

A Deal with the Devil

Part 1

Both Gwen's husband and 18 year old son were on life support while she miraculously escaped the car accident with nary a scratch physically. Emotionally she is a wreck as any good mother and wife would be while facing the impending loss of both her son and husband.

It's Michael, her son that she is particularly worried about as she finds him utterly adorable. Given the choice of if only one could live her husband, Tom, would come out on the losing end every time.

Now in the quiet, nearly deserted, waiting room, Gwen glances at her watch, noticing it's nearly 1 am. Michael should be out of surgery by now. She gets up stretches, preparing to head to the nurse's station to inquire if there is any news, when the doctor, a middle aged bespectacled woman, that looks to be of Indian descent, hustles into the room.

"Mrs. Turner, sit down please. I have news."

"W-hat is it. Is my son alright." Her voice is quavering and on the point of breaking.

"Sit down please and let me explain where we are at."

Gwen sits down on the old waiting room coach while the doctor settles down next to her.

"The surgery was . . . semi successful. We got the internal bleeding to stop. He is in stable condition in regards to that."

"Oh thank God. Thank you doctor."

"Don't . . . not yet Mrs. Turner. His condition is still precarious. "

"Tell me." Gwen says digging into her purse to pull out yet another Kleenex.

"He has suffered a major head trauma that has left him in a coma."

"He will wake up though right. I mean he is not going to die."

"His brain activity is limited but stable. As of now there is no danger of him passing that is the good news."

"And the bad news, Dr. Mutafia, is what?"

"Ahh . . ." The doctor sighs heavily as Gwen braces herself. "We simply don't know when your son might regain consciousness. It could be tonight, a month from now, maybe a year. We simply don't

know. It's in God's hands now. I am afraid there is precious little more to do at this point but wait . . . and pray."

"But you can keep him alive right? While we wait."

"He is stable, with the help of a breathing apparatus. He can be fed intravenously, so no he is in no immediate danger. Just so you understand Mrs. Turner," the small woman grips her hands, "your son may never wake up."

"But also, he may wake up at any given time though correct?"

"Yes, he may that is true also."

"I shall think positive and pray." Of course she will pray. Gwen is and has always been a strict Catholic of unshakable faith. Or so she thought.

"That is always good, maybe between that and some heartfelt prayers God will see fit to bring your son back to you."

"Maybe."

"Now as for your husband, I was told by Doctor Lampley, he could not speak with you personally as he got called away for another

urgent emergency, that your husband . . ." the doctor shakes her head sadly.

"He didn't make it?" Gwen responds trying to hide the apathy in her voice.

"I am afraid not. He passed on the operating table."

One hour later, Gwen is in her son's room looking at him sadly. She had just stopped by the hospital's chapel and prayed to God that her son, please, please wake up and come back to her. His once cute and boyish 18 year old face is covered almost entirely in bandages. His breathing, with the help of the machine, appears to be slow and steady.

She pulls a chair, it's large and surprisingly comfortable, from the corner of the private room close to the bed so she can sit and hold his hand. She strokes over and over again the several small tufts of his brown hair that have managed to escape from under the bandages.

She cries off and on for a good hour straight before finally, around 3:00am, a nurse comes in and gives her a pillow suggesting she put her head down and try to get a bit of sleep.

This sad routine goes on for months. Gwen spends day and night at the hospital sitting with her son. There is no noticeable change in his condition sending Gwen into a great state of despair. Her prayers to

an unresponsive, or maybe it's an uncaring God, continue to go unanswered.

Then one night, after having dozed off while curled up next to his bed in the large chair, she has a most extraordinary dream. The dream was so very vivid that upon jerking awake around 6:00 am she is in a state of confusion.

Was that real? she mutters to herself before spotting the neatly clipped black rose laid across her son's bed. At the sight of the single half stemmed black rose the memory of the dream comes flooding back to her.

In her dream, she is being led down a long corridor by Dr. Mutafia, who keeps turning around advising her to go back to the chapel, and pray some more. But Gwen is insistent, "Take me to him. I must bargain for my son's life. I fear it's the only way."

The doctor stops in mid-stride as Gwen, following close behind, nearly collides with her. She turns and looks at her seriously saying in a calm voice, "Praying to the Lord in Heaven is the only way, not this Gwen."

"Prayer and your God have never been kind to me Doctor. Time to try another way. Show me his office."

"NO!! I go no further than this. I refuse to venture any closer to His Domain. His office is the last one on the left. You will recognize it as it has the mark of the beast scratched on the door. Venture fourth at your own peril."

And with that the small brown woman, impeccably dressed in her white doctor's overcoat, turns on her heel and strides purposefully back down the long corridor, her heels clicking hollowly, leaving Gwen all alone.

Gwen continues down the corridor—it seems to go on forever—passing row after row of nondescript plain brown doors shut tightly until finally she reaches the end of the hallway.

There is a single door to her left. The wood comprising this door is not of the cheap panel material like the others, but instead is a rich dark mahogany. It is adorned with a large golden door knob, and just as Dr. Mutafia had said, the mark of the beast is indeed scratched into the dark wood in vivid 4 inch high numbers.

666 Gwen stares at the number. A cold chill is crawling up her spine as suddenly she becomes doubtful if this is the way. She can't remember how this idea, to see Him, even came to her in the first place. She has no time to ponder such thoughts as a deep, majestic voice floats to her from the other side of the closed door.

"Do come in my dear. The door is open. My door is always open to those who seek my wisdom or require my guidance."

Gwen takes a deep breath, bracing herself to be stoic and unemotional so she can bargain with a clear head. She turns the knob and walks into the Devil's office.

She had no idea what to expect, other than the devil, of course, would be a male. This natural belief was reinforced by the deep, manly voice that invited her into the office in the first place so when instead she finds herself staring at an extremely attractive dark haired woman she is a bit nonplussed.

No one else is in the small dark office that is dominated by the large desk leaving it obvious the masculine voice must have come from her.

The only light comes from a single small table lamp, just enough to make out the Devil's basic appearance of being of a singularly attractive lady. "But you are a woman. The voice. .?"

"Ahh you were expecting a man of course. They always do." The Devil's voice now is delicate, soothing and very feminine. "As for the voice . . . ahh nothing but a little parlor trick I play on occasion to fool people. That is what, after all, they have been lead to believe by their stupid Christians beliefs . . . The Devil is always out to fool them."

"I am lacking in my belief . . . for the moment at any rate." Gwen manages to stammer before adding, "Are you real or this another trick or maybe I'm dreaming."

The Devil extends her hand out to Gwen. "Give me your hand, Gwen." She reaches out and takes the Devil's hand into her own. Her hand is velvet soft besides being warm and pleasant to the touch. Gwen glances down and sees the fingernails are long, blood red, and perfectly manicured coming to what appears to be a razor sharp point.

"Does my hand feel real hon?"

Gwen nods her head yes.

"I am real, and yet a dream. Life can be lived on different astral planes. It's easy for someone of my power to manage so don't worry about the science behind all this or if you prefer its dark magic. I am equally adept at both."

"Of course you are. I am not worried as long as you are real. Dreaming is a waste of time."

"You most assuredly are not wasting your time my dear. Give me your other hand. Let me show you more evidence of just how real I am." Her voice manages to be gentle, yet commanding, all at once. Gwen extends her other hand out across the desk as her heart skips a beat.

She feels the Devil now holding both of her hands, squeezing them softly, before casting a wry smile at her, and bringing them up to her lips. Her blood red lips are full and sensual.

The Devil very gently, very deliberately snakes her tongue out and licks the back of Gwen's hands, and then around into her palm, sending a whole series of small, but not unpleasant, shivers up and down her spine.

"Does that feel real, Gwen?"

"Oh yes very real." Gwen wants to pull her hands back before she loses control and starts to moan as the Devil's tongue slithers around the palm of her hand.

"Ahh, w-what should I call you?" She yanks her hands back out of the Devil's grip afraid of what might happen if she did not.

"Good question. What do you want to call me?"

"I don't know. Whatever is proper I suppose."

"Well I have many legendary names but I think you should call me something of your own. Something more human and less scary if we are to be friends. Pick a name. What do I look like, a Karen maybe,

Jennifer, Susan perhaps? All very average names for an average white girl like myself?"

"I am thinking you are anything but average."

"I will take that as flattery meant to impress me. Oh how I do enjoy flattery, even the Devil wants admiration you know."

"Of course but still what should I call you?"

"OK let me come closer, out from behind this desk. Let you have a better look at me so you can come up with something."

The woman rises slowly from behind the desk. She snaps her fingers causally, and the small office is bathed in soft light coming from nowhere and everywhere all at once.

Gwen now gets a better look at this "devilishly" beautiful woman as she struts from around the desk, her 5 inch heels clicking seductively on the hardwood floor. She stops in front of Gwen holding her hands on her hips, a bemused smile on her face as Gwen tries to maintain her poise.

She is dressed professionally in a dark skirt with a plain white blouse. Her raven dark hair is pinned back behind her ear giving the illusion Gwen is dealing with some high powered corporate

executive as opposed to the Princess of Darkness herself. The dark reading glasses she is wearing only adds to her professional appearance.

Gwen was sure when she first entered the office the woman behind the desk hair was not wearing glasses, and her hair was not up, but instead down and falling over her shoulders.

Gwen shakes her head remembering the Devil is known for playing tricks. She now notices in the better lighting just how stunningly beautiful this creature truly is. As she moves closer to Gwen the Devil's flawless, exquisite beauty reminds Gwen of old world Europe beauty- elegant and timeless.

No sooner does this thought pop into Gwen's mind, than the Devil whispers, "My spirit is ageless of course, but my physical body I now inhabit is of Czech ancestry since you were wondering. This body was born . . . ahh many, many hundreds of moons ago in Prague. I have aged well do you not think?"

"Exceptionally well."

"You find me pretty no Gwen?" The Devil reaches out and slides one sharp fingernail slowly down the side of Gwen's face sending small shock wave of shivers-again- up and down her spine.

"Very much so." Gwen whispers her voice catching in her throat. Being so close to her now is like standing next to a warm fire on a cold night at just the right distance—it warms without being uncomfortably hot.

"And what of my body? Do you find that attractive as well?"

Gwen's eyes slip down off her face and onto her body. Most ironically the Devil has the body of a voluptuous angel. The dark skirt is both extremely tight and short showing off a pair of perfectly toned legs and creamy white thighs.

"Higher up is where you will find my true treasures Gweny," the Devil whispers as she slips a finger under Gwen's chin. With the help of the Devil's soft touch Gwen's eyes fall on the white blouse.

Her breath catches in her throat as the Devil gives her a wicked smile, showing off a set of gleaming white teeth, and slowly begins to undo her blouse. What little light there is in the office seems to cast a spotlight on the Devil's chest as first one and then two buttons come undone.

She pauses, looking at Gwen making sure she has her full attention, before she unbuttons a third button revealing the hint of a purple lace bra underneath the blouse.

"Hmm, purple is your favorite color?"

"Yes," Gwen whispers as she becomes lost staring at the immense cleavage the Devil is so willing showing off to her. The Devil, again with that maddeningly bemused smile on her beautiful face, appears to thrust her chest out at Gwen, allowing the light to catch her blouse in just the right way, making her obviously large tits seem to almost shine under the blouse.

The Devil's magnificent tits cause pangs of jealousy to rock Gwen's world. Her own small 32B breasts have always been a source of frustration for her. In fact, before the accident, she had been considering having them done.

"And have you thought of a name for me yet Gwenny . . . or have you become so enthralled with the bountiful curves of my body that clear thought is neigh impossible."

The Devil's voice, sounding amused brings Gwen back to reality.

"Y-yes."

"Yes you are indeed enthralled with my body or yes you have thought of a name for me. Remember, as ironic as it may be since I am known as the Father of Lies, honesty in all matters is extremely important to me Gwen. I can smell the stink of lies on a human's breath so don't ever think of being anything less than completely honest with me."

Gwen looks up. In her five inch heels, the Devil towers over her as she sits meekly in the small chair. She tells the truth without hesitation thinking it most wise.

"Both," Gwen whispers trying to instill a note of confidence in her voice she doesn't feel.

"Excellent, I'm glad you are enthralled by my devilishly sexy body. We can discuss those latent lesbian tendencies you have been denying for too long later . . . as for now . . . what is the moniker you have so kindly bestowed upon me in your heart of hearts, Gweny. I can call you that yes, Gweny. It sounds like what maybe a best friend might call you and I have the very strange feeling we shall be best of friends, my dear. Very close and personal best friends that is."

She slips a finger under Gwen's chin and forces her to look up into her hauntingly dark hazel eyes.

"Denise," Gwen whispers quietly feeling like a school girl in the presence of a most strict headmaster who knows she is cheating. Gwen, the good catholic girl, indeed has had, over the years, many a curious fantasy about being with another woman.

"Denise, yes I like that. Devilishly. Delightful, Denise it is . . . three D's again most perfect."

"Why most perfect?" Gwen asks as the Devil offers a glass of dark red wine to Gwen. A glass that apparently she produced out of thin air.

"Triple D my cup size." Denise replies nonchalantly as she leans back against the desk. For the first time, Gwen detects what is a genuine smile cross Denise's face.

"Jesus triple D they must be . . ." Gwen starts to whisper before allowing her voice to trail off.

"Yes huge," Denise finishes for her proudly. "I can detect a bit of jealousy in your heart over my fantastic body, Gwen. Jealousy can hurt a friendship so we must do something about that plus it will give me a chance to show off my powers thus allowing you to understand just who you are dealing with."

"I don't understand."

"Of course you don't. You are overweight. A good thirty pounds I would imagine. How tall are you?"

"Five six and yeah I am overweight . . . now. I mean I used to be in great shape but . . ." She shrugs her shoulders sadly. "Since the accident I don't work out, don't eat well, and don't get enough sleep."

"Understandable. There in the shadows is a door. A door leading to a bathroom with a nice mirror. Take a minute and go look at yourself and then come back and tell me what you see."

"I . . ." Gwen was about to question why but a sharp look from Denise silences her.

She gets up and sees there is a door, she had not noticed it before, just off to her right. She takes a couple steps toward it wondering what kind of trickery Denise is up to. Just as she began to turn the knob the very air around her seems to shimmer with a force that makes her body tingle all over. It lasts for maybe five seconds before disappearing.

Gwen turns to look at Denise who still leaning nonchalantly against the desk. "Go on sweetheart. The light switch is to your left as you enter."

Gwen steps inside the bathroom and flicks on the light. The bathroom is small and simple: just a toilet with a sink that has a large mirror hanging on the wall over it.

Gwen looks at herself in the mirror and lets out a gasp. First thing she notices is her clothes and hair are now amazingly different. She had been wearing her usual weekend hospital attire—a ratty old sweatshirt and sweatpants. Her once pretty blond hair, which she doesn't bother much now to either wash or style, had been pulled up in a casual ponytail.

The sweatpants have been replaced by a pair of extremely snug fitting jeans while the ratty old sweatshirt had been replaced by a sexy off the shoulder red blouse. As for her blond hair, it is no longer limp and lifeless, but instead she has a mid-length fashionable haircut that glows with beauty.

Gwen steps back to scrutinize her body and notices how good she looks in her tight jeans. The extra weight she had been carrying around on both her hips and ass are gone. She lifts up the top and finds to her utter delight her tummy is flat and rippling with lean muscle.

Jesus it's like I have been going to the gym and eating right for months or even years maybe. Turning side to side marveling at her transformation she finally spots the small pink bag sitting in one corner of the small bathroom.

It's from Victoria's secret. Attached to the bag is a simple small white note with her name on it. She leans over grabbing the bag and opens it. Inside she finds a gorgeous dark maroon lace bra with a matching thong. She turns the bra over as it looks to be a bit big for her. She finds the size—34C.

Too big. I'm a 32B, Gwen sighs.

There is a light rapping on the door. "It shall fit you sweetheart most perfectly. Trust in me."

"Should I try it on now?"

"But of course my pet."

Gwen quickly strips off her pretty new blouse and undoes the small boring plain white bra she is wearing. Stopping to assess her breasts in the mirror she is shocked to find out they look bigger.

She hurriedly tries on the bra and finds it does fit perfectly. She pulls out the panties, checks the tag—small—and again thinks they won't fit—but only for a brief moment- as she is now beginning to understand the mysterious power of Ms. Denise.

The thong panties, of course, fit perfectly. She quickly gets dressed leaving her old clothes in a scattered mess along the floor and emerges from the bathroom, tossing her freshly styled blond hair to one side feeling refreshed and sexy for the first time in months.

"Ahh is better, much better," Denise tells her as Gwen settles back in her chair pondering what might happen next. "Now let's get down to business. What can Denise do for her new friend Gwen? I mean in addition to the bountiful gifts I have already bestowed upon you."

"It's my son. He is in a coma."

"Yes the poor thing, and such a cute boy he was . . . or should I say is as I suppose he is still technically alive. No thanks to God mind you, but to that machine that does the breathing for him."

"Yes no thanks to God I agree," Gwen replies her voice full of bitterness as she thinks of all those long hours she wasted on prayer.

"Well, he might as well be dead." Gwen's voice hitches as she starts to lose control of her emotions. She reaches into her purse searching for another Kleenex. She has none.

"Here, let me help you." Denise flicks her fingers and a large handkerchief appears out of thin air flying into her hand. She hands it to Gwen who dabs daintily at her eyes before blowing her nose.

"What did those silly doctors tell you my dear?"

"That he may not wake up ever or he could wake up tomorrow."

"In other words they have no fucking idea."

"Yes, in other words."

"Well Gwen I am afraid I have some bad news for you. Among my many talents is a gift for future sight. I have looked into this matter

and indeed your son will not wake up anytime in the foreseeable future."

"Oh Jesus." Gwen starts to cry now the tears coming unabated.

Denise slips off the edge of the desk and steps forward wrapping her arms around her. She pulls the grieving mother deep into her embrace, stroking Gwen's blonde hair as great gasping sobs of grief escape from her.

This is her first real good cry since the accident that someone was actually there to provide her with some sort of physical comfort and poor Gwen lets go with all she's got. Her whole body is shaking as Denise pulls her even tighter into her arms gently pushing Gwen's face down into the deep valley of her bountiful breasts while continuing to stroke her hair tenderly.

Denise whispers soft words of sympathy to the mother as her sobs are slowly beginning to subside. "Only you can save him with my help. Not God, nor any silly prayers. Only you . . . and me."

Gwen lifts her head up, almost reluctantly from the warm embrace of Denise's bosom, and looks up at her. She feels a sense of "unreality" wash over from having comfort provided to her by the Devil.

"What must I do? Bargain away my soul maybe!" she jerks back sitting straight up as the very thought of this offends the good catholic girl still lurking inside of her.

"Bargain away your soul? How very trite!!" Denise laughs loudly before adding, "Yes, how very blasé. I have a much better way if only you shall agree."

Gwen shrugs her shoulders the sudden anger dissipating. Blinking back tears she asks quietly, "Then what do you want? Must be something?"

Denise looks at her seriously before saying, "Pledge not your soul to me dear, but your body."

"My body . . . I . . . don't understand."

"Oh but I think you do sweetie." Denise starts to take off her blouse as Gwen stares at her dumbly before whispering, "Why are you taking off your blouse?"

Denise ignores the question. "Deep inside you do. Recall what I said about those latent lesbian urges."

"Y-yes." Denise tosses her white blouse carelessly aside and leans back against the desk once more. "Why have you taken off your blouse I asked?" Gwen whispers pressing the matter.

"Simple. You have stained it with your Christian tears. I cannot stand to have anything Christian so close to my heart."

"Oh," Gwen whispers lamely staring at the topless Denise. Her purple lace bra is stunning as are the Devil's huge tits. She wonders just how big they are exactly . . . but not for long.

"Just to satisfy your curiosity and then some my measurements you are so speculating about are as follows . . . I am 5 foot four. 115 pounds . . . measurements 40-23-34 . . . pure muscle, no fat whatsoever. You might say I have a rather . . . no pun intended . . . divine figure. My tits . . . which you seem to have a hard time not staring at are a godly 36 triple D or hmm F if you prefer."

Gwen starts to turn red from the Devil both reading her mind and pointing out she was staring at her tits. She says nothing knowing a denial will only make her look all the more guilty.

"Ahhhh, you are blushing, how very cute. Just like your new haircut and body my dear."

"Yes, I should thank you for that."

"I require no thanks. I did it for myself and for your son when he wakes up."

Gwen eyes light up. "W-when?"

"First your pledge and then you must seal our deal with a kiss . . . to start with anyways." Denise slips off the desk, reaches out with her hands, and pulls Gwen to her feet.

"Denounce God from your life forever and accept me as your guiding light in all things and I shall save your son."

"Denounce God?"

"Yes that is a must. You must trust me. You cannot know before the bargain is struck what exactly I require."

Gwen takes a long look at Denise . . . at the Devil and feels she has no choice.

"I denounce God and accept you."

"Your agreement must be sealed now with a kiss from your pretty lips and then I shall whisper what you must do here and now to finalize things."

Gwen steps forward meaning to kiss Denise on the cheek, but as she leans forward . . . "Not there my dear, here." Denise guides Gwen's lips to her own.

They kiss deeply before Denise pulls back and whispers in Gwen's ear. "You must spend the night in my warm embrace and the bargain shall be struck. Can you do that?"

"I think so." Gwen looks around the small office doubtfully. "But where are we . . . I mean not on the desk?"

"No of course not. You are a delicate flower and as much as the thought of . . . fucking you hard while you are bent over my desk appeals to me." Denise smiles at the shocked look on Gwen face before continuing. "I do believe you deserve a much more gentle touch along with a romantic setting. Follow me."

The Devil takes Gwen's hand and leads her around the desk. As they circle the desk a doorway behind the desk suddenly appears to Gwen. Denise leads her through the doorway and into a large bedroom. The audible click of the door being locked seals Gwen's fate as she looks about the room.

The small bedroom resembles something out of a romantic fairy tale. The room is dominated by a huge canopy bed draped with sheer curtains hanging down on all four sides. Stuck in one corner of the bedroom is a crush red velvet high backed chair that looks like it

belongs to a bygone era as does the small matching red sitting couch stuck in the opposite corner.

Denise's heels click audibly on the hardwood floor as she leads Gwen over to the bed. Gwen looks around -the room is bathed in soft light from several flickering wall torches—increasing her sense she has stepped back in time.

She turns her attention to Denise. The Devil's has a mischievous smile to match the sparkling twinkle in her eye as she peers down at Gwen. No words are spoken as Gwen allows the Devil to undress her down to her pretty maroon bra and panties.

They come together in a warm embrace, their mouths finding each other, tongues intertwining. Gwen's hands instantly go to Denise's breasts while they kiss. She fondles them eagerly through the lacey material of her purple bra as wicked passion for this exotic creature fills her heart.

They fall onto the bed with Gwen's prying fingers ripping at the back closure of Denise's bra. It comes undone allowing Denise's mammoth tits to come spilling out and into Gwen's excited hands. Gwen's desirous mouth attacks the Devil's tits with reckless abandon as Denise to crushes her face in between her tits.

The next few minutes is an epic blur of sexual adventure for the lonely and heartbroken Gwen. After greedily devouring the Devil's tits, Gwen is flipped onto her back. The innocent catholic girl squirms

on the large bed as the Devil looms over her licking her lips in wicked anticipation of deflowering this uptight little Christian bitch.

Denise showers the entirety of Gwen's nearly naked body with a series of soft tender kisses that quickly turn into a savage storm of lustful bites. The eye of the storm seems to have settled on Gwen's neck as the Devil sucks on it with wanton fury.

Finally, the Devil relents bringing her mouth up to Gwen's once more. They share several loving kisses before she slides down in between Gwen's parted legs lapping at her thighs.

Gwen stares down at Denise trembling. Their eyes meet. In the dim flickering glow of the torches Gwen swears the Devil's eyes are glowing an ungodly luminous red. And then the Devil showed its tongue to Gwen. It is forked and flickering about like a snake.

Gwen lets out a horrified scream. It has suddenly become all too much for the innocent little catholic school girl still trapped inside of her. She tries to push herself up and away from the Devil flickering tongue and those demonic eyes.

But it's too late. A pair of black handcuffs—she could have sworn they were not there earlier when she most willing tumbled down onto the bed with Denise—one each attached to the two upper bed posts snap at her flailing hands. It's as if the handcuffs themselves are alive!!

Flailing her arms wildly, she tries to avoid the snapping cuffs but it's to no avail. The infernal beautiful Beast perched between her legs holds her tight limiting her movement and soon the animated handcuffs snap shut around her wrists.

Gwen struggles mightily against the handcuffs as Lucifer laughs at her useless struggles before raising up her mouth up to Gwen's face. Denise's pretty green eyes are back, giving her some relief as she leans down and kisses her gently.

"Relax, honey and let Lucifer show you heaven."

It is the last words Denise shall speak to her before Gwen finds herself lost in an abyss of wicked pleasures. The Devil's tongue travels a jagged course downward pausing to lap long and lovingly at Gwen's small tits after she uses one razor sharp nail to saw through the thin straps of her maroon bra.

Gwen's nipples become instantly erect from the lavish attentions of that wicked forked tongue. She lets out an involuntary moan as the tongue slides its way across her abs and on down.

The tongue licking at her thighs makes Gwen moan all the louder. And then she feels the thin protective covering of her panties being ripped away as once again Denise uses her sharp nails to effect.

Gwen is lost as Lucifer's slithering tongue works its magic over her wet cunt. Just as she is nearing a tremendous climax, Denise pulls back with a laugh before bringing down her thumb to apply a lovely circular pressure on Gwen's swollen clit. Gwen moans and bucks wanting to come so bad while struggling against the handcuffs.

Just as she feels the teasing will never stop, Denise slowly slides one and then two fingers inside of her before bringing her tongue down. The lashing forked tongue finishes the job nicely as poor Gwen is left panting after literally being run over by such a powerful orgasm it takes her breath away.

Gwen jerks awake with a start. She blinks her eyes as Nurse Hicks rudely shakes her shoulder. "Wake up Mrs. Turner. Visiting hours are over. Time to go home."

Gwen blinks her eyes trying to adjust to this new reality. She stands up rubbing first her eyes and then her wrists. The dream . . . God the dream it seemed so real, but thank God!! Yes God in heaven it was only a dream of course.

"What happened there?" the nurse inquires nodding at Gwen's wrists.

Gwen looks down- her wrists are red and appear raw. "Not . . . not sure. I need to use the bathroom and then I will go."

"Fine. You have five minutes" the nurse replies brusquely as she departs the room.

Inside the bathroom, Gwen looks at herself in the mirror. The dream slowly comes back to her. First, she looks at her hair. It is a bit messy as if she just got out of bed, but still it looks good. Blond and full bodied with a nice perfect cut to it. Unlike before . . . unlike before she fell asleep in the chair that is.

Gwen looks down. She was not wearing this pretty red blouse nor these tight fitting jeans before. She turns to exam herself in the mirror. Her close fit her nicely revealing a firm shape. Lifting up her top she lets out a small gasp-the pretty lace bra is maroon - identical to the one in her dream.

Yes the same one the Devil cut the straps on with her razor sharp nails, Gwen tells herself. But remembering the Devil's other bit of magic- she raises her hands up to her breasts and feels them, yes they are bigger and quite firm-Gwen supposes to make her bra wholly intact again would be of little consequence to the Devil.

She hears the nurse enter the room again. Barely two minutes have passed Gwen estimates. There is a loud rapping on the door.

"Let's go, Mrs. Turner."

"Yeah, yeah you Gestapo bitch. I wish you would drop fucking dead," Gwen mutters to herself.

On the ride home, Gwen after some careful consideration comes to the conclusion that what happened on this fateful night was no dream but in fact real. She can only wonder what might happen next now that she has made a bargain with the Devil.

Upon reaching home, she finds there is a small white envelope pinned to her front door. On the outside in a most elegant scroll is the capital letter L.

L for Lucifer maybe. Gwen hurriedly rips open the envelope. There is a small piece of folded notebook paper on the inside. She carefully unfolds the paper and then slowly reads the note.

My Dearest Gweny:

Tomorrow you shall have a wish granted. In addition, I also will send you one of my most trusted minions to guide you down the path you have chosen for both you and your son. It is of extreme importance that you allow Avery to be both your friend and guiding light in all matters until your son wakes up.

All my Love,

L.

Gwen tucks the note away safely in her purse before heading inside. She falls asleep that night feeling a bit scared but also more than a bit hopeful as to her son's future.

The next night, after an agonizing long day at work, on the way to the hospital she is in a near feverish state of anticipation. After re-reading the note it is clear to her what is going to happen- the note promised a wish of hers shall be granted. The only wish she knows of having at this point in her pathetic little life is for her son to wake up.

She was wrong. After hurrying into his room she sees nothing has changed. He is still hooked up to all those stupid machines. She brings the chair over close to the bed and sinks down into it dejected beyond words.

She again, just like the night before, slips into a fitful sleep around , but this time her sleep is unmarred by any dreams. Still feeling upset she wakes up shortly before 11pm. Visiting hours are over at 11pm sharp especially with that Gestapo bitch Nurse Hicks on duty. Gwen is in no mood to deal with her bullying tactics tonight so she gives her son a quick kiss on the cheek and departs his room in a hurry.

Out in the hallway she nearly runs head long into a pretty dark haired nurse. Gwen starts to mumble an apology, but before she can

get two words out the nurse flashes her a warm smile and begins to speak.

"Leaving already Mrs. Turner."

"I . . ." Gwen is momentarily flustered by this nurse, who she has never seen on duty before, knowing her name and saying it so warmly. "Suppose so. Nurse Hicks is a stickler for enforcing the goddamn rules especially in regards to the stupid visiting hours."

"Yes, well I have some news for you. Nurse Hicks had a massive stroke last night and she ahh won't be coming back to work. Ever I imagine. I will be the new midnight shift nurse for your son."

"Really? That is nice, but Nurse Hicks is she going to be all right?"

The nurse, who Gwen is already taking a liking to, leans in and whispers conspiratorially into her ear, "Jesus let's hope not. I am new here, but from what I have heard she was a real bitch." Gwen, despite herself, starts to giggle as the nurse pulls back.

The nurse grips Gwen by the elbow and starts to steer her back down the hallway toward her son's room. "Oh by the way, I am Nurse Materson but you can call me by my first name as . . . Nurse Materson is just a bit too formal. I mean since we will soon be friends I do hope and pray."

"Yes I hope so too. So what is your first name?"

"It's Avery," the nurse replies flashing a radiant smile.

"Oh . . ." Gwen is momentarily startled into silence as it hits her. For quite some time she had been "wishing" for the hospital to replace Nurse Hicks with someone who was not such a stone cold bitch. She also remembers muttering something last night about wishing Nurse Hicks would drop dead.

Tomorrow you shall have a wish granted, the Devil's note had told her. It also told her she would be sending one of her trusted minions whose name was Avery!!

Pausing in front of her son's door, Gwen has a brief moment to appraise the Devil's trusted minion. Her smile, which seems to come easily to her, is dazzling showing off a set of pristine white teeth. Gwen is equally dazzled by Avery's coral black hair that sweeps past her neck framing her elegant Slavic face nicely.

Gwen takes a step back and notices Avery seems to be equally appraising her too. Her eyes are both seductive and mysterious. They are of a deep rhapsody-blue that is stunning to behold this close up. Below the eyes stood a pair of equally seductive ember red lips.

Gwen's eyes slip down. The dazzling white nurse's uniform stood out in direct contrast to Avery's bronzed complexion. It looks like the

new midnight nurse was a sun worshiper just like Gwen had once been before the accident.

Also quite noticeably, her uniform seemed at least a size too small for her. It fit tight on her- that is to say- making it easy to notice her curvaceous figure. Gwen was impressed by Ms. Avery to say the least and was overjoyed her wish had been granted. She felt no fear in the presence of the Devil's minion, but instead just a tingling excitement in regards to what she was certain would be a very warm friendship between the two of them.

Avery and Gwen quickly bonded that night. Apparently, Avery was not so concerned about enforcing the hospital rules as Gwen stayed in her son's room well past midnight. During the course of the evening, Avery popped in several times and the ladies had a couple of nice conversations.

At this point, Gwen thought it best not to let on she suspected Avery was the Devil's minion so she made sure to keep any questions she had of a light hearted nature. Mainly they focused on her son and how Avery was absolutely sure he would regain consciousness soon.

Her positive attitude, so unlike Nurse Hicks' nasty disposition, was truly a relief. And of course, standing in direct contrast to Nurse Hicks was Avery's physical appearance. Nurse Hicks was nothing short of a tired old battle axe while both looking and acting the part, while Avery was much younger, mid-thirties Gwen guessed, and much, much easier on the eyes.

When Gwen came to visit the next day she had yet another surprise waiting for her. Her son had been moved into a larger room in a more secluded wing of the hospital. The room he now occupied was much bigger and it looked to have a larger and much more comfortable bed. Gwen soon found out this was all Avery's doing and thanked her profusely for it.

There is still yet another pleasant surprise for Gwen when Avery informs her that a mysterious donor has given the hospital a large lump sum donation with the stipulation that Ms. Avery be assigned exclusively to Michael on a 12 hour shift 8pm to 8am. She would have no other responsibilities but to care for Michael.

In addition, there was a new doctor assigned to Michael's case—a Doctor Reficul. Avery would report directly to this new doctor with his care and treatment resting fully in her hands.

Gwen was happy as she had not cared for Michael's former doctors—there was a team assigned to him all of whom seemed to only talk in circles to her—nor more than she had for Nurse Hicks. Avery assured Gwen she would like Michael's new doctor when they finally had a chance to meet sometime next week.

When Gwen expressed some worry to Avery about her not having any days off, Avery only smiled and replied she was happy to do it as she had taken a real liking to both Michael . . . and his mother.

Again, Gwen stayed well past 11pm, invited personally by Avery to do so, before going home. Once more the two of them had several nice conversations as Avery popped into the room several times to check if they needed anything.

It was a week later, a Saturday night that turned into a Sunday morning, when things took a rather interesting twist. No longer concerned about leaving by 11 pm and not having to work the next day, Gwen settled down next to the bed in a comfortable loveseat Avery had especially brought in for her. She quickly fell asleep and slept undisturbed until the morning.

At a little before five in the morning, Gwen awakens to first the muted noises of Avery moving about the room and then hears water running in the bathroom attached to his room.

She stands up stretching just as Avery is coming out the bathroom holding the wash basin full of warm water.

"Oh you are awake? Good morning, Gwen."

"Yes. Oh God it's almost morning huh. You let me spend the night?"

"Technically it is morning. It's almost five. Sorry if I woke you but I had to get things prepared for his sponge bath."

"OK, well I better go then."

"Why don't you stay a minute? There is something interesting in regards to your son's condition I want to discuss with you if you have the time?"

"Of course," Gwen answers putting her purse back down hoping it is good news.

Five minutes later Gwen takes a deep breathe. The news was interesting and more than a little exciting. Avery had first showed Gwen the new equipment being used to monitor her son's brain activity. It was a very expensive and precise piece of equipment, paid for by the anonymous donor, which could print out charts that showed Michael's brain activity by the minute.

The interesting part was how Michael's brain activity had been at a muted level for months prior to Ms. Avery taking over his care. And then- it increased substantially upon her taking full charge of his care and treatment.

But the really interesting part Avery points out to Gwen as they sit next to each other side by side on the small loveseat looking at the latest one week chart is how his brain activity spiked considerably every other day at 5am.

"What happens at 5am to cause the spike?? And why only every other day?" Gwen asks anxiously.

Avery looks at her earnestly before answering. "He gets his sponge bath every other day . . . at 5am."

"Oh, I see," Gwen responds with a bit of excitement as her brain instantly makes the connection. If Michael was awake she can only imagine how very exciting receiving a sponge bath from this hot nurse would be so that can only mean one thing- some part of him is awake and recognizing things!! Or so she hopes.

"Look Gwen I have more news. News I hope does not disturb you."

"Disturb me? Wait is it bad?" Gwen is confused by the grave look on Avery's face.

"No, not bad. I mean I think its wonderful news but as his mother I . . . well I'm not sure how you might take it."

"Please tell me. You know I trust you . . ." Gwen takes Avery's hand into hers and squeezes it tightly. "Completely."

"We shall see. Here look at this." Avery pulls three charts from a manila folder getting to her feet to spread them out on the bed.

Gwen stands up to peer over her shoulder at the charts.

"What am I looking at?" Gwen asks softly. The room is deathly quiet except for hum of the breathing apparatus attached to Michael.

"It's a minute by minute chart from this past Monday, Wednesday, and Friday's mornings starting at 5am. Those are the last three days I have given him a sponge bath."

Gwen studies the small lines on the chart briefly before speaking. "OK . . . I see what looks like a gradual increase in activity starting shortly at"- She leans in peering closer at the chart- "5:10 and lasting a few minutes."

"So you do notice how the increased activity starts at approximately 5:10 and increases for the next few minutes. Also notice how this increase in activity then grows stronger and lasts longer as the week progresses."

"Yes I see." Gwen responds her excitement growing at finally seeing something tangible that shows her son is indeed not totally dead inside there. "That is encouraging."

"Very encouraging and Dr. Reficul agrees."

Gwen decides to be direct. "Please tell me what it means."

"OK but promise you shall listen to what I have to tell you with an open mind, Gwen. Can you do that?"

"I believe so, now tell me please Avery," she pleads impatiently.

"OK here it is. I follow the same routine every time I give him a bath. I start at his face and work my way down. It takes me roughly ten minutes for me to get down to his . . . ahh private parts."

Gwen looks at Avery in surprise before replying. "Oh I see. Well why the increased brain activity that is stronger and lasts longer on Wednesday and then even more so on Friday?"

"After noticing the heightened activity in your son's charts on Monday I simply decided to experiment some. On Wednesday upon reaching him . . . down there I ahh . . . took my time. Went slower and was more attentive. And then on Friday I took an even longer time and was much, much more attentive to him . . . there. Dr. Reficul approves of my experimenting and is encouraged by his increased brain activity due to outside stimulation."

"Well doctor knows best right or nurse in this case. This is a hopeful sign? His reaction to what did you call it?"

"Outside stimulation is what I called it and yes it's a hopeful sign."

"Yes, then I understand I think."

"Good, good." Avery says bringing the water basin and a large washcloth over to the bed.

"Well I guess I should be going. You have a job to do and don't worry I trust your judgement, Avery."

"Actually, I was thinking. Why don't you stay? I think I would be much more relaxed moving forward if you could see for yourself what I am doing. What I am trying to accomplish."

"Well, yes I suppose. I mean if it's OK. You are not violating any rules by having me stay?"

"Rules are made to be broken. Besides I will lock the door just to be safe. Not that anyone would bother us as remember your son is solely under my care until 8am."

A minute later Gwen is sitting on the loveseat watching her son's sponge bath unfold. She first stares at him noticing things she had not noticed before. It seems just in the past week, since Avery took over watching over him, his appearance, once unhealthy looking, has taken a turn for the better. Maybe it's his light brown hair as it has not been cut since the accident. It has now grown to a rather exotic

length giving him the image of a beautiful Nordic God that has fallen into a deep slumber.

Gwen takes a deep breath never realizing how very devastatingly handsome her son really was - until this very moment. She watches as Avery gently washes his face with a loving touch that causes jealousy to stir deep in her heart.

Avery sits the washcloth aside preparing for the next step. The excitement Gwen feels is palatable as Avery strips off his hospital gown. The lower part of his body is hidden under the sheet, but the upper half of his naked body, again much to her surprise, is well toned and sculptured. It was almost as if he had been going to the gym every day for the past few months instead of lying in a damn hospital bed. The similarity to what Denise did for her body is remarkable and she is beginning to suspect no coincidence.

The jealousy stirs again in her heart as Avery dabs tenderly at his chest. She glances over at heart monitor machine only to see the steady beeping is growing stronger—especially as the washcloth slips slowly downward.

Avery pauses as she finishes washing his stomach. She glances up at Gwen and gives her a coy smile before ever so slowly pulling the sheet down to reveal his manhood.

Gwen wants to look away, but can't as her curiosity is much too great. She had expected his cock to be flaccid, small even, but is

shocked to find he is at least somewhat awake down there - and not small in the least.

Avery dips the washcloth into the warm water before bringing it over and slowly letting it drop down to his cock. She washes her son's cock in a very deliberate manner that has Gwen squirming in her seat as she watches her son's cock first growing firm and then - God yes- hard.

She sucks in her breath as Avery keeps stroking up and down, up and down, slower and then faster. The heart monitor is beeping at an ever increasing rate as Michael is growing bigger. Gwen stares, spellbound as her son's now hard cock passes what must be the six inch mark well onto its way to seven inches.

Avery moves one hand over tenderly cupping his testicles with the washcloth and appears to be jiggling them lightly with her hand. She glances up at Gwen whispering, "Are you OK with this Gweny?"

She slowly nods her approval as she remembers Denise calling her Gweny knowing now, without a shade of doubt, this is the work of the Devil.

The show, thankfully as Gwen was growing quite hot and bothered, only lasts a few more seconds before Avery pulls the washcloth away with a flourish.

"I think you see my point, Gwen."

Gwen responds by nodding her head slowly. The heart rate monitor is starting to slow down in conjunction with her son's big hard cock starting to relax.

Later on that day, after work, she was resting at home trying to take a nap, but she just could not stop thinking about what happened at the hospital that morning.

Jesus he must have been nearly seven inches! Gwen thinks as her hand involuntarily slips between her legs.

She shamefully yanks it back before she can do anymore harm to her already damaged psyche. Her dreams that late afternoon were not so nice. They involved a disjointed host of sexual images of which the main course seemed to be the super-hot nurse Avery stroking her handsome son to prodigious heights of hardness.

Gwen woke up with her heart beating rapidly and her hand snug between her parted thighs. She quickly hopped out of bed before she could be tempted any further by such wicked thoughts.

That evening at the hospital she had another surprise waiting for her when Avery suggested she- instead of napping in the loveseat as was her usual habit- actually crawl up into her son's large comfortable bed and take a nap beside him.

Gwen, after a moment's hesitation, jumped at the suggestion to snuggle up to her son. Before Avery dimmed the lights for her around midnight they had a brief discussion in regards to the previous morning's adventure. Avery assured her everything was progressing along nicely and instead of feeling any shame about what had happened she should feel hope for the future. Gwen finally agreed with her before lying down next to her son.

She did not get in the bed with him proper like- that is under the covers- as she thought that might be going too far. Her nap that night snuggled on the bed next to him was the most peaceful bit of sleep she had got since the accident nearly eight months ago.

In the morning she shamefully felt a bit of disappointment when she realized Michael would not be receiving a sponge bath that morning as he only received them every other morning.

As she was leaving Avery looked at Gwen seriously before speaking. "Look I know you are disappointed that I am not giving your son another bath this morning, but don't worry I have a feeling Dr. Reficul after reviewing the charts and my notes will expect you to take a much more ahh active role in his scheduled bath for tomorrow morning. You will stay for that right, Gwen."

"Of course I will." Gwen hesitates wondering exactly what "a more active role" might entail before adding, "If that is what both you and the doctor want."

"I know it's what I want, Gwen and if I had to guess I am sure Michael would simply love some adoring attention from his . . . Mommy."

That night, after arriving at the hospital around 10 pm, she was in high spirits just thinking about the active role she would be playing in the morning during Michael's bath.

She found Avery waiting for her in her son's room with a bright smile. "Great news. Dr. Reficul was most encouraged by the charts. The doctor says the increase in Michael's brain activity is most assuredly a good thing. She suggested we should do all we can during the bathing process to promote such activity. The doctor has graciously given me full latitude to use my best judgement in just how we might stimulate his brain to even greater heights during the bathing process and she definitely wants you to participate."

"Do you have some ideas how we might proceed to do this?" Gwen asks anxiously.

"Several actually if you are willing to be both brave and maybe a little adventuresome with me."

"I am at your complete disposal, Avery. I mean I wholly trust your judgement on whatever you think is best." Gwen sits down on the bed glancing at the small digital clock on the nightstand next to the bed. It's only 10:09- it's going to be a long night of waiting with fevered anticipation for his bath in the morning at 5 am.

Avery walks over to Gwen and touches her face lightly, and then almost as if she was reading her mind says, "Oh and I have made a decision of which I hope you agree. I am thinking of moving his bath time from 5am to midnight."

"Really," Gwen says trying to contain the excitement in her voice. "Why?"

"Simple really. Midnight is the witching hour that is when our brains tend to be sleeping and dreaming our most . . . hmm naughty thoughts and I do believe . . . it's only a theory of mine that naughty thoughts stimulate the brain much more than pure thoughts. I just think your son will be more responsive at this time as opposed to the morning."

"Really I . . . well, I guess I agree."

"Good. It is settled then. I will be back shortly before midnight so why don't you crawl up on the bed next to Michael and tell him in just a few short hours he is going to get a real nice sponge bath from the pretty nurse Avery and this time his mommy is going to be there to give some hands on help. I think he will enjoy hearing that."

"Will he hear me?"

"Oh I think so. Maybe not on the surface as if he was awake but on some other deeper level I do believe he shall hear his mother speaking to his heart."

Avery departs as Gwen heads into the small bathroom attached to his room to touch up her make up. She knows it may be silly, but she wants to make herself look as beautiful as possible for her son even though he is in a coma.

Or maybe its Avery you want to make herself beautiful for huh Gweny, she muses to herself as she pulls her make up kit out of her purse. She was just coming out of the bathroom ten minutes later when Avery comes bustling back into the room. She is carrying a glass of wine.

"Good, I was hoping you had not cuddled up to him and fallen asleep."

"No, I was just in the bathroom."

"Making yourself beautiful for him I see. That is very good, Gwen. Your beauty is such that I am certain it shall pierce the darkness of his coma."

Gwen blushes slightly in the dark hospital room before noticing the glass of what appears to be wine Avery is holding. "You are too kind. So what is that wine?"

"Yes for you. Nurse's orders I am afraid." Avery says extending the glass of dark red wine to her.

"Why," Gwen says bringing the glass to her nose and sniffing. "Hmm, it smells delicious, Avery."

"I want you to be totally relaxed during the bathing process dear. This will help. It's extremely potent so sip on it slowly, but I do expect you to have it gone by the time I return shortly before midnight."

"Well as you said . . . Nurse's orders so I guess I had better obey." Gwen takes a small sip of the wine and it is indeed quite delicious.

Shortly before midnight Gwen having dozed off curled next to Michael on top of the covers after finishing the wine comes awake with a start. The audible click of the heavy hospital door being locked snaps her awake. Somehow hearing the heavy bolt slide into place locking the door seems almost ominous. A pan of hot water and two wash clothes are already in place sitting on the nightstand next to the bed.

"You enjoy the wine. It has left you feeling free and relaxed I hope?" Avery asks settling herself down opposite of Gwen on the bed with Michael lying in between them.

"Very much so. So what can I do to help?"

"You can help me remove his gown to begin with." Gwen helps Avery pull the gown off her son's body and once again marvels quietly at how very much in shape he looks.

After some additional quick whispered instructions to Gwen, Avery begins to give Michael his sponge bath. She follows the same routine as before starting with his face and slowly working her way down, but this time with Gwen's help.

Gwen was given specific instructions to track the path of Avery's washcloth with her own as she carefully washes the side of his body nearest to her. As the washcloth slips down in an ever widening circle across his naked chest and on down to his bare tummy her excitement about where Avery is leading her is growing.

Finally, Avery slowly peels back the sheet all the way from the lower half of his naked body. Gwen glances down there, feeling brave and not at all nervous thanks to the potent wine, and notes how her son's big cock is already at half-mast. It almost as if he knew what was about to come next.

They both slide their wash clothes back and forth over his growing member as the soft sound of the beeping monitor grows stronger. Gwen stares down watching in amazement her son's cock growing bigger and harder with every stroke of their wash clothes.

And then the most amazing thing- she hears her son let out a soft moan. She stops and turns to Avery ready to cry out in great excitement.

"No, no don't stop honey. I know you want to try and communicate, but your son is in a dream like state and stopping now will only cause him to slip deeper into his coma."

"But-"

Avery stops her wash cloth in mid-stroke to address Gwen. Her voice is grave. "No buts my dear. Doctor's orders. We must pursue what is causing him to come awake enough in the first place to cause that moan. Now doesn't that make sense?"

"I suppose so," Gwen says doubtfully as she turns her attention back to his cock. It has shrunk notably she sees with more than a little twinge of disappointment, but even more alarmingly in the way his heart monitor has slowed down to the point where it almost appears on the edge of flat lining.

"See how . . . disappointed he is we have stopped." Avery stares at Gwen her face a mask of seriousness. "We are on dangerous ground and must get him back up to full strength and quickly Gwen before we lose him completely."

"Yes, OK," Gwen says suddenly scared. She begins to whisper to her son as she starts to move her wash cloth around his flaccid cock.

"Come on honey. Get hard for your mommy and the pretty nurse again . . . please, baby."

"Oh that is good. Keep talking to him. Let the little boy trapped deep inside his heart hear his mommy's sweet voice."

Gwen wraps the washcloth fully around his penis which seems to be responding as Avery slips her own washcloth down and is washing his testicles so very tenderly.

Up and down she gently moves the washcloth as she feels him getting harder while the pulse of the heart monitor first steadies and then grows stronger.

Gwen's voice is soft and sweet as she whispers more to her son. "Ohh, that is it honey. Get nice and big for us, baby."

Avery chimes in now with her voice being as equally sweet as the mother's. "You are doing so good Michael. Show us how big you can get. That . . . is . . . it."

Gwen watches as her son's cock grows to epic proportions- even bigger than the other night. "God he is getting so . . . big, Avery," she exclaims.

"Yes a good eight inches . . . maybe more I think," she whispers back before setting her washcloth aside and turning to the nightstand.

Gwen looks at her questioning but doesn't stop eagerly moving the soft washcloth up and down the mighty shaft of her son's hard cock.

Her eyes get big as she sees Avery is holding a small bottle of lube. "Here sweetie, give me your hands and get rid of that washcloth. We must finish this with only our bare hands and this . . ." She squirts a generous amount of lube onto one of her palms before gesturing for Gwen to hold her own hands out.

Gwen obediently sets aside her own washcloth. "W-hat are we going to do. We aren't-"

"We must. You know that," Avery hisses squirting a generous portion of the cool jell onto both of Gwen's hands. Gwen hands are shaking as she looks at her son's rapidly shrinking cock.

"Talk sweet to him again. Look . . ." She gestures at the heart monitor which once again has slowed down. "Just this little break and we are back on dangerous ground."

Gwen glances at the monitor and sees Avery is right- it has slowed to practically nothing. She goes back to work now with her bare hands bravely determined to finish things.

"Come on sweetheart, don't be like that. Stay hard for mommy." But he is still soft and the heart monitor is still slowly down. Gwen is now getting really scared.

"Here I have an idea. Try to not be too jealous, Gwen."

Avery moves forward, slipping a hand under the back of his head as she brings her lips down to his. She gives him several soft kisses as Gwen- indeed jealous- watches briefly before turning her attention back to his cock.

Her jealousy quickly turns to relief though as he is growing harder by the second. Her well lubed hand slips up and down the shaft of his cock as she listens to the soft smacking noises of Avery's kisses.

Sitting her jealousy aside she starts to whisper sweetly to him once more. "That is it, baby. I bet Nurse Avery's kisses are really nice . . . and so is what mommy is doing huh."

She slips one hand under cupping his balls as she eagerly moves her hand up and down. He is as big as a house and as hard as a rock now as Avery's kisses seem to be working their magic.

She hazards a glance up and sees Michael's mouth seems to be twisting a bit- as if he is kissing her back!! The smacking of lips is undeniable now just as is her lust to make her son cum. Without having to be told, Gwen knows that is the end game here.

Her one hand flies up and down his hard throbbing cock while her other hand is tenderly jiggling his testicles. Avery has pulled back from him and is staring down intently at Gwen.

"That is it honey. Make your son cum so hard," she whispers before punching her tongue into his ear and swirling it around.

Michael lets out a soft moan and then another as Gwen's hand strokes his hardness.

"I think he is ready, Gwen. Keep going that's it stroke that big hard cock of his."

"Come on baby, cum for you mommy," Gwen cries looking up at him. His head is rocking slightly back and forth as yet another moan escapes from him. Her hand moves up and down, again and again while she continues to cup his balls tenderly.

His cock begins to jerk . . . once, twice and then it erupts in a geyser of cum that cakes the back of her hand.

"Oh God . . ." Gwen cries out when the sticky cum erupts all over her hand.

Avery smiles at her as she helps Gwen off the bed and to her feet. "God had nothing to do with this at all sweetie," she says patiently before slowly bringing Gwen's hands up to her lips.

"Here let me be a good nurse and clean your son's mess up."

A shocked Gwen is too startled to do anything as Avery's tongue snakes out of her mouth and laps up her son's sticky cum. Gwen goes to the bathroom to compose herself half expecting to wake up in her bed from seems like some wild dream.

When she comes out of the bathroom, Avery is waiting patiently for her on the loveseat near the bed.

"Sit down Gwen. We must discuss the next step of his therapy."

Gwen settles herself down next to Avery while casting a furtive look her son's way. He appears to be resting peacefully.

"He is closer tonight to the surface than ever before thanks to you."

"I was just following my nurse's advice," Gwen responds as she reaches out and squeezes Avery hand.

They clasp each other's hands moving closer as Avery begins to whisper. "If you follow my advice I think you can entice a real breakthrough tonight, Gweny."

"Really, how?"

"You must go back to the past to encourage a breakthrough in the present honey."

"Tell me how."

"It's simple. A mommy's most intense special love must be shown to the boy. You must touch his heart, capture his soul. Make him feel totally safe and secure."

"Yes, of course. I will do anything."

"Good that is what I wanted to hear. I want you to spend the night here with him . . . close to him."

"You mean like the other night. Sleep next to him on the bed? I can do that."

"Yes exactly, but tonight I want you to actually crawl in bed with your son. Be next to him under the covers. Cuddle and comfort him much like you would a baby, Gwen. Can you do that for me? Can you imagine your 18 year old son as a sweet little baby that needs love and comfort?"

"Of course I can, Avery. I . . . well I always joked with him that no matter how old he got he would always be my baby."

"Now is the time to prove that you were not joking hon so go ahead and get undressed, you can use the bathroom, while I prepare the room."

"Get undressed?" Gwen asks thrown off balance not only by what Avery said but the way she so casually talked of getting undressed.

"Of course. He is still fully naked under the sheet while you should at least strip down to your bra and panties. Skin to skin contact is essential at this point. You must reestablish that deep bond between mother and son, Gwen. I can assure you a generous amount of your soft bare skin rubbing against his will only bring him closer to being awake."

Gwen remembers the Devil's advice as she crosses the room to the bathroom- follow my minion's advice. She dares not stray from that advice now.

As Gwen starts to get slowly undressed she wonders if her wearing the same pretty maroon bra and panties now that Denise magically gifted to her that night is a mere coincidence or maybe has deeper meaning.

Only time will tell I guess, she whispers to herself as she gathers her jeans and blouse up draping them neatly over the towel rack.

She reemerges into the dimly lit hospital room. Avery is lighting the last of roughly a dozen candles.

"I hope you enjoy candle light, Gwen, as I am trying to create a warm ambiance for mother and child that will only encourage their deepest and most loving feelings to come out for each other."

"Hmm I love candle light. I always found it to be soothing and romantic I guess."

"Good," Avery says crossing the room toward Gwen holding out another glass of wine for her. "Here for you. Down it quickly as you need to be totally, totally relaxed when you crawl into bed with your son."

Gwen obediently takes the glass of wine from Avery and greedily gulps it down in three large swallows. Avery is staring at her with a bemused smile on her face as Gwen hands her back the empty glass.

"I just noticed . . ." Avery takes a step closer to Gwen, and just like that first day when they met whenever she is this close to her, it makes her heart race. "Interesting, the red wine and that gorgeous red bra and panties you are wearing make a nice match."

"Thanks, Avery but you are too kind."

"Well you deserve all the kindest in the world. Bless your heart what you are having to endure. God I can only imagine . . ."

She hands Gwen a newly filled glass of wine smiling warmly at her.

"I am to drink more?"

"Yes one more for good measure. As I said, you need to feel utterly free and relaxed in order to provide the most special love and comfort your son needs from his mommy tonight."

Gwen brings the wine glass to her lips, she is already feeling an acute buzz from the last glass she quickly downed, and takes a few tentative sips.

"The wine must be drank down quickly in order for you to feel its full effects," Avery gently chastises her.

"Fine, fine, get me drunk then." Gwen replies with a giggle.

She again gulps down her wine and then nearly swoons while handing the empty glass back to Avery.

Avery laughs while helping her over to the bed. "We must get you off your feet as I see the wine is already having its desired effect on you my dear."

"Oh it most certainly is." Gwen says allowing herself to be tucked neatly under the sheet. She looks up at Avery as she sits on the edge of the bed next to her. "Any last minute advice nurse."

"Remember two things. First, when I leave I shall lock the door. You will be wholly and most assuredly undisturbed until morning my dear so let any concerns you have about privacy go."

"Yes, that is good. I . . . well I miss my alone time with him. That damn Nurse Hicks used to always burst in on us unannounced and it made me nervous."

"Well with Nurse Hicks out of the way and between the wine and the locked door you have no reason to be nervous tonight, Gwen."

Avery reaches out, brushing her fingers lightly through Gwen's golden locks, before whispering, "Mommy looks so utterly beautiful tonight. You are positively glowing with beauty . . . just like a new mother which leads me to my second bit of advice. Allow yourself to

be swept away by the romance of motherhood. Satisfy his deep hunger for your love. He wants to, make that needs to bond with his mommy as he has missed you just as you have missed him. Remember the closeness of when he was just a baby and imitate those feelings, those actions and you shall draw him to the surface and maybe even break it."

With that final bit of advice ringing in her heart, Gwen watches Avery leave the room before turning to her son . . . to her baby.

In the soft flickering candle light his previous abject handsomeness has been replaced by a soft cuteness much like when he was a baby. The remembrance of the past- when he was fully alive- tugs at her heart.

The cuteness of his face overtakes her as she leans down close to him. She showers his cute baby face with the lightest of sweet, loving kisses, before slowly bringing her lips to his. "Baby, mommy loves you so, so much."

Mommy showers her baby with more kisses this time letting them fall tenderly on his lips. She feels his lips move, a mere tremble maybe, but still it's something.

Cuddling him closer, she whispers in his ear. "Kiss mommy back sweetheart. Show me you are awake under there. Show me your love. Please baby . . . can you do that for me?" Acting on pure impulse, she flickers her tongue in his ear.

She feels it! He body seems to shudder ever so slightly as her tongue circles his ear flicking in and out. And then-yes, yes yes, - she is sure he lets out a gentle sigh as she pulls back.

Excitedly, she pulls him next to her. Snuggling fully against him, trying to create as much skin to skin contact as possible, she hugs him closer to her body.

Her heart leaps into her throat as she feels his arms tighten around her back. He is coming awake!!

She again showers his face with kisses. The sweetness reaches his lips. Tenderly she begins to kiss him while praying - not to God- but to Lucifer. Please, please let him kiss me back. I shall give anything for one kiss. Please . . . pleaaaaseeee oh sweet Lucifer.

Her prayers, unlike those she sent to God shortly after the accident, do not go unanswered. Michael returns her kisses with such sweet tenderness as to make her heart race.

Mother and son exchange literally dozens of kisses, time losing all meaning in the flickering light of the candles, before their lips part.

She pushes his face down allowing his tender kisses to slip down onto her neck and then down further to her milky white throat. She

encourages him by twisting her fingers into his long wild hair applying gentle downward pressure.

Then the most amazing thing as his tongue laps it way patiently down her tender throat- she feels his cloying fingers fiddling with her bra strap. Is he- could he actually be trying to undo her bra.

He wants to bond with his mommy!! She understands, as any good mother would, where this is going, but more importantly what he wants.

She reaches around her back and easily undoes her bra. It slips off as she raises up slightly on the bed positioning herself for the ultimate act of closeness between mother and son. She strokes his hair gently and whispers soft words of encouragement to him.

"I think maybe you are hungry baby Michael." His mouth slips down in between the gentle rise of her breasts.

She shudders as his tongue laps at the flatness between her tits as she whispers to him, "Let mommy give her baby the love he so desires."

She twists his body slightly bringing one nipple- painfully erect in anticipation for what is about to happen- into contact with his soft trembling lips.

"Go on baby, suck on mommy's tits."

He obliges her taking her nipple into his mouth and sucking on it gently. She lets out a soft moan and then another as his tongue circles her nipple before his warm mouth fully envelopes it. Closing her eyes surrendering to the loving naughty passion inside her heart she cradles him in her arms while arching her back allowing him full access to her tits.

Michael responds with a tender loving passion that has Gwen on the verge of tears. He sucks on her tits, gentle at first, but with a passion that is increasing by the second. Re-positioning herself she whispers more soft encouragement to her baby while pushing his face onto the other breast.

Gwen looks down at the scene tears welling in her eyes as he begins to suckle on her tits with such enthusiasm that she can no longer deny he is awake.

How long the suckling session lasts she could not say. The wine is making her sleepy while at the same time his loving tender mouth is casting a spell of such love over her she is simply becoming lost to the world.

She slips off into sleep just as Michael finally appears finished. He rests his face against her chest as he too slips back into his coma like state.

Avery comes in just as dawn is breaking. She adjusts the blinds allowing just enough of the dawn's early rays into the room for her to see. She spots Gwen's pretty maroon bra laying on the floor next to the bed and smiles knowing what must have happened.

Pulling back the sheet she finds Michael's face snuggled against his mother's chest and smiles again. She gently shakes Gwen awake after pulling Michael off of her.

A half-naked Gwen raises up in the bed trying to remember the events of last night after the sponge bath. Things are a bit fuzzy after she finished off that second glass of wine.

When Avery hands her bra to her things become a bit clearer. Gwen starts to blush and stammer out an excuse before Avery gently cuts her off.

"Shh, you are a good mother and only did what came naturally. You have nothing to be ashamed about honey."

Twenty minutes later Gwen is driving home. Avery deflected Gwen's excited questions about what last night meant by saying simply, "It may be best not to question things too deeply honey, but instead accept we are making progress."

The following day Gwen thinks she is going to maybe miss going to the hospital for the first time since the accident. Without her

husband's income the bills have been piling up so she accepted the offer to work some overtime at the restaurant where she is a waitress.

After working a double shift she is exhausted and considers heading straight home considering it is already past 11pm. Instead, simple guilt wins her over and she decides to stop off at the hospital for just a quick visit.

Upon arriving at the hospital, Avery instantly recognizes how exhausted Gwen is as she leads her down to her son's room. After a few minutes alone with her son Gwen prepares to leave, but lingers wanting to say goodbye to Avery.

Returning to the room Avery, after hearing Gwen wants to leave so quickly, makes a most enticing suggestion. "Look hon, I can tell you are exhausted and tense. Why don't you let me help?"

"How?"

"Besides being a most loving and gentle nurse," Avery states with a fetching smile. "I am also a license massage therapist. Why don't you sit down on the love seat next to his bed and let me rub your shoulders and maybe your back. We can work some of that tension out."

At first, Gwen demurs and tries to head to the door, but Avery stops her by the door touching her arm gently.

"I think he would like that. Are you sure you want to go?"

"Who? Michael?"

"Who else?"

"But how? I mean . . ."

"Gwen, he may be in a coma but I think he has been gifted with a deeper awareness of his surroundings than maybe we give him credit for. The doctor agrees with me and believes he may be more conscious than we think and is quite able to hear and sense things around him that touch his heart deeply. Like you for instance."

"And you." Gwen says allowing herself to be led back across the room to the loveseat.

"And me, yes hopefully. I also suspect he maybe can sort of see things in his mind's eye." Avery gently pushes Gwen into a sitting position on the loveseat facing her son. "That again touch his heart deeply. Like me and you."

"Are you saying he can see us even with his eyes shut?"

"Hmm, yes, maybe. I think as long as he can sense we are here and he can hear us and then his mind can fill in the rest. Sorta of like dreaming maybe. Here let's try something."

Avery has Gwen extend her hand out onto the bed while she pulls Michael's hand out from under the thin sheet and places it in her hand. She settles down next to Michael stroking his long hair lovingly before she begins to whisper just loud enough for Gwen to hear.

"Michael, honey would you like to see your favorite Nurse Avery give your mommy a nice massage. She is so tense and in desperate need of some loving attention. Squeeze mommy's hand if you would like that baby."

Gwen waits—her heart is pounding. At first she feels nothing, but then Avery whispers to him again.

"Come on baby. I know you are there. I know you can hear me. Squeeze mommy's hand if you want to watch me give her a real nice massage."

Gwen now joins in. "C'mon Michael squeeze my hand. I am in the need of some real tender loving care. I know you would do it if you could, but you can't. But Nurse Avery can and you can watch anyways right baby?"

Then she feels it. His hand tightens around hers. She smiles at Avery who is looking at her just beaming. "He squeezed your hand didn't he?"

"Yes."

"Good," Avery says coming around and settling down on the floor on her knees in front of Gwen. "You know I put myself through college by waitressing and . . ." She starts to slowly untie the laces on Gwen's shoes. "The first thing I wanted to do after my shift was over was to get out of my uniform starting with the shoes."

"Yes, you are right." Gwen says stretching her feet out allowing Avery to slip off first one shoe and then the other.

"Gweny, honey, promise you will allow me to pamper you fully without reservation."

"Yes, OK, I promise." Gwen says falling under the seductive nurse's spell.

Avery helps Gwen slip out of her uniform before they both settle back down on the loveseat with Avery snuggling up behind her. The nurse's hands glide across Gwen's shoulders before slipping down her bare arms and then back up. She expertly kneads Gwen's sore shoulders causing her to fall deeper under her spell.

Gwen leans forward against the loveseat's armrest allowing Avery to rub her back. Avery's hands move around and around Gwen's back hitting all the right spots before she pulls her back up into a sitting position.

"Am I doing a good job, Gweny," Avery whispers in her ear.

"You are." Gwen responds pressing her body back against the nurse.

"I think we should put on a show for your son."

"You think he like that?"

"Very much so. With that in mind, I should take off your bra, Gweny. It's just going to get in the way."

Avery doesn't wait for an answer, instead she quickly unhooks the clasp of Gwen's bra before slipping it off of her. Gwen sinks back against Avery as her hands once again glide across her shoulders and then on down her arms.

"You have such a nice body, Gweny," Avery purrs in her ear as her hands skate across her bare tummy gliding upwards in small semi-circles.

Avery tenderly cups Gwen's bare breasts as her tongue flickers in her ear making her sigh in contentment. Gwen turns to find Avery's impatient lips waiting for her. They kiss like long lost lovers all the tender flirting they have been doing with each other finally exploding in a fiery outburst of passion.

Avery begins kneading Gwen's tits with a greater urgency as her tongue punches into her mouth. Gwen's hands aggressively claw at the front of Avery's uniform before finding the zipper and yanking it downward.

Avery's large braless tits come spilling out of the front of her uniform causing Gwen to gasp at their sheer size and beauty. They face each other giggling like a pair of naughty school girls as they push their tits together.

"God you have such big beautiful tits, Avery," Gwen hisses as Avery struggles the rest of the way out of her tight uniform before settling down facing Gwen on the loveseat.

Avery slips her hand around the back of Gwen's head as she whispers to her. "You wanna suck on them don't you? I think Michael would like hear that and maybe even he will see it in his dreams."

Gwen finds her face being forced down into the vast cleavage of Avery tits. She responds by showering a passionate rain of kisses all

over Avery's breasts before finally coming to her magnificent nipples.

The nurse's nipples are fully erect standing proudly up from an oversized pair of areolas. Gwen lashes her tongue out slowly circling Avery's nipple before sucking the hardened nub into her mouth completely.

Her greedy mouth goes from each of Avery's gorgeous tits back and forth before finally kissing and licking its way down across her tummy and then in between her legs.

Avery is not wearing any panties allowing Gwen full access to her moist cunt. Her tongue circles a few times lapping at her thighs before diving in fully.

Avery's pussy tastes like honey as Gwen licks at it greedily making Avery buck and moan. Her flickering tongues travels up and down Avery's pussy lips exploring fully the moist folds while Avery begins to moan.

"OH GOD . . . Gwen eat my pussy . . . that's it. Eat it sweetie."

Her breath is coming in short gasps as Gwen pushes one finger up inside of Avery's surprisingly tight little pussy while her tongue laps with an insatiable urgency bordering on insanity at Avery's swollen clit.

Gwen wants nothing more than to make Avery cum . . . hard. She presses the attack shoving her fingers in harder and deeper with every thrust while her ravenous tongue works its magic all over Avery's soaking wet pussy.

Avery begins to moan and shake as Gwen indeed makes her cum so hard before raising up from between her legs with a smile.

"That was nice honey," Avery whispers touching Gwen's face lightly.

Avery helps Gwen to her feet before easily scooping her up in her arms and placing her on the bed. Gwen giggles, "What are you going to do with me."

"Just want to show you something. Lean in closely to your baby boy honey. Look closely at his face."

She leans in toward him concentrating on his face hoping to see some sign of life. She notices his face appears flushed and that a small band of sweat beads have formed all along his forehead. She glances back at Avery with a quizzical look on her face.

"He was watching," Avery casually announces.

"Watching? You mean his eyes were open?" Gwen cries her voice rising in excitement.

"Not exactly but he knew, he heard what his mother was doing to me and it turned him on immensely I think."

"Really? Are you sure."

Avery reaches out, smiling slyly, and hooks one finger under the sheet and slowly pulls it back revealing her son's enormous erection. It is sticking up from under his hospital gown like some sort of massive tent pole.

"So you tell me. Was he aware of what was going on?"

Gwen nods her head yes slowly her eyes glued to her son's cock.

"I think we need to take care of him now. It would be cruel to leave him in such a state don't you think, Mommy."

Again Gwen nods her head yes trying to control the excitement that is building in the pit of her stomach.

Avery playfully swats Gwen's hand causing her to drop the bra before announcing with a sly smile, "Because we are not going to get dressed for his bath of course. You are OK with this right?"

"Hmm, yes of course," Gwen saying dropping her bra back onto the bed.

Less than five minutes later Michael is flanked by the two beautiful women one topless, one wholly naked, giving him the sweetest of attentions. They waste precious little time in moving their washcloths to his cock which is still at half-mast.

Quickly they bring his cock up once more to where it's throbbing hard, but despite their combined best efforts they cannot make him cum. Gwen is growing frustrated as she was honestly looking forward to giving her son another "happy ending."

"Hmm, I think he wants more tonight hon." Avery removes her hand that had been cupping Michael balls and stares at Gwen seriously. "More than just a hand job from his pretty mother."

"What do you mean," Gwen says her voice quivering. She suspects what Avery is about to ask but nonetheless is still quite shocked when she hears her say it.

"I think he wants you to put it in your mouth, Gwen."

Gwen is not so sure — not sure at all that is — if she can do what Avery is suggesting. Giving her comatose son a quickie hand job is one thing, but Jesus Lord to put it in her mouth!!

"I . . . don't think I can do that. Please not that!!" She is convinced she cannot stoop to such debauchery, but soon learns just how persuasive Ms. Avery can be.

"But it's the next step of his therapy hon. It's only natural I mean."

"That may be." Gwen says jumping to her feet. "But still I have my limits." The good Catholic school girl still trapped somewhere deep inside of her is making itself known. Gwen strides over to the bathroom meaning to splash some cool water on her face before leaving for the evening when Avery stops her.

"I am afraid Dr. Reficul insists you comply with all my requests. I mean I thought she made that quite clear in your earlier meeting."

Gwen turns to face Avery who is sitting on the bed twisting her fingers through Michael's hair. Watching the gorgeous Avery, sitting there so casually naked stroking her son's hair, Gwen suddenly wants very badly to— be bad. It crosses her mind how very naughty and how incredibly exciting it would be to have a threesome with Avery and her son and then it hits her just as she whispers, "But I have never met the doctor. I mean you gave me her card once but that was it."

"Is that so, dark hair, pretty, well put together, seductive middle aged white woman. Hmm, you don't recall. I thought she would have made more of a mark on you. Go into the bathroom splash that water

on your face and consider your options, Gweny . . . carefully." Avery glances at the heart monitor. It's slowing down noticeably.

Gwen hurries off to the bathroom. She takes a deep breath knowing she must obey the nurse regardless of any moral implications. The heart monitor slowing down is a clear warning to her. Coming out of the bathroom she is prepared to do the unthinkable.

Avery is waiting for her by the door. Gwen looks at her, still gloriously naked, and allows herself to be led over to the bed by her hand. Avery, after pushing Gwen down onto the bed, pulls back the sheet to reveal her son's flaccid cock.

"Now be a good mother and take your son's limp cock in your mouth and bring it back to life," Avery says as she positions herself next to him on the bed.

The last thing she noted was the weakness of his heart rate before taking his limp cock into her unwilling mouth. His cock is soft but not for long as she slips her mouth around just the head of his cock. She gently massages the rim with her tongue while applying just the right amount of suction just as she learned back when she was just an eager young co-ed back in college. Gwen happily notes how quickly her son is becoming hard. She opens her eyes casting a furtive glance up.

What she sees causes jealousy to bloom in her heart. Michael has his face, with the help of Avery's hand wrapped around the back of his head, buried in between her tits and is sucking on them furiously.

His heart beat is steadily growing stronger. Her jealousy fuels her passion. She flickers her tongue along the sensitive underside of his cock and notes happily the soft moan this elicits from him.

He is completely hard now as Avery releases the boy from her "booby trap" and moves down the bed. She tangles her fingers in Gwen's pretty blond hair forcing her mouth downwards. She is nearly choking on his immense manhood before Avery allows her to pull back.

"That's right, suck his cock bitch, just like the good little Catholic whore you are." She again applies enough downward pressure to cause Gwen to swallow his cock whole. Avery's insults only serve to fuel the growing wicked passion in Gwen's heart.

She is eagerly sucking on his cock now loving the way it makes him squirm and moan. Avery hand has slipped down and is cupping his balls as Gwen moth flies up and down his long hard shaft.

Gwen receives no warning as suddenly he fills her mouth full of cum. She pulls back in surprise jumping to her feet ready to flee to the bathroom. She wants to spit his cum out in the sink as swallowing it seems unthinkable, but Avery stops her whispering, "Give it to me."

They engage in a fiery kiss with Gwen pushing the sticky cum out into Avery's mouth. After eagerly swallowing the cum, Avery pulls back whispering, "Now you may freshen yourself up in the bathroom sweetie."

In the bathroom, Gwen tries to make sense of what had just happened but soon realizes she signed up for this ride when she made that insidious pact with the Devil. Nothing to do but enjoy the ride, she reasons as she emerges from the bathroom.

The bedroom is completely dark. It's not just a normal darkness either but a total inky blackness wholly devoid of light. Gwen pauses trying to get her bearings in the total darkness. She feels the light touch of a hand on her forearm. She smells the scent of Avery's perfume and relaxes allowing herself to be led across the dark room.

She wonders what might happen next in the darkness as she finds herself being pushed down onto the love-seat next to the bed. She can hear the gentle sound of her son's breathing, the soft hum of the machines keeping him alive, before she wonders if maybe something else is keeping him alive and his heart beating—like forbidden lust.

Almost like someone—or something is reading her thoughts the hum of the machines that help him breath all go quiet, yet he is still breathing . . . on his own now!!

Gwen is about to get up and rush to her son, but is stopped by a patient whisper, "Just wait and relax hon. Listen and soon it will be

your turn next, but first I must warm him up. Don't worry about the machines shutting off. I gave him a stimulate just a minute ago to ahh . . . perk him up you might say."

Gwen sits down on the edge of the bed as she hears the rustling of the sheets. Her eyes are adjusting to the darkness which seems to have lightened up just enough for her to make out a shapely figure crawling up on the bed.

That shapely figure lets out a sharp cry and then a loud moan, "Oh my, he is so big and hard!! Oh God he feels so goooood."

Gwen hears the bed begin to squeak a bit as she watches the dark figure of Avery fuck her son. She turns away—jealousy touching her heart as Avery's moans grow louder.

A few anxious minutes pass, Gwen bites her lip, the rhythmic squeaking of the bed growing louder—her pussy is growing wet again. She hears Avery let out a loud scream of unbridled passion and then watches her collapse on the bed shaking from what must have been an earth shattering orgasm Gwen notes with envy. A silent minute passes before Avery crawls off the bed and takes Gwen by both hands helping her up onto her feet.

Without either saying a word Avery strips Gwen naked. Now indeed it's her turn as she is helped up by a pair of soothing hands all over her naked ass onto the bed by Avery.

He is still big and hard Gwen notices with a shudder of excitement as she settles down on Michael's hardness facing him. She wonders just what kind of magical stimulate the Devil's minion Avery might have given her son.

It starts slow at first. Avery is on the bed behind Gwen with her hands wrapped around her mid-section. The darkness has lifted just enough where she can almost make out her son's face. Is he leering at her- eyes open and blinking!!

She has little time to consider the implications as she is suddenly pierced by his hardness. Avery twists her head around and they engage in a lustful kiss just as Gwen lets out a loud moan and starts to rock up and down on her son's cock.

Things quickly regress into a blur of absolute debauchery. With the help of Avery, Gwen rides her son's thrusting cock with a reckless disregard to any kind of common decency.

Through the fog of sex she notes his heart monitor beating louder and louder seemingly gaining strength with each of her desperate downward thrusts. A most delicious idea forms in her brain as Avery's hands move up to fondle her tits . . . Maybe I can fuck him back to life!

As is she was reading her mind, Avery brings her mouth to her ear and whispers, "That's it mommy, fuck your young son so hard. Harder bitch . . . harder."

Gwen complies using her lithe athletic body to bounce crazily up and down on Michael's cock. His moans are growing almost as loud as his heart monitor which is beeping at a chaotic pace now.

She is close . . . so close to a tremendous orgasm she can almost taste it. Avery has slipped away now off the bed and is admiring her handiwork watching as Gwen fucks her son so hard- just as planned.

Gwen hears Michael speak. It's clear and distinct as is the joy in her heart just as the first waves of a mighty orgasm come crashing down on her.

"Mommy . . . I . . . am cumm-"

She feels him jerk and then collapses on top of him her whole body staggered by the most intense orgasm she has ever, ever, experienced.

Her head is resting on his chest, her breath is coming in short pants, but best of all, she feels Michael's fingers delicately stroking her hair.

"I love you, Mom," he murmurs before closing his eyes. Avery is pulling her off of him whispering he needs to rest now.

Gwen spends a restless night at home thinking of how she has brought her son back from the brink with a heavy dose of forbidden love. What might happen next, she muses as she slips off to slip that night her head full of wanton and wicked dreams?

Part 2

The dream of her son being conscious once again, and on his way to a full recovery, quickly turns into a horrid nightmare for Gwen. Arriving at the hospital the next day, all full of bright hope for the future, she finds his room empty.

She frantically calls Avery and can tell by the tone of her voice something dire is wrong. They meet over coffee in the downstairs hospital cafe and Gwen is given the devastating news. Sometime after she left Michael had passed. Avery tried to be as tactful as possible as to the reasons why, but in the end she made a tearful confession.

Gripping Gwen's hands across the table she begins to speak slowly, "Honey, we . . . we drained him last night using up the remainder of what strength his body had left. We brought him back to life but the . . . ahh excitement of what we did, of how we did it, turned out to be too much for him. Do you understand what I am saying?"

Sadly, a tearful Gwen understood exactly as the implications were quite clear. Avery tried to take all the blame but Gwen knew

ultimately it was on her. Yes, Avery, had screwed her son while she watched and that doubtlessly helped drain him, but when it was her turn Gwen not only fucked her son, but fucked him so long, so hard, and with so much reckless abandon that he . . . later on. Breaking down in tears she cannot even finish the thought.

Avery seeing how distraught Gwen is over the idea that she was somehow culpable in the death of her son, tried her best to change her mind saying Michael's death was inevitable, and that he basically died the night of the car accident.

The next few months is a complete nightmare for poor Gwen with Avery being the rock she leans on during this trying time. Their relationship blossoms under the dark grief of losing Michael to the point where they became the best of friends bounded together in their mutual grief.

Less than a week after his death, Avery moves in with Gwen occupying the spare bedroom in her house. It was only supposed to be for a short while but she ended up staying nearly a year.

They make it a point to never bring up the sexual exploits they shared with Michael that night, or on any of the other nights for that matter. Gwen also pointedly never brings up her prior suspicions Avery was, or maybe still is, the Devil's minion, instead she simply tries to put the whole episode behind her.

Her faith, just as he had been broken in God, now was broken in the Devil. She had tricked her- plain and simple. Gwen felt such abject guilt over what she did that she swore off ever having sex again. Somewhere the Devil is smiling as everything, including Gwen swearing off sex, is all part of her grand scheme.

And then it happens. Gwen misses her period, goes to the doctor and finds out she is pregnant. She will be having her son's baby!! Later that evening, after nervously announcing her pregnancy to Avery, Gwen is in for yet another shock.

"You . . . you are pregnant and just found out today," Avery stammers looking at her starry eyed.

"Yes, why?" Gwen is a bit surprised at Avery's reaction. She expected her to be greatly excited or maybe stunned even, but instead she appears almost dumbfounded by Gwen's announcement.

Avery is silent for a moment before answering. "I am pregnant too, Gweny."

"Oh my God!!" Gwen cries.

Avery breaks into a wry smile before leaning in close to Gwen and whispering, "I think we both know, God had nothing to do with this, Gwen."

Gwen smiles back nodding her head in agreement. Maybe she wasn't tricked after all as one son shall be replaced by another.

18 Years Later . . .

It's a warm summer afternoon in late August. Gwen and her son, Luke, are hanging out by the pool along with Avery and her son Lance. Both women rocked bikinis that capture the young eighteen year boys' attention.

Just like Gwen and Avery, the two brothers, a bit of information that is unknown to them, are best friends. Both Gwen and Avery were in agreement when it came to keeping the boys in the dark about the true identity of just who their father was. Meanwhile, both boys refer to their best friend's respective mothers as "Auntie" and regard them as such.

The boys head inside the house to grab drinks for everyone and as Luke stares out the kitchen window overlooking the pool Lance sidles up next to him.

"You think my mom is hot?" Lance says to his friend teasingly.

"Dude, really? What kind of fucking question is that!?"

"It wasn't a question, Luke. It was a statement of fact."

"Yeah, well, so you caught me looking at her. I mean Jesus that bikini . . . your mom has a great set . . ." Luke, embarrassed, doesn't finish his sentence, but instead turns away from the window and pulls four glasses out of the cupboard.

"Of tits. Yeah, I know. Not a bad ass either for someone in her mid-forties." Lance says laughing so Luke isn't sure if he is serious or not.

"Forties? Really, she doesn't look a day over thirty."

"Well how old is your mom. You know she looks hot too. She has got to be what fifty?"

"No, fifty-two actually. A few weeks ago." Luke fills the glasses full of coke wishing this conversation would go away, but knowing Lance it would not.

The best friends were polar opposites of each other. Lance was athletic, handsome, rugged, and aggressive with a quick smile and even quicker wit while Luke was reserved, shy even, with a warm heart and a gentle smile that he rarely showed.

The boys were right as both Avery and Gwen had aged remarkably well. One of their mutual friends had recently pointed this out to them and then added, "What did you two do. Make a pact with the Devil or something?"

Gwen looked away, embarrassed saying nothing, while Avery smiled at their friend knowingly before whispering, "Who knows. Just maybe we did?"

"Anyway I think we should help each other out." Lance says stopping Luke before he can escape back outside with the drinks.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I want to . . . hmm spend a little quality time alone with your mom and I am quite sure by the way you have been staring at my mom's tits all day you would not mind spending a little quality time with her."

"Ahh, Jesus, Lance stop it. You always be messing around." And with that he heads out the door thinking the matter is closed.

Little does he realize the matter is far from closed, but instead is just getting started. As always, the Devil is listening. Soon after she begins shaping fate as only the Devil can do to ensure both boys would have some alone time with their respective crushes.

Lance is the star pitcher for the local AAU baseball team and as luck would have it, they would be playing a tournament up north the very next month. Both Gwen and Avery, along with Luke, were planning on going to watch him pitch.

The plan was for all of them to leave late in the afternoon on Friday, but when Luke comes down with a fever and headache Friday morning he decides to stay home. Gwen naturally wants to stay home also to take care of her son, but Avery makes an alternative suggestion.

Avery finds baseball to be exceedingly boring, and therefore is always looking for an excuse to get out of going to her son's games. She tells Gwen it would be better for her to stay behind and take care of Luke since, "After all, I am a nurse and who better to take care of your son than a trained professional like me."

"Yeah, Aunt Gwen," Lance chimes in, "Come on you haven't watched me pitch in a long time and I really want you there. You like baseball anyways . . . unlike mom."

"OK, fine, but we are going to drive back right after Saturday's game. You know I hate leaving Luke when he is not feeling well."

"Sure," Avery smiles suspecting providence would intervene in some way to prevent that from happening.

Avery, she is no longer staying with Gwen, but has her own house just down the street, suggests Gwen drop Luke off at her house before they leave on their trip which has been pushed back to leaving Saturday morning. After they say their good byes, Luke takes a

couple aspirin at Avery's insistence, and lies down on the living room couch to watch some TV.

Late in the afternoon he slips off to sleep. It's dark and cold in the living room when he wakes up a few hours later. The television is off and even though it's mid-October and not particularly warm outside he hears the AC going full blast as he sits up rubbing his eyes.

He at first assumes he was alone, but then spies Avery curled up on the love seat opposite the couch watching him.

"Thirsty, sweetie?" she purrs coming closer to him. She flips on a small lamp next to the couch before placing her hand on his forehead. It lingers there as she whispers, "Hmm, no more fever."

He blinks his eyes while trying to control his pulse. As always whenever she is near to him her mere presence raises his pulse.

"Actually no." He says trying not to stare at her chest. It's a difficult task, not staring that is, as she is wearing a tight fitting white tank top that barely stretches beyond her gorgeous tits. She is obviously not wearing a bra as he can clearly see the outline of her large nipples pressed enticingly against the tight material of the tank top. It's an awesome sight for the sexually inexperienced Luke.

Sitting up, trying to adjust the boner that has sprouted inside his jeans, he mumbles lamely about it being cold while rubbing his forehead. He still has a bit of a headache.

"Oh yeah. It's the AC. I get carried away sometimes as I like it cold at night. Helps me sleep better under the blankets. Let me go turn it off."

She jumps up leaving the room and that is when he notices that Jesus H. Christ she is not wearing any pants, but instead is strutting around in a delicious looking pink thong that shows her well-toned ass off to the Nth degree.

She comes back into the room carrying a blanket and a glass of water. After setting the blanket on the couch next to him, she hands him the water. "Here this should help your headache. Open your mouth."

"How do you know I have a headache?"

"Women's intuition. Now I hope you are going to be a better patient than my son the last time he was sick. He wouldn't let me baby him at all and it made me so mad. Now again . . . open mouth, please."

He dutifully opens his mouth and she promptly pops two aspirin inside. He swallows them down just as dutifully making her smile.

"Well a big tough guy like that you know. Baseball superstar and all what do you expect."

"Honestly, from him I expect nothing less than to be ignored and taken for granted. I hope that won't be the case with you."

"Of course not Aunt Avery. I . . . if you wanna baby me that is fine."

"Good then take off your shirt."

"Take off my shirt?"

"Yes, your Auntie is going to give you a real nice massage and hopefully if I do a good job we can make baby's nasty headache go all away."

Luke notices her voice. It soft and soothing reminding him of how one would talk to a baby. He likes it. He likes being babied that is.

He strips off his tee shirt before stretching out on the couch while using the folded up blanket as a pillow. The massage could not have been sweeter. Avery is obviously an expert at both massage therapy and at teasing. Several times she leans forward allowing the full weight of her tits to rest on his back while carefully kneading his shoulders and neck.

By the time she finishes poor Luke is once again sporting a painful hardon. "There all done."

When he turns his head meaning to thank her she lets out a loud yawn, stretching her hands over her head while tossing her long mane of gorgeous dark hair. His quick look back could not have been more perfectly timed.

The little tank top she is wearing normally comes down just a bit past her prodigious tits, but with her arms raised and head tilted back the tank top rides up just enough to expose the perfectly tanned underside of her tits.

Luke lets out a deep breath before quickly turning away. He closes his eyes but the image of his Auntie's beautiful tits are seared in his mind.

"Yeah, time for bed I think. You still look tired too hon." Avery casually announces with a self-satisfied little smile. She notices how big his eyes got when he turned to look at her and caught her in mid yawn . . . just as planned.

She takes him by the hand and leads him up the stairs. He has a quick thought that she will invite him to sleep in her bed. It's a thought that scares and thrills him all at once.

At the top of the stairs she hesitates slightly, giving him hope, before turning left toward Lance's room. "You are going to sleep in Lance's room if that is OK."

"Sure," he mumbles trying not to sound too disappointed. He flips his tee shirt over his bare shoulder trying to act cool and casual despite feeling anything but.

"I better go in with you and make sure his room is not too much of a pig sty before tucking you away safely in bed."

They enter the bedroom and Avery flips a switch on the wall. A small lamp next to the bed turns on bathing the bedroom in a soft pool of light. Lance's room is extremely neat, just as Luke always remembered it to be, leaving him to wonder why his aunt made that previous comment.

She should- of all people- know her son keeps a neat room. A small voice inside his head provides the answer. Just an excuse to come in the room with you sport. Maybe do a bit more teasing.

He is about to crawl in to the bed after dropping his tee shirt at the foot of the bed when she stops him. She had been over fiddling with the curtains at the window drawing them shut when she turns to him saying, "Hey you aren't going to get in bed with those jeans on. That can't be comfortable."

"Ahh, well I didn't really bring anything, you know, to sleep in."

"You can sleep in your boxers. No wait, Lance wears boxers you wear briefs. Yeah, briefs, your mom told me."

Luke resists the urge to ask just why in the hell is his mother discussing with her best friend what kind of underwear her son wears, but instead says nothing.

"Besides I am doing a load of laundry before going to bed so why don't you just slip them jeans off so I can take them downstairs to the laundry room and that way they will be nice and clean for tomorrow."

"That is OK Aunt Avery. I mean I can sleep in my jeans. It's not uncomfortable." He hopes this will be the end of it. Truth is, he doesn't want to take his jeans off in front of her as he is still a bit firm down there

"Nonsense, I think you are just being shy about taking your jeans off in front of me. Silly . . . I am a nurse remember. I am not afraid of seeing a young man in his underwear you know. Besides you promised to let me baby you and letting me wash your clothes is part of being babied."

He wants to argue but is stopped dead in his tracks when she boldly reaches out and starts to undo this belt. "Hmm, I think helping you get undressed is part of being babied too right honey?"

"Yeah sure, Aunt Avery," he replies in a nervous whisper as his belt comes undone. He resists the urge to push her hands away and allows her to undo the button on his jeans, and then unzip them before slowly, patiently pulling them down. Finally, she even helps him step out of the jeans all the while smiling softly at him.

Avery helps him into the bed with a soft hand on his back while her eyes wander back to the front of his briefs. He has a semi large bulge working there that looks to be rather . . . big and tasty. She can only imagine what that delicious young cock of his might look like if somehow she would have an excuse to garner his full attention down there.

Settling down on the bed next to him, she pulls the sheet up just enough to cover his waist leaving his chest bare.

"You know earlier I was watching you sleep. You . . . well I hope you don't mind me saying this, Luke." She pauses and runs a hand through his thick mane of light brown hair before continuing with a voice that is dripping honey. "But you look adorable in your sleep hon. I bet your mom tells you that all the time."

"No, ahh, not ever really."

"Well, she should coz its true. Now close your eyes honey, I need to check something."

He obediently closes his eyes his heart thudding in his chest like so many wild horses. He feels her drawing closer, feels the softness of those tits of hers pressing against his bare chest just as her lips brush his forehead. They linger there for a long moment as does her tits against his chest. It was like being in heaven.

"Nope no more fever," she whispers her lips moving to his ear. She kisses him lightly on the ear making his entire body tingle before pulling back and smiling warmly at him.

"Now let me tuck you in nice and tight baby boy." She starts to fuss with the sheets before suddenly jumping to her feet. "Oh shit I am getting carried away with this babying stuff, Luke. I'm sorry. I must be embarrassing you or myself . . . both probably."

She seems genuinely upset. Luke reaches out and touches her hand. "It's OK Aunt Avery. I said it was fine earlier downstairs. Remember?"

"Oh . . ." She turns back to him. "I thought you were just saying that to please me."

"No I meant it."

"Good," she says leaning over and again smoothing out the sheet after pulling it up to his chin. "How is that, sweetie? All tucked in snug as a bug."

"Yes," he says softly his voice barely rising above a croak.

She sits down on the bed next to him and again leans forward whispering in his ear this time. "How about a kiss or two to help give you sweet dreams. Close your eyes."

He closes his eyes as he realizes it was not a question, but a statement. She is going to kiss him. Maybe more than once.

One light kiss on the forehead, and then one each on his closed eyes, and then another on each cheek, before finally she whispers, "I love you my little Lukey baby."

She has not called him that since he was very, very young. It thrills his heart as does the light kiss that follows directly on his lips. At the doorway she pauses callings across the room to him softly, "Oh by the way. I would have offered you a pair of Lance's pajamas to wear to bed. I mean you are about the same size, but I am afraid he doesn't wear pajamas anymore to bed. He likes to sleep naked. A little habit he picked up from his mother. Sweet dreams, Lukey."

Sweet dreams indeed!! Jesus she had to throw that in before leaving about sleeping naked!! Luke has the soul of a saint, but that avails

him little as after five minutes of fighting it he whacks off to the image of his naked Aunt sleeping in her bed.

Finally, after cleaning up his mess he is able to get back to sleep. Sometime later his restless sleep is interrupted by a light tapping on the door. Rubbing his eyes, he glances at the clock radio next to the bed. Its 3:09 am.

Avery pushes the door open whispering, "Luke, honey, are you awake?"

"Yeah," he mumbles as he sees her dark figure enter the room.

"There is a storm. It's almost here and going to be bad. I have a sense about these things." She moves across the room toward the window as he reaches over and flips on the small lamp next to the bed.

He starts to get out of bed staring at his Aunt while she stands at the window with her back to him. As she stands there tugging nervously at the curtain his eyes finally adjust well enough to the faint light allowing him to notice the short little white satin robe she is wearing.

As he moves across the room, drawing closer to her, he observes with growing excitement, how her robe just barely covers her delicious ass. He briefly wonders if she is completely naked under her pretty robe as he sidles up next to her.

Just then the night sky is ripped open by a splayed fork of lightning that wriggles in twisted ecstasy. A loud crackle of booming thunder answers the lightning shattering the previous tomb-like silence inside the bedroom.

And then finally it starts to rain hard all of a sudden. It isn't a soft summer shower by any means, but instead large angry drops of rain splatter against the window in increasing intensity.

They stand there side by side staring out the window at the storm battering the house. Their hands find each other causing Luke's pulse to treble. Another wrathful burst of lightning, followed by a louder crackle of thunder, causes Avery to jump.

"Jesus I hate these autumn storms," she whispers.

Without really thinking about what he is doing, he slips a protective arm around her waist whispering, "It's OK Aunt Avery. I'm here."

He knows it probably sounds lame, but it's the best he can manage. Sadly, Luke has never been quick of wit when it comes to talking to the ladies.

"Are you here for me Luke, really?" She turns to him letting the curtain slip back into place. Facing him like this and being so near makes it abundantly clear the robe is maybe a size too small to cover those 34E tits of hers adequately.

A wide swath of delightfully bare skin reveals she is definitely naked from the waist up anyways under her robe. He tries not to stare at her big tits as he mouths, "Yes, of course. Whatever you need."

"What I need . . ." She pauses staring up at him directly. She seems to be fighting back tears. "Is for you to not leave me alone tonight during the storm. I . . . well it's embarrassing, but I am deathly afraid of storms. It stems from my childhood and stories my parents used to tell me about storms and bad little girls."

Just then another radiant flash of lightning splits the sky followed by the loudest clap of thunder yet. The rain is really pelting the window now as the storm bears down on them advancing from the north with untamed fury.

Avery jumps yet again before moving even nearer to him. His arm tightens around her waist as he whispers, ""I won't leave you alone. You wanna sit downstairs maybe. Ride the storm out on the couch."

"What I really want . . ." She pauses to gather his hands in hers. "I know it's asking a lot, but I am hoping maybe you will snuggle with me under the covers in my bed and make me feel safe."

She reaches up and strokes the side of his face; blinking those big beautiful brown eyes of hers she doesn't need to say anything more.

"Yes," he whispers back with a storm going off in his very soul that matches the one outside.

She turns and starts to lead him across the room when he stops. "I need to use the bathroom first, OK." He pauses at the bed, finds his tee shirt, and slips it on before making his way to the bathroom.

"Sure, baby. Just come to your Auntie's room when you are done. Promise."

"Promise," he replies as retreats to the bathroom on a very shaky pair of legs.

Safely inside the bathroom he takes a quick piss, before brushing his teeth. He runs a comb through his disheveled hair before deciding it's probably silly to worry about his hair as it will obviously be dark inside her bedroom.

Just for good measure he brushes his teeth a second time. What, just in case she wants to kiss you sport? "Oh fuck off," he says loudly to the smart ass image staring back at him in the mirror.

He is just looking around the Lance's small bathroom for some cologne maybe when the entire bedroom is lit up by a flash of lightning followed by a tremendous booming of thunder that literally makes the house shake before plunging it into darkness.

He is momentarily thrown off balance in the utter darkness as he flicks the bathroom switch back and forth uselessly. Sighing, he hurries out of the bathroom suddenly very worried about his Aunt Avery for obvious reasons.

The bedroom being dark forces him to slow down and grope his way toward the door. He bangs up against the wall and swears loudly before making his way slowly to where he imagines the doorway should be.

Luckily he is right as he hurriedly stumbles his way out the door right into the arms of his Auntie. They stand there holding each other for a brief moment—she is trembling—before she whispers to him.

"You were hurrying to save me, Luke?"

"Yes, I was worried about you."

She impulsively reaches up and kisses him on the cheek. "I love you so much, Lukey."

"I love you too, Auntie Avery."

She turns in the dark and leads him down the hallway. As they make their way slowly down the black hallway she tells him in a whispered burst of disjointed words about an evil Thunder God and

a wicked Rain Demon. It seems her parents, deeply religious to the point of being wackos, made her believe in such creatures, and how they can attack bad little girls in the dark of the night during brutal storms.

Thunder and lightning in an ever increasingly crescendo of violence dog their every step, seemingly giving credence to her whispered tale before they finally reach her bedroom.

He can still feel her quivering as she leads him over to her bed and pulls back the covers. At her urging he slips under the single sheet pulling it up while his mind races with a simple question - Is she going to take off her robe and join him in bed . . . naked!!

She leans over and kisses him on his forehead, "I want you to spend the rest of the night with me, Luke. Promise you won't leave. I need your protection from them."

"If that is what you want," he murmurs back wondering if maybe he is still actually sleeping in Lance's bed and this whole thing is nothing but a wonderful dream.

She starts back across the bedroom whispering loudly, "I know you think I am being silly, but I have to lock the bedroom door before I join you."

He watches her dark figure retreat across the room as he reaches down and adjusts his semi-firm cock inside his briefs. He is now very, very glad he masturbated before falling asleep earlier or otherwise things would surely be code red down there. As it were he is already starting to feel horny as she approaches the bed once more.

She pauses next to the bed and lets out an audible sigh. He can just barely make out her obscure shape before the entire bedroom is lit up by a flash of lightning which reveals her undoing the tie that holds her robe shut.

His heart quickens as he hopes for another brilliant flash of lightening. It's a hope quickly fulfilled as the room is lit again to reveal her slipping the robe off her naked body. She is turned towards him and seems to have a sly smile on her face.

Luke now says a quick prayer for please one more flash of lightening. His prayers are answered—not by God, but by the Devil herself—as this time he gets a triple dose of back to back to back intense flashes followed by a loud rumble of thunder.

He barely hears the peal of thunder as his eyes, his mind, his whole body and soul that is, are wholly transfixed on his Aunt's beautiful naked body. In the vivid flashes of light her naked tits appear nothing short of majestic.

They are perfected tanned with a pair of mouthwatering nipples jutting out like a pair of bedazzled jewels. The image of her fully erect

nipples are seared into the very depths of soul as the room goes black once again.

He feels her slipping under the covers next to him and then her hands are on his tee shirt. Her soft voice is deep and throaty as she whispers, "Here hon, let me help you take off your shirt."

He is too far gone to say anything in protest as he raises up and with her help quickly strips off his shirt. "And now your underwear too, Lukey."

Now is the time for protest. He has an immense boner. "M-my shorts . . . I should leave them on Auntie Avery don't you think. I mean-"

"Luke, humans are at their most vulnerable when naked. Don't you agree?"

"Y-yes," he stammers.

"We must show them we are not afraid to be vulnerable. They feed on our fear. Let us show not fear nor vulnerability. Join me in my nakedness honey."

Luke says nothing swallowing hard before he feels her hands on the waistband of his underwear. He allows her to strip off his briefs

before she tosses them casually aside making them disappear somewhere in the darkness.

Avery had just bought brand new silk sheets which are undeniably soft against his naked body, but they compare nothing to the softness of her body when she reaches out and pulls him next to her.

Snuggling in behind her, he buries his head in her velvety dark hair which has the aroma of fresh cut flowers. He breathes deep as she reaches back and pulls them into a spooning position.

"Hold me tight baby. Protect me from them."

He slips his free arm around her mid-section pulling her tighter just as she wants while at the same time trying to twist his lower body away from being snuggled up next to her. Embarrassingly, he has a rather large and painful erection working down there and is fearful of her feeling it.

She quickly shatters any hopes of him hiding from her down there as she arches her backside pressing her ass against his crotch. She starts to grind against his swelling erection making his mind race with just how to respond.

The storm seems to have hit a lull. The rain has slackened while the thunder and lightning appear to be taking a break. After the fury of

the storm, the sudden silence seems deafening making the noises coming from just outside the bedroom window entirely noticeable.

She stops grinding her ass against him and freezes. "They are here," she whimpers.

Luke lifts his head up trying to ascertain just exactly who they might be when he hears it. There is an ominous tapping at her bedroom window. He quickly realizes it is nothing like the sound of rain hitting the window either. It's more like the sound of something with fingers searching for a way in the bedroom.

The room is briefly lit up by a flash of lightning as his attention is diverted to the bedroom door. First he hears it, and then he sees it when the interior of the bedroom lights up briefly. The doorknob is jiggling beyond any reasonable doubt.

Another burst of lightning illuminates the room once more as he turns his head back to the window. The previous light tapping has turned into a fretful banging. In fact, the whole frame of the window seems to be shaking.

Then he sees it; something that turns his body cold and causes his hard cock to shrink in abject fear. Cast against the window is a dark misshapen figure.

In the quick burst of lightning he only—thankfully—catches a fleeting glimpse of the inhuman creature. It seemed to crouch on the very window sill outside her bedroom. It was small and bat-like maybe, beyond that Luke could not speak much except of its eyes; they are bright yellowish color, bulging with untamed malice and appear to be staring right at him.

Luke looks away as the room goes dark once more. He wants to cower under the covers until he hears Avery moaning with abject fear. He must show her he is brave.

The noises at the bedroom door divert his attention. He turns to look just as the room is bathed in vivid light once again. What he sees causes his hair to stand on edge.

There is a withered pair of bright red talons slithering under the crack of the door. Even worse, the door seems to be protruding inward and threatening to burst open.

Those haunting withered talons, razor sharp Luke is sure, is the final straw for the both of them. Avery lets out a frightened shriek and shrinks down in the bed pushing hard against him.

Her jiggling boobs come into contact with his hands and despite everything, despite that "only God knows what it is" crouching thing just outside the window, despite "whatever the hell" is lurking just outside the bedroom door with those hideous sharp talons, he feels guilty for touching her breasts.

"S-sorry Aunt Avery," he mumbles.

When she replies her voice is surprisingly calm and almost teasing. "You have been dreaming about touching my boobs for a long time, Luke."

Luke feels his face turning red. What she says is the truth. He doesn't know what to say so he tries to change the subject to things of a much more pressing nature than his dark dreams of playing with his Aunt's big boobs.

"Aunt Avery . . . I seen at the window . . . the door . . . something. We should-"

"Shh, the storm has calmed. We are safe for the moment. It has almost stopped raining even. They will grow weaker without the storm to give them power."

"But if it comes back. The storm."

"Yes, yes, as soon as the thunder and lightning come back so will they. I fear the storm . . . the worse is yet to come. That is why now during this lull you mus-"

Luke is scared and frustrated by not understanding fully—if at all—what is happening. He interrupts her. His voice rising. "I don't understand. We have to—"

"Shh, baby." She touches a finger to his lips. "Don't try to understand. Just trust me if you wanna save me."

"I do. I do want to save you."

Her fingers graze his face lightly in the dark before slipping down to trace small circles on his bare chest.

"Only love can keep them at bay honey when the storm returns."

"Love?"

"Yes, your love for me. You must admit it. Must show it . . . to me . . . to them. Displays of love make them weak, while fear makes them stronger."

"I do love you."

"Like this?" She pushes his hands up onto her breasts. He responds by kneading them softly.

"You have wanted to do this all summer haven't you, Lukey. Wanted to play with your Auntie's big boobs."

"God yes," he cries as he fingers find her ripe nipples. She lets out a hiss as he strokes them until they are fully erect.

He hears the rain coming down harder again. The lull was short lived at best as he hears a light tapping at the window again, followed quickly by that damnable the scratching noise at the door. The lull in the storm has not lasted long.

"Quickly under the sheets," she nearly shrieks as the room lights up from a flash of lightning. He takes a quick glance at the window. It's there again—that fucking bat like thing- its dark shape framed against the window in a second burst of lightning.

In that brief moment Luke sees the thing sneering at him with a toothy evil looking grin. He swears there was blood dripping from its menacing saw-toothed fangs. Just before she pulls him under the sheets, he catches a glimpse of a raven's beak like nose, hooked and cruel, that stands out on its hellish looking face.

Then he is under the sheets with her his face being forced down into the soft valley between her tits by her grasping desperate fingers tangled in his hair. Avery whispers to him sweetly. "Suck on them baby. Show your auntie how much you love her tits."

Luke opens his mouth and traps one of her deliciously large nipples in it. He starts slow lathering her distended nipple with loving strokes making his aunt moan before he begins to suck on it frantically. The storm, keeping pace with Luke's passion, lashes at the house with increasing fury.

"That's it baby. Suck on them for me," she pushes her other tit in his face as she claws the sheet down and off of them. "We must show them our love."

Luke finds himself on top of his aunt looming over her. The bedroom is lit up by a quick succession of several dazzling flashes of lightening. He peers down at his aunt's heaving chest with those luscious tits thrusting upward at him swathed in luminous beauty by repeated flashes of lighting.

"Suck on them, Lukey. My life depends on it," she cries her voice shaky with fear and lust.

"Fuck them bastards," he whispers referring to whatever may be at both the door and the window before falling on her tits with a crazed insatiable lust. He sucks on her tits, his mouth flying from one to the other, his lust egged on by her whimpering moans of passion.

The window is rattling, the doorknob jiggling wildly, but none of this matters as Luke loses himself totally in those two glorious mounds of utter perfection sucking, licking, and kissing them while grinding his hard cock against her thighs. He is desperate to lose his virginity;

he reaches down meaning to spread her legs hoping she will accept his manhood when she cries out softly leaving no doubts, "Yes, yes, baby make love to me. I want your cock inside me so badly."

She spreads her thighs wide open for him before reaching down and guiding his hardness into the moist folds of her wet throbbing pussy. He has never felt such exquisite pleasure as he slowly thrusts up and down inside of her. His pleasure is compounded by her obvious enjoyment of what he is doing as her moans of passion are nothing short of intoxicating as are her whispered exclamations of love for him.

"Oh God, baby I love you so much. You feel so good inside me. Oh baby . . . please don't stooooop . . . make love to your auntie."

A quick flash of lightning bathes the bedroom in sparkling light. Luke looks down, sees his aunt, her head tilted back, eyes shut, mouth open, her breath coming in short pants, those magnificent tits thrusting upwards, and realizes this is all because of his cock being inside of her. The absolute power this gives him is breathtaking in its intensity.

Intoxicated by this new found power, he begins to slam his cock into her, hard and fast, staring intently down at her heaving chest. He loves the way he can make those immense tits of hers bounce and jiggle with every hammer blow of his manhood.

He is being rewarded now by the storm as the bedroom is being illuminated again and again by a series of vivid flashes allowing him to see his aunt in alternating patterns of light and darkness responding to his complete and utter lust for her.

It all soon becomes too much as he is ready to explode inside of her when Avery, her voice frantic, cries out. "Not yet baby, your auntie is not ready. We must come together to defeat those things who would do us harm."

She deftly flips him off her and onto his back on the large bed before she mounts him. Avery sinks down on top of him with a sharp cry of passion as his raging manhood spears up inside of her.

She is riding him-hard- as the storm is racing to its climax; thunder and lightning crash and roll over the house in ever increasing waves of turbulent anger. Avery bounces up and down on his cock matching the tumultuous fury of the storm.

The clamor at both the window and the door are also reaching a fever pitch. The door is being pounded on with heavy hammer blows while the poor window is rattling furiously in its frame.

None of this matters to Luke though. The only thing he is cognizant of is the dark shape of his aunt riding his cock. And when the room lights up from the intense flashes of vivid lightning, he sees the glorious sight of her jiggling boobs bouncing up and down as she fucks him with greater and greater urgency.

It's a vision that has him racing to the edge just as she grips his hands. "I am coming baby. You . . . must . . . toooo. Oh God, that's it . . ."

She bounces hard down onto his cock one last time as a booming crash of thunder makes the whole house rattle. Avery tips her head back as Luke matches her downward thrust by punching his cock hard upwards. "I . . . I . . . am commming,"she cries out her whole body shaking.

Luke remembering what she said earlier, we must come together, is racing toward his own climax. He thrusts his hips upward forceful and fast just as the last booming echo of thunder dies. He finally cums - hard - before his whole body suddenly goes limp as Avery collapses on top of him crying.

The ferocity of the storm, spent, retreats as Avery panting, showers his bare chest with delicate little kisses. The bedroom has gone still and silent except for the rain which has turned into a soothing little pitter patter.

Avery's nightmarish childhood tormentors, The Thunder God and Rain Demon, have retreated along with the storm leaving Luke and Avery to fall peacefully asleep in each other arms. The Devil's true minions have done their job well.

The next morning Luke slips out of bed at first light, being sure not to disturb Avery who is still sleeping peacefully. He goes first to the

window and carefully opens it. Outside on the white window sill he finds several dark maroon splatters of what he imagines to be blood.

He carefully examines the window. It seems to be smeared with something that was once wet but is now dried. Saliva maybe. Whatever it is it smells . . . like death and decay. He shuts the window and heads across the room to examine the bedroom door.

On the inside of the door, near the bottom where he spied those withered blood red talons, he finds several large and jagged scratch marks. He lets out a deep breath as he traces the outline of the deeply embedded marks. Fear grips his heart, but then soon disappears replaced by something else when he hears his aunt's voice calling to him.

"Luke, honey, come back to bed."

He turns padding slowly across the sun-streaked bedroom trying to work out what he has just seen. His pace increases, the angry marks on the door forgotten, as Avery sits up in the bed allowing the sheet to fall exposing her tits to his hungry eyes.

Part 3

Saturday afternoon . . . 220 Miles to the north . . .

It's the tournament championship game. The game is tense; zero, zero going into the top of the ninth. Lance is pitching a gem--eight innings thus far, allowing only two hits while striking out nine against no walks. But the other team's pitcher has matched him goose egg for goose egg.

Now Lance is up, two on, two out, top of the ninth. Two and two count. The runners dance off of second and third. He focuses intently on the pitcher's windup but can still hear his Auntie's Gwen's shrill voice coming from the first row of the bleachers behind his team's dugout. "Come on Lance, you can do it."

The pitch is a mistake-- a hanging curve-- and Lance doesn't miss it. He rips a vicious line drive down the line that nearly takes the diving third baseman's glove off.

The ball bounds away into foul territory as his teammates race home. Lance chugs into second with a stand-up double. He looks up into the stands finding his Aunt Gwen. She is bounding up and down screaming and clapping.

Even now he finds his eyes focusing on one thing-- those gorgeous tits of her jiggling up and down under the tight tee shirt she is wearing. He gives her a smile and a little wave. He is --for the moment-- a hero and in love. Nothing could be better.

The intense crush he possess for his mom's best friend, who he affectionately calls "Aunt Gweny", is only growing stronger with age.

Lance, bold and aggressive, feels no shame in his nightly masturbating sessions featuring, front and center, his Aunt Gwen strutting around in one of her sexy little bikinis she seemed so fond of running around in this past summer.

He stopped by their house nearly on a daily basis—half because Luke was his best friend, and half because he loved seeing his Aunt Gwen showing off in her bikinis. It was a long and hot summer indeed.(The verbs in red are apparent tense switches. You have been in present tense up to this point and I see no reason for you to be switching to past here.)

Lance takes the mound; bottom of the ninth and only three outs to go. He quickly finds himself in trouble though with the first two batter reaching base thanks to a walk and an error.

The next batter, the fastest player on the opposing team, drops down a near perfect bunt between first base and the mound. Lance races over, and in one deft motion scoops the ball up with his glove and

flips it to the first baseman. It is an outstanding play and just by the barest of margins the racing batter is called out.

The runners advance to second and third with still only one out. He strikes out the next batter, and then walks the next one on a borderline three and two pitch that he desperately wanted.

The next batter up, a big kid with muscles on his muscles, is the opposing team's best hitter and his personal nemesis as he has both of his teams hits. Lance carefully works the count to three and two before unleashing his secret weapon.

Luke has a blazing fastball and a nasty curve, but still he wanted to add a third pitch to his repertoire. All year he had been working on a change up and finally he unleashes it.

The kid swings hard about a country mile in front of the pitch. Game over. After being mobbed by his teammates he emerges from the throng to find his Aunt Gwen beaming at him.

She looks gorgeous in her short cut off blue jeans and her tight little tee shirt that only comes down about half way to her tummy showing off her well-toned abs. She is obvious not wearing a bra-- as usual-- as Lance's eyes fall helplessly to her perk little nipples poking their way so invitingly against the thin cotton of her tee shirt. Her short golden blonde hair radiates in the late afternoon sun as she opens her arms expecting a hug from him.

Instead of a hug, Lance picks her up and twirls her around. She squeals in surprised delight before he nimbly sits her down on the ground, and then gives her a quick kiss on the cheek.

"What a hero," she gushes as they leave the field hand in hand. The team stops off at a local restaurant after the game to celebrate the victory, but Gwen, anxious to get home to Luke, wants to head home right away. Lance puts aside his celebratory feelings to conform to his aunt's wishes as they start the long drive home.

Roughly an hour and half into the drive, a sudden violent storm overtakes them. Gwen, who had been dozing next to Lance in the front seat, suddenly comes fully awake as the rain lashes at her small car.

"Oh this is bad. My wipers suck . . . my tires . . . God they are almost bald. I was planning on replacing them but . . ." Her voices trails off as she stares out the window.

"Maybe we should stop if you don't think its safe Aunt Gwen," Lance tells her.

"Oh shit I really wanted to make it home to Luke him being sick and everything."

"Yeah, but I am sure he would appreciate you making it home in one piece. Besides I am starting to get tired."

"You wanna stop and rest?"

"Honestly, if we stop that will be it for me. I will get too relaxed and not wanna drive at all."

Gwen sighs. "There was a sign a few miles back. Something about lodging . . . cabins maybe. Exit 107 I think. We just passed exit 108 so it's only a little ways back."

"OK, better play it safe. Turn around, I guess, and let's hope they have a vacancy."

Play it safe. What he just said rattles around in her brain, and is actually quite ironic as spending the night with Lance holed up in cabin is far from playing it safe.

They get off at exit 107 and follow the signs to Longview Motel and Cabins. Hand in hand they race through the cold rain inside to the small office. The owner at the front desk informs them he has vacancies. Two side by side rooms in the hotel will be 67.50 per room. Adding on the tax the total comes to 147 dollars and change. Cash only as the machine that processes debt and credit cards is not working.

Lance checks his wallet as Gwen checks her purse. Between them they only have only 125 dollars. The manager sighs telling him he has no cheaper rooms.

"Hey, what about cabins. The sign says you have cabins too," Lance asks.

"Oh, yeah, out back. I only have one left though. It's the honeymoon suite cabin. Would that be OK for you and your . . ."

"Mom . . . she is my mom," Lance says cheerfully giving Gwen a smile.

"How much?" Gwen asks almost hoping it's more than they have, while at the same time fervently wishing they can afford it.

"I will let you have for 125. It's actually a bit more but I might as well get something instead of letting it sit empty."

"Great, thanks mister," Lance says beaming at Gwen.

"Yes that is great, really great . . . son." Gwen replies grabbing the four twenties she has tucked away in her purse and handing them over to the manager.

The small cabin is set off by itself deep in a stand of pine trees. Lance gets the door unlocked and then catching Gwen totally off guard scoops her up in his arms.

"Hey what on Earth are you doing, son?"

"Son . . . I think I like you calling me that, Mother."

He turns, easily ignoring her struggles, angling her body through the doorway. "So why the royal treatment," she cries again trying not to giggle from his tomfoolery.

"Well this is the honeymoon suite so the bride should be carried across the threshold . . . Otherwise it will be bad luck for us."

"Oh, so I suddenly went from being your mother to your wife."

"That is right although I would settle for either!" he exclaims gracefully sitting her down on her feet. They both turn to examine their night's lodging.

The cozy front room they are standing in has a beautiful natural wood interior featuring an old fashioned stone accented fireplace complete with a comfortable looking pure white plush rug stretched out in front of it. The room has only a single large couch along with a small bar stuck over in one corner.

Lance heads to the bar yanking the door open on the refrigerator. He pulls out a bottle of champagne holding it up for Gwen to see. "Look, a complimentary bottle of champagne. I guess we get to celebrate after all since you deprived me earlier."

"You mean with the team at the restaurant. Yeah, well, I guess I do owe you huh."

"Big time."

Wandering into the single bedroom just off the living room, Gwen is hoping to find two beds. She stands there staring at the king sized four poster bed. Of course there is only one bed. It's a honeymoon suite after all, she chides herself.

"Hoping for two beds, Aunt Gweny?"

"Yeah, maybe. I guess one of us will be sleeping on the couch."

"Not me. I am a hero and deserve a bed fit for one."

"Gee thanks. Make your mom slash wife. . . I forget which one I am . . . sleep on the couch."

He turns, stroking her face with one tender finger before hitting her with his most charming smile. "Only for a little bit. I mean I might wait until you pass out drunk on the couch and then carry you into my bed."

Gwen laughs at his smugness as they depart the bedroom. Next they explore the semi luxurious full bath, just next to the bedroom. It has a vanity, shower and a sweetly romantic two person heart shaped tub.

Next they head into the kitchen. Not much to see—gas stove and oven, small fridge and a charming little table complete with red and white checkered table cloth. In the center of the table, is a bowl of fresh fruit.

They both take turns in the shower and change out of their clothes into fresh ones. Fortunately, Gwen had the foresight to pack extra clothes for the both of them just in case. She was like that -- always believing in being prepared.

The rain has calmed down to a pleasant drizzle. The constant pitter patter of rain drops on the roof is almost hypnotizing as they sit relaxing on the couch next to each other. She accepts the proffered glass of champagne from Lance knowing to argue is useless. He is in a mood to celebrate and why not. He is young, handsome and a hero.

Lance stares at his auntie liking the white blouse she has changed into; liking the way its extra tight showing off her nice medium sized

boobs, but even more so liking the way she has causally left a couple extra buttons undone for his viewing pleasure.

When she leans over to take her glass of champagne from him, he slyly takes a peek down her blouse liking the pretty lace maroon bra she is wearing.

He also is having a hard time keeping his eyes off her ass which is shown off nicely by her tight jeans. He marvels at how a fifty-two year old woman looks so damn fit and trim. Actually, her advanced age, instead of being a turn off, actually turns him on—greatly.

He watches her move across the room to exam the fireplace more closely wondering if somehow he might be able to seduce her tonight. His thoughts are given a bit of extra incentive when she settles back down next to him even closer than before.

Firing his opening salvo he brushes his hand along her bare arm saying quietly. "So Auntie Gwen, why don't you ever relax when you are around me?"

"I am relaxed, Lance. Can't you tell?"

"Not hardly."

"Well I am," she retorts before taking a large swallow of champagne hoping it will relax her and she won't then be such a liar.

Gwen never has been able to relax totally around Lance. He simply reminds her too much of Michael. He looks like him, acts like him, hell even smiles, and flirts with her, like he used to, before the fucking accident took his life.

This makes Gwen nervous for some reason. Maybe it's the guilt she feels for hiding the identity of his father from him along with her true identity of actually being his grandmother, instead of simply his best friend's mom, his "Auntie Gwen".

Lance, perceptive as ever, notices this line of questioning seems to be striking a chord with her. He presses on growing bolder.

"That's it suck your champagne down and then show me something. Do something crazy and impulsive."

"Crazy and impulsive huh, that's not me Lance that is you. I am conservative by nature. Remember?"

"Oh yeah, that is why you need to get wild and crazy. At least for one night. Come on don't be a stick in the mud."

"I am not . . . a stick in the mud." She gulps down the rest of her champagne starting to get irritated with his teasing. She never has been one to take teasing lightly and she is beginning to suspect Lance knows this about her.

"OK well prove it."

"Sure," she snaps back ready to prove him wrong.

"I found a deck of cards while you were in the shower."

"I am not playing strip poker, Lance!!"

"Jeez, talk about leaping to conclusions. No not that, although that is not half bad, but of course it's such a cliché thing to do. No I have something else in mind."

He disappears into the kitchen after making a quick detour to refill both their glasses with fresh champagne.

Placing the deck of cards down on the table, he announces. "OK so this is a new deck. Never been open so you know I am not cheating," He rips off the cellophane covering and starts to shuffle the cards.

He explains the rules to her as he continues to shuffle the deck. "Ace is low, king the highest. The game will be quick and simple. We both

cut one card out of the deck and whoever has the higher card wins. If it's a tie we cut again until someone wins."

"And what does the winner get?"

"If you win I will stop teasing you for the rest of the night. I will be nice and gentlemanly and conservative acting just like you want me to be."

"And if you win?"

"Hmm, you have to do something crazy and impulsive of my choosing?"

"No way!!"

"Why not. The game is fair."

"Two reasons. Number one, I have never been lucky, especially at cards, and number two, I have more risk than you involved here."

"OK fine. What if I swing the odds of winning in your favor?"

"How?"

"OK let's see. How about this, before my cut I will remove one king, one queen, one jack and one ten from my deck."

"Is that all. Not enough of an advantage. I told you I am unlucky."

"I wasn't done yet. On your cut, I will let you remove all four Aces and two of the twos. That is six low cards gone from your cut and four high cards from mine. Tell me that is not an advantage . . . Ms. Stick in the Mud."

Gwen knows he is manipulating her with that last little jibe, but she responds to it anyway. "I . . . am . . . not . . . a . . . stick . . . in the damn mud, Lance. Now give me the stupid deck so I can remove my cards. I am going to cut and kick your ass and then you are going to have to be good the rest of the night."

Lance hands her the deck with a smile just knowing, even with the odds against him, he shall win. He just feels it.

Gwen removes her cards and then, before she can lose her nerve, quickly cuts herself an eight of spades.

"Yeah, OK, not bad . . . an eight, but beatable," Lance says confidently as he removes his agreed upon cards.

He guzzles his nearly full glass of champagne down before--with a grand sweep of his hand-- he cuts himself the jack of diamonds.

"Shit," Gwen says polishing off the rest of her champagne knowing whatever he has in mind for her will be done easier if she is buzzed.

"OK so what are you going to make me do Mr. Lucky?"

"Let's see. Oh, I know. This is an oldie, but a goodie. How about you stand up, strip off your clothes and dance naked on the coffee table."

At first, Gwen actually giggles at such an outrageous suggestion. "No way am I doing that, Lance."

"But you lost, fair and square, Aunt Gweny. You have to."

"No way. Pick something else."

"Alright, what if you don't have to dance naked. You can leave your bra and panties on."

"Still no, hon. I mean, when you said crazy and impulsive I didn't think you would go that far, Lance."

"Fine, compromise then."

"Let's hear it."

"You, ahh, just have to take off either your jeans or your blouse."

"Really no, Lance."

"Oh come on don't be a --"

"Fine, but I get to choose. And I'm not going to stand on the coffee table and do it and I am not going to dance. I will do it just sitting here on the couch."

"Fine, but if you aren't going to stand on the coffee table and you get to choose whatever you take off it stays off for the rest of the night."

Gwen thinks of arguing but she is starting to get a bit tipsy from the champagne and decides what the hell. "OK, fine. Shit you are a tough compromiser," Gwen says starting to unbutton her blouse.

"So you are choosing to take off your blouse, Aunt Gweny."

"Obviously."

She wonders if he had been given the chance to pick either her jeans or her blouse to remove which one would it have been. As the last buttons of the blouse come undone, Gwen also speculates if he will like the pretty maroon bra she is wearing.

It's the exact one Denise gave her as a gift those many long years ago. Every time she has worn it—a sum total of two times that is—something exciting has happened . . . sexually. This is the first time she put it on since that enchanted night with Michael 18 years ago.

Honestly, she was not even sure why she pulled it out of the special box she kept it in at the top of the closet, and packed it away for this trip; except maybe in the back of her mind she knew something special might happen with Lance—tonight—if she wore the Devil's bra.

He must be reading her mind because he quickly tells her, "You know Aunt Gwen, given the choice, I would have asked you to remove your blouse also."

"Well, I just hope you are not too disappointed with our choice then, hon," she tells him quietly while slipping the blouse off and letting it casually fall on the couch.

"Hmm, hardly disappointed, especially considering how pretty your bra is Aunt Gweny. That is like . . . wow!"

"Well I am glad you like it. I picked it out to wear special for you tonight, of course."

"Sarcasm, I like that. You are showing a little spunk tonight."

"Again, glad you approve. So now what? It's not exactly warm in this cabin you know."

"I will get the fire going and then we can sit and cuddle. Being in my arms will warm you up immensely Auntie."

"Oh I am sure of that Lance."

A few minutes later the fire is roaring and after a brief argument Gwen agrees to let Lance cuddle her on the couch.

"I bet Luke never cuddles with you?" he says snuggling her even tighter against his body.

"No, he doesn't." She takes another large swallow of her champagne, and then allows herself to relax against him, liking the warmth of his body as he snakes an arm around her shoulder.

She is just starting to unwind when she feels his fingers dancing across her bare belly, before carefully weaving their way northward toward her chest. It feels good and scary all at once.

Scary wins out as she lifts up and swats his hands away complaining, "No playing like that, Lance."

His reaction was wholly unexpected. "I will give you a reason to swat my hands away, Auntie Gwen." Catching her off guard, he starts to tickle her as she falls away trying in vain to escape his hands.

Tickling has always been a real weak point of hers and he knows this. At one time, when he was quite a bit younger than he is now, they used to play many a tickle game.

"No . . . no . . . no," she cries in between peals of laughter before rolling off the couch and hitting the floor with a heavy thud. He is on her in an instant. She is slow to defend herself thanks to the champagne as his roving hands assault her bare mid-section.

"Stop, please, Lance. I am begging you," she wails as he looms over her. Somehow she manages get to her feet after extracting herself from his latest assault which included an ominous attack on her bra strap. She struggles to her feet slapping his hands away giggling the whole time.

Lance advances on her slowly, ignoring her pleas to stop. She backs around the coffee table before dashing toward the open door of the bedroom with him in hot pursuit.

He chases her around the bed once before he finally gets close enough to make a diving leap. They end up sprawling onto the large bed in a heap of laughter.

Lance, the chase only enhancing his already out-of-control behavior, tries to aggressively undo her jeans. Gwen frantically swipes at his hands before managing to kick herself free.

She just manages to escape his grasp and is to her feet once more, heading for the door, when, in one swift move, he leaps off the bed, and grabs her from behind and easily picks her up. After twirling her around once, obviously showing off, he tosses her onto the bed.

She hits the bed with a thump knowing now he is too fast, too strong, and too agile for her to ever hope to escape. Besides her strength is waning as the initial rush of adrenaline is wearing off.

Nothing left to do now but beg for mercy. "Please, Lance, honey, no more." He crawls up onto the king size bed, advancing toward her slowly with a most mischievous smile stuck on his handsome face, as she sits, facing him, scooting away on her butt. Reaching the edge of the bed, she is trapped, especially since he is between her and the doorway.

"Pleeeasse, Lance."

He stops, the smile disappearing. "Fine. I will stop long enough, to negotiate your surrender, Auntie Gwen." He pauses, extending a hand to her. "Truce."

"Truce accepted," she says formally. "But can we discuss this back on the couch." Being alone with him on the bed is too close to the danger zone for her comfort.

He generously allows that they can negotiate back in the living room. As he helps her to her feet, Gwen smiles, secretly thrilled she can illicit such aggressive behavior from him.

They sit back down on the couch. "I will give you a choice . . . A or B of which way this goes.

"So tell me my choices sweetheart and try to be generous OK."

"Calling me 'sweetheart' I like that. Trying to butter me up, Auntie Gwen?" He refills her glass with champagne.

"I think I have had enough."

"Nonsense, drink now or I resume hostilities," he tells her flatly.

"Fine, fine. You are a tough." She takes a hearty swallow of champagne before speaking again. "So tell me these choices."

"Choice A . . . You submit willing to a nice, sweet massage. No tickling, I promise . . . but you have to totally surrender to me. No trying to swat my hands away, no running away, no verbal protests. In other words, no acts of aggression either verbally or physically."

"Complete surrender in other words," she says before finishing off her champagne.

"Yes . . . complete."

"OK so tell me about choice B."

"Oh that is simple. Choice B is simply you denying Choice A, and I resume hostilities immediately."

She watches carefully as he drains a fresh glass of champagne in one easy gulp while understanding the drunker he gets the more likely he will become even more playfully aggressive with her.

"Well it seems I have no choice but to take A, but can you give me a minute or two to think it over."

"The offer expires in 30 seconds and then I resume hostilities. Clock starts now." He starts counting down in a loud whisper.

"OK if I accept I have a couple small terms myself that you must agree to."

"Tell me. 25 seconds to deadline expiration."

"OK, number one. You have to promise me no more trying to undo my bra and number two, no more trying to undo my jeans. Those guarantees must be . . . ironclad."

"Fine I give you those two guarantees, but no more. Only 10 seconds before the deadline expires."

"OK, I accept," she giggles loving how serious he is taking their "negotiations".

"Now to seal the treaty we both must partake in a bit of smoke from the peace pipe."

"Really, a peace pipe. I don't smoke and I don't see a pipe."

He gets up, striding over to his gym bag sitting in the corner of the living room. Smiling at her, he pulls out a large purple bong and a bag of weed.

"Really, Lance, your damn pipe is a bong. I have not smoked pot since college," she replies wondering just how high he plans on getting her.

Two massive hits later the question is answered emphatically—pretty damn high. She is floating especially after downing yet another glass of champagne to sooth her burning throat.

Lance carefully gives her a nice massage being mindful of his promises to her. She also keeps her promise and does nothing even as his hands glide off her lower back and come dangerously close to her sweet little ass.

Lance, kneeling on the floor next to the couch, uses his strong hands to carefully work his way up and down her back. He feels emboldened when she does nothing after his probing hands come so close to her butt. He is feeling brave enough, or maybe drunk enough to really test the boundaries of their brokered peace.

His hands slide down and glide across her tight jeans giving her ass a quick squeeze. He just could not help himself as he has been staring at his aunt's ass the whole time packaged so nicely in those tight as hell Levi's. Her reaction is instant and unthinking. She turns and swats his hands away as they were going in for a second run.

"Hey, none of that!!"

"Oh shit, you just violated the agreement," he cries jumping to his feet.

"But you were grabbing my ass, Lance!"

"So that was never on your 'do not touch' list. I have done nothing wrong to dishonor the peace we made here tonight," he says striking a formal tone.

"But still. You ca--"

He cuts her off swiftly. "Nonsense, you broke the peace now must pay the price."

He falls on her like a jackal, first easily flipping her onto her back, before molesting with untamed malice her vulnerable bare tummy. She is too high, too drunk to defend herself adequately against this new attack.

She stares up at him, reduced to begging once again. "Mercy . . . please show mercy," she cries and laughs all at once. "I'm sorry . . . you caught me off guard."

"I will show you mercy if you sit up and stop fighting me."

Sitting up she cries, "OK, OK, I submit."

Lance gets up marching purposefully across the room. He reaches into his gym bag and pulls out a roll of white athletic tape. Bouncing the tape up and down in his hand, he crosses the room again with a sly smile on his handsome face.

"You have broken the trust. I wasn't finished with your massage and by all rights I should get to finish."

"Yes, yes you should," she answers in a small voice wondering what he might be up to with the tape.

"But you are not to be trusted. I must do something about those disobedient hands of yours. Put them behind your back."

"You will still honor your earlier ironclad guarantees to me Lance if I submit."

"Yes, of course. I am a man of my word."

Against her better judgement, she meekly submits curiously excited about just how far he is going to take this new little game they are playing.

Lance quickly secures her hands with the tape before settling down behind her. Whispering in her ear, he offers her another game of chance.

"Just to show you I am a gentleman I will give you a chance to get out of this even."

"Even? What do mean?"

"Another game of chance. Same as before, but I will give you even more generous odds."

He stands up and grabs the deck of cards and starts to thumb through them. He removes all of the Aces, three of the twos, and three of the threes. "There I have removed ten of your low cards. Last time it was only six."

"And what about on your turn. Are you going to remove some of your high cards? More than last time?"

"Of course. Last time it was what, one each of king, queen, jack and ten. This time I will give you even better odds by removing all four of my kings, three of my queens, two of my jacks and one ten. Ten high cards in all removed compared to only four last time. Accept?"

"Maybe, what is the wager?"

"Your reward is I set you free immediately. No more tickling. I promise. You will be released free and clear."

"And you promise to behave the rest of the night, Lance?"

"On my honor, Auntie."

"That sounds good, but what am I risking?"

"Only the same as last time. I get to finish the massage and then when it's done you must do something crazy and impulsive again of my choosing."

"Oh is that all? God knows what you could ask me to do next."

"Still unsure. I will sweeten the deal even more. I will let you draw twice giving you two chances to beat me. Feeling brave, Auntie Gweny . . . or scared. The odds are stacked in your favor."

"I am not scared. I accept, but how can I draw being restrained."

"Easy I will draw for you. You have let me see . . . 42 cards just tell me how deep you want the cut by exact number and that will be your card."

She agrees as he carefully shuffles the deck while smiling all the while at her. Again, he has that uncanny feeling he will win even with the odds so stacked against him.

She got a six and a nine on her two tries. He got one of his three remaining tens. Again she loses as he cries out, "Ha now I get to finish my massage and then . . ."

"And then what are you going to make me do?"

"Hmm, have not decided yet. Massage first, then we shall see."

He slips behind her, nudging her forward so she is sitting on the very edge of the couch before starting to knead her shoulders back and forth before letting his hands slip down. They dance across her back before slipping around to trace small circles on her bare tummy and then back up her arms.

He is going slow letting the tension build. Over her shoulders, down her back, and then around her tummy his hands stroke her bare skin. They are slowly rising, all ten of his fingers, to the small rise of her breasts. She begins to squirm sure he has no intentions of stopping, but he does stop, almost disappointing her, just bare inches from her bra . . . before beginning to rise again causing a stirring deep in her soul.

Finally, his fingers travel right up to the edge of her bra before stopping. Moving his mouth to her neck, he showers it with the sweetest and softest of kisses before whispering in her ear.

"You ready to hear the crazy and impulsive thing I want you to do, Aunt Gweny?"

"Yes."

"I want you to put something in your mouth."

"W-what?"

"A surprise. Remember you agreed to this."

"I did," she whispers resigning herself to her fate.

He strides across the room to his gym bag returning with a pair of his spare long red baseball socks.

"What are you going to make me eat your dirty socks, Lance," she asks with a laugh.

"Don't worry they are clean and besides they are not for your mouth but for your eyes. I mean it won't be a surprise if you can see what I am going to stick in your mouth right Auntie Gwen?"

"I suppose not," she murmurs as her vision is cut off by him winding one of the long socks around her eyes.

She thinks of protesting, but knows that is probably just what he wants her to do. She decides instead to surprise him and play along with nary a protest.

He leaves again. She strains to hear where he went. As best as she can tell he went into the kitchen maybe. He is not gone long returning only a few seconds later. "Now on your knees, Auntie Gwen."

She hesitates as her mind makes the connection. Could he? Would he dare? Do the unthinkable. "I said on your knees." He grabs her arm and roughly pushes her off the couch and onto her knees.

"Open your mouth . . . now!!" His voice is rough and tinged with excitement.

Gwen opens her mouth still sure he won't do the unthinkable. But then again this is Lance, who has always been extremely bold and daring, so just maybe he would do the unthinkable. Not knowing for sure just makes it all the more exciting.

Something rounded and moist bumps against her mouth before sliding past her lips. For the briefest of seconds her heart races as she thought it might have been something else . . . other than the innocent banana he retrieved moments ago from the kitchen.

Two can play at teasing she thinks as she flicks her tongue out circling the banana once, and then twice, before sucking it into her mouth. She draws it into her mouth slowly, carefully, before pulling back. Flicking her tongue out, she licks at the banana while making a small moaning noise, and then adding to the fantasy, she twists her mouth around and pulls the banana even deeper into her mouth.

Lance is watching the show—squirming—his cock growing harder by the second when he finally whispers what the hell. She is obviously teasing the hell out of him so why not push the envelope.

He quietly unzips his jeans, and pulls his cock out his eyes stuck on his auntie's wicked tongue circling the tip of the banana.

It's a big banana and Gwen—knowing the effect this would have on poor Lance—takes a good portion of it into her mouth. She moves her head back and forth like the cheapest of hookers giving a world class blowjob taking the banana deeper and deeper into her mouth while adding some exaggerated slurping noises.

Finally, as she can almost hear Lance panting desperately, she bites the banana slowly chewing it. After swallowing it she whispers

coyly, "Umm that was good. Are you going to feed me the rest of your . . . big banana, Lance? Please honey . . . I want it sooo bad."

"Oh, yeah," he whispers back. "Open wide."

He moves up closer, slipping his cock up and into her mouth. An unsuspecting Gwen takes it into her mouth before realizing it's the real thing, but by then, it's too late.

Snaking a hand around the back of her head, Lance exerts just enough pressure to keep her head in place. "Come on Auntie Gwen you asked for the rest of my big banana and now you got it."

She tries to move her mouth away, but he twists his hands in her hair forcing her mouth forward while thrusting his hips up. His cock slides deeper into her mouth. By now she only has two choices left: bite it or suck on it.

Her reaction is spontaneous. She begins to suck on it knowing the kind of physical trauma biting would do to him. Slowly at first, with his powerful hand guiding her actions, she is helpless to do anything but play along although there is quite the wicked little plan forming in her mind.

She takes almost the entirety of his six solid inches into her mouth sucking on it vigorously before pulling back.

He allows his cock to just slip out of her mouth for a brief instant expecting she will try her best to resist him sticking it back in. If she does that will be it. He will have taught her a lesson about not teasing.

But then, shockingly instead, she flickers her tongue out, circling the head of his cock three quick times, before she takes him back into her mouth willingly.

The force he was applying to keep his cock in her mouth has all but disappeared as now she appears quite eager to suck on his cock of her own accord.

Lance looks down smiling as she pulls back once more twisting her tongue now under the rim of his head expertly finding the sensitive underside. She dances her tongue over it again and again before taking him deep in her mouth.

"Oh God, that's it Auntie Gwen, suck on it . . . please." Now he is the one begging for something.

Time for the grand finale, Gweny that will teach him a lesson, she tells herself.

She draws him deeper and deeper into her mouth slurping loudly until she is sure he was about to explode especially when he begins to moan loudly.

"Jesus that feels so good . . . I am going to cumm--"

Without warning, just as he was on the verge of cumming, she spits his cock out of her mouth. Jumping to her feet, she barks angrily at him. "Not in my mouth young man!"

A sudden wave of guilt overwhelms Lance as his lust quickly dissipates. He sighs reaching down into his gym bag. Pulling out a small jackknife, he uses it to cut the tape wrapped around her wrists.

Gwen quickly pulls the sock from her eyes, and puts her blouse back on sure that play time is over. She plops down on the couch rubbing her wrists wondering where their relationship stands now that she had his cock in her mouth

Seeing Lance looking so hurt and confused she pleads with him to talk. Retreating to the bathroom, embarrassed and needing to escape, he ignores her pleas to talk . . . that is until she begins to cry.

Hurrying over to her, he tries putting his arm around her, but she pulls back. "Lance I have to tell you something . . . it's serious." It is time finally knows the truth.

In a tearful confession she tells Lance everything. Almost. She condenses the sexual exploits her and Avery partook in with Michael

down to one single act of what she called "mercy sex" between Michael and Avery.

After her confession she looks at him trying to gauge his reaction. So far his only reaction seems to be stunned silence. Finally, she reaches out and uses one finger touching his cheek lightly. He turns his face to look her. Seeing the tears in his eyes melts her heart.

"Lance I am sorry. I should have told you a long time ago. You see now why you can't be attracted to me that way. I am your grandmother."

"It doesn't matter. I'm still attracted to you . . . deeply . . . hopelessly . . . without regret or shame. I love you . . . Nana Gwen. Fiercely!!"

He has questions, of course, regarding what really happened the night he was conceived, but decides this is not the time to ask them. He has other issues on his mind . . . like how he just had his cock in his grandmother's mouth.

"Lance," Gwen says interrupting his thoughts. "Your words touch me deeply, but how can a handsome 18 year old boy like you be attracted to his 52 year old grandmother."

"It doesn't matter. I have always been attracted to you and now that I know you are my Nana, if anything, I am even more attracted to

you. Look I gotta go pee and think about this for a moment. Try and get it straight in my head."

"Take your time baby. I will be here waiting for you," Gwen replies softly.

Moments after Lance disappears inside the bathroom, Gwen hears an unusual loud crackling noise coming from the fireplace and leans forward staring intently into the fire. There is something happening inside the fireplace.

There seems to be a figure slowly forming inside the dancing flames. Gwen sets straight up on the couch, blinking her eyes in utter disbelief, as a figure steps out of the flames.

It's the Devil. She is dressed in a loose fitting black satin robe. Her left hand has fire dangling from it.

"You are still on fire, Denise," Gwen says staring blankly at her.

Denise looks down, smiles, and shakes her left hand. The fire goes out with a small hiss. "So I was. Speaking of fire having fun teasing your handsome grandson . . . setting his heart on fire only to turn around and reject him? And, oh my, that tearful confession of yours . . . you should win an award for that!"

Gwen, being in no mood to engage in any sort of back and forth with Denise, ignores the question, instead snapping back, "What do you want?"

"Why nothing much. Maybe just to share in a bit of fun with the two of you."

"This is a private party. I don't think you are welcome." Gwen's anger is rising as she remembers how the Devil tricked her those many long years ago.

"You are not happy with our deal from long ago I take it?"

"My son was supposed to live!!" You promised."

Denise crosses the room, like she owns the place, and sits down next to Gwen. Blinking those captivating green eyes at her, Gwen observes how the ensuing 18 years has done absolutely nothing to diminish Denise's beauty. "First of all, I am the Devil . . . the King of Liars no? And you believed me? Whose fault is that may I ask?"

Denise takes Gwen's hands into hers stroking them lightly. "Mine I suppose," Gwen whispers trying vainly to pull her hands out of the Devil's vise like grip.

"Second of all, and maybe more importantly, while I admit your son did pass on, didn't I, after all, give you something in return for his passing? Did I not give you one incredibly handsome grandson, Lance, and one grandson slash son the sweet adorable Luke?"

"Yes you did," Gwen says in a small voice knowing she would not trade either Luke or Lance for anyone or anything.

"All right then. And as far as for me not being welcome." Denise leans back smiling disarmingly at Gwen. "Don't I get to spend any time with my grandson, Gwen? What . . . you get Lance all to yourself?"

"What do you mean your grandson?" Gwen demands growing visibly upset.

"It's really quite simple. Avery, your best friend, and Lance's mother, is actually my daughter, Gwen."

"I . . . what--" Gwen is too dumbfounded to finish whatever the hell she was going to say.

"Let me explain. How old is your best friend, Gwen? I lose track of time with so much mischief always on my plate you know."

"Forty-four, I think."

"OK so it was roughly 45 years ago that one night being a bit bored and lonely I came to this earthly realm and found myself a plaything for the night. A handsome young stud who I proceeded to seduce at some bar and then let him take me back to his place. He fucked the shit out of me all night long and I . . . don't know, I guess I had a bit of an accident, and allowed myself to become pregnant with his child."

"Avery?"

"Yes. I gave birth and then as I simply don't have time to be a good mother I gave her, quite ironically, to a Catholic Church orphanage. She grew up, went into nursing, met you, and the rest, as they say, is history."

"I thought for a long time she was your minion. I never dreamed she could be your daughter."

"She is my minion. Unwittingly maybe, but nevertheless she does my bidding without really realizing it. I have a way of manipulating people and things to my advantage. More I cannot say . . . will not say."

"So Lance is your grandson . . . our grandson I guess I mean."

"Exactly."

At this very moment Lance walks into the room. He comes to a complete halt when he sees the beautiful lady with raven dark hair dressed in the black satin robe sitting on the couch next to his Auntie Gwen.

"What the hell. Who is this? I didn't hear anyone knocking at the door. And it's so late?"

Gwen gets up hurrying over to him. "Shh hon, let me explain."

"Yes, you do that, while I go freshen up in the bathroom and then do a bit of rearranging in the bedroom."

Lance continues to stare at Denise as she strides past him on the way to the bathroom. Gwen steers him over to the couch and spends the next few minutes trying to gently break it to him that the beautiful creature he just saw was indeed a creature—the Devil herself, in fact. And then came the hard part: explaining how he was her grandson and his mother the Devil's daughter.

Lance still thinks Gwen is pulling his leg when Denise opens the bedroom door, popping her head out announcing loudly, "I see the boy needs a bit of proof. Send him here and I will talk to him, maybe show him a thing or two."

"You better go talk to her honey."

"But Nana Gwen you are coming with me right?"

"No I will stay here unless I am told otherwise. Trust me she is the Devil, Lance."

"She is right, Lance. I can't have her in the bedroom and ruin my surprise," Denise crows cheerily.

First five minutes, and then ten minutes pass, and Gwen is starting to get worried as all she can think of is the hungry look on Denise's face when she uttered those chilling words "Don't I get to play with my grandson too."

Finally, just as she was about to go check on him, Denise comes strutting out of the bedroom. "He understands everything perfectly now, Gwen, and is waiting for us in the bedroom."

"He is. What did you tell him?" Gwen demands.

"I don't reveal secrets hon. Please, no more annoying questions or you shall force my hand. Must I put on a display of power for you or are you going to be good and do as you are told."

"Seems I haven't much choice."

"You don't. Now, I have a present for you," Denise replies dropping a shoe box on the couch next to her.

"Shoes?"

"Heels to be precise. Put them on."

They were heels alright. The six inch platform sandals, adorned with small circular metallic studs all along the straps, are both sexy and slutty as hell.

Gwen slowly puts the shoes on hoping they won't fit as Denise stands there tapping her foot impatiently. Of course, they fit perfectly.

Denise smirks helping Gwen to her feet. "Jesus Denise I can barely walk in these things." Gwen cries clutching Denise's arm for support.

"I think that is why I picked them out for you hon . . . well, that and the fact I am sure Lance will enjoy them."

Gwen ignores the bait and instead only asks where the Devil is taking her.

"But of course to the bedroom my dear. Its playtime."

"You are going to make me do . . . something . . . naughty with my grandson, Denise, no way, I will not do--" Gwen yanks her hand out of Denise's grip a bit of sudden anger flaring up inside of her.

"Silence!! Your insolence will not be tolerated Gwen. Look, if you have regrets with a snap of my fingers I can put you back in my office to that very moment when you kissed me and sealed your fate. I will allow you a redo if you want and then you can take your chances with the doctors and your uncaring God. Of course, no more Lance, no more Luke, all that shall be gone as will your beautiful lifelong friendship with my daughter Avery. Decide now!!!"

Denise raises one hand ready to snap Gwen back to another fate if you only she agrees. Gwen stares at Denise knowing she is deadly serious. After a moment's hesitation Gwen shakes her head no, and allows herself to be lead toward the bedroom.

Once inside the dark bedroom the audible click of the door being locked seals Gwen's fate as she looks about the room unable to see anything in the pronounced darkness. She also finds it odd hearing the loud click of a lock as she simply doesn't remember the door having a lock on it

Momentarily thrown off balance by the both the silence and darkness, Gwen stands still waiting. She seems all alone in the darkness as Denise appears to have vanished into thin air. One

minute she was there leading her into the bedroom, and then as soon as the door shut, she was gone.

Someone grabs her hand and she jumps. "It's OK, Nana Gwen, it's me."

"Lance, why is it so dark? I can barely see a thing."

Lance takes her hand guiding her across the dark bedroom. "Shh, no questions. Her orders, just follow me."

"Wher--" Gwen starts to ask where they were going before she claps her mouth shut. If the Devil says no questions—then no questions.

A minute later Gwen is sitting on a comfortable high back cushioned chair stuck in the corner of the dark bedroom which seems much bigger than she remembers from earlier. Strangely enough, she also doesn't remember the cabin's bedroom having a chair in the first place. Even more strange is the instructions Lance hurriedly whispers to her.

She is to sit in her chair and dare not move from it. She is to make no noise whatsoever, and most importantly, make no attempt to interfere with whatever she might see. Finally, in one final bit of oddity, he thrusts a small glass of wine, she assumes it to be wine, into her hand and tells her to drink it right away.

Obedying she downs the delicious wine in one swallow. Lance takes the glass from her hand then whispers to her.

"Get comfortable Nana, lay your head back and relax."

"Hmm, yes I think that is a good idea." After downing the wine, maybe it was drugged, she suddenly feels extremely dizzy. No sooner does she rest her head against the cushioned back of the chair than she feels alone.

She whispers Lance's name, before reaching out to the spot where he was just sitting next to her. There is no response and her hands find nothing but dead air. It's as if he has vanished into thin air also. Gwen lets out an audible sigh knowing the Devil is playing tricks on her.

Closing her eyes she dozes off in a matter of mere seconds. A bit later, how long she couldn't rightly say, she slowly comes awake.

Blinking her eyes, she looks around the bedroom. It is now bathed in soft light coming from several flickering wall torches. "Wow talk about showing off," Gwen mumbles as the cabin's quaint former bedroom is no more. Instead, it has been replaced by a rendition of what could be a romantic fairy tale bedroom from some bygone era.

She can now observe the crush red velvet high backed chair she fell asleep on, along with a pair of elegant matching nightstands on either side of the bed. Both nightstands have two large golden

candelabras resting on them aglow with a half dozen or so candles casting an eerie glow on an enormous four poster bed with an overhead canopy.

Across from the bed, covering the entirety of one wall, is an old fashioned stone fireplace. Flames are dancing in the fireplace revealing a snow white square shaped rug spread out in front of it.

At first, Gwen could not hear any sounds, but then quite suddenly, she can hear whispers coming from across the bedroom. Turning her head, searching, she eventually spots them across the room sitting cuddled on a red velvet sitting couch.

Gwen wishes she could join them. The bedroom has grown quite cold since she fell asleep. She leans forward hoping to hear what they are saying, before she realizes it's not necessary. Although they are whispering, she can hear them clearly even from across the room.

It's apparent the Devil wants her to be privy to their conversation just as it soon becomes quite apparent that Lance has no idea she is in the room with them.

"I am sorry Nana Denise. I really don't think I could relax enough to enjoy a massage. It would be nice I'm sure, but it would also just bring back a lot of painful memories of . . . her. Of the way she used to tease me by giving me such nice massages before . . ." His voice trails off as he pushes himself up into a sitting position.

"Before what, Lance? Come on tell your Nana D. the truth." She fiddles with the tie on her robe before pushing up those rather ugly looking black horned rim glasses she is now wearing. In addition, to the glasses she has her lovely long dark hair pinned up behind her ear. It's clear to Gwen, she is trying to downplay her looks, but to what purpose?

"Before she would just stop the massage . . . abruptly. Just when it was getting good." After a pause to shrug his shoulders he continues talking. "I complained once, and she just laughed, and promised next time she wouldn't stop so sudden and that there would be more."

"Yeah, sounds like your Nana Gwen alright. Always promising more than she delivers. But there never was more . . . was there sweetie?"

"No, never."

Gwen hears him let out an audible sigh as he seems almost on the verge of tears. This sensitive side he is revealing to his Nana D. fills Gwen with a jealousy as she thought it was only reserved for her.

Gwen is also experiencing a fair amount of guilt for what he told his Nana D. was, in fact, the cold hearted truth. She did give Lance more than a few really nice massages over the years. But being the good Catholic girl she was whenever she sensed he might be enjoying her massage too much she would scale it back, sometimes slowly, sometimes more abruptly, in a manner that he probably thought was

her teasing him. In fact, it was just her being scared of going for what she really wanted.

"Oh you poor baby." Denise reaches out, stroking the side of his face with one of her long perfect blood red fingernails. Lance takes her hand and kisses it softly whispering, "Thank you for understanding."

"Oh I understand more than you could ever imagine Lance honey. And right now I understand . . ." Rising to her feet, she extends him a helping hand guiding him to his feet. "You are cold and in need of my love and comfort. Come, let's go relax by the warm fire and we can talk some more."

From across the room, Gwen just can't help herself. Her eyes fixate on her young grandson's bare chest. The way it ripples when he moves across the room sends shivers up her spine. She had never seen him looking so handsome, so purely desirable that is, in his youthful maleness as he does tonight here in this dark romantic bedroom.

Lance sits down on the large white rug in front of the fireplace shivering noticeably. "Jesus it's cold in your bedroom Nana D."

Denise circles the rug once, like a shark circling its prey maybe, and then sinks down next to him. "I know sweetie. I like it that way. It helps me sleep. But don't worry I maybe have an idea that will help warm you up."

"You do."

"Yes, although you already declined me once I am still hoping that just maybe you will reconsider and let me give you an extra special massage. One that I promise . . ." Denise makes it a point to stare across the room at Gwen for just a brief instance before she continues. "Will be so good that you will not be distracted by any bitter memories of your Nana Gwen. Unlike her, I am not afraid to push the limits when it comes to giving my handsome young grandson a massage."

Gwen wants to scream and yell, wants to tell him not to give in to the Devil's temptations, but she is under orders—orders she is afraid to violate—to stay silent.

"So what do you say hon, will you let your Nana D. give you a nice full body massage?" She removes those thick horn rimmed glasses while staring at him upping her beauty quotation by about a degree of ten.

Lance wants to say no. He had sworn a solemn pledge to save himself for his one and only true love—his mom's best friend—his sweet Auntie Gwen. He swore this pledge on his 16th birthday faithfully honoring it ever since. Knowing now she is his grandmother does nothing to his resolve in wanting to honor his pledge. His vow to stay celibate will remain in force until he feels there is absolutely no chance of ever being with her.

Up until this night, despite his boasts of being with many a girl, he is still a pure and wholesome virgin, despite being well past his 18th birthday. Those fanciful boasts were simply false claims designed with the simple hope that it would make his Auntie Gwen jealous.

He stares at her, his resolve to decline his Nana D.'s offer weakened, but still intact, when she patiently reaches up and undoes the tie that is keeping her hair pinned up. She shakes her head softly allowing her beautiful dark hair to come cascading down weakening his resolve even further.

Lances senses his Nana D. is trying to seduce him now that they are alone. He is not sure what the hell happened to his Nana Gwen as she simply disappeared. He remembers leading her across the bedroom and asking her to sit down. After that things started to get fuzzy. He remembers going to the bathroom, returning and there was his Nana D. waiting on the sitting coach for him.

He tried to ask where his Nana Gwen went, but his Nana D. simply ignored his questions and steered the conversation into its present direction. Somehow he seemed powerless to resist the change of direction.

After feeding him a glass of her red wine she got him talking while the distinctive impression that his Nana Gwen simply abandoned him came creeping over him.

Now, despite his Nana D.'s tempting offer, Lance screws up his courage, declining again her offer to give him a massage. Her reaction to being denied is not something he would have anticipated.

Tears from the Devil? Lance ponders if such a thing is possible watching her lips quivering as she turns her head away swiping a hand delicately over her eyes. Turning back she looks at him tears staining her pretty face.

"Oh, Nana D. I . . . don't cry. Please." He takes her hands gently into his moving closer to her.

"I lose again, I guess. All I wanted to do is just ease your pain a bit and make you forget about her. I really feel like there is a bit of a rivalry going on between us for your attentions and I'm coming out on the short end."

"No, Nana D., it's not like that. It's just . . ." His voice trails off as he contemplates if he should really finish his thought.

"Tell me what you are thinking honey. I sense it's important. Can't you be honest with me? Please." She squeezes his hand tightly as she gazes at him with those alluring green eyes of hers.

"OK, I will be honest. It's just you're the Devil aren't you?"

She lets his hands slip out of hers before sighing heavily. "Yes, honey I am, but well . . . It's hard to explain but I'll try. You see when I take this form, my human form as you see now I am as much human as you, as your Nana Gwen, as anyone."

"Really?"

"Yes, baby. Do you know what that means?"

Lance shakes his head no wondering if this "fear" of his beautiful Nana D. might be unfounded.

"It simply means I have a heart, like you. I have feelings and emotions, like you. I can feel pain, hurt, loss, jealousy; the whole range of human emotions . . . just the same as you." She pauses as more tears come spilling out of her eyes.

"Oh Nana D. please don--"

"Shh" Reaching out, she touches a finger to his lips causing him to fall silent.

"Let me finish. But most important I can feel love and that, Lance, sweetheart, is what I feel for you. Pure, undying love in all its glory and pain."

She uses the tie of her robe to blot the tears rolling down each cheek before leaning back and looking at him hoping her words have the desired effect.

"Nana D. I don't understand how you can love me. I mean we just met tonight."

"It's true we have just met tonight, here on this level of reality, but in truth I have been watching over you since you were born and in those long 18 years I have come to know you deeply, but more importantly to love you fiercely."

"You have?"

"Yes, pardon my words, but God yes, Lance and now, tonight, I am free to show you my truest heart which belongs totally to you."

Lance turns away stunned. Her words seem so sincere. If she is faking she is the world's best actress. He doesn't know what to say as he wonders if it really could be true—these kind hearted words of deep affection for him.

"I can see your confusion, Lance. I understand you are scared. It's natural being who I am. Maybe though I have an idea to show you that both my words and my feelings are real and true."

"How?" he says hopefully. He would welcome any chance for her to clear up his doubts. The truth is his own feelings for her have been growing in leaps and bounds ever since he first laid eyes upon her. Searching his heart he wants to love his Nana D.

"Lay back, relax and open your heart to what I am about to whisper to it."

Lance sinks back onto the plush rug. It feels incredibly comfortable on his bare back—like he is floating on a clouds formed in heaven. The irony is not lost on him as he senses her coming nearer.

He feels the lightest of kisses on first his forehead as the intoxicating smell of her perfume fills his nostrils.

"Does that feel real?" she breaths.

He nods his head slightly. Her lovely hair brushes against his bare chest tickling him as she moves her lips to his cheek. Her kiss there is sweet and delicate, before she moves to his other cheek, and applies another feathery kiss.

"And those, baby do they feel real."

"Y-yes," Lance manages to whisper.

There is a brief pause. He can feel her lips so near. She draws the tension out as she brings one hand up and delicately begins stroking his chest. His heart is thudding as her lips come down and brush his own ever so lightly.

The kiss, light and airy at first, sends sparkles of emotion coursing through his body. She draws back, one long fingernail playing deftly with one of his nipples sending shivers up and down his spine.

She touches his lips ever so tenderly soothing them with several graceful kisses before moving her mouth to his ear whispering, "You are understanding what I feel for you now, Lance."

"God, yes." His reply, silly considering who he is with, comes out before he can stop it.

"Good, but God . . ." Her tongue slithers out tracing a line around his outer ear before briefly dipping inside. "I think has nothing to do with this . . . because my sweetest little Lance, this love I feel for you borders on being so powerful that it's unholy in its strength."

Moving one hand up to his cheek, she strokes it affectionately as her mouth comes closer. Again that faint whisper of her soothing voice, so sweet and sugary, is like a drug to his soul. "One last kiss to make you believe."

Her lips are so close almost touching; his shuts his eyes tighter feeling lost under her wicked spell. She lowers her mouth to his as one finger dips into his belly button making him squirm.

Her tongue glides out of her mouth and slinks along his lips tasting his virginity. It arouses her deepest passion. They kiss; over and over again; Lance unable to resist the sweet siren song of the Devil's lips.

Her tongue dips into his mouth for the briefest of seconds making him quiver before she breaks contact. Pulling back she looks down at him smiling.

"You felt that baby? I know you did. Tell me!!"

"I did Nana D. I . . ." She twists one hand in his hair pulling on it gently making him sigh before he finishes his sentence. "Love you."

"As I love you baby." She reaches over and grabs a full glass of wine sitting on a nearby silver tray. He watches as she produces a small vial from one of the pockets of her robe before dumping the contents into the wine.

"What is that Nana D.?"

"Something to help you relax." She hands him the goblet full of wine. "Drink it down swiftly."

He sits up taking the glass-- hesitating slightly-- before bringing it to his lips.

"Love is about trust, Lance. I promise you will like the effects of my little magic potion. Drink it now, please honey."

He downs the wine in two large gulps. The added liquid from the vial has no taste he can discern and no immediate effect (I think this is right) as far as he can tell.

"So now that I have erased any doubts about my feelings for you, maybe you will reconsider and let me give you that massage?"

He hesitates meaning carefully considering his words as he doesn't want to hurt her again. "I wanna say yes, Nana D. I really do but . . ." He pauses, his steadfast determination to tell her no, is on very shaky ground, but yet it is still there. He senses his Nana D. may have more in mind besides giving him a simple massage. Moreover, he understands to give in to such an alluring temptation will be dangerous to his pledge to remain pure for his Nana Gwen.

She jumps on his hesitation. "But nothing. I thought you were an adventurous boy, Lance and that is why you found your Nana Gwen's backrubs so damn boring."

"Yeah, maybe you are right."

"So close your eyes and let your Nana D. take you on an adventure she promises will make you utterly forget about her."

Lance closes his eyes still trusting in his willpower to say no when and if the time comes. For now though he is curious to see how far his Nana D. is willing to go to get him to commit to a massage.

He hears something flash by first one ear, and then another, before there is a grinding noise like someone is tearing up the hardwood floor almost directly behind him. He jerks his head up, opening his eyes, just in time to see a wisp of smoky white vapor trailing from both of his Nana's outstretched fingertips.

"A bit of my devilishly magic hon. I had you close your eyes so you would not be blinded by it. Besides I am modest as I generally don't like to show off my magic in front of others."

"Magic? What magic?"

"Turn around and see for yourself."

He turns to see what at first blush appears to be two large black holes burned into the beautiful white carpet just over his head. He blinks, leaning closer and sees they are not black holes, but instead a pair of gleaming black iron plates. More ominously is the short iron chains and shackles attached to each plate.

"Are those for . . .?"

"An adventurous and handsome young man. Exactly."

Denise leans forward, grabbing one of Lance's wrists and forcing it back. He is too stunned to fight back even as he feels his wrist being forced into one of the shackles and then snapping it shut. He puts up more of a fight as she grabs his other wrist, but she is both strong and determined and quickly overcoming his struggles.

The Devil leans back, resting on her knees, and laughs as he tests the strength of the iron chains by yanking his shackled wrists ferociously.

He was about to demand she release him, beg even if need be, when she interrupts him. "Before you beg to be released you should understand one thing."

She starts to slowly undo the tie that holds her robe shut. After the tie comes undone, she leisurely opens the robe just as she begins to speak once more. "When I give a massage I like to be in full command and expect . . ." She pauses for a brief instant before allowing the robe to slip off her body. "Full obedience from my subjects."

Lance's heart gets stuck in his throat as Denise gets to her feet. The Devil has on a leather bustier with a zipper that runs up the front. It

makes her already sizable tits look even bigger. Complementing her bustier nicely is a pair of fishnet lace stockings along with a leather thong.

The Devil's whole ensemble is, not surprisingly--black-- including the menacing looking riding crop she is playfully slapping in the open palm of her hand now as she strides back looming over him with a wicked looking smile.

Lance is suddenly struck with two separate and distinct thoughts. One, he has never seen a woman with such an abundance of generous curves in his entire young life and the second, the scarier and more pronounced of the two, he never knew an older beautiful woman could make a younger man feel so utterly small and helpless, and yet so turned on, all at the same time.

Helplessly, his eyes become stuck on her chest. He is totally memorized with the way her black bustier bulges making it fairly evident his Nana has a pair of delicious full sized tits.

She slinks down next to him sipping on her glass of wine. While the clear liquid she dumped from the vial earlier may not have had an immediate effect upon Lance, the same cannot be said anymore. He is feeling as randy as a cat in heat. Is it from the vial or from the fact his Nana D. looks so fucking hot?

Denise smiles at him knowing it's both. He is mere putty in her hands now both emotionally and physically.

Much to Gwen's dismay, she can see this obvious fact over in her quiet lonely corner of the bedroom. It takes every ounce of resolve Gwen possesses not to leap up and go to her grandson's rescue. She just knows once Denise releases the full force of that heavenly body upon him all will be lost. Clinching her fists in frustration, she pounds on the arm rest imploring him silently to resist.

The massage begins as a teasing affair of words and budding anticipation. "I should mention hon, I, unlike your other more boring Nana, use much more than my hands when I give a handsome young man a massage."

"What else are you going to use?"

"Well for starters . . . this." Her tongue slithers out of her mouth and slides across her lips. "And then later I have a pair of big . . . hmm real big surprises for you honey. But first before we do anything I need to get rid of these."

She reaches up and begins to undo Lance's jeans.

"Nana what are you doing. You can't take my jeans off."

Giving him a bemused smile she whispers, "And are going to stop me young man." She yanks down his jeans ignoring his whimpers of protest before removing them completely and tossing them aside.

Even from across the room Gwen can see the massive bulge inside Lance's tight white briefs. Jesus, Mary, and Joseph he seemed maybe just a bit bigger than normal when earlier he was in her mouth but now that bulge looks absolutely massive and . . . delicious.

Leaning down, her tongue laps in circles at his bare tummy, making him squirm with anticipation. Carefully her tongue is looping its way upward to his chest where it playfully licks at his hardened nipples.

Glancing up at him, she sees the young man nearly panting with pent up desire. She moves her mouth to his and they kiss. Deeply. Savagely even, tongues stabbing and circling in wet and willing mouths. His youthful desires are overflowing as he gives in to his basest desires.

She breaks off the kiss pushing her body forward until her massive boobs are centered directly over his face. She carefully lowers her tits using them to massage his face.

As he feels the soft leather material of her bustier caressing his cheeks he lets out a soft moan. She slips down using her tits to massage his chest. He loves the way the soft leather feels against his bare chest.

Gwen watches, a burning resentment growing deep in her heart, as their writhing bodies are perfectly framed in front of the fire. She could have done all this for Lance if only she had been braver once

upon a time . . . and, well, if her tits were as big as bowling balls, of course.

Watching Denise shower him with such adoring and naughty attentions is maybe simply her rightful punishment for the way she teased him over the course of the summer.

It only gets worse for poor Gwen. Denise raises up onto her knees. Even though she is whispering Gwen hears her perfectly. "I think maybe you would like a bit more skin to skin contact, Lance honey. So . . ." She reaches down and ever so slowly begins to pull down the zipper on her bustier.

It's almost painful to watch how big poor Lance's eyes get when Denise's huge tits come spilling out of her bustier. Gwen actually hears Lance let out a little whimper as he watches helplessly as Denise picks up a small bottle of massage oil she stashed earlier somewhere close to the carpet, and begins to carefully spread a generous amount of the oil all over her boobs.

"Honey the oil is edible . . . cherry flavored your favorite, of course, but under no circumstances are you to open that mouth of yours and . . ." As she is whispering to him she reaches back using the flat end of the crop to rub up and down on the sizable bulge stuck inside those white briefs of his. "Suck on my big tits no matter how much you desire to do so."

Giggling, Denise carefully lowers her massive melons until they are bouncing up against Lance's face. She circles her chest, giggling all the more, mashing her tits into his face before raising up. Twisting her chest in a circular pattern her boobs bounce and jiggle against his cheeks before she leans back smirking at him.

Throwing one leg over him, she straddles the defenseless Lance thrusting her beautiful tits out at him. "I am afraid I have bad news for you, Lance. I, too, just like your Nana Gwen am a bit of a tease. If I catch you disobeying me in anything I warn you, she, shall be given a stern punishment."

Taking the crop, she uses it to gently nudge his face sideways so he looks over toward the corner where Gwen is watching.

"You do see that little bitch over there watching us with a jealous heart I'm sure?"

"Yes," Lance turns his head spotting his Nana Gwen. He thought they were alone, and now seeing that was not the case at all, he is doubly mad for allowing himself to be put in this situation.

Now he feels something else-- the sting of the Devil's riding crop-- as she brings it down swiftly swatting his bare chest. "Yes what boy?!" she demands.

"Yes . . . Master," Lance quickly replies hoping that is the right answer.

"You are a quick learner. That is good. Now forget about her and focus only on me."

Denise begins to lean down brushing her boobs against his bare chest moving slowly upwards.

From over in her corner Gwen fears for the ordeal she suspects poor Lance is about to undergo. Her worst fears are quickly realized as she hears Denise clearly, her voice sweet as sugared nectar, whisper to Lance, "Remember keep that eager young mouth of yours in check . . . or you both shall be sorry."

Gwen heart breaks as she watches Denise push those big beautiful boobs of hers right up into Lance's face mashing them over and over in a circular fashion.

Lance bites his bottom lip--hard--in an attempt to obey. He has never in his life knew such desire as he now feels to open his mouth wide and attack the Devil's cherry flavored bosom.

Denise spends the next few minutes patiently creating an atmosphere of pure pleasurable hell for the young man as she continues to use her massive boobs, alternating between rubbing them carefully along his chest, and mashing them against his face.

He lets out a few pathetic whimpers but somehow manages to avoid opening his mouth. Leaning over him, Denise starts to speak softly to him.

"Now comes your first test honey. In the next few minutes you are going to want to come so badly it will make your whole body ache, but I am warning you to do so will cause me great anger."

"Y-yes, Master. I . . . I understand."

"Hmm, we shall just see about that," Denise replies as turns preparing to give him a lesson in real teasing.

From over in her lonely corner Gwen is becoming afraid . . . very afraid as she watches while Denise's big tits bounce and jiggle their way down across Lance's chest and onto his tummy.

After hearing Lance let out an audible groan, tears begin forming in her eyes as she has a perfectly good idea what Denise is planning on doing with those big things . . . especially as she reaches for his briefs.

Modesty compels Gwen to look away but overwhelming curiosity forbids it. Gwen watches as Denise hooks two fingers inside the waistband of Lance's tight briefs and ever so slowly pulls them down and off of him.

Now it's Gwen's turn for her eyes to get big as she stares at her grandson's cock. It's standing up firm and proud, hard and throbbing, and looks to be utterly perfect!! She immediately suspects Denise has used a bit of her magic on that certain part of his anatomy.

Maybe it was that elixir she dumped in his wine as Gwen has never seen such a truly magnificent cock like Lance's. It's big-- without being too big-- and just thick enough to be fill a woman's sweet spot perfectly without pain or discomfort.

She then hears Denise murmur to Lance confirming her suspicions. "Hmm, yes, I see your Nana's magic elixir has done wonders for you down there honey. I hope the little Christian cunt is paying attention."

Denise turns toward Gwen. Her eyesight is sharp enough even in the semi darkness of the room that she can clearly see the look of wonderment on Gwen's face as she stares at her grandson's huge jutting cock. A smile spreads across her face as she can only imagine what poor Gwen must be going through. Over there. All by herself.

Giggling, she picks up the bottle of massage oil pouring a generous amount directly onto each of her boobs. "I need them nice and slick for the final act of your massage sweetie."

"W-what is that Nana D." Lance asks his voice barely rising above a hoarse whisper.

"Why something your Nana Gwen never gave you . . . a happy ending . . . but of course if you were somehow to be foolish and take it . . . oh pity the two of you."

She lowers her chest to his throbbing missile, and using her hands to mash her tits together, engulfs his hardness in a glorious plethora of oiled tit flesh.

"Go on baby fuck your Nana's tits and come all over them." Lance does nothing frozen with indecision.

"I said fuck them boy," Denise barks whipping the crop around and up harshly swatting him on his bare chest.

Lance obeys, only doing what comes naturally, thrusting his hips up and forward. The feeling is divine as the shaft of his cock spears over and over again into the oily warmth between his Nana's colossal globes.

Gwen watches, tears of jealousy forming in her eyes as she knows Lance could never lose that perfect cock of his like that in between her small boobs. Then fear, harsh and razor sharp, sets in as she sees Lance beginning to pump his hips up and down harder.

Christ what if he disobeys and cums all over her tits? Gwen thinks fearing the worst may happen at any moment. Denise, using her evil

powers to read Gwen's mind, raises up for a brief moment staring directly at Gwen and says quietly, "Then there shall be hell to pay for the both of you."

Turning her attention back to Lance, Denise smiles pleasantly at him. "Its OK baby, you can come now. Please I . . . I've changed my mind. That's it fuck em harder honey. Harder . . . and cum for me."

Lance suspects her trickery and somehow manages with an incredibly force of will not to lose it all over her tits. Fortunately the brutally pleasurable test is short lived as Denise rolls off of him.

His poor cock, throbbing with such hardness that it borders on being painful, squirts out from between her tits as Lance lets out a deep breath. He watches as Denise strides across the room, zipping her bustier back in place, over to his Nana Gwen.

After slipping her robe back on, Denise takes a clearly shaken Gwen by the hand leading her over to Lance.

"Now for the final test I shall be pitting grandson against grandmother in a supreme test of wills. I think this shall be a most fun game and you guys obviously like games as that silly little card game you two played earlier would indicate."

Denise starts to pace back and forth, the crop tucked under her arm like a drill sergeant as she explains this new game to them while Gwen cowers sitting on the floor next to the trapped Lance.

"Gwen sweetie, I task you to do whatever you see fit, whatever your little heart desires that is, to make your quite helpless and vulnerable young grandson here cum. You must make him cum within the allotted time of five minutes or I shall punish him so severely you shall forever regret not trying harder. There is no rules, no boundaries on how you achieve your goal other than the stated time limit of five minutes. Do you understand?"

"Yes," Gwen says gloomily knowing she must find the courage to somehow commit such a lewd sin. Then again she had already been extremely sinful with Lance once tonight so . . .

Denise arches one eyebrow at her as the crop comes whipping out stopping just short of her pretty face. "Yes, what!"

"Sorry, yes, Master."

"Hmm better." Denise murmurs sinking to her knees next to Lance. She carefully soothes his hair back while leaning over and whispering something in his ear that makes his hard cock almost instantly shrink back to its normal size.

"That is better. Your Nana must start from scratch I would think to make the game truly fair. Now Lance, honey, your task is quite the opposite of hers and also quite simple. You must not cum. If you do I shall be forced to punish her severely. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Master."

"Good then. I shall place the timer here in easy sight of all of us." Denise reaches into one of the pockets of her robe and pulls out a small sand filled hourglass timer.

"Now just to observe there shall be no cheating I shall be watching from close by and actually maybe I will even join in on the fun." Denise flips the timer over. "You may begin."

Gwen wastes no time. She is determined to be the one to get punished. She dumps a generous amount of the cherry lube, which Denise left conveniently within easy reach, onto both of her hands.

Dropping to her knees she goes to work quickly on Lance's relaxed penis rubbing her hands all over it. He tries closing his eyes, tries turning his head away, but this draws a quick rebuke from Denise.

"Look at what your Nana is doing to you boy. Not looking is akin to cheating and I won't have that!"

Lance glances down and sees Gwen manipulating his soft penis with such tender loving care that he is slowly turning from soft to firm. His growing firmness is helped by Denise who hardly sits out at all, instead joining in almost immediately she begins stroking his hair softly and whispering to him. He thinks it is so very unfair that Denise seems to be on her side, but he dares not complain.

"Hmm that's it baby get hard for your Nana, and me," Gwen whispers staring at him before running her tongue along her lips. She slips one hand down tenderly cupping his testicles. "I will suck you off really nice this time."

Stroking his cock with a delicate hand she wastes no time in taking him in her mouth for the second time tonight. Circling the head of his cock with her tongue she tickles his sensitive underside until he is rock hard. Then, determined to win this challenge she goes to work sucking on his cock like the cheapest of whores.

Lance manages to hold out for all of a minute or so as Denise whispers in his ear what a good job his Nana Gwen is doing sucking his cock. Watching her mouth bounce up and down on his cock while he is so helpless bound is a much more erotic experience than before when she was the one bound and sucking his cock.

Deep throating him a second time while jiggling his balls lightly sends him to the edge. Gwen then raises up letting her mouth momentarily slip off his cock as she whispers to him.

"Come on sweetie . . ." Her tongue flickers out as her hand moves up and down his long hard shaft. "Cum for me baby . . . Please . . . pretty please."

Her voice, so sugary sweet begging for it is what ultimately sends him over the edge. Just as she is lowering her mouth to his cock to take him inside once more he explodes shooting a geyser of cum that hits her square in the face.

Gwen raises up elated and horrified all at once that she just caught a face full of cum from her grandson. Denise claps her hand crying out, "We have a winner and it's the little Catholic cunt Gweny. Now go the bathroom and clean the goddamn cum off your face and then get your sweet little ass back in her so you can receive your punishment."

Turning her attention to Lance she crows, "Just couldn't control yourself huh boy. Your nana's blowjob was that good. Well I'm glad you liked it because now she shall be punished since you just couldn't control yourself. Now get up."

The iron clasps securing his wrists pop open as Gwen hurriedly departs the room and disappears into the bathroom. Lance reaches for his briefs before Denise deftly kicks them out of his reach saying, "Hmm, yeah, you won't be needing them for the rest of the night. Just put your jeans back on only."

While Lance slips on his jeans Denise moves around to the foot of the bed. Humming, she busies herself attaching silken restraints on first

the upper part of the bed's canopy and then the lower. Lance watches warily wondering just who the restraints are intended for . . . maybe him, but then again maybe not as it's his Nana Gwen that is due to be punished.

Lance does have to wonder for long as Denise pulls him over to the sitting couch explaining quickly just what their plans are for his Nana Gwen.

Gwen, having cleaned the sticky cum off her cheeks and lips and touched up her makeup, comes out of the bathroom. She pauses at the bedroom door hoping to hear some clue maybe of what she might be in for. The room is dead silent.

Pushing open the door slowly, she warily enters and spies Lance and Denise across the room, huddling together on the sitting couch. Unlike before Gwen cannot hear their whispers, but just knows whatever is being discussed involves her. They both keep glancing over at her and pointing, first at her, and then at the foot of the large bed.

Her heart starts beating faster as the room, after Denise claps her hands, suddenly goes dark and totally silent . . . and very, very cold.

It's almost as if she was now all alone in the cold dark bedroom. Just like earlier, one minute they are there whispering about her, and then poof! The next minute they are gone.

Gwen leans back against the bedroom door, and hearing it click shut, she turns, testing the knob and, of course, it is locked. Turning back toward the bedroom, shivering, she waits for something to happen.

Nothing happens; just silence and the utter darkness of the bedroom. Gwen deciding she must do something begins to stumble around in the dark running her hands along the wall hoping to maybe work her way around to the sitting couch.

Her eyes don't seem to be adjusting to the inky blackness. "This is not a normal darkness," she whispers to herself. No hon, it's the Devil's darkness and you are trapped in it. Gwen's response to herself provides little comfort. Making matters worse is the fucking six inch high heels Denise made her put on earlier. She still is not at all graceful in them. Stumbling and fumbling around in the dark she grows more frightened with each passing moment.

She stops somewhere along the wall as the silence is pierced by a pair of derisive giggles-- one distinctly male and one female. She whips her head around trying to find where they are coming from, but it's useless as the harsh giggling seems to be closing in all around her.

Pushing off from against the wall, she stumbles against the bed and might have actually fallen over if suddenly there were not two sets of hands clawing at her. She doesn't have time to react as a pair of rough masculine hands grabs one arm while a pair of soft feminine hands grabs her other arm.

Trying to defend herself in the inky blackness in her clumsy high heels is an impossible task Gwen quickly finds out.

"Hey . . . what . . . let go," she cries both excited and scared all at once. Her pleas are answered with a stinging slap across the face as Denise hisses at her, "Quiet, you are mine now you frigid Catholic bitch. Don't think I don't know how you abandoned me, and went back to praying to that impenitent God of yours on a nightly basis you slutty little whore."

If Gwen thinks Lance is going to rescue her, she is sadly mistaken; instead, hearing him laugh at the insults being hurled her way is downright chilling.

The laughter quickly dies away and is replaced by something even more chilling-- a loud ripping noise as her pretty white blouse is literally torn off her body. This is immediately followed by a pair of aggressive hands moving onto her tight jeans.

"I think we need a bit of light to get your Nana's jeans off of her Lance." Denise says before clapping her hands once. The darkness is immediately pierced by flickering light as the torches on the wall come alive.

Denise tears open the snap button on her jeans, before viciously yanking down the zipper. Gwen's tight jeans become stuck on her thighs as Lance pushes her back onto the bed.

"It's like these things are painted on, Lance. Does she always run around in such tight ass jeans?"

"Pretty much, especially in front of me. I told you what a God damn tease she is Nana Denise."

Gwen twists her head around ready to yell at Lance for heaping more abuse on her. Her planned protest is cut short when Denise produces a dark sash from midair. She twists it into a crude ball before shoving it into Gwen's mouth.

They finally manage to yank her jeans off, before leading her around to the foot of the bed. "Secure the bitch just as I instructed you Lance," Denise barks before leaning in close to Gwen whispering in her ear. "I suggest you be very submissive with your grandson or I will make you both pay."

Lance, showing little mercy, pulls her hands roughly upward and then proceeds to use the previously attached silk restraints to secure first one wrist and then the other to the upper bed posts.

Gwen, helplessly trapped to the bed, watches him head off to one of the bedroom's still dark corners. He is wearing just a pair of jeans showing off his bare muscled chest that looks spectacular in the pale light.

He returns holding an old fashioned large goblet. "It's wine Nana Gwen. The Devil's own special vintage. Drink." He holds the goblet up tipping the utter delicious wine down Gwen's throat forcing her to gulp it down.

After gulping the wine down Gwen feels so light headed if not for the fact she was tightly secured to the bed she might have actually fallen over. She lazily moves her head around trying to see what Denise is up to and finally spots her over feeding more logs into the blazing fire.

A minute later she hears the ominous click of heels striding across the bedroom floor toward her. She turns to see Denise coming at her. She has now donned a pair of the evil looking black leather boots sporting what must be a good pair of seven inch heels. She is carrying a goblet in one hand and her riding crop in the other.

"You gave her the wine."

"Yes, Master," Lance promptly replies.

"See what a good boy and a quick learner he is Gweny? If you dare disobey me and either act or speak out of turn the results will be--" Without warning Denise brings the crop down in a smooth swift arc slapping Gwen squarely on the ass. The unexpected blow causes her to jump and let out a small muffled whimper. "Painful."

"Now that I have your attention we can get down to business, but first go fetch her another goblet of wine. I want the little whore nice and drunk when we begin to play." Gwen is forced to gulp down another full glass of the potent wine leaving her totally inebriated.

"You have done a nice job securing her wrists, Lance. Now bend down and secure her ankles to the frame of my bed."

Gwen twists her head watching Lance take two more dark sashes from Denise before he squats down. "Stop gawking and spread your legs you Catholic Cunt," the Devil barks at her.

"Wider!!" Gwen tries to obey, but her efforts are apparently not good enough as she feels the stinging slap of that damnable riding crop in between her legs slapping at her thighs forcing them wider.

Finally, Gwen has her legs spread far enough apart for Her liking as she feels her ankles being secured to the bottom part of the bed. Then the coup de grace-- Denise cinches a dark sash around her eyes plunging her world into darkness.

Now she is indeed totally and utterly helpless-- secured by the tight sashes to the bed, blind, unable to speak, and totally naked except for her maroon bra and panties and her slutty six inch heels.

They leave her alone for a minute as she hears them bustling about the bedroom doing God knows what. She awaits her fate; shivering

as the bedroom seems extremely cold to her. They are not gone long though as she senses them behind her-- looking at her so bound and helpless.

It seems like a long time that they stand there staring at her. Gwen is having a difficult time gauging anything with any degree of accuracy after drinking down that second glass of wine though. She feels Denise come up behind her. Actually smells her first as she is wearing Opium by Yves Saint Laurent which is, probably not by coincidence, Gwen's favorite perfume.

"I sense you have something to say to us, Gweny?" Denise whispers in her ear before removing the balled up sash from her mouth.

"I hope you both like what you see," she spits out deciding to dive into the game with both feet. "What are you two going to do . . . rape me? . . . Master!!!"

"Rape? Really you think me that crass, Gwen. All you are going to get is your promised punishment for Lance losing that little challenge I had you both competing in not so long ago."

The Devil moves the crop around on her ass in soft semi circles causing Gwen to jump a bit expecting at any moment to feel the harsh sting of the crop instead of this maddening tickle.

"And then if you want, Nana, we will let you go." Lance adds.

"Oh but I have a feeling . . ." Denise moves closer bringing her mouth right up to her ear, "That you will be begging for something else and it won't be for us to let you go."

The crop slips up and in between Gwen's legs, stroking her pussy through the thin lacey material of her panties causing her to shudder in anticipation.

"Come on hon, up onto the bed. It's payback time for little Ms. Gwen and the way she teased you this past summer. You remember our plan?"

"Yes, Master."

Gwen hears some more bustling about then feels her bra being pulled away from her chest. There is a momentary pause before she feels the coldness of a good many small ice cubes being dumped into her bra. She hears Lance's derisive laugh and knows it was him who dumped the ice cubes inside her bra.

Denise from somewhere behind her announces, "A bit of coldness for you to enjoy my little ice princess. This was Lance's idea by the way. Payback for the way you so coldly rejected him for all those years."

Again her bra is pulled back as more ice is poured inside it. Gwen lets out a small moan from the bitter coldness that is enveloping her tits.

Before she even has a chance to try to talk her way out of this or defend herself in any way the sweet tasting rag is shoved back into her mouth cutting off any protest before it can even get started.

Gwen shivers from the melting ice inside her bra wondering just how far they plan on going with her icy torture. Lance knows how sensitive she is to the cold; she suspects Denise knows this as well. It seems She knows all of Gwen's weak points.

Then comes the worst punishment of all. Nothing. The room is filled with a tomblike silence that leaves Gwen wondering if maybe Lance and Denise have left her alone to suffer in icy solitude.

Gwen, panicking, struggles against the ties that bind her to the bed. Somehow the thought of being alone in this cold darkness is terrifying. The ties hold tight despite her best efforts, which, thanks to the numbing effects of the wine they forced her to drink, amount to very little.

The minutes slowly tick by. The ice cubes in Gwen's bra melt slowly away leaving it wet and clinging to her small tits. A feeling of overwhelming utter coldness envelopes her but it nothing compared to the anguish she is feeling for being left alone.

With her despair growing more powerful with every passing minute she is left alone, Gwen eventually hangs her head and before long tears are streaming out from under her blindfold.

"Oh poor baby. We are here." Denise lowers her mouth to Gwen's kissing her tears away. "Lance, now that you have made the poor thing cry, have you had enough of teasing her yet?"

"Not quite yet," he replies smugly.

"Then you may proceed with the second part of your plan. Here is your goblet full of ice."

When Gwen hears this she begins to struggle mightily against the ties not sure if she can take any more.

"Relax, I am here, honey. If you allow I will provide you with a little bit of warmth while our grandson has his final revenge on you."

Gwen relaxes just a little as she takes a chance by believing Denise is here for her . . . then she hears Lance's voice so full of malice that it chills her even more so than the earlier icy torture she received.

"Yes, Master, but that stupid bra of hers is in the way. Can't we do something about that?"

"Hmm so it is."

Lance smiles, watching as Denise brings one hand around to the front of his Nana Gwen. His smiles grows wider as one of her long blood red fingernails magically reshape itself so it has razor sharp edges.

Denise uses the one sharp nail to quickly saw through one of Gwen's bra shoulder straps and then the other. The bra falls open revealing her lovely perky tits to her grandson.

Shivering as she feels her bra fall away, Gwen's nipples quickly become painfully erect in the cold air of the bedroom. She tries to squirm away as she feels a pair of ice cubes applied simultaneously to her nipples. Denise snuggles up close to her keeping her struggles to a bare minimum as Gwen moans quietly.

Denise's hot mouth against her neck stands in direct contrast to the ice cubes assaulting her poor nipples. The icy torture lasts for a good minute before Lance apparently decides she has had enough.

Lance, his work done for the moment, settles back down on the bed waiting for the second part of their little drama to unfold. He eyes stare longingly at her tits eagerly waiting for the moment when he will be allowed to join in on the warming process.

Denise snuggles up behind Gwen, removing the rag from her mouth, before whispering something in her ear which causes Gwen to turn her face away.

After a brief pause Gwen answers. "Yes, please, Master. I'm begging you."

The stark coldness of the bedroom causes Gwen to involuntarily snuggle her body closer to the Devil. She likes the soft feel and warmth of Denise's bustier against her naked skin as she presses closer to the Devil's body. She also enjoys the sound of what Denise is whispering in her ear although she has no earthly idea what is being said as the Devil is speaking to her in Old Latin.

Finally, Gwen turns her mouth toward the Princess of Darkness and they share a kiss. A kiss that is anything but innocent. A kiss that instantly causes Lance to become quite firm down there.

Feeling the Devil's wicked tongue expertly exploring her mouth Gwen speculates if it is forked again like during that first night of passion they shared eighteen years ago.

Denise finally breaks off the kiss, gesturing toward Lance to position himself on the bed so he is directly in front of his Nana Gwen. Hearing a soft hum starting up from somewhere down and to the right of her, Gwen, for a brief moment, can't place what it might be before it abruptly hits her-- Of course, it's a vibrator!!

She squirms knowing what must come next, especially after Denise reaches down and savagely rips her panties off her body.

"Say hello to my friend . . . the blue dolphin. It likes to go swimming inside of prissy little Catholic cunts, like yours Gweny. You should be able to handle it as it's only about six inches in other words . . ." Denise pauses for dramatic effect wanting to give Ms. Gwen something to think about for later. "Much, much smaller than that magically endowed grandson of ours."

The blue vibrator, with its realistic penis head tip, slides easily up and into Gwen's wet and willing cunt after briefly teasing her inner thighs. Denise twists the adjustable speed dial at the base of the vibrator turning it up a notch causing Gwen to shudder.

"Oh God . . ." she cries out unable to help herself as the humming vibrator feels so good inside of her. Hearing his sweet Nana cry out is Lance's given cue to join the action. Lance flickers his fingers lightly over Gwen's cold hard nipples making her whimper even more.

The attack on her nipples begins just as Gwen feels another of the Devil's toys being inserted into her previously virgin ass. She lets out a loud gasp as the four inch smooth silicone butt plug slides up without warning in that most forbidden of all cavities.

The feeling of being so deliciously violated causes her, in conjunction with the vibrator being expertly wielded by Denise in and out of her pussy at various speeds, to lose control.

She starts to whine, sounding much like a desperate little school girl. "Oh God . . . what are you doing to me. Don't stop. Pleaaaaaseee . . ."

The whining little school girl act turns the Devil on immensely. Determined to make the prissy little Gwen beg even harder, she turns the blue dolphin up another notch while pushing it in and out of her pussy teasingly slow.

Denise now adds the riding crop to the mix playfully slapping Gwen's ass while shoving the blue dolphin harder and deeper inside her while Lance is sucking on her tits with reckless abandon.

Letting the crop fall out of her hand, Denise brings her mouth around to Gwen's throat. The ensuing kiss finds Gwen's sweet sensitive spot just at the very moment the vibrator is turned up full blast and just as Denise starts to move the butt plug in and out of her ass.

"Kiss your nana now, Lance. Show us your pent up passion," Denise whispers to him.

Lance moves his mouth to his nana's sharing a series of kisses that border on being brutal such is the raw passion between them. Gwen is just about to tip over the edge when the Devil, suspecting her

prisoner is on the verge of a powerful orgasm, reaches down and turns the toy off, before yanking it out of her pussy.

As soon as she feels her orgasm being snatched away at the very last possible moment, Gwen begins to whine. "Please, Master, I need to-
_"

The Devil brings her lips to Gwen cutting off her protest with a delicate kiss before whispering, "Not just yet my little Christian whore."

"But . . ."

"Shh, Gweny, let's get you loose and then we can talk about it."

Denise and Lance quickly undo the sashes that bind Gwen to the bed before leading her over to the thick rug in front of the fireplace. The two women sink down to the thick carpet while Lance retreats to the nearby sitting couch.

"Oh you were so close huh, baby, so, so close." Denise tells Gwen in a light teasing whisper.

"Yes, Master, I was so close and then you stopped." Gwen, couching her reply in soft undertones, tries to hide the abject disappointment from her voice.

From the couch Lance watches them whispering to one another other. He understands his role perfectly-- he is a mere pawn in this game, and whatever they decide he shall be forced to comply. He leans forward straining to hear their whispers.

"And what honey? Tell me, I am listening. I know you have more to say." The Devil tenderly strokes Gwen's hair while turning those bewitching green eyes upon her. "Please tell me. Your punishment is over now."

Gwen falls under the spell of those alluring green eyes spilling her guts. "The teasing . . . it was cruel, especially from Lance." She glances up at him giving him a sad look before turning back to Denise.

"And then you teased me even more, Master, until I was so close. It has been so long since I came. Since I was intimate with anyone. 18 years. I made a solemn pledge to . . . Him and to myself."

"To your idiot God you mean."

"Yes, never to have sex again after what happened to Michael."

"And you had honored that pledge for 18 long lonely years."

"Yes, until tonight which only makes me realize how much I have missed it. Please I need . . ." Gwen begins patiently and then stops determined not to demean herself by begging.

"Yes, you both want and need more hon, but most of all you need to cum?" The Devil answers for her.

"Yes. Badly. Very badly."

"But how is the question."

Gwen finds herself being pulled into the womb of evil that is Denise's wicked embrace. She snuggles her face down against the soft leather of the bustier. Denise strokes her hair tenderly while whispering to her much like one would an innocent little child. "A better question might be what do you really need? Do you need someone to make sweet love to you, or do you want to get fucked hard and fast like a cheap little tramp."

When Gwen says nothing in response Denise reaches down and strokes her face lightly. "Go on tell me. Tell the Princess of Pleasure what you need sweetie."

Gwen sighs before answering. Lance, leaning so far forward in an effort to better hear, nearly topples off the small couch. His Nana's voice is soft and she seems on the verge of tears.

In one long breathless sentence, Gwen lets it all go. "What I need is for you to stop teasing me and fuck me . . . now. I am so goddamn horny. Please just fuck me, Denise. And him too and your toys. I want it all and I want to be submissive once again where I am so helpless to whatever you want to do to me."

Denise smiles at her whispering, "I think that can be arranged."

Denise motions Lance to join them on the rug. After gently placing Gwen on her hands and knees, Denise applies the shackles to her ankles while Lance secures her wrists leaving Gwen tightly secured to the floor on her hands and knees.

"Now spread your legs sweetie. Nice and wide as your young grandson is going to watch the Devil eat that sweet little Christian cunt of yours until you are begging for more like the cheapest of harlots."

Denise positions herself flat on her back her face perfectly placed under Gwen's pussy. She uses the crop to slap Gwen's ass forcing her cunt down towards her waiting mouth.

Denise's tongue snakes out of her mouth lapping hungrily at Gwen's waiting cunt. Lance lies back against a large round pillow making himself comfortable as he watches his one nana eat the other one out.

The Devil, using her tongue like a skillful artist, licks poor Gwen to the edge of climaxing several times before pulling back at the last moment each time.

"Oh God, please stop teasing me Master. You promised to make me cum," Gwen cries out.

The Devil ignores her desperate pleas and instead rises to her feet striding over to where a black bag is resting on the bed leaving Gwen squirming against the shackles that bind her to the rug.

Lance leans over to comfort his grandmother while keeping one eye on his Nana D. curious to see what she has planned.

"What is she doing to me honey. She is such a fucking tease," Gwen whines.

"Yes, just like you Nana Gwen." He glances across the room and smiles before continuing. "But I have a feeling the teasing is pretty much over with. I think you about to be pleased. I . . . ahh . . . just hope you are ready."

Denise is slowly slipping on a huge flesh colored strap- on dildo that must be a good nine inches long if it's an inch. As she starts across the bedroom toward them Lance taps his Nana Gwen on the shoulder telling her to look.

Gwen lets out a deep breath as she spots Denise strutting toward her with the huge strap on dildo hanging down from her crotch--gleaming in its whiteness in stark contrast to her all black outfit--looking like some kind of menacing weapon.

Gwen just can't help herself as she exclaims loudly. "Jesus . . . my God . . . you can't--" Gwen's breath is catching in her throat from utter terror and excitement.

"That's right you little Christian bitch. Keep talking about your God and Jesus. Rub them in my face."

"Denise I'm sorr--" The crop slices through the air slapping Gwen directly on her beautiful ass. She jumps at the sting and then again and again as Denise brings it down twice more in quick succession.

"Silence," she barks before grabbing Lance and yanking him to his feet. "Now stand here," she commands propelling Lance around to the front of Gwen.

Denise looks at Gwen and winks saying, "For the third time you shall have your grandson's cock in your mouth but this time you teasing little bitch." Another stinging slap is wrought on her ass as Denise moves around to the back of her. "You shall finish him off properly and receive a big load of cum in that mouth of yours."

Denise snuggles her "cock" just inside of Gwen's wet opening before pulling it back out making her quiver as she gets a taste of its sheer size. "But first before Lance sticks his cock in your mouth I am going to make you beg for it."

Lance's penis is throbbing with hardness at the glorious scene he is witnessing. His Nana Gwen, completely naked except for her heels, perched doggie style in the middle of the snow white carpet, shackled by the short black iron chains, leaning on her elbows, her ass sticking up in the air waiting anxiously to be impaled by his other Nana.

And then finally there is him with his rock hard perfectly sized 7 and three quarters inch penis mere inches from his Nana Gwen's quivering lips. He is about to have a threesome with his two Nana's. Nothing could be sweeter.

"Tell me you want my big cock inside of you. Go on beg for it," Denise hisses at Gwen.

"Y-yes, I want it. Please put it in me . . . pretty please. I need it soooo bad," Gwen says with exaggerated sweetness to Denise before turning back to Lance. She glares at him harshly before spitting her defiance at him. "But as for him, I won't go that far . . . I won't open my mouth so he can put that filthy cock of his in there again."

Lance looks bewildered at Denise wondering if she will tolerate this outburst of insolence.

"Hmm, the little bitch is showing some spunk. Well Lance she is obviously upset about the whole ice thing so I guess you aren't getting your dick sucked again after all."

"That's right . . . No more begging. If you are going to fuck me, fuck me you evil bitch but him . . . he gets nothing." Gwen clamps her mouth shut staring first at Lance before swinging her head around to glare at Denise.

Gwen meets the Devil's harsh gaze for a quick moment before closing her eyes and dropping her head—her mouth still clamped shut. She has suffered enough humiliation for one evening.

"Oh I think I like this new game we shall play. The old filly wants to be bold and insolent to her Master's wishes. I must break you . . . gently at first though as you are such a beautiful filly."

"And we will make her suck me again right Nana D.?" Lance asks eagerly.

"We shall see. You just have that big cock of yours ready and if the opportunity arises . . . be brave and shove it in her open mouth."

Gwen raises her head to stare at Lance shaking her head no while mouthing the words, "No fucking way."

The Devil is thrilled her game has taken such a turn with Lance and Gwen at odds with each other. Their underlying anger shall only serve to fuel the undeniable forbidden passion that each possess for one another.

Nestling up closer to Gwen, running her hands all over her ass, Denise uses the head of the dildo to tease her rubbing the big fake cock in soft circles against both cheeks of her ass before lightly brushing it up against her pussy. Gwen to shudders in anticipation, but still she stays silent with her head turned down and away from Lance.

"Lift her head up, Lance, and hold it there gently. Be ready to shove it in."

Lance reaches down with his hand attempting to gently turn his Nana's face up to him but she resists his efforts.

"Lift that head up bitch." Denise accents her harsh command with a forceful slap of her crop on the back of Gwen's head. She responds immediately lifting her face up, scowling at Lance, but still with her mouth clamped shut. He smiles down at her pushing his jutting cock within inches of her lips.

Denise pushes the bulbous head of the strap on just inside Gwen's wet opening before pulling it out and then slipping two fingers deep

inside of her moist cunt. Gwen lets out a hiss through her clenched lips feeling the Devil's fingers exploring her aching wet pussy.

Gwen is starting to get impatient as she feels Denise fingers stroking her clit in a most teasing manner.

She turns her head back toward Denise not caring if she feels the sting of the crop again barking, "Would you just go ahead and fuck me and get it over with please. Put it in me. Go onnnnn--"

Denise, sensing the time is right, gives in to her pleas and rams the dildo deep inside of Gwen fast and hard causing her begging to end in a long drawn out moan of ecstasy to which Lance takes full advantage of by filling her open mouth with his waiting cock.

Gwen has no choice but to suck on her grandson's cock now as his strong hand holds her head in place. Besides she is too lost in a world of pleasure as Denise carefully works the large dildo in slowly at first making sure Gwen is good and warmed up before she begins to fuck her proper.

Gripping Gwen hips, Denise grinds the strap on in and out of her ever so carefully while gradually picking up the tempo. Gwen arches her back trying desperately to get more of the nine inches inside of her as she starts to suck on her grandson's hard member in earnest.

"Lance pull that beautiful cock out of her mouth. I want to hear the slut moan and beg for the Devil's cock." Denise takes a step back letting her massive toy rest just inside Gwen's wet hole. She smiles at Lance as she unzips her bustier letting them big beautiful tits of hers loose.

"I want you to play with yourself, Lance, as you watch me fuck her. Keep that big hard gun of yours pointed right at her face though."

Turning her attention back to Gwen, Denise patiently uses one finger reaching down to stroke her clitoris as she pulls the dildo just out of her pussy.

"Now do you want more of my cock inside again honey or shall we just tease you all night? Yes or no!!"

"Please more . . . Fuck me harder, Master. I am ready. Please . . . go on and put it in me. Please," she whines, "I need it so bad."

The Devil, turned on immensely by the Christian slut's begging, grips Gwen's hips and without warning slams the dildo inside her over and over again making Gwen shudder from the impact. The two women soon fall into a wild rhythm with Gwen moaning louder with every rapid hammer blow from Denise's full-sized cock.

Lance is stroking his cock with an urgency that has him rushing toward a tremendous orgasm. If there ever could be a more erotic

scene-- his Nana Gwen chained to the rug on her fours getting fucked hard by the Devil herself, his other nana-- he can't imagine what it might be.

He really likes the look of absolute girlish delight on the Devil's pretty face while she slams the dildo into his Nana Gweny. But what really causes that throbbing meat missile of his to reach new heights of hardness is the way his Nana D.'s tits are bouncing up and down while she rocks her hips back and forth shoving the dildo deep inside his wailing Nana Gwen.

He is close to exploding. "I'm about to cum, Master," he says hoarsely feeling his cock beginning to jerk as his hand flies up and down the shaft of his cock.

"Stifle your pending explosion long enough to bury your cock in her mouth. I have an idea," Denise commands him as she reaches down and picks up the butt plug-- spitting on it for lube-- before shoving its four inches in Gwen's ass making her gasp just as she starts fucking her again . . . this time quite seriously.

Having all three of her holes filled at once sends Gwen into a frenzied state of debauchery that has her nearing an earth shattering orgasm. Sucking wildly on her Grandson's cock while Denise pounds away, rattling the chains holding her pinned to the rug, Gwen tips over the edge just as she feels her mouth being filled with a load of warm semen.

Denise releases the quivering Gwen from her chains as the three of them fall to the carpet. They cuddle for a few short minutes before Denise rises up to a sitting position announcing, "Well you two came hard. I hope you are both satisfied but what about poor little me, hmm?"

"What about you?" Gwen barks back aggressively as she wipes a bit of cum from her lips.

"A bit angry I see about the way we just used you like a cheap harlot my dear. Well, you will get over it. A good Christian cunt, like yourself, believes in forgiveness. Remember it's in the Goddamn bible . . . it's all about forgiveness in that stupid silly book."

"I am going to use the bathroom if anyone cares," Lance chimes not wanting to be a part of this little scene which he believes is on the verge of turning ugly. When neither of them respond he grabs his jeans off the floor, slips them on, and trots off to the bathroom.

"Yes, I suppose," Gwen replies willing her anger to go away as she knows otherwise the Devil will just feed off of it.

"So the question stands . . . What about me. You two both came nicely and I get nothing. Not very fair."

"Yeah, you of all people talking about being fair. Fair would be giving us a chance to tie you down and tease the hell out of you. How would that be?"

The Devil responds with a wicked smile. "Hmm, sounds interesting. Very interesting, indeed. I do think the games are not yet over for tonight."

And indeed, they aren't . . . not by a fucking long shot.

THE END