

# Cursed Recollections

By Rawly Rawls © 2022

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*Also, all characters in sexual situations are 18 years or older.*

## Chapter 1

“Eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Sylvie Taylor always made a long, high-pitched sound when she was excited. “I am happy to announce that the Royal Oaks Book Club is growing from five members to six. Eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” She stood and clapped, her blond hair bobbing in its ponytail. Her wide grin was a little forced as she looked around her living room, trying to get everyone to clap along with her.

At Sylvie’s prompting, Ida Bell, Melisa Kim, Faduma Farah, and Courtney Bothmer stood and politely applauded the newcomer.

The newest member of the club sat demurely, her hands on her pregnant belly. Emily Olmstead’s lips curved in a shy crescent of a smile, her cheeks turning rosy. “That was a very nice welcome. I look forward to getting to know all of you.”

The women gradually stopped clapping and sat in their chairs.

Sylvie continued, “Not only will Emily join us every Thursday, she is providing our next book.” She paused for dramatic effect. “And she wrote it herself. Eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Sylvie started clapping again, but Melisa gently moved Sylvie’s hands to the table.

“This is exciting. I haven’t ever met an author before. What’s it about?” Melisa’s smile was restrained and polite.

“Oh, it’s no big deal. It’s self-published.” Emily waved her hand in an aw-shucks gesture. “And it’s not fiction or anything. It’s the story of how my family was shipwrecked on an island for some months, how we made it home, and how it changed us.”

“Wow,” Courtney said. Nothing that exciting had ever happened before.

“You were all ... like ... stranded?” Melisa’s mouth dropped open as she lost some of her reserve.

“Was everyone okay?” Faduma furrowed her brow in concern.

“If you want to find out what happened, you’ll have to read the book.” Emily’s light, melodic laugh filled the room. “Just kidding. We’re all fine. Some of us even ended up better than fine.” She rubbed her belly.

“Oh, so you had some bonding in a time of crisis. You and hubby rekindled that spark?” Courtney smiled at the woman’s good fortune. “My marriage could use a little rekindling.” There was a murmur of agreement from the other four original members of the Royal Oaks Book Club.

“I don’t want to spoil anything, but there are a few spicy passages.” Emily beamed at the shocked faces around the table.

“Oh, my.” Courtney put her hand to her face.

“Really?” Melisa’s mouth opened wider.

“I don’t know.” Ida frowned.

“My husband wouldn’t approve.” Faduma straightened her hijab and folded her arms across her ample chest.

“Don’t worry, ladies.” Sylvie raised her voice to get their attention. “Emily has assured me that it’s all very tasteful. Isn’t that so, Emily?” Sylvie glanced at her new friend with plaintive eyes.

“It’s all handled tastefully. Never fret, friends. I’m not that kind of woman.” Emily’s smile dissembled truth and virtue. Emily was exactly that kind of woman.

The squall of concern quickly passed, Sylvie served wine spritzers and the women happily finished discussing their previous book. All five were taken by Emily’s charm and grace. They couldn’t wait to get their hands on the self-published memoir. There was no need for waiting, each woman received a copy as the meeting adjourned. They were to read the memoir before the following Thursday, when they would meet at Ida’s house.

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“What are you reading, Mom?” Cody stopped in the living room, his backpack still slung over his shoulder.

Melisa took off her glasses and smiled at her eighteen-year-old son. He was sweating a little. He had so much energy that his lithe frame couldn't keep still. He was so different from his older brother, Joel. “It's titled *Blessed Recollections*.” She held the cover up for him to see. “The newest member of our book club wrote it.”

“Cool. How is it?” Cody, ever polite, had no interest in the book. If his mom was reading it, it was boring.

“The story is a little slow, actually. So far, it's just about a family sailing on a boat. But I suspect it'll get more interesting.” Melisa rubbed the back of her neck. “I shouldn't say it's slow. No one's life is boring. Remember that, Cody.” She nodded her head with authority.

“Yeah, sure, Mom.” Cody stood, waiting to be dismissed.

“You have homework?” She barely noticed his nod. He was a good boy and didn't need any reminders. “Well, off you go then. Study hard.”

“Okay, see you later.” Cody walked off toward his room.

Melisa put on her glasses and dove back into the book. Finally, she got to the point where the boat sank and things got interesting. This part would have been riveting if she didn't already know that everyone survived. Emily and her son, Lance, couldn't find Emily's husband or daughter. She read on, interested in how they set about fishing and building a shelter. Emily was a can-do woman, and as one herself, Melisa appreciated that.

Something unexpected happened next. Emily and Lance found an ancient pirate ship that had run aground. Melisa's shoulders tensed. This was getting interesting. She turned each page with wonder and delight. The captain had kept a diary in Spanish, which Emily could read. And they found the skeletons of the pirates themselves!

Melisa held her breath as she turned the page. In the story, Emily read the diary. Melisa's brain swam as she tried to comprehend what the ancient journal held. Everything Melisa read was so unexpected. The pirate boasted of stealing a stone from the Pope that gave him the power to conquer women. Even princesses begged him for his penis. Melisa's hand went to her mouth. This was not appropriate reading at all. But she couldn't stop. When the pirate, at twenty-five years old, went home to visit his mother, Melisa's heart nearly beat out of her chest. Would he? No ... that would never happen. Would it?

Melisa tried to turn to the page to see what would happen, but it was as though it was glued in place. In fact, none of the pages would turn. She was so caught up in the story

that she just had to find out what would happen next. She put the book on the floor, stepped on it with one foot to hold it down, and pulled at the page with all her might. It didn't even tear. Her glasses hung half off her face, sweat beaded on her forehead with the effort, and her lean muscles strained. She looked down and saw the words on the page ... morphing.

Breathing hard, Melisa stopped trying to pull the pages apart and picked up the book. In large letters, the page now read: *Accept the curse of the Penumbra*. She adjusted her glasses and stared. "What?"

Insanity reigned. Her eyes went wide as the words reshaped themselves again. *To read on, you must accept*. She pulled at the page again, but it wouldn't budge. Despite the lurid topic, she had to know what would happen next. "Okay," she whispered. "I accept the curse of the Penumbra."

The page turned easily. But instead of finding out what happened with the pirate and his mother, she found instructions. She read each line like a woman possessed.

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When Cody got to his room, he opened his laptop and found his porn folder. He always needed to unwind with a pre-homework fap. His mom never bothered him because she didn't want to disturb his concentration while he tackled his studies.

Twenty minutes into his fap session, he was startled by a knock on the door. He quickly tried to pull his underwear and shorts over his dick, but his clothes stuck on his chair.

"Cody, sweetie. I know what you're doing in there." Melisa leaned close to the door and turned the knob.

"Just a sec, Mom." Cody stared in horror as the door opened. His dick still stood out in the open.

Melisa stepped into the room. "Oh, my ... it was right." Sure enough, there he was with his thing out. It stood about five inches tall and was slick with something. *Men are gross*, she thought. But she had to admit ... her son was now a man.

"Mom!" Cody made another futile attempt to pull up his underwear. When that failed, he covered his cock with his hands. He decided to pretend like nothing strange was happening. "Did you need something? What was ... right?"

Melisa blinked. "The book was right, sweetie." She glanced at the awful pornographic movie playing on his computer. "It said you did this every day after school, and there

was only one way to stop you. I have accepted, so ...” She walked across the room to her son’s bed and sat on the edge. She lifted her dress to her waist, lowered her panties, and spread her legs, showing him for the first time her neat triangle of black hair and protruding lips. In a detached way, she wondered at her odd behavior. But she had agreed to accept the book’s directions, so ...

“What? I don’t ...” He stared at his mom’s pussy. “What are you ...?”

“The book said that pornography will rot your brain.” She nodded at the lurid show on the computer screen. “And I agree. If you watch me instead, this won’t be a problem anymore.” She waited. “Go ahead, turn it off and finish your business while looking at me.”

“A book told you that?” Cody reached for his computer and shut the lid, never taking his eyes off his mother.

She nodded sweetly.

“And you want me to ...” He couldn’t bring himself to uncover his dick in front of her.

“Is this view not enough? The book told me I might have to show more.” She pressed her lips together and pulled off her dress. She reached behind her and unclasped her bra. Her boobs unceremoniously dropped out into the open. They were alabaster pale, with small, dark nipples and areola. “Well? We can’t have you rotting your brain. Do I need to touch my boobs for you, too?”

“Yes ... please.” Cody’s voice cracked. He removed his covering hands, and settled his right hand on the shaft of his dick.

“You’re holding it.” She smiled. “Good work, sweetie. Almost the same exact penis as your father.” She giggled. “A healthy, modest size.”

“Uh ... thanks ... I guess.” He pumped himself slowly. His mom massaged her boobs, pressing them into her chest. Then, she gently rolled her nipples with her fingertips. How horny was he that he was masturbating in front of his naked mom? How horny was *she*?

“Do you think I’m pretty, Cody?” Melisa smiled sweetly.

“Yeah ... Mom ... ugh ...” His hand worked harder. He had always thought she was beautiful but sexless. She and his father barely ever kissed. She and all her friends were colossal prudes. And here she was, fondling her boobs while he ... while he ...

“Uuuuuuggggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Jet after jet of cum erupted from his cock, flew into the air, and landed on his shirt, his shorts, and everything around him. Incandescent sparks shot before his eyes.

“Let it out, Cody. There you go.” Melisa’s voice was low and soothing. “Forget all that naughty stuff on your computer. The book was right ... the book was right.” She retrieved her bra and put it on immediately after Cody gave his last shudder. She then stood and matter-of-factly slipped back into her dress. “There’s stain remover in the laundry room. Make sure you use it before anything sets. I expect it to be spotless in here.” She picked up her panties off the floor and walked out of the room, eager to get back to her book.

“Yeah ... okay ... Mom.” Cody tried to catch his breath and his bearings. He had no idea what had just happened, but he was pretty sure it was the best thing ever.

## Chapter 2

“Pass me more *jeyuk-deopbap*.” Cody was on his fifth helping.

“Here you go.” Joel passed his younger brother the pork and veggies. “You’re going to get fat if you keep eating like that.” He lived across town but often came home for meals. He couldn’t get enough of his mother’s cooking. And Joel had the belly to show for it. His father ate just as much, and had the same chubby body. But Cody had always been slim. Maybe that was going to change. “Damn ... where does all that go?” Joel watched his brother eat.

“Leave him alone, Joel. He’s eighteen, and he had an active day.” Melisa gave her eldest a reproving look. “I personally watched him burn a ton of calories.”

“Ggghhhhhh.” Cody choked on his food. His eyes watered, and he gulped some milk to clear his throat.

“Don’t eat so fast.” His father slapped Cody on the back a little too hard, causing him to choke on his milk this time.

“Did you watch him play basketball or something, Mom?” Joel took another helping of *jeyuk-deopbap* for himself.

“Hmmmm?” Melisa finished off her plate. She hoped no one would notice, but she was on her fourth helping and was about to have more. Thank goodness she’d made so much. She chewed her food and swallowed. “Oh ... yeah ... something like basketball.” She dabbed her mouth with her napkin to hide her grin. She had followed the book’s directions perfectly and turned her son away from the corruption of porn. “He dribbled a lot.”

Joel and his father were too busy eating to notice her odd tone. But Cody stole a covert glance at his mother. His cheeks turned bright red.

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“What are you reading, honey?” Matt slid into bed next to his wife.

“Our newest book club book.” Melisa turned the page, barely aware of her husband. The heroine of the story, Emily, had just found out that her son’s penis was abnormally large. “It’s boring ... you wouldn’t like it.”

“You’re probably right.” Matt turned over on his side and fell asleep.

Melisa continued to flip pages. She got to a passage where Emily listened to the sounds of her son touching himself and masturbated while doing it. Melisa had never thought of anything so lurid in all her life. She turned the page and was greeted by another set of instructions. She read them carefully, got out of bed quietly so as not to disturb her husband, and walked to her son's room. She wore only an oversized shirt and panties. The chill of the hall made her shiver. Her nipples stiffened. She leaned her ear against Cody's door and heard just what the book had predicted: Cody was grunting his way to another orgasm. She had to give it to him, his modest tool had lots of stamina.

Putting her hand on the knob, she wondered if he was back at his porn. She couldn't let him do that. Then she heard his voice through the door.

"Oooohhhhh ... Mom ... oh ... Mom ... oooohhhhhh," Cody said.

Melisa smiled. The little rascal wasn't using porn, he was thinking about her. Her hand crept down under her shirt and panties and found her magic button. Just like Emily had done, Melisa touched herself while listening to her son. Several orgasms later, she stumbled back to bed, too tired to continue with the book. She'd read more tomorrow.

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When Cody woke, he rolled onto his stomach. Something wasn't right. His eyes shot open. He rolled onto his back, pulled off the covers and stared at the lump that ran from his briefs up under his shirt. It was huge. It was huge! A cold sweat beaded on his forehead as he tentatively pulled his dick into the open. First his mom showed him her boobs and bush, and now *this*? With trembling fingers, he took hold of his penis and entered a new world of pleasure.

It wasn't easy pulling himself away from his discoveries or hiding his new anatomy. But he rose to the occasion. His mother wasn't up when he ate breakfast. That was odd, but not as odd as everything else that had happened in the last two days. Cody managed to get to school on time. He spent the day daydreaming about fapping when he got home. Maybe his mom would show him her tits again. It seemed anything was possible.

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"I'm home." Cody found his mother reading in the living room. He was breathless from running. "Is that ... the book ... from yesterday?"

“Welcome home, Cody.” Melisa wore an oversized sweater and yoga pants. She slid a bookmark into place and gave him a warm smile. “Do you have homework?”

“Yes ... but ...” Cody’s enthusiasm dipped.

“No matter what the book says, you have to do your homework first.” She thumped the book for emphasis. “I’ll be up in a half hour. I want you to get your work done. No touching yourself. Understood?”

“Uh ... yeah ... okay.” Confused, he started to walk toward the stairs and stopped. “What did the book say this time?”

“You’ll find out soon enough.” Melisa shooed him with her hand. “Now run along.”

Cody did as he was asked. He threw himself into his homework and finished in record time. Then he waited for her knock on the door, trying to figure out the most comfortable position for such an enormous erection.

When the soft knock came, Cody’s heart raced. “Come in.” The door opened and his mom stepped inside. She softly closed it behind her. He knew from her coy expression that she was going to show him her tits again. She was easy to read. His throat went dry. “Um ... Mom ... there’s something you should know.”

“I know what you’re going to say. The book told me. You’re bigger today, right?” She laughed at his shocked expression. “Don’t worry about it. I am, too.”

“What? I don’t ...” His brow furrowed in confusion. He watched his mother pull off her sweater. She wore a yoga top with no bra underneath. Her meaning became clear to him as he stared at her large nipples poking through the fabric. “They ... grew?”

“Of course they did, silly.” She grabbed the hem of her top and waited for him. “You want to see them, right?”

Cody nodded slowly, his mouth hanging open.

“Well, if you want to see them, you have to take out your thing. The book said I should reward you if you were good. And you were good.” She nodded at the stack of books on the desk.

Like lightning, Cody pulled off his shorts and underwear. He tossed them away without taking his eyes off her. His shirt followed shortly thereafter. “Wow ... Mom. Wow, wow, wow.” Her breasts the day before had been attractive, modest, and efficient, befitting his mother. The torpedo tits she displayed now made his blood boil. They sloped out from her chest beautifully, ending with fat areolae and thick, dark nipples.

Wearing only yoga pants, Melisa shimmied her shoulders. She giggled at the way his eyes followed her bouncing breasts. “Okay, stay seated. I’m supposed to sit on your lap

for this part.” She walked over to him, sat on his thigh and settled her butt into him. “You’re a little boney, Cody.” She took hold of his penis with her left hand. “Gracious me, you’ve doubled in size, haven’t you? I can’t even reach my fingers around the thing.” Her sparkling wedding ring touched one of his fat veins, giving her a quick pang of guilt. But then she remembered the book’s instructions. She pumped him slowly.

“Oh ... Jesus.” Cody hadn’t been prepared for this. If he thought a handjob was on the table, he never would have gone to school.

“Language, please.” She moved her hand to the top and played with his foreskin. “It’s too dry, isn’t it?”

Cody nodded. Her boob pressed into his cheek. He nuzzled its pliant warmth. In the course of twenty-four hours, his mother had gone from sexless to the hottest woman on the planet. He wanted to die in her arms. But hopefully he’d cum first.

“I want you to be happy with your reward. This is how we reinforce positive behavior.” She took her hand off the penis, daintily spit in her palm, and went back to stroking. “Better?”

“Yes.” Cody melted into the chair.

Melisa worked her son in silence for a long time, occasionally rewetting her hand with spit. A flood of feelings surged through her. Love, pride, guilt, longing, anxiety, passion, faith, and doubt swirled in her mind. Some of the emotions felt like they’d leapt into her from the pages she’d read. Finally, she broke the silence. “I wonder ... if you might need ... something more?”

“I’m sorry ... it doesn’t usually ... take so long.” Cody watched her hand leave his dick. He desperately needed her to continue, but he worried he’d messed things up. “I’m sorry.” He had no reason to apologize, but it was something he often did with his mother.

“Don’t give me that hangdog look. We’re going to try something else.” To Melisa, her next move was as clear as day.

“Your mouth?” In bewilderment, Cody watched her slowly lower her pants and then drop her panties.

“We’re ready for the next step, Cody. The Penumbra has been found. The shelter built.” She climbed up onto his lap, lifting herself high to clear his tall penis. “The book suggested I use my mouth, but there are some things I’ll never do. That’s beneath a respectable woman. I’m surprised Emily stooped so low.”

“Um ... who’s Emily?” Cody never got an answer to his question. His mother took hold of his cock and guided it into her pussy. They were both too engrossed in the task of making it fit to exchange anymore words.

For several minutes, Melisa inched down her son’s penis. She stared between her transformed breasts as the massive thing disappeared into her. After much grunting, and a few unladylike words, she pulled up and settled back down. Soon, she was riding him awkwardly, her boobs bouncing in his face. Not long after that, her hips found rhythm, and she moved like a well-oiled machine. She hugged his head into her cleavage and threw her head back. “So good ... so good ... the island is ours ... Cody ... the Penumbra is our ... secret ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.”

Cody didn’t know what she was talking about, and he didn’t care. He could tell she was cumming, and that drove him over the edge. “I’m ready ... Mom ... I’m ready ... Mom.” His words were muffled by her boobs. Maybe that was why she didn’t dismount him. Instead, her hips picked up speed. He grabbed her ass and thrust his hips up into her, bucking wildly, throwing off their rhythm. “Cumming ... cumming ... aaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh.” His mind exploded in a supernova of ecstasy. His mother’s screams seemed very far away.

A while later, Melisa dismounted her son. She winced at the feeling of emptiness, and the wet sound his thing made when it fell out of her. She stood and slowly dressed. “That was ... quite something.”

“Yeah.” Cody slouched in his chair, his cock semi-hard. He could do no more than blissfully smile at his mother.

“If that’s what it takes to keep you on the straight and narrow, that’s what I’ll do. Every day if need be.” Melisa pulled up her pants. Her panties were already soaked by their combined efforts inside her. “You haven’t practiced violin yet. I expect to hear you while I make dinner.”

“Yeah.” Cody nodded, his head slow and lazy.

“If you feel the urge to watch more dirty movies, think about me instead.” She pulled on her top and sweater.

“Yeah.”

“Or, if you must, call me up here to take care of you. Can you do that?” Melisa straightened her clothes, and brushed back her hair with her fingers.

“Sure, Mom.” Cody’s grin felt like it was going to break his face. She’d just said the most magical words in the world.

“I want to hear you practice.” She turned and left the room. She had chores to do, but her heart wasn’t in it. Her mind was consumed with thoughts of her son, and her eagerness to read more of *Blessed Recollections*.

## Chapter 3

A petulant meow lifted Courtney's eyes from her book. Caty Purry sat on the coffee table trying to get her attention.

"Jeremy?" Courtney called to her husband. "Have you fed the cats?" He didn't answer. He was in the basement playing video games. Courtney put the book down and stood. "Sometimes, Miss Purry, I think he loves those games more than me."

Courtney fed her felines and went back to the sofa. She curled up with the book and read on. In a few minutes, Caty Purry returned to the sofa and curled up. Courtney's eyes were getting wider and wider. She put a hand to her mouth. "Oh ... my ... gosh. I don't think I can keep reading this, Miss Purry. This is downright pornographic. And ... it's her own son." She wondered how she could show up to the next book club meeting and look anyone in the eye knowing they would have all read this sordid trash.

Despite her misgivings, she did not put the book down. Instead, she turned the pages faster, dying to know what would happen next.

"It's stuck. What the ... heck ... the pages are ... stuck together." Courtney couldn't get the pages to separate. She thought about getting her husband to help, but she'd die twice over if he knew what she was reading. They barely ever had sex and certainly never discussed it. "Gosh ... darn it!" She stood, about ready to throw the book out of frustration.

Startled, Caty Purry ran into the next room.

The words on the page melted before Courtney's eyes and new words formed. *Accept the curse of the Penumbra*. Her mouth formed a rictus of surprise, and she sat down again. "What the ...?" The words changed again. *To read on, you must accept*.

"Oh, it's some sort of trick book." Courtney looked around the room, trying to find the camera. "What a dirty joke. Did Jeremy put you up to this?" She expected her book club friends to enter the room, laughing at the prank. But nothing happened. "Okay ... I accept the curse. Joke's over. Hello?" The book lit up with a brief red glow. When Courtney inspected it, the page turned easily. Instead of the story, she found instructions. When she was done reading, she put the book down and rubbed her chin.

"But I don't have a son." Courtney thought things through and came to a decision. She went upstairs and applied makeup, put up her hair, and pulled on her tightest dress. She dug in her closet for a pair of heels. Once downstairs, she yelled into the basement, "Going out, babe. I'll be back later." She grabbed her purse and left the house in a rush.

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“Hello, Courts. I wasn’t expecting you today.” Gale looked her sister up and down with a raised eyebrow.

“I just wanted to stop by and see ... um ...” Courtney smiled. “... my favorite nephew.”

“Are you going someplace fancy?” Gale pressed her lips together in confusion.

“Oh ... um ... yes, Jeremy and I are going out later.” Courtney pushed past her sister.

“And you’re here to see, *Buster*?” Normally, the sisters looked very much alike. But at the moment Gale had her red hair down, wore an old flannel shirt, and sported torn jeans.

“Uh, huh.” Courtney nodded. “Where is he?”

“In his room.” Gale made way for her sister and watched her hurry through the house. Buster was twenty years old and lived above the garage, wasting his time. Gale had no idea what could be so important that Courtney had to see him right away. She shook her head, mystified.

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“Aunt Courtney?” Buster let her into his room, doing his best not to ogle. She looked like a model. He hadn’t seen her dressed up in years. “Sorry the place is such a mess. I was going to clean up in a little bit.” That was a lie. He looked around the room. It would have been cleaner if a tornado had hit. “What’s up?”

Courtney closed the door behind her and locked it. “Look, Buster. I’ll get right to the point. The book said you need to make me happy.”

“What book, Aunt Courtney?” He frowned. “What are you talking about? Did Mom put you up to this?” His mother had been riding him hard lately. She kept telling him to think about other people’s happiness.

“Look, I’m supposed to do this with my son. But well, we only have cats. No son. So, you’re next on the list.” Courtney put down her purse and swayed her hips. The move was more gawky than seductive.

“Is this a joke?” Buster scratched his head in confusion.

“Does this look like a joke?” She shrugged out of her straps and lowered her dress. Her milky boobs spilled out into the open. They were topped with puffy, pink nipples.

“Holy ... shit.” Buster wondered if his mom’s tits looked like that. No, she was older and had three kids. “What’s ... um ...” He licked his dry lips. “What’s going on?”

“Oh, my gosh. I thought this would be easier than it’s turning out.” Courtney marched up to her nephew, grabbed a handful of his hair, and brought his face to her boob. She mashed his mouth against her soft flesh until he sucked on her nipple. “I need someone young and strong. You’re twenty. You’re ... sorta strong.” She wondered at how little resistance he was putting up. “You’re going to make ... me ... happy.” She held his head firmly to her breast.

“Mmmpppphhhhhhh.” Buster didn’t know if he was in heaven or hell. He was now convinced she meant what she said. And the perfect, fat tit in his face took all the struggle out of him. He did his best to suck her nipple and please her.

“Not good enough.” Courtney released his hair and pulled her dress up over her hips. She wasn’t wearing panties. “Let’s try something else.” She put her hands on his shoulders and pushed him down to his knees. “My husband has never done this for me. But I bet he’d eat my vagina if it was in one of his precious video games.”

“Oh ... man.” Buster didn’t resist when she tilted her pelvis forward and pressed her pussy into his face. He would have been less surprised if someone had stuffed him into a rocket and shot him into space. He did his very best, remembering what his ex-girlfriend liked. Aunt Courtney tasted wonderful, and her lips were large enough to suck on.

“That’s good ... that’s good ... good boy.” Without thinking, her hips gyrated in tight circles. “You’ve ... aaahhhhhh ... always been ... my ... oooooohhhhhh ... favorite ... nephew.”

That was news to Buster. But he didn’t argue. He lapped at her pussy as best he could. They went on for a while. His tongue was getting tired by the time he felt her body trembling.

“Oooooohhhhhhhh ... Buster ... oooohhhhhh ... my ... oooooohhhhhhhh ... I’m going to ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” She bit her lip to keep herself quiet. The last thing she needed was her sister to come banging on the door. Courtney’s orgasm shook every inch of her body. It was better than any she’d had in the past decade. When the tide of ecstasy receded, she pushed him away from her vagina. “That was ... good. Now stand up ... fair is fair.”

Buster stood, his eyes trying to take in all of her at once. Courtney had a distant expression on her freckled face and some drool on her chin. She still had her hair up,

and her dress now only covered her midriff. It was the sexiest thing he'd ever seen. He stopped breathing when she dropped to her knees and pulled his shorts and underwear down. His hard cock flopped out in the open.

"Oh ... you have a nice one." Courtney smiled. "I was going to finish you with my mouth, but ..." She stood, stepped over some dirty laundry, and put her hands on the wall. She looked over her shoulder at him. "You can put it in me if you want." Courtney smiled sweetly.

"Aunt Courtney?" Buster stood like a statue, utterly confounded.

"In my vagina, I mean." Her smile disappeared. "Get over here and make me happy, Buster."

"Yeah ... okay." He tried to clear the floor with his foot, but tripped on his shorts and fell. He took off his clothes, and stood behind her. "Do we need a condom or -"

"Put it in me ... *now!*" Courtney exhaled when his penis slid into her. "That's good ... uuuuuhhhhhhhh ... you're a good size ... Buster. Yes ... yes ... yes ... like that. Yes ... pound me ... faster ... yes ..." She uttered a steady stream of encouragement and directions.

Buster gripped her hips tightly and slammed into her. Her pussy was tight, wet, and perfect. He wracked his brain for anything sexy he could say to his aunt, but came up blank. So, he went with heavy breathing and grunting while she continued to babble at him.

"You're hitting something ... uugggghhhhhhhh ... you're hitting ... uh ... uh ... something new." Courtney was so grateful to the book. She could feel her orgasm getting closer. "Yes ... yessss ... Buster ... if you keep hitting that ... I'll ... I'll ... oh ... gosh ... I didn't know ... I didn't ... uuuugggghhhhhhhh ... that spot ... that spot ... you're the best ... yeeesssssssss."

He watched her jerk and spasm in front of him. Her hair started to fall out of its clips. His ex-girlfriend didn't cum during intercourse, so watching her climax filled him with pride.

Courtney expected him to finish after five minutes, but apparently some men could last longer than that. She was sure it would be over by the ten-minute mark, but they kept going. At twenty minutes, her legs were tiring, and the multiple orgasms he'd given her were melting her brain. She didn't even notice his tightening grip and his arrhythmic hips until it was too late. She wouldn't have told him to pull out anyway. "Yesssssssss ... yesssssssss ... fill me ... Buster ... my favorite nephew ... yessssss ... oooohhhhhhhh." Her last orgasm of the day joined his and carried her mind far away.

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“What did you want to talk to Buster about?” Gale watched her sister hurry to the front door. It seemed like Courtney was walking funny. Almost like she was waddling.

“It’s ... um ... a surprise.” Courtney waved to her sister and opened the door. “Sorry, I’m late. Gotta go.” Her heels clicked on the concrete of the front walkway.

“Okay, well ... have fun with Jeremy tonight.” Gale stepped into the open doorway, shaking her head as she watched her sister get into her car and drive away. She’d have to talk to Buster and see what the heck that was all about. But first she needed to make dinner. She shut the door and headed to the kitchen.

## Chapter 4

“This is too much.” Faduma had thought Emily and Lance Olmstead would end their abhorrent, incestuous affair when they discovered that Emily’s husband, Mitch, and daughter, Samantha, were alive. But as she read on, she could see that they had no intention of stopping. They fornicated right under Mitch’s nose. With a trembling finger, she turned the page. And then things got even worse ... Emily was seducing her own daughter. *Why can’t I put this book down?* She knew that incest was a hot topic for fiction. There were best-selling fantasy books that delved into those forbidden perversions. But, of course, Faduma had never read them. A thought occurred to her. *This isn’t even fiction. This is supposed to be a memoir. Has that nice woman at the book club meeting really done these taboo things?*

Faduma glanced at the clock. Yuusuf would be returning from high school soon. He was eighteen and still needed his mother’s guidance. His older sister, Calaso, would be home later from her classes at community college. She wanted very little to do with her mother. Faduma frowned at the clock. Maybe she could read one more chapter before Yuusuf strolled into the sunroom and requested an afternoon snack.

The page wouldn’t turn. Faduma wetted her finger and tried again, but it was stuck.

As Faduma furrowed her brow in consternation, the words on the page melted and new words formed. *Accept the curse of the Penumbra.* Her eyebrows arched. The book was even more wicked than she had thought. She decided then and there to stop reading. The words changed again. *To read on, you must accept.*

“I accept the curse!” Faduma’s words echoed in the empty house. *Why did I say that?* She put a hand to her mouth and turned the page. She found detailed instructions. She had time to read through the directions more than once before she heard the front door open, and her son’s clomping feet echo down the hall. “How many times do I have to say, shoes off, Yuusuf?” she called to him unseen.

“Sorry, Mom.” Yuusuf’s voice was filled with contrition.

“It’s okay, sweetness.” Faduma listened to him clomp back to the front door, her mind spinning. By the time his softer footfalls approached the sunroom, she had decided what to do. His bright face appeared in the doorway. “Hello, Yuusuf. How was school?”

“Hi, Mom.” He smiled at her, his eyes taking in her soft, oval face. She looked even prettier than normal. She wore a long dress as usual. Her hair was down, which was normal. He couldn’t figure out what it was. “School was good. We dissected ...” His mind wandered away. “You look beautiful today, Mom.”

“Thank you, sweetness.” Faduma’s smile was wide and warm. “Snack?”

"I'm not hungry. I'm going to go to my room for a while." Yuusuf waved to his mother and turned for the stairs. He needed to fap desperately. Betty Svendsen had been wearing a tight sweater at school, and he couldn't stop thinking about her tits.

"Not so fast." Faduma beckoned him with one finger. "You look tired. How about if I give you a shoulder rub? That way you can better focus on your homework."

"Um ... okay." Yuusuf put down his backpack and walked over to her. He tried to sit down on the floor in front of her armchair, but she pulled him onto her lap. Her breasts pushed into his back. *They're big ... like Betty Svendsen big.* He didn't usually think about his mother's boobs, but now he couldn't get them out of his mind. Her hands reached for his shoulders, and he tensed up.

"So tight, sweetness," Faduma purred in his ear. "Mommy's going to relax you."

Yuusuf casually adjusted his pants. He had the most confusing erection of his life threatening to pitch a major tent.

"Mmmmmmmmm." Faduma worked his shoulders with strong, caring fingers. The knots wouldn't dissipate. "This sweatshirt is in the way." Without giving him time to object, she pulled off his sweatshirt and t-shirt. They got stuck on his head, but he raised his arms and let her remove them. "There ... now we can see about getting you relaxed."

"This feels really weird, Mom." He looked over at *Blessed Recollections* sitting closed on the arm of the overstuffed chair. He needed to say something to take his mind off the fact that he was shirtless, and his mom's boobs were still pushing into his back. "What are you reading?"

"It's a godless screed, Yuusuf." She worked his muscles. The knots started to dissipate. Her hands went lower on his back, running her fingers along the ridge of his spine. The way he shivered at her touch was adorable.

"That sounds ... interesting."

"It *is* interesting." Her hands moved to his lower back. She rubbed just under the waist of his pants.

"It is?"

"Would you like to hear what the book's about?" Still under his waistband, her hands reached around to his stomach. She massaged him, just touching his pubic hair with each swirl of her hand. When he slowly nodded, she continued. "A woman loves her son so much that she takes care of his every need." Her hands circled lower. Her fingers were now at the base of his penis, well under his pants. "Just like you, he's eighteen years old, and has all the needs of a teenager."

“Mom?” Yuusuf’s ears buzzed, and his mind went foggy with desires he couldn’t comprehend. He didn’t understand what was happening, but he knew he was putty in her hands.

“The mother in the book comes to understand that her son has needs only she can meet. She knows him better than anyone. Like how I know exactly what to fix you for your afternoon snack.” Her hand circled the shaft of his penis. He was a good size. Not as big as his father, but thick and very hard. She stroked him slowly. With her other hand she unbuttoned his pants. “A mother understands her son better than any other woman. Don’t you think?”

“Uuuggghhhhhh ... it sounds ... like a good ... book.” He melted into her arms. Leaning his head back on her shoulder. He turned his face toward hers, and their lips met. He was making out with his mother while she aggressively fapped him. He would have been less surprised if his sister arrived home riding a unicorn. His mom was a good kisser. Her tongue moved in his mouth with all the love and understanding she had showed him in other ways over the years. She did know him better than anyone else. “Mmmpppphhhhhhh.” He realized he was moaning with some urgency. He was going to cum. He broke their kiss. “Mom ... I’m ...”

“Ohhhhhh ... are you going to shoot your stuff?” Faduma’s hand was a blur on her son’s penis. “I’ll take good care of you, sweetness. Whenever you need to relax, I’m here for you. Yes ... yes ... do it!” Her eyes lit up as her son’s sperm flew into the air. “Wow ... wow ...” She continued to jack him as he erupted. The white, sticky mess covered his shirtless torso, his pants, and her arms. His enthusiastic grunts were so sweet and natural in her ears. When he finished, her hand slowed. “So ... much. And it’s so thick. And that smell.” She inhaled deeply. “I had forgotten that young men were like this.”

“Uuuuggghhhhhhhh.” Yuusuf felt too good to reply.

“Get up, get up.” Faduma pushed her son to his feet. “We have to get our clothes in the wash before the stains set.” She took his hand and pulled him through the house to the laundry room. Once there, she pulled off her dress and put it in the washing machine. She caught him staring at her sensible underwear. “Go on. Take off your clothes. You’ve got sperm on your underwear and pants.”

“Um ... okay.” Yuusuf was still riding his high, and his dick seemed to have no interest in deflating. Soon, he had only his socks on. His mother took his clothes, put them in the washing machine, and got the cycle ready. He watched her gorgeous ass shake under her panties as she worked. “Why is this happening, Mom?”

“I’m supposed to make you happy.” She looked over her shoulder at him with a smile. “And you’re supposed to make me happy, too.” Before she closed the washing machine door, she wiggled out of her panties and threw them into the machine. “They’re wet,”

she said. Faduma switched on the cycle, turned around, and hopped on the washing machine. She spread her legs, showing him her dark triangle of hair and glistening vagina.

“So ... you want me to ...?” He looked from her pussy up to her smiling eyes.

“It’s time for your afternoon snack.” Faduma beckoned him with one finger, as she often did, seemingly reeling him in with an invisible line. The washing machine started vibrating under her. It was a wonderful feeling. Why hadn’t she thought of receiving oral sex in the laundry room before? “Don’t be shy.”

“I’ve never done this before.” Yuusuf sniffed. He could smell her sweet pungency. He moved his face right up to her pussy but didn’t touch.

“What do I always tell you, sweetness?” She ran her fingers through his thick, coarse hair. “You’re such a perfectionist. But you can’t be good at something unless you try. Unless ... you practice.” Gently, she pulled his lips to meet her nether lips. “There you go.” Her voice was soft and filled with a mother’s approval. “That’s a good start. Lick ... and suck ... and ... no ... don’t bite.” She inhaled sharply, pulling his head away. After a second, she pulled him back to work. “Do you know ... ooohhhhhh ... where my clitoris is?” That was a rhetorical question. It was obvious he didn’t know. “Let me show you.” She leaned her head back and nearly howled. His attentions coupled with the vibrations were heavenly. “I think ... this ... is how we’ll do snack time ... from now on ... sweetness ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Her toes curled and she had a delightful orgasm.

Yuusuf gave his mother three more orgasms before they went to their separate showers to get clean. He washed away the cum, but he couldn’t wipe the smile off his face. Even after they dressed and went out to dinner as a family, he was still grinning from ear to ear.

At the pizza place, Faduma’s husband, Tawfiq, frowned at the menu, deciding what to order. Faduma, in her hijab, gazed at her smiling son with adoration.

Calaso, also wearing a hijab, glanced from her brother to her mother and back again. “What’s gotten into you two?” Her frown looked similar to her father’s. “You’ve been acting so strange ever since I got home.”

“Really?” Faduma pulled her eyes off her son and set them on her daughter. She remembered how Emily Olmstead had seduced her own daughter. Faduma shivered. “I had a nice workout at the gym.” Faduma shrugged. “I’m happy. And ... your brother learned something new today. Didn’t you, sweetness?”

“What?” Yuusuf pulled himself out of his reverie. He had been daydreaming about his mother’s pussy. “Yeah ... that’s right. I learned something new. But I’m going to have to

practice every day if I'm going to get good at it. Right, Mom?" He laughed and his mother joined in.

Faduma's cackling was so loud people looked at them from around the restaurant.

"What did you learn?" Calaso raised her eyebrows. Her brother didn't answer her. They were behaving so strangely. Her father didn't notice; his eyes were still glued to the menu.

## Chapter 5

“I’m home, Mom!” Yuusuf’s voice was full of excitement as it echoed through the house.

“I’m in here ... ughhhh ... sweetness.” Faduma put the book down. Her chest rose and fell rapidly, while her hand worked little circles inside her panties. In the story, Emily’s other daughter, the one who didn’t go on the sailboat, had found the island after months of searching. Emily was about to be rescued. But ... Faduma doubted anyone could rescue Emily from herself. Not after the things she’d done. Suddenly, it occurred to Faduma that Emily’s current pregnancy, which seemed so innocent at their book club meeting, might be very naughty indeed. Had Lance done that to her?

“Oooohhhhhhhh.”

“Hey, Mom, I ...” Yuusuf stopped in the doorway. His backpack thumped to the floor. His eyes widened. He hadn’t expected to find his mother wearing only panties, reclining on the couch while masturbating. Her heavy breasts hung wonderfully to either side of her chest, wobbling with her arm’s vigorous movements. He had entered the house with a bright smile on his face. Seeing this, he beamed bright as the sun. “What are you doing?”

“Every day ... when you get home from school ... I prepare ... ooohhhhhh ... your snack.” It delighted her that he was so thrilled to see her. She could tell by the grin on his face and the mountain in his pants. She cocked her head, and her hand slowed. She stared at her eighteen-year-old son’s crotch. “What are you doing ... down there?” She pointed with her free hand. “Are you stuffing ... your pants?”

Yuusuf’s smile went supernova. “It’s a miracle, Mom.” He hurriedly lowered his pants. “When I woke up this morning, it was bigger. A *lot* bigger.” He stepped out of his pants. His tighty-whities could not contain his erection, the dark, bulbous cockhead stuck above the elastic band. “I didn’t want to say anything to you with Dad and Calaso around this morning. Do you like it?” He lowered his underwear and let his erection bounce into the open. It was long, fat, and the shape of a magnificent crescent.

“It’s ... it’s ... amazing.” Her fingers sped up on her clit. “Yesterday ... you were a little smaller than your father ... ooohhhhhhhhhh ... and ... today ... you are ... twice his size.” Pleasure washed over her. “I’m going to ... orgasm ... sweetness. Oooohhhhhhhh ... shake your hips for me ... I want to see it bounce side to ... side.”

“Sure, Mom.” He did as his mother asked and listened to her scream like a banshee. Her eyes never left his cock, but they went wild when her climax crested. She looked almost possessed. He stopped shaking his hips and started pumping his dick with both hands. Some days, he fapped before his afternoon snack. Some days, after. It seemed like a “before” day.

“Oh ... my ... ooohhhhhhhhh ...” Faduma focused her gaze on the giant penis before her. It looked so incongruous on his slight body. She imagined an organ like this to be the tool of some giant, not her teenage son. “Come closer.” When his hands stopped pumping, she gave him a reassuring smile. “I like watching you touch yourself, Yuusuf. Don’t stop. I just want to see it closer. And when you finish, I want you to ...” She bit her bottom lip. “I want you to spray me with your stuff ... just like in my book.”

“Whoa. That’s a good book.” Yuusuf moved closer to his mother. He stood next to the couch, his dick cantilevered out over her boobs. He fapped himself like crazy, still trying to get used to the thickness and length. “You ... really like ... looking at me ... doing this?”

“Oooohhhhhhh ... it’s lovely ... sweetness.” Faduma settled into a bliss that slowly built toward another climax. She looked up at his large testicles, jiggling under him. She reached with her free hand and cupped one. It was heavy. “These are bigger ... uughhh ... too.”

“Yeah ... uhhhhhh ... and I cum ... like a fire hose ... now.” He’d given his new equipment a thorough test drive in the shower that morning. He glanced at her face. The smile was gone. “Sorry ... Mom ... I didn’t mean to be ... crude.”

“In the book ... the son gets *very* crude ... with his mother.” Her smile returned as she massaged his testicle, relishing the feel of his wrinkly flesh in her fingers.

“You ... liked that?” Yuusuf knew such things were popular in porn, but he hadn’t thought that women actually enjoyed dirty talk. All the women around him seemed so prim and proper.

“He ... um ... even ... ooohhhhhhh ... calls her ... names.” She quickly glanced at his eyes, and then returned her focus to his penis and balls.

“He ... does?” Yuusuf fapped himself in silence for a while, watching his mother’s tits ripple and wobble in the most perfect way. “You’re ... a dummy ... Mom. You like ... being a dummy?”

Faduma met his gaze and rolled her eyes. “You can do ... better.”

*That was pathetic.* He agreed with his mother. He could do better. Yuusuf racked his mind. He didn’t want to sound like he was fighting with his sister. He wanted to sound assertive, dominant, and confident. “I’m going to ... cover you with cum ... Mom ... and when I do ... you’ll be marked. You’ll ... uuughhhh ... be *my* ... bitch from ... now on. I’ll even make you ... suck my cock.” He offered a faint smile. “Do you like that?”

“Yeeesssssssss ...” Faduma’s pleasure surged at his words. “But ... don’t ask for ... approval at the end. Tell me ... that I will be ... your ... your ... your ...” She struggled to

get the word out. Her building ecstasy helped the deplorable word bubble out of her. "... your bitch ... and that your father ... has lost me."

"Oh ... man ... I can't believe ... you like this." Yuusuf spoke the truth. The moment warped his understanding of the world. He was close to unloading all over her. "I'm ... gonna ... steal you ... from Dad. When my cum ... hits your tits ... you'll be mine ... Mom."

"Yeeessssssssss." Faduma writhed on the couch. With one hand, she rhythmically squeezed his balls, trying her best to milk her son. With the other, she worked her clit.

"My ... bitch ... Mom ... you're now ... mine ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." Yuusuf stepped back so he wouldn't overshoot her. He knew from his morning fap session that his cum came out with added pressure now. "Cummmmmiiiiinnnnnnngggggggggggg." The first spray of sperm launched onto her belly. He turned his hips like a sprinkler, he wanted to cover every inch of her gorgeous, dark skin with his white seed. Cum landed on her panties next, then back to her belly, her tits, her neck, and then finally to her face. It was obvious she was climaxing, too. If she had looked possessed before, her expression was now downright demonic. His mother's mouth hung open and cum landed on her tongue. She didn't spit it out like he would have expected. She didn't seem to even notice what had happened, her pleasure was so great. He finished emptying his balls on her face. Three more momentous bursts, and the deed was done. He stood over his befouled mother. Both of them shuddered spasmodically, experiencing their separate aftershocks.

"Wow ... wow ... wow." Faduma's eyes were sealed against the deluge. She wiped the sperm away with her fingers and looked up at her conquering hero. "The book was ... right."

"I need to read ... that book." He saw a splash of cum on the book's cover. Normally, he'd worry about messing up his mom's things. But doubt could not touch him at the moment.

"Maybe." Faduma sat up and looked down at herself. "You really did cover me." She stood slowly and took his hand. "We have to get clean." She led him through the house.

"What about the couch, Mom?" He watched her ass roll under her panties as they walked upstairs.

"I'll clean it later." She looked over her shoulder, catching his gaze on her butt. "That stuff with the b-word was just a game. You understand that, right? Neither of us meant those things."

"Yeah, Mom. Sure." Yuusuf nodded enthusiastically. He would have agreed to anything she said. And sure enough, once they were in the shower, she suggested it was time for

his snack. He immediately dropped to his knees and ate her pussy, using all the tricks he'd learned the day before.

"Ooohhhhhhhhhh ... we make each other happy ... don't we ... sweetness?" Faduma's legs trembled as his tongue circled her clit.

"Yeeeffffff Mooommmffffff," Yuusuf said into her pussy. He held her ass cheeks firmly, pressing her hips toward his face. He ran his tongue down her grove, savoring the tangy sweetness.

"Back to my ... ooohhhh ... button ... please." She lovingly caressed his head. "We have to ... finish ... before your sister ... gets home." The thought of making love with her twenty-year-old daughter sent off fireworks before her eyes. *Blessed Recollections* was clear. In order to abide by the curse's wishes, she would have to seduce Calaso. That seemed an insurmountable task. She wasn't close to her daughter the way she had always been with her son. But the book wouldn't lead her astray. She trusted it. She imagined her daughter wriggling on her fingers. It would work. "Ooohhhhhhhh ... Yuusuf ... you're going to make me ... ooohhhhhh ... I'm having another ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh." Her hips jerked, and she was carried away by her second orgasm of the afternoon.

## Chapter 6

“Mom! I’m home!” Emma struggled in through the front door, carrying a large basket of laundry.

“Emma?” Sylvie stepped into the hall wearing an apron and drying her hands on a towel. “That’s three weekends in a row you’ve come home. You should stay with your friends at school. Isn’t it time you found yourself a boyfriend?” She frowned at her daughter but didn’t help her lug in her laundry.

“I’m just taking my time, Mom.” Emma closed the door and awkwardly moved down the hall with her large basket.

“Are you even dating?” Sylvie raised an eyebrow.

“Yeah, Mom.” Emma didn’t know how to tell her backward-thinking mom that she wasn’t interested in men. She had been dating, but it wasn’t what Sylvie Taylor had in mind at all. “But I like seeing you, Dad, and Madison.” She pushed past her mother, heading to the utility room. “And I like free laundry.”

“Hmmpppphhh.” Sylvie shook her head and went back to preparing dinner.

A little while later, Emma walked into the kitchen and sat at the counter. She watched her mom work. “Where’s Madison?”

“Unlike you, your sister has a social life. She’s on a double date with that Roberts boy and Claire. She’s sleeping over at Claire’s after.” Sylvie didn’t look up from chopping onions.

“How progressive of you to give her so much trust.” Emma picked up a book on the counter. She read the cover, *Blessed Recollections* by Emily Olmstead. She frowned at it. “And Dad?”

“He’s working late, but he’ll be home for dinner.”

Emma held the book in the air. “Another book club book you’re never going to read?”

“You know I don’t like reading. I just enjoy the socializing.” Sylvie looked over at her daughter and forced a smile. “Would you be a dear and read it? You can give me the highlights like you used to.”

“Sure, Mom.” Emma sighed. She took the book and stood. “Call me down for dinner.” She left for her room.

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Emma dove into the book, only taking breaks to keep loads of laundry going, and to eat dinner with her father, Rich, and her mother. Afterward, she went back to her room and curled up with the book. Her mouth dropped when the book's heroine started doing all sorts of salacious things with her son. She'd never read that sort of smut before. *Why is Mom's book club reading this? It must be some kind of mix-up.*

If only the father and daughter in the story hadn't died when their yacht sank. Emma would have been even more into the erotic adventures if the daughter had found the strange stone with her mom. Her eyes bulged when she realized what she was thinking. But ... it was true. She kept turning pages, as mother and son sank further into depravity.

"Holy shit!" Emma couldn't believe it when the father and daughter reappeared. They'd been on the island the whole time. It was going to happen. Emma could feel it. Emily and Samantha Olmstead were going to fall into each other's arms with the help of the stone. Samantha was twenty-one, just like Emma. That made it even hotter. It was so impossibly dirty.

It was almost eleven o'clock when Emma arrived at the scene she'd been waiting for. Emily led her daughter into the forest, away from the men, at her son's direction. Her clandestine purpose was seduction. "Oh ... my ... God ... OMG ... OMG!" The page ended just as Emily's lips touched Samantha's. Emma went to turn it, but it was stuck. She frantically tried to read on, but the book wouldn't cooperate.

Then, the strangest thing happened. The words on the page melted before Emma's eyes and new words formed. *Accept the curse of the Penumbra.* She frowned. "I don't understand." The words changed again. *To read on, you must accept.*

"Oh, it's some sort of trick book." Emma could feel something dark moving through her. This wasn't a cheap trick. But she didn't care, she needed to find out what would happen next. "Okay, stupid book, I accept. Let me turn the page!" The book lit up with a brief red glow. Emma tried again, and the page turned easily. Instead of the story, however, she found instructions. When she was done reading, she put the book down, stood, and went to go find her mother.

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Sylvie sat on the sofa in the basement, drinking wine and watching a romance movie. She poured more wine into her glass. She was on her second bottle. When Emma sat

next to her, Sylvie gave a little yelp of surprise. “Gosh, Emma. You scared me. I thought you were asleep.” Her words were slurred.

“The book said that you’re drunk and need some company. Dad didn’t want to have your weekly date night, huh?” Emma smiled pleasantly. She knew “date night” was a euphemism for her parent’s *sex night*.

“I’m just watching a movie and ... what?” Sylvie narrowed her eyes and looked at her daughter. “What did you just say? A book said what?”

“I think you’ve had enough for one night.” Emma took the wineglass from her mother and put it on the coffee table.

“I was drinking that.” Sylvie frowned at her daughter. But her expression changed to one of startled pleasure when Emma tenderly caressed her cheek. It felt so unexpectedly wonderful to have another’s warm touch that Sylvie pressed her cheek into her daughter’s hand and shivered. “That feels good ... sweetheart. We used to be so close, didn’t we?” Her drunk mind reeled as it tried to understand why her daughter’s other hand had started rubbing her belly through her sweater.

“I’ve been keeping secrets from you, Mom. But I don’t want to tell you my secrets. I want to show you. Okay?” Emma leaned her face closer to her mother’s. Their lips were inches apart. She could smell the heavy, fruity scent of wine.

“I don’t ... mmmpppphhhhhhhhhh.” Even in her inebriated state, Sylvie went stiff as a board when her daughter’s lips pressed against hers. She tried to pull away, but Emma followed. They struggled briefly, and Sylvie ended up on her back on the sofa, with Emma on top of her. When Emma persisted with her kiss, Sylvie gave in and let her daughter’s tongue explore her mouth. The room spun around her and pleasure mounted. Confusing emotions crashed into one another. It was wonderful to be needed, but it was a terrible sin to be wanted in such a way by your own daughter. It felt so natural to have her daughter’s hand slide under her sweater and cup her boob through her bra, but it was totally foreign to be intimate with another woman. Emma’s advances stirred long-buried and previously undiscovered pleasures, but the horror of what they were doing kept her muscles bunched and stiff.

“Mmmpppphhhhhhhh.” Emma pinned down her mother with a firm grip on her hair. Her other hand pulled down her mother’s bra and played with her nipple. She placed her thigh between her mother’s legs and undulated her hips. It was a one-way make out session for a while, but Emma didn’t mind. She knew her mother would come around. And she was right. About the time the credits for the movie on TV rolled, her mother’s tongue tentatively darted into Emma’s mouth.

Sylvie’s brain couldn’t wrap itself around the sudden change in her circumstances. Her tongue, nipple, and vagina were all buzzing with pleasure. *But it isn’t my husband*

*pushing my buttons. It's a woman. My own daughter!* The cognitive dissonance ramped up until something had to give. Her mind slogged back and forth as she kissed Emma more passionately. She embraced the moment like any good drunk would, and felt up her daughter. Her muscles finally relaxed as she hefted a boob that clearly came from her husband's side of the family. It was at least twice the size of Sylvie's small breasts. For the first time in her life, she slowly became familiar with another woman's body.

Emma broke the kiss and looked down at her mom's lust-filled face. Her mother's usually tight expression had loosened considerably. Her mouth hung open, her eyes stared into the distance. Emma had smeared her mother's lipstick all around those wonderful, full lips. She humped against the older woman at a faster pace. "Jeez ... Mom ... are you going to ... cum from me ... riding you?"

"Yes ... sweetheart." Sylvie's legs trembled. A big climax wasn't too far away. She'd somehow managed to have a date night after all. Without Rich. She was going to get off while her husband slept upstairs.

"This is ... just like in the book ... but in reverse." Emma lifted her mother's sweater above her breasts and latched her mouth onto her rigid nipple.

"Oooooohhhhhhhhhhhhh." Sylvie arched her back. Rich only ever went after one erogenous zone at a time. She was quivering putty under her daughter's multi-pronged ravishment. "It's ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhh ... happening ..." Whatever little was left of her mind spiraled away as a magnificent orgasm overtook her.

With a wide grin, Emma watched her mother cum like a banshee. When her mother stopped convulsing, she climbed off and took off her own top and bra.

"Emma?" Sylvie sat up, still trembling. "I'm so confused." She stared at her daughter's heavy breasts. Why did they excite her? *They shouldn't excite me.* She stood, pulled down her sweater, and stepped around the sofa. "I need to go to bed." The alcohol and post-orgasmic buzz made her steps unsure. She tripped and fell on her hands and knees.

Like lightning, Emma vaulted over the back of the sofa and pulled down her mom's yoga pants. "Your panties are soaked, Mom." Sylvie's panties soon joined her pants around her knees. Before her mother could flee, Emma spread her cheeks and dove her tongue into her pussy.

"Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." Sylvie dropped her head to the floor and let her daughter have her way. Her husband had given her oral sex once, so she knew what it was. But she'd never imagined it could be given from the back. *Goodness, Emma must be eye-to-eye with my butthole.* The thought thrilled her more than it horrified her. When her daughter reached underneath and found Sylvie's clitoris, Sylvie dug her nails into the floor and cried like a wild animal.

“Mmmppphhhhhhhhh.” Emma worked her mom’s pussy expertly from behind while she massaged her mother’s clit in little circles. The tight, yoga-toned butt in front of her shook and gyrated. Another few minutes and she’d have her mother cumming on her tongue.

“Emma ... ooohhhhhhhhh ... this is crazy ... Emma ... ooohhhhhhhhhhh.” Sylvie let her daughter service her right to another orgasm. This one was bigger than the one before it. She screamed, cried, and flopped on the floor when it was done. It took a long time for the ecstasy to fade. When it did, she saw that her daughter was on the floor next to her, taking off her pants. Sylvie knew this was her last chance to escape full lesbianism. Without even pulling up her pants and underwear, Sylvie rose to her feet and stumbled up the stairs. To her great relief, her daughter didn’t give chase. Sylvie headed straight to the shower and did her best to wash the filth off her. A half-hour later, still drunk, she crashed into bed next to her husband and fell blissfully asleep.

Emma watched her mother’s pale ass disappear up the stairs. She shrugged. “I suppose I can satisfy myself tonight.” She got up and headed back to her room, looking forward to reading the next chapter of *Blessed Recollections* while getting herself off.

## Chapter 7

When Sylvie woke, she rolled onto her stomach. Something wasn't right. Her eyes shot open. She rolled onto her back, pulled off the covers and stared at the massive lumps under her nightie. They were huge. "Rich ... Rich!" She reached for her husband, but his side of the bed was already vacant. "Golf ... golf ... he's at golf." She remembered that he got up early for golf on Saturdays.

A cold sweat beaded her forehead as she tentatively pulled her nightie off and released her breasts out into the open. Her boobs had miraculously grown overnight. They were enormous, and hung unfamiliarly to either side of her chest. Sylvie's nipples had never been very sensitive, so she was shocked when she touched them. Quite literally, a shock of pleasure rushed through her. "Oh, my." Before she knew it, she was rolling her nipples with her fingers and writhing on the bed. The ecstasy reminded her of something ...

"Oh, no!" Sylvie remembered what had happened with her daughter. Her slow, hungover brain was catching up to speed. She released her horribly enhanced breasts and jumped out of bed. She only made it a few steps toward the bathroom before careening sideways and falling to the carpeted floor. She stayed there for over a minute. She wasn't used to moving with a body that lurched with every shift in momentum. Slowly, she got to her feet and shuffled to the bathroom. She needed a cold shower. There had to be some explanation for what had happened to her. She'd search the internet later.

Sylvie took off her panties, feeling the weight of her boobs hang as she bent forward. Maybe it was a dream. She prayed that it was. When she got into the shower, the cold water stimulated her nipples with new electrifying shocks. Before she could think about it, one hand was rolling a nipple, and the other was between her legs. Despite the frigid water, she worked herself to three mind-warping orgasms.

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"Good morning, Mom." Emma sat in her bathrobe, smirking over her coffee mug as her mother entered the kitchen. She watched the tall woman walk with hesitating steps. Sylvie moved like gravity had shifted on her. Despite the oversized sweater her mother had on, it was clear that her once slender body now sported exaggerated peaks and valleys. The book had told her this would happen. It had also told her what to do. "I made you coffee on the counter there. After last night, I thought you might need it."

“Emma ... we have to talk.” Sylvie made her way to the Advil, popped three, and swallowed. She then returned to the waiting coffee and poured herself a mug. She added cream and copious amounts of sugar.

“You’re going to ask me if I’m a lesbian.” Emma nodded thoughtfully, as if her mother had actually asked the question. “Yes. Yes, I am. I’m sorry I didn’t tell you sooner. I’ve been dating women at school. I was afraid you’d flip out if you knew because ... you know ... in the past you were so judgmental about that kind of thing. But after last night, well ...” Emma let the silence linger between them. “I’m just glad we’re on the same page.” She laughed at her pun.

“Emma ... sweetie ... I’m ... obviously not a lesbian.” Sylvie’s mug trembled in her hands. “And I’m disappointed to hear about your lifestyle choice. I’m going to have to tell your father. I’m not sure we can allow you to continue –”

“Knock it off, Mom. You came all over my leg and tongue last night. You’re a dyke for sure.” Emma nodded sagely.

“No ... I ... it was the wine.” Sylvie opened her mouth to argue further, but came up with nothing, so she closed it.

“Did the wine make you grow those magnificent tits, too?” Emma stood and walked over to her mother. “You knew I liked big tits, didn’t you? So, you grew them overnight.” She put down her coffee on the counter. The woman in front of her was clearly petrified. The saying is fight or flight. But Emma had always thought there was a third “f” option. The opossum option. Fight, flight, or *freeze*. That’s what her mom was doing at the moment. Emma took her mom’s mug out of her hands and put it on the counter next to hers. Her mother was much taller than her, so she craned her neck to look into her eyes as she hefted her mother’s boobs through the oversized sweater. “They’re bigger than mine now. You’re built like a fertility goddess, Mom.”

“Eeeeeeeekkkkkkkk.” A small squeak was all Sylvie could do to respond. Bolts of pleasure shot from her breasts as her daughter mauled them with her hands.

“It doesn’t matter if you don’t think of yourself as a lesbian. There’s no need for labels.” Emma dropped to her knees and slid under her mother’s skirt. “Wow, you smell amazing. You must be gushing. Oh ... yeah ... you are. It’s crazy that I came out of here. I’m .... Mmmppphhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” The rest of her words were indecipherable as Emma sucked and licked her mother’s pussy.

“Oooohhhhhhhh ... gosh ... Emma ... I should stop you ... I should ... ooohhhhhhhhh.” Sylvie tried to gather her wits. She was cheating on her husband again. She was doing lesbian things again. It was all with her twenty-one-year daughter. “Why is this ... happening? Uuuggghhhhhh ...” Her hips jerked as a wet finger went up her butt. “Not ... right ...” She looked at her wonderful engagement ring, mated with her wedding ring on

her hand. The diamonds sparkled in the morning light. Rich was her man. She was mated to him. She wasn't a lesbian. Summoning all her strength, Sylvie pushed her daughter away and made a run for it.

"I thought you'd stay frozen, Mom." Emma was quickly on her feet. "But I guess you've moved on to flight." She dashed after her mother. Their feet thundered up the stairs. Emma caught her in the upstairs hall and tackled her to the carpeted floor. "And now ... it's fight ... I see." Emma struggled with her mother. They were all twisted together, grunting, pushing, and pulling. When the dust settled, they were both naked, and Emma had her mother under her. They were scissoring, with the younger woman riding the older one. Emma had a hand on her mother's tit, rolling her nipple between thumb and forefinger. She could see from her mother's twisted expression that the book must have cranked up her mother's erogenous zones when it changed her.

"Nnnnnnnngggggggggggg." Sylvie's blue eyes stared into nothingness. Her mouth hung open, and her face distorted with delight. "Making ... meeeeeeeeeeeeeee ..." She convulsed on the hallway floor, completely at the mercy of the ecstasy that surged from her clitoris and nipple.

"You like that ... ugh ... ugh ... Mom?" Emma's hips undulated at a faster pace. "Never ... in a million years ... did I think ... you'd dyke out. Now ... look at you."

"Not ... lesbian ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiii." Sylvie dug her fingers into the carpet. She had always prided herself on being in control. Now her inner demons were loose and thriving.

"Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiii." Emma came with her mother. She shook and fell forward. Her mouth latched onto her mother's fat nipple and twirled it with her tongue. When she'd recovered, she released her mother's tit and straddled her chest. She paused to rub her pussy on her mother's breast, smearing it with wetness. The look of shock and confusion on her mother's face was priceless. Emma let out a soft chortle. "You're ... right. You're not ... a lesbian until ... you eat pussy. Let's fix that."

Sylvie was so confused, she didn't even object. She watched her daughter's blond triangle of hair get closer and closer. Then she saw the dripping gash with her protruding lips and clitoris. It was all so new, base, and fascinating. Her nostrils flared at the tangy scent. Right or wrong didn't matter anymore. Emma's vagina hovered above her face. She reached out her tongue and licked along the gash. It tasted bright and exciting. Very different from what she had been expecting.

"That's it ... ooohhhhh ... good Mommy ... yes ... that's it ... lick me." Emma pushed her pussy into her mom's mouth and rotated her hips slightly. She ran her fingers through her mom's hair and gripped a handful. "Good ... suck on the lips now ... yes ... good ... more gentle than that ... yes." Emma leaned her head back. "Oohhhhhhhhh ... you're a

natural ... Mom ... but I'll give you some pointers. Move ... uuggghhhh ... up to my clit ... yes ... yes ... yes. You taught me ... how to wear a bra ... and how to ... uuuggghhhh ... cook ... and ... and ... now I'll teach you ... how to be a ... lesbian ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." Emma arched her back and came on her mother's face.

It was all so overwhelming for Sylvie that her mind fragmented. She pleased her daughter for a long time, eventually holding her by her round butt cheeks, relishing the orgasms she elicited. When Emma finally climbed off her mother's mouth, Sylvie's face was a wet, stunned mess. When her daughter pulled her to her feet, she didn't object. When Emma led her to Emma's bedroom, she followed obediently behind her. Her daughter seated her on the edge of Emma's twin-sized bed, and Sylvie waited for whatever pleasures would come next.

"I'm going to grab our clothes. Stay put." Emma went back into the hall and collected their clothes. She returned to the room and dumped them in a pile. "Just in case Dad or Madison get home. I don't want them thinking anything odd is going on." Emma closed her door, locked it, and smiled at her mother. "The book said you'd love this. You have an awesome book club." Emma giggled.

"The book?" That was just one of many things Sylvie didn't understand. Shocks of pleasure launched from her breasts. She looked down to see that she was playing with her own nipples. She hadn't meant to do that. But she didn't stop. Instead, she spread her legs. "I want more ... Emma. Give me more."

"Of course." Emma dropped to her knees and crawled over to her mother. Still on all fours, she went to work on her mother's pussy. She slid a wet finger inside her mother's ass and was pleased when that didn't cause the once uptight woman to run. Instead, her mother's moans grew louder and louder.

Three orgasms and twenty minutes later, there was a knock on the door. Sylvie pushed her daughter away, but didn't know what to do. Messy and naked, she looked around the room but froze in place next to the bed.

"Emma? I can hear you in there with a girl." It was Madison. Sylvie's eighteen-year-old daughter had returned from her sleepover. "If Mom or Dad catch you, I'm not covering for you. So ... keep it down."

Sylvie's eyes grew even wider. Madison knew that Emma was a lesbian and had kept it a secret.

"Where's Mom?" Emma smiled at her mother and put a finger to her lips.

"I don't know." Madison leaned her ear against the door, but didn't hear any more moaning. Her sister had stopped for the moment. "But her car's here. So, she's around somewhere. Be careful."

“I’m not sure I want to keep it down, Maddy.” Emma pushed her mother onto the bed and watched her tits tremble and quake. She climbed up next to her and kissed her way up her body. “I’ve been thinking about ... telling Mom ... anyway ... so maybe we’ll just make ... some noise in here. You can ... put on ... some music ... if you don’t want to hear.” Emma made it to her mother’s giant tits. She pushed them together and motorboated her. She looked up at her mother’s aghast expression and laughed.

“Your funeral, Emma.” Madison shrugged. “I hope your girlfriend is worth it.” She walked off to her room and put on music.

“She is.” Emma kissed her mom on the lips. “She most definitely is.”

## Chapter 8

Ida Bell was a busy woman. Even with both kids grown and out of the house, she had her work as a doctor, church functions to plan, friends to see, and countless chores out in the garden. That was why she didn't pick up her book club book until the day before she hosted the next Royal Oaks Book Club meeting.

She was still in her scrubs, exhausted from a long shift, when she picked *Blessed Recollections* from under a stack of magazines and opened it up on her kitchen counter. She made herself a smoothie and sat down on a counter stool with a sigh. "Let's get through this garbage," she said to no one.

Most of the early book wasn't worth her time, so she skimmed it. Ida slowed down after they found the ancient Spanish galleon. When things turned naughty, she read avidly. She sucked at her empty smoothie through the straw for a long time, filling the kitchen with slurping noises.

Eventually, she pushed the glass away. But she couldn't bring herself to take it to the dishwasher like she normally would have done. The book had her hooked. Things were getting nastier and nastier. Suddenly mother and son were doing things on that deserted island that they most certainly should not do. "Heaven ... above ..."

When the book pages stuck, and the words prompted her to accept the curse, the scientific part of her mind wanted to figure out what the scam was. But the hooked part of her mind needed to turn the page. She said "I accept" without thinking on it further. When she turned the page, she soaked in the instructions that followed. "I have to get out of these scrubs." She stood, closed the book, and raced to her room.

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Wearing a lovely evening dress, makeup, and her finest jewelry, Ida knocked on the door. "Demarcus? Open up, sweetie. It's your mom."

The door opened.

"Hello, Mrs. Bell. Demarcus had an exam this morning. He's napping." Nara gave Ida a friendly smile and spoke with a hushed voice.

"I see." Ida returned the smile. Nara was a sweet girlfriend for her son. This was her apartment, and Demarcus had been staying with her for a few months while he

attended community college. "I appreciate your concern for him, but he's nineteen. He doesn't need nap time." Ida pushed past Nara and went about rousing her son.

Ten minutes later, she had him in the passenger seat of the SUV while she sped down the street.

Demarcus rubbed his eyes. "Whatever this is about, I'm underdressed." He eyed his mother's sparkling outfit. He was wearing sweatpants and a t-shirt. "What's going on? Emergency party?"

"Something like that." She nodded seriously. "Your father should be home soon, so I can't take you there." She turned down a side street.

"What?" He couldn't fathom why they exited the pavement onto a dirt road. He tried not to look at his mother's cleavage as it bounced with the car on the uneven surface. "I don't understand. One minute I'm napping because I pulled an all-nighter. The next, we're driving down a country road looking like you're going to a gala."

"Remember when you said you wanted to marry me?" She turned the car into a fallow field and parked. The verdant grass was taller than their windows.

"I don't understand." Demarcus couldn't get his head around the moment.

"Do you remember?" Ida turned off the car, pulled the brake, and looked deeply into her son's eyes.

"That was a long time ago. I was just ... you know." He shrugged.

"You had a crush on your mom. Perfectly natural." She smiled. "I *am* pretty great."

"Yeah, you are." Demarcus nodded. "What's this all about?"

"I'll pretend to be your wife for today. What do you think? It's like we're on a date away from the kids." She put a hand on his sweatpants. "You're huge, Demarcus. Is that why Nara lets you stay rent-free?"

"Ummmm ... what?" He felt his dick lurch despite the fact that the woman squeezing it was his mother. "This is some kind of prank."

"Did you know that I like to give your father blowjobs in the car?" Ida stroked him through his pants, feeling him get bigger and bigger. "It's one of the perks of being married to me."

"I don't know who put you up to this, but ..." Demarcus felt his words leave him when she pulled down his pants and underwear. "This ... um ... isn't a prank ... is it?" He stared at his mother's hands. Her big diamond ring pressed into the turgid flesh of his cock.

“It’s magnificent, sweetie. Truly, gorgeous. I love the way it curves to the right. I bet that feels wonderful. Does Nara compliment you on your penis all the time?” Ida leaned her head forward. It was awkward to bend in her tight dress, but she managed. She opened wide and pressed the rotund cockhead past her lips. The grunt he made in response tickled and enflamed her.

“She does ... compliment me ... sometimes.” He held his hands up in the air, not knowing what to do. His smart, dedicated mother was slobbering on his cock. “Maybe I’m still dreaming.”

“Nnnnnnnpppphhhhhh.” Ida disagreed with him, shaking her head while she bobbed her mouth on the tip of his penis.

“Mom ... this is crazy ... you’ve gone ... oh, shit ... don’t suck like that. It’s ... uuuggghhhh ... too good.” Demarcus wound his fingers into her curly hair. “Mom ... ooohhhhhh ... Mom ... I have to be ... fucking ... dreaming.” He pressed his head into the headrest. She couldn’t get much of his dick down her throat. But he could feel her tongue working the head, and his mother’s hands gripped the shaft tightly as they pumped.

Over the next ten minutes, Demarcus didn’t make any more complaints. He was in heaven, listening to his mother’s urgent slurping, letting the pleasure she gave him wash over his body. The windows fogged up, and she kept going. He eventually decided that his mother must have gone insane. Of course, even a crazy woman needed a warning.

“You’re ... uuuggghhhh ... going to make me ... nut ... Mom.” He removed his hands from her head so she could lift her mouth out of harm’s way. But instead, she sucked more urgently. He couldn’t hold on much longer. “I don’t think ... you want to drink cum ... Mom.”

“Nnnnnnnpppphhhhhhhhhh.” Ida disagreed with her son again. She reached down with her right hand and massaged one of his balls. The testicle was huge. She readied herself for a massive load. Her son’s loud groans filled the enclosed space. He trembled under her. She bobbed her head faster. When the salty heat of his seed hit her tongue, she gulped and gulped, working frantically to drink all his seed. It took him a while to finish his climax, but she didn’t slow down. Finally, his orgasm came to a shuddering conclusion. She lifted off his penis and smiled at him. “The book was right. It feels wonderful to please you like that.”

“Um ... book?” Demarcus was having trouble thinking clearly. His disheveled mother had white cum on her dark chin. She had never looked more beautiful. No one, not even Nara, had looked more beautiful.

“Help me with the zipper.” Ida turned her back to him and waited. “Go on, sweetie. Unzip me. We’re not done yet.”

With trembling fingers, Demarcus unzipped his mother’s dress. The flawless skin on her back and her elegant bra came into view.

“I really wanted to do an exciting striptease for you. Since this will be our first time and all. But the car isn’t really the place for that.” She reached behind her and unclasped her bra. “Meet me in the backseat?” The SUV had much more room in back. She climbed between the front chairs, removing her panties as she went. When she got in the backseat, she faced him, sat, and spread her legs for him. She was only wearing her heels now. “What do you think? Is this the vagina you dreamed of when you wanted to marry me?”

“I didn’t ... um ...” He craned his neck to look back. He quickly removed his clothes. Soon, he only wore his shoes. His cock was hard and ready to go. “Are we ... really ...?”

“Not if you sit there and gawk at me all day.” Ida giggled. “We can’t stay parked in this field forever. Your father and Nara will wonder what happened to us.”

“I don’t have a condom.” Demarcus jacked off while his mother played with her black nipples.

“As a mother, I would tell you to always use a condom.” Ida’s brow furrowed as pleasure surged from her nipples. She pinched them and groaned. “As a doctor ... I’d say ... always wear a condom. But ... as ... your dream wife ... ooohhhhhhhh ... I’d say ... if you promise to pull out ... it’ll be better without one.”

He was now thinking only with his dick. If she had gone crazy, it might only be temporary insanity. This could be a once-in-a-lifetime offer. “Okay, Mom. I’m coming back there.” He climbed into the backseat and knelt on the floor between her legs. He pushed her hands off her boobs and took her nipple into his mouth. He sucked, bit, and swirled his tongue. In that position, his dick rested right above her pussy. He could feel his mother’s little, curly hairs tickling his cockhead.

“Ohhhhhhhh ... yes ... that’s my man ... yessssssss ... the book said ... you longed for Mommy’s breasts.” She arched her back pressing her boob up into his mouth. He wasn’t as gentle as her actual husband would have been, but the roughness excited her. “Now ... it’s time ... to seal ... the deal.” She reached down, took hold of his mighty penis, and guided it into her vagina. Thank goodness she was incredibly wet, because it was a tight fit.

“Mmmmmppphhh.” Demarcus spit out her nipple, put his hands on her shoulders, and pinned her to the seat. His hips moved on instinct, pressing himself into her. He looked deep into her eyes. Her gaze was distant for a moment, a muscle in her cheek twitching.

When he hit bottom, her eyes rolled upward. Seeing his mother thus possessed, a thought came to him. "Aren't you ... ugh ... ugh ... worried ... we'll ... ah ... ah ... ah ... go to hell ... for this?"

"Nnnnnngggghhhhhh." Ida tried to collect herself enough to respond.

"Nnnnnnnnoooo ... sweetie ... ugh ... ugh ... ugggghhhhhhhh ... this is ... God's plan ... for us ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii." She swung her feet into the air and climaxed. She had enjoyed plenty of orgasms with her husband over the years. And even a few before she married. But this moment of ecstasy was so cataclysmic it felt completely novel.

The car rocked in the grass field for a long time, bouncing on its suspension back and forth. The sun dipped low on the horizon by the time Demarcus arrived at his second orgasm. By then, they had switched positions and he was behind his mother, staring at her magnificent, round ass. She would be Demarcus's wife now. This was *his* bubble butt. That thought drove him wild. He gripped her rippling ass. "Gonna ... nut ... Mom."

"Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii." Ida didn't tell him to pull out. She merely tossed her head side to side, the small muscles in her back spasming.

"Cumming ... shit ... cumming ... best ... pussy ... ever ... uuugggghhhhhhhh." With a few last arrhythmic lunges, Demarcus finished inside his mother.

When his mother dropped him off back at Nara's apartment in the dark, Demarcus met his mother's smile with a frown. He wasn't sure why his life had suddenly taken a swerve to the looney bin. He raced out of the car without a goodbye. He needed to think things over. He was completely and utterly confused. His mother, a steadfast and religious woman, had offered herself up as his wife. He didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

## Chapter 9

“What the heck?” Demarcus groggily rolled out of bed. It was early, Nara usually got up before him, but he could hear her soft, quiet breathing from her half of the bed. His mind was a jumble after what had happened the night before. He’d been unfaithful to Nara and committed even more terrible sins than that. His mom had come on to him, and he’d full-on nutted inside her. And this morning, his morning wood felt next level.

He stopped in front of Nara’s full-length mirror. His cock ran up under his T-shirt, making an enormous tent. He was a big guy, but his reflection was not normal. It was absurd. Slowly, in the early-morning gloom, he took off his shirt and underwear. He stood naked, staring in disbelief. It was still the dick he was familiar with, all the same ridges, veins, and the curve to the right. But it was maybe a third bigger than it was yesterday. He turned on the light to get a better look.

“What are you doing up, Demarcus?” Nara sat up in bed, rubbing sleep from her eyes. She glanced over at him and did a double-take. “What did you do? You’re huge! I mean ... you were already ... but ... oh, my gosh.” Her jaw practically hit the floor.

“I didn’t do anything.” He turned toward his girlfriend, his mammoth dick pointing right at her. “I ... must have had a growth spurt.”

“At nineteen?” Nara tried to wrap her mind around what had happened. His large cock was one of the many wonderful qualities she valued in Demarcus. But this was ... absurd. “I ... I ... I ...” She searched for words.

“I mean ... it’s still the same. Just a little bigger.” Demarcus had liked the size he’d been yesterday. Women seemed to love it, too. But this was too much. He’d heard how some guys were too big. That normal sex wasn’t possible for them with most women. Panic gripped his heart. “Tell me it’s okay.”

Nara swallowed hard and composed herself. “It’s great. You know I like them big!” She forced herself to sound cheery for his sake. “Let’s just see how I compare now. This will be fun.” She slipped out of bed wearing only her panties and got down on her knees. Up close, he looked even more massive. She offered a tight smile. “Don’t worry, I can work with this.” A swarm of angry butterflies flapped in her belly. She held up her forearm and placed her elbow at the base of his dick. “Oh ... gosh ... it’s bigger than my forearm.” Despite the shock and fear, her pussy flooded her panties. She knew if she looked down, she’d see a spreading dark spot on the cotton.

“That ... actually looks really hot.” Demarcus let his anxiety dissipate. His girlfriend seemed into it. And it was amazing to see her comparing her small arm to his giant cock. He thought it over. There would be an added benefit. There was no way his mom would

want to try anything this big. This gave him an easy out if she still hit on him after last night.

“You think that’s hot, let’s compare it to my face.” Nara didn’t have to feign her interest. This was really turning her on. She placed her chin on his balls. They were bigger, too. She looked up at him in amazement. The thick shaft covered a good portion of her face, and the head was somewhere above her hair. “Wow ... oh ... gosh ... How does that look?”

“One sec.” Demarcus reached over and grabbed his phone. He took a picture and showed her.

“Okay ... okay ... let’s see if I can fit this inside.” She didn’t have to fake her enthusiasm anymore. She really wanted to try. She stood and pulled him toward the bed. She was on birth control, so they didn’t use condoms. Which was lucky because she didn’t know if they made condoms to fit his new size. She pushed him onto the mattress, straddled him, and grasped his cock. Her hand felt tiny holding it. When she lowered herself, her pussy felt tiny accommodating it. “Oooooohhhhhhhhhh ... darn ... it’s ... stretching me. It feels like ... the first time ... we had sex.”

“Damn ... girl.” Demarcus didn’t know how she was shoving all that meat inside her.

“Nnnnnggggghhhhhhhh ... you better ... not break up with me ... after this. I won’t be able ... to date ... other guys. This will be ... the second time ... you’ve resized ... my pussy.” She spoke through gritted teeth. “I don’t know ... I don’t know ...”

“You’re halfway. Uhhhgggg ... you can take the rest.” Demarcus grabbed her thighs and pulled her down until he bottomed out. He could see the outline of his cockhead pushing through her belly. He’d never had a tighter pussy. He pulled her up and slammed her down again. She screamed, but didn’t ask him to stop. Her pussy was already frothing like crazy, the white foam coated his dick every time she rose up. “Shit ... Nara ... how does it feel?”

“Like I’m in hell ... and heaven ... at the same time.” Nara’s hips began bouncing on their own. “Oh ... oh ... Demarcus ... I’m going to cum.”

“Me ... too ...” Flashing lights of pleasure danced before his eyes. “Gonna ... nut.”

They came together in a mishmash of screams, grunts, and slapping skin. The rest of the morning was devoted to getting Nara used to Demarcus’s new dick.

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“And now I turn it over to the author of ... the book we all read. I hope ... she can explain herself.” Ida Bell made the hostile introduction since they were meeting at her house this week. So far, the meeting had been unusually quiet.

They gathered around Ida’s living room, waiting for Emily to speak. Ida had provided each with a coffee mug, but none were drinking. Steam rose from the mugs on the coffee table.

Sylvie Taylor’s eye kept twitching. She had never been under the book’s spell, her daughter had. She was confused and anxious. Wearing an oversized sweater and skirt on a warm day was silly but necessary to hide her newly enlarged curves. She had been stealing covert glances at the other women, and they all looked like their bodies hadn’t changed. *Why am I the only one?*

Ida Bell stared daggers at Emily. She had gone to sleep a son-seducing heathen, and woken up feeling herself again. She wanted answers.

Faduma Farah tugged at her hijab and looked at the ceiling. The effects of the book had run out for her several days ago. She had used all her willpower not to open it again or visit her son’s room. She hadn’t talked to poor Yuusuf for days.

Courtney Bothmer chewed on her lip. She hadn’t read the book again after her first adventure. Since then, she’d spent her free time making a new cat tower. Her nephew kept texting her, but she ignored him.

Melisa Kim stared at her hands in her lap. She hadn’t been able to put the book down. She was almost finished with it. And she and her son had humped every single day. Every morning she would wake up out of its power, and then dive back in like a weak-willed junkie.

Emily stood, with a hand supporting her pregnant belly, and walked to a spot in front of the mantel. She smiled beatifically, taking in the sight of each woman in turn. Only Ida met her gaze. “I see that most of you started reading my book. One of you skipped it, but thankfully someone close to you picked it up.”

Sylvie shot her eyes toward Emily and quickly looked away.

“The effects are wearing off for some. I know you ladies don’t feel the same way you did when you put the book down,” Emily said. “I also know that you’re all hooked. You left on a cliffhanger, so I’m sure you’ll dive back in.”

Silence filled the room.

Emily laughed heartily. “You’re probably wondering how it happened that I wrote such a ... compelling book. Well, you’ll just have to read to the end to find out. Soon enough,

you'll be living the same blessed lifestyle that found me, Lance, Samantha, and Gillian." Her laugh filled the room like sweet, melodious chimes. "Questions?"

Melisa looked at the other women. It dawned on her that they had all shared in the book's wickedness. Had they all fornicated in such a depraved fashion? She wondered about Sylvie and Courtney, neither of them had sons.

"It is polite to ask an author questions in such a situation." Emily waited patiently.

Sylvie stood, covered her mouth, and ran to the bathroom. She slammed the door. They could all hear her throwing up inside.

"Anyone else?" Emily said.

Courtney stood and ran to the door. She didn't bother slamming it behind her.

"How could you do this?" Faduma pointed a finger at Emily. "You're sick ... and evil." She followed Courtney out of the house.

Melisa stared at the door, eager to leave, but not sure if it was the right thing to do. She could still hear Sylvie retching in the bathroom.

"Shortest meeting ever. You can go, Melisa." Ida waved a hand at Melisa, and the woman ran out of the house. Ida watched Emily carefully as she sat herself back in the armchair, holding her belly the whole time. "How did you do it? Hypnosis, right? It has to be hypnosis."

"Could you please hand me my coffee?" Emily smiled pleasantly.

The coffee table still held all the women's mugs, untouched. Ida stepped around the table, handed the woman her coffee, and sat on the couch. She had her hair in a tight bun and wore her no-nonsense scrubs. Not her usual attire for a book club meeting. "How and ... why?"

"The ink in the books was made with shavings from the dark stone mentioned in the book. We got the idea from the captain's diary. He'd done the same thing in his day. Lance did most of the work on this. He loves making things." Emily rubbed her belly. "As for the why, you'd have to ask Lance." She shrugged. "I guess he had no more worlds to conquer."

"You made me seduce my own son. I can't imagine what my sweet Demarcus is thinking right now." Ida gave the woman her fiercest look. "And this is all some sort of game to you?"

Sylvie exited the bathroom, stumbled into the living room, and stopped when she saw almost everyone was gone. "I ... I ... shouldn't have brought Mrs. Olmstead to our book club. I'm sorry, Ida." Sylvie fled the house.

“Look at poor Sylvie.” Ida pointed to her open front door. “You’ve ruined all of our lives. You made them all commit equally sinful acts, right? You’re going to put a stop to this.”

“No, I’m not.” Emily sighed. “I thought this week’s meeting would go better. Next week I’ll host the club at my house. I expect all of you will have read the whole book by then.”

“I should call the cops.” Ida stood. “I’m not reading anymore of that vile book. I’m going to spend my time repairing my relationship with God and my son. Get out.” She pointed toward the door again.

“Thank you for the coffee.” Emily sipped her mug and put it down. Slowly, she rose to her feet. “You have a lovely home.”

“Which you are trying to tear apart. I don’t for a second believe that you shaved any dark stone. The whole book is obviously some sort of hypnotic suggestion device. I love my husband and God. I’d never stray. I’m going to burn that book and make sure the other ladies do the same.”

“If you say so.” Emily laughed merrily and walked to the front door. She stopped on the front porch and looked back. “I can’t wait to hear how it went for you when we meet next week.”

“There is no next week. This book club is over. You ruined it.” Ida slammed the door in Emily’s face. She was trembling with rage. She stormed across the house and found her phone. She texted her son that they needed to talk. Then she created a group text with the other members of the erstwhile Royal Oaks book club. *Destroy the book. It has hypnotic suggestions hidden inside.*

Ida then went to the kitchen counter, picked up the book and dumped it in the trash. She felt better already. She went about cleaning up. There was nothing about the situation that couldn’t be mended. *Demarcus must be worried sick.* It wasn’t his fault. She’d practically assaulted him. It would all work out.

Twenty minutes later, she found herself pulling the book out of the trash and placing it on the counter. She wasn’t ready to destroy it. Not yet. First, she had to understand what Emily had done to them.

## Chapter 10

“What’s wrong, Mom?” Cody was playing games with his brother on their console. He put down the controller when his mother ran past the living room. He stood and walked toward the door. “Mom?”

“Yeah, we’re not finished.” Joel watched his skinny brother depart.

“You’re just here for Mom’s cooking. Play by yourself.” Cody waved a dismissive hand at his brother without looking at him.

Joel shrugged. Cody was right, he was just there for their mother’s food. Saturday night dumplings were always the best. He checked his watch. He had the whole afternoon to fill. He looked for a single-player game to pass the time.

Cody heard a door slam upstairs and ascended the stairs. The door to his mother and father’s room was closed. He knocked softly. “Mom? Are you okay?” He would have never checked on her before a week ago. But they had grown a lot closer in that time. He almost thought of her as his girlfriend. Except, she still made him practice the violin and do his homework. “Mom?” He turned the handle. It was unlocked. He opened the door and saw his mom with her glasses off, crying on the edge of her bed.

“Come in, Cody.” Melisa waved him in. “Close and lock the door.”

Cody did as she asked and stood near her at attention. His cock swelled, as it always did when he was alone with her. He looked down and almost laughed at how comically it was outlined under his pants.

“I believe ... that book ... you know *the* book ... has changed everyone in my book club.” Melisa dried her eyes with a handkerchief, put on her glasses, and regarded the tent in her son’s trousers. “They’re all fornicating with their sons ... or with someone they shouldn’t.”

“Holy shit. They told you?” Cody stared at her. She was heartbreakingly pretty. His mother hardly ever looked vulnerable, but after a cry, she almost appeared to need him.

“Language.” She wagged a finger at him. “No one said what they did, but I could tell. Maybe because I’m the only one that almost finished the book. I keep going back to it. Every day. I don’t think the others are as far along.” She smoothed out her dress and studied him. “I have moments where I wonder about what we’re doing. Do you wonder? Is it still keeping you away from those dirty movies? I hope it’s helping you achieve your potential. Sometimes I feel like it is, especially after reading *Blessed Recollections*. But in the mornings, when I wake up ... I wonder about what I’ve done.”

“It’s perfect, Mom. All the things we’re doing ... it’s amazing. You’ve changed me for the better.” Cody could see the hunger in his mother’s eyes. He took off his shirt, revealing his skinny torso. “The only thing is ...”

“It’s wrong, isn’t it? Those other women ... they all seemed upset by what they’d done. But ... not me. Should I feel terrible? Your poor father.” She looked around the room at her husband’s things.

“No way, it’s not wrong. It’s exactly what I need. What we need.” Cody lowered his pants. “The only thing ... is that you haven’t used your mouth yet. I would love to see your pretty face ... you know ... doing that.” He lowered his underwear, and his dick flopped into the open. He saw her lick her lips at the sight of it.

“Well, that’s never going to happen. I’m not a slut, like the woman who wrote that book.” Melisa lifted up her dress and pulled her panties off. She scooted back on her blanket and spread her legs. “I know you’re disappointed about my mouth. But I can make it up to you. We can do it right now if you can be quick and quiet about it. Is your brother occupied?”

“He’s playing games.” Cody ran to the bed and leapt onto the mattress, bouncing on his knees. His dick bobbed in the air wildly until his mother leaned forward and grabbed it.

“Are we really doing the right thing? Is the book correct?” Melisa guided him into her vagina. He slid right in. Her cavern had stopped putting up resistance days ago. He had certainly resized her. “Oooooohhhhhhhhhhh.” She dropped her head back to the blanket and arched her back as he bottomed out. Any doubts she had ebbed to nothingness.

“Yes ... uuuggghhhhhh ... it’s the right thing.” Cody’s hips thrust on their own. She wasn’t as tight as she used to be, but his mother’s pussy was warm, wet, and marvelous. “I have ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... the perfect girlfriend ... and you have ... ugh ... ugh ... the perfect son.” He mauled her tits with his hands through her dress.

“I told you ... to stop ... calling me ... your girlfriend ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” Her feet scissored behind his butt, helping him with each womb-destroying plunge. “I’m still ... your mother.”

“Whatever ... Mom ...” Cody smiled down at her rolling eyes. Whenever he was inside her, he had a much more cavalier attitude. It seemed he could get away with it.

“Uuuuuggghhhhhh ... good ... pussy.” A sheen of sweat beaded on his forehead.

“I ... aaaaahhhhhhhhhh ... want to hear ... beautiful ... violin tonight.” The pressure of her impending orgasm built. “Don’t forget ... to practice.”

“Sure ... and ... Mom ... ugh ... ugh ... I want to read ... that book ... too.” He slammed into her hard. Cody’s hands left her boobs and snaked down to hold her ass for maximum leverage and control. He could feel her quivering under him.

“Too ... dangerous ... you’re only eighteen ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” The thought of him reading the book sent Melisa over the edge. She writhed and spasmed under him.

Cody waited for his mother to come down from her climax before pressing her on the book. His hips didn’t miss a beat. He was getting close to his peak, too. When sanity reentered her eyes, he made his refined pitch. “I ... want ... to ... read ... the ... book.” His hips buried her ass into the mattress with each impact.

“Okay ... okay ... we’ll read it ... together.” Melisa nodded up at him. He could have asked for anything, and she’d have given it to him at that moment.

“Thank ... you ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Cody planted his dick deep inside his mother and unleashed his seed. They came together, completely forgetting to keep it quiet.

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“Hey ... Mom ... I heard you ... and Cody ... fighting this afternoon. What happened?” Joel eyed his mother across the table. The Kims were just starting to eat.

“Don’t speak with your mouth full.” Melisa wagged a finger at Joel.

“So, what was the fight about?” Matt eyed his wife and youngest son.

“Well, I did have to raise my voice.” Melisa wracked her brain. “Cody lied about practicing his violin.” She gave Cody the briefest flicker of an apologetic glance.

“Well, that won’t do at all.” Matt shook his head and glared at Cody. “Lying to your mother?”

“No ... I ...” Cody wanted to tell him that he was lying *with* his mother, not *to* her. That they’d done it in his dad’s bed. And when they had finished, there was a puddle from their combined cum. Which was why all his parents’ bedding was in the wash at that very moment. Instead, he said, “Sorry.”

“Go get your violin. You’re going to serenade us while we eat.” Matt plopped a dumpling into his mouth and smiled.

“But ... I’m hungry.” Cody looked down at his bowl of steaming food and back up to his father. He sighed, got up, and went to get his violin.

That night, Cody played for his family while standing in the dining room.

Melisa gave Cody alternating looks of guilt for putting him in that situation and pride for how beautifully he played.

Joel offered Cody nothing but mocking glances.

Matt had a self-satisfied expression of justice well served.

Cody didn't finish the violin until after dessert. When the others left, he finally sat down to eat cold food.

As Melisa cleared the table, she leaned over Cody's shoulder and whispered in his ear. "I'm sorry. I'll make it up to you. If you still want to read the book with me, meet me in the basement after your father goes to bed."

Cody nodded and swallowed his lukewarm dinner.

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Cody left his bedroom door open that night. When he heard his father going to bed, he looked out into the hall. Sure enough, a few minutes later, his mother passed by and headed downstairs. He waited another five minutes just to be sure the old man didn't follow and then left his room.

*I can't wait to see what's in that damn book.* Cody's heart thumped in his chest as he descended. He stopped in his tracks when he entered the basement. His mother was naked, lying on her stomach on the floor. She was propped up on her elbows, holding the book open in front of her. "Wow ... Mom ... your butt is shaped like a perfect heart. It ... makes me ... want to go crazy."

"Hello, Cody." She looked over her shoulder at him and smiled. "Don't go crazy, or you won't be able to read with me." She reached back and patted her butt for him, making sure to make it shake. "I was thinking we could read it while you were inside me. Want to try?"

"Honestly, Mom. How could I ever stay mad at you?" Cody stripped quickly. "This is perfect." He straddled her legs and spread her ass cheeks. "Holy sh ... moly ... this looks so inviting." He lined up his cock and slowly sunk in, listening to her sharply exhale as he bottomed out. He lay down on top of her, placing his head next to hers. His hips moved slowly in little circles, pressing into her perfect ass.

"Uuuughhhhhh ... that's good. Now ... I'm reading here." Melisa pointed to the sentence she was on and read. "*We were home, but the island and the Penumbra weren't forgotten. As I mentioned before, I couldn't get Lance to wear condoms. Nor could we pull ourselves out of the spiral of lust that consumed us. Our limbs, juices, and minds were constantly intertwined. I continued to seduce Samantha at Lance's direction. I became a master at eating pussy.*" Melisa put her finger on the page to mark her place. It

moved a little with each slow thrust her body absorbed from her son's penis. "I'm sorry for the language, Cody. But that's how it's written."

"That's okay, Mom. It's hot." He brushed his mother's hair to the side and nibbled on her ear. "Who are Lance and Samantha?"

"Ooohhhhhh ... you're making it hard to concentrate." Melisa tried to focus. "Lance is the narrator's ... uuugghhhhh ... son ... and Samantha ... ooohhhhhhhh ... is her daughter."

"Holy ... shit." Cody's hips bucked and increased their pace seemingly on their own. "This is ... the woman ... who came to your ... meeting ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... she wrote this?"

"Yesssssssssss." Melisa dropped the book. They hadn't gotten that far reading together, but maybe they could try again later. She dug her fingers into the carpet and braced herself against her teenage son's pummeling hips.

"I want to ... read the whole thing ... together ... Mom ... but first ..." He lifted himself up, his hands pressing down into the small of her back. "But first ... I want to make you ... cum."

"Okay ..." Melisa squeaked. And then her climax was upon her. The first of many that night.

## Chapter 11

“No ... I finally must put my foot down.” Melisa was covered in sweat. She stood naked in the basement, holding a towel to her vagina so she wouldn’t leak the copious amounts of sperm she contained onto the floor. “You need to get some sleep. The reason we’re doing this is to keep you on the straight and narrow. I’m not going to hump you all night long. That’s what delinquents would do.”

“But, Mom ... I’m still hard.” Cody pointed to his massive erection. “As my girlfriend, you should take care of it until it goes down.”

“I keep telling you, I’m not your gosh-darn girlfriend.” She put her glasses on and scowled at him.

“We didn’t get a chance to read the book.” He would try one last argument before giving up. He didn’t want to push her too far. “You said we could read the book together.”

“It’s after two o’clock in the morning. You had your chance to read with me. It’s a very ... powerful book, and I don’t want it to rile you up before bed.” Melisa shook her head slowly and pointed to the stairs. “Go to your room and go to sleep, mister.”

“Mom ... what if you used your mouth ...?” Cody immediately knew he’d gone too far. She wasn’t ever going to give him a blowjob. He watched her face contort with anger. “Sorry. I’ll go to bed.” He started picking up his clothes.

“An extra hour of violin practice tomorrow for your disobedience.” She glared at him and held up her finger when he opened his mouth. “One more word, and it’s two extra hours.” She watched her son pick up his clothes and mope his way out of the basement. He might have been pinning her to the floor with his massive penis minutes ago, but it was clear that she was still in charge in this house. She picked up her own clothes and the book and waddled up the stairs with the towel still held between her legs.

She climbed up to her room and passed her husband sleeping in their bed. She went to her bathroom for a shower. She changed her mind when she put the book on the counter. She was so close to finishing the darn thing. Her son might need to get some sleep to think clearly the next day, but she didn’t.

Instead of turning on the shower, she lit candles and filled the bath. She slipped in and read the rest of the book. It ended with seeds being sown throughout the Olmstead household. Melisa thought of all those bellies swelling, and her hand went down to her vagina. She hoped the splashing water didn’t make too much noise as she worked herself to her final orgasm of the night.

The epilogue of *Blessed Recollections* was odd. The only words written were: *Emily and Lance come for a visit*. Perplexed, Melisa closed the book. She didn't know what to make of that.

It was nearly five in the morning before she finally crawled into bed and fell asleep next to Matt.

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The last time she'd slept in later than her men was ... well ... Melisa couldn't remember the last time. But here she was, crawling out of bed at eleven in the morning. She felt like a teenager. Not that she'd ever been *that* sort of teen herself.

When Melisa thought about the book, she felt relieved. She'd finished it. She could move on now without the thing trying to pull her back in for one more salacious chapter, or one more slutty page. Melisa shook her head, got herself ready for the day, and went about her chores. She found herself looking forward to her son's return. She hoped they'd have some time for sex after his violin practice, but before her husband came home.

When Cody did return from school, she mustered her motherly strength and resisted spreading her legs right away. Instead, she sent him to the study for his extra violin practice. She didn't even make him a snack. It brought a smile to her face to listen to him play Mozart as she swept the kitchen floor. She was a good mother. She had molded him well.

The doorbell rang, and Melisa put down the broom. Her son stopped playing in the study. "Keep practicing, Cody. If it's one of your friends, I'll tell them to come back later." She smoothed out her dress as she opened the door. Melisa stood dumbfounded. There was Emily Olmstead herself. The woman was wearing a maternity dress, a conical party hat, and had a party noisemaker between her pink lips. She blew the thing and it unraveled and made a high-pitched honk.

"Congratulations, Mrs. Kim! You're the first Royal Oaks Book Club lady to finish my book." Emily put the noisemaker in her purse, smiled, and pulled out another party hat. She placed it on the shocked woman's head, adjusting the elastic band under Melisa's chin. "Lance wanted to come, too. But he was busy with his sisters. Boys will be boys." She gave Melisa a conspiratorial look, mothers bonding over their sons. "Can I come in?" She used her round, pregnant belly to push her way past Melisa into the house and closed the door. "What a lovely home you have. I can't wait to celebrate with you."

“Celebrate?” Melisa adjusted her glasses. “I ... I didn’t invite you here. The other ladies all thought you were trouble. You should go.”

“You must have read the epilogue. It was all in there.” Emily walked down the hall into the kitchen. “Someone is playing marvelous violin. Is that the father-to-be?”

“That’s my youngest, Cody. He’s eighteen and nowhere near ready to be a father. His older brother, Joel, is closer. But first, he needs to apply himself.” Melisa put her hands on her hips. Talking about her children had given her mind firmer ground to stand on. She’d completely forgotten about the silly hat on her head.

“No, I’m quite sure Cody is the one. I mean, he’s been bathing your womb in cum for almost two weeks, right? You didn’t ... stop and think about what all that greedy, teenage sperm was up to in there?” Emily pointed at Melisa’s belly, laughing as Melisa’s eyes widened, and her jaw dropped. Clearly, Melisa hadn’t done much reflection on her recent activities. But, she *was* the first lady to finish. “This is really a double celebration. Book complete and a new baby on the way. This will be the first brought into this world with the help of Blessed Recollections.”

“I ... I ... I ...” Melisa held her belly with both hands and gaped at the visiting author.

“You have such pretty lips.” Emily stepped closer to her, put a finger under Melisa’s chin, and closed Melisa’s mouth. “Is it true you haven’t given him a blowjob yet? Woman to woman, you have to try it. It’s like taking a bull by the horns, you have him at your mercy. You’ll love it!” She leaned in close and pecked Melisa on the lips. “Lance said that we could kiss. He’s seen your picture and thinks you’re very pretty. I agree with him.”

“Kiss?” Melisa whispered. She thought of her broom waiting for her to return to the kitchen. She heard Cody switch to Bach. She tried to understand what was happening to her life. She had certainly never thought about kissing another woman before. And then ... Emily’s hands were all over her, their lips were pressed together, and that big tummy was pushing into her in the most delightful way.

The ladies in party hats made out in the kitchen listening to Cody’s violin.

Eventually, Emily pulled away, leaving them both breathless. “I ... have a delightful idea.” She leaned forward and whispered her plan in Melisa’s ear.

“Okay.” Melisa nodded. Dazed, she took Emily’s hand, feeling the wedding ring there. She wondered if it was given to her by her husband or her son. Melisa shivered and glanced at her own ring. When she had first worn it, she thought she’d be Matt’s forever. But things change. She led Emily to the study and knocked on the open door. “We have a guest, Cody.”

Cody stopped playing, his violin hanging from the crook under his chin. He stared at his mother and the pregnant lady that accompanied her. Improbably, they were both

wearing party hats. He watched their smiling guest pull another hat from her purse and walk over to him.

“Hello, Cody! Lance is sorry he can’t make it today. But he sends his warm regards and welcomes you to the club.” Emily stopped right in front of him and winked. “Now, if you’ll move your violin for a second, I’d like to put this hat on you. We’re celebrating! Woo-hoo!”

“Lance? You’re the lady from Mom’s book.” Cody moved his violin so she could put the elastic band under his chin.

“Aren’t you a sharp one? Would you like your own copy? I could get it signed by the author.” Emily pecked him on the lips and patted his cheek with her hand. She turned and walked over to the loveseat and slowly lowered herself down with a loud sigh.

Still standing with her hands clasped, Melisa frowned at Emily. “He’s too young to be reading something so lurid.” The words tumbled out of her by reflex. She took a moment and tried to think through things. “I’m sorry. Never mind what I just said. That’s kind of you to offer, Mrs. Olmstead. I did try and read some of it with him last night.” She blushed when she thought about why they didn’t get beyond reading a few pages. *Am I really pregnant? Why wasn’t I more careful?*

Emily clapped her hands to grab the attention of the daydreaming Kims. “Cody, I’d like you to play for us. Keep practicing. Do you know any Rachmaninov?”

“Sure.” Cody lifted his violin and dove right into the music. He found he wanted to impress their guest. He played his heart out.

“Mrs. Kim? It’s time.” Emily nodded to Melisa.

Melisa gulped. *If I do this, I’ll be such a slut.* A shudder of anticipation seized her. She walked over to her son, the room vibrating with his beautiful music. She dropped to her knees in front of him and fished his magnificent penis out of his pants.

Cody didn’t stop playing his violin as his mother took him into her mouth for the first time. He did miss a few notes, but he picked back up. He turned the violin to the side, tilting it so he could see her lips stretch around his dick. He glanced at Emily, who sat with her back straight, looking at them like a proud mother. He returned his focus to his pretty, uptight mother. She couldn’t seem to get much more than the head past her lips, but she rolled his dick with her tongue and pumped him with both hands. Now that he thought about it, she didn’t look so pretty anymore. Not with her face contorted around his cock. But it was a beautiful sight. And it would be hard to call her uptight now, too.

After ten minutes of trying to figure out oral sex, Melisa pulled her face back. She looked up at him through fogged glasses, panting. “I hope ... you liked that ... because it’s a one-time thing.” She could tell from his smile that he liked it very much.

“That won’t do, Mrs. Kim.” Emily frowned. “You need practice.” Her eyes lit up like she’d just had a fantastic idea. “From now on, whenever Cody practices the violin, you’ll practice blowing him.”

“I ... will?” Melisa looked over at the author. “But ... my husband is often home when Cody plays.”

“They invented doors for a reason.” Emily laughed. “Anyway, once your husband reads the book, that won’t be an issue. You should leave your copy lying around for him to find.”

“I should?” Melisa was so confused.

“What do you think, Cody, enough violin for the day?” Emily smiled warmly at the teenager.

“Yeah ... sure.” Cody nodded and put the violin down.

“Splendid. That was very good.” Emily clapped for him. “Now both of you get undressed. I want to see you hump. I’ll be telling Lance all about this tonight.”

Cody didn’t need to be asked twice. He stepped out of his pants and underwear and pulled his shirt off his scrawny torso.

Melisa moved slowly, but she felt she had to comply. She thought about the broom, still leaning in the kitchen, its task half-done. This was not how she thought her day would go. But, as she rode her son on the floor of the study not five minutes later, she couldn’t complain. Her eyes rolled back, and a mind-blowing orgasm swept toward her. Strangely, she didn’t even mind performing for an audience.

“Bravo! Bravo!” Emily clapped. “Cum on him! Wonderful. Simply ... wonderful. You two were made for each other. Bravo!” She couldn’t wait for the other ladies to finish the book. Lance had been right about all of it. They were having so much fun!

## Chapter 12

It had been a couple months since the last and final Royal Oaks Book Club meeting. Courtney never told her husband, Jeremy, any of it. He had asked if she'd had a falling out with her friends. She simply said "yes." Sadly, she also had to avoid her nephew, Buster, and by proxy, her sister.

Her nerves were put further on edge when she missed her period. Then she started throwing up in the morning. She didn't need a test to tell her she was going to have her nephew's baby. She was sure the book had been responsible for her allowing her delinquent nephew to hump her. After much hesitation, she finally picked up *Blessed Recollections* again, trying to see if it held the key to reversing her misfortune.

"I don't know if this is a good idea, Caty Purry," she whispered to her cat. She glanced at the door to the basement where Jeremy was playing video games and sat down on the sofa with her cat and the book. At first, she tried to skip ahead, or find an index, but she found she could only turn to the page where she'd left off. Her eyes grew wider and wider as she read. "Ms. Purry, I'd forgotten just how unspeakably dirty this book is. She's taking her son's thingy in her butt ... every darn day. How is that even possible?" And why was it making her so ... heated?

Two hours into the read, there was a knock on the door. Courtney put the book down with some difficulty, grabbed a magazine to fan her overheated face, and smoothed out her dress. Her mouth dropped in shock when she opened the door, and her nephew stood on the front step. She hadn't seen him since the horrible insemination.

"Aunt Courtney. I know you don't want to talk to me. But I couldn't stay away anymore. I have to show you what happened to me after we did it."

Courtney looked around, her suburban street was quiet. She didn't see anyone about. "Jeremy's home. You have to leave. I don't want you to show me anything. I'm sorry about *that day*. I ... I ... went crazy."

"I can't leave." Buster shook his head. "Let me in."

"No way." She tried to close the door on him, but he stopped it with his foot.

"Something happened to me. I have to show you." He quickly unbuttoned his pants and lowered them along with his underwear. A giant, flaccid penis hung between his legs, dangling in the breeze. "See? It grew the night after we did it."

"OMG!" Courtney hissed. She grabbed his arm and pulled him inside. She slammed the door and stared at his penis. He had been bigger than her husband before. Now, he

looked like some sort of genetic experiment. “You can’t pull that out and just ... show people. What ... um ... what happened to it?”

“I don’t know.” Buster was so confused. “You ... didn’t do this to me? I thought ... somehow ...”

“The book!” Courtney pointed an accusatory finger to the sofa where she’d left *Blessed Recollections*. “The book did this to you.” She bit her bottom lip, resisting sinister thoughts as they tried to creep into her mind. “Look, Buster, I ... um ... I’ll need you to be quiet ... okay?” She dropped her pointing finger and swung her hand quickly to his penis. She moved close to him, pushing his butt up against the door. “It’s so big. Does it get hard?”

“Um ...” Buster watched her give him an impromptu handjob. Her face was vacant. He thought her slack-jawed gaze down at his dick was just about the hottest thing ever coming from his uptight aunt.

“It’s growing!” Courtney was suddenly frantic. She knew what needed to be done, and she had to make it happen quickly. She released his penis and raced toward the basement stairs. “Touch yourself, Buster, make it really big while I take care of a few things.”

Buster nodded and fapped as requested.

“Honey, do you need anything? I’m going to take a nap,” she hollered down the stairs.

“I’m good,” Jeremy yelled back.

Courtney closed the door to the stairs. She looked at her twenty-year-old nephew.

“Don’t worry, he’ll be down there for hours. This is what he does most weekends.” She ran into the kitchen.

“Okay.” Buster had no idea why he’d finally decided to visit his favorite aunt that day, but he was sure he’d made the right decision. He continued masturbating by the front door while he waited for her. She returned a minute later, holding a bottle of olive oil. He didn’t think to ask why.

“Okay, come on. We need to do this right away. I’ve never had anything in my butt before, but ...” She glanced at his now fully-hard penis. “Oh, gosh. You’re huge. I hope you don’t destroy me with that thing.” She grabbed his hand and pulled him toward the back of the house.

“Your butt?!?” Buster stumbled on his lowered pants, but pulled them up part way. He had to hold them up with one hand, while she dragged him with the other. They ended up in a bedroom filled with cat towers and framed feline posters. “I didn’t think we would have sex again. I just ... had to show you. What about Jeremy?”

“He’s happy with his video games.” Without closing the door, Courtney put the olive oil next to a wedding photo on the nightstand. “Now, get undressed and sit on the edge of the bed.” She hurriedly undressed herself.

Soon, they were both naked, and Buster was in position. “Are you sure you want to put it in your butt? It doesn’t seem like it’ll fit.”

“We’ll make it fit, Buster. We have to.” Courtney picked up the bottle, poured oil onto her hand, and put the bottle back next to the photo. She rubbed his penis until the whole thing was a massive, glistening tower. Still standing on the floor, she turned around, reached under her, and guided it in. She lifted onto her toes as she pushed and pushed at her buttocks. “Uuuuuggghhhh ... gosh ... we have to ... we have to make it ... fit!”

“No ... fucking ... way.” Buster’s eyes nearly popped out of his head. He watched the fat head of his dick ineffectually burrow and burrow at her hole, until it suddenly plopped in. She wailed so loud he was worried Jeremy would hear in the basement. But Buster didn’t stop her. He happily listened to her wail and offer her version of curses as she steadily slid more and more inside her.

“Eeeeeiiii ... gosh ... darn it ... all to heck ... jeez ... jeez ... jeez ...” She was relentless as she lowered herself. It was a task that needed to be done. “Ohhhhhh ... my ... my ... my ... gosssshhhhhh.” After ten minutes of effort, her ass finally rested on his hips. She panted heavily and sat on her Nephew’s lap.

“Why ... I am in ... your butt ... Aunt Courtney?” Buster stared at the obscene way he stretched her. It looked so wrong putting something like that back there. But it felt wonderful. She was insanely tight and warm, and she kept flexing her ass on his shaft.

“Because ... you already put ... a baby in me. The book ... says ... we must ... do ... this ... uuuuuugggghhhhhh.” She lost her train of thought as she began bouncing on him. “Oh ... gosh ... oh gosshhhh ...”

“I ... put a what ... in you?” Had he heard her right? Buster didn’t have time to ponder the consequences of what she’d said, or of anything really. He gripped the blanket and watched her ride him like a crazy woman.

“It ... feels ... good ... ugh ... ugh ... back ... there. Buster ... Buster ... Buster ... I ... uuuggghhhh ... had a thought.” Her butt made squelching noises that would have mortified her but for her crazed state of mind. “I can ... touch myself while ... I do this ... and double ... the pleasure.”

“Sure ... yeah.” Buster watched her ass shake. The motion was mesmerizing.

“It’s ... even better ... I’m ... I’m ...” Courtney bounced on her nephew and massaged her clitoris. “I’m ... I’m ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” She hit a long, high note that resounded in the bedroom.

“Yeah ... yeah ... cum ... Aunt Courtney!” Buster let out a whoop. He pushed her forward without dislodging himself. They fell to the floor, Courtney on her hands and knees, and Buster holding her hips from behind. He gave her a few moments to finish her orgasm. When she continued to scream, he decided he was done waiting. He slammed his hips into her and found a good rhythm.

“Ugghhhh ... uuugghhhh ... uuugghhhh.” Courtney was perpendicular to the bedroom’s open door, her head lolling side to side, her mind wrecked by ecstasy.

“Hey, Courts. What’s all the ...?” Jeremy was suddenly standing in the doorway. “Courtney?” He nearly fainted when he saw their dimwitted nephew shoving a massive cock into his wife.

“Shit ... shit ... shit ... shit ...” Buster freaked out at having been caught, but his hips didn’t seem to get the memo. He kept fucking his aunt savagely.

Courtney turned her head toward her husband. She tried to muster the mental energy to say something, anything, to make it right. The best she came up with was, “Ggggaaaaahhhhhhhh.” Drool dripped from her bottom lip to the floor below.

“Nope. Nope. This is not happening.” Jeremy turned around and quickly retreated to the basement.

“He’s ... gone ... Aunt Courtney.” Buster was getting close to cumming.

“Ggggaahhhhhh,” she replied.

“Gonna ... fucking ... explode!” Buster lost his rhythm. His hips went wild as he came. “Aaaahhhhhhhhhh.”

Feeling the heat of her nephew inside her butt, Courtney screamed out her own climax.

Ten minutes later, aunt and nephew lay on the floor side by side. She was on her belly, he was on his back. He had his hand firmly planted on her ass.

“It’s the book, Buster.” Courtney mumbled into the floor. “It’s evil.”

“Whatever you say.” He squeezed her ass cheek and rolled on top of her. “Let’s go again.”

“I don’t think ... ooooohhhhhhh.” Suddenly his penis was in her butt again. Her poor hole barely put up any resistance this time. She could hear his sperm squishing out of her, displaced by nearly a foot of penis. “What ... about ... uuugghhhhhh ... Jeremy?” Her fingers dug into the carpet. A few moments later, she’d completely forgotten about her husband.

Buster stayed over that night, humping his aunt on and off for hours. Jeremy didn’t return from the basement. Eventually, worn out, Buster fell asleep in his uncle’s bed.

Sweaty, naked, and covered in sperm, Courtney went and fetched the book from the living room. She returned to bed, put on the bedside lamp, and read next to her sleeping lover. After months away from the story, she was eager to see what would happen next.

## Chapter 13

It was two days after the book club meeting. Faduma lay in bed late at night, her mind a whirlwind of guilt and confusion. How could Emily Olmstead do this to everyone? How could she upend their lives? Her poor Yuusuf was only eighteen. He hadn't known much about sex before the book had pushed her to seduce him. Now, he would forever think of his mother when he lay with a woman. She curled her lips in disgust. She hadn't gone near the book or her son after gaining clarity. It had been six days since she'd said a meaningful word to him. Calaso had noticed and asked her mother about it, but Faduma had brushed her off. Tawfiiq seemed oblivious and hadn't mentioned anything.

Tossing and turning, Faduma listened to her husband sleep. She sat up, thinking maybe she should take one peek at the book, maybe see what happens right after where she left off. Would Emily seduce her other daughter, the one that had saved them from the island? "No, I can't." She shook her head and got out of bed to get a glass of water. Her long nightgown swished about her ankles as she moved quickly past her son's open door. She went downstairs into the kitchen, poured herself a tall glass of water, and drank it down. She then splashed water on her face in the sink.

"I've been thinking about what we did, Mom." Yuusuf's voice broke the quiet.

Faduma quickly turned and eyed him in the dark. When he turned on the light, she squinted. "Go back to bed, sweetness." She tried to keep the fear and longing out of her voice. She struggled valiantly to keep her gaze from falling to his pajama bottoms, but she failed. She inhaled sharply and put a hand to her breast. His erection was absurdly obvious beneath the thin cotton material.

"You taught me to talk dirty, Mom. You taught me about sex. And ... I can't just stop. I ... need you." He pulled off his pajama top and dropped it on the floor, walking slowly toward her.

"No ... the book is an evil screed. It bewitched us. We are nothing like ... oh ... my." She stared in awe when his giant penis came into view. He stepped out of his bottoms and continued to approach her, his member bouncing and swaying with each step. She pressed her butt against the counter and trembled.

"You're my bitch, Mom. It's not the book, it's me. You've always liked me best. We're closer than you and Dad or Calaso. You're mine. Dad's lost you. After tonight, you'll obey only one man." Yuusuf stopped right in front of her. His cockhead just nudging her hip, smearing her nightgown with his precum. He stared into her frightened, rabbit-like eyes. She *had* taught him to talk dirty, and he was ever the perfectionist. He had been practicing in his mind, imagining what he'd say to her each day that she'd given him the

silent treatment. He'd gone over the words he'd use again and again. Now, he was ready. "Drop to your knees and serve. You're mine, and there's a new order in this house."

"Oh ... my ..." Faduma dropped to her knees without thinking. She looked up into his hard eyes, waiting for what came next. "The book ... it has changed you. Just ... look at what it did to your penis. We are being tempted by evil, sweetness. Resist."

"I'm done resisting. You're mine." Yuusuf turned his hips and pressed the head of his dick to her lips. He smiled when she opened wide and sucked him in. "You see? You're my wife now. Dad's lost you."

"Gggghhhh ... ggggh ... ghhhh." Faduma found herself bobbing her head on her son's giant penis. She couldn't get more than the tip into her mouth. He had been a good size before the book had changed him, now her son was gifted like a behemoth.

"You crave me. You always have." He cupped the back of her head and forced some more dick into her mouth. With satisfaction, he listened to her sputter and gag.

"Mmppphh ... gggaackkkkk ... gggaackkkkkk." Faduma closed her eyes. Her trembling hands gripped his hips and pushed back so that she wouldn't choke on his penis.

"Dad's lost you. Uuugghhhh ... I'm the man ... you've been waiting for. You made me ... to replace him." He watched her shake her head with his cock still in her mouth. He wouldn't argue with her. She had taught him to be firm with dirty talk. That's what she liked. He let the blowjob carry on in silence for a while. Finally, he roughly pulled her off his cock. "Time for a midnight snack."

"Oh ... oh my ... ooohhhhhh." She let him pull her to her feet, remove her nightgown, and sit her on the counter. Dazed, she watched his confident face dive into her vagina. She grabbed a dishtowel, put it between her teeth to stifle her cries, and arched her back. "Nnnnnngggggggggggg." She had only given him a few lessons on eating out a woman, but he was always the apt pupil. He found her clitoris quickly, and his fingers wiggled into the hidden places of her womanly cavern.

Yuusuf pleased his mother through several orgasms, until she was a wet, quivering mass on the countertop. He then stood, gripped her hair, and forced her to look into his eyes. "You're going to taste your pussy on my lips while I fuck you."

"Oh ... my ..." Faduma knew it was true. The dishtowel dropped from her mouth. She wasn't telling him to resist the book anymore. How had *Blessed Recollections* done this? She hadn't read the thing again. She had been a good wife and mother for six days. She ... was tasting her tangy flavor as she sucked on her son's lower lip. She spread her legs wide for him. "Mmmmmmmffffffffffffff." She kissed him passionately as he entered her. There was nothing hidden about her womanly caverns now. He'd opened her up completely.

The kitchen was filled with the wet, slapping sounds of sex and their muffled cries of pleasure. They continued to make out. Yuusuf's hips were a blur, and his mother's hands groped his lean back, digging her nails into his brown skin. He knew how to press her buttons. She had given him the map to driving her wild. Was it any surprise that his horny, teenage mind had decided to use it?

Yuusuf broke the kiss and held his mother's head steady with a handful of her hair. He stared into her eyes. "Look ... at me. Look at the man ... I've become. Tell me ... what I've done ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... to Dad."

"You've ... taken his place ... uuugghhhhhh ... you've pushed ... your father out ... and put your giant thing ... where he belongs." Faduma's eyes were crazed and wide. Spittle flew from her lips.

"And now ... I will plant ... my flag ... aaaaaaaahhhhhhhh." Yuusuf slammed into his mother one final time, emptying himself inside her.

"I feel it ... I ... ooohhhhhh ... feel ... your heat ... oooooohhhhhhhh." Fatuma hunched her hips into her son, climaxing with him.

When he was done, he silently pulled out of her with a horrible wet sucking sound. Naked, he turned around and walked off to bed without so much as a goodnight.

Faduma stayed on the counter with her legs spread. She put a hand under her vagina, scooped up some of the leaking sperm and held it up to her face. She stared in awe at her son's conquest. Then she shoveled his wonderfully pungent stuff into her mouth and rolled her eyes. She masturbated in the kitchen for more than an hour before cleaning, picking up their clothes, and heading to the shower.

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The next day, Faduma woke after everyone had already left the house. She tried to go about her normal day, but by noon she was quaking with anticipation. When Yuusuf returned home from school, she would be his again. She knew it. The floodgates had opened in her heart and ... between her legs. She was sorely tempted to open *Blessed Recollections* again. If she could see what happened to Emily, maybe she would know her own fate. But she resisted. She knew it was evil, even if what it was doing to her family was ... sublime.

When her son arrived home and started up with the dirty talk, she made only the most feeble of protests. In no time at all, she was bobbing her head on his penis again. Soon after that, she was naked on her back as he enjoyed his afternoon snack. "Oooohhhhhh

... sweetness ... how are you so good ... at that?" She ran her hands through his dark hair and curled her toes. "Oooooohhhhhhhhhhh."

Yuusuf knew his mother was cumming. He was getting used to the noises she made when she was submerged in ecstasy. He licked her clit through her climax and sent her almost up to the top of the orgasmic peak before mounting her. With a glistening face, he smiled down at her. Her eyes were wide with panic that he might not finish bringing her to her climax. But when he slid his dick into her sopping pussy, her eyelids fluttered and her face twisted in pleasure. Her panic was gone. After only a few strokes, she was screaming out another orgasm. When he was near his own climax, he made her beg for his father's defeat.

"Oooohhhhhh ... Yuusuf ... you're so powerful ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ..." Faduma was on her hands and knees, looking over her shoulder at his slender body. His small muscles were rippling with each thrust of his hips. "Yes ... yes ... I do want you ... to plant your flag. Mark me ... mark me as yours ... steal me from your father. Steal me awwwwaaaaaaayyyy." Her eyes rolled up as she felt the heat of his sperm in her womb.

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That night, she snuck into his room after her husband went to sleep. She found him awake in bed. She sat next to him and smiled. "How about a midnight snack, sweetness?"

"Sure, but as I work on you, I want you to tell me about that book." He tossed her onto her back, lifted her nightgown, and lapped at her pussy.

Taking breaks to bite his blanket and climax, Faduma told her son all she'd read in the book so far: from Emily and Lance finding the Penumbra, to their sex acts, to Emily leading her daughter into the forest for her seduction. When she was done with the recap, Yuusuf humped her with savage thrusts. She muffled her moans, but she was worried the squeaking bed might give them away. Fortunately, when she staggered into her room later that night, her husband was still sound asleep.

The next day, she couldn't wait for Yuusuf to return from school. She picked him up in the middle of the day, wearing a hijab and a long black dress. She laughed when she saw his surprised face appear in the high school's admin office doorway. They ran through the parking lot, holding hands and giggling like fools. She prayed no one was watching them. She drove them to a weedy, abandoned parking lot, pulled down his pants, and blew him right in the passenger seat of their minivan.

“Uuugghhhh ... Mom ... I want you to swallow ... this time.” Yuusuf had a hand on the back of her hijab. His balls were churning, and he filled the car with urgent grunting. He was close.

“Nnnmmm ... nnnmmm ...” Faduma shook her head but kept pleasing him with her lips.

“Drink it ... bitch,” Yuusuf said through clenched teeth.

“HmMMM ... hhmMMM ...” She nodded her head. Quickly enough, she was gagging down his massive load. Soon after, she crawled onto his lap, lifted her dress, and eased him inside her vagina. With sperm still on her face, Faduma rode her son until the afternoon sun waned. “Do it ... aahhhhhhhh ... do it ... claim me ... Yuusuf.” Her nerves crackled with lightning. She threw her whole being into delivering his release.

“You’re going to ... pick me up ... from school every day ... from now on.” He grabbed her tits through her dress and squeezed. “You’re my ... wife now. You’re going to blow me ... in the car ... every day.”

“Oohhhhhh ... yesssss ... I’m yours ... I’m yours ... I’m ...” Her mind completely left her when she felt him emptying his balls in her womb.

A while later, she drove them home. She was leaking liberally into her panties and dress, and probably the seat cushion below. She didn’t care. She grinned like an idiot. She glanced at her son, he was smiling his face off, too. “So ... I’ll pick you up after school tomorrow?” She said.

Yuusuf reached over and gave her tit a quick squeeze. He watched her shiver at his touch. “Sounds good, Mom.” His mind went over the things she’d told him about the book. He would need to find a way to make his life a mirror of Lance Olmstead’s. Yuusuf thought he was off to a good start.

## Chapter 14

The Farah minivan rocked in an abandoned alley. It was a weekday afternoon, and the car had been parked there for more than an hour. It had been rocking for more than forty minutes.

“Damn ... Mom ... this pussy is mine ... now.” Yuusuf sat in the back seat.

“Yes ... sweetness ... you possess my ... secrets now.” Faduma sat on her son’s penis. She was facing away from him, holding *Blessed Recollections* in her hands. But she’d stopped reading from it many minutes ago. She’d been bouncing too rapidly to see the words well, and ecstasy had melted her mind to a point where she couldn’t focus on coherent thoughts. She wore nothing but her hijab and socks. Her eyes were crossed and her tongue hung from the corner of her mouth. Her son’s semen plastered her face and breasts. She was lost, and she knew it. She had never felt about a man the way she worshiped Yuusuf now. He possessed every part of her. When he was inside of her, nothing else existed but their connection.

There was a knock on the widow, and Faduma froze on her son. She dropped the book in her fright, but didn’t move from her seated position on her son’s lap. She sat and stared with wide eyes as the front passenger door opened, and the author herself entered their car.

Emily sat in the passenger seat, closed the door, and turned to look into the back seat. “Well, aren’t you two a pair of frightened, humping bunnies?” She laughed good-naturedly.

“Mrs. Olmstead?” Faduma covered her breasts, but didn’t remove the giant penis from her womb.

“Don’t be bashful, Mrs. Farah. I think we’re well past that.” Emily nodded to the woman’s breasts. When Faduma pressed her arm tighter on her tits, Emily laughed. “Well, I thought that after my book had loosened you up, we might be on more familiar terms. At the very least, you can call me Emily. Can I call you Faduma?”

“Mom ... there’s a white lady in our car.” Yuusuf held his head to the side so that he could see around his mother.

“Ah, you must be Yuusuf.” Emily smiled at him. “Honestly, I didn’t mean to interrupt. Please continue.”

“This is the woman that wrote *Blessed Recollections*,” Faduma said. “I ... um ... don’t know why she’s in our car.” Faduma’s hips did not move. She felt her son flex his hard penis inside her as if sending a secret message. He seemed to be saying he had his

mother's back. Faduma appreciated it, so she flexed her vagina several times in response, squeezing his shaft.

"I said, 'please continue.'" Emily furrowed her brow in anger. She was a small, middle-aged, pregnant lady, but somehow she managed to seem formidable.

Faduma slowly began undulating her hips again. "Please ... please don't tell my husband."

"Oh, he'll have to know eventually. That's part of it." The anger evaporated from Emily's face. She smiled sweetly at the copulating couple. "Don't look so worried. We don't have to tell him yet. I just stopped by to offer you congratulations. You are the second member of the Royal Oaks Book Club to conceive after reading my book." Emily tilted her head back and laughed, the warm, ringing sound filling the minivan. "You look beyond shocked. That's priceless, Faduma. What did you think would happen when you started soaking up his jizz every day?"

"I'm not ... pregnant." Faduma's hips sped up of their own volition. She found herself lowering her protective arm from her breasts.

"Give yourself a test. You'll see." Emily shrugged. "By the way, my sweet Lance is sorry he couldn't be here today. He wanted to meet you two, but he's busy with his sisters right now. You'll have to meet him another time."

"Did he ... did Lance ... do this to my mother?" Yuusuf's mind swam. It was so odd to have this pretty woman sitting in the car with them while his mother humped away.

"Oh, sweetie. *You* did this to her." Emily winked at him. "Sure, the book may have enhanced certain things, but you did all the dirty work. All those naughty words really pushed your mother's buttons. You're both bad deep down. Our book just brought it out." She beckoned to Faduma. "Lean closer."

Faduma leaned forward, her hands on her son's knees. She was aware that her breasts were wobbling underneath her in the most unseemly way. Her face was close to Emily's now.

"It's time for you to seduce your daughter and ready her for your son. Follow my lead from the book." Emily gazed deeply into Faduma's eyes. "You know what you have to do."

"Uuuuggghhhhh." Yuusuf was grunting and groaning louder and louder. Emily's words were sending him over the edge. "Calaso ... would never ... with me."

"Not with that attitude she won't." Emily shook her head. "I know I've given you a lot to think about today. But I want one more thing from you."

Faduma raised her eyebrows in an unsaid question. She couldn't say anything. Ecstasy had taken hold of her mind, body, and soul.

"I can see your son is about to make another deposit." Emily leaned a little close, her lips brushing Faduma's. "I'd like to kiss you while he does." She could taste Yuusuf's salty stuff as she locked lips with Faduma, their tongues dancing together.

Emily broke the kiss just after Yuusuf inseminated his mother. She quietly slipped out of the minivan while mother and son recovered.

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No sooner had Calaso arrived home, than her mother grabbed her elbow and led her to Calaso's bedroom. "What, am I in trouble or something?"

"Sit on your bed. You're not in trouble." Faduma closed the door.

"What's with the yoga clothes, Mom?" Calaso wasn't used to seeing her mom in revealing clothing. Calaso was still wearing her hijab and a modest dress from her day out. "Are we going to exercise?"

"No. I mean, yes. I mean, we'll see." Faduma sat next to her daughter on the bed, her heart trying to drum its way out of her chest. "Your brother and father went out together, so it's just us girls here tonight. I thought we might bond."

"Oh, well I have to study for my psych exam tomorrow. So, I ... mmmmpppphhhhhh." Calaso honestly had no idea what was happening for several seconds. Her hands shot up in the air, and her body tensed. When she realized her mother was kissing her, she pulled away, but her mother was latched on, so that only made them fall on the bed together. "Mmmppphhh." Her mother was on top of her, pinning her down.

Faduma wasn't sure what she'd thought would happen. Of course Calaso would resist. What would Faduma have done if *her* mother had tried to kiss her? She should have planned this out better. But she knew Emily, the book, and her son were all counting on her. So, she didn't give up. She pulled their lips apart and struggled with Calaso, lifting the young woman's dress and sliding her hand inside her daughter's panties. "Oh ... thank goodness you're wet, sweetness. I was so worried." She wormed two fingers into her daughter's pussy.

"Mom ... I ... uuugghhhh ... what are you ...?" Calaso stared up at her mother blankly. *Why does this feel so good?* Her boyfriend's fingers had never felt anything like this. Without thinking, her hips started gyrating in little circles. Pleasure paralyzed her, dulling her mind.

“Yes ... it’s this spot ... here ... I recently found it in my cavern, and now I’ve found it in yours. How does it feel?” Faduma massaged the secret spot on the roof of her daughter’s vagina.

“I ... uuuggghhhhh ... Mom ... we ... uuuuuuggghhhhh.” Calaso felt something wild rip through her body. She didn’t know if she was dying or finally living.

“Oh ... good ... that’s it, sweetness.” Faduma pulled her daughter’s hijab off so she could see her pretty hair. She smiled as Calaso’s eyelids fluttered, and her pupils rolled back. *Is that what I look like orgasming on Yusuuf’s big thing? Goodness, I’ll soon see Calaso orgasming with Yuusuf’s penis in the very place my fingers are now.* “Let go ... let go ... let go ... Calaso.”

“Mommmmmm ... ooohhhhhhhh ... Mommmmmmmm ... something’s ... uuuggghhhhhh ... happening to meeeeeeeeeeee.” Calaso’s body shuddered. Something was coming out of her pussy.

“You’re orgasming, sweetness. I’m making you shoot your stuff.” Faduma removed her fingers and watched in awe as her daughter squirted on the bed. She chided herself that she didn’t think to put down a towel first. It was her first time seducing a woman, and she hadn’t planned very well. “That’s my good girl, let it out.” While her daughter was still wailing and convulsing, Faduma undressed herself. Once she was naked, she pulled off Calaso’s dress and panties. She left on the bra for lack of time, because she wanted to keep her daughter’s high going.

“Wow ... wow ... I didn’t know ... um ... what ... what are you doing? Oh ... my ... oh ... fuck ... you’re licking me.” Calaso lifted her head and looked down at her mother’s pink tongue darting out between her dark lips. “I ... don’t understand ... how can you ...?” Her mother found her clit, and Calaso gripped the sheets tightly with both hands. “I ... uuuggghhhh ... can’t make sense ... of any of this.”

“Mmmmmmm.” Faduma wanted to tell her she didn’t need to make sense of this. But she didn’t want to stop stimulating her daughter’s clitoris. The latter argument won. She was overjoyed when several minutes later, Calaso put her legs up in the air and started wailing again. She was loud enough that Faduma wondered if the neighbors might hear. Certainly, it was good that the men weren’t home.

“Mom ... Mommy ... ooohhhhhhhh ... it’s happening agaaaiiiiiinnnnnnn.” Calaso still couldn’t wrap her mind around any of it. But, whatever was going on, she knew there was no going back. She came on her mother’s face five times that night, and it was clear that this would happen again. A whole new world of pleasure had suddenly opened up to her.

Afterward, they cuddled on the bed together, their sweaty curves pressed against each other. They didn't say anything. They didn't have to. It was bliss to hold each other and share the moment.

When Faduma checked the clock, she saw they didn't have much more time. Slowly, she pulled herself away from Calaso and collected her clothes, carrying them in her arms. She opened her daughter's door and looked back. She could see Calaso's eyes on her naked rump. Faduma smiled. "This will be a regular thing, agreed?"

Calaso, laying on her side, stared at her mother. She nodded.

"Great, whenever the men are away, the women will play." Faduma didn't tell Calaso about her brother. She was sure it was too early for that. In the book, Emily pleased Samantha for weeks before giving her to Lance. "Get yourself cleaned up. Take your bedding to the laundry room, and I'll take care of it. I love you, sweetness."

"I love you too, Mom." Calaso watched her mother leave. She tried to make sense of things, but her mind still couldn't fit the pieces together. "I guess my psych test came a day early." Finally, she rose on trembling legs and began cleaning.

## Chapter 15

Sylvie stood in the basement, watching her eighteen-year-old daughter play video games on the big screen. Madison was built like her older sister. She was curvy. Until recently, Sylvie had been quite slim. But her body was one of the things that had dramatically changed for her. Sylvie crossed her arms over her enormous breasts and chewed on her hair. *I'm not a lesbian. I don't desire Madison. That's sick and wrong.*

Emma hadn't come back from college for several weekends. That both relieved Sylvie and enflamed her. She was constantly masturbating now, like some degenerate teenager. And her thoughts were ceaselessly on the things she'd done with Emma, on the way Emma's body had felt pressed to hers, on the mind-bending orgasms she'd had at the tip of her daughter's tongue.

"Mom, why are you staring at me?" Madison glanced over at her mother. "Did I forget a chore or something?" She turned her attention back to the TV, not pausing her game.

"I'm not a lesbian," Sylvie blurted.

Madison barked out a laugh. "What? You're about the farthest thing from a lesbian that I could ..." She glanced at her mother again. Was this about Emma? Had her mother discovered Emma's secret? Madison bit her bottom lip. She wasn't about to accidentally out her sister. "I'm not a lesbian either, Mom," Madison said carefully. "I have a boyfriend, and you have Dad, so ..."

"I just want you to know that I appreciate you haven't made that lifestyle choice. I ..." Sylvie stared at her daughter's beauty. Sylvie's body was heating up again. Her vagina was overflowing. "I ... have to go." She turned and ran up the stairs.

Madison shook her head and went back to her game. *Parents are weird.*

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*These are inappropriate. Please stop sending me naked pictures.* Sylvie sent the text off to her daughter. She scrolled up and looked at the nudes in her message history. A queasy feeling moved through her. She stared at her daughter's vagina on the screen, Sylvie's eyes round as saucers. She licked her lips as she took in her daughter's perfect boobs. She scrolled back down and typed: *The book club is over. Emily is some sort of witch. She possessed all the ladies, I think. We need to do a crystal cleanse when you come home. And you need to burn that book.* This was not the first time she'd asked her daughter to burn *Blessed Recollections*. She put the phone down on the kitchen table.

“Who are you texting with?” Rich looked over at his wife. She was blushing profusely.

“Oh ... Emma. She’s having boy trouble.” Sylvie’s cheeks heated even more for having to lie to her husband.

“Why do you look like the cat that ate the canary?” He raised his eyebrows and held out his hand. “Let me have a look.”

“Because it’s ... very graphic boy trouble. She ... um ... goes into detail talking about his ... um ... penis,” Sylvie stammered.

Rich withdrew his hand. “Gross.” He shook his head and went back to his phone. “Life would be easier if she was a lesbian.”

“You ... can’t mean that ... it’s a sin.” Was her husband giving her permission? She leaned forward, studying his face. Her phone buzzed. It was a text from Emma. She opened it up and lost all focus on Rich’s reply. She knew he was talking, but she couldn’t hear his words. Her daughter’s message was: *Coming home this weekend for laundry. I’m down for crystal cleansing your pussy with my tongue. You’re an awesome dyke, Mom.* There was a selfie her daughter had taken. She was clearly walking in public across campus. She had lifted up her shirt, flashing the camera. She had her tongue extended with a mischievous expression on her face. Sylvie stared at the picture in awe. Emma had done this for her mother. Sylvie typed frantically: *That is not how crystal cleansing works.*

“I said, ‘don’t you think?’” Rich said, still looking at his own phone. “You’ve been so distracted ever since that hormone thing.” His wife had explained to him that her boobs had grown due to changing, mid-life hormones. He didn’t much understand women, so it seemed a reasonable explanation. “Sylvie?” He looked up from his phone.

“Yes, dear. Whatever you say.” Sylvie stood and quickly raced to the bathroom. She needed to take care of her vagina.

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“Hello, I’m home.” Emma walked down the hall carrying her overflowing laundry basket.

Sylvie’s head popped through the living room doorway. “I’m not a lesbian,” she hissed. “I’m not an adulterer. I’m not ... incestuous. You will behave yourself. Do you understand?”

“What a greeting.” Emma laughed. She dropped her laundry on the floor, grabbed her mother’s hand, and pulled her toward the main floor bathroom. “Since you’re whispering, I’m guessing that Madison’s home?”

“She’s in her room.” Sylvie’s voice was still sibilant. “Where are you taking me?” But she didn’t need to ask. She was quickly locked away in the bathroom with her daughter, their tongues intertwined. “Mmmppphhhh ... mmmppphhhh ... mmmmmmm ...” Sylvie’s protests lost some vigor when she could only murmur them into her daughter’s mouth.

Emma made out with her mother for a while, her hands groping every lovely curve. She could feel her mom go tense and tremble when Emma found her mother’s nipples. The book had done a number on her mother’s erogenous zones. Emma broke the kiss, laughing. She tore off her mother’s sweater. “I’ve been gone for weeks. You’re obviously desperate for affection. Does Dad not touch you, Mom?” She removed her mother’s bra. “Or maybe ... you’ve realized you’re not into dudes. You’ve been dying to lez out ever since I went back to school.”

“No ... Emma ... I ... oooohhhhhh.” Sylvie leaned her back when her daughter latched onto her nipple. She let Emma pull off her skirt and panties. She sat on the edge of the bathroom counter and spread her legs when directed by her daughter. Soon enough, there was a lovely tongue on her clitoris and a finger pistoning her buttock. Sylvie grabbed the first thing she could reach, her bra, and bit down on it to keep from crying out.

“Mmmppphh ... mmmmm ... mmmmm ...” Emma was loving life. Her conservative, bigoted mother was shivering with delight as Emma masterfully licked and sucked.

The doorbell rang, pulling Sylvie halfway out of her blissful trance. “Oh ... my gosh. Someone’s at the door.” She slipped off the counter and stood, moving toward the door. She got as far as putting her hand on the handle before she stopped. Her daughter was kneeling behind her, kissing and biting the round cheeks of her butt. The doorbell rang again. “Emma ... we have to see ... who it is.”

“You’re going to ... check on the door ... in only your socks ... with cum running down your thighs?” Emma said between kisses. She then sucked on her mother’s ass cheek hard enough to leave a mark. *What will Dad think of her having a hickey on her ass? Well, he has to find out his wife is a dyke eventually. Might as well be sooner rather than later.*

The doorbell rang again. Sylvie could faintly hear Madison running down the stairs to answer the door. She sighed with relief. Then, she moaned as her daughter spread her legs and tongued her vagina from behind.

Emma ate out her mother with real passion, pushing her tongue deep into her pussy. She had her mother humming a preorgasmic whine when there was a knock on the bathroom door.

“Mom, are you in there?” Madison said. When she got no response, she knocked again. “Emma is that you? I saw your laundry in the hall. Do you know where Mom is?”

Sylvie covered her mouth and tried to shoo Emma away from her backside. But Emma was too persistent. When Emma slapped her butt, Sylvie parted her fingers around her lips and replied. “It’s me ... uhhh ... sweetie. Who’s at ... the door?”

“It’s some pregnant lady. She says that she’s from your book club, and that you didn’t read the book. But you’re not in trouble because Emma did. Does that make any sense to you?” Madison could hear her mother groaning in the bathroom. “I can hear that you’re having some issues, Mom. Should I tell her to come back later?”

“Yes ... please.” Sylvie shuddered. Emma was now licking her buttocks. She couldn’t believe that anyone would be so dirty. She heard Madison’s footsteps move down the hall. She relaxed and let Emma do her thing. She put the bra back in her mouth when a mind-bending orgasm took over her body. As she was coming down from her high, there was another knock on the door.

“Mom? The lady is here with me. I’m really sorry ... I ... uummm ... tried to send her away. But ... she said it was ... important.” Madison’s normally sure voice was a little pitchy.

“Hello, Taylor women. Emily Olmstead here.” Emily’s voice was chipper and bright. “I stopped by to congratulate Emma on finishing the book! Yay! She must be quite the student. She even finishes other people’s assignments.”

“Oh ... okay.” Sylvie said through the door. She didn’t know what else to say. She looked over her shoulder at Emma, who had finally pulled away from the cunnilingus. Her daughter’s face was wet and glistening.

Emma shrugged in answer to her mother’s unasked question. She stared at her mother, completely nonplussed. Could the woman who wrote *Blessed Recollections* really be on the other side of that door?

“I’m sorry Lance couldn’t be here. He was busy with his sisters. That boy is all about family,” Emily said.

“Mom ... uuugghhhhh ... this lady ... has her fingers ... where they shouldn’t be ... it’s really weird.” Madison was trembling. The sweet pregnant woman had talked her way into the house and into Madison’s pants. Madison wasn’t sure how it’d happened, but she was getting fingerbanged while her mother was having bathroom difficulties right on the other side of the door. “Ooooohhhhhh ... Mom ... I feel ... strange.”

“Madison?” Sylvie couldn’t believe what she was hearing. “Is that awful woman ... doing you?” The only answer she got was a high, shrill cry from Madison. Sylvie quickly swung open the door, staring at Emily Olmstead with her hand in Madison’s pants. Madison was leaning against the wall with her eyes rolled back.

“Well, look at you two.” Emily smiled warmly, looking into the bathroom at Emma. “Mom in only her socks. Daughter with a shiny face. This is just like my house.”

Sylvie screamed.

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Hours later, Madison, Emma, and Sylvie lay in a triangle, each eating out a family member on the kitchen floor.

Emily was long gone, and Rich was just arriving.

“Honey, I’m home.” Rich walked into his dark house. “What’s with the lights? Where is everyone?”

The other Taylors were so enveloped in bliss that none of them heard him.

“Anyone home?” Rich was getting concerned. It wasn’t like his wife to disappear. He cursed as he tripped over a laundry basket someone had left in the hall. He caught his balance, walked into the kitchen, and turned on the light. He screamed like a little girl when he saw all that rug munching.

Sylvie shot her head up from her daughter’s vagina. “Rich! I can explain!” But all the glistening juices on her face did the explaining for her.

“Nope ... nope ... nope ...” Rich raced to the bathroom and locked himself in. It smelled like sex in there, too. But he couldn’t very well leave.

“Oh ... no ... your father’s found us ... I ... um ...” Sylvie lost focus as her daughter’s tongue returned to her vagina. She lowered herself back down and returned her tongue to her other daughter’s slit. She forgot about her husband and went back to swimming in pleasure.

## Chapter 16

“You need to call Demarcus.” Richard frowned at his wife. She usually shared what was going on with her, but she refused to tell him why she’d cut their son out of her life. “Nara is six months pregnant now. You should see how big she is. We’re going to be grandparents. Don’t you want to –?”

The doorbell rang.

Ida was still in her scrubs, sitting on the sofa, looking at her phone and trying to ignore her husband. She looked up at him when the doorbell rang a second time. “Are you going to get that?”

“Sure.” Richard walked to the front door.

Ida could hear him talking to a woman. And then she heard a man’s voice. She didn’t recognize either voice. A little while later, Richard came back into the living room trailed by three women and a man. The two younger women were obviously twins and quite pregnant. The younger man had his arms around their waists. The older woman was not pregnant, although the last time Ida had seen her the woman had been. Ida scowled and stood. “What are *you* doing here?”

“Mrs. Bell, it’s lovely to see you again.” Emily smiled warmly. “This is my son, Lance.” She gestured to the young man who was leering at Ida. “And this is my daughter, Samantha.” She waved at the brown-haired twin. “And my daughter, Gillian.” She nodded to the purple-haired twin.

“Get out of my house.” Ida folded her arms.

“What has gotten into you, Ida?” Richard scratched his head. “This nice woman is here to talk to you about your book club.”

“The twins will keep your husband company, while we talk.” Emily took her son’s hand and led him up the stairs to Ida and Richard’s bedroom.

“Wait ... you can’t ...” Ida followed them in a huff. When she got to her bedroom, she found that Emily had bared her breasts. Milk was dribbling from her nipples. “What in heaven ... ?” Ida tried to collect herself. She was a doctor. She’d seen countless naked people. These were just two more boobs. She looked over her shoulder and closed the bedroom door. She didn’t want her husband thinking she’d had any part in displaying those pale boobs. “You hypnotized me with your book,” Ida hissed. She pointed a finger at the woman and moved closer.

Lance burst out with a mocking laugh.

“What is wrong with you, lady?” Ida tried not to look at the milky breasts. “Put your tits away or I’ll call the police, I ...” Ida looked over at Lance and her eyes nearly bugged out of her head when she saw he had his penis out. It was absurdly huge. She gawped at him. And then suddenly, Emily’s pale boob was in her face, and sweet milk was on her tongue. “Mmmppphhhhh.” Ida struggled for a moment, but Emily’s hand was on her head, holding her by the hair.

“You are the most difficult of the Royal Oak book club members, Mrs. Bell.” Emily held up her hand for her son to be patient. She smiled as he pleased himself. She returned her focus to Ida. “Keep drinking, Mrs. Bell. Let the curse of the Penumbra flow through you.”

“Mmmmmppphhh.” The woman’s words shocked and frightened Ida, but she didn’t stop gulping down Emily’s dulcet offering.

“I’m sorry I had to intervene, but we’re going to have our next book club meeting soon, and we couldn’t do it without you and Demarcus.” Emily stroked the doctor’s curly hair. “I’m impressed that you held out as long as you did. I know that time with your son in the car must have been lovely.” She let the doctor drink in silence for a while. Finally, when she judged the moment ripe, Emily pulled Ida off her nipple. “Normally, I’d like you to spend your early time with the curse humping your son, but my son will have to fill in today. This really is his project anyway. So, I suppose it isn’t too bad if he gets to have a little fun.”

“Wwwhhhaaaaa ...?” Ida blinked. Her sharp mind had been blunted.

“Where would you like to do it, Lance?” Emily smiled and clapped her hands in giddy expectation.

“On her bed, of course.” Lance finished stripping and jumped onto the bed, rolling onto his back. “Hop on, Mrs. Bell. Once I’m inside you, the curse won’t let go. You’ll probably go running to your son tonight.”

“Oh ... my ... God.” Ida was so confused. She stared at the young man’s penis and shook her head slowly.

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“What ... um ... what are they doing up there?” Richard was in the middle of serving the twins two tall glasses of milk when the thumping started from above. “Are they dancing or something?”

Samantha giggled and then gulped down her milk.

“Lance is banging another one, Mr. Bell.” Gillian held up her glass in thanks and then drank it down.

“What did you say, young lady?” Richard thought he must have misheard her.

Gillian put the glass down and wiped away her milk mustache with the back of her hand. “Sam and I are the only women around Lance’s age that he fucks. Once he banged Mom, it was all over for the younger ladies. Our brother only wants MILFs.”

The thumping on the ceiling grew louder and more frenzied. Richard stared upward.

“He’s plowing the shit out of your wife, Mr. B. She won’t ever be the same.” Samantha’s laugh was cut short when Richard grabbed her wrist. “Hey, not so rough,” she said.

“I’m taking you to your mother for discipline. I can’t believe the way you two talk. That’s ... just ... a horrible thing to say.” Richard took hold of Gillian’s wrist too and dragged them to the stairs. As they neared the second floor, he could hear a woman wailing. She sounded out of her mind. He couldn’t understand what was happening in his own bedroom. When he opened the door and dragged the twins in, he understood better. The twins hadn’t been lying to him.

“Oooooohhhhhh ... my God ... uuuggghhhh ... my God ... why is this ... so good? Uggghh ... ugh ... uuuggghhhh.” Ida rode Lance, her fingers digging into his chest.

“Hubby’s here.” Lance laughed and slapped her right tit.

Ida’s hips missed a beat when she saw her husband standing in the doorway. But much to her dismay, her body picked the rhythm back up immediately. “Richard ... I’m sorry ... I don’t know ... how to stop.”

“Tell him about Demarcus in the car, dear.” Emily sat in a chair massaging her clit.

“Ooohhhhhhhh ... Richard ... uuuggghhhhhh ... several ... months ago ... I seduced our son ... in my car ... but it was ... just one ... time ... uuuggghhhhhh.” She looked at her husband with a mixture of lust and hope for forgiveness.

“I ... just ... can’t.” Richard dropped the two wrists he was holding and ran out of his bedroom. He didn’t stop running until he’d reached the basement, where he turned on the TV and tried to lose himself in the golf channel.

“Oh, he’s just like Dad.” Samantha giggled.

“I ... just ... can’t!” Gillian mocked him dramatically, putting the back of her hand to her forehead. “It’s too much to see my wife having the best sex of her life.”

“Enough, you two. Let Mrs. Bell concentrate on Lance.” Emily waved her girls over and sat them on the floor. Samantha dove her mouth onto her mother’s pussy. Gillian masturbated and watched her brother conquer another woman.

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“Is my baby here?” Ida pushed past Nara into the apartment.

“Your baby? My baby’s in here.” Nara pointed to her pregnant belly.

“Demarcus is nineteen. You’re both nineteen. You’re babies.” Ida moved into the living room. “Where’s my son?”

“He’s taking a nap.” Nara pressed her lips into a thin line. “You really hurt him by disappearing for months. What gives?”

“I read a book, I seduced him, and I humped him right in our car.” Ida started undressing. “That freaked me out. I thought I was under hypnosis or something. I couldn’t risk talking to him. But now I understand.” She pointed at Nara’s belly. “We need another of those.”

“What, my shirt?” Nara was a little nervous. When her boyfriend’s mother took off her top and stood only in her bra, panties, and socks, Nara got much more nervous.

“Not your shirt. I’m talking about what’s in your tummy. My grandbaby. We need to make another grandbaby.” Ida walked over and kissed the young woman on the cheek. “Thanks for the first one, by the way.” She turned toward the bedroom. “I’m going to go talk to Demarcus. Please don’t interrupt us.” She walked into the bedroom and closed the door. It was dark, and she could hear the sound of her son’s gentle breathing. Ida removed her bra and tossed it to the side. She lowered her panties and stepped out of them, leaving them on the floor. Sliding under the covers, she found her son was naked.

“Demarcus ... baby ... your mom’s here for you.” Ida took hold of his penis. She remembered that it was large, but it seemed even bigger than it had been in the car. There was a moment of fright as she circled her fingers around the slumbering thing, but then she remembered what she had to do. She pumped it to life; first with her hands, and then with her mouth.

Demarcus woke thinking that his girlfriend had gotten horny again. He looked down at the shape of her ass outlined under the blanket and blinked. Nara didn’t have an ass like that. “What?” He pulled off the covers and stared at his mother trying to suck the life out of his dick. “Mom? I don’t ...”

“Mmmppphhh.” Ida spit out her son’s penis and mounted him, planting the soles of her socks firmly on the mattress. She held his amazing organ, gazing down at it as she hovered above him. *It’s huge. Thank goodness Lance was nice enough to loosen me up.* Her gaze moved back to her son, and they locked eyes. He looked shocked, so she gave

him a reassuring smile. "I can see that the book was right. I messed up these last several months. You need your Mom. And I'll be here for you. I promise I won't disappear again. I ... uuuuugggggghhhhhhh." She lowered her hips, spreading herself with his girth. "So ... big ..."

"Mom ... you can't just ... shit ..." Demarcus stared at his mother's tits and forgot what he was going to say. He reached out for them and took two overflowing handfuls.

"That's right ... that's right ... we're going to make ... some grandbabies." Ida's hips quickly found a rhythm, bouncing with long, heavy thrusts. "Oooohhhh ... God ... God ... damn ... damn ... so good ... oooohhhhhhhhh."

A while later, Nara knocked on the door. "What's going on in there?" She didn't need to ask, it was obvious. But of course, none of it made any sense. She received no answer but for more grunting from Demarcus, moaning from his mother, and the sound of slapping skin. She opened the door and peeked in with wide eyes. Her boyfriend's mother was a church-going doctor and had always seemed so strait-laced. *Not anymore*. The woman was on her hands and knees on the bed that Nara shared with Demarcus. Her boyfriend was behind his mother, slamming into her pussy.

"Fuck ... Mom ... your ass ... is so ... juicy." Demarcus caught sight of his girlfriend in the door. "Mom and I ... made up ... Nara. I'm going to ... ugh ... ugh ... nut in her ... any minute."

"Oh ... okay." Nara didn't know what to think about that. She closed the door and left the apartment, trying to go somewhere where she could gather her thoughts.

Demarcus barely noticed that his girlfriend had left. "Gonna ... nut ... Mom ... shit ... I'm cumming ... aaaaaahhhhhhh." He slammed his hips into her round ass and held his cock all the way inside her.

"Nnnnngggggggg." Ida gritted her teeth, and her eyes rolled back. She wanted to say something more about grandbabies, but all that came out of her mouth was, "ggggrrrrraakkkkkk."

They humped the rest of the afternoon. When they finally left his bedroom, mother and son had huge smiles on their dazed faces. Things were going to be different going forward.