Suzanne's secret

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To the Victor the spoils and the fun!

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/trans/suzannes-secret-1.aspx

This is my first attempt at erotic fiction and any feedback would be gratefully received. Please remember that this is fiction and not based on reality. I hope you enjoy!

I'm Mark, a 36 year old partially disabled veteran who was born in the U.S. but grew up and was educated in England. I was always a very fit person, playing rugby for the school team, as well as karate, fencing and fell walking. Not to say I was some kind of jock, in fact I was something of a nerd and still am I suppose, when it comes to Science Fiction.

Anyway, at the age of 18 I broke my mothers heart by telling her I was returning to the States to join the Marines.

Now don't get me wrong, I love my mum but I also had soaked up from her the idea that a citizen should in some way serve society. I knew that she was afraid for my safety and didn't want to see me go off to war, but I had my heart set on a career in the Corps. She tried every way she could to get me to change my mind, argument, emotional blackmail and even screaming matches became a regular thing in the months before my flight.

She even tried to get one of her girlfriends to seduce me, which almost worked until I overheard them plotting. It was the last straw. I packed my bags that night and spent the last three months sofa surfing with friends and working all the overtime I could get. Luckily my boss was sympathetic and so I was working 12 hour shifts and squirreling away every pound I could. By the end of the three months I was exhausted but also 5,000 pounds better off.

When I boarded my flight to New York I was filled with excitement but so tired that I fell asleep as soon as we took off and didn't wake up until we touched down at JFK.On getting to the city I checked into the YMCA and slept for 3 days. only getting out of bed to eat in the greasy spoon next door. Then

I went straight to the recruiter's office and within two weeks I was off to boot camp.

Of boot camp I will only say that if you haven't been through it, no words can describe the sheer hell of it. Part of the process of turning a civilian into a Marine calls for breaking the entire personality of the victim... I mean recruit and rebuilding it the Marine Way. It was the hardest thing I have ever done, but also the most rewarding.

After boot camp I was shuttled all over the place, more training, exercises and deployments and even more training. When we weren't in the field we were always studying something, and I made sergeant seven years later for the second time (the first time I got into a fight off base and got busted back to corporal.)

Then during a night exercise I was badly injured in an accident which resulted in, after a year in recovery, my discharge on medical grounds. Jobless, disabled and alone in California is not a good place to be. The VA was amazing, helping with finding me a good job as an insurance investigator, an apartment only two blocks from the ocean and two miles from my office and helping me take out a small loan to decorate and furnish my new home.

Two years later I had made a good enough reputation as an investigator that I had been promoted to Senior Investigator and was put in charge of the whole Southern Californian district, from San Diego to Los Angeles, with a staff of thirty to scrutinise and investigate over 70,000 claims a year.

I had also been able discard my crutches in favour of the sturdy ebonised walking stick my squad had presented me on mustering out and was regularly walking the two miles to and from work and to the local shops. I used my company car only for business, or on those days when the pain was too severe to walk, leaving it parked at work and getting my PA to drive me if I needed it.

It was late one May evening, about 10pm, when I left the office and began the stroll home after a most excellent week. My team had caught two multi-million dollar frauds and some hefty bonuses. This would result in me taking a well deserved holiday for the next two weeks and the perpetrators taking a much longer 'vacation' at the States expense.
As I walked it was dark enough that the streetlights were beginning to flicker into life, so I decided to reward my self.

Now don't think I'm a drug fiend but sometimes I will smoke a joint either as a reward for something or when the pain from my injuries stops me from sleeping. I won't smoke before or during work, but some evenings or weekends I would and I always carried a single 'emergency' joint for the walk home. As I had a doctor's prescription I didn't fear being stopped by the police as I had registered with them as being a prescribed smoker, so I 'sparked' up.

The first puff was just starting to hit me when I heard the unmistakable sound of a woman trying to run in stilettos coming toward me, with the sounds of heavier, male treads pursuing closely. Into view came the sight of a woman of about my age, dressed in a tight little black dress, wearing a pair of 4" heeled ankle boots and as she came toward me an expression of horror flashed over her despairing face as her heel broke and she sprawled to the floor at my feet.

Her two pursuers skidded to a halt a few meters away, one of them swinging a chain, the other armed only with his huge bulk and halitosis which was making my stomach churn even from that distance! I saw confusion which turned into contempt as they took in my walking stick and the bulky thug snarled at me.

"Stay out of this, Cripple, this whore owes me money!"

I looked the thug directly in the eyes, took one step over the prostate woman and raised my cane. As I did so I began slowly twirling it end over end, increasing the speed until it was a blur and I began speaking.

"For shame Gentlemen, for two to attack one is unmanly and for two armed men to attack one unarmed woman is cowardly!"

I was talking formally, trying to gain precious seconds as they tried to parse my language, also hiding my anger with a mocking tone which cut the chain wielder deeper than a knife wound. He leaped forward, swinging his chain with a scream of rage. His friend was slower off the mark and was actually scratching his head!

Catching the chain with my cane, I allowed it to bind the chain and pull it's user off balance, kneeing his chin. As his companion hit the floor, the hulk-like one roared and started to run toward me, his arms outstretched as if to hug me. I lunged forward with my cane, ducking the bear like hug and striking him in the centre of his forehead with the steel ferrule of my stick.

As he slid unconsciously to the ground I heard a woman scream

"Duck!"

I dropped down quickly, but not quickly enough to avoid the tip of the chain as it tore a line of fire across my brow, then I heard meaty thud followed by a strangled male moan. As I wiped the blood from my eyes I saw another woman, who was helping the woman with the broken boot to her feet. The thug was on the ground clutching his groin and trying hard to breathe.

"Quick," she called to me, "Into the bar!" pointing towards a tavern down a nearby side street.

I nodded, got to my feet and as they passed me, joined them, helping them through the door.
The bar, unlike most I had been in was brightly lit, large and full of comfortable looking armchairs tables and about an acre of polished walnut countertop. Aside from the three of us there were only a short, worried looking man sitting at the bar wrapped around a half empty bottle of bourbon, and the barkeep, a tall beer barrel chested man with a huge handlebar moustache.

"Uncle Mike, Help!" called my rescuer.

"Cushlamachree!" exclaimed the barman.

Rushing though the open trapdoor at the end of the bar and reaching us as we levered the lady with the broken boot into a chair he handed me a clean bar towel which I applied to the cut on my forehead. Cut, Hell! It felt like the grand canyon!

As I staunched the blood from my not serious but enthusiastically bleeding head, I took a look at the woman I had helped to rescue.

She looked to be about my age or maybe a few years younger, 5'8" tall with long flame red hair and a look of almost elfin beauty, her tiny nose and cheeks speckled with delicate freckles. She had what looked to me to be perfect c-cup breasts, a wasp waist and legs that seemed to go on forever. Just my type!

Her friend was a lush, rubenesque, raven haired woman who only just looked old enough to drink, who was dressed in the Goth style in a long black evening dress which allowed me a look at her generous cleavage, upon which I could see tattoos. Suddenly I felt a wave of dizziness and I sank down into a chair.

By this time the raven haired girl had explained to 'Uncle Mike' what had happened and the beautiful redhead had wrestled her footgear off her feet. She stood up and came over to me.

"Thank you!" she said, bending and kissing me lingeringly on the lips.

It was like being hit by a lightning bolt. Every hair on my body rose and suddenly the room was too hot and my trousers seemed too tight as my long neglected libido reared it's head- literally! I saw her eyes glance down and a impish smile flitted across her bow shaped lips. She put her hand to my crotch and gave it a squeeze as she looked back into my eyes.

"Wait for me while I fix my makeup."

With that she rose and hurried to the ladies room followed by her friend.

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"To the Victor, the spoils!" rumbled the barman in a smoke roughened Irish accent, slapping a large tumbler of whiskey into my hand and grinning lasciviously at me.

"I don't even know her name!" I complained plaintively.

"If I know that lass, you will boyo, you will!" chuckled the Irishman.

I sniffed the whiskey, smiling as I recognised the scent of Black Bush and I rolled a sip appreciatively across my tongue sighing with pleasure as the heat of fine Irish liquor gently warmed my throat and belly.

As we talked, Mike Seamus O'Brien (as he introduced himself) plied a blow by blow description of the fight out of me and my almost entire life history, 'Oohrah'ing when he heard I was a medically retired Marine. He confided that he had been a Marine himself, served his 'twenty' and used his savings and GI benefits to qualify as a barkeep and buy this bar.

"I'll bet Uncle Mike didn't even tell you our names!" I heard from behind me and the two ladies appeared

"I'm Vicky," said the raven haired Goth, "And this is Suzanne."

"Call me Suzy" said the redhead sitting as close to me as she could.

"And our Hero is?" asked Vicky

"Allow me," said Mike grandly waving toward me

"Lassies, permit me to introduce Sergeant Mark Bull, USMC retired, currently a Senior Investigator at Consolidated. Don't let this one get away Suzy, I feel he's a good one, even if he does tilt at windmills!"

I grinned, raised my hand to my chest as if touching a wound.

"A hit, a palpable hit. Yes I admit it, I have a White Knight complex the a mile wide! I see even a hint of anyone, especially a damsel in distress and it's 'Sancho my horse!'"

"Eye," rejoined the barman "and you wouldn't change if you could, I'll warrant!"

Refilling my empty glass he then moved to lock the main doors, exclaiming as he did that he couldn't open the bar with no staff, thus informing me that Suzy and Vicky were his bar staff.

As we all talked Vicky cleaned my wound with deft, sure movements, pausing only to warn me when she applied antiseptic and spray bandage. Suzy distracted me with conversation and Mike kept us all topped up with drinks. I learned that the thugs were part of a street gang that had recently started to accost staff and owners of local businesses demanding 'tribute' on pain of pain, a situation Mike swore would be resolved.

" Vicky, Suzy, I want you to take the weekend off," ordered Mike "I'm going to call a few favours in and deal with those Gangbangers once and for all!"

At about 1 am Mike kicked us out, thrusting a clinking bag in my hand with a wink.

"I'm sure you'll think of something to do with these!" before locking the door with a booming roll of laughter.

We headed out, me agreeing to walk the ladies to their front door, which surprisingly was only a few minutes from my apartment. In half an hour we were sat in Suzy and Vicky's lounge sipping on the whiskey Mike had given us, waiting for a pizza delivery and chatting away.

Vicky left the room for a few minutes and returned with a joint for each of us.

"Why don't we have these and the pizza in the hottub?"

"I've no swim shorts!" I replied regretfully but the girls insisted that my boxer shorts would be enough.

So when the pizza had arrived, been paid for and plated up, the girls went upstairs to change. I took the food, drinks and joints outside to the already churning hot tub, stripped to my boxers, lowered myself into the water and closed my eyes in pleasure as the hot swirling liquid began to relax me.

I was so relaxed in fact that I didn't notice the girls slipping in beside me until I felt a warm kiss on my lips and a hand on my rapidly engorging cock. I opened my eyes and looked into Suzy's eyes as her

tongue pushed past my lips and twisted around mine. I realised that both her hands were on my face and that the hand slowly rubbing my cock must be Vicky's.

Suzy drew back.

"Before we go any further, there's something about me you should know..."

She kept her hands on my shoulders, her eyes on mine as Vicky continued to gently wank my by now rock hard cock.Suzy took a deep breath.

"When I was born it was discovered that I am a hermaphrodite, I have fully functioning female and male sex organs."

If I was rock hard a few moments ago I suddenly became iron hard, my cock twitching in Vicky's hand, my deepest fantasy come to life in front of me. Vicky giggled.

"I think he likes that! feel this!" grabbing Suzy's hand and wrapping it around my dick.

I reached out and pulled Suzy back to my lips, saying before I kissed her again,

"Yes I like it!"

After a kiss that seemed to go on forever we broke our embrace and took a moment to catch our breath. Vicky had taken the opportunity to remove her bikini top and had lit one of the joints, passing it to Suzy, who took a big drag before passing it to me. Whilst I enjoyed my toke, Vicky began to kiss her friend deeply and squeeze Suzy's tits whilst I watched, my hard on growing exponentially harder by the second. I nearly came as she manoeuvred Suzy to sit on my lap facing me and pushing my lips to her nipples I began to lick, kiss and gently nibble on them, feeling first one and then the other swell under the stimulation of my mouth beneath her bikini.

Then, with my hands on her firm, pert arse we stood and as we kissed I could feel her erection rubbing on mine. I knew it was time. I began to kiss her neck and then down to her breasts, freeing them from her bikini top. I then kissed down her stomach, licking her belly button and making her squeal and moan.

On my knees by now and the dark triangle of her bikini before my eyes I saw her cock straining at the skin tight lycra I paused. All my life I have found some men attractive, but had never had the opportunity to do anything and now that I had found a beautiful woman with a what looked to be a seven inch cock and I was eager not to let her slip away.

Taking a deep breath I pulled down the bikini bottoms. It was bigger than I thought, seven and a half inches long but thinner than mine, rising up above the very neat and shaven pussy. In fact it looked so appealing that I kissed her pussy, gently tracing her labia with my tongue. Then I reached the base of her cock.

Using my mouth, I kissed it softly moving languorously towards its circumcised tip and then licked her glans like a lollipop, causing her to writhe and moan like a woman possessed.

"Oh my god," said Vicky breathlessly, "That's so hot!" kissing Suzy hard as I engulfed her cock with my mouth.

I managed to get about three quarters of it in and was busy running my tongue around her dick when Suzy started gasping.

"I'm going to come!"

As she said that I clamped down with my lips and thrust down with my head swallowing almost the whole thing. I almost gagged until I relaxed as the last two inches went deep into my throat.

With that she came, bucking furiously, her hands on the back of my head impaling me on her huge prick and her cock twitched as her sweet, salty come exploded into my mouth and throat, gallons of it it seemed, coming in such force and volume that it filled my mouth and some exploded out of my nose. I was sucking and licking like a madman in heaven as I swallowed her juice when she pulled out of me and sank down to her knees beside me.

"Oh my god, I've never come like that before!" she moaned, kissing me.

Vicky joined us and began licking the come that had escaped from my face and chest and Suzy joined her cleaning me with her tongue while Vicky clamped her lips to mine and thrust her tongue into my mouth almost desperately. Then she stood up.

"Let's continue this upstairs!"

Leading me into the house, Suzy guided me upstairs. Vicky disappeared into her room while Suzy led me to her room and told me to lie down on the bed, as she disappeared into her walk in closet. I closed my eyes and began to run my hands over my chest, tickling and pinching my nipples and feeling as if I was burning up with lust when I heard Suzy say," That looks so sexy!"

Opening my eyes to gaze at her, I replied, "So do you."

She had dressed in a black Basque, matching knickers, holdup stockings and a pair of black 6" stilettos. Into the room strutted Vicky in a matching outfit, her big tits spilling out of her Basque and a huge rubber strap on dangling lewdly from her crotch. Gripping it in her hand she waggled the latex phallus obscenely.

"Who want's to get kinky?" she cried

Suzy looked at me thoughtfully for a moment, grinned impishly at me and asked,"Will you trust us Mark?"

I thought it over for at least a millisecond.

"I place myself entirely in your hands!" (What, did you think I would be stupid enough to say no?)

Vicky laughed, clapped her hands delightedly and pulled me to my feet, leading me to the bathroom.

"You're going to like this," she said standing me in the shower.

Grabbing a tube of depilatory cream she smeared a thick layer over my legs, chest and groin, being careful not to get any on my shaft. she then washed her hands, dried them and began to run her fingers over my cock bringing me back to hardness before popping the head of my cock into her mouth.

Just as I was feeling as if she would make me come, she stopped and said,"Wash that off and come through to the bedroom when you are dry."

Following her instructions I washed and dried myself off, running my fingers over my now hairless legs before entering the bedroom. Standing next to a comfortable looking chair Suzy gestured me over to her side.

"Do you mind wearing a blind fold?"she asked," the effect is better if you see it when it's done."

I smiled, took the blindfold and put it on. Then I felt a sensation like I had never felt before and realized as I smelt talc that she was dusting it all over my legs. On my back I felt ghost like fingers running up and down my spine and my erection was getting harder.

"Lift your left leg." said Vicky.

When I did I felt something being slid up my leg, feeling cold for a moment. Then the process was repeated with my right leg and then I felt something being placed around my waist.

"Breathe in," whispered Suzy into my ears and when I did I felt the garment pulling my stomach in.

Then still blindfolded I was led to and sat down in the comfortable chair. My toes and fingers were manipulated by the girls and I smelled the unmistakable odour of nail varnish. Then something was attached to first one side of my chest and then to the other and I felt an unaccustomed weight dragging at my upper body, not painful, just strange.
I felt something being lifting that weight up and I felt two straps digging into my shoulders.

Then Vicky said,"Keep your eyes closed." and I felt the blindfold being removed.

Feather touches roamed across my face and lips for a few minutes and then I felt something being put on me feet, then I was guided to my feet, discovering that I had to stand nearly on tip toes. Then I was guided a few steps forward, told to lift my legs one at a time and something was slid up my legs and over my hips, trapping my cock in a tight embrace.

"Open your eyes."

"Oh my God!" I whispered in disbelief.

As I gazed into the large mirror to see not two beautiful girls and a man in drag as I was expecting but three beautiful ladies, all dressed and made up identically. I was wearing a long red wig and a pair of real feeling breasts jutted from my chest, filling the cups of the Basque I was wearing and jiggling as I gently squeezed them, my bright red fingernails matching the gloss that covered my lips.

"You've made me beautiful!" I exclaimed excitedly

"I knew she'd like it!" crowed Vicky

"How do you feel?" asked Suzy.

"Stunned, confused and very, very horny!" I replied, tearing my eyes from the reflection, "I've never done anything like this before" I explained sheepishly.

"You mean?" asked Suzy.

"Yes," I replied coquettishly, "You're my first."

Vicky jumped up and clapped her hands like an excited teenager, squealing.

"She's a virgin! She's a virgin!"
"Oh!" Whispered Suzy breathlessly "I've always wanted to be with a virgin!"

I couldn't help my self, I felt like a slut so I acted like a slut, batted my eyelashes at the girls and asked,"You will be gentle with me won't you?" as they took me into a three cornered embrace and led me to the bed.

For the next few hours we explored each others bodies, stripping each other down to just our stockings writhing like snakes as we kissed, licked, sucked and stroked each other. Suzy and I licked Vicky to a shuddering climax and Vicky helped me bring Suzy off again.

By this time I was so aroused that I was floating on a sexual high and I moaned,"Oh, please fuck me!"

The girls lay me down on the bed and Suzy lowered herself over me in the sixty-nine position . I took her proud cock into my mouth, licking and sucking it as Suzy did the same to me. Then I felt a tongue licking at my sphincter as Vicky rimmed my asshole, pushing her tongue into my virgin ass. I felt myself beginning to come but as I tried to pull my cock out of Suzy's mouth she swallowed the whole length as I had done for her in the hottub and I swear that as I came I passed out for a moment.

When I regained my senses, Vicky and Suzy had changed places and Vicky's dripping pussy was grinding down onto my face, her mouth all over my still erect cock. I felt something cold at my asshole and I forced myself to relax as one of Suzy's fingers and then another invaded me tenderly and Suzy moved them in and out of my ass in tempo with Vicky's raising and lowering head.

The sensation was so delicious to me that I moaned like the girl I felt like and cried,"Please Suzy, take me now!"

Suzy pulled her fingers out of me and oiled up her cock. Positioning her glans at the entrance of my ass she slowly pushed the tip of it in my hot hole, slowly inserting more and more of herself into my needy body.

"Brace yourself!" she whispered and thrust.

I screamed in ecstasy as she rammed the whole length into me, thrusting my tongue as deep as I could in Vicky's generous pussy. As the short moment of pain turned into pleasure Suzy began

rocking, slowly fucking me, pulling almost all the way out before gently filling me with her perfect cock.

As the tempo of her thrusts increased, Vicky slipped off me and pulled her strap on into place. Taking position behind Suzy, she pushed the long dong into Suzy's sopping pussy matching pace and tempo with Suzy.

Suzy grabbed my cock with her hand and began wanking me.

"Come with me, come with me!" She moaned ramming my ass with more vigour as she approached her own orgasm.

As I felt the first twitch of her cock inside me I felt my own balls tighten and I yelled,"Yes,Yes, I'm coming..."

And as my own orgasm exploded, sending thick jets of my creamy, thick come flying up to hit me in the chest and even my face I could feel the scalding hot torrent of Suzy's eruption flying deep into my bowels, our screams of pleasure filling the air as I seemed to come again and again and again.

As we lay on the bed our chests heaving with the aftermath of our climax, Vicky moved around to my head and placed the rubber cock on my lips rubbing Suzy's juices over my face. Wiping a dollop of my come on the dildo she presented it to Suzy who eagerly licked it clean and then kissed me, transferring the taste of her pussy and my come to my taste buds as she raped my willing mouth with her tongue. I felt myself becoming hard again!

"You want more?" Suzy looked at my hardening cock with surprise and pleasure.

"As much and for as long as you want to!" I replied, "but I could do with a drink, a smoke and 10 minutes to catch my breath!"

As I looked at Suzy I took a sip of whiskey, a toke on the joint and stated very quietly,"You know this is serious, don't you?"

Suzy smiled at me.

"Oh yes lover! and I want it to be. Vicky too!"

"Yeah, Mike was right, she is a keeper!" agreed the goth.

And so it was. 10 years later we are still a threesome, live together, regularly fuck each other into

insensibility and sometimes we will dress up and go trawling for others to join us in our nightly games. When I'm dressed and made up I've discovered that I'm an insatiable slut, so I spend most of my off work time en femme, tightly corseted and in heels, which suits all three of us down to the ground!

FIN..... for now!

Encourage me and I'll write more