

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.”

“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.

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.

“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.

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.

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.’

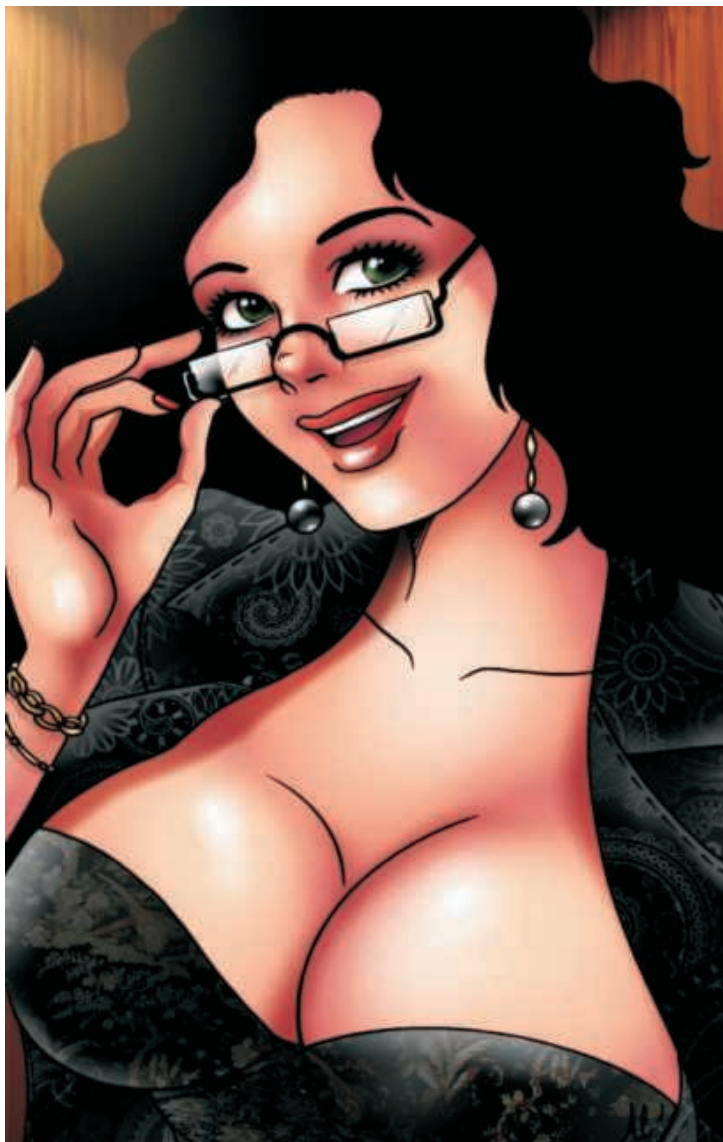
“Come closer, Dear. You’ve been admiring my breasts all night, haven’t you? There is no need to blush. I said this was a happy home. You may feel them to your heart’s delight.”

“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*.

"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."