

THE HALLOWEEN HAUNTED HOUSE CH. 04

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The spirit take over the psychiatrist's body.

Incest/Taboo

4.57

3k words

I would like to thank Chasp for editing this story for me.

All characters are 18 years or older.

Justin rapped on the psychiatrist's door as he steadied his mother's weak body, and was greeted by another young adult.

Kevin, Liz's son, opened the door, and gave Justin a hand helping his mother inside. As the boys lay Trish on the leather couch, Kevin introduced himself and told Justin his mother would be out in a moment.

Liz entered the room and couldn't understand why Trish was in such disarray. The drug she prescribed shouldn't have had that much of an effect on her.

"Trish, how many pills did you take?"

"I... I only had one, and it made me sleepy. That's when... When... When!!!"

"Shhh... It's all right. It's going to be okay. Just relax. I'm here to help you."

Trish looked around with unfocused vision and noticed the other young man standing next to her son. "Who... Who's he?" she questioned.

"My son, Kevin. It's okay Trish. He's aware of your predicament."

"How... Why would you tell him?" Trish asked, as she struggled to sit herself up."

Liz went to her patient's side and helped her sit up, while she explained how the group session would be with her and her son, and explained how she too had succumb to incest with her own child.

Justin looked over at Kevin and gave an expression that said -- *Way to go.*

Liz asked the boys to take a seat as she went to her desk chair.

"Okay, would you please tell me how your mom got into this condition, Justin?"

"I... I don't know. I woke up this morning, and she was already gone. When I came home, I found her on the couch mumbling words."

"Can you tell me what those words were?"

Justin paused for a moment and then just fired away. "Okay". "She said. Oh, Justin. Yes. Yes. Fuck me up the ass. Make mommy cum."

Liz glanced at her boy as her face went flush, and noticed him smirk as Justin went on explaining, using his mother's vulgar vocabulary.

"Oh God!" Trish moaned and tucked her head down as she began to weep, after hearing Justin's recitation.

"I'm... I'm such a whore! I can't even control myself while I'm asleep."

Liz once again spoke softly and calmed the confused woman down, asking her what had happened that drove her to want to have sex again with her son.

Trish explained how they had visited Missy, a friend of Justin's, since he was sure her mother was being possessed by the spirit they mentioned. And after they confronted Missy's "mom", the spirit had coerced them into sex again. However, as they were engaged in their lewd act of incest, Missy's mother seduced her daughter.

Things went crazy from there and when it was over, she developed this uncontrollable need to have her son again. It built up until she couldn't stand it anymore and when they were returned home from Missy's house, she ravished his body until she couldn't climax anymore.

And now her body still yearned to feel him inside her.

Liz was wet by the time Trish finished, and under her desk, she was lightly pressing her hand into her muff through her skirt to relieve her own sexual tension.

"Okay. Um. Justin, in your words, would you please describe what happened at Missy's?" Liz asked, as her hand pressed more firmly to her mound.

"It all happened just like mom said. Except..."

"Except what Justin?"

Well, when Missy's mom sucked my dick and I came, I felt the spirit inside me. And... Well..."

"Well?... Well, what?. Please continue," Liz said as her sexual desire grew deeper and her heart-beat raced.

"I couldn't control my own actions anymore. I watched my hand as it pushed mom's face to Missy's pussy, but I couldn't stop myself. And then before I knew it, my dick was buried inside her ass, and I was cumming again."

Oh shit... This is getting me so hot, Liz thought, as her wetness grew.

Trish once again replied. "Yes! That's when I felt as if I wasn't alone in my own skin. I still feel as if there is someone else in here with me. Telling me, things. Showing me, things."

"Well, before I make a suggestion, I think it is only proper for me to explain how Kevin and I surrendered to our own desires."

Liz went on and explained how she met with another patient and personally never considered the story she told to be true. Until she'd experienced it firsthand.

"I still can't believe it. All we all did was gaze at a mirror. The patient called it a looking glass..."

"Looking Glass!!!" Trish quickly said. "This woman has a Looking Glass?"

"Yes... And as I was saying..."

"Please describe this looking glass to me."

"I think its appearance is irrelevant at the moment," Liz said, but found Trish's extreme interest in the mirror baffling.

"Please... I have to know. Did it stand about so high and have feet that looked like lion's paws?" Trish asked, as her hand demonstrated approximately how tall it was.

"Yes. I think it was that high. However, I can't remember what the feet looked like."

Trish didn't understand why she needed to know this information. Nevertheless, her mind raced with more questions. And she began to feel a rush of excitement. As if she had just discovered a long-lost item.

Liz went on and finished her story and expressed how she felt her sexual desires were from the long period of not having a sexual relationship, and her sexual lust had taken over her rational side temporarily. This was the only logical explanation she could think of to have made it possible for seeing the images and to have experienced the mind-blowing orgasms.

Liz was super soaked now after spilling her soul to the entire room. She couldn't help but notice how her telling of the event also affected everyone else in the process. Both young men couldn't hide the bulges in their slacks.

Forcing herself to focus on her job, she suggested putting Trish in a hypnotic trance, telling her that if there was someone inside her, it could be another personality trying to reveal itself. She knew a person under hypnosis was more likely to let that personality out.

Trish agreed and Liz took a seat next to Trish on the sofa.

"Now just relax, Trish, and watch my pen," Liz said as she swung her pen left to right in a continuous fluid motion. Within a minute or so Trish was in a deep sleep.

Liz began to ask Trish questions, but she could tell something wasn't right as Trish shook her head from side to side and her body stiffened. Then as if Trish had woken, her eyes shot open and she gazed acutely at her.

"Hello, Liz. It's nice to meet you. Before you start, I would like to know something first."

"And what might that be?"

Please give me the name of the woman that possesses the looking glass."

"What do I call you?" Liz asked

"You can call me Mrs. Murdle."

"You don't have a first name?"

"Please stop stalling. I'm not in the mood for your petty mind tricks."

"Well, Mrs. Murdle. I'm sorry, but I can't divulge that information. I have to keep my clients' data confidential."

"I see," the possessed Trish said as a devilish look filled her face.

"Now, how come you're?" Liz began to ask but Trish once again interrupted her.

"You think having a sexual relationship with your offspring is something to be ashamed of, don't you. Why do you feel this way?"

"Well, no I never said that. I said..."

"I remember what you said. So tell me, do you masturbate Liz?"

"That's personal. I can't..."

"So that's a "yes", then. And even though you tickle your clit until you cum, you still think this all has happened because you are sexually frustrated? What would you think if I told you I could make you cum right now?" Trish asked.

Liz looked surprised by what was said, and just as she was about to respond, Trish pushed her back and ducked under her skirt.

Liz tried to recover but was too slow to respond and in a flash Trish had pushed her panties aside and had her tongue licking away at the doctor's love hole.

"Oh... wait. What are you doing. Oh god!" Liz said as she desperately tried to fight Trish off. Even so, her patient's tongue was sending waves of pleasure through her body, and she could feel her climax building deep inside herself.

The sons could only watch in amazement as Kevin's mom wailed and moaned in pleasure. They both stood up and approached the women as Trish brought more cries out of Liz.

"Please... Trish... Oh God. Oh God... Oh No!!!" Liz screamed as her orgasm exploded and Trish kept licking. She was relentless and within seconds, Liz felt another mind blowing climax coming, and again, her body shook as her hips lifted high off the sofa.

"Oh my God!!!" was all Liz could say as Trish's body went limp and motionless.

Liz, on the other hand, was still having micro orgasms hit one after the other, and then a weird wonderful feeling filled her body as she maneuvered Trish out from under her skirt as her body slid to the floor. Justin went to his mom's side, but couldn't help her since it appeared she was out cold.

Liz's mind was trance-like, hearing a woman's voice crystal clear in her subconscious state.

You're mine now, Liz. I've had enough of your mind games. Now you're going to play mine. Let's see if your son is ready to fuck you again, her mind said, and without her being able to control herself, her hand reached up and grasped Kevin's pants, and spoke.

"Oh... show mommy your wonderful cock," Liz said as her fingers reached inside his trousers and removed his stiff pole.

"Oh... Yes, there it is," Liz said as her mouth inhaled his meat and feverishly bobbed up and down on it.

Liz couldn't stop what her body was doing. She could feel her fingers reaching under her skirt and toying with her wet twat as she spoke again.

"Take mommy, Kevin. Fuck mommy's wet pussy. I need you inside me again."

Kevin couldn't believe how aggressive his mother had become, but he wasn't going to wait and see if she was going to change her mind. Within seconds his pants were off as he laid his mother on the sofa.

Liz was helpless to stop herself as her son removed her skirt and panties, and positioned himself above her legs that spread wide to accept him.

Liz felt his stiff cock penetrate her pussy, and her hips pushed up, sinking him deeper inside her love hole.

"Oh yes. Oh god yes. Mommy was so wrong. I love your cock. Don't ever stop. Oh god... Fuck me. Fuck me hard," Liz uncontrollably said as her hands pulled his ass tight to her.

Liz fought from within and pleaded with the spirit as it manipulated her body and mind, while her son grunted and rammed her pussy hard. Liz couldn't control the wild sexual pleasures, and finally her mind gave in to the lustful temptations that consumed her body.

Her hand left her son's ass and reached for her patient's son's pants, and fumbled with the zipper until his stiff dick was firmly in her palm.

"Oh... Fuck!" Justin said as Liz stroked and twisted his shaft.

"I'll have to keep you occupied until your mom recovers," Liz said as her hand pulled him closer to her face.

Justin took the hint and pushed his dick towards her mouth, and Liz sucked it down.

Her body was on fire. Her son pounded deep inside her drenched snatch as she slurped away on Justin.

Both boys grunted and pushed as their cum fired into her holes. Never had she taken two men at the same time and a new rush of excitement filled her body. She wanted more. More of this twisted taboo sex. More of their cocks.

However, Trish began to stir, and before she could respond, Liz quickly took hold of her hand and placed it on Justin's penis.

Trish could feel the warm, moist cock in her palm as Liz guided her hand up and down its length.

"What... Where... What's happening?" Trish mumbled as Justin's dick grew with every stroke.

"It's okay, Trish. You're just doing what you love," Liz said as she eased the mother's face towards her son's bulb.

Still not fully aware of what she was doing, her lips parted as the mushroom head slipped inside.

By the time Trish was fully coherent, she was bobbing on her young man, once again enjoying his dick as he slid down her throat.

"There you go, Trish. I was mistaken before. This is where we belong. With our sons between our legs," Liz said, as she moved back to her own child and sucked his tool in her mouth.

Both mothers blew their sons until they came again. And after, the boys returned the favor, and had them moaning in pleasure as they licked their sweet muffs.

Their group fuck fest continued all afternoon, until their bodies were exhausted, as they lay in each other's arms savoring the afterglow.

Trish and Justin rose from the floor and dressed their tired bodies.

"Let's go home, Justin. I won't fight you anymore. My pussy is yours," Trish said as she helped her young man zip his pants.

"Thank you Liz," Trish said as they left her office.

"Mom, is it true? You believe this is okay?" Kevin asked.

Liz found she had regained her self-control, and the words she spoke were her own. "Yes honey. Yes I do. Now lay back down next to me and rest. You're going to need your strength later, for when we fuck again."

Trish and Justin went home and continued with their own wicked passion and spent the weekend fucking themselves into oblivion.

By the time Monday morning rolled around, Justin was once again forced to wear loose fitted clothes to ease the pain he felt in his groin from the workout his mother had given him. Never had he been laid so many times.

Justin went to school and spotted Missy and observed how she tried to avoid him. As the day ended he was able to catch her outside the school and took hold of her arm before she could dash away and said. "Hey, Missy! What's going on? I was worried about you. How are things at home? I know we rushed out, but my mom wasn't feeling well, and made me leave."

"Justin... I... I don't want to discuss this anymore. We are fine so you don't have to worry."

"Wait, there's something. I can tell by how you're reacting."

Missy leaned close to Justin and whispered "Yes. You're fucking your mother."

"Yeah... And you're licking yours."

"That's different. I... I couldn't help myself at the time."

"So... It's stopped? You and your mom aren't... You know... Having sex?"

There was a long pause before Missy spoke again.

"No... We are still having sex. And I do like it. But..."

"But, what?"

"I think it's getting worse."

"How so?" Justin asked as he let her arm go.

"I... I think I like teasing my dad, also."

Justin looked puzzled by her comment, and Missy explained how she was getting herself ready for school one day, and happened to see her father peeking at her from her bedroom door way. But instead of alerting him that she knew of his presence, she acted as if she wasn't aware of him and walked over to her mirror to admire her own reflection.

Justin felt his dick twitch as Missy's told how she couldn't understand her excitement over knowing her father was watching her, and found she wanted to take it further.

While looking at herself in the mirror she slowly pushed her right hand under her blouse and started to toy with her breasts while her other hand dipped inside her panties and toyed with her pussy. It was so erotic masturbating as her dad watched as she was cumming on her fingers, hearing light grunts coming from the hallway.

Justin couldn't speak. Missy's story got him rock hard, and his only thought was seeing Missy's young body masturbating for her father. But Missy spoke again and shattered his vision.

"I think seeing you and your mom together brought out some hidden desire I had. I was never interested in guys before. But now.... Well, I can't get the image of the two of you out of my head."

"Umm... I guess I'm sorry for that," Justin said. "I only wanted to help you and your mom out, and I didn't see any other way but to do as your mom asked at the time."

"I know, and I guess I should thank you for that. I'm just really confused now."

Justin once again felt compelled to try and help Missy but was at a loss as to how he could offer any assistance with her new dilemma.

"Missy, I wish I could help, but I think seeing a psychiatrist may be in order."

Missy rolled her eyes at that suggestion and said "Great. Now you think I'm crazy."

"No... No... Not at all. Mom and I have been seeing one for our problem, and she knew how to handle our situation."

"So you and your mom are... Um... better."

Justin thought and then replied. "Yes... Much better."

"I guess it's something to consider then. I just don't think I could afford to see someone like that."

"But you have a family problem. I think you should talk to your mom about it and maybe she would go along with you."

"Maybe. I'll give it some thought and let you know. Thanks Justin," Missy said and gave him a quick peck on the cheek before going on her way.

Justin walked home still feeling Missy's peck lingering on his cheek, and wished he could get inside her panties just once.

But Justin never heard the phrase "Be careful what you wish for."