

# More Strange Desires



# Susan Strange



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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# More Strange Desires

by Susan Strange

## HOUSE OF UNUSUAL DESIRES

Aunt Mary pressed her eye against the small aperture in the secret passageway within the old house. The place was riddled with them. Her thoughts were concentrated on the scene displayed before her. Norman had entered his erect penis into the delicious nether regions of her nephew. From the moans she knew both young men were in pure ecstasy. She herself was in a state of sexual excitement just watching the agile movements of the young men on the bed. She moaned, knowing that those in the bedroom would never hear, the walls in the house being so thick as to make it soundproof.

She watched intensely as Norman withdrew his erection for a split second only to plunge it again between the bottom cheeks of her nephew. The black silk panties that covered Aunt Mary's smooth rear were beginning to dampen from the secretions coming from her pussy. She had plenty to tell Margaret later when her son Norman ceased the homosexual loving he was giving her nephew. Norman reached his climax and flooded her nephew's anus with his white creamy love juice. Both of the athletic young men lay back on the soft satin covers of the bed, their sexual activities exhausted for the present.

Aunt Mary removed her eye from the spy hole. She would make her way back to her room, freshen herself up, then pay a visit to her nephew.

"Did you have a nice time with Norman, Jonathan?" asked his aunt.

Jonathan blushed. "Yes, Aunt Mary."

"Good. He is such a nice boy, isn't he, Jonathan? He is the type of boy I want to see you with. There are some rough types you don't want to mix with, Dear."

"Yes Aunt," answered her nephew.

"I'm so glad I introduced you two. His mother will be so pleased for him now that he has a boyfriend to play with at last. By the way, where is he?"

"He has gone home."

"Has he? You haven't upset him, have you, Jonathan?"

"No no, Aunt, nothing like that. We get along fine."

"We must invite him over again sometime seeing that you two get along so well, mustn't we, Darling?"

Maybe he can stay overnight next time. His mother can come as well. Margaret and I get on so well too.”

“I would look forward to that, Aunt Mary. You’ve done so much for me since mother died.”

“Think nothing of it, Jonathan. That’s what aunts are for. We make a good team, you and I.”

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“You saw it all, Mary? I bet your panties were soaking. Norman was so excited when he came home. I think he has fallen for your nephew. Of course we will stay the night with you and Jonathan but why not make it the weekend? We’ll come Friday afternoon next week. I’ll bring Cheryl my maid with me. You know I caught her the other day without any panties on. You know what that means. She girlishly squealed as I slapped her well-rounded bottom. I think Cheryl will fit nicely between us in our nightly activities, Darling.” The conversation between the two friendly ladies on the phone ended.

Mary contemplated the sexual activities she could have with Cheryl, something that had occupied her mind ever since she set eyes on the young maid. The house was going to be heaving with sexual pursuit that weekend, what with her and Margaret and her maid along with Jonathan and Norman in all sorts of homosexual love positions. No doubt between Margaret and she, Jonathan and Norman would end up in frocks to the delight of all the ladies. That was what Margaret wanted for her son, wasn’t it? Mary considered her son had everything going for him in that respect. He was small, with

soft pliable skin and girlish features. She knew he liked boys, especially in a frock.

When her best girlfriend Mary took her nephew to live with her and she (Margaret) remarked how lonely her son was without male company, it was Mary who suggested they be introduced to each other. It was the best thing that could happen to Norman. Both young men took to each other and now they had had beautiful sex together. Frocks, skirts, dresses and frilly knickers were on the horizon.

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Aunt Mary was glad her nephew had been introduced to the joys of male sex by Norman. There was no way she would interfere, unlike her sister, Jonathan's mother, who told her to get married and stop going to bed with women. It was none of Jennifer's business who she shared a bed with. Jennifer's interference was one of the reasons she was so quick in putting herself forward to bring Jonathan to her home. She would encourage him in her own licentious and bawdy ways and there would be no Jennifer to interfere.

At present Mary was checking through her chest of drawers wherein she kept many sizes of dildo; single, strap-on, and double-ended. She had a penchant for the double-ended; she and Margaret had used that type many times in the past. Butt plugs and clit arousers were there too along with lubrication for the pussy and sexual stimulants of all kinds. Then there were the crotch-less panties and peephole bras. Her nipples were large and the bras enhanced them to their best advantage. She might

even wear one tomorrow afternoon when she knew Wendy would drop in as she usually did on a Wednesday afternoon for their weekly sex session.

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“What’s the latest scandal, Wendy?” politely asked Mary.

“Oh you know, the usual,” replied the buxom woman. “Men fucking men, women fucking women and men and women doing the same with each other. You should know the village is a hot bed of desire. Did you know Grace had George in her bed the other night.”

“No, who would ever think that? She is so prim and proper,” answered Mary.

“Yes she is a bit of dark horse. I saw George leaving her house in the morning and not for the first time either.”

“Her husband is always going on business trips abroad. To change the subject, I’ve percolated the coffee, then we can get down to it. I’ve been looking forward to this afternoon, Wendy.”

“I’ve brought some strawberry cheesecake. How is that nephew of yours coming along, Darling?”

“Nicely. He is not here today. He has gone over to Margaret’s to see Norman.”

“Has he indeed? Best thing for him. I expect he will get a good fucking from Norman for Margaret drives into town on Wednesday to shop.”

Mary by now had slipped a hand up Wendy’s floral summer dress, caressing her silk stockings all the way to her crotch-less panties. Wendy’s pussy

was dampening by the minute and her breathing becoming laboured. Both women knew it was time to retire to the bedroom.

Mary immediately removed her light summer dress and stood there in her black satin peephole bra and black hold-up lace-top stockings with no panties. As Wendy sat on the bed, Mary came closer towards, her breasts at the right height for Wendy to press her red lipstick covered mouth to descend on them and suck. The hard nipples projected into Wendy's mouth and she greedily sucked on the red cherries offered to her. Mary stretched a hand into her bedside drawer and withdrew a double-ended dildo. Wendy licked her lips with anticipation. An end was offered and she entered it in her mouth. The other end was already in Mary's. She sucked and wet the sexual instrument for the purpose it was intended.

Mary made Wendy kneel facing her and inserted one end of the double-ended dildo into her pussy and the other in her own. Both women were now belly-to-belly tit-to-tit hard pressed against each other. The slightest movement brought the greatest joy to the licentious pair. It was with sexual abandonment that they enjoyed their rocking to and fro as the dildo lubricated the insides of their pussies. Wendy's mouth was still glued on Mary's enormous breasts and she was loving every minute of it.

Mary had taken up the supine position while Wendy pressed hard down on her; Mary was being well and truly pumped by her female partner and loving it. That dildo was being forced completely into her and the kisses between the loving female pair were becoming all the more passionate by the minute.

Mary had entwined her legs round the back of Wendy. Who needed a man when Wendy could do the job just as well with the double-ended dildo?

After some considerable time Wendy ceased her pumping of her woman friend for it was time for her to get some pleasure. The amorous pair rolled over in bed till Mary was on top. The double-ended dildo never slipped out in the process. That would indeed be sacrilege and a loss of precious time in their weekly ritual of devotion to their sexual needs.

With Mary on top she could spend more time sucking of Wendy's large bosoms, much to the delight of Wendy. The air in the room was saturated with the heavenly perfume of womanly sex as the two lovers indulged themselves in their scent. Mary now felt the long slim legs of Wendy wrapped round her back, digging into her as a spur of encouragement for more. There was no way she would stop. She already had the erect nipple of her lover in her mouth, lovingly sucking it.

Mary had not stopped her rocking to and fro, forcing the double-ended dildo up Wendy's cunt. She knew Wendy was loving it and could take a lot more up that deep cavern but the dildo wasn't long enough unfortunately. She must find a longer bone next time for the satisfaction of both. Little moans and sighs of pleasure escaped from the lips of the two beautiful ladies. It was always like that on these sex-filled Wednesday afternoons. Mary's ministrations to Wendy were ending for now but the sex of the afternoon was not yet finished by any means.

Mary and Wendy lay side-by-side on top of the bed, the silk-covered mattress cooling their hot blood. They stretched their hands out, gently clasping them in loving embrace. Both were naked with

the exception of Wendy's crotch-less panties. Prominent shaven pussies waited for excitement and arousal which would not be long in coming.

The double-ended dildo cast aside, it was now time to finish their afternoon as they usually did with wonderful glorious 69. Mary went on top and Wendy below. Mary felt the long tongue of Wendy inside her cunt, licking it with perfection. She would reciprocate the pleasure with interest. She regarded Wendy as the best cunt licker she had come across, male or female. Mary paid attention to Wendy's clit, licking it vigorously with her tongue till it was very stiff and erect, ready to release its creamy liquid to Mary's tongue, waiting to quench its thirst. The nectar came slowly at first in drops wetting Mary's tongue. From experience she knew the floodgates would soon open. She could wait.

Wendy's long, erotic, tongue was working wonders inside Mary's pussy which was becoming most agitated. It seemed there was going to be a simultaneous eruption of both women. How delightful.

"I'm going to release my pearly white juices," said a more-than-excited Mary.

"And so am I, sweetheart," said an equally excited Wendy.

"Then there is nothing for it," the women said happily in unison.

The shivering, quivering, shaking of their bodies were the tell-tale signs of the coming climax. Mary had widened her legs as far apart as possible; she wanted that loving tongue of her partner right up inside her to receive her liquid offerings. Wendy meantime had clamped her wet pussy tightly on Mary's mouth for she wanted her to receive every drop and

she did. Nothing was spilled as the lovely liquid poured down Mary's throat. Coughing and spluttering, both women gulped the refreshing drink. Eventually their cravings were satisfied. The drought had ended for now.

Mary watched Wendy dress herself as she prepared to leave. "What do you do on the other afternoons of the week, Wendy?"

Wendy turned and smiled. "Thursday Edna comes round to spend the night with me. It's a right loving session, I can tell you. Then on Friday I go to Sarah's for the weekend. Sometimes Helen drops in, then we have a threesome. I like that. Monday nothing happens; I use that day to rejuvenate my energy. Tuesday it's maybe Susan or Doris. Depends what I feel like. Maybe nobody. Then it all starts again with you on Wednesday."

"Busy woman, Wendy. Wherever do you find the time and energy?"

"I just do. Can't let my girlfriends down, now can I?"

The two women kissed each other on the cheek, then Wendy left.

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Jonathan and Norman were sitting side-by-side in his mother's house. At the present Norman had Jonathan's stiff cock in his hand, admiring it. "Isn't it nice doing this, Jonathan. Don't be left out taking mine in your hand. We are, after all, boyfriends, aren't we?"

“Yes, Aunt Mary said we were nice boyfriends so I suppose that would be the nice thing to do. I’ve wanted to play with your cock ever since you put it in me the other day, Norman.”

“We may do that again later in my room but for now unzip my fly and give my prick a stroke. It will stand up for you if you caress it gently.”

No sooner said than done, Jonathan had the raging hard on in his hand, rubbing it and making a good job of it too. Both young men were masturbating each other.

“I’ve never felt like this before, Norman, it’s so good.”

“Don’t worry about that, Jonathan, there’s a lot more to come. I think it may be time we retired to my room where we can explore each other’s body, don’t you?”

The mutual masturbation continued in Norman’s room to the pleasure of both boys. Jonathan’s penis was spurting like a fountain as globs of pearly come landed on the mattress of the bed.

“I think it’s time we removed our clothes. They’ll only get messed up,” suggested Norman. The two boys lay naked on the bed, fingering each other’s stiff members.

“Why don’t you go on all fours, Jonathan?” said Norman, opening his bedside drawer and taking out a small vial of lube.

“What’s that?” asked a curious Jonathan.

“It’s lube that I will smear on your anus and my penis will slide easily into your ass. Unlike last time, it won’t be so sore. Your backside will get used to it in time and this won’t be needed in future.”

“As a matter of interest, Norman, when can I shove my dick up your bottom hole?”

“There is plenty of time for that but it’s you I want to pleasure for now. Get on all fours, stick your bum hole high in the air. Now isn’t that soft and soothing?”

Norman was spreading the lube round the ring of Jonathan’s anus which relaxed it so that it opened, making it easier for Norman’s penis to enter. Soon the nether regions of Jonathan were to receive the six inches of his boyfriend right up them.

The erection of Norman slid easy into the bum hole of his male lover better than the last time. Jonathan felt the six inches lodged within him; he felt at ease as Norman’s hand squeezed his hard member; his boyfriend was jacking him off. Norman was on Jonathan’s back, kissing him with sexual desire. Jonathan could not return the kisses although he dearly wanted to.

Norman started slow grinding. In out went the penis to the satisfaction of both boys. Slowly at first but like a piston gathering steam, the movement became much quicker. Jonathan was once again going to be well and truly fucked. But one mustn’t feel the least bit sorry for Jonathan for he loved each minute of it.

Norman’s penis was not only extending in length but its girth was becoming thicker, filling Jonathan with nothing but gratification. Norman was still rubbing Jonathan erection which was becoming most agitated and very soon would flood the bed sheets on which they lay with a mass of creamy liquid. Norman’s cock was coming to a crescendo and about to

fill the aperture in which it was imbedded with his cum.

Come it did; the aperture filled to the brim and overflowed as Jonathan's prick spilled its liquid onto the bedsheets. Both boys collapsed in a tangled heap, exhausted by their sexual devotions.

"WHAT A FUCK!" exclaimed Norman before he began kissing his bed partner everywhere he could think of.

The boys shared a shower, hands straying all over each other's body to giggles and a lot more mutual masturbating and kissing of bodily parts went on to the pleasure of both.

Norman had progressed from when he had kissed many boys in frocks; soon he would have sex with much older boys in frocks as he would be himself.

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After her exertions of the afternoon, Mary was having a shower to cool herself down. She had a few surprises in mind for her nephew. Once in her bedroom, she looked in the dressing table mirror. Her body was nicely shaped; she was pleased. A sprinkle of talc and her body smelt of the mature woman she was. Her lovely figure would be nicely outlined in the diaphanous peignoir she would slip on her body. The peignoir flowed freely as she made her way to the dining room. Jonathan was quietly sitting there as Mary entered the room.

"Did you have a nice time with Norman, Dear?" enquired his aunt.

Jonathan looked up at his aunt as the question was asked. "Err... yes, Aunt Mary," said he, more than flustered by the sexual exhibition his aunt was putting on.

"Norman is *such* a dear boy, isn't he? How did you pass your time with him?"

"Well, we did so many things, Aunt, I can't rightly remember."

"Busy boys. Was his mother there?"

"No, Aunt."

"Oh, that is a pity. Such a nice woman, like her son. I've invited her and Norman over here next weekend. Norman will be sharing your bedroom. You don't mind that, do you, Jonathan?"

"No, Aunt Mary."

"Good. Well, he is your *boyfriend*, isn't he, Darling? Norman's mother is also bringing her maid Cheryl. Did you meet her by any chance?"

"No, Aunt, I believe she was on vacation when I was there."

"You will see her next weekend. She is a young thing, about the same age as yourself and Norman. You'll like that, won't you?"

The cook brought the meal in and all ate in silence. All during the meal, Jonathan's eyes were fixed on his aunt's breasts. Mary carried on eating as if nothing unusual was taking place, knowing Jonathan could not keep from watching her heaving bosoms.

The meal finished, Mary seated herself on her favourite well-upholstered Queen Anne chair. She patted the chair next to her. "Come, Jonathan, sit next

to your aunt while we have a tete-a-tete.” Lifting the little bell beside her chair, she rang it. The cook appeared.

“Yes ma’am, was there something you wanted?”

“Yes Elsie, pour me a martini. What would you like, Jonathan?”

“I don’t know, Aunt Mary.”

His aunt knew he had never touched strong drink before. “Pour him a martini, Elsie.”

“Very well, ma’am.” Having done that, Elsie left aunt and nephew to their own devices.

Mary looked at her nephew’s tight leather trousers, a present she had lavished on him along with the silk shirt he was wearing. Underneath the tight trousers were silk briefs, another present from his aunt. They were enticing his prick into a state of proud erection. The erection was also fuelled by the thought of what he and Norman did that afternoon, the outrageous display of his aunt, and the Viagra his Aunt Mary had told cook to put in his soup.

Mary smiled at the erection projecting through Jonathan’s trousers. “I do believe you have a hard on, dear.” Jonathan face blushed profusely, a deep red. Mary touched his knee. “Don’t worry about it, dear, it happens to us all at some time. This is a happy home and I want to see you happy, dearest Jonathan.”

“I have a few questions I would ask you Aunt, if I may.”

“But of course, my dear boy. I shall be only too happy to answer them. Fire away.”

“Norman informed me that he is having an ear pierced and asked me to come with him. His mother

is taking him to have it done. Do you think it is right for me to have my ear pierced, Auntie?”

“Is it just the one ear, Jonathan?”

“Yes, Aunt Mary.”

His aunt thought a while. Margaret, no doubt, encouraged her son to have his ear pierced. It was the gay boys who had one ear pierced as a sign to one another.

“I see no harm in that, Jonathan. It must be okay if Norman’s mother is taking you both. Margaret is a very clean living woman. Norman could not have a better mother.” Mary thought, ‘Sly old Margaret is turning that son of hers into a cock lover and with his pierced ear he will get plenty of that.’

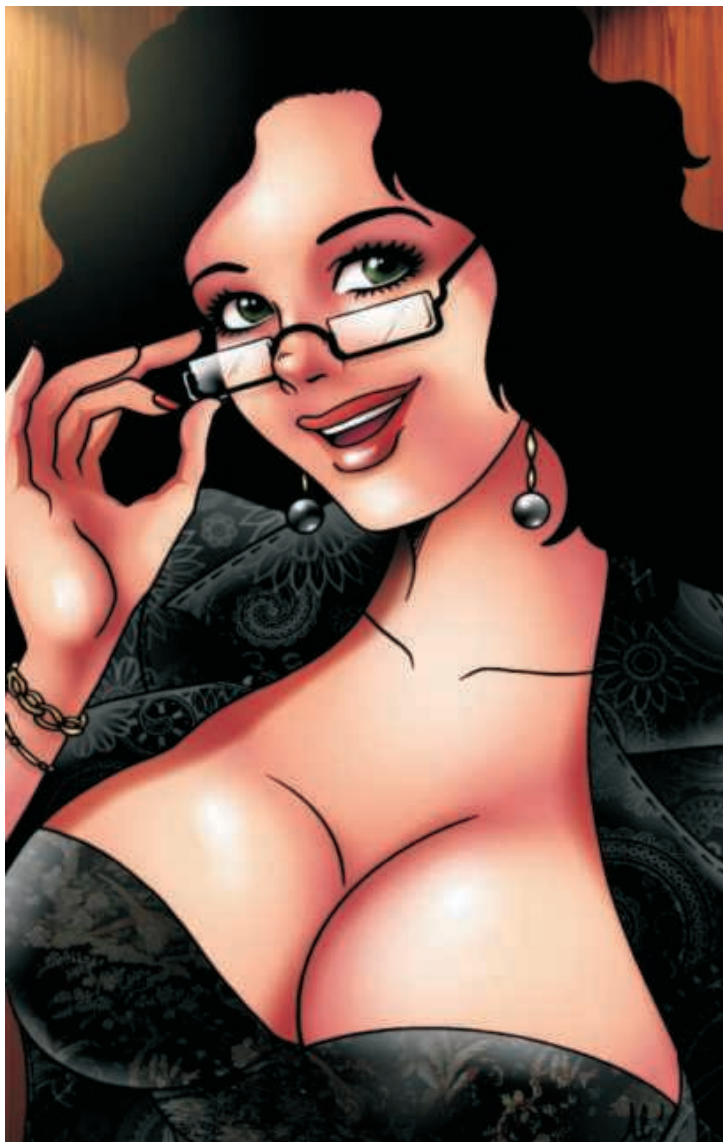
“Come closer, Dear. You’ve been admiring my breasts all night, haven’t you? There is no need to blush. I said this was a happy home. You may feel them to your heart’s delight.”

“Can I really, Aunt Mary?”

“But of course. Give me your hand.” Taking the youth’s hand, she entered it inside her black diaphanous peignoir and placed it on one protruding nipple which promptly proceeded to swell under the gentle touch from her nephew. He was having a good grope of his aunt’s large assets much to his and her delight.

“Oh, we are having a good time, aren’t we, Jonathan? I’ve never been so excited in a long time,” she lied.

And so the night went on with Jonathan and his debauched aunt. Just how debauched Jonathan’s Aunt Mary was to become we shall later see.



## **EROTIC WEEKEND**

The weekend was fast approaching when Mary's dear friend Margaret's son and maid would arrive. There was so much to do. Mary had employed a personal companion by the name of Marsha; not just

for the weekend, she would be a full-time companion to Mary. Marsha was a young woman about twenty, very pretty, five feet and four inches with a nipped-in waist and beautiful legs graciously adorned by black silk stockings. Her job was to supervise the maids in the house—there were two—and prepare the menu with Elsie the cook. Besides these duties she would help Madam, as she referred to Mary, with her dressing, grooming, and advise her on which clothes to wear for any particular occasion. She had come with a very beautiful wardrobe of clothes herself. She was very well aware of Madam's outrageous behaviour to which she was no stranger herself. The house and its reputation had attracted her when she saw the advert in "Lady Magazine".

**Smart young lady wanted to be a companion to mature middle-aged lady of leisure in desirable country residence. Must be adaptable to lady's unusual requests. Will be well-paid and rewarded for such services**

Only women of age between 18 and 25 may apply.

Marsha, even at the tender age of 20, was worldly wise and summed Mary up in their first interview.

"Dear, there are others to interview so I cannot give you a definite answer yet. If I think you are the right person, I shall invite you here again."

"Yes madam, I understand," replied the smart twenty-year-old. Marsha was almost certain she would get the job for she had ticked the right boxes and given the answers Mary was looking for. Marsha considered her future employer a beautiful woman. Although she had never had sex with women of that

age before, she looked forward to the new experience. She was certain that it wouldn't be long after she settled in that she would be sharing her employer's bed.

It didn't take Mary long to see Marsha was the one she wanted; the girl was quick in the uptake. Mary didn't have to spell out what took place within the walls of the house as she looked on the shapely body of the young woman.

"When can you start, Dear?" enquired Mary.

"As soon as you like, Madam, tomorrow if you want."

"That would be nice, just in time for the coming weekend. My *special girlfriend* and son are staying this weekend. You will be a great help, Dear."

Marsha just knew what kind of weekend was in store, especially when her employer emphasised the words *special girlfriend*.

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"I hope you haven't forgotten to put your panties on this time, Cheryl."

"No Mistress, I've put a very pretty pair on today."

"Then let me see," asked Margaret. The maid hitched her black knee-length satin skirt to reveal a very tight and skimpy pink pair of Rayon panties which outlined the shape of her mons to perfection.

"Very nice, Cheryl. I'll have them off tonight for sure."

“Oh Mistress, you wouldn’t, would you?” Cheryl hoped her mistress would keep her promise.

“I know you’ve been missing your boyfriend Norman but pine no more. We are on the way to his aunt’s. I expect you to give Jonathan a great big kiss when you greet him, Darling.”

“Yes mother, I just can’t wait to have him my arms once more.”

“Good. Don’t forget I’m taking you and Jonathan to have an ear pierced. His aunt has given him her blessing. You know, it is only nice boys who have an ear pierced. I think you and Jonathan may find a few more like-minded boyfriends. Won’t that be pleasant?”

“Yes Mother.”

Margaret wanted her son to wear frocks and pretty girl’s clothes but would stop there. It would be no use to have his penis cut off, especially as she had plans for it. Margaret knew she had successfully made her son a mother’s boy. Now was the time to progress onward in her strange plans. She knew Mary wanted something similar for her nephew for hadn’t she told her so in private? A serious discussion would have to take place with her girlfriend this weekend.

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“Darling, darling,” said Mary, embracing her girlfriend Margaret as kisses rained on each other’s cheeks. The prologue to this marvellous sex filled weekend had started well, thought both women.

“And who is this pretty creature standing at your side, Mary?”

“Marsha, my new companion. Introduce yourself, dear.”

Marsha in her pale blue light summer dress knew the best way to introduced herself was not to shake hands but to plant a kiss on this woman’s cheek for the woman would understand that she was more than a female companion to her girlfriend. She had not as yet been in her employer’s bed but she expected things to speed up during the weekend.

“Nice to meet you, Marsha. I expect I shall see a lot of you during the coming weekend.” Margaret eyed the young woman up and down. ‘Mary certainly picks the nice looking ones,’ she thought. ‘I wonder if they’ve had a tumble in bed yet. I wouldn’t mind one myself but then there is Cheryl. Where am I going to find the time? I suppose I’ll just have to find it.’

Meanwhile, Norman had Jonathan in his arms. They were kissing each other, not on the cheek, but full-blown kisses on the lips.

“Oh, isn’t that sweet? You really must have been missing your boyfriend badly,” said his mother.

“I’ve put Norman in Jonathan’s room for the weekend so they can be near each other.”

“Have you, Mary? Did you hear that, Norman? Isn’t Jonathan’s aunt so kind? You must give her a kiss, Darling.” Mary held her cheek out for the offered kiss from her nephew’s boyfriend.

Marsha watched the goings on in front of her. This weekend was going to be a lot more entertain-

ing than she expected. She knew there was a lot of sexual activity with her employer but what about Cheryl? Where did she fit in?

“Can I help you with your luggage, Madam?” asked Marsha. The maids had already taken the bulk of the bags to the rooms Madam’s guests would be spending the weekend in. Margaret had a bulky looking bag in her hand. She could easily carry it herself but it would be interesting to see what this companion of Mary’s would do, thought Margaret.

“That is most kind of you, Dear. I think your mistress has put me in her room.” So saying, Margaret handed the bag to the young woman. Mary’s room was on the first floor. Marsha was already familiar with the layout of the house. She had been in Madam’s room several times, helping her dress and picking Madam’s clothes. Margaret’s luggage was already on the bed when both women entered.

Marsha placed the bag beside the bags the maids had taken to Mary’s bedroom. “Shall I unpack your cases, Madam and help you put your clothes in the wardrobe and drawers?” asked Marsha.

“Yes Dear, you’re so helpful.” So saying, Margaret unlocked her bags interested to see what Marsha would say when she saw some of the items within; some were of a sexual nature. The dresses were unpacked and put in the wardrobe and the underclothes in drawers. The bottom of the last bag contained some sexual items; a strap-on dildo, then a double-ended dildo, followed by nipple clamps and a butt plug.

“Where shall I put this, Madam?” said Marsha holding up the single-ended dildo.

“Don’t you know, Marsha?” answered Margaret.

Marsha knew what the dildo was used for and had had one used on her in the past. “No Madam, what a curious thing. It looks like a man’s cock.”

“Would you really like to see where it is put, Marsha?”

“Yes, I would indeed, Madam. You must show me.”

“Very well, Marsha. You must do as I say without question and no harm will come to you, you may even like it. We must take all our clothes off. Lie on the bed while I prepare myself.”

“You have to prepare yourself, Madam? How strange.”

“Just watch.” Marsha lay naked on the bed while the now naked Margaret was strapping the dildo to her waist. Marsha thought it had been some time since she had had a dildo up her pussy. It was that big heavy Stella that forced it right up inside her, the dirty bitch. But Margaret was not like that. Marsha was rather looking forward to the ride.

Margaret lay on top of her, pulling Marsha’s legs apart. She had put lubrication on the dildo and it slid in easily. Marsha was no virgin.

“How is that, dear? I want you to love it. There is nothing worse than a woman who doesn’t like a good long dildo up her cunt. The feeling is so exquisite. I’m talking from experience.”

“I know what you mean, Margaret. I can feel it right inside me. It’s better than a man; that dildo will stay hard forever and never go limp.” Little erotic giggles were to be heard coming from the young Marsha and more mature sounding ones from Margaret.

Both women were thoroughly enjoying their erotic experience, the debauched pair, but then who wasn't debauched in this house of delicious desires?

"Put your legs on my shoulders, Darling. Can't you feel the dildo sliding further up you?"

"Yes Margaret. I never thought women could do nice things like this to each other. I must return the compliment."

"There is no hurry, I have lots to teach you. When you have accomplished that, it will be your turn to attend to my willing pussy."

"My heart is beating ever so fast, Margaret and I'm bursting with love for you, I do think I'm going to come, my dearest Darling."

"Then I will pull out for I don't want you to cum just yet. I want to prolong your pleasure. You may lay between Mary and me tonight for I am sure she wants to caress your cunt this night."

"How can I ever repay your kindness? Are you sure Madam will allow such going on in her house, Margaret?"

"Trust me, sweet girl. I know Mary like the back of my hand. Never fear, we are going to have a wonderful night of love, sharing the dildo among the three of us."

It was the sort of reply Marsha had expected. She was about to come although the dildo had been withdrawn. She mustn't, it would be so much better if it happened when she was between the mature ladies. "You've worked me up so much, Margaret. I'm trying my best not to come. I want to make you so happy."

“I can see that by the pained expression on your face, Dear. Don’t worry, let it all go. I’m sure Mary and I can arouse you once more tonight. You rest here and I’ll tell Mary not to have you disturbed so you may preserve your strength for the coming night.”

“You’re so understanding, Margaret. I think I am going to have a delightful time here.”

“Of course you will, dear Marsha for this house isn’t called the House of Delightful Desires for nothing.”

“I feel my body churning. I’m afraid I will release all over the bed, Margaret.”

“Then let go, Dear.”

That was exactly what the dear girl did. With a rush, her pearly liquid gushed all over the sheets. Margaret dipped a finger in it and put it to her lips like a connoisseur tasting wine.

“The essence is excellent and among the best I have tasted. Mary and I will be drinking from your fountain all this weekend. Mary picked well and I commend her choice of a companion.”

Marsha thought she had seen it all but this Margaret seemed to be a connoisseur of women’s cum. Not that Marsha hadn’t done some cuntlicking in the past but not to the extent of appraising the quality of her female companion’s pussy juice.

“I’ll leave you in peace. Rest, sweet Marsha, and don’t worry about the mess. I’ll get the maids to tidy it all up and put clean sheets on for tonight activities.” So saying, Margaret placed a kiss on Marsha pussy which was still slowly oozing her pearly cum, then left the room.

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Marsha was in Wonderland, dreaming of strap-on dildos. Her pussy had never been fucked like it just had by Margaret. What more surprises did this house hold? For now that would have to wait; she was so tired and sexually exhausted and her cunt ached.

Meanwhile Margaret was in earnest conversation with Mary in the library. "We have a crisis, Mary."

"What crisis, Margaret?"

"I promised Cheryl I would have the panties off her tonight as she lay between us in bed."

"I was rather thinking along the same lines myself. What's the problem?"

"I just can't keep my hands off her body and I said she could sleep between us this night."

"My God, you're a quick one. You're only five minutes here and you've had the panties off her already. So have you any suggestions as what we should do with your maid?"

"No," replied Mary's girlfriend.

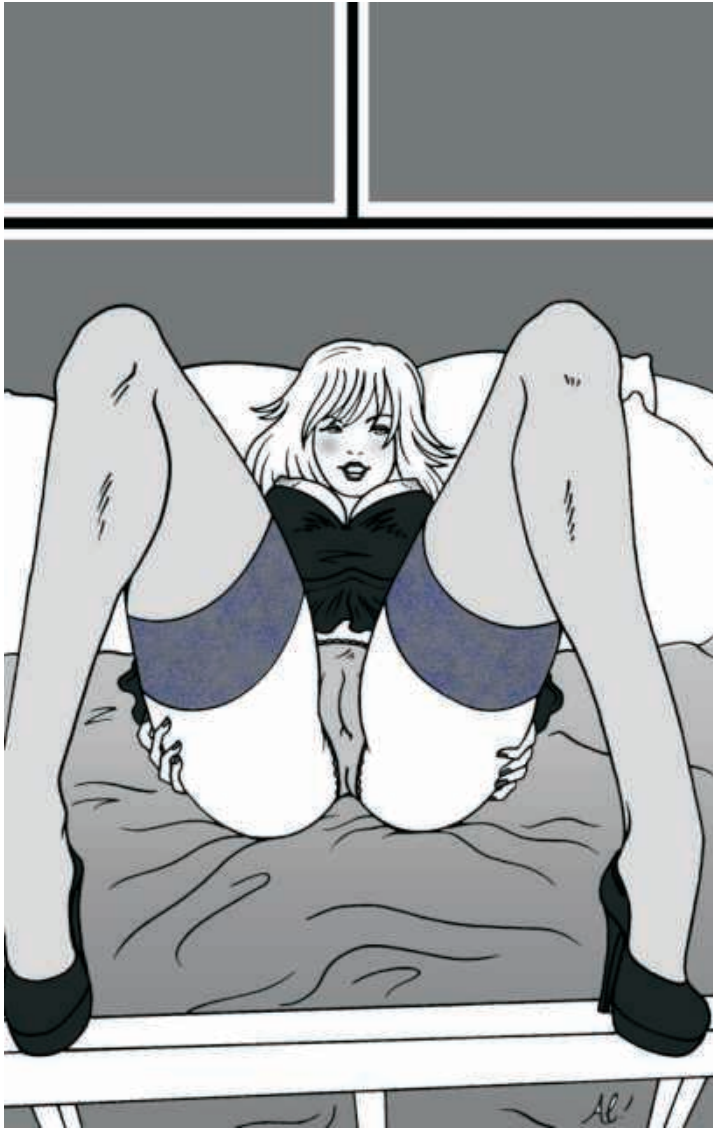
"Then let us put our heads together and think." Silence descended on the room for some time.

"I've got it!" said Mary.

Margaret looked up. "Okay, let's hear the worst."

"Put Cheryl in with the boys tonight. What could be better?"

"She would certainly liven things up but I'm trying to make Norman as female as I can. Do you think it would help?"



“Of course it would and they may pick up a few female tricks as well.”

“Cheryl will have both of them screwing the living daylight out of her. But the good side of it is she will have forgotten about my promise. Let’s do it.”

On reflection Margaret thought it wasn't such a good idea for her son may lose his virginity. She didn't mind him having gay sex but she hadn't brought up Norman to be a mother's boy for some little slut like Cheryl to take.

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"Boys I hope you're not going to rape me."

Norman looked at Jonathan, then both looked at Cheryl as she stood there in the room. Cheryl had put on her play clothes, as she called them. A short satin black dress that came six inches above her knees, while below showed a hint of the pink lace-trimmed panties she wore. If she bent forward they would split her cunt. Her slick black hold-up stockings descended from the top of her thigh down her legs to the shiny black six-inch stiletto heeled shoes. It was clear she wore no bra as her breasts protruded from the top of the dress.

Cheryl struck a suggestive pose in the doorway. "Well boys, what do you think of the outfit?"

The reply came swiftly as the boys pulled her into their bedroom.

"I guess that means you like it. I can see from the projections in your pants I may have a welcoming committee. Your mothers told me I would have to sleep here the night. There is only one bed but I am used to that coming from a large family and sleeping with my sisters. You boys won't harm me, will you?"

"Oh no, we'll snuggle up together and protect you," said Norman eyeing up the curvy figure of the girl.

“You know I’ve forgotten my nightie. I’ll just have to sleep naked. You don’t mind that, do you?” said the little minx.

“Oh no,” said both boys at the same time.

“But it’s too early for bed. What sort of games do you boys play at night? I must join in. I like playing night games.”

“We could play Hunt The Cunt,” suggested Jonathan.

“That’s a new one on me. How do you play that one?” said Cheryl with enthusiasm.

“It’s ever so daring, Cheryl. Maybe you would not want to play it.”

“You’ll never know the answer to that till you tell me.”

“You go and hide yourself anywhere in the house and we try to find you. The one who does then removes your panties as proof of the discovery, returns to this bedroom and replaces them on you.”

Cheryl squealed with delight and lustful desire at the thought. “I suggest we change the rules slightly,” said Cheryl.

“What would be your suggestion, Cheryl?”

“Whoever discovers me will remove my panties but I should have the honour of putting my panties on whoever it is. It is only fair. You have had your fun so I can have mine.”

“Okay, let’s shake on that,” said Jonathan.

“No,” answered Cheryl, “let’s do this”. Both boys received a long lingering French kiss. ‘That should make them anxious to get the panties off me,’

thought Cheryl. It certainly would as both boys were sporting enormous erections.

The first thing Cheryl thought was to go to the room her mistress was sharing with Jonathan's aunt. It was possible that the boys may not want to disturb their mother and aunt but that would make them all the more desirous to find her. By that time they would have raging erections. Of course she would move to a more obvious place for she did want her panties removed.

On opening the door of Mary's room, the first thing Cheryl spotted was a tangled heap of naked moaning female bodies interested in each other's bodily openings. Both were too interested in each other's gratification to notice Cheryl at first. Eventually her mistress emerged from the bottom of the heap and saw her. "Cheryl! You've come just in time to have your panties removed. I did promise you that, didn't I?"

"Oh no, Mistress, you mustn't, not tonight anyway."

"You've become very modest all of a sudden, Cheryl. Why?"

By this time Mary and Marsha had recovered from their sexual frolics and sat up in bed, their mouths dripping with cum.

"Yes, why?" asked Mary.

"It's like this. Your sons are the only ones who can remove my panties."

Mary and Margaret looked at each other in amazement, raising their eyebrows. "I didn't think they were like that I was under the impression they only were interested in each other," said Margaret,

worried that this little slut would take her son's virginity as far as females were concerned.

"Not judging from the reception they gave me when I entered their bedroom," replied Cheryl.

"So why are they the only ones that can take your panties off tonight?" asked Marsha.

"It's the little game we are playing. Hunt the Cunt." Cheryl went on to explain what it was all about.

"So, let me get this straight. You're going to put your panties on the boy that finds you?" asked Mary.

"Well, both of them, although they don't know that yet."

Norman had searched everywhere he could possibly think of and was becoming more frustrated by the minute. Where could the little cockteaser be? He sat down and started to think. Then it hit him like a flash: she was in the room his mother and Aunt Mary, as his mother now told him to call her, slept in. She wouldn't dare to hide there, would she? Yes she would.

He softly tip-toed to the room, silently turned the handle, and opened the door. He beheld three naked ladies sitting on the bed, chatting with Cheryl. Norman had never seen his mother naked before and his eyes were fixed on her shapely body. He had almost forgotten the reason he had come here.

"Norman!" exclaimed his mother. "Whatever are you doing here? Explain yourself."

"I've... come to take the panties off Cheryl, Mother."

“Have you indeed? Men! All they think of getting the knickers off us women.”

Cheryl interrupted “It’s alright. Mistress, its only a game and your son is the winner. He may remove my panties now.”

“Well, if he is the winner, I suppose he may as well claim his prize.”

Margaret had noticed Norman had an erection which wasn’t surprising with so many naked female bodies in the room. But maybe there could be something else: the sight of his mother’s naked body. She decided to try a little experiment before the removal of Cheryl panties.

Norman’s eyes were still fixed on his mother. That gave Margaret all the encouragement she needed. Sitting on the bed, she slowly opened her legs as her son watched intently. The shaven vulva and erect clitoris were now displayed in their glory before the eyes of Norman, her son. Margaret was excited, the proof of which was her erect clit. She noticed the twitching of Norman’s erect penis within his pants. It was she he was looking at for his eyes only focused on her, no one else. That memory would be stored in her brain for future reference.

If her son had never seen a woman’s pussy before she was glad she was the first as the first has strange repercussions and consequences. A strange desire had been released within Margaret which would be fulfilled in time.

“You seen all in a daze, Norman. What ails you?” asked his mother.

“Eh, what did you say, Mother?” Norman did his best to recover from the wondrous sight he had just

witnessed between his mothers legs. Margaret repeated her question.

“Oh nothing, Mother, I was just daydreaming.” Then he remembered the purpose he had come here for. But the sight he had just beheld was ingrained in his mind forever.

The removal of Cheryl’s panties was witnessed by all in that room. The panty-less Cheryl took Norman by the hand and they made their way back to the boy’s bedroom. Norman was carrying the pink panties by the gusset, somewhat damp from the secretions from Cheryl’s excited pussy.

“Wouldn’t you like to play with my pussy while we wait for Jonathan?”

Norman did but Cheryl’s cunt looked nothing like his mother’s. It was covered with pubic hairs, unlike his mother’s which was shaven, smooth, and clean. Every little detail could be clearly seen. Cheryl’s pussy was all crinkly, still he entered a finger to squeals and squirms from the lustful Cheryl. Cheryl took second place to his mother but Margaret need not have worried for her son was definitely a mother’s boy in more than one way.

Jonathan entered the bedroom to the sight of his boyfriend with a hand up Cheryl’s short black satin dress and a finger in her already soaking pussy.

“That’s not fair, you started without me,” said Jonathan.

Cheryl looked up from where she sat. “Don’t worry. dear Jonathan, there’s plenty more where that comes from but you’re right. I think we should stop now for the victor must have his prize.” Cheryl took her panties from Norman. Cheryl held her

tempting panties before Norman. "It's my time for fun, step into them."

Norman put one leg at a time into the dainty pink lace-trimmed garment. Cheryl pulled them up till they were tightly caressing his encased balls and prick. A wonderful sensation surged through Norman's body, the likes of which he had never sensed before. But how much more wonderful it would be if his mother had done this to him.

Cheryl saw his erection and she slipped a hand into the panties to relieve Norman's erection. "I hope you're not going to make a mess inside, otherwise you can wash them."

Norman was too far gone to hear her voice. He wasn't thinking about her, he had his mother in mind at the moment. "Mother."

Cheryl looked most curiously at him. "I'm not your mother, Norman." She had disturbed his day-dream.

By now he was gushing his pearly white cum into Cheryl's panties, soaking them, wishing all the time that it was his mother who had done this.

"Oh, it's too late. You may as well take them off and shower yourself." To Cheryl's amazement, he got hard again. She was not going to play around with a hand job, this one was going right up inside her. What Cheryl and Jonathan didn't know was that Aunt Mary was still slipping the Viagra into Jonathan's food.

Cheryl quickly placed herself on the bed. "Come here, you sex mad boy. I want that right up inside me NOW."

Jonathan didn't need to be told twice; he was quickly beside her, his penis projecting from the pink lace-trimmed panties he had put on again. Cheryl, supine, placed her hand on the offered projection and guided it towards her wide open pussy lips in no time. Cheryl's legs were placed round Jonathan's waist and her breasts tightly pressed against Jonathan's sweating body. The whole seven inches of Jonathan's cock disappeared inside her to the hilt.

Cheryl calculated she may as well make the most of it for once he came, that would be the end of it for the night. The little minx stuck a finger into Jonathan's anus. She felt him shiver and she tightened her cunt around the gigantic member inside her. Soon she felt the twitching of something about to explode within her. She couldn't help being exited at the prospect of possessing this boy. The tips of her tits were swelling to unbelievable proportions, amazing Cheryl. This Jonathan would surely be sharing her bed again this weekend.

Then an earth-shattering discharge flooded Cheryl's insides like nothing she had never seen in her life before. Jonathan withdrew his semen-covered penis, still erect. Cheryl rubbed her eyes in disbelief. This boy was insatiable but then so was she. Cheryl's mind forget about Norman, Jonathan was the one for her tonight.

Norman was not exactly left out of things for he became a keen observer of the insatiable pair, adding to his sexual education.

It was not Jonathan who became tired that night but Cheryl. "I think I must have a bit of shuteye, boys," he said.

A smile spread upon Cheryl's face as she looked at Jonathan. "There's always the morning, sweetheart."

Norman feasted his eyes on Cheryl's thick hairy pussy, so unlike his mother's clean-shaven one. Norman was most obsessed in comparing other females with his mother but that only began since he saw his mother naked.

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The women sat round the breakfast table without Cheryl. "Where's your maid, Margaret?" asked Mary.

Norman answered, "I think she was rather occupied last night, Aunt Mary, with your Jonathan." No more was said.

All retired to the lounge after breakfast where maids served coffee. Marsha left shortly after for she had many things to arrange during this weekend. Jonathan was making to the bedroom for more intimate relations with Cheryl while his Aunt Mary had matters to attend to in her room.

"I expect you lost your virginity last night, Norman," said his mother.

"No, Mother," replied he.

Margaret blinked in disbelief. "But you left the bedroom hand-in-hand with Cheryl. What happened in your room." Norman explained all to his mother.

Margaret sighed with relief. There was still hope for... the unbelievable? The masturbation with Cheryl was understandable; that her son was still a virgin for now was all that mattered. Norman re-

ceived an unexpected kiss from a happy and relieved mother who left him wondering and curious.

Norman had remarked to his mother about the amount of pubic hair he had seen on Cheryl. It pleased her that he had taken so much interest in noticing what she had down there. She would attend to that for she always shaved herself for hygienic reasons.

Mary had instructed Marsha to shave Cheryl's cunt after Margaret had informed her that it was not bare. Cheryl had been led kicking and screaming by Marsha to the bathroom.

"There's nothing wrong with my pussy!"

"Don't you think you will feel much healthier and hygienic once it is all done?" Marsha asked her.

"Well maybe," answered Cheryl.

"If you're a good girl, I'll give your pussy a kiss, perhaps a few," Marsha kindly informed her. That seemed a good offer to Cheryl. She had taken a fancy to this woman who was so busty that she vowed she would have a feel of her tits before the day was out.

"You'll need a bath first, Cheryl, then we can start. I've already drawn the bath and scented the water."

"Will you wash me, Marsha?"

"But of course."

"And come into the bath with me?"

"But of course."

Marsha ushered the naked Cheryl into the steaming hot bath, then took her own clothes off under the watchful eye of Cheryl.

Cheryl was taking in every detail of Marsha as she stripped her clothes off. Under her grey silk skirt was revealed a flesh-coloured bra containing two plump boobs. She also had on a suspender belt tautly holding up her black seamed Cuban heel stockings. White satin panties were below which, when discarded, exposed her shaven genitals. Cheryl had to admit Marsha's shaven pussy did look nice. If she was going to have her own done, she wanted it just like that.

Marsha, sponge and soap in hand, entered the scented water. "Come here till I wash your body down, Dear." Cheryl found her breasts being paid particular attention to by her womanly companion in the bath. She was loving it. Cheryl snatched the sponge from Marsha's hand and was now soaping Marsha's plump tits.

"Don't do that, Dear."

Cheryl paid no attention to her and carried on caressing Marsha's breast with the soaped sponge.

"I said don't do that, Dear."

Marsha was excited; she really didn't want Cheryl to stop and never asked the question again. Cheryl had thrown the sponge away. Her hand had taken one of Marsha's tits in her mouth and was devouring it with passion. No more was Marsha complaining.

Marsha thought this was not what she had come into the bath for but let it carry.

The shaving soap, mug, and brush were there, all laid out on the chair in the bathroom. Marsha had dried Cheryl and sat her naked body on the chair. Cheryl's pussy was now lathered with soap, ready to be shaved by Marsha.

Marsha, razor in hand, proceeded to scrape the mass of hairs on Cheryl's pudenda off. Occasionally she dipped the razor in the mug of hot water used to produce the soapy lather. This kept the hair from clogging up the razor blades. When all was finished, Cheryl's pussy was talced and perfumed.

"There you are, sweetheart. Look at yourself in the mirror. What do you think?" Marsha handed a hand mirror to Cheryl. Her mound was hairless and prominent; she could see her clit outline clearly.

"Don't move!" Marsha commanded Cheryl. Marsha knelt on the carpeted floor in front of Cheryl and placed Cheryl's legs over her shoulders. Slowly her lips descended on the object of her desires. Her lips sought out the hidden depths of the woman whose legs were spread in front of her. Cheryl was trying her best to assist Marsha by widening the V at her crotch so her hidden beauty would be more accessible to her lover. Cheryl knew she was going to receive the womanly kiss that Marsha had promised on her pussy.

Marsha pulled the cunt lips before her apart. Her eyes peered into the aperture where she would manoeuvre her tongue. The slippery slopes would aid her tongue's progress to the inner depths of the treasure she desired. Once entered, Cheryl ran her hands through the raven hair. Marsha clamped her to her sacred spot and closed her legs.

There was nothing left for Marsha to do but let her tongue explore the inside walls of Cheryl's cunt. There was nothing else she could do for she was trapped and there was nothing else she wanted to do. The only way Cheryl would release her was to hit her G spot and give Cheryl satisfaction.

Marsha found it as Cheryl bucked up and down on the chair. "Oh yes, sweet lover. I've never come across such a cunt licker as you my darling." The delicious heavenly emissions coming from Cheryl slid delightfully down Marsha throat. Margaret had taught her a thing or two about being a connoisseur of cum.

Cheryl finally freed her stranglehold on Marsha who could now breathe more easily. "I'll have to use the bidet to clean my innards," said Marsha.

"And so will I," added Cheryl.

The two young women were now fully clothed and friendlier towards each other. "I haven't seen the boys today, have you?"

"Your Mistress has taken her son and Jonathan to have an ear pierced," answered Marsha.

"Just the one?" asked Cheryl.

"Yes."

"But of course. They are gay after all, but there is hope for Jonathan. I should know for his cock never went down all night."

"Really? But I'm not surprised for Cook tells me Madam told her to put Viagra into his food at all times."

"Then she mustn't stop while I'm here. I wondered why he was so horny, not that I'm complaining."

"Show your Aunt Mary your earring, Jonathan."

"Isn't it so beautiful, Margaret? I must see Norman's too."

"Norman, show Aunt Mary yours as well," ordered his mother.

“Why, they’re both the same pearl droppers. Isn’t that so nice? You boys must love each other with matching earrings.”

“But that’s not all, Mary. Hold your hands out for Aunt Mary to see.”

Both Norman and Jonathan held their left hands out for Aunt Mary’s inspection. There on the left hand’s third finger was a gold ring on each boy.

“They must have cost you a pretty penny, Margaret. I must help pay for my nephew.”

“Think nothing of it, Darling. I’m rather fond of Norman’s boyfriend,” said Margaret, ruffling Jonathan’s hair in a friendly manner.

“It’s the in thing nowadays for boyfriends to exchange rings, isn’t it, Darling?” Mary gave Margaret a knowing look.

“Of course it is, Mary. I hope you boys will be proud to show off your rings to everyone.”

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“What’s on the agenda tonight? wondered Marsha. “I’ve never been to my own room since I arrived here, only Madam’s. Madam and her girlfriend have taught me many things I never knew and cook informed me it is evening dress for dinner tonight.”

Marsha was now in Madam’s room. “Marsha, you must advise me what to wear tonight,” said Mary.

“Certainly Madam, show me your wardrobe.”

Mary led her to the walk-in closet within which was row upon row of her dresses all laid out in order. A row of ordinary house dresses, then summer

dresses, cocktail dresses, country dresses and finally, evening gowns. Marsha lifted each dress, inspecting and appraising each one. Finally she held a glittering black satin strapless backless evening gown up to Mary. "What do you think of this, Madam?"

"Your dress sense is immaculate, Marsha. You'll make a good companion, I can see. You must assist me to find suitable lingerie to wear under this gown."

"Madam, you won't need a slip, petticoat, or brassiere. I would suggest just a pair of fine knickers, classic stockings, and medium-height shoes, black of course, to go with the gown."

"Why no brassiere?" questioned Mary.

"Because, Madam, you have very firm breasts and do not need any artificial aid to hold them in the place they should be. This gown, because of its classic design, will direct the observer to the breast area. Many a man or woman will appreciate that and so you will rightly become the centre of attraction!"

The answer pleased Mary and she gave a warm kiss to her woman companion. "You will be well rewarded tonight, Darling."

That answer left Marsha in hungry anticipation of the festivities in bed of the coming night.

"If I may be so bold, Madam, why has everyone to be in formal dress tonight?"

"At these gatherings on a Saturday night we always dress in evening gowns and the boys come in tuxedos and bow ties. We run a respectable house here, Marsha, you should know that."

“You could have fooled me,” thought Marsha. “Yes of course, Madam, how foolish of me to think otherwise.”

Marsha was shown the multiple drawers within the walk-in wardrobe containing all Madam’s lingerie. Panties, brassieres, stockings, pantyhose (which Marsha learned Madam was not too keen about wearing). Finally she found a pair of black silk French knickers embroidered with a black lace trim.

“These ideally match the gown you will wear tonight, Madam. What do you think?”

“Hmm, very nice I’m sure but I’m not in the mood to wear anything under my gown tonight, Marsha.”

“But of course, Madam. It is rather hot, I understand. Some other night perhaps?” “It looks like one of these knickerless nights. I expect I shall be wearing none as well. It will keep everyone happy,” thought Marsha. “I am so going to enjoy my time here.”

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Marsha prepared the menu for dinner which had to be approved by Madam. Mary scrutinised the menu. “That’s excellent, Marsha. No criticism but would you mind if I suggested a few changes?”

“Oh course, Madam, that is your prerogative. What would you suggest?”

“The main meal is excellent, however I would suggest that celery be added. I do like celery. For the seafood course I would like raw oysters. Bananas with avocado pear ice cream for dessert.”

Marsha took a note of all this for Elsie the cook. "Is there anything else, Madam?"

"Yes, Amazon tea which we will take in the lounge after dinner."

"Amazon tea, Madam? I can't say I've ever heard of that before."

"Just tell Elsie. She knows where it is kept. It is so relaxing, Dear."

In the kitchen, Marsha handed her note to Elsie the cook, then added, "Madam wants Amazon tea for after the meal."

Elsie gave her a strange look. "You do know what Amazon tea is, Miss Marsha?"

"No, I'm afraid I've never heard of it."

"I'll enlighten you. It comes from the Amazon jungle, hence its name. It was discovered by explorers some 100 years ago when they came upon a long-lost tribe. They made a study of them and among the things they discovered was a liquid mixture. It is a very potent brew and was used in orgies which the explorers joined in. It was brought back to civilisation and kept very hush hush for there was so little of it.

"The substances it contains can only be found in the deepest of the Amazon jungle. Only a privileged few know of its existence, of which the mistress is one. This aphrodisiac is very expensive. Actually, everything on the menu for tonight is an aphrodisiac"

"Let me see it, Elsie?" asked Marsha.

"Certainly, Miss Marsha." The cook opened a cupboard in the kitchen and from the back of it took a very small unlabelled bottle containing a green liq-

uid. "Now that it is out I may as well pour a small portion of it into the jug."

Marsha dipped a finger in the green liquid and put it to her tongue. "Ugh, that is vile."

"I don't think the mistress purchased it for the taste and it is dangerous when not diluted."

"Why?" queried Marsha.

"As it is a sex stimulant mainly for women, without being diluted, the full strength of the potion makes women crave sex in any form you care to mention. Many women who imbibe it will become nymphomaniacs. No matter the gender, if anyone is near, they must have sex with them."

Marsha raised her eyebrows. Although she had put but a smidgen on the tip of her finger, she was sure she felt a little pleasant stirring in her pussy. Tonight seemed an appetising prospect and she didn't mean the meal.

"I think you will receive a surprise when the Amazon tea is served after dinner."

Marsha never asked why; there were many sexual delights happening in this house of desires, it would be another to savour.

Marsha hardly had time to have a scented bath and change into her evening dress, what with attending to Madam and sorting the meal with Cook. She had picked a long blue satin shimmering sheath of a dress with a low V neckline exposing her firm breasts for all to view. No need for panties; none of the females present would be wearing any. She wondered about the boys. What would be underneath their trousers? She noted that Norman seemed to have his eyes fixated on his mother since last night.

There was nothing wrong with a boy having love for his mother but this love seemed rather strange.

Marsha admired herself in the full-length mirror. If she put her right foot forward, the thigh-length split in her dress would fall back to reveal the black silk stockings attached to the black satin girdle giving a glimpse of her shaven pussy which no doubt would be exposed many times tonight.

When Marsha entered the dining room, she mingled with all present. A waitress was going round with a tray containing a mixture of drinks. Marsha took a glass of Green Goddess from it.

Margaret, who was wearing a yellow fishtail type of evening dress, minced up to her. As Marsha observed, it was the only way she could walk in that tight fitting dress. Margaret had picked this dress for her son, hoping that he would see more of his mother in it.

“Darling, I’m so glad to see you tonight. I hope you will enjoy yourself. You have an invite to visit Mary and me for some drinks in her room.”

“That is most kind of you, Margaret. I will gladly accept.” A knowing smile was passed between the two women. Marsha noticed as they embraced for a womanly kiss that Margaret’s dress was backless right down to the V at her ass. Norman certainly would see more of his mother there.

Before the meal started, Mary stood up at the table “Ladies and boyfriends.” she said looking sweetly at her nephew and Norman who were holding hands. She started again. “Ladies and boyfriends fill your glasses for I have a toast to propose. Raise your glasses to the engagement of my nephew and

his boyfriend Norman this very day. Show everyone your rings, boys.” This both boys did.

“Now give each other a kiss to seal the engagement,” said Mary. They engaged in a long lingering kiss.

Cook and the maids served the dinner. As Marsha ate, she felt fingers wandering up her leg. Being seated between Mary and Margaret, they could be the only ones whose hands were wandering. Both of them were staring straight ahead, seemingly unconcerned. Marsha wasn't complaining as a finger of each entered her pussy.

Mary and Margaret chatted about affairs of the day. Margaret turned to Marsha. “And what do you think of the political scene, Dear?” So saying, she wiggled her finger inside Marsha's cunt.

“Well...” The conversation came to an abrupt end as Mary did the same as her girlfriend.

“You seem to be speechless, Marsha. I don't blame you for that lot in government are not worth talking about. Ah, here is the fruit cocktail dessert. Bananas so remind me of the male member, don't you think, Dear?” Margaret said, wiggling her finger once more.

“Your right, Dear. Food should be eaten in silence. It's the best way to enjoy it,” Mary said as she too gave her finger a twitch.

“Doesn't she look so happy, Mary?” Margaret said, glancing at the now delirious face of Marsha.

Marsha was certainly most happy; she was trying her best not to release her love juice and did manage, for the moment at least.

The dinner eventually came to an end. Mary rose. “Ladies and Gentlemen, I think you will all agree that was an excellent meal. We will all retire to the lounge and have some delicious Amazon tea served by Cook and the maids.”

Mary placed herself on her favourite Queen Anne chair. Margaret took a place on the chaise lounge next to her son. Marsha sat on a well-upholstered chair. Jonathan was on a love seat with Cheryl who seemed rather subdued this evening.

Elsie the cook wheeled the trolley containing the jug of Amazon tea and several very small tea cups and saucers into the lounge. Elsie poured out the Amazon tea into each small cup and the maids served to all. However, Elsie made a point of bringing Marsha hers.

“There we are, Miss Marsha.”

Marsha looked at the tea, a very deep purple. “Where has the green gone, Elsie?”

“You see, Miss Marsha, once hot water is added, the colour changes. Take a small sip.” This Marsha did.

“Why it does taste so sweet, Elsie, not like the vile mixture I tasted in the kitchen?”

“That’s another thing hot water does to it. I’ve known women who have become addicted to its taste. It is classified as a sex drug. These women become very libidinous over time because of their addiction. It should only be taken in small doses, hence the small tea cup.”

“I thought you said if taken raw, a woman would become a nymphomaniac. What is the difference between raw and diluted?”

“Diluted, you have some control and a choice. With raw, there’s no control at all. Just watch you don’t become addicted to it.”

Marsha looked round the room. The Amazon tea was already taking effect as Jonathan and Cheryl were more, shall we say, friendlier to each other. They soon left hand-in-hand, heading for Jonathan’s bedroom.

Margaret and her son were looking at each other in a very non- mother and son way.

“Isn’t it time you showed me how much you love your mother, Norman?”

“Of course I love you, Mother. I’ve never loved anyone so much. How would you expect me to show it, Mother?” asked her Norman.

“A little kiss wouldn’t do any harm for your mother, Norman.” Under other circumstances, that may not have been forthcoming but the Amazon tea was working its magic.

“Such a little one, Norman. Does your mother not deserve better to show how much you really love me?” No sooner said than done and both participants were immediately involved themselves in the first of many passionate kisses.

Marsha watched the scene being played out before her, mesmerised and taking all in.

“Isn’t it nice to see a mother and son so involved in each other, Dear?” Mary said, touching Marsha’s knee seductively.

“Yes,” she said as she returned the compliment, touching Mary’s knees.

“I think it is time we retired to my room for a little woman-to-woman chatter and drinks, don’t you?” Mary took her companion by the arm.

“What about Margaret?” queried Marsha.

Mary looked across the room to the chaise lounge. “Oh, I think Margaret is too preoccupied with her son just now. She’ll catch up later.” Marsha found herself once more in her employer’s bedroom.

Marsha did have to admire the mature body of her employer. Marsha was soon in the same state of undress as Mary.

“Have you seen my collection of love toys, Marsha?”

“You and Margaret did have a few last night. What other delights have you?”

Mary opened a drawer containing dildos of all sorts, pussy ticklers, nipple and pussy clamps. Something called a Panty Pin Pink had a small clip-on vibrator. Simply switch it on and away it goes. Marsha had never seen such a collection of stimulating women’s sex toys before; knowing Mary, before she left this House of Desire each would have its turn at pleasuring her.

“Let me clip on this necklace to your pussy lips.” Mary was already doing so. Soon an expensive diamond necklace hung down between Marsha’s thighs. “Isn’t that nice?” exclaimed Mary, “you may as well have the matching one clipped to your tits.”

Marsha observed herself in the mirror. She did look desirable a sex object for Mary to play with.

By this time Margaret had entered the room. She immediately picked up a ribbed soft plastic finger

covering, put it on her finger and inserted it in Marsha's ass. The digit immediately stimulated Marsha sexually.

"The bed!" Mary pointed to it and Marsha was manoeuvred towards, and placed on, it.

"Help me, Margaret," Mary said as she withdrew an object from her drawer and handed it to Margaret. The object was a leather mouth gag dildo harness, double-ended. The short dildo was placed inside Mary's mouth. On the outside projected a seven-inch rubber dick. Margaret pulled both ends of the leather tightly to the back of Mary's head and pressed the sturdy chrome stud fastenings together. Now it was tightly held on to Mary's mouth. While Mary could not talk because one end of the dildo was in her mouth, her vision was unaffected and could direct the projecting mouth dildo to wherever she wanted. Mary had decided that Marsha was to be the first target of this new sex toy gadget she had purchased only this week.

Marsha lay stretched on the bed, her legs wide open, revealing the aperture Mary would insert the dildo into. Mary placed Marsha's legs over her shoulders, pulling closer the object of her desires.

Marsha looked down. She had seen many dildos in her short life of depravity but never one like this attached to a woman's mouth. She was going to be fucked by a mouth dildo. This was unusual, to be sure, but desire lubricated her insides. She watched as Mary gripped her and pulled her closer to the dildo. Then ever so slowly, it entered in her cunt. Marsha did her best to stifle a scream of ecstasy but try as she might it came out. "Fuck me, oh please fuck me."

There was no need to tell Mary; she was sliding that mouth dildo in and out of Marsha's sopping wet pussy. With the excited movements of Marsha below her, the other end of the dildo was being forced well into Mary's mouth, stimulating her.

Margaret lay naked on the bed beside the erotic pair as an interested spectator; she would soon have her own pleasure with the young woman. Marsha had to admit she was learning plenty about the sexual side of life. Marsha's pussy was so agitated that soon she was about to come. She finally released her pussy cum which overflowed on to Mary's mouth dildo and face.

"That was one hell of a ride," commented Mary. "I'll need to rest after that."

Margaret thought, "It's my turn now,"

The only one who wasn't getting any rest was Marsha. But then there is no rest for the wicked.

Margaret delved into Mary's drawer of sex novelties and emerged with a pink glass plug which she immediately entered into Marsha's ass. It was easy to see that Margaret was no novice with this sex instrument, having used it before (probably on Mary). The sex instrument had a ring on the end, into which one inserted their finger for extra control. This Margaret did and it was just a matter of see-sawing the beads in and out of Marsha's back door. Marsha thought she couldn't stand anymore of this but she did.

Marsha found her body being used and abused by the mature women; as one finished to rest, the other was at her body again. This certainly was a "House of Desire" and she this night was the body of desire.

## STRANGE DESIRES

Morning came to find Mary and Margaret in each other's arms in bed. "Where has Marsha gone, Mary?" questioned Margaret.

"She left to go about her business of organising the house work and all that entails."

There was silence for a short while, then Mary spoke. "You seemed more than involved with your son last night, Margaret."

Mary, too, was silent for a minute. "We have never had any secrets between us, have we?"

"No, Margaret. You can trust me. Tell all."

"You know of my desire to make Norman a girl, don't you?"

"Yes, you've never made any secret of that or that you want him to retain his cock in a frock. So what else is new?"

"I've had this strange desire since my mentor and lover, the late Professor John Higgins, and I studied the ancient Pharaohs of Egypt and their Queens. You know among some Pharaohs and Queens, incest was rife within the Royal family. I have had this desire to take my son to bed whether he is in a frock or not."

Mary stopped in her tracks, looked at her girlfriend, grinned, and broke out in spontaneous laughter. "You're a wicked woman with wicked desires, Margaret."

"I wouldn't say that, Mary. Forbidden desires."

"If the truth be known, I have the same desire for my nephew."

“I always knew about putting him in a skirt but never the incestuous side of your fantasies, Mary.”

“Yes, ever since my sister Jennifer told me I should get married and stop going to bed with women, I swore I would get revenge on her. So when the opportunity came to take in Jonathan, I grabbed it. I have been plotting his downfall ever since and sleeping with him would be the ultimate.”

“You’re a devious one, Mary however whatever our strange desires may be, we are only halfway there. They need to be expanded further but I fear that is beyond our capabilities.”

“Whatever do you mean, Margaret?” “

We cannot teach them the niceties of being girls about to enter womanhood, can we?”

“Of course. You’re absolutely right, Margaret, but who can?”

Both women remained silent for some time. Then Mary spoke. “There is only one name that comes to mind, your old girlfriend.”

Margaret quickly interrupted. “Of course! Why didn’t I think of it? Rosalind!”

Mary corrected Margaret, “No, Mother Rosalind as she is now referred to.”

“We must get in touch with her as soon as possible. She is indeed the ideal person. Ever since that son of hers was put in a dress, she has devoted herself to putting boys in frocks. She is indeed an artist at it.”

“She called him Sylvia, if I remember rightly. He was the youngest of her sons, the fourth one, and she always wanted a daughter. So when the fourth came along he was put in girls’ clothes right away

and never saw an item of boy's clothes in his life. She was given breasts later in life but her cock was never interfered with. Sylvia is now married and her husband gets plenty of her cock, I am told," finished Mary.

"She wants all her girls to retain their pricks as they go into frocks and have the breast implants."

"But she has had a few failures that went on to have the full operation. After that, she doesn't want to know them, Margaret."

"But even so she still collects young men; drifters, orphans with no aim in life, and mothers such as me who wish their sons to become daughters. She is indeed a credit to the community for those who come to her become upstanding citizens, good workers, and mothers themselves. She insists they all call her Mother and she addresses them as Daughter. I think Rosalind should be given a medal of some sort for the good work she does for the community."

Margaret stretched a hand to her purse, took out her cell phone, and punched a few numbers.

"Hello Rosalind, this is your old girlfriend Margaret calling."

"Long time no see, Margaret, What can I do for you?"

"I take it you are still turning boys into girls, Rosalind."

"Why?"

"I'm thinking of sending my son and Mary's nephew along to you for training to be girls."

“No problem. Send them along. I’ve just had two lovely girls leave after their training so they’re more than welcome. Anything for an old girlfriend.”

#### **PART 4**

##### MOTHER ROSALIND & MATRON DOROTHY

Rosalind lay sleepily in bed; she’d had an exhausting night with one of her daughters. Her reverie was interrupted by a knock on the door. “Come in,” she called. The door opened and her favourite daughter Betty stood there. “Yes Betty dear, what do you want?”

“Mother, there are some people waiting to meet you downstairs.”

“What time is it, Darling?” asked Mother Rosalind.

“Coming up on half past eleven, Mother dear.”

“Damn,” she swore under her breath. That little bitch Amanda had her at it all night. She was never satisfied. “Oh, dear Betty, I must have overslept this morning. You know how it is. I am up to my ears in work and took it to bed with me. Take the visitors to my office and tell them I am sorry I was not there to meet them. I shall shortly be there. Meanwhile, I trust you to entertain them as best as you can till I arrive. I’ll have to put a new face on and get dressed.”

“Yes Mother.” Betty left, knowing her so-called mother’s work she had taken to bed last night was that little slut Amanda.

Rosalind rose from bed and looked at her plump body in the dressing table mirror. Her breasts were large as she placed them inside the cream-coloured 44G bra. She then stepped into a pair of matching

cream-coloured French knickers trimmed with white lace covering her enormous bottom. The jovial woman was ready to face the world once she slipped on her flowery floppy rose-patterned dress. She brushed her hair out and placed a pair of white sandals on her stocking-less feet.

Betty was talking to her guests as she entered her office. "Darlings" were exchanged between Rosalind and Margaret and a multitude of kisses passed between the pair.

"So you have brought this daughter of yours to my humble adobe, Margaret."

"Yes, dear Rosalind, Mary and I came to the conclusion that you were the only person with the ability to teach my son and her nephew the delights of girlhood."

Rosalind looked at the two persons standing beside Margaret. "I take it these are the two mentioned?"

"Yes indeed, these are them. Can you do anything for them?"

Rosalind gave them the once-over and addressed them. "This will be your new home till after your training. You must look upon me as your mother till such time. I should always be addressed as Mother Rosalind and you are my daughters. Understand?"

"Yes, Mother Rosalind," Norman and Jonathan replied.

"Good, my daughters," said Rosalind, looking at Betty. "Take them to their new quarters for I have matters to discuss with their mother and aunt."

"Yes, Mother Rosalind," replied Betty. So saying, she took them by the hand and departed.

Rosalind now turned to her visitors. “Margaret and Mary I need some history of your son and nephew.”

“What sort of history are you looking for, Rosalind?” queried Margaret.

“Have they ever worn girl’s clothes before?”

“Not really,” Margaret was about to say but was interrupted by Mary.

“Yes, they have. Remember the night Cheryl had her panties on them in that game of Hunt the Cunt?”

“Does that count?” Margaret said, observing Rosalind.

“Yes, it does. I shall test their memories on that. We play a similar game here called Hunt the Cock which they will no doubt participate in at some time. Anyway, what you have given me is something to work on. Is there anything further you wish me to know?”

Margaret slowly and shyly brought up the desire she had of taking her son to bed.

“You are wrong, Margaret, it won’t be your son but daughter. What you desire is not uncommon with many of the mothers who bring their sons here to become daughters. There is nothing to be ashamed of.” Rosalind thought for a moment. “Did you make him a mother’s boy which I seem to remember was your wish a long time ago?”

“Yes, I think so for his young life was spent among other boy dressed in frocks although I never put him in one.” Margaret felt so much better now.

“There, I told you so,” added Mary as she poured out her own desires.

Margaret also intimated that she wanted to be the one to take her daughter's virginity.

"I have noted that old friend and shall keep it in mind. What about you, Mary?" Mary had no opinion and Rosalind was free to do as she wished.

"Is there anything else I should know?" No answer came forth.

"Good, then you shall stay for lunch which will shortly be served. I shall introduce you to some of the girls. Your son and nephew will not be present as Betty my head girl has much to arrange with Norma and Johanna. Those are more suitable names for them in their present environment, don't you think?"

"Yes of course, Mother Rosalind. From now on they shall be known as such," mother and aunt said together.

Margaret and Mary found themselves in honoured position at lunch, placed to either side of Rosalind at the top table in the dining room. At other tables sat Mother Rosalind's 'daughters' as she called them. There was another woman at the top table and she was introduced as the Matron of the mansion.

"This is Matron Dorothy who looks after the girls and attends medically to them."

"I like looking after the little darlings," said Dorothy. "It is so interesting. I sometimes think they love me as much as you, Mother Rosalind."

Matron Dorothy was a big brawny woman who by the look of her had seen plenty of good dinners. While Mother Rosalind may have been large, as they

say big is beautiful. Matron Dorothy was obese and not in the least worried about her figure.

Margaret and Mary wondered why she was here and had good suspicions as to why but made no comment. Rosalind introduced many of her favourite girls who all politely curtseyed to her, Margaret and Mary. Then they received a kiss from their mother. "This is Belinda. She is going to make an excellent cook, aren't you, dear?"

"Yes, Mother Rosalind," the sweet 20-year-old replied.

"She prepared today's dinner, didn't you, sweetness? Visit my room tonight for your reward."

The young girl curtseyed once more and departed with a friendly pat on the rear by her so-called mother.

"She does look so nice in that floppy gingham blue checked dress. Did I spy a hint of silk blue panties just peeping below her dress, Rosalind?"

"Yes, you did indeed, Margaret. The girls in this establishment are all pampered in the finest of silks lace and satin as the ladies they are intended to be. All the girls are instructed in what ladies should know about dress sense, how to behave properly with a gentleman, and other ladylike arts. Your daughter and niece will learn all of these things over time, ladies."

Margaret and Mary were most enlightened by what Rosalind had just told them. Unfortunately Margaret and Mary had to leave before they could see their daughter and niece in their new girl's finery.

“Some other day perhaps,” said Rosalind with a big smile.

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Meanwhile Betty had taken the newly named Norma and Johanna to the room they would occupy till they left the mansion. “First thing you will have is a heavenly scented bath; we will dispense with these male clothes for it is the last time you will ever see them or need them. I’ll draw the bath while you both undress.” So saying, Betty left them to draw the bath after sprinkling honeysuckle scented bath crystals in the warm water. A wonderful aroma rose off the bath. Returning to the bedroom both Norma and Johanna were as naked as the day they were born.

“Lovely, girls, follow me for your cleansing bath.” Into the inviting bath they went, soon to be followed by Betty herself.

“This is the way we do it here. We girls all share baths. It’s so much more fun that way, isn’t it? I’ll clean yours if you clean mine.” So saying, Betty took a soapy sponge and set about cleaning Johanna’s prick. “What a big bone!” she thought, “and it doesn’t seem to be going down. I think Johanna is going to be everyone’s favourite partner on bath night.”

As for Norma, she seemed to taking great delight in soaping Betty’s tool which by now was standing as proud as Johanna’s. Betty’s ample breasts also got much attention from the girls.

“Will we have breasts like you, Betty?” was asked.



“Of course you will. Matron Dorothy will see to that its part of her job and she pays particular attention to new girls like yourself.” Norma and Johanna seemed rather pleased at that prospect.

“I think we have had enough fun for now, girls. There is work to be done. Have a look at your bodies.” Both girls stepped from the bath and stared in the full-length mirror there. Both were completely hairless on their bodies.

“Just what have you done, Betty?”

“I put some dilatory cream in the water, that’s all. We don’t want to see hairy chested women round here, do we?”

“Oh no,” both answered.

“Now that you’re clean we’ll fit you out with the proper clothes needed here. Let me take your measurements, but remember your bust will expand throughout your time here and your bottom will also increase in size.”

Thought Betty, “After Matron Dorothy pumps some hormones into them, they certainly will. Possibly that Johanna will have a big bust to go with her large cock. That’s the sort of bizarre thing Matron would do for a joke.”

It looked like interesting times around here with these new girls. “Come here, Norma, put this bra on. Don’t worry about filling the cups, you will do in time. Meanwhile we have these falsies.”

Norma found a flesh-colour bra, put it on to her shoulders, adjusted the straps and the cups filled with two false breasts. A garter belt was next and a pair of honey-coloured stockings was clipped on to the belt. Next a white satin petticoat was put on and smoothed down her slim body. Before her dress was put on, Betty had her sitting in front of the dressing table and was about to put her make up on.

Betty was an expert on such for that was what she was being trained for by Mother Rosalind. It would be her profession in life. She was busy putting the foundation on, then the white powder, pink blusher, pale blue eyeshadow. Highly arched eyebrows were painted in with the black eyebrow pencil. With the black mascara wand in her hand, she set to work sweeping Norma's luscious eyelashes upward.

"There we are, darling. Look at yourself in the mirror. Aren't you beautiful?"

Norma thought she must strive to be like her mother. For if she was to be a girl, a daughter's love for her mother is better than a son's was her confused reasoning. Norma, thinking of her mother, had an erection but she said to herself it was a daughter's way of expressing it her love.

Betty spied the erection. "They all do that when the girl's clothes are put on them," she thought. "Come here, you pretty thing. This dress is waiting for that pretty body to fill it."

The fluffy white dress floated easily down Norma's body. "Don't you just look like a dream? I could eat you," commented Betty and given time she probably would.

"Slip your dainty feet into these white summer sandals. Now you're all ready to meet Mother Rosalind, however your girlfriend needs some clothes also. I'll have her prettied up like yourself in no time, then you both will meet your new mother."

"Mother," said Betty, "I have the great pleasure of introducing you to your new daughters."

"Come here, my lovely daughters for mother wants to greet you into her house."

The first of the two girls to step forward was Johanna who Rosalind promptly hugged to her. Johanna found herself imbedded between the large hot breasts of her now-mother who kissed her on the forehead, leaving the red imprint of her lipstick there.

“Johanna my daughter, your mother has so much love for you as I do for all my girls. I hope you love your mother too.” Rosalind could feel the penis of Johanna rising against her white skirt; she had slowly raised the back of Johanna’s blue dress to expose the black satin panties Betty had put on her. These were clearly seen in the full-length mirror behind Johanna. This one was going to give her plenty of pleasure, thought Rosalind.

Johanna never knew her real mother for she died when Johanna was young and Aunt Mary had brought her up. So Rosalind easily took on the role of her mother and lead her into lecherous ways her real mother would never have dreamed of.

Rosalind finally released her. “Show me how much you love your mother,” she said, spreading her arms wide to receive Johanna once more. Plenty of kisses were bestowed on each other’s mouths. “We have made a good start, my darling daughter. You shall come to my room again for your lessons. I shall pay particular attention in coaching you.”

“Yes,” thought Rosalind, “I shall indeed. Tis one looks to a regular in my bed.

“Has she been taught how to act in my presence, Betty?”

“No, Mother Rosalind,” answered her favourite girl.

“Then I shall forgive them this first time but hereafter Matron Dorothy will attend to them. My daughters, I must always be addressed as Mother Rosalind for I am your mother while you reside in my mansion. I take the place of your natural mothers till you leave here. Johanna, I know your mother is dead so I shall make a particular point of taking her place.

“As for you, Norma, I wish you to stay behind as I have many things of importance to discuss with you. Betty, you may take Johanna to Matron Dorothy for her medical check-up. Norma will join you when we have finished our conversation.”

“Yes, Mother Rosalind,” Betty came forward to Mother Rosalind to receive a great big sloppy kiss.

“I’ll see you tonight, Betty. We have much to discuss and organise,” said Mother Rosalind with a knowing look.

Rosalind had noticed with interest that her new arrivals both wore a single earring and a friendship ring on their left hand. A couple of gay boys. She was sure many of the girls had also noticed the same. Well, the new girls would not be short of like-minded friends in her mansion. However there were certain things she must protect Norma from after talking to her mother.

“Norma, I hope you haven’t felt out of it. You must come and kiss your mother.” Rosalind embraced Norma to her, smothering her with kisses and pulling her between her massive breasts, as she had done with Johanna.

“I know I can never take the place of your real mother but I shall try my best. You do love your mother, don’t you, Norma?”

“Oh yes, Mother Rosalind.”

“Do you dearly love her, Norma? Do you dream of her as all good girls should of their mother? Do you? If you do, that is good.”

Rosalind had hit on Norma’s weak spot and knew so. Ever since that night at Aunt Mary’s, Norma’s mind was preoccupied with the sight of her mother’s open legs, showing her inner delights. She couldn’t keep her mind off it.

Norma exploded. “Yes oh yes, I do love my mother so much.”

This outburst took Rosalind by surprise; she wasn’t expecting a reaction like this. It augured well for Margaret and was something she could feed on. “Good, good. I have something that your mother asked me to give you something to remind you of her. I haven’t seen it for she says it is for your eyes only.” Rosalind knew exactly what it was but she was not saying a word.

Rosalind handed a medium-sized flat parcel wrapped in gold coloured paper over to Norma. “Your mother says you mustn’t open it till you are in your room. She has also enclosed a letter for your eyes only.” So saying, Rosalind handed the parcel to Norma.

“Now that we have had our little talk, you may go to Matron, Dorothy.” Rosalind held her hands out waiting for the expected kiss and hug.

“Yes, Mother Rosalind,” said Norma as she received a kiss on the mouth by her temporary mother.

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“Well,” thought Matron Dorothy, “I wonder what we have here with these new girls.” She had already sorted out the two syringes with the hormone that would be injected into their backsides. Matron Dorothy was not just a matron who attended to the girls and a general dogsbody; she was a fully qualified surgeon. She would be the one who would be doing their breast implants. There would be nothing further in gender reassessment; if any of the girls wanted to go further along those lines, they were soon shown the door.

Mother Rosalind and she only wanted she males with cocks that were fully functional with tits to match. So what if Dorothy had been struck off the register for some indiscretion. The woman looked better with those massive tits. In fact, she had men chasing her all over the place but the bitch had reported her to the medical council. She was careful never to operate on any boys-turned-girls under the age of 18. That would be case with these new two as well. They may look younger than their years and act it but she had checked to make absolutely sure they were able to consent legally.

Mother Rosalind and Dorothy made a good pair for each knew what the other’s desires were and catered for them. She never interfered with Mother Rosalind and her daughters and Mother Rosalind let her carry on with what she thought best for the ‘girls’.

A knock at the door interrupted her train of thought. “Yes, who is it?” she said sternly

“It’s me, Betty. Matron I’ve brought one of the new girls for her medical.”

“Come in.” Betty entered with Johanna. Matron Dorothy eyed her up and down. She was a pretty one.

“Okay dear, you can strip down and come behind the screen till I examine you.”

Johanna seemed rather frightened at the appearance of the obese brawny woman in the royal blue uniform with the white collar, black stockings, and flat black shoes.

“Well dear, what are you waiting for? I haven’t got all day get that dress off NOW.”

A confused and bullied Johanna found her dress quickly taken off her by the large hands of Matron Dorothy. In no time she stood without a stitch. The matron grabbed her and pulled Johanna behind the screen.

“Cough!” said the matron, holding Johanna’s testicles in her hand and giving them a gentle squeeze. The result was remarkable; Johanna’s penis shot out to its full length. Dorothy licked her lips. There looked to be a lot of fun forthcoming for all with this one. It was later that Mother Rosalind informed her that Johanna had unknowingly been given Viagra. She would make sure that Johanna would get her daily dose of it, for sure.

“Bend over that seat!” the order came from Matron Dorothy. What a lovely sight beheld the matron. The bottom hole of the sweet girl was uppermost in all its glory. That would be attended to in time. For now the soft flesh of the girl’s buttocks was to receive a prick from the syringe she held in her hand.

“Oh!” Johanna yelped as Matron sunk in the hypodermic needle.

“Don’t be such a baby, Johanna. I’ve got bigger pricks than that.” Matron was thinking of the nine-inch dildo in her room that could soon be injected into Johanna’s ass.

“You may put your clothes on while I make up your dose of daily pills,” said the matron, writing something in her medical report about the girl. She then handed two boxes of pills to Johanna. “These white pills you take twice a day first thing in the morning and before you go to bed. Once a day in the morning, take the blue ones.”

“What are they?” Johanna dared to ask the obese matron.

“I hope you are not questioning my medical advice, Johanna. I am the Matron here. Suffice it to say that I know what I am doing.”

Johanna shut up after that for she was somewhat afraid of the heavy woman and would never again question her. The white pills were the hormone pills and the blue were Viagra. “You take them every day and woe betide you if I catch you missing any,” threatened Dorothy.

“Yes Matron Dorothy,” humbly said a browbeaten Johanna.

“I see you have only one ear pierced. I take it you were a gay boy before you came here. Well, in this mansion you will have both genders. Sit there while I pierce the other one and fit you out with a pair of earrings.”

Johanna sat in silence, afraid to say a word while Matron Dorothy used the piercing gun.

“There we are. You suit the dangling earrings. Don’t you dare remove them till I tell you. Now off you go.” Johanna received a pinch on her backside from the Matron as she left.

Betty led Johanna back to her room. “That’s one down, one to go,” thought Dorothy. “What’s this one’s name? Norma? Yes, that’s it.” Just then she received a phone call from Mother Rosalind on the intercom.

“Yes Rosalind, I understand. You laid it on thick about motherly love and all that nonsense. What was that you said about the mother in bed? With whom? Oh, her daughter? It is her desire of desires? I suppose we all strive for the unobtainable but you want to make it happen. Then I must play my part as well. Seems an interesting girl, this Norma. I promise I won’t seduce her if you won’t. I hear a knock on the door. That must be she. I’ll let you know what happens later.”

“Yes?” said Dorothy. “Who knocks?”

“Norma/ I have been instructed to report to Matron Dorothy.”

“Yes Dear, come in. I have been patiently waiting for you.”

When Norma entered the room, Dorothy immediately exclaimed, “What a pretty girl! You must be so like your mother. Though I have never met the dear lady, you have inherited her beauty, I am sure. Tell me darling, do you love your mother?”

This was the second time in the last hour Norma had been asked this question. Why did everybody doubt her love for her mother? She did love her mother, did, did, did. In anguish, Norma screamed,

“I do love my mother! I do! I do!” and broke out in tears.

Dorothy swept Norma into her arms, “I know the hurt you are feeling, my dear. You are overflowing with love for your mother. You must show her that love at the earliest opportunity. Meantime you must devote yourself to becoming as much a woman as you can. That is what your mother wishes for you, I am sure. This way you can prove to your mother you really do love her.”

“Do you think so, Matron Dorothy?”

“I not only think so, I know so, Dear. I am going to give you a medical and put you on hormones to change your body. In time you will have breast implants. For that, your mother will be consulted. You will take the advice of your mother, won't you, Norma?”

“Gladly, Matron. Whatever my mother wishes I will obey like the devoted daughter I'm sure she wants me to be.”

“Well,” said Norma, “your mother is going to be proud to have such a daughter. Leave everything to me, Now let's have this medical and sort out the hormones you require.”

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Johanna on coming back to her room was greeted by a pretty girl. “Hello there, I'm Gwendolyn. Winifred and I live in the room next to you. We saw you new girls come here today. What are your names.” Johanna informed her new friend.

“Johanna, how nice. You are just in time to come to my birthday party. Later tonight I think me and all the girls will get to know you better there.”

“That is most kind of you, Gwendolyn. Norma and I will gladly come but we have no birthday presents. How old will you be?”

“They will be one.”

“One? I don’t understand.”

Gwendolyn broke out in laughter. “No Johanna, it’s not my birthday. It’s theirs,” she said putting a hand on her white silk blouse and fondling an ample breast through the blouse. Her nipple seemed to swell a little at her touch. “And don’t worry about presents. The girls will be giving them plenty,” she said, again fondling her tits.

“Mother Rosalind is coming especially for the birthday party and said she will start off the proceedings. Isn’t that sweet of her?she greeted them with an introductory kiss.”

“Sounds like an interesting party,” thought Johanna.

Gwendolyn left Johanna with a sweet kiss on her lips. “Till tonight, Darling.”

Johanna asked as Gwendolyn left, “What should we wear?”

Gwendolyn replied, “Whatever you like, Dear,” thinking that their clothing wouldn’t be on for long.

Norma had arrived back in the bedroom she shared with Johanna with the medium size parcel in her hand. She sat on the double bed they shared and tore open the fancy paper. Inside was a letter in a pink envelope and a coloured photo of her mother. It wasn’t just any old photo of her mother but a

full-length photo of her without any clothes on. She was reclining on a high backed mahogany chair. Her legs were wide open in a lewd pose, revealing her shaven genitals including an erect clitoris. Each of her hands cupped a firm breast. Norma felt a stirring of her penis below her panties.

She now turned her attentions to the pink envelope she held in her hand. On opening the envelope, a scented pink paper letter was revealed.

### **My Dearest Darling Norma**

I have enclosed a photo of myself. Please put on your bedside table and look at it every night before you go to sleep. I hope the image contained will give you pleasant dreams of your loving mother who desires only the best for you. Thin about how much you can express your own love for your mother to the fulfilment and joy of both of us.

I want to give the love I have for you and it is all contained between my opened legs just for my darling daughter. I look forward to seeing your growing breasts. Together we will decide their proportions. I know you want pleasure from them as they proudly fill your brassiere. I know you would want your Dear Mother to be the first to see these mammary delights which of course is right and proper for a devoted daughter to do. You must let your dear mother be the first to wash and soap these breasts. That will be my delight and, I hope, yours as well.

We must indulge in the mutual cleaning of each other's bodies for is that not what motherly and daughter love is? The purification of each other in such a way makes both of us free from any sin so this cannot be wrong, can it?

Keep looking at my photo till you can see me once more in the flesh as you did at Aunt Mary's.

### **Your loving Mother**

Norma put the photo on the bedside table where she could observe it every night before she fell asleep. Between the photo and the letter she had just read, she had a raging hard on in her panties. She excused herself from Joanna and went into the bathroom to relieve her hardness.

On coming back, Johanna informed her about the forthcoming birthday party.

“What will we wear, Johanna?” asked her bed partner.

“Gwendolyn says it doesn't matter. I'm wearing the cocktail dress I spotted in our wardrobe.”

“The red one with the short matching jacket?”

“Yes,” answered Johanna.

“Then I'll wear the blue cocktail dress, the one that stops at the knees, black stockings, and low-heeled blue shoes.”

After both girls had bathed, perfumed, put their makeup on, and dressed, they were ready to go to this birthday party.

It was clear both Johanna and Norma were excited but for different reasons. Johanna felt excitement for she was going to meet new girls and maybe find someone else; she was tiring of Norma. All Norma wanted was to put her penis up her backdoor and never let her reciprocate. That was all right at the start but now that she was in a skirt, things would be different. She was sure she would meet someone else at this party Gwendolyn was

holding to celebrate the first year of her implants. This thought made her happy.

For Norma the excitement was different. Her memory went back to when she was a boy among other boys in frocks. Maybe she would be was kissed this time by another she-male in a frock. The thought stirred her penis within her panties. More exciting thoughts went through Norma's mind like lifting another she-male's skirt and exploring what was underneath.

Norma's whole life was changing. She was now in the process of becoming a woman, living as a woman, and earning her living as a woman. Was this not what her mother wished her to be, a she-male? Looking at that lewd photo of her mother every night gave Norma unusual desires, desires that her mother encouraged for her own licentious pleasure. The letter and photo were prove of that. The thought of having sexual intercourse with a woman entered Norma's thoughts but it was centred on one person... her *mother* and no one else!

To Be Continued