

THE HALLOWEEN HAUNTED HOUSE CH. 01

bob03567

Mother and Son get a helping hand from a spirit

Incest/Taboo

4.51

3.3k words

All characters are fictional and 18 years or older.

I would like to thank Lunarosa for the great editing work she did on this story.

The local college Justin attended was throwing their annual haunted house for Halloween, and this year was going to be the best since this year it was going to be held in a mansion that looked truly haunted. Mrs. Murdle, a long-time alumni of the college donated her house to the college upon her death.

The house was an Old Victorian style with three floors and an attic. Rustic in appearance but well maintained, the house was located at the outskirts of town and resided on 40 acres of land. All the antique furnishings went along with the property and the school was going to auction off the furniture in the spring

The group of students that set up the annual Halloween horror house asked if they could have their event at the mansion. The dean was reluctant at first, feeling that having such a thing at the house would cause damage to the property and its contents. The students assured him that they would move all of the furniture out of the areas they would use for the event, and fix any damage that might come from it. After hearing the students, the dean hesitantly gave his approval.

Justin, a typical horny 20 year old whose good looks and muscular build made it easy for him to score with quite a few of the college girls, happened to be one of the students in charge of relocating the furniture at the residence. He and a team of other students spent two weeks moving furniture from the first floor up the vacant attic, while another group of students prepared the first floor for their horror show. Justin's mom Trish didn't like the idea of her son spending so much time helping out with the horror house, feeling his grades might slip with him coming home late every night, but now that it was finished and the first show was the next night, she began to relax.

Trish was an attractive woman in her late 30's. She worked on keeping herself fit and enjoyed still being able to turn some heads. Trish and Justin had been abandoned by Justin's father just after Justin was born. The drunken bum left one night and never came back. Trish did her best raising her son with the help of her family and was very proud of the young man he had become.

That night, for the first time in two weeks Justin made it home for dinner. As they sat at the table, Justin and Trish made some small talk.

"So mom, how are things going at work these days?"

"Fine sweetie, just fine. I'm expecting to get a promotion this year if all goes well."

"That's great mom! I think you work too hard, it's about time someone at your job paid attention to that."

"Speaking of working hard, I'm glad you're finished with helping at the haunted house. I think you put too much time in over there."

"It's for a good cause mom. All the money is going to breast cancer."

"Well, still you should of come home earlier, I don't want to see your grades slip for charity."

"They're ok mom. This quarter wasn't that tough. So, you want to go to the opening tomorrow night with me?"

"Oh I don't know honey, I'm not a big fan of getting scared. I tend to frighten easily."

"C'mon mom, I want you to see how much effort we all put into it this year. I think it's going to be the best we've ever had. The house is huge and it sprawls out everywhere; we've never had such a big place to use before."

"Well maybe, but I'm telling you I get jumpy at these things."

"So does everyone else, that's the point of it."

After Justin kept pushing his mom, she finally agreed to go. The next day after class Justin came right home, his mother was home from work and had already made them some supper. After eating their meal they both headed up to their rooms and changed for the evening's event.

Justin put on a pair of jeans and a tee shirt, under a fleece jacket. Trish put on a pair of jeans and a buttoned light blue fuzzy sweater. As Trish looked into her mirror, she felt like a teenager going out on a date. It had been years since she'd done anything like this and even though she didn't care for being frightened, she was getting excited over the idea of doing something different with her son.

Justin waited downstairs for his mother to finish, as she approached him, she put her arms out and spun around.

"So how do I look?" she said.

"That sweater looks great on you mom. I've never seen you wear it before."

"Oh it's something I had in the back of the closet."

"Well, I think you look great."

"Thanks honey, you don't look bad yourself," Trish said as she made her way towards the front door.

As they approached the mansion a long line had already begun. But Justin didn't have to wait in line like the rest. Being a worker for the show had come with some perks. One was no waiting in line. The other, free admission for him and his guest.

The students were letting people in, in groups of 8 to 10. Trish got nervous as they began their tour through the house, holding her son by the arm tightly. As ghouls and monsters jumped out from behind every corner, Trish pushed herself tighter into her son, finding herself becoming more anxious as they travelled on.

Justin had never seen this side of his mom before. His mother had always been the strong person he confided in, and now she was acting like a scared, clingy girl looking for him to protect her. Justin was finding this side of her very arousing.

He felt his mother push her soft breasts into his arm as they moved forward through the dark maze. Justin put his arm around his mother's shoulder and she grabbed him by the waist.

"It's almost over, mom."

"Good. I don't think I could handle much more of this."

At the end, the hall narrowed and was completely dark, only one person was able to go through at a time, and as they proceeded through with Justin going first and his mother holding onto him from behind. Hands reached out from the sides and grabbed different parts of their body. Trish let out a loud scream and Justin turned to see what had happened, but as he turned Trish lifted her arm and caught her son square under his chin -- a hand had grabbed her wrist and Trish pulled away quickly, not knowing her son had turned around.

Justin saw a white flash from his mother's perfect uppercut. He tried to recover and exit the mansion but his vision was blurred. As he staggered out of the hallway, a friend from class came up and asked him if he was ok. Justin's mother was upset, she felt so bad about what she had done to her son.

"Oh honey, I'm so sorry I didn't mean to do that."

"It's...It's okay mom. I ...I...just need to sit down someplace."

Justin's friend said, "Hey Justin, through that door over there is the back stair. Why don't you go up to the break room and have a seat for a couple minutes. There's some ice in the cooler if you need it."

As Justin and his mom made their way up the staircase. Justin felt dizzy, and by the time they made it to the second floor, he almost passed out. Passing by the first door, Trish opened it and spied a bed. Trish helped her son over to it and had him lie down.

"Honey, please forgive me. I felt the hand grab me and...and..."

"Mom, please just let me rest for a couple minutes. I'm sure I'll be fine."

Trish looked around the bedroom, and in her rush she didn't notice that there was an unlit fireplace. The room was very large and Trish felt it must be the master bedroom. The bed her son lay in was massive, it had wood carvings on the bedpost and white lace drapes hung off the canopy overhead. The sheets and pillows were red silk and the room smelled like roses. Trish sat beside her son and put her hand in his, doing her best to try and comfort her injured son.

As Trish held her son's hand, she could see her own breath. Then, suddenly, the fire flared to life. Trish could hear someone walking behind her, she turned and looked around, but no one was there.

"What do we have here?" a voice said.

Trish felt a shiver run up her spine.

"Justin...Justin wake up," Trish said nervously shaking her son.

"What...what... what's the matter, mom?"

"I heard a woman's voice."

"Yeah mom I bet you did. They're probably in the break room."

"No. No, I heard it here in the room with us."

"Mom, please you're probably still thinking about the haunted house."

"Justin. It isn't that. I think... I think there's a ghost in here."

"O...kay mom. I think I'm fine now. We can go. Just give me a hand getting up."

"So Justin, is this lovely lady your mother?" the voice said.

"Holy shit!" Justin replied.

Trish began to shake as she attempted to help her son to his feet.

"Where do you think you're taking that young lad of yours, Trish?" the voice said as Trish felt something push her away from her son.

In the distance Trish heard the door lock and the room became brighter as the fire grew in size. Trish went to the door and tried the knob, finding it was locked she began to pound on it, yelling for help.

"No one is going to hear you Trish. I made sure we'll all be alone for awhile. Now let's see if I can help that poor boy of yours."

Justin was in shock. As he sat on the bed motionless, he felt his pants begin to unbutton. A force was pushing him back on the bed and his zipper was being pulled down.

"Mom, what's going on?"

"Please, let us go," Trish said in a begging tone.

"Just be patient Trish, I'll get to you in a minute."

Justin couldn't move, he felt something cold holding his wrists as his jeans and boxers slipped off his body. His lower half was now naked, in front of his mother. Trish watched in horror, as her son was being manipulated by the female spirit. Justin felt a cold hand run across his nut sack. It began to toy with his balls, rolling them around.

"Mmm...mom, what's happening? Ohh I can't stop this."

"Please...please, whomever you are. Let my son go."

"Doesn't your son look delicious? I can't believe you haven't had him for yourself yet. Look at that scrumptious cock he has. Mmmm, I bet he thinks about you when he jerks off that monster."

Justin felt the cold fingers grip around his cock, as they worked his dick up and down.

"Mom, make it stop... Please."

Trish tried to move closer to her son, but found herself unable to move. Something was holding her arms. All she was able to do was watch helplessly as whatever force was behind the female voice ravaged her son's body.

"Please, I'm begging. Let us go," Trish said as tears began to form in her eyes.

"Justin, don't you think your mother is hot?"

Justin looked at his mom but didn't say a word. His body began to respond to the ghostly hand as it stroked on his dick.

"Justin tell me what you think, or this is going to be a very long night. Don't you think your mother looks hot?"

"Ye.... Yes I think she's hot."

"Good boy. That wasn't so hard now was it? Have you ever wished you could fuck her?"

"No! No I haven't wished that!"

"Please boy, don't lie to me. You wish you could see those wonderful breasts of hers don't you? I bet you think about sucking on them all the time."

"No... You're sick," Justin said as his body lost more control.

"Oh I see your getting hard now. Is it because I was talking about your mother's breasts? Tell me, Justin. Tell me the truth."

"Mom, help."

"I can't honey. I can't move."

"Let's see what happens when you get to see them."

The buttons of Trish's sweater began to undo. Slowly one by one they popped, exposing more of her to her son. As the last button snapped, her sweater was pulled aside, opening the entire front to her son. Trish slowly felt the sweater being pulled off her shoulders.

"Please, what can I do to make you stop this?" Trish said.

"Nothing. You two will thank me for this. I'm going to show both of you what you've been missing," the voice said as Trish's sweater fell to the floor.

Trish struggled with the invisible grip on her arms, but to no avail. She couldn't break free from the frosty grip.

Trish stared at her son, as the cold fingers work the hooks on her bra. The bra fell to the floor and Trish heard a gasp come from her son's lips. Trish felt ashamed as she stood half naked in front of her boy, but the look in his eyes that once showed fear had changed to excitement. Trish felt her pussy twitch as her eyes caught sight of her son's cock being magically stroked. Her mouth watered as his cock head bulged, and little drops of pre-come formed at the head.

The ghost teased, "Ohh. You like mommy's tits, don't you Justin? You don't have to answer me, your cock is telling me so. Don't they just beg to be sucked? Just ask, Justin and I can make it happen."

Trish felt herself moisten as the woman spoke. She found herself fighting with her morals.

"Yes, I want to suck on them." Justin said as his dick pumped out a small amount of sperm.

"Justin!" Trish spoke in a shocked voice.

Trish fought her own urges, as her own son openly acknowledged wanting her. Her pussy dripped from the lust building inside her. "This can't happen," Trish thought, as her mind struggled with her urges. Trish began to move closer to her son, as she felt herself being nudged closer to him. Trish watched the lust build in her son's eyes as she inched closer and closer.

"Yessss...Look boy, your mommy wants you. She's trying to fight it, but her body wants you. Tell her your dark thoughts about wanting her."

Justin lost it; he didn't care anymore. "I want you mom. I've always wanted you. I want to suck on your luscious breasts mom. I want feel your pussy around my cock."

"Honey, what are you saying? I'm your mother. I... I...can't..." Trish said as she continued to move closer.

Trish was next to her son. Her eyes became fixed on his dick as it pumped in the air. Trish wanted to touch it. She was losing the battle within, her lust for her son grew and her body had taken control. Her hand slowly moved to her son's steel pole and took over for the female phantom.

"Yesss...Trish that's it. Look at that cock. It wants you. You can't fight your own urges."

Justin found himself free from the frosty grip. His mother's hand rubbing him off brought out his hidden desires. Sitting himself up, Justin moved his mouth to his mother's succulent tits. Justin engulfed her fleshy breast into his mouth. Sucking and licking on her, he took his left hand and began to knead the other.

"Ohhh..." was all Trish could say, as she lost control herself.

Trish worked faster on her son. She felt the sperm build and knew any moment her son was going to shoot his load. Her son sucking and pinching her breast made her have micro orgasms. Trish lowered her head down and took her son in her mouth, sliding his massive cock in and out of her moist lips. Faster and faster she sucked, his dick pumped in her mouth, as her son moved his hips, fucking her face with his steely rod.

"Oh. Mom... Uhh...I'm...I'm going to..." Justin said, as he took his hand and pushed his mother hard on his cock.

"Ohhh... Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" Justin's body quivered as his cum exploded down his mother's throat.

Trish wildly sucked on her son as his semen boiled out. She couldn't get enough of his hot jizz, as it flowed down her throat. Feeling him twitch and grunt, she licked the last of his seed from the tip.

"Mom, I want you," Justin said, as he grabbed his mother's head and pulled her closer to his face. They kissed passionately, their tongues inter twined, their bodies pressed together and the lust grew wild.

"Fuck me Justin. Fuck your mommy," was all Trish could say.

Trish worked on removing what clothes were left on her body, as he fumbled with undoing her pants. Wildly, they worked at undressing one another. Trish threw his jacket and tee to the floor, stood up and kicked off her shoes, and her hands quickly removed her jeans and soaked panties. Pushing her son back, she straddled his body and quickly kissed his soft, waiting lips.

Trish ground her pussy lips up and down her son's cock, working it back to greater hardness. Her juices flowed out of her, slicking up her son's dick as it pressed against her swollen clit. Faster and faster Trish ground against her son, feeling his cock harden under her as it toyed with her entrance.

"I want you Justin. Fuck me," Trish said

Justin's dick found its mark and ripples of pleasure raced through his body as his cock eased into his mother's womb.

"Ohh... Honey...Ohh, fuck mommy. I want that cock deep inside me." Trish slammed down on her son, working her hot pussy on his slick pole. The heat from his shaft was driving her crazy. She felt her orgasm build and her cunt gripped her son.

"Fuck me Justin. Fuck me."

Justin couldn't take any more, her pussy was like a vice as it sucked on his manhood, and his balls ached as his dick throbbed inside her. Pushing himself up harder to meet his mother's thrusts, Justin grabbed his mother's hips and pulled her down with every push.

"Ohh God I'm cumming....Oh honey mommy's cumming....."

Justin felt his mother clamp on his dick as his own orgasm burst inside his mother's hot cunt. His body tingled as his cum filled his mother and their sexual juices mixed together from their unthinkable act.

Trish fell onto her son as the last of her orgasm subsided. "What have we done? Trish said as she felt her son's dick pump the last of his seed inside her.

"What we wanted to do mom. I love you so much."

"I love you too honey."

Trish removed her exhausted body off her son, as she looked around the room. The voice had stopped and the fire had gone out all at once.

"Let's go home son. I think we have a lot to discuss," Trish said, as she searched around the now-dark room for their clothes.

"I think we said it all tonight, mom," Justin said as he slipped his pants up.

"I think there's more to say. We'll find out at home... In my bed," Trish said as she handed Justin his jacket.

"You might be right, mom," Justin replied feeling his cock already getting hard. As they opened the once locked door, Trish turned and looked back."Thank you," she said to the empty room.