

# Almost Incest



**Susan Strange**

A "New Woman" Novel

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Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



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# ALMOST INCEST

By Susan Strange

## MUMSY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Such remarks pleased Vivian; he loved her so.

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

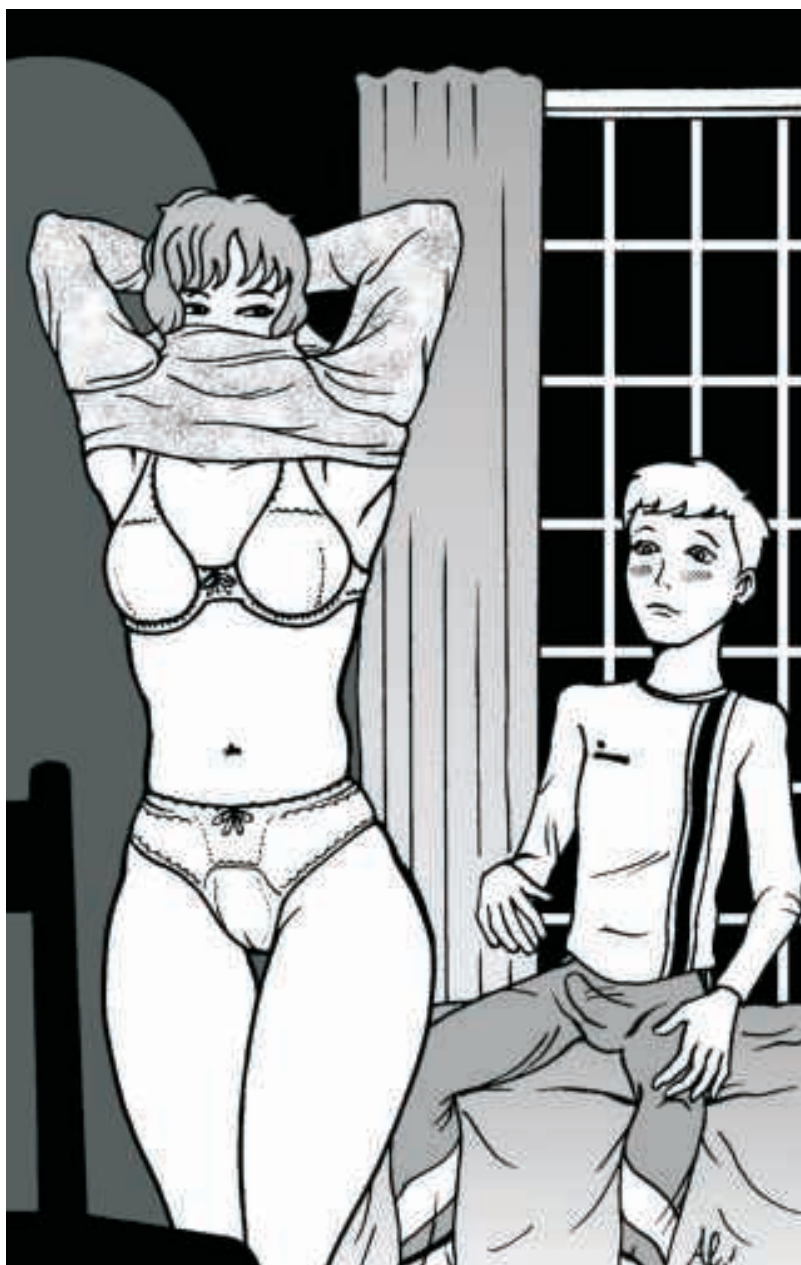
"Mumsy, wouldn't that dress look divine on you?" was said by her sharp-eyed son.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I think that is common knowledge, Mumsy.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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