

# Strange Desires



Susan Strange

A "Young Adult Tv" Novel

Copyright © 2014, Reluctant Press/Mags, Inc.

***Mags, Inc/Reluctant Press TG Publishers***

This story is a work of fiction; any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

For more, visit [reluctantpress.com](http://reluctantpress.com) or [magsinc.com](http://magsinc.com).

***Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet***

We need *your* help! We spend several hundred dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain.

Mostly, though, we just want to be able to keep offering this service to our authors and our readers.

**Report stolen books by using the contact form at [reluctantpress.com](http://reluctantpress.com) or call us at 800-359-2116**

*Thank you.*

# **STRANGE DESIRES**

**By Susan Strange**

## **PART 1 PHARAOHS, QUEENS, & PYRAMIDS**

The story of Margaret is primarily about her sexual desires. She was well educated; in university she had a particular interest in Egyptology. Because of her degrees she was hired as an adviser by a professor to help him with a study in the sexual ways of the Pharaohs that as we shall see later played a large part in her sexual life.

Margaret had been to Egypt many times before and after she was hired as an expert by Professor John Higgins and his team studying the Pharaohs. She had seen the pyramids, been to the Valley of the

Kings, Luxor and many places where Pharaohs and their Queens lay in their Royal tombs. She had been on many archaeological digs in that ancient country.

During her time with Professor John Higgins, Margaret had an affair with him. This was not unusual for the Professor; a number of women on his research team had had a fling with him. For a man some thirty years Margaret's senior, the Professor had a remarkable sex drive and appetite. He was always exploring his sexual boundaries; because of his research into the sex life of the Pharaohs he had come across a strange cult called "Friends of the Pharaohs."

He became a member of an obscure religion devoted to the lives of the Pharaohs, their Queens, Royal Princesses and Princes and all the Royal family. The cult had many branches all over the world. Always on the lookout for new members, the Professor approached Margaret who because of her interest in Egyptology was more than willing to become a member. Because of joining the cult, Margaret became a very promiscuous woman. Knowing the Professor's proclivities, Margaret had a good idea that sex would be involved and she wasn't wrong.

To be initiated into "Friends of the Pharaohs," one had to go to Egypt for the ceremony was conducted in a tomb of one of the Pharaohs. It was a pyramid Margaret had visited in the past. She knew the hieroglyphics in the Royal burial chamber for she had deciphered them. They told the life of the Pharaoh and his Queen in every detail as well as who was buried with him in the Royal family tomb.

While the sun usually beat down on the outside of the pyramid, the day Margaret was to be initiated inside, it was cool. Margaret was prepared for the

ceremony in an antechamber before entering where the Royal tombs were. She was divested of all clothes and put in a diaphanous white gown. It mattered not whether one was female or male; the gown was worn by all.

Neophyte Margaret was led by a woman in robes typical of the Pharaohs' time to the Royal burial chamber.

Within the chamber were two thrones where the stand-ins for the Pharaoh and his Queen sat.

The Pharaoh was a young man by the name of Matthew and his Queen an woman with white hair in her seventies by the name of Moira. She was some fifty years older than her Pharaoh. The difference in ages was because in "Friends of the Pharaoh" one is elected to be a Pharaoh or his Queen for life. Queen Moira had seen three Pharaohs in her time since she was first elected as a young woman of 23. Her first Pharaoh was in his nineties. He was followed by a man of her own age group and now this young man. Following the rites of the cult, she had sex with all three.

Neophyte Margaret had thought that Professor John Higgins would be the Pharaoh. He was present but in the capacity of High Priest of the cult.

"Pharaoh Matthew and Queen Moira, we have a new Royal Princess amongst us this day by the name of Margaret," proclaimed High Priest John Higgins. "It is therefore right and proper that you get to know this new daughter of yours. She is placed on the altar of devotion to her mother and father."

The woman who had brought Margaret to the Royal burial chamber placed her on the altar as-

sisted by a number of men and women who later would be known as aunts and uncles.

Margaret lay prone on the altar, waiting for whatever was to happen to her. The Pharaoh and his Queen descended from their thrones hand-in-hand in their beautiful robes made from the finest of silk and satin.

Queen Moira in particular had a most stunning outfit. It included a gold headpiece with strands of rhinestone, a sequinned black and gold dress with pleated satin skirt and matching attached cape featuring four attached Egyptian-style armbands. Adorning her neck was an authentic Royal Egyptian collar for her status as Queen. The satin collar consisted of alternate bands of white, royal blue and black.

The young Pharaoh climbed on the raised altar while his Queen planted a kiss on her lips. The Pharaoh lost no time in entering his penis into Margaret as she lay prone. His Queen had raised the Neophyte's diaphanous gown and was manipulating her breasts. Margaret was in a frenzy; she had experienced nothing like this before in her life. Pharaoh shot his load into her. If Neophyte Margaret thought that was the end of it, she was very much mistaken for her pseudo mother Queen Moira was now on the altar, licking her pussy. She was about to explode in a thunderous climax. Suddenly, she did.

"Are you satisfied with your new Royal Princess, my Pharaoh and Queen?" asked High Priest Higgins. Both answered yes. "Then it is only right and proper that she is also introduced to her royal brothers, sisters, aunts and uncles," said the High Priest. Another round of frenzied sexual intercourse followed.

As Margaret lay there letting it all happen, she looked once more at the hieroglyphics around this burial chamber. She remembered all she had learned during her studies what the sex lives of this particular Pharaoh and his Queen were all about.

Incest. The court was rife with it. The Pharaoh with sons and daughters, the Queen with her sons and daughters, aunts, uncles with nephews, nieces and any combination you could imagine. The Pharaoh and his Queen were brother and sister. This titbit was kept in the family. They were Gods. How else could one create future deities if not deities themselves?

Of course what was being acted out on that day was show for none of the members of "Followers of the Pharaoh" were related. When everyone who had any interest was finished with her, Margaret was now Royal Princess Margaret.

\*\*\*

It was at a branch meeting of the "Friends of the Pharaoh" that Margaret came across Rosalind, or Royal Princess Rosalind to give her her full title. Rosalind had been initiated only recently at a ceremony at which Margaret was not present.

Rosalind was a young woman then and like many young women trying to find themselves, she was at a phase in her life where she was looking for love with her own sex. Over time that would turn into a penchant for young she-males.

The first meeting between the two was electric; each realised immediately what the other wanted.

Margaret and Rosalind struck up a loving friendship. Soon they began living together.

They fell into a routine of devotion to each other's body night after night. There was nothing in womanly love that was not been practised by them. It was during one of their loving embraces that Rosalind confessed she wanted a baby.

"There is nothing to stop you, darling," commented Margaret. "Artificial insemination is available at any clinic," she helpfully added.

"I know that darling but I feel that it is not right for me. I want the real thing. We are in a womanly relationship and it probably seems strange to say but I would prefer a real man to impregnate me."

Margaret thought for a moment and burst into laughter. "Whatever are you worrying about? Doesn't 'Followers of the Pharaoh' provide for such? The only thing is, you may not know who the father is."

"I must be a fool. You're perfectly correct. I have been taking precautions to prevent pregnancy. It matters not to me who the father is as long as it is a girl."

"Then there you are. When do you propose to have this baby, Rosalind?"

"Not for a while so you won't see diapers around the flat just yet."

"Good. I'll have some girls clothes looked out for you in the future. I wouldn't mind having a baby myself."

"Would you marry some man, Margaret?"

"I don't think so. I like being free and easy. Marriage would be a hindrance for the lifestyle I lead."



Besides I am more into women although I may have a fling with a man or men just to have a baby.”

“Which sex would you prefer, a boy or a girl?”

“It doesn’t really matter. However if it is a boy, I don’t want any sort of macho boy.”

“A mommy’s boy who does what Mother says without question, hanging on to your apron strings. I’ve seen a few in my time.”

Margaret didn’t reply but her mind was busy considering the multiple possibilities.

“Enough of this serious talk, Rosalind. It’s your body I want at the present. Come here.”

“Well if that’s what you want, there’s no problem.” Rosalind unzipped her black pencil slim dress and stood there in her bra and panties, hold-up black stockings with the lacy tops, black court shoes and four-inch heels.

The delicious sight was too much for the hungry Margaret. She went on her knees before her lover and pulled her white silk panties down to the ankles.

Margaret felt the dampness of them at the gusset. Rosalind was ready for her. There before her eyes was the object she desired most covered in fine black curly pubic hair. Rosalind’s pussy.

Margaret quickly placed her hands on Rosalind’s firm, fleshy, and round buttocks. She pushed the round globes towards her from the back and the object she desired most—Rosalind’s cunt—came even nearer to her. Her lips touched it first to linger a short time, then her tongue disappeared to enter the crevice of Rosalind’s wondrous pussy.

“I’ve waited so long for this, dear Rosalind. Yes, it was only yesterday I entered that delightful place but it seems an eternity. I can never get my fill of the pleasant-tasting liquid that comes from within. May it never run dry, darling.”

Rosalind lay back against the bed, their bed. The brass cylinders at the end of it pressed into her shoulders. She closed her eyes. She wanted this woman now, wanted her. No, craved her, more accurately. Her nipples were becoming erect. She looked down on Margaret’s head below. Her fingers passed through her hair, her lover’s hair.

“You talk too much, Margaret. That tongue of yours should be exercising itself inside my cunt. Speak no more.” Rosalind put her feet wider apart and pushed her abdomen into Margaret’s face. The sounds that followed and echoed off the walls of that bedroom were not words as such. They were womanly moans of sexual pleasure. It was hard to distinguish which of the women it came. Possibly both.

Rosalind’s clit stood erect to the lickings it was receiving from Margaret’s tongue. Fantastic joy and ecstasy passed through her body. Margaret was to have her wish for soon Rosalind released a flood of the pleasant tasteful liquid that she desired.

The above scene was to be repeated many times during the time Margaret and Rosalind lived together.

\*\*\*

Many years later both ladies departed from each other’s company on amiable terms. Margaret was

still employed by Professor John Higgins and Rosalind was a portrait painter.

Maybe it was because of Rosalind's Bohemian lifestyle that she now sought pregnancy with her pseudo Royal brothers of the "Friends of the Pharaoh."

Maybe it was the Pharaoh himself. No one knows. Rosalind certainly didn't when she became pregnant. In those quasi-Egyptian style rites she had intercourse with a number of men, not to mention with the Queen and her so-called sisters and aunts.

Rosalind became pregnant three times, always giving birth to boys. "Always bloody boys!" she said to herself. "Why can't I have a girl?" Rosalind was now pregnant again and felt very depressed.

It was at a branch meeting of the "Follower of the Pharaoh" that Queen Moira came over to her. "You look so sad, Rosalind. Should you not be happy? You are pregnant by one of your Royal brothers or even my Pharaoh."

"It all depends on what I give birth to, Queen. It is a girl I have my heart set on."

Queen Moira looked at her depressed Royal daughter. She had ever been a wise Queen dispersing advice to her pseudo-royal family.

"Rosalind, I do not know what sex this baby of yours will be. However if it is another boy I say that you are one of those women who is destined to have sons. If that is the case, then do not have any more babies."

"But I want a daughter, Queen."

“I know the heartbreak you must be going through, however there is hope even with a son.”

“Is there?” queried Rosalind.

“Of course, there always is with boys. You are an intelligent young woman. You can make your own daughter. Do I have to say more?”

Rosalind looked at the wise white-haired Queen. Yes, she had been around and knew a thing or two. It was clear now in Rosalind’s mind as to what she must do if yet another boy was born to her.

So when her new son was born, he was given the name Sylvia. Not one item of male clothes did he/she ever have on her body.

Queen Moira saw the baby in girl’s clothes for Rosalind had made her godmother.

“Isn’t she so sweet? You have made the right decision, dear? Wouldn’t it be nice as she grows up to have a penis and breasts too? I’ve seen some sweet young things with both. What a blessing for mother and daughter, don’t you think?”

Rosalind considered the wise words of the Queen. What she suggested just seemed the right thing to do for her child.

Queen Moira had considerable knowledge of she-males in the past for she had put a few men into skirts before. Not all by force either; some had willingly put on the slinky dresses given to them by Moira. She was younger then but in her later years she would help women like Rosalind to put boys and young men into frocks as much as she could.

Rosalind as noted before was a portrait painter from which she earned a good living. When she was not employed as such, she turned her hand to

painting landscapes. Among art critics that was considered a unique talent. She was advised that her paintings would raise a considerable amount of money if put in an art auction. This she did. With the money raised, she bought what is sometimes called a “Mansion built for Passion.”

With the experience she gained with her daughter Sylvia, she filled it with she-males. That type of woman satisfied her sexual needs and gave her opportunities to perform fellatio which

Rosalind was obsessed with. She may not have any more babies but the older, wiser, and more mature Rosalind was gathering orphans and sons of mothers who didn't wish rowdy sons and preferred a more sedate, gentler, kind of offspring no matter what it took. Of course she was paid well by such loving mothers once they saw William, now Wilhelmina, or Charles, now Charlotte, in lovely flouncing dresses and so respectful of their mothers. Their once sons still had a functional penis but had respectable breasts too and were more into womanly things. Rosalind had an agency dealing in relationships between men and she-males. Many a happy marriage came about because of it and many mothers were jubilant to be mothers of the bride.

Also, there were mothers such as Rosalind had once been who had sons who seemed more than happy to take some drifter or orphan from the “Mansion of Passion” to become their daughter in long lovely flowing skirts.

Rosalind found her “Mansion of Passion” was a profitable business for she extracted a fee for finding suitable work for her she-males.

Rosalind ‘s“Mansion of Passion” was to play a large part in the life of Margaret and in her son, Norman yet to be born. But that is all to be revealed at a later date.

\*\*\*

By the time Rosalind had her 3<sup>rd</sup> baby, Margaret’s desire to have a child was now foremost in her mind. That wouldn’t be difficult to accomplish as she was in a relationship with Professor John Higgins. However being the promiscuous woman that she was, she had other affairs at the same time. None, oddly enough, were with her so-called brothers in the “Friends of the Pharaoh”. One may have called Margaret bisexual but that would only offend her for she considered herself as one who preferred women. Be that as it may, she was at that time having sex with two other men apart from John Higgins.

Margaret embarked on a tour giving lectures countrywide at various universities. To highlight her lectures for which she was well-paid and to also attract a large audience, she dressed in Cleopatra-style clothes.

Margaret paid particular attention to her makeup and the long false eyelashes was wore as she portrayed Cleopatra. The costume she wore was as authentic as Margaret could make it after having researched the Queen’s couture.

The costume consisted of a slimming strapless black dress, sequinned gold arm and wrist bands with a teal drape, costume jewellery headband,

printed gold collar and a gold belt with an attached Egyptian print tabard to complete the look.

Margaret at this time in her life was a very stunning looking woman with a shapely and curvy body.

One man by the name of Gilbert Burroughs who had come to hear her lecture was more than attracted to Margaret and her body. Gilbert had come to the lecture because of his interest in Egyptology; it was a hobby with him. Gilbert Burroughs held a position as a director in a well-known family business. To all outward appearance, Gilbert Burroughs was a happily married man but that did not stop him having an affair with Margaret. He just had to have her body; he was obsessed with her appearance in that Cleopatra outfit. Margaret encouraged his advances for her scheming mind saw money in their relationship. Margaret soon found herself a consent companion on Gilbert's numerous business trips and sharing his bed in high-class hotels.

She also found herself desired by a playboy. He, too, wanted her dressed in the Cleopatra outfit for sex. Margaret, deliberately not taking any precautions, soon found herself pregnant. The father of the baby Margaret was carrying had no idea. All Margaret was concerned with was the baby and providing for it. Her salary was good but what would happen after the baby was born?

So Margaret confronted each of her lovers about her pregnancy, intimating he was the father. Professor John Higgins was more than delighted. He would not marry her, however would provide well for the child.

Of the other two, the playboy with whom she had a brief affair paid a large lump sum. This pleased

Margaret and she invested it in the stock exchange with advice from her playboy lover. The money expanded handsomely.

Margaret had no hesitation in blackmailing Gilbert Burroughs into believing he was the father. He had to pay through the nose to suppress the scandal that would be in the papers and media of an affair with a woman not his wife. Such a scandal would end his marriage, find him off the board of directors and God knows what else would happen.

Margaret from all this found herself pretty well-off. So much so that she could buy a home in the country in which to bring up her son. It also meant there was enough income for her that she need not work any longer. Being the licentious woman that she was, Margaret could turn her attention to expanding her sexual boundaries. Flirting with heterosexuality, which was only a means to have a baby, was now past for Margaret.

Professor John Higgins was highly delighted when he found Margaret had a son; he was convinced it was his son. He had a large part in picking the home Margaret and her baby son now lived in. The professor was a widower, his wife long dead now. She knew of his affairs with various women which never really worried her. Her name was Norma; Margaret knowing that named her son Norman which pleased John Higgins. John was a regular visitor to Margaret before and after she gave birth, even having intercourse with her during pregnancy.

It was after the boy was born that Professor John Higgins made a suggestion to Margaret any other woman may have considered abnormal.



“Margaret, take an active part in the ‘Followers of the Pharaoh,’ don’t you?”

“Of course I do. You of anyone should know that, John.”

“Then you will have realised that in their ceremonies, incest is very much to the fore.”

“Not exactly. It is pseudo incest, not the real thing. We are a caricature of the lives of these Pharaohs and their Queens although it was real enough during their time.”

“Margaret, what if...if the real thing occurred between a real mother...and...her son? Can’t you see yourself as such a mother with my son. I certainly would support and approve of such a relationship. Is it not what we always wanted, the real thing?”

Margaret didn’t answer Professor John Higgins but a seed had been planted in her mind which in time would germinate.

From the speech John Higgins gave it was clear he had illusions of grandeur. He was, after all, the High Priest of the order.

Professor John Higgins had not long to live and would not see his mad scheme fulfilled but he had made it known and planted a seed in Margaret’s mind.

\*\*\*

Margaret grieved much over the death of Professor John Higgins as he was her mentor. Her main concern at present was to bring up her son. What she had said to Rosalind about not wanting a macho boy, she now put into practice. While she may

not have put a skirt on Norman yet, he was subtly guided to the gentler side of life.

Rough games were out for a start, although at school he was to come into contact with them.

Margaret, being an independent woman, withdrew her son from school. She told herself she was intelligent enough and capable of educating her own son.

So Norman was tied to her apron strings. Norman found his life and education controlled by his mother. He didn't know any better. He came to rely on Margaret for everything. This pleased her as it fit in with her plans to make him a mommy's boy. Norman had no male in his life at present or a father figure to look up to. There was only his mother to guide him and he became very attached to her.

\*\*\*

Once when Norman was a small boy, he wandered into Margaret's bedroom. She was sitting in front of her dressing table mirror in bra and panties, putting her makeup on. Out of the corner of her eye she saw him in the mirror. She carried on, applying the makeup, pretending she had not noticed him. Margaret only intended to put face powder and lipstick on as she usually did in the morning. However an opportunity had presented itself to lead her son to another plane on his journey to becoming the consummate mummy's boy. Margaret immediately removed all her makeup and started from scratch for she had an attentive audience of one.

Firstly the foundation cream was applied to her clear skin. Margaret took her time for she knew that

a captive and fascinated boy watched. That was followed by the face powder which she expertly applied, dusting the excess powder off with a small face brush. Her face was now ready for the beauty treatment.

