

## Uninvited Guest

### Part 2

Ah, Suburbia. What would I do without you?

Pretty houses on either side of me. Neat lawns and shiny cars and white-picket fences. The 'ideal' place to raise a family. Or it would be, if it wasn't as fake as a hooker's moans.

Every home, every family, held secrets.

That one on the left there? Wife was fucking her husband's best friend. Had been for years. She had no idea if the kids were her husband's or his friend's, and neither did she care. As long as she was getting fucked, she was happy.

And the house on the right, with the audacious pink flamingo in its yard? The husband was screwing his secretary. His wife knew, but didn't say anything. She wasn't with him out of 'love', but instead for his hefty income. The fact that he spent his weekends in the arms of another woman was, if anything, a plus for his wife. It gave her more time alone with her true love - the man's credit card.

Oh, and that fancy place at the end of the street? You'll never guess who *that* whore was fucking while her husband was deployed abroad. While he was off risking his life for his country, she was shacking up with his *brother*. Talk about keeping it in the family, right?

And yet, despite their secrets and their hidden depravities, they were all smiles and politeness. Acting as if they lived perfect, happy lives.

People on the outside saw suburban living as 'the dream'.

All suburbia truly was, was a fantasy.

As I strode down the street, I read the emotions of every building I passed. Every family, their deceptions and lies.

There was always one.

One family that *believed* the lie. That fit into the 'ideal' that no-one else could. A happy, faithful family. No lies or sins. No deception or betrayal or backstabbing. There was always one picture perfect family that truly were living the upper middle-class dream.

So, where was my 'one' this time?

I passed the home of a gambling addict husband and alcoholic wife, their son so mentally damaged by the pair that there was no way he wouldn't end up in prison in the next few years.

Nope. That wasn't it.

Another home where both husband and wife were cheating on each other – with the same man, no less!

Interesting. Perhaps I'd come back to this one. But for now, no.

A few doors down, I paused.

The emotions radiating from *this* place...

Yes. Yes, this was the one for me.

Smiling, I walked over to the house's front door, gave it a sharp knock and waited.

A few seconds ticked by.

Then the door opened to reveal a tall man in a business suit, a pleasant smile on his face. Dark hair, a slight tan, chiselled jaw. The kind of man most women would be into – certainly, I imagined, he'd entered the fantasies of half this suburb's inhabitants at one point or another.

"Hey!" I grinned at him. "Long time no see."

The man raised an eyebrow at me.

"I'm sorry," he said, giving me a once over. "Do I know you?"

"Still with that dumb joke?" I chuckled, shook my head. "It's me. Peter. You know, your wife's ex-husband. Now are you going to stand there like a lemon, or are you gonna invite me in?"

He blinked at me, eyebrows narrowing. His brain, it seemed, was having difficulty adjusting to his new reality. Probably, I imagined, because he'd known his wife for a long time – couldn't quite fit her being married previously into those memories.

"You really need to come up with new material, buddy. You've been using that joke for years."

Slowly, the husband nodded his head.

"Yeah..." The smile returned to his lips as his brain finally found a way to fit me in. "Yeah, come on in Pete."

Husband, wife, son, daughter. The husband was Ben, the wife's name was Nora. Jack and Sally for the son and daughter. A perfect little family. Flawless and pure.

Jack took after his father in looks, sharp and tall and handsome.

But the true beauties of the family were the mother and daughter duo. Blonde bombshells both, with vibrant blue eyes and full lips and white smiles. Flowing golden hair and big, full breasts. Stunningly pretty, to say the least.

The mother – Nora – didn't look a day older than thirty. And the eighteen year old Sally had all the youthful innocence that a good Christian girl should.

Their clothes were modest, made naughty only by the sexy bodies they hid. Mother in a white cardigan and yellow dress, daughter in plaid pyjamas and a fluffy pink robe that, even with its bulk, couldn't hide her amazing body.

All four sets of eyes were on me.

"Hey babygirl," I smiled at Sally. "Long time no see!"

Her eyes unfocussed for a second, brain struggling with the memories I was planting inside her skull. But then, in an instant, her beautiful, wide eyes were once again focused on me.

Sally jumped to her feet, rushed across the room and wrapped me in a tight, loving hug – tits pressing against my belly as her arms wrapped around my chest.

Confusion entered the eyes of the family's mother and son.

"I've missed you too babygirl," I laughed. "How've you been?"

"Good," Sally murmured into my chest before pushing herself back, breaking the hug. "I've been good, Daddy. Everything with school has-"

"Daddy?" Nora said, eyes moving between her daughter and me. "What's going on here? Sally?"

"What's going on," I said before my fake-daughter could answer, "is that I'm saying hello to our daughter, Nora. I am her father after all."

Like her husband, Nora struggled with her new reality.

"You know," I urged her mind along. "From when we were married? Jeez, Nora. I don't like to say it, but you sure are one hell of a bimbo."

The woman let out a high-pitched giggle.

"I know that, dummy," Nora laughed. "Duuh!"

"And who's this?" I grinned, turning to the last member of the family. Nora and Ben's son. Twenty year old Jack. "Judging from the resemblance, he must be your brother Ben. Am I right?"

"Yes you are!" The husband grinned. "Meet Jack, my baby brother. And Jack, this is Peter – Nora's ex and Sally's biological father."

Soon enough, the five of us were seated around the living room. My 'daughter' on my lap, husband and wife arm-in-arm, lone son on his own.

"So Pete," Ben said at last. "What brings you here?"

"Oh, you know," I smiled. "Just wanted to check in on my babygirl here. Make sure everything's okay. And *my*, she's grown a lot since the last time I visited."

I pointed at the girl's large tits, causing her to blush and the guys to humour me with faint chuckling.

"Seriously dude," I continued, eyes on Ben. "If she wasn't my daughter, I'd be all over Sally right now. I mean, have you *seen* her? She's gotta be the hottest ass I've ever come across!"

Ben paled, glanced at his wife.

"I mean, of course I've *thought* about it," he admitted. "But I'm a married man! Nora is the only woman-"

"Is she, though?" I interrupted. "Let's face it, my friend. You only married Nora for arm candy. Don't worry, I'm not judging. She's sexy as hell. But there's no love there and you know it. You married her for her looks and her cunt, she married you for your credit card information. Everyone here knows it."

Sure enough, heads nodded along as I spoke – daughter and son and even Nora herself.

"Even if you started fucking another chick, I doubt Nora would care. As long as the money keeps flowing, she'll be happy. Isn't that right?"

Nora shrugged apologetically, nodded her head. "He's right."

"And we all know Sally's not gonna be complaining," I added with a chuckle. "She loves money even more than her mother. I'm surprised she hasn't started whoring herself to her teachers yet. Sally here probably sees you less as a step-father and more as a walking money bag."

The girl shifted on my lap, stood up. Her hips swayed as she sauntered over to Ben, climbed onto his lap – her tits to his chest.

"Daddy," she purred softly. "Can I have a new phone?"

She rubbed her chest against his, hand snaking down between his legs.

"Pretty please?"

"I... Ah!" Ben groaned, resolve evaporating. This wasn't *his* daughter after all. Just a sexy, young whore for him to use. A benefit of his marriage. "If... If you can show me how much you want it, sweetie..."

"Get a room you two," Nora said with a roll of her eyes.

"My thoughts exactly," I laughed.

And, sure enough, the two of them stood. Sally tugging her father by the crotch out of the room.

"So Jack," I said as muffled moans began to sound in the next room. "How're you today?"

"I'm-" A thump on the wall cut him off. "I'm good."

"I bet you are!" I grinned at him. "Alone with your secret crush, who *wouldn't* be good. You've wanted to fuck your brother's trophy wife ever since the day you met her. She's been in your every thought and fantasy. The perfect MILF."

He turned to look at his mother, cheeks turning pink.

"Luckily for you," I added. "Nora here has a little thing for revenge. See, she might be *okay* with her husband fucking other women, but that doesn't mean he's not doing something wrong. He *is* still betraying his vows. And that deserves a little revenge, don't you think?"

"I... I suppose," Jack answered.

Nora nodded her head eagerly.

"Since hubby's off fucking a younger version of you, Nora," I said as the moans from the next room began in earnest. "What better way to get revenge than to fuck a younger version of *him*?"

Slowly, Nora's gaze turned to her son.

"You know what?" She purred, reaching up to unbutton her cardigan. "I think that's a *wonderful* idea."

"And," I added as the woman slid to the floor, began crawling towards her soon-to-be lover, "since they're brothers – Ben and Jack – you won't need to worry about getting

knocked up. Any potential bastards you might have will have enough of your husband's genes in them that no-one will ever think to question it."

She wasn't listening. The words went in, left their mark on her mind, but the woman herself was too focused on the boy in front of her to respond to me.

"Nora," Jack breathed as his mother's hand slid over his crotch. "We shouldn't- My brother-"

"Is busy," Nora cooed. "Can't you hear?"

Her words were punctuated by the soft, whimpering moans of 'daddy' and 'yes' and 'please' in the next room. The grunts of a man fucking the tight, virgin hole of his own slutty daughter.

"Look at me," Nora told her son as she slowly pulled down his trousers. "Forget them. Just look at me, baby. Look at my face."

The boy did as he was told, stared down into his mother's eyes.

She didn't look away, didn't break eye contact as she leaned forward. Jack shuddered and gasped when her lips collided with the tip of his cock, spread open to accept it. And still, they didn't break their eye-contact.

I nodded my head, stood.

No one noticed as I left the room, walked out the house's front door, shut it behind me and cut off the noises coming from within.

With a smile on my face, I returned to the street, continued my pleasant stroll through this little middle-class suburbia. Eyes roaming the perfect houses as my mind searched their imperfect interiors. Hunting for the ever-elusive, impossible ideal.

There was always one. One family that somehow managed to remain pure.

At least until I arrived at their doorstep.

Deep down, they were *all* flawed. Every last one of them. All of these fake happy, broken families. All of them living in their own, pretty bubbles.

I hummed happily as I strode down the street, searching for the next family I'd pay a visit to.

There was always one.