

THE HALLOWEEN HAUNTED HOUSE CH. 03

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The shrink tries to help but they get possessed by the ghost

Incest/Taboo

4.63

4.7k words

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

All characters are 18 years or older.

That night Justin couldn't sleep as he reminisced over how the spirit had manipulated the women into a lusty lesbian love fest. His hand stroked feverishly on his cock as his vision of Missy's sweet pussy being licked hungrily by the apparition caused her to shout loudly as her young body thrashed wildly on the bed. But his late night sexual rehashing was disturbed by a faint moaning he heard echoing in the darkness.

Justin slipped out of bed to investigate the soft murmurs that disturbed his midnight masturbation and quietly followed them until he was standing at his mother's bedroom door. Silently Justin peeked in and was greeted to the sight of his mother in self pleasure which only caused his sexual desires to burst once again and consume his young body.

Trish was oblivious to her son's presence as she masturbated to the vision of a young stiff cock slamming deep inside her pussy, instead of the fingers jabbing in her twat.

Justin shuffled closer to her as his own hand stroked his eager meat to the sight of her self-satisfaction. He tried to fight the building temptation that was consuming him.

Trish heard the floor creak and opened her eyes to see her young man hovering next to her stroking his youthful manhood. Her pussy oozed as she fought her own feelings of sexual want. But she couldn't force her eyes away from the sight of her son as he pulled his steel pole faster.

"Justin... Honey... You shouldn't be here. You promised," she pleaded as her own fingers still lingered on her honey pot.

"I know, mom, but I can't help it. You're so fucking hot," he said as he stood next to his mother with his dick was only inches from her face.

Trish's mouth watered as his purple cockhead inched closer to her. She couldn't deny the need to taste his salty dick once more. Her mouth unknowingly opened as his dick lightly nudged against her moist lips.

Justin pushed forward and her mouth widened as his thick dick slowly eased inside her.

"Oh... Yeah mom, your mouth feels so fucking good." Justin said this as he moved his hand down and replaced her wet fingers with his own.

Trish was sucking and bucking as her sexual needs over took her once again. She couldn't fight the urge of having her son once more buried deep inside her womb.

As Trish thrashed around Justin felt the same and without any resistance was once again lining his cock at her entrance.

Trish spread her legs wide as her son eased his hard dick inside her soaked pussy. She felt a shiver shoot through her body as he hit bottom.

"Oh... Fuck... Honey... Your cock is so good. Fuck mommy," Trish said as waves of pleasure filled her soul.

There was no turning back as the fire in their body's grew and once again they were engaged in unthinkable incest.

Justin felt the familiar tingle and fucked his mother harder, sending his seed deep inside her cunt while she screamed his name in delight.

They both lay exhausted and satisfied next to each other until morning. Trish once again spoke of seeing the shrink.

"Justin. We have to go. I couldn't stop myself last night. And I'm finding it harder to deny the sexual urges I have for you."

"I feel the same way, mom. I'll keep my promise as long as you keep yours," Justin said as he rose from his mother's bed and got ready for the day.

Trish got ready also, and before leaving for work, set up a meeting after work with Liz.

She hoped something could be resolved; knowing the pact she'd made with her son.

Justin went to school and once again ran into Missy.

"Hey, did you find out what the spirit wants?" he asked as he watched her eyes fill with tears.

"No... I... I didn't."

"What happened?" Justin asked.

"She... She came into my room last night and made me orgasm again."

"So you're upset because it was your mother?"

"No... Because I couldn't keep quiet and I think dad heard us."

"I can't be sure but I think he was outside my door listening to us."

"Oh... I errr... I'm sorry."

"Justin... I think she wants me to fuck my daddy. I'm scared to be home alone now."

"But how are we going to get that ghost out of your mom if you don't?"

"I... I don't care. I can't fuck my own father. It's bad enough my mother has tasted me."

"I could confront your mom after sch... Oh shit. I forgot. I have to do something with my mom, but I promise I'll find out what she's searching for afterwards. Maybe I can persuade her to leave your mom's body."

"That's sweet Justin but I'm telling you I'm truly scared."

"Missy, would you mind if I told my mother about this? Maybe she could help find a way out of this."

"She won't believe you about my mother being possessed."

Shit how can I make it sound like mom doesn't already know about the phantom, Justin wondered.

"Missy, my mother's very understanding about things like that. I'm sure she'll believe what I tell her."

"I guess it's worth a try."

"Good. Then I'll see you later. Just have faith," Justin said as he headed for his first class of the day.

The day went surprisingly quickly, and Justin rushed home to get ready for their session with the shrink as he promised.

As his mom met up with him to drive to the psychiatrist's office, Justin explained everything that happened to Missy and how her mother's body was taken over.

Trish agreed she'd try and help Missy out after their appointment.

Liz greeted them both as they entered her office and Justin began to have second thoughts.

Liz noticed how uncomfortable they both seemed and tried to lighten the uneasy feeling that filled the room by asking them both to have a seat on the long leather sofa as she softly explained how what they were experiencing was well known to happen.

With her son by her side Trish once again rehashed how the spirit enticed their sexual desires to surface. Liz was having trouble concentrating, as her pussy became wet by the thought of forced sexual manipulation. Her wetness grew at the notion of a mystical person introducing a mother and son into sexual perversion. She pictured in her mind's eye Trish moaning in pleasure as her young son fucked her for the first time.

"And that's how it happened, Liz," Trish said, snapping Liz out of her sexual state. "I know it sounds farfetched but it's the truth."

Liz crossed her legs as she could feel her pussy tingle with excitement and tried to gather her thoughts.

"Listen, Trish. I think you both have such strong feelings toward each other that it only felt as if someone was manipulating your bodies. That would make it easier for you to except the sexual relationship you subconsciously want with your son."

Justin quickly spoke up. "No, it wasn't in our heads. It happened just like mom said. And to be perfectly honest, I'm glad it did," he stated as he put his arm around his mother and pulled her tight to his side. "I'm only here because I promised mom I would come. I wanted to prove to her I would

do anything to please her. But I also know I can't stop thinking about having passionate sex with her. I really don't care if it's wrong."

"I see... We have a very long road ahead of us here," Liz said as she jotted some notes on her tablet.

"I think it's a short road since I can tell you're not taking what Mom and I are saying to you seriously. How can we trust your judgment when you think we're making all this stuff up? "

"Well," Liz said. "There have been documented reports of masses of people seeing and experiencing the same event, even though no positive proof has ever risen to say it actually happened. I'm just stating that this sounds like one of those times."

"Maybe she's right, Justin. I mean, there has to be a rational explanation."

"Mom. You're buying this crap?"

"Well that's enough for today. I think you two have a lot to discuss until our next session. We'll work on controlling your desires next time."

"But Liz... I... I thought we were going to work on that today?" Trish implored, knowing full well her sexual urges were becoming increasingly hard to control.

"It's okay Mom. Let's go," Justin said as he helped his mother to her feet.

They left Liz's office and talked about the session as they drove to Missy's.

Justin couldn't fathom his mother would think what happened wasn't real. Especially since they were now going to speak with the spirit. But he also sensed his mother's increased desire for him.

They arrived at Missy's house and she invited them inside. Missy's mom smiled as they all walked into the living room.

"Justin," Mrs. Roland said. "It's nice to see you again. What brings you to our lovely house this fine day? And who is this lovely lady with you?"

"Yes it's nice to meet you again also, but please don't be sly with me. Missy already told me what happened after I left. We're here to ask you to leave Mrs. Roland's body."

Silence filled the room as Missy's mom stood pokerfaced.

"So... Missy told you... Well then I guess I should ask how things are going with your new-found love for each other," Mrs. Roland said, as she drew her attention toward Trish. "I hope Justin is filling your sexual needs, Trish."

"What! What is she talking about, Justin?" Missy asked as a look of horror raced across her face.

"Oh my God! It's true! You are the spirit," Trish said.

"Listen," Justin said. "Mrs. Roland or whoever you are, you're scaring Missy. I'm not here to discuss mom and me. I want to know what it is going to take to have you leave." Again, Mrs. Roland went silent, as Missy pestered Justin about her mother's comment.

"What do you think she meant? My mother and I are having sex. Well... Had sex."

"Had sex? You mean you don't anymore? Is this true Trish?" Mrs. Roland asked.

"It was wrong. I'm putting an end to it."

"What's wrong with loving your son? You can't tell me your body isn't yearning for his young flesh. I can see it in your eyes."

"Oh my god! You like fucking your mom!" Missy fell to the sofa in shock.

"Missy, my dear... I can still hear you begging me to make you cum. I'll bet your little pussy is wet right now wishing I was getting you off again."

Mrs. Roland stood next to Trish. "If you want me to exit this body, I want something from you."

"What are you asking of me?" Trish hesitantly inquired.

"I want to see you fuck your lovely child once more."

Justin felt his dick stiffen at what Mrs. Roland's requested.

"I... I can't."

"But you can... I can see the desire in your face Just accept what your body yearns for and let yourself go."

"But... But Missy..."

"Shhhh..." Mrs. Roland said as she moved Trish closer to her young man.

"If you want me to leave, you do not have a choice."

"It's okay, mom," Justin said as he slowly dropped his hand down and cupped his mother's mound through her short black skirt.

"Oh! Justin... Oh honey... Not in front of them. We have to restrain our desires. Please!!!"

"You want this too, mom. I can feel you're getting moist."

"That's it Justin. Show your mother how much you love her pussy," Mrs. Roland said as she backed away and sat next to her daughter.

Justin pressed his hand tight against his mother's love nest while his other hand slowly nudged her skirt up until her white panties were visible to all.

Trish's body once again betrayed her as she felt her pussy moisten to her son's touch, causing her to lightly whimper.

"Oh mom... You're so fucking hot," Justin said as he slipped his pants down with his free hand and pulled his mother's hand to his stiffening meat.

"Take it mom. Stroke your son's cock," Justin whispered as he caught Mrs. Roland gliding her hand across Missy's thigh. Missy appeared to be hypnotized by what he was doing with his mom, and it made his desire to fuck his mother stronger.

"Oh... Justin, please honey."

Justin ignored her futile pleas and slid Trish's panties to the floor while he slipped a finger inside her wet snatch.

"Oh... God," Trish groaned as her body filled with sexual emotions. Her pussy clutched at her son's fingers as her hips pushed hard against his probing hand.

"Oh... Oh.... Yes... No... Oh no... Oh Justin... Yes!!!"

"You want my cock, don't you mom?"

"Yes... Oh... Oh yes. Give it to me. I want you inside me. Fuck mommy. Fuck your mother," Trish said as she touched his steel pole to her waiting pussy.

Justin wasted no time and backed his mother against the wall. He lifted her high, and her legs spread around his sides as his stiff dick pressed at her love hole.

Justin eased her down until his dick hit bottom. Her hips began to move as he fucked her like a mad man.

Trish couldn't contain the screams of lust that flowed out of her as she bounced on his young dick and their moans of wicked sex filled the room.

Justin was selfishly enjoying his mother's wonderful pussy. And was about to shoot his seed inside her, when Missy screamed behind them.

Trish gasped as the sight of Missy grinding her exposed pussy across her mother's face.

"Oh... Ssstop... You... You said... You'd... Oh God," Trish couldn't finish her statement because an extremely hard orgasm shattered her body."

Justin felt her climax and pushed harder as his own orgasm released. He felt his legs weaken but struggled to continue as he carried her over to the sofa and plopped her quivering body down beside the Roland women as they carried on with their own sexual indulgences.

Justin kept his dick firmly planted inside his mother's spread legs as he slowly pushed in and out while he watched the lesbian sex next to him.

His dick quickly came back hearing Missy moan and beg to cum from Mrs. Roland teasing her snatch to the point of climax, but she held back and he could see this drove Missy crazy.

Justin felt his mother grab his ass and pull him deeper inside her drenched pussy.

"Faster honey... Faster!" Trish wailed loudly as another orgasm rocked her body.

Mrs. Roland lifted her face from her daughter's quivering snatch as Justin made his mother cum for the second time and smiled.

"That's it Trish enjoy your son. Let yourself go, accept your fate," Mrs. Roland said as she slipped her right hand between Justin's legs and rubbed his balls while he slammed his rigid pole deep inside his mother.

Justin felt himself ready to release his hot seed again. The teasing on his nut sack sent him over the edge, but before he could shoot his load Mrs. Roland's hand pulled his dick quickly out of his mother and into her warm mouth.

He couldn't stop from shooting his sperm down her throat as she sucked away.

But something else was happening, something strange. As his climax lingered he began to feel as if another person was talking over. He began to hear the spirit's voice command his body to respond.

Take charge Justin. Show your mother you're her man.

Mrs. Roland's body went limp and fell to the floor. It appeared as if she was unconscious as Justin fought with his private inner demon for control. It became clear he was powerless as he watched his own hand take hold of his mother's hair and pull her towards Missy.

He couldn't believe the words that came from his lips.

"Taste her," Justin heard himself say as his hand pushed his mother's face down between the young women's legs.

"No!!! Wait!!!" he heard Missy yell, but his hand pushed his mothers face hard against her young flesh.

Forcefully, he said "Taste her pussy!!!" He watched his mother open her mouth and begin to taste the poor girl's little twat.

"That's it... Make her cum. Fuck her with your tongue," Justin ordered, as he felt his free hand begin to stroke his dick.

Let's see what your mom feels like, he heard the spirit say, as his body unwillingly lined his dick up behind her and pressed tightly against her asshole.

Trish felt his penis penetrate and tried to move, but her son's hand still firmly pushed her head against Missy. She tried to speak, but only muffled sounds could be heard as she felt her ass stretch to accept her son's girth.

Oh... Justin... She's so tight. You've been neglecting her back here, the voice said as his dick drove harder inside his mother.

Trish moaned and squealed, as did Missy.

"Oh... You're going to make me cum!" She heard Missy say as her little pussy wiggled across Trish's face.

Justin felt his mother's ass tighten as his dick exploded and the feeling of the spirit drained from his body as his cum filled his mother.

Trish quickly sat up and yelled as her son's thick meat pumped its sperm inside her ass.

"Oh... Oh fuck!" Trish screamed as she fell unconscious.

Justin fell across his mothers back as his self-control slowly came back.

"Mom... Mom..." Justin said as he shook her limp body, while Missy squirmed away, running up the stairs crying as her mother began to move.

Finally, Trish awoke from her coma-like state and felt her body tingle. She had never felt such deep passion and want for her son as she did at that moment.

"Mom, are you okay?" she heard her son ask as she struggled to her feet.

Mrs. Roland clawed her naked body to the sofa while Trish and her son struggled to dress.

Mrs. Roland finally spoke and asked where her daughter was as Trish hastily took hold of her son's hand and pulled him towards the door.

"She's upstairs. We have to go," Trish said as she pushed her son out the door.

"Mom... What are you doing? We have to see if the spirit left."

But Trish didn't care. She only knew she wanted to leave as new feelings consumed her body.

"I'm scared Justin. Please we have to leave."

Justin saw the fear in her eyes and quickened his pace to the vehicle.

Trish wasted no time and squealed the tires as they drove away while her son did his best at calming her.

Justin explained how the Spirit had taken control of him and made him do those things as they raced home. However, Trish didn't want to speak about it. Her own mind was fighting with the new desires that were making her pussy tingle.

Justin again apologized as they entered their house. But Trish was still in a fog and just said, "I need to take a shower."

"Okay mom. I'll be in my room if you need me."

Trish hastily went to her room and stripped. Quickly, she placed her naked form under the hot water and hoped the warm spray would clear her thoughts.

To no avail, the relaxing water only intensified the desires, and her hand swiftly went to her aching crotch. Her fingers dabbled across her pussy lips as her sexual need increased.

Oh... Fuck... Trish moaned as her finger scratched at her clit bringing herself to yet another climax.

Yes, Trish you're horny but this won't help. Only your son can satisfy this lust you feel. You want his youthful cock. His lovely young cock deep inside your sweltering pussy. He's waiting for you. You only have to go to him.

"No!!! I can't... Not again." Trish said to herself as her fingers slipped deep inside her dripping snatch.

Trish rammed and pushed but the heat inside her only grew. Her climax wouldn't come as her body shivered while her finger probed her depths.

"Oh God, please help me... I need to cum... Make me cum..."

But she couldn't. Instead, visions of her son fucking her became plastered in her mind.

Justin was sitting on his bed when his mother's naked wet body entered his room.

"Mom... You okay?" Justin asked as his mother moved quickly to his side and tore his trouser off. Within seconds, he felt his dick slide deep inside her mouth.

"Mmm, mom... Oh... Yeah... Fuck yeah... Suck me," Justin said as his dick was again throbbing with pleasure. Quickly, he pulled his mother's body on top of his until her wet snatch was hovering over his head. He could hear groans of pleasure as his tongue sunk between her hot folds.

"Oh... Yess Justin... Please make mommy cum... I need to cum so bad," Trish said as her hands stroked hard on his manhood.

Trish's sexual perversions grew as new wicked desires filled her mind.

"Lick my ass baby. I want to feel your tongue on my ass."

Justin circled his tongue around her asshole and felt her quiver. His mother was pushing herself on his tongue.

"Oh... Justin yes!!! That's it. Now put a finger inside me."

Justin did as she asked and inserted a digit deep inside her twat. Her body squirmed as her wails of pleasure increased.

Justin took the incentive and sank his tongue deep inside her bunghole as he worked another two digits inside her hungry pussy.

Trish was in heaven. Her climax was near and the feeling of being fucked by both ends filled her body. Her mouth dove back down on her son's slippery stiff pole and sucked him hard.

Justin felt her moans vibrating on his cock, which increased his own need to cum. He could feel this sperm about to blow as his mother's ass danced across his face.

Justin grunted as he felt her body shiver. Her pussy juices flowed over his fingers as her ass pushed hard against him. He couldn't hold back his own climax as his cum spewed inside his mother's mouth. But like a vacuum, his mother just sucked away. She wasn't finished with him. Her mouth toyed around his cockhead until she nudged life back into it.

"Mom!!! What the fuck are you doing to me? Christ!!!" he said as her tongue did incredible things to his tool. He was hard again in record time, and his mother showed no sign of stopping.

"Jesus mom... You're fucking driving me crazy."

Trish quickly swung her body around and straddled her son. Her hot cunt begged to feel his stiff meat fill her once more. Grabbing hold of his young pole, she guided it to her sacred entrance and eased his mighty meat inside.

"Oh!!! Yes... Mommy needs this. I can't help myself. Please... Please fuck mommy. Make me cum again," Trish implored, as her son's dick sank deep inside her needing box.

Trish ground her clit hard against her son as his cock worked its magic inside her snatch, bringing her to yet another sinful climax.

"Oh... Oh God!!! That's it Justin. I'm!!! I'm cumming!!!" Trish screamed as another intensive orgasm exploded. Her mind spun around as her body quaked from her sexual release. However, the orgasm she desperately needed still didn't satisfy her raging lust. She needed more, more of her son's cock.

"No... Not again... Please," Trish pleaded but alas her body surrendered to its desires and mother, and son were lost in hopeless bliss as they madly fucked until morning.

Trish was the first to wake and immediately her pussy began to yearn for more pleasure. With what strength she had left she struggled to gain self-control and quickly called Liz, tearfully pleading for help. But Liz could only offer limited comfort to her over the phone.

Liz suggested meeting with her later but suggested having a group session with another mother and son that just had similar desires revealed.

"Anything Liz. I'm losing it. I can't control myself. I want him right now. I can feel myself getting...well, you know, excited."

"Trish, please calm yourself. I'll phone in a prescription that will calm your sexual needs enough for you to get through the day."

Trish thanked her and quickly dressed before her sexual desire could consume her once again. Without waking her son, she immediately raced to the pharmacy.

Justin woke and noticed his mother had left his side. His body slid across the sweat-stained sheets that lay under him as he reminisced his night of wicked pleasure with his mother and wondered what drove her into such a sex-crazed state. He finally lifted his aching body out of bed and made his way to his dresser but found it difficult to wear anything that clung to him. His penis was sore from the workout his mother gave it and the only clothing that didn't hurt was a pair of loose fighting sweats.

Not quite the attire to wear to class, but he wanted to see how Missy was after their little sexual adventure at her house yesterday.

Justin scurried to school, but Missy wasn't to be found. And it got him to worrying about the way he and his mom had left them – naked and delirious.

I hope she's alright, he thought, but as he contemplated paying her a visit after school, his cell rang. It was Trish, and she explained in a panicked tone how she'd set up another appointment with Liz. Justin felt his heart sink as his mother expressed how sorry she was for throwing herself on him last night.

"Mom... Why can't you just accept that we both want this?" Justin said as Trish once more told how unacceptable it was to have their incestuous desires. This left him feeling depressed by her unwillingness to want him.

Trish finished her talk with her son and immediately called work explaining how she felt ill and wouldn't be in. Once back inside her empty house Trish took one of the pills and hoped for the best.

It wasn't long before the drug took effect and left Trish feeling groggy. She went into the living room and sat her troubled self on the couch while her body grew tired. The sexual urges that had consumed her were diminishing as her eye lids grew heavy with sleep. Trish eventually fell into a deep sleep, and her subconscious started to draw wicked images of unthinkable acts with her son.

She again fought within herself for control of her confusing emotions as the voice in her head grew louder.

Your will is strong Trish, but your sex drive is stronger. You can't hide your true feelings forever. They're coming out. And before I leave you, you'll want no one else but your son.

Helpless in her own dream state her mind tormented her as vivid sexual acts with her son unfolded.

Justin came home to find his mother's sleeping body on the sofa. As he tried to awake her motionless posture, she began to mumble explicit words.

"Yes Justin... In my ass. Give me your seed."

Justin controlled his temptations as he shook his mother hard and finally woke her up.

"J... Justin? What... Where?" Trish asked as the fog cleared from her head.

"It's okay mom. You were dreaming."

"Oh honey... Please... I need help. Help mommy get to the psychiatrist's before I completely lose my mind."

Justin helped his poor mother into the car as she appeared to be in a different state of mind. He had never seen her in such a condition and was truly worried about her wellbeing. Justin raced to Liz's office and wasn't sure what to expect from this next visit.

But more was to come before their fate was sealed.