

Uninvited Guest

Middle-class suburbs. I loved them.

White picket fences and neatly mown lawns, boring 'normal' families with their quaint, uninteresting lives. Everyone striving for the most basic, bland lives possible. Working nine-to-five jobs, going to church on Sundays, two cars and two-and-a-half kids, a family dog. It was like everyone in suburbia was handed a list of all the traits that made up an 'ideal' family and they all did their best to fit that narrow description.

The parents did all they could to fit into the mold of a perfect family, teaching their kids to do the same.

Tedious. Bland and boring and lifeless.

No wonder husbands fucked their co-workers and wives fucked their gardeners so much. No wonder the kids got into such silly rebellious phases, drugging themselves up and throwing their lives away in protest of their otherwise boring existence.

I glanced at each house as I walked down the street, listening with my mind. Echoes of emotions reached me; anger at an unfaithful husband in one house, an annoyed teen girl in another. Nothing new there. But wait...

Distantly a wave of affection flooded out from one particular house.

That piqued my interest.

Affection. A genuine, contentedness. Happiness.

It radiated out from the home's four inhabitants like a warm beacon.

I couldn't help but smile, take a step in that house's direction. Honest happiness in suburbia? That was rare. Content joy and comfort? True familial bonds of love? Unthinkable.

I walked up the house's driveway, listening to the emotions flowing from within.

Two male, two female. All in the same room.

That was all I could tell from the unnatural empathic abilities I possessed, but it was enough. Mother, father, daughter and son. Likely watching a film together, given it was so late in the day.

Yes. This was *exactly* what I was looking for.

Clenching my fist, I knocked on the front door, waited.

The man who opened the door was tall, sturdy. A decent-sized gut but by no means fat. An ex-sportsman who now worked in an office or some such, I guessed. Dark hair, glasses, green eyes, clean shaven. Handsome enough, as far as middle-aged men go.

"Hello," the man said smiling, voice deep.

"Long time no see," I smiled back. "How've you been?"

The man blinked at me, momentarily confused.

"It's me," I added, helping his mind adjust to the subtle changes. "Peter. Your childhood best friend. I know it's been a while, years in fact, but I felt like coming round to see you. Catch up and all that."

The confusion passed, the man's face warming.

"Right! Pete! What's up man? Come in, come in!"

I glanced at the walls and shelves as the man led me through his house, gathering as much information as I could. Learning the names of the family members would be ideal, as well as figuring out anything I could about their histories and personalities. Photos, in particular, were a gold-mine for information gathering.

When we reached the living room, the man grinned at his family, gestured to me.

"Look who it is!"

For the first time, I got a good look at the other three members of the family. The wife, the son and the daughter.

Middle-aged and beautiful, the wife looked amazing. Dressed in an old-school dress

and cardigan, a ribbon in her flowing, chocolate brown hair, she looked like the picturesque housewife. Red lips and kind eyes, a slender waist and big, bouncy breasts. I had no doubt my mind that this woman was in the thoughts of every husband on this street as they fucked their wives.

And, as the saying goes, the apple doesn't fall far from the tree.

The daughter was every bit as beautiful as her mother, though in a leaner, younger package. Smaller, yet still sizeable breasts. Light brown hair in a bushy ponytail, wearing jeans and a simple pink t-shirt. Her bright green eyes twinkled with intelligence.

And, just like the daughter took after her mother, the son was a miniature, youthful version of his father. Muscled and handsome and lacking the gut his father had.

"Umm..." The wife said, glancing from her husband to me. "I'm sorry, I don't believe I remember quite who you are..."

I rolled my eyes at her.

"Very funny," I said, faking an amused laughing. "You've known me forever. I've been your husband's best friend ever since we were kids. I was his best man. Peter. Remember?"

The woman blinked, smiled at me.

"Yes, of course," she chuckled. "How could I forget?"

I glanced over at the television, saw that the screen was paused.

"So," I said walking over to sit next to the wife. "What're we watching?"

The husband's name was Nigel, his wife was Janet. Easy enough to learn. She was a stay-at-home Mom and he was the breadwinner, the owner of a small construction company. For some reason, Janet kept giving me odd looks – confused frowns and uncertainty. Something I'd rewritten was clashing with her real past, though I had no idea what. I'd fix that in a moment.

The son and daughter were Mike and Rose respectively. Honor students and athletically gifted, both of them.

A perfect little family. Living their ideal lives.

This was what so many suburban families dreamed of and aimed for. A happy, content life. A house filled with love and joy, with success and excellence. They were the dream, the flawless family.

It was going to be fun breaking it apart.

But first, I needed to deal with Janet. Whatever contradiction her mind was battling with, it'd need to be removed now – before I went any further.

"Janet," I said, turning to her as the movie credits rolled. "Is everything alright? You seem bothered by something."

The woman glanced at me, then around at her family.

"Tell me," I urged her.

Her head snapped in my direction.

"I don't remember," she confessed. "Why weren't we friends growing up too? I lived next door to Nigel, and we'd always play and spend time together. And you were his best friend, so you spent a lot of time with him too. But I can't remember *us* ever being friends..."

Ah. So that was the problem.

Her brain was having trouble melding her old reality with the new one. A simple enough issue to fix.

"Of course we were friends," I smiled at her. "Amazing friends, in fact. I mean, most of the reason you spent time with Nigel back then was just so you'd have an excuse to be around me."

I could imagine her thoughts now, her memories shifting. Her having a crush on a boy named Peter, hanging out with little Nigel so she could be close to her crush. But she

was in love with her husband. So her mind would fit that into the new history – she'd hung out with Nigel hoping to spend time with her crush only to end up developing feelings for Nigel himself.

Better cut that string of thought off before it could fester.

"In fact," I added, pushing my will onto everyone in the room. "I wouldn't be surprised if that's why you married Nigel. Because I was unattainable. You knew you'd never be able to have me, so you settled for second best. Secretly, I bet, you still regret that decision."

The emotion flooded through Janet at my words.

Pain, sorrow, defeat. A life-long regret, marrying a man she didn't love because the man she was in love with was impossible to have. The woman glanced at her husband, eyes filled with unhappy doubt. When she looked back at me, her eyes lit up – bright with longing and desire.

Across the room, Nigel chuckled nervously.

"Very funny, Pete," he said, glancing at his wife. "Of course Janet doesn't regret marrying me..."

When she didn't back him up, didn't dispute my words, Nigel paled.

"It's okay, Nigel," I said, looking over at the man. I could see it in his eyes, his heart slowly breaking. No worries, I'd spare him from that pain. "You've known all along that your wife would never love you as much as she loves me. You came to terms with that a long time ago. You don't like it, sure. But it is what it is."

The pain vanished from Nigel's face.

Resigned, defeated, weary. But no longer suffering.

"You're right," Nigel spoke quietly, eyes downcast. "It's not something I like to talk about or admit, especially when our kids are around, but I accepted it a long time ago. Janet will never love me in the same way she loves you."

And, just like that, I'd broken their family. Made it dysfunctional.

If I left now, this house would become just like every other home in the suburbs. A fake-happy family with cracks underneath the 'perfect' exterior. A wife who loved another man, a husband who knew he'd never be what his wife wanted, kids who knew that their parents had this gaping hole in their relationship.

I could leave it there.

But where was the fun in that?

"Your kids?" I spoke, feigning confusion. "What are you talking about, Nigel? You don't have any kids..."

The son and daughter, Mike and Rose, remained silent as I told their parents that they didn't have any children. Save for very confused, bewildered looks on the youngsters' faces, they remained completely static as I spoke.

Nigel and Janet, being in such a loveless, hollow marriage, had decided not have children. It wouldn't be fair to any kids they might have, growing up in such a dysfunctional family. The two rarely ever had sex and, when they did, it'd always been with proper protection.

As far as the married couple were concerned, Mike and Rose were strangers.

When the father of the house glanced at the two young guests, shock and confusion registered on his face. He jumped, pointed at the two and angrily asked who they were, what they were doing in his home. Even threatened to call the police.

I shot to my feet, faked anger and offence.

"Nigel!" I barked. "How dare you speak to my children that way!"

The older man froze instantly, reality rewriting itself in his mind. The two teens were his best friend's children. How could he forget?

He shook his head, confused, and apologised.

"It's okay," I replied curtly. "It's fine. Don't worry about it. Mike and Rose are actually the reason I'm here tonight, Nigel. I'm going away you see, for a long time. And I need someone to look after my son and daughter until I get back..."

Nigel – good friend that he was – considered my request.

His wife, however, shook her head swiftly. Her eyes were wide, pained, as she glanced between 'my' children.

"I don't think so," she said, sounding as if the words themselves were painful to speak. "We might have a lot of free space here, but I don't think we can look after them, Peter."

Interesting. I looked into her eyes, read her emotions.

The man she loved's children, by another woman. There was no way Janet could bear to take care of them – be constantly reminded of the life she could never have. She'd wanted kids, had always wanted kids. But the only man in the world she'd want to father her children was me – the man she could never have.

Mike and Rose were a constant, mocking reminder of what Janet would never have. She couldn't look after them. It'd be too painful.

I grinned at her.

Fixing *that* would be easy.

"You gave up on ever being with me a long time ago, Janet," I told the mother. "But, ever since you found out I had a son, you can't help but think about him. He's half me, after all. The closest a guy could ever come to being me. You can never have me in your bed, but someone who's got half of my genes..."

I let her mind absorb that. Added a few more little tweaks.

She'd fantasised about sex with me on a daily basis, had called my name out while having sex with her husband more than a few times, had dreamed of what could have been. I gave her a thing for younger guys, planted a seed deep in her mind about how – just once – she wanted to have a part of me inside her before she died. Made her believe that Mike was exactly that, a part of me.

By the time I was done, she was practically begging for me to let my son stay with her while I went away on my trip.

Mike, surprisingly, looked uncomfortable.

"Son," I said, turning to the boy. "This is a wonderful opportunity for you. I've seen your internet search history, and it's pretty easy to see that you're into older women. MILFs. And, more than that, you blatantly have a kink for cuckolding married men. For you, staying here with a sexy MILF like Janet is a dream come true. An opportunity for you to live out all your perverted fantasies."

When I'd called her a 'sexy MILF', Janet moaned out loud.

I turned to her, smiled.

"Could you show my son his room please?" I asked. "There's something I'd like to discuss with my daughter and Nigel."

The mother was only too happy to take her son by the hand, lead him out of the room and upstairs. And, from the smirk on his face, Mike didn't have any complaints about being dragged along.

"You've always had a thing for Daddy," I told Rose. "Always had a crush on your father. The thoughts are wrong and bad, but you can't help it. Every night, you touch yourself thinking about me. But you know you can never act on your feelings. A father fucking their daughter? It's not something that'll ever happen."

Love, adoration and sadness filled the pretty girl's face.

"Knowing that you're not going to see me in a long time tears you up inside. But, when one door closes, another opens. He might not be me, but Nigel here is a handsome man that *could* be your father. He's not, obviously. But he's the right age, he has the 'Daddy' look about him. In a way, he's the perfect surrogate father for you."

She glanced over at Nigel, smiled sweetly at him.

I was about to continue when a sound cut me off. A faint rhythmic creaking sounding from upstairs, a light thumping.

One guess as to what was happening up there.

Nigel's face reddened at the noise. He stood up angrily.

"Sit down, Nigel," I said, rolling my eyes. "You knew this would happen. Secretly, deep down, you've always known your wife would spread your legs for another man eventually. Sure, you always thought it'd be me fucking your wife's brains out. But it being my son doesn't really change anything, does it? You know there's only one thing you can do in this situation. Sit down and accept it."

Pain washed over the man's face as he took his seat again.

I turned back to 'my' daughter.

"This is your chance," I told her. "You can finally find out what a middle-aged man, a 'Daddy', feels like in bed. You can finally live out one of your fantasies. All you have to do is be a good girl and go comfort your new, fake Daddy and take it from there. Oh, and don't mind me being here. We're a very open and understanding family."

Blushing, the beautiful young teen rose from her chair.

Her pert titties bounced as she jumped onto Nigel's lap.

When she moved to kiss him, the man froze – resisted. He didn't push her off, but neither did he embrace her. More like, he was stunned motionless.

"This is the only chance you'll get," I told him. "I might be your best friend, but I've also messed up your life, in a way. An unsatisfied wife that'll never truly be happy with you, a loveless marriage, always being second best. Because of me, you've never had the kids you've always wanted. Your wife would never let you. Now, you have a chance for revenge. To take all the quiet frustrations you have for me out on my sexy daughter. You can pound Rose's tight little pussy the same way you know your wife wants me to pound hers. And, more than that, here you have a young, fertile womb. One that has my genetics, too. Whatever child comes out of that womb, you know you and your wife will both love unconditionally."

Half way through my little speech, Nigel started kissing Rose back. By the end of it, they were dry-humping each other, tugging off each others clothing.

I smiled, stood.

"Well then," I said to no-one. "It's about time I should be going."

No-one led me to the door or let me out. They were all too busy.

I lingered for a moment before exiting the house, soaking in the emotions flowing through the building. Satisfaction and hunger and passionate lust, kinkiness and desire and overwhelming arousal. I basked in it for a long few seconds.

And then, grinning wildly, I stepped out of the suburban house and continued my walk down the street.

Which house, I wondered, would I visit next?