

Strange Desires Fulfilled



Susan Strange



An "Adult TV" Novel



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By Susan Strange

MANSION BUILT FOR PASSION: A BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR GWENDOLYN'S BREASTS

Johanna and Norma arrived arm-in-arm at the door of Gwendolyn's room. They knocked, Gwendolyn answered. "Well, hello my darlings, you both look scrumptious. Come in and sit down while the girls give their introductions." There were six other girls in the room, not counting Johanna and Norma.

"Hello, I'm Tiffany. Pleased to meet you girls." So saying, she placed a hand on each of their shoulders and led them to a settee where her friend Mandy sat. Mandy was introduced and kisses were given to both Johanna and Norma. "You are going to be a good girl tonight, Mandy, aren't you?" winked Tiffany.

"You should know I'm always good, you tell me that every morning as you lay beside me. You always say I was good last night."

"Oh you are a naughty one, Mandy, telling tales out of school" Tiffany giggled. Norma felt her leg being rubbed by something. She looked down and saw the honey-coloured stocking leg of Mandy rubbing against her leg. Mandy looked innocently ahead as if nothing was happening.

"Doesn't Gwendolyn look glamorous tonight, darling?" was addressed to Johanna by the equally enchanting Tiffany.

"You don't look so bad yourself, Tiffany," said Johanna. A broad smile spread across the girl's face.

“Do you really think so, darling?”

“Of course I do, otherwise I wouldn’t have mentioned it.”

“Would you mind coming to my room after Gwendolyn’s party, just for some genteel conversation of course and a little drink or two?”

“There would be nothing I would like better but won’t your bed companion also be there?” Johanna asked, looking at Mandy.

“I doubt it for she seems more interested in your girlfriend tonight. Well, we are a rather friendly bunch in Mother Rosalind’s mansion.”

Gwendolyn clapped her hands. “Everybody pay attention. There are sandwiches, canapés, and such laid out on the tables and many wines. Take whatever you fancy. However I have laid on a special dessert which cannot be revealed till Mother Rosalind arrives.”

“I wonder what it can be,” someone said, looking at the smiling Gwendolyn dressed in her figure-hugging black satin skirt and white silk blouse, black stockings, black leather and ankle strap four-inch platform heeled shoes. She walked magnificently in this outfit, hips swaying to the delight of all present.

A knock on the door interrupted everyone from their gazing at their hostess. Gwendolyn opened the door to receive Mother Rosalind in all her glory. She entered, dressed in a long green sparkling dress to receive a kiss from Gwendolyn on the cheek. “And how are all my darling daughters?”

All present answered, “Keeping well, my Mother Rosalind.”

“Good,” answered she. “We all know why we are gathered here, don’t we? To celebrate the first birthday of Gwendolyn’s implanted

tits. Has the dessert been served yet, Gwendolyn?”

“No, “she answered.

“Then we must serve it before the celebration of your tits, Gwendolyn, mustn’t we?”

“Everybody sit down while Winifred and I serve dessert.” Served to all was a mould taken of Gwendolyn’s breasts with pink jelly poured into it. This was given to everyone except Mother Rosalind. Winifred came round with a jug of fresh cream and poured it over the wobbling pink jelly boobs.

“Now my daughters, make yourselves comfortable and bring me my armchair. While you lick suck or gobble the life-like jelly mould cast breasts of Gwendolyn, I am going to taste the real thing, aren’t I, darling”

“Yes indeed,” Gwendolyn answered, standing straight in front of Mother Rosalind.

“Come closer, dear, that’s right. Now stand there while I unbutton your blouse.” Rosalind was unbuttoning the pearl button front of Gwendolyn blouse to reveal to her white brassiere. The blouse was carelessly thrown on the carpet; Rosalind had no further use for it. “Closer darling, that’s right. Bend your body forward.”

The nimble fingers of Rosalind had quickly gone to the back of Gwendolyn’s bra and the hook and eye there were quickly undone of which there were three. She now eased the shoulder straps off the bra off and it found itself beside the white silk blouse. The firm ample breasts of Gwendolyn fell into Mother Rosalind’s waiting hands to be massaged.

“Is Norma here?” enquired Mother Rosalind. All heads turned toward the girl.

“Yes, Mother Rosalind,” the answer came.

“Watch carefully, my dear, for this is how a mother and daughter should behave if they really love each other.”

Rosalind got to the serious work which she had been looking forward to. A breast of Gwendolyn was taken in her hand and the red lipstick-covered mouth of Rosalind descended upon the erect nipple. Now she could take the succulent offering into her mouth and suck on the red swelling teat to her heart’s delight. Gwendolyn had placed her hands behind her mother’s neck, holding her there. There was a distinct stirring in her pink satin panties much to her gratification. Rosalind intently carried on the sucking of daughter Gwendolyn’s tits greedily and had transferred her attention to the other breast. Rosalind hands were at the back of Gwendolyn, caressing her large bottom seductively and raising the back of her black satin dress for all to see her matching black satin panties and the erection it contained.

“I am so excited, Mother. I do think I am going to cum in my panties with love for you.”

“That is only natural, my Darling Gwendolyn. With a daughter’s love for her mother you must let it all go and show how much you love her.”

“I’m going to...I’m going to cum. Too late. I’ve cum, Mother.”

“You’ll feel all the better for that, Darling Gwendolyn. Don’t you think you have had a great birthday party, darling?”

“Oh yes mother, it was you who made it so great.”

“That is what mothers are for, sweetheart, to please their daughters. I have a little birthday present for you.” So saying, Rosalind took a small box out of her nearby handbag and opened it. There was a silver necklace with a cross. This was put round Gwendolyn neck and fastened it at the back.

“There we are, my darling daughter. This is special for you to remind you of this special birthday of your tits. Of course we will celebrate every year as tonight.”

“How can I ever thank you, Mother Rosalind? I owe so much to you.”

“I’m sure we will think of something, however I must leave all of my darling daughters for you don’t want me here to spoil all your fun. Besides I have so much work to do this night and planning to do with Betty for all my daughters.”

Pleas of “Please stay, Mother Rosalind” were heard.

“I’m sorry, girls,” said Rosalind with a hand round the waist of favorite daughter Betty and a twinkle in her eye as they departed to mother’s bedroom.

After Mother Rosalind’s departure various presents was given to Gwendolyn by the girls; bras of course, suction cups for her magnificent breasts, and nipple clamps for the same. Her bed partner Winifred presented her with Breast Enhancing Cream which she would gladly and lovingly rub into Gwendolyn’s breasts.

Norma, who had been watching carefully all that had taken place, became most jealous for she wanted the same done by her mother.

But she hadn't any breasts had she, only these false ones given to her by Betty. She hadn't the same assets to display to her mother as Gwendolyn had. She just had to do *something* so that her mother would be pleased. The photo and letter she had recently read kept coming to mind. She wanted her mother to love her and she must do everything to please her. She wanted her mother's love and would do anything for it.

Meanwhile Winifred was exhibiting her skills to all with the Breast Enhancing Cream which many there wanted to help her with. Some girls departed hand-in-hand. One such pair were Tiffany and Johanna.

On entering Tiffany's bedroom, Tiffany asked Johanna who had given her the hairdo she was sporting.

"Betty," she answered.

"Just as I thought. She knows nothing about hairdressing, dear. I should have done it and given you a real woman's hairstyle."

"But she really had nothing to work on as my hair was short as I was a boy then, Tiffany."

"Nonsense. I am trained as a fully-qualified hairdresser. You may not have the length of hair required for many women's hairstyles but even so there is much that can be done with what you have. Sit down on that chair and I'll show you what can be done. Take your dress off."

Johanna obeyed her new friend; she was rather taking a fancy to her. She was beginning to tire of Norma. In their lovemaking all Norma want her to do was go on all fours doggy style and put her cock up her ass. She wanted her share of putting her prick up

Norma's ass but every time Norma rejected her. It wasn't as if she hadn't had it up a pussy. Aunt Margaret's maid Cheryl had taken her virginity as far as the female sex was concerned with Norma in the male role.

Cheryl, the little slut, had had him endlessly in her cunt as if there was no tomorrow and surprisingly his cock never went down, which pleased Cheryl. However as much as he/she loved it inside Cheryl, there was a longing to have it up a male or a she-male. Mother Rosalind's mansion was overflowing with them.

Tiffany had a shapely body. Was it real? Johanna asked herself or padding as Betty had done for her tits and derriere. There seemed no sign of a penis on Tiffany as she had noticed with many of the girls tonight unlike herself and Norma whose cocks looked prominent under their dresses. She complied with her new friend's request and removed her red cocktail dress and jacket. Tiffany surveyed Johanna standing there in the red satin slip. No doubt she looked pretty and curvy but that would be due to padding and bra cup fillers. The hormones wouldn't have kicked in yet; that was the real test for all the girls here. She would watch Johanna's progress as the days and months went past.

"Darling, put your beautiful little bum on the armchair while I get to work on your head." So saying, Tiffany, scissors, comb, and brush in hand, set to work on styling Johanna's hair. Snip snip went the scissors as she brushed Johanna's hair over her eyebrows shaping it as she moved Johanna face from side to side with her soft hands. Tiffany was taking delicate care with Johanna's hair as she did with all those whose hair she styled, particularly Mother Rosalind who insisted she be the only one to style her hair.

When she was completed, Tiffany held a hand mirror to Johanna. "What do you think?"

Johanna perused the coiffure Tiffany had made; a short bobbed female style. "It's good, Tiffany, very good indeed."

"Is it, darling? Don't you think I should be rewarded for it?"

Johanna had no time for a reply as Tiffany's face had descended from where she stood above Johanna sitting on the chair to place a sweet kiss on her mouth. It came as a surprise to Johanna for she had been mesmerised by Tiffany's soft hands touching her hair. The kiss lingered for a long time as Tiffany's tongue entered her mouth. Tiffany was experienced as Norma was not. Tiffany's experience had taught how passions of the she-male could be raised beyond their expectations. Her tongue twirled its erotic dance inside Johanna mouth, sometimes touching Johanna's tongue, sometimes not, leading it to be a player in the dance of desires.

Johanna so wanted to be part of this dance of desire; her own tongue followed Tiffany's in the exotic French kiss. Sighs of delightful desires came from Johanna. She was being taught new exciting experiences of the real erotic she-male kiss. It was a kiss she in the future would become an expert in but not yet. Tiffany, her teacher, had many lessons to give her yet.

Johanna stretched her arms round Tiffany. "I love you," escaped from her lips, "I want you NOW, darling."

Tiffany, while she wanted Johanna in a sexual way. would slow things down. It wasn't a case of 'wham bam thank you ma'am' with her falling asleep after the act. It had to be gentle, lasting, memorable, emotional and leave her partner wanting for more. Then she could have this Johanna's love forever.

"Don't you think if we went at a slower pace, darling? Our love for each other would be all the better."

“But I want you now, Tiffany. I need you now.”

“Yes and I reciprocate that longing. However, will you want me after we consummate our love? Yes, maybe an hour later but I am a greedy she-male. That is not good enough for me. I want that love 24/7. I want you to beg me for more and more. I want you to be devoted to my every move. I want you to drop your little panties at my command. Can you save yourself for such delightful desires for if you can, how much better will the sexual side of our relationship be? Can you, my desirable she-male, can you?”

Johanna was so enthralled by the speech of her new girlfriend. Tiffany had taken the place of Norma who was discarded.

“Oh yes, YES she-male lover of mine. I can wait for the better delights that you offer to indulge myself in them. But the waiting is so hard, darling.”

“I know, my Darling but the rewards are tremendous. Your life will be so much enlightened and your little panties will forever be dropping for me.”

“I feel like it now, Tiffany.”

“Like what, dear?”

“Dropping my panties for you, sweetheart!”

“If that is your need do so but that is all that will happen for now till we have a talk.”

Tiffany watched her new she-male girlfriend as she seductively took the red nylon panties off her hips to reveal her upstanding penis, stiff to its purple dome. She could do plenty with that one. She had

intended to put her own splendid cock up the small puckered ass hole of her new bed partner. However, upon seeing Johanna's tool, she drooled at the sight.

"Come sit beside me on the chaise lounge," said Tiffany, patting the well-upholstered seat.

This Johanna did but her wandering hands made for under Tiffany's skirt to her knickers. It was all flat there, but how?

"You haven't a prick, Tiffany. Are you a she-male or a full woman?"

Tiffany laughed. "You really are naïve, aren't you, Johanna? Everyone in Mother Rosalind's mansion is a she-male. She wouldn't have any other kind of women here."

"But none of you have a bulge in your panties. Why?"

"That is easily explained. Everyone here has learned the use of a gaff or how to tuck your male appendage successfully out of sight. It is your first day here; you will be taught as to how it should be done. In fact, I shall have great pleasure teaching you how. As the she-male you will be you don't want people to see a protrusion in your panties, do you? That would give the game away. And it doesn't attract a boyfriend. I should correct that; some boyfriends may be more than interested and satisfied."

"Have you ever had a boyfriend, Tiffany?"

"Oh yes, I still have although I'm not sure if I prefer them to she-male girlfriends. I'm more to the she-male girlfriends since you came on the scene."

"What happened when he found out about you, Tiffany?"

“Well, you have to play it carefully. Jim never knew at the start for I was very careful. It was a case of hands off to start with. Then bit-by-bit we kissed. After a few dates it got serious. I would let him have a feel of my tits for they were very well developed by then. I could see from the bulge in his pants that he was excited but that was all he was getting then. I was leading him on till I knew everything was right and there would be no rejection over what I was.

“So one night in his flat we were at it, snogging full time. I saw his hard on. ‘This is it,’ I thought, ‘tonight is the night I’m going to get his boner right up my ass and he won’t refuse.’ So I unzipped his fly and all six inches of rock hard cock sprung out to full attention. Of course my hands got to work on it and I was working him up to full pitch. I knew he would be unstoppable once he pulled my panties down. Even when he saw what lay underneath, he would just have to put it in the only place he could put it to relieve his sexual tension.