be his mother. Nice pair of tits, though."

Mumsy was among the bridal party. All retired to a restaurant for the bridal meal where toasts were given to the happy pair. Thereafter the couple left on their honeymoon in the house next door to Mumsy. The only regret Mumsy had was that Hester would receive the incest she almost had.

Hester and Vivian were in her bedroom, undressing for bed to consummate their marriage. Vivian definitely was prepared. He couldn't wait to fuck this double of Mumsy and feel these big bouncers of Hester.

Hester had a lovely night dress on. She wore nothing underneath. Vivian could see that.

"Right Vivian, let's see what you have," she said, pointing in the direction of his cock.

Vivian's pyjama bottom was removed to expose his appendage.

"Is that it, Vivian? You show me this apology for a male member and you expect your wife to be satisfied with that inside her, if you can even put it inside me? I've seen baby boys with bigger. I'm afraid there is only one place you are going. NANNY STERN! NANNY STERN! I need your assistance at once."

Edwina, waiting for her cue next door, was in the bridal bedroom in a flash.

"Yes, Mother Hester, you need my assistance?"

“That I do, Nanny Stern, Vivian here has been a naughty girl. Take her to the nursery and put her to bed immediately.”

Edwina was dressed in the uniform of Nanny Stern, a long blue frock down to her ankles and black lace-up ankle boots. This was the part she was made for. Now at last, after all these years, it was her turn again to use the paddle. Vivian was to find out why she was called Nanny Stern.

“Is that so, Mother Hester? The child will be dealt with. You may inspect her in the morning.”

“Very well. I will visit her then. Take her away.”

Vivian thought he was in a nut house and struggled to free himself from the hands of Edwina. Nanny Stern was used to such happenings and had unbelievable strength. Nanny Stern took Vivian by the ear like a naughty child and in no time he found himself in the nursery. It was a very nice nursery in baby pink. It had a crib and anything a baby could wish for albeit in a size suited for an adult baby.

“Right, Baby Vivian, lets have your clothes off NOW!” came the words from Vivian’s Nanny. He almost jumped out of his skin, so furious was Nanny Stern. Vivian was completely under the thumb of Nanny Stern. Clothes flew off his/her body in no time and there Vivian stood without a stitch, his hands covering his male member.

Nanny Stern saw him trying to cover his apology for a male member. “You may as well remove your hands. I’ve seen many a naughty child in the past. Come here.”

Where is the real Mumsy to save Vivian from the one I just married?” thought Vivian.

He meekly came to Nanny Stern who was holding baby clothes larger than any real baby ever had.



First, though, a large diaper was put on her as he lay over Nanny Stern's knees.

"That's better. Don't you dare wet your diaper. Babykins will have this soft cotton baby's nightie put on." This nightie was covered with a multitude of Teddy bears on it. It was placed on Vivian and the hood of it went over his head. A doll was placed in the crib, Vivian could never get at it as her hands being bound together by Nanny Stern.

While over Nanny Stern's knees, she had a baby bottle of milk put in her mouth. "There we are, babykins. Drink it all up, every last drop. Tomorrow you will have the real thing from your mummy."

"What the hell does that mean?" thought Baby Vivian.

After having sucked at the baby bottle of milk as she had to being told to by Nanny Stern, she was harshly spoken to by her new nanny.

"We don't want any little mischief with wandering hands, do we, Baby Vivian?"

Baby Vivian could not reply because Nanny Stern stuck a big pacifier in his mouth. With his hands tied together, no way could the dummy be removed.

"Goodnight, Baby Vivian." Vivian was left in complete darkness in the nursery as Nanny Stern departed.

The huge crib Vivian was now in locked at the sides. Only Nanny Stern could open it from the outside. Vivian was a prisoner in his adult baby crib and that's the way Mother Hester and Nanny Stern wanted it.

Crafty Nanny Stern had put an ingredient in the bottle's milk which would make Vivian urinate. Her hands were tied, therefore the only way she could urinate was to wet her diapers. Vivian was to lie all

night in her wet diapers and wait till morning and the wrath of Nanny Stern.

That anger was not long coming as Nanny Stern changed her diaper in the morning. “Bad girl! What did I tell you? Mother Hester shall hear of this as soon as I bathe you for she cannot see her darling girl in this state.”

Nanny Stern brought in an adult-sized baby bath and filled it with warm water.

Vivian, on a chair unable to move, thought he was in some surrealist dream. This couldn't be true. It was all a bad dream. Surely, soon he would wake up and be back home with Mumsy.

It wasn't a dream, however. It was all happening to Vivian right there in Hester's house.

Nanny Stern untied his hands. “Don't you dare have any nonsense or it will be all the worse for you.”

Vivian took heed of her warning for she didn't like the look of Nanny Stern, the once Edwina, she looked very vicious. Just how vicious she could be Vivian was soon to find out.

Vivian now found herself in the bath there in the middle of the nursery, Nanny Stern, sponge in her hand, was cleaning her. Against his better instincts, Vivian found it quite pleasant as nanny washed her little thing below. Maybe baby baths weren't all that bad.

Nanny had Baby Vivian out the bath and was rubbing her down with a large towel. Once more Vivian went over Nanny's knee, bottom upper most, and Nanny started spreading nice-smelling cream over her buttocks.

“That should stop any diaper rash, babykins. Some nice smelling powder, then you're all ready for your morning feed and Mother Hester.”

Vivian was sprinkled with nice smelling baby powder and a new baby nightie was put on him. She was ready to be taken to Mother Hester.

“Give me your hand, Baby Vivian, then we will visit Mother Hester.”

A knock on the door was answered by the voice of Hester. “Who is it?”

“Nanny Stern with this naughty daughter of yours, Mother Hester.”

“Very well. I must see this obstreperous daughter of mine. She must be punished and I must see it happen, Nanny Stern.”

On entering the bedroom, Vivian saw his wife, currently being called his mother, with pillows behind her propping her up in bed. What really made his/her eyes pop out in amazement was that her breasts were exposed for all to see. Breasts he had always wanted to have his hands on.

“This is your bad daughter, Mother Hester. She has wet her diapers. What is to be done with her?”

“She must be punished severely, Nanny. I will not have naughty girls in this house but I don’t have to tell you that, do I? You must do your duty. ”

“Your wishes will be carried out.”

In the middle of the bedroom stood a high padded stool that had a paddle on top of it. Vivian was placed on top with his/her powdered bottom exposed and his/her hands were tied once more at the back. From where Hester supported herself in the bed, she had a good view of the proceedings.

Nanny Stern had no hesitation in lifting the paddle and going into action immediately. Vivian cried. That never deterred Nanny Stern; she was used to that

and naughty children had to be punished, hadn't they?

Hester watched on with interest. Edwina was having her fun. Next it would be her turn next. It was nice to have a man in diapers once more, this time as a baby girl.

"Do you think she has repented enough, Mother Hester?" Nanny Stern asked, with the paddle in her hand ready to administer more of the same if need be.

"I do hope so, Nanny. If not, she will receive more of the same."

"I understand, Mother Hester. Now it is feeding time for Baby Vivian. She must have regular meals."

There in a corner stood a baby's high chair, an adult size one. Before Vivian knew what was happening, she found herself strapped into the high chair. It was a nice pink colour with animals printed all over it; cats, dogs, rabbits and what have you. In the front was a small table, the purpose of which was to feed baby. Nanny Stern had already placed a bowl of soup on it. She had a spoon in her hand ready to pour the gooey mess down the throat of Vivian, whether she wanted it or not.

Vivian was still in a state of helplessness, hands tied behind her back. So there was Vivian being spoon fed by nanny. Hester watched in anticipation for it was her turn next in the feeding game. Vivian could do nothing but swallow the baby food being forced down her throat.

"I think that is enough food for baby now. You need something to wash it all down, don't you, babykins?"

Nanny Stern placed a big adult size diaper on Baby Vivian.

“There we are, baby. Now you’re all ready for your morning milk from Mother Hester, aren’t you?”

Vivian was placed on the bed beside his wife Hester with her tempting breasts exposed. “You may untie her hands, Nanny. She will need them to suckle me.”

Vivian was being offered a breast by his wife. How could he/she resist such an offer? It was the best thing that had happened to Vivian since the marriage vows. As the teat entered his mouth, milk poured forth into his/her throat. Vivian couldn’t believe it.

Hester’s breasts had lactated for years even when there was no one to suckle them; she had Edwina use the hand pump on her regularly.

The milk poured and poured down the throat of Vivian. When one breast ran dry, there was always the other with more milk.

Don’t think Hester was left out of the ecstasy for it always excited her when a man was at her breasts suckling her with her milk pouring forth in their mouth. This marriage was going just fine with Baby Vivian and Hester being the mother and of course Edwina as Nanny Stern with a paddle nearby. This was a wonderful marriage! It was beginning to look the best of her four Vivian was going to be her baby forever.

“I think baby needs some sleep, Nanny. Put her in the crib, then after her nap dress her and take her into the garden to play. I shall come and give baby her afternoon feeding.”

“Very good, Mother Hester. She does look somewhat sleepy.” Vivian was indeed sleepy; she had a good feed on Mother’s breasts and now her head rested on mother’s bosom, still with a teat in her mouth. That teat was removed from Vivian’s mouth by Nanny who then placed what is called a nipple cap

over both teats. This was to stop any milk from dribbling onto Hester's dress.

Nanny Stern was looking out the clothes Vivian would be wearing at play in the garden while Vivian was fast asleep in her crib with a pacifier stuck in her mouth, sucking it in her sleep. Nanny held a romper suit that would go nice on Baby Vivian; it was all baby pink with flowers on it. There was a three-piece set of frock, bloomers and hat with a charming play set, all in yellow. That would be saved for another day, maybe when they paid a visit to Vivian's real mother.

Nanny Stern and Baby Vivian were now in the garden, Vivian in her romper suit of pink, frolicking. Vivian had a rattle strapped to her wrist which of course made a noise wherever she went. Vivian had a soft ball which she would throw to Nanny would throw it back. Vivian had to partake in this baby play under the threat of a severe spanking by Nanny. It's not easy being a baby girl, however it does have its benefits as Vivian was about to find out.

After about an hour or so, Hester made an appearance.

"Ah, I see you and baby are having a good time, Nanny. I think she should have some refreshment, I'll sit down on the blanket beside you and give baby a drink."

Hester had on a light skirt on of a white colour and a white blouse. She sat down on the blanket, spread her skirt out, and unbuttoned her blouse to expose her brassiere. The brassiere was a lovely white satin nursing model.

"Bring baby to me, Nanny. She must have her feed. She will be hungry after all that play, won't she?"

"Yes she will, Mother Hester."

Vivian was placed down beside her wife. Hester unbuttoned her nursing bra to expose her breasts full of milk and one was placed in the mouth of Vivian.

Vivian had her hands on the breast like any proper baby with the teat in her mouth. She was sucking to receive the sweet milk from Hester's breast.

Hester looked down with content at what she regarded as her baby suckling at her breast. She was happy.

Vivian had transferred to Mother Hester other breast and was merrily sucking at that one now. She was going to fall asleep as she had this morning with a teat in her mouth. Nanny Stern removed the teat from Vivian mouth, as Hester pressed the studs on her nursing brassiere to cover her breasts.

"I feel all the better for that, Edwina. It has been so long since I had a man at my breasts suckling me."

"Yes you needed that, Hester. What do you intend to do with your husband?"

"Nothing. He will be living as Baby Vivian for the rest of his/her life."

Edwina's eyes lit up. "Then I shall live as Nanny Stern for the rest of my life."

"I think a little trip to Vivian's mother is in order later this week as well as a visit to the ballet. Babykins liked the ballet as do I. There is no reason that should stop, is there, Edwina?"

"No reason indeed. I'll have the pram ready to go down the road to Vivian's mother."

Wasn't it all so exciting! It was just like old times, thought Edwina and Hester.

As far as Mumsy was concerned, all was well in her recruiting for the coven. She already had five women signed up. Only five to go and they were there.

The only sign of rebellion on the horizon was from Jim, or Dorothy as she preferred to be called now. This Jim or Dorothy was right into this Roaring Twenties stuff and wanted more of it. He/she didn't want to move on to the Fifties, Sixties or whatever. Dorothy loved the free fitting dresses and letting it all hang out, her breasts loose inside her frocks with no bra. Most important was No Corsets. She was fed up being laced into them as Lady Muck or whoever she was supposed to be by her personal maid. The tight corsets almost took her breath away.

Then with a twitch of Elizabeth's and Sandra's noses, she was back to Jim once more. As Jim he had to do the heterosexual sex thing with the girls. Jim wanted more of the Roaring Twenties and lesbian stuff with the growing number of members of the coven.

It came to the head as Jim said one night, "OK girls, you can do your nose bit and change me back to Jim. I may be giving your meetings a miss. There is a nice coven near Paris that appreciates me as Dorothy doing the Black Bottom and is more into the lesbian stuff so I don't have to do my Jim so often."

This was a crisis for Elizabeth and Sandra. Sure, they could do plenty of the lesbian game all week long from dawn till dusk. Mumsy had women flowing in for the coven and it hadn't even reached its full limit. The way Mumsy was going, they could have two or more covens.

Things were getting out of hand. Elizabeth and Sandra definitely had to have some heterosexual sex.

It was Mumsy who came to the rescue. “We’re nearly there, girls. If you help with the recruiting drive, I do think we could have two covens going, say one every two weeks. Jim will have to come and service us girls, then she can be more of Dorothy and Jim than once a month.”

“Do you think we could stretch it to three covens or maybe four?” said Sandra.

“Now you’re being greedy, Sandra,” commented Elizabeth.

“Aren’t you tired of feeling breasts and licking pussies and having dildos inside you? Wouldn’t your rather have a cock up your pussy, Elizabeth?”

“Well...” There was no doubt it was more to Elizabeth’s liking. She too was tired of playing around with Sandra each night Jim wasn’t there.

An all-out drive for more witches was on. If it was successful it would mean more elixir of life and more mash and He From Down Below would be rubbing his hands.

Howard Appleby was already helping Him Down Below; his wife was pregnant again. To pass his time away he took up the kind offers he received. Many ladies at the record club had asked him to pay them a visit. He was given a cup of elixir and mash; there was to be a long strenuous session of pure unadulterated sex. Howard never failed to oblige. Howard was a gentleman in that respect and was in great demand.

Another lucky man. How I envy Howard and wish I was him.

The sight of what looked like a rather large baby being wheeled in an equally large pram by some

woman in an out-of-date nanny uniform seemed par for the course around here. Some man raised his hat, said, "Morning, Nanny Stern" and continued on his way. Hester was at her side in what one could only describe as a typical mother's dress.

Hester wore a jersey dress in a pretty floral print; it was a summer dress with a large V neck. Underneath this was her nursing brassiere. For easy access to her bra, she could unbutton the dress front. She had on beige stocking and flat shoes. There was no need to wear anything else as it was a nice summer day. They passed a few more people on their way to Mumsy's. They took no notice of them as such sights no longer raised any curiosity.

Mumsy answered the door to see an adult baby, her son, in a pram with his wife Hester.

Nanny Stern had dressed Vivian in a charming three-piece baby play set consisting of frock, bloomers and hat, all in yellow with fairies all over the three-piece set. Didn't she look so pretty?

"We thought Baby Vivian should visit her mother," said Hester.

Vivian was quiet because Nanny Stern had threatened her with a good spanking if she dare say a word. Vivian lay there in her pram, head on the pillow covered by the blankets. "She" was silent as Nanny Stern had stuck a pacifier in her mouth.

"She can be a naughty little girl at times, can't she, Nanny?" Hester had spoken to Mumsy.

"She?" Things were becoming more peculiar by the day round here. Mumsy didn't even bother about her son in baby girl's clothes and that he had a pacifier stuck in his/her mouth. Funny kind of marriage but who was she to interfere? Let them get on with it. Mumsy was more interested in the coven at the present minute.

“She does look a nice sweet girl, Hester. I’ll buy some nice baby clothes for her if you tell me where.” Mumsy had no idea where you could purchase adult baby clothes. “I’ll make us some tea and biscuits while you and Baby Vivian are here.”

“Yes please do, Ariadne. It’s near baby’s feeding time.”

Mumsy came back with the cups and saucers, placed them on the table, poured out the tea and waited for things to develop.

“Nanny Stern, it is baby feeding time. Give her to me. ”

Mumsy watched Nanny Stern with her incredible strength lift Vivian out the crib.

“Come on babykins, it’s feeding time.”

Vivian’s eyes lit up as he was placed beside Hester and the pacifier was taken out his mouth with a pop. Mumsy was expecting to see a large baby milk bottle appear from somewhere; instead she got an eyeful of Hester’s breasts.

Hester had unbuttoned her dress top to expose her nursing brassiere. Her breasts were large as they were full of milk. Hester undid the studs over her nipple and there was the nipple ready for Vivian to suckle.

“She is so hungry, Mother Hester. See she can’t wait to have her feed,” Nanny Stern informed all.

“Is babykins hungry? Come to Mummy and suckle her breasts?”

Vivian needed no second invitation. He had been at mummy’s breasts many, many times in the past. The milk was rich and he sucked and sucked it. There was always the other one when he finished

with this one. Hester shut her eyes in contentment. This was the life.

Mumsy watched in amazement at the scene being played out before her. Vivian in her baby clothes was getting stuck to the full breasts of his wife. She saw the milk dribble from the lips of her son. Vivian wasn't interested that Mumsy was there, the only things he was interested in were his wife's breasts and the milk he was sucking from them.

Again Vivian fell asleep with a nipple in her mouth.

"Oh, isn't that sweet!" exclaimed Hester. "She just loves her breast milk. Nanny, take her and put her in the pram for now she needs her afternoon nap. Then I suppose it will be feeding time again," said Hester happily.

"Oh well," thought Mumsy, "she is at least having her milk. One can't complain, can one?"

Eventually it was time for Vivian and company to depart. Mumsy wanted to give her son/daughter a kiss however Vivian was fast asleep, dreaming of his wife and her breasts and sucking milk from them.

Hester loved the ballet; the fact she now had an adult baby was never going to deter her. Baby Vivian was to find herself put in the very best baby girl's clothes by Nanny Stern for the night at the ballet. So there was Baby Vivian in her pram in the private box with Mother Hester and her nanny. Nanny Stern had her dressed in a romper suit of blue with little bunnies all over the suit tightly elasticized at the knee. Nanny had placed a large diaper on Vivian in case of accidents. What the audience may have thought as they watched the large pram being wheeled into the private box one could not tell.

Vivian was not really interested in the ballet as he once may have been, even if Abigail was there. What Vivian was interested in was Hester's breasts and what came from them. The ballet started and Vivian was dozing off not interested if Abigail was prancing about on stage.

A couple of acts passed by, then she woke up. Vivian looked round the darkened box for his wife's large breasts and what came from them.

"Baby thirsty," came from Vivian's lips.

"Shush!" Nanny Stern, sitting beside her, said. "Mother Hester is watching the ballet."

Vivian was not going to be palmed off. If she persisted, she knew she would have her reward.

"Baby thirsty!" Her request became louder and Hester could not fail to hear.

"Keep quite, Baby Vivian. I'm absorbed in the ballet," said Hester.

"Well, it is near her feeding time, Mother Hester," Nanny Stern had to admit reluctantly.

"OK," said Hester angrily, "give her here."

Baby Vivian was lifted out her pram by the strong arms of Nanny and placed beside her wife.

Hester was in the progress of unbuttoning the top of her gown to expose her nursing brassiere. The stud buttons at her breasts were undone to expose Hester's nipples.

"Now be quite while I watch the ballet," she said as she submitted a breast to her ever thirsty Baby Vivian. The breast was a welcome sight to Vivian who hungrily suckled on her tits while Hester tried to concentrate on what was taking place on the stage rather than on what was happening at her breasts.

A woman in the stalls glanced towards the box Mother Hester and Baby Vivian were in. It was dark however she thought she could make out two figures at the front that looked like a woman exposing her breasts and what looked like an adult baby sucking on them.

She rubbed her eyes and looked again. Yes, the woman had exposed her breasts and the other person dressed in baby blue rompers was sucking them. The woman in the box was not the least concerned, too busy watching the ballet.

“Forget about the ballet,” the woman thought, “there are better things happening in that box above.” The activities in the box were more exciting than any ballet she had ever seen. Her eyes fixated on the box above for the rest of the show, never leaving it. It’s amazing what one can see at the ballet.

HE FROM DOWN BELOW ARRIVIES

There was much excitement at Misses Elizabeth and Sandra’s record club meeting. Not only was today to be the first meeting of the coven, He From Down Below was to honour them by being at the meeting. It was no wonder that Elizabeth and Sandra were so excited. Sandra and Elizabeth could thank Mumsy for this honour; she had done all the hard work in the recruiting drive.

Dorothy or Jim had decided to go all Roaring Twenties and turned up in a short skirt, no bra or corsets and a cloche hat. He or she was not to receive her favourite chair, however. That had been reserved for Him Below.

He From Down Below turned up in a puff of smoke, not naked yet or with horns protruding from his head. Elizabeth and Sandra knew right away who it was and gave him the chair that once Jim or Dorothy occupied. The special guesst surveyed the scene round him and was pleased with what he saw.

The sixty-something women, many pregnant thanks to Howard, were thrilled by the visitation. They would of course look much younger once they had their supply of elixir and ready for more from Howard. That pleased the warped mind of Him Below. Yes, this was exactly what he wanted: everybody fornicating with each other all over the place.

He was rather looking forward to the coming night. There were new bodies his member would enter. The rules of the coven were to be established, then he could get down to it with the women. Meantime he would enjoy some music. The syllabus was not exactly to his choice. Bach, Beethoven, and Mozart, what a dreary lot. He never liked their music when they were here on Earth.

He From Down Below settled in the chair, Thomas the cat knew there was something different today and once again was awake. At present he was rubbing against the knees of Him Down Below.

“What a nice pussy cat,” said he. Thomas was lifted and sat on his lap. “What’s your name?” was asked. He From Down Below could converse with all animals and Thomas and he were getting on well. He whispered into Thomas’ ear during the record session and stroked his fur. Thomas purred happily. I think one could say Thomas and He From Down Below had come to an agreeable arrangement.

The record session finished, Elizabeth, Sandra, Mumsy and the rest of the coven dished out the elixir and mash. Their special guest mingled with those present, particularly the women who were pregnant by Howard. He left them with a kiss on the cheek and a pat where their pregnancy showed. All the women were so excited that he had talked to them.

Howard was sought out and spent a long time in the presence of the guest. Every so often Howard would nod his head to something said by him.

Eventually everyone left with their supply of elixir and mash in a happy state. The only persons left were He From Down Below and the thirteen members of the coven, plus Dorothy in her flapper's gear and cloche hat.

Then they were in the drawing room and He From Down Below was now in charge. He looked round the assembled coven.

"Hold on a minute, girls. I take it you all knows it is thirteen that make a coven, not fourteen."

"Yes Sir, the fourteenth person you see is Dorothy who is the warlock that comes once a month to our record club meetings. He now prefers being Dorothy than Jim," finished Sandra.

"Is that so?" said He From Down Below eyeing up Dorothy's nice piece ass; she would be dealt with later. He already had made other plans for this new coven.

"Well girls, before we go any further the coven has to pick a leader. She will be known as the Witch Supreme. Whoever it is has to organise the coven meetings. take orders from me and disorganise all that comes from him above. She will receive Special Favours for being Witch Supreme. I shall fornicate first with her and after I have had sex with the other twelve, she will again receive my erection for it never recedes. I may not always be at your meetings for I am a busy person. There so many covens to satisfy, however there will be a warlock to take my place. That will be Howard who I think many here will know of."

"But Sir," interrupted Elizabeth, "he knows nothing of witchcraft."

"I wouldn't worry about that, Elizabeth. I shall organise a crash course for him. What he does know something about is getting women pregnant," laughed He From Down Below .

“Now no more talk, girls. Start voting for your Witch Supreme. The sooner that is completed, the sooner we can start the orgy. Who is putting their name forward for the position?”

Two who were definitely considering that post were Elizabeth and Sandra. They were excited at the thought of copulating twice with their Master instead of just once as the rest of the coven would do. So their names were put forward.

Both were surprised when the result was that Mumsy had been voted Witch Supreme. It also came as a surprise to Mumsy as she hadn't put her name forward. She had done all the recruiting for the coven, therefore more women knew her than Elizabeth and Sandra.

“OK, we have wasted enough time. Remove your clothes and let the orgy begin. Come here, Ariadne.”

Mumsy was in for a good time from Him Down Below. What he had down there was three times as long and three times thicker than Ronald, her deceased husband, had. Mumsy wondered if she could take such a length and thickness. She did and enjoyed every minute of it. She would receive this twice at every coven meeting.

“Ariadne, you can forget about your almost incest with your son Vivian. Although I approve of such things, he is lost to his wife Hester and her breasts which supply milk. You are destined for better things. I shall be a regular to the meetings of the coven till such time as you are impregnated with my child, a boy. Then you have your duty to bring up Damien and not make the mistakes you made with Vivian. Then and only then will you have what you have always sought: intercourse with your son. This will be your second chance. Make sure you do it right this time and have incest with your son.”

“Oh thank you, Sir. I will dedicate the boy to you. I just can't wait till I am pregnant and the years ahead.

Such a mother's boy will Damien become. He will in time share my bed."

He From Down Below turned his attention to the other ladies in the coven. Many new members had never before been into the lesbian game so they wholeheartedly threw themselves into it.

To Elizabeth it was the same old boring stuff again with different partners. Oh well, she would just have to make the best of a bad job. Lucky Ariadne would get to fornicate twice with He From Down Below .

Meantime the guest was having a great time with the new partners. At present he was with Dorothy. He From Down Below was right into Dorothy's anus, already having had her pussy.

Dorothy loved it all; she had since favouring the Dorothy part of her.

"OK Dorothy, I understand you like the Roaring Twenties flapper stuff and the Charleston and Black Bottom. I'll tell you what, you can be a woman forever. Not only that but I will put you back in time to the Roaring Twenties so you can Black Bottom and Charleston forever. "

Then with his wicked sense of humour, he added, "And you can be one of Mary's girls in her bordello in New Orleans!"

It was now in the early hours of the morning and He From Down Below had completed his fornication with all thirteen in the coven plus Dorothy.

"Sorry girls, it is time I left. There are other coven in America, then Australia; many more witches to satisfy. However I shall return next month and see how things are progressing. Meantime Howard will be along soon to help the coven make more elixir and mash. As of now, Dorothy, you are transported back to the Roaring Twenties and Mary's bordello in New Orleans. "

A flash of smoke and Dorothy was there no more, never to be seen in these times again. The special guest was gone too. All that remained was the coven, soon to be joined by their new warlock Howard.

The coven began to make more and more elixir than Elizabeth and Sandra had ever made in the past as more and more Senior Citizens moved in.

Dorothy was lost in the Roaring Twenties. She was enjoying herself in the bordello. This was the life! Men, men and more men; so much better than being the man she once was. Being paid for sex that she was enjoying; Dorothy couldn't ask for more.

Mumsy found that He From Down Below would from time to time drop in at her house unexpectedly for a session of sex. In time she became pregnant and everyone was so happy for her. Now she could start her son Damien on being a Mumsy's boy and do it right this time. As for Vivian, she hadn't forgotten about her; from time to time Vivian would receive presents of Adult Baby girl clothes.

Oh lucky them! How I envy them.

The End