

Uninvited Guest

Chapter 3

This one. This house.

I could feel the joy radiating out from it. The sense of family and happiness and unity. I knew, even before approaching it, that the ones who lived there were living the 'ideal' suburban life. No drama, no lies, no cheating.

Try as I might, I couldn't hold back a sneer.

Disgusting.

There was always one family like that. Every suburb I'd ever come across had its share of liars and cheats and dark secrets. Every single one. More often than not, there wouldn't be a house that *didn't* have its naughty secrets. Presenting a false image of perfection while, behind closed doors, they were just as broken and twisted as everyone else. All save that *one* family. The rare one that lived up to the ideal.

I began striding towards the building, sneer morphing into a friendly smile.

Didn't these people get the memo? Suburbia, and the promise it made of family values and comfortable living and happy prosperity, was a lie. A sham. Didn't these people realise they were living a dream when they should be in a nightmare?

By the end of tonight. They would.

They'd have more secrets than every other house on this street combined. I'd make sure of that.

I walked up to the home's front door, rang the doorbell, waited.

In the back of my mind, I was already conjuring up ideas.

The door swung inward, revealing a middle-aged man with dark brown hair and a pleasant smile. Tall, handsome; the kind of guy that'd have his pick of the ladies.

"Hello," the man said happily.

"Hey buddy!" I grinned, tugging on his mind. "Sorry, Val couldn't make it. Just me tonight!"

"Working again?" The man shook his head. "That woman needs more time off. Come on in, Al and Becca got here a lil' while ago."

Al and Becca? Curious.

I was almost tempted to dig into the man's mind, find out who his guests were. But I held back. It'd be more fun to work everything out as I went.

The man led me through his house, down some stairs into the basement which – apparently – he'd converted into an in-home movie theatre. A projector hung from the ceiling, playing some action film on one of the basement walls. All around the room were sofas and armchairs, and more than a few people.

I counted eight in all. Nine including me.

Four in their middle-years, all in their forties or so. And four more who were all young adults. Only three females; two of the older ones, and one of the younger. The rest were all male.

Several heads turned to look as me and the man entered the room.

I set about using my powers instantly. Altering minds left and right.

"Pete!" One of the women said, a smile spreading her lips. "You made it!" She looked around, smile fading slightly. "No Valerie?"

"Not today, I'm afraid. She-"

"Shhh!" One of the younger men growled, eyes glued to the film.

I frowned at the rude prick, made a mental note to be especially cruel to him later. But, for the time being, I quieted myself. Took a seat on one of the sofas and watched the film with the rest of them, plotting the after-film entertainment.

Two families. The one that lived in this house, and the other who were relatives that visited

every so often for these 'movie nights'. The first was two adults and three children; two sons and a daughter. The other was two adults and one son - the lil' shit that'd shushed me. And the two families were related through the parents – the mothers were also sisters.

Remembering all their names would be a pain, and one I couldn't be much bothered with.

When the film came to an end, the second family - Al and Becca and their son - announced they'd be heading home. It was getting late, after all. And they had to work tomorrow.

"Are you sure?" I asked, tugging on their minds. "Just a lil' longer won't hurt. You have enough time for a quick board game, right?"

"I..." Al blinked, my powers rewiring his brain. "Sure. I suppose that'd be fine. What game do you have in mind?"

It didn't matter. Any board game would do.

The family settled on some four-player game, forcing them to pair off. Married couples together, son and daughter, son and shitbag cousin. I sat back, didn't play the game myself. Instead, I watched them. *learned* them.

"It's kinda tragic," I sighed as they played. "The sham marriages you guys had to do."

Every head turned to look at me.

"What?" Al asked, confused. "Sham marriages?"

I tweaked his mind, watched as his eyes widened in shock.

"Pete! We can't-" He glanced at his son, at his his niece and nephews. "We don't talk about *that*!"

"They're old enough now," I said – influencing the minds of the older generation all at once. "And the world's a different place. A more *understanding* place. It's time they knew."

"Knew what?" One of the boys asked, looking at his parents.

The married couples couldn't look their kids in the eye, all glancing at me. I read their expressions easily enough – given that I'd been the one to make them feel that way.

They wanted *me* to explain it. The neutral party.

"The five of us," I said, using my power as I spoke. "We were inseparable growing up. The best of friends. We were there for each other, no matter what. Still are..."

The fathers – Al and Jim – blushed, glanced at each other before looking away.

"You have to understand. The world back then wasn't like it is today. Everyone was a lot more ignorant and intolerant. Back then, it was *dangerous* to be gay. It still is, in some places. But it was worse back then. So much worse..."

A dramatic pause, in which I gave the fathers and mothers a batch of new memories. New histories.

"You parents didn't mean to deceive you..."

"Dad... What's Pete talking about?"

"What I'm trying to say," I sighed, eyes passing over the faces of the younger generation. "Is that your fathers are gay."

One of the boys chuckled nervously, assuming I was joking.

When no-one else laughed along with him, he went quiet.

Silence.

"Back then, coming out as gay was life-shattering. You'd be alienated from family, disowned, you'd be bullied and tormented, could be fired and have difficulty finding work anywhere. There was a huge taboo about it. So... Your parents made a pact."

One of the mothers opened their mouth to speak, perhaps to take over – thinking it'd be better for her to confess to all this herself. A thought from me shut her up before she could utter a word.

"Jim and Al would date in secret, while Nora and Becca pretended to be their

girlfriends. Throwing off any suspicion that they might be gay. At the time, it was the best solution we had – especially given Nora and Becca's *inclinations*."

The older women blushed.

"I'm sorry to have to say it," I smiled, "but your parents don't actually love each other. At least, not like that. Your fathers have been having a decades' long affair with each other. And it's about time you kids knew about it."

Dead silence.

No-doubt, the brats were taking a moment to digest this stunning revelation. I gave them a few seconds before giving them a little mental nudge along. I mean, who wanted to deal with all that drama and nonsense? I had fun times to make happen!

"Woah," one of the sons breathed. "I had no idea."

"You married Dad to help keep his secret?" The daughter asked softly. Nora nodded her head.

"That's... Wow."

"So," I said, one again drawing everyone's gazes. "I think, given everyone knows the truth now, that these board game pairs should be switched up. Al and Jim together, and the Nora-Becca sister duo reunited."

No-one had any arguments to that idea. And so, a moment later, the couples had switched positions. Men cuddling each other, smiling sweetly. Women sitting next to each other, holding hands.

"Now, let's get this game going!"

When the game ended, the fathers left the basement together. Off to go spend some quality time with each other.

I turned to the wives – sisters – and gave them a smile.

"Now, you two. Growing up in the same house, sleeping in the same room and sharing the same clothes. You two must've been really close. So close, in fact, that people might judge you if they knew *just* what you got up to when no-one was around. Sisters experimenting with each other, enjoying each other. I mean, let's face it. You didn't just marry those guys to protect *them*, did you?"

The woman shook their heads, blushing.

"Since your husbands are off having fun together, seems to me that this is the perfect chance for you two to do the same."

The women looked at each other, smiled.

They leaned in for a single kiss, before standing and leaving the basement too.

Leaving me with four family members left.

The youngest – the daughter – was nineteen. A full-time student and very quiet by nature. Growing up with two boys, she'd probably had her tomboy moments over the years. But, as she was now, Chloe was a pink-loving girly girl.

Then there were the girl's two brothers, and her male cousin.

How best to set *this* up?

"The apple doesn't fall far from the tree," I told them. "Growing up, your mother and aunt experimented with each other. Sisters doing sexual things. I suppose it's not all surprising when you three started doing the same thing."

The two brothers and their sister looked at each other.

"The moment Chloe had her growth spurt last year, grew those nice big tits, you stopped seeing her as a tomboy. You two began seeing her as a woman. And you liked that, didn't you Chloe?"

"Yes," the girl breathed, face flushed. She looked at her brothers, gave them a naughty smile. "I did."

"You liked it so much, you started teasing them. Giving them little glimpses of your body, then flashing them, then doing even more. The revelations tonight? They were the

last straw. If your father and uncle can fuck, if your mother and aunt – actual sisters – can mess around, why not you?”

The girl turned to one of her brothers, put her hands on his chest and leaned in to kiss him. Her other brother came up behind her.

Pretty soon, their clothes were being discarded and they began doing far more than just kissing.

I turned to the last member of the family.

The asshole I'd promised myself I'd punish for his rudeness.

He was staring at his cousins with envy and longing.

“Must suck,” I said, drawing his attention.

“Uh... I guess. Do you think they'd maybe let me join in?”

“No, not that you pervert,” I rolled my eyes. “It must suck knowing your father and mother never loved you.”

The guy's eyes widened.

“I mean, you *are* adopted. And they only did that to make their lie of a marriage seem more real. They never loved each other, and they certainly never loved you. All you ever were to them was a prop. That must suck to realise.”

As I etched the words into his mind, made them a fundamental part of who he was, the guy's eyes began to water.

That'll teach you to shush me, you little prick.

“Oh well,” I shrugged. “At lest you get to enjoy the show.”

I turned to look at the sibling threesome. A pretty girl with a cock in her cunt and another in her ass, moaning loudly as she clung on to one of her brothers for dear life. Tits bouncing, holes being pounded relentlessly by guys who had been teased *far* too long by the slut.

“Not every day you get to see something like *that*. Enjoy jacking off to it, shitbag.”

I left the basement as the guy began lowering his pants, eyes still watering – made sure to shut the door behind myself, give the group a lil' bit of privacy.

As I exited the house, I had a smile on my face.

Another family that'd fit into suburbia properly.

Humming, I strolled down the street – searching for the next too-perfect home to correct.

It was a thankless job, truly.

But someone had to do it.