

Family Secrets

Soul 71

Part 1

Samuel sat at his mother's bed side as she wheezed on the ventilator. Morphine dripped at a steady rate to ease his mother's pain. Samuel knew it was only a matter of time before she passed, he also knew how hard she fought through the pain of the chemotherapy as the cancer ate away at her body. Yet as the months passed, he was helpless to watch as his mother wasted away. Softly, dabbing his mother's forehead as she winced in pain in her slumber. What little time she had left, Samuel spent at her side, since she was admitted to the hospital, he had spent every hour of free time he had with her, when he wasn't in school.

Even spending the nights there so she wouldn't be alone, when it appeared to him that his own father didn't care enough to stay by her side. He wouldn't bring it up least not in front of his mother though, that would only stress her when she needed her strength.

"Samuel," Wendy said weakly, removing the oxygen mask so he could hear her better. "My son don't let your anger

stand in the way of things," she said cryptically. "My sweet, sweet Samuel we will see each other again," Wendy said lightly brushing her son's cheek one last time before her time came.

"Mom! Mom!" Samuel said frantically, looking at the heart monitor as it flat lined. "Mom!" he screamed out as the nurses pushed him out of the room. Samuel's world crumbled around him sending him into that inky blackness as he saw the defeat on their faces as they left her room. Never again would he hear her warm laughter, never again would she cheer him up when he had a troubled day. As much as he tried to prepare himself for her passing, nothing could ever prepare anyone for the passing of a parent.

"Son," his father spoke softly as he stood over the deathbed of his wife.

"Where were you?! Where have you been?! Why weren't the two of you here?!" Samuel asked angrily as his tears streamed down his cheeks, as he looked at his father and sister.

"Come son, it's time to come home, your mother wouldn't want you to stay here all alone," Victor said reaching out touching his son's arm.

"I'm not going anywhere with you!" Samuel said wrenching his arm away from his father. He knew for a few months now what they were doing. He had accidentally caught them in the laundry room one afternoon, not that they saw him, however, he saw enough. He never brought it up. Samuel thought it would only harm his ailing mother. That wasn't what he was about to place at her feet, not in her frail condition. "I'll find my own way home!" Samuel sneered marching out of the room.

"Samuel!" Kelly called out as she raced down the hall. He didn't care what she had to say as the elevator doors rolled closed. Months passed as Samuel sank into his depression due to the loss of his mother. While his grades maintained their average, he just didn't care any longer to excel in his studies. When he graduated, he didn't bother to tell anyone, whether they were there or not, he no longer cared. When it was time for him to move out to attend the in-state

college a few hundred miles away, Samuel didn't bother to mention his departure until the day of. Which he hoped to keep his family at a very distant reach. That was Samuel's plan until one fateful day in his sophomore year.

"Yes, can I help you?" Samuel's roommate asked answering the door eyeing the petite twenty-four-year old woman. His eyes running down her body, sizing her up at around the upper B cup range, to her narrow slender hips hoping that he could talk her into his room. Being on the basketball team he knew how physically appealing he was, he just needed her to see him without his baggy clothes on.

"I'm looking for Samuel," Kelly said sweetly flashing him a smile. "This is his dorm room isn't?" she asked looking at the room number on the door.

"Yeah, but I'm sure I can interest you more than that poindexter," he said flexing his pectoral muscles.

"Hardly," Kelly said not impressed with his display. She was happy to leave her brother to his own devices - devices that he had him-self set in place over the years. However, she

needed help and there was only one person who she could turn to. "Now I really need to see Samuel, is he here or what?" Kelly asked placing her hands on her hips.

"Alright don't get your panties in a twist," he grumbled shaking his head in disbelief that his looks had failed him. "Yo dude, there's a hot chick at the door looking for you," he said knocking on the door to Samuel's room. His pencil falling into his text book wondering if his roommate had set out to prank him.

"Right, sure there is," Samuel said not believing a word. He hated being paired with the man, the late night parties, the drunken brawls, the parade of women that just come and went thinking they had struck it big, only to be kicked out the moment he was done with them. Many of times leaving him in the wake of his destruction the morning after.

"Dude, would I lie about that?" he asked in shocked disbelief.

"Well, whoever it is tell them to leave," Samuel said going back to his studies.

"You're fucking with me, aren't you?! You're telling me that you rather study than talk to her?"

"That's right," Samuel sighed eager not to have anymore distractions. He had an exam to cram for and not pleased with the constant interruptions.

"Sorry, seems he's more interested in books than fine ladies," he said shrugging his shoulders inching the door closed only to be stopped by her hand.

"Is he now," Kelly said narrowing her eyes pushing pass Samuel's roommate heading towards the direction of her brother's room. "Samuel!" she said coldly as she stood in the doorway. She watched as his body went ridged, his pencil falling from his lips bouncing across his lap, rolling across the floor stopping inches from her shoe. Then the annoyance in his demeanor returned as he turned back to his studies.

"What is it that you want Kelly?" Samuel asked turning the page. Stepping into his room closing the door behind them, Kelly didn't want their conversation overheard.

"I need you to come home," Kelly said sitting on the edge of his bed.

"I can't right now, I have exams," Samuel said taking down notes he deemed important.

"I've already talked to the school Samuel, your exams have been put on hold," Kelly said hearing his anger filled huff.

"Why? What could possibly be so damn important that you would just keep me from passing this semester?!" Samuel asked turning in his seat eyeing his sister evilly.

"Dad's had a stroke, I can't take care of the house, the baby, and him at the same time," Kelly said in a tired sigh. "Please, it is just for the summer, then you can come back take your exams and go back to ignoring us," she said pleading with him.

"And you thought to come all the way here and upturn my life when grandma and Aunt Charlotte live in the same damn town!" Samuel yelled rising from his chair.

"Please, Samuel it's just the little things that are piling up, things I just don't have time for, it would really mean something to me if you could just come home for a few months," Kelly said looking up at her younger brother. Noting how he had filled out since he had left home. "Plus, if you don't, Dad will stop paying for your dorm room, your school payment," Kelly said in a monotone matter-of-fact voice as she got to her feet.

"Fine!" Samuel sighed in frustration knowing he was trapped between a rock and a hard place. "Let me pack," he said grumbling as he walked to his small closet that held his luggage.

"I'll help..." Kelly's words were cut off as Samuel pushed her out of his room slamming the door in her face.

"I'm George by the way," he said thinking he could swoop in for the kill.

"Oh, you're still here?" Kelly asked looking over her shoulder. She had honestly thought he had left the apartment. Shrugging off the burn George knew when to give up. Kelly rested against the back of the couch looking around wondering who the man was that her brother had become. Dumping his navy style knit bag next to the door and sliding two suit cases across the floor. Samuel knew that his part of the lease for the apartment was paid for, what his roommate did or didn't pay was up to him. Sighing longingly as he locked the deadbolt already hating having to leave.

"Well, let's go," Samuel said eager to get the drive over with, and with his car broke down at the moment the hours would be torture.

"Do you want help with that?" Kelly asked as they stepped out into the hall.

"No, I'll manage," Samuel said tying the open ends of the knit bag together. Holding up her hands in surrender motioning him to follow her. Well, one good thing about this, it'll give him time to get a head start for next semester. Reaching into his bag for his book, before shutting the trunk lid at least he'll have something to distract him.

"So.....what are you studying in college?" Kelly asked trying to kill the awkward silence that had been building over the past hour.

"Microbiology," Samuel said not bothering to look up from his book.

"Oh, any thoughts on after college?" Kelly asked wondering how they got to the point where her own brother felt like a stranger.

"To create the next gen antibacterial that has a low chance of producing the rise of superbugs," Samuel said turning the page. "At least that's the working theory of my doctorate."

"Wow...how would you go about doing that?" Kelly asked intrigued.

"Find a kill gene that neither strand of the bacteria can function without and modifying a virus like they did with the polo virus for brain cancer. Insert a trigger that can activate that kill gene," Samuel said scribbling in the margins. "Well, it's a theory so far," he said shrugging his shoulders.

"I'm starving, I didn't a chance to eat this morning," Kelly moaned as she saw the approaching dinner sign. "You don't mind stopping, do you? You can tell me more about this theory," she said patting his hand. Tilting his head to the side trying to remember the last time he ate.

"You're paying right?" Samuel asked arching his eyebrow as he looked over at his sister.

"Of course," Kelly said nodding as her stomach seconding the decision.

"I can't see the harm," Samuel said putting aside his text book. Gravel crouched under the tires as Kelly pulled her car into the parking lot of the modified Streamline dinner car.

"So, Samuel what made you come to the decision about super-bugs?" Kelly asked like everyone she had heard about it. Yet rumors and hearsay isn't something one should base their knowledge on, at least that's what she told herself as she slid into the black pleather clad booth.

"Because look at the streptococcus bacteria, the number of genes that at have a high risk of mutating are staggering, and the one place you're likely to encounter this is in hospitals. So while you may think you're safe, however, say a small cut that would only needed a few stitches, you might just encounter this germ in a twist of fate. While they have means of eliminating it on surfaces of objects in hospitals that don't rely on using antibacterials; they once used all over the place hence causing a greater chance of mutation. However, this does nothing for those that are already infected. So, going off the base of the polo cancer trials, I

thought to myself, what if the principal was applied to say any number of superbugs that are known to us," Samuel said as he read down the menu.

"So, we'll say somewhere down the road, when it's in human trials, how would you deliver the medicine?" Kelly asked surprised by how well he had thought it all out.

"Liquid gel tablets," Samuel said handing the waiter the menu after he had ordered.

"So....anyone at your school..." Kelly mumbled looking away as her brother glanced up as to say, 'Drop it'.

"Does Aunt Charlotte still have that room she rents out?" Samuel asked pulling out his phone.

"Yeah...why?" Kelly asked smiling warmly, as the waiter set their plates down, the warm honey smell of the hot buttermilk pancakes filling her with the few fond memories of their childhood.

"What? Just because I'm forced home doesn't mean I have to live in the same house," Samuel said taking a bite of his hash browns. Pressing the call button as Samuel held his phone to his ear.

After their quiet muted heated exchange, their meal was as deathly quiet as the ancient tombs of long dead kings. Inwardly sighing that his aunt hadn't rented out the room she used for summer vacationers; also glad he had enough in his bank account to afford the room for the next two months, Samuel began to ponder if the old short cuts were still there. As he noted the changes as they drove down their small seaside town's main street. In the later years of his mother's cancer battle, Charlotte had moved into a nice remodeled cottage with a modern addition for her paying guests.

The gentle sea breeze tugged at her skirt in undulating waves as the warm salty air teased at the hem of the soft fabric. The years underneath the ocean sun had produced a nice even tan along her toned forty-two-year-old body. Ten years younger than her sister, yet where his other relatives would only call occasionally, Charlotte had moved back to help his mother and for that Samuel would always

be grateful. She was the only one he truly regretted not keeping in touch with. Her raven hair danced along her skin as she walked along the length of the car. Her lilac perfume drifted on the air as the squeaky hinges announced her arrival.

"Would you look who finally managed to show up," Charlotte teased as Samuel closed the trunk lid.

"Hello, Aunt Charlotte," Samuel said coyly smiling as the strap of his luggage rested on his shoulder.

"Seems just yesterday you were running around my house, hell bent on storming the castle," Charlotte said with a amused smirk. "Well, come along knight and I'll show you to your room," she said swaying her hips as she led Samuel to the private entrance of the addition, she had built years ago.

"Auntie, you don't mind watching Becky for another hour, do you?" Kelly asked as she followed behind her brother.

"Of course not," Charlotte said sweetly as she looked over her shoulder.

"Thanks Auntie, Sam come by the house in the morning and I'll show you what needs to be done," Kelly said taking hold of her brother's arm.

"Any specific time?" Samuel asked glad she wasn't pushing that he should visit their father.

"Eight o'clock," Kelly said having to be content with his nod. "I'll be back as fast as I can," she said to her aunt.

"Well, come on young man I need to check on Becky," Charlotte said waving to her nephew watching as Kelly pulled out of the drive-way. "There is a small kitchen if you care to make yourself something if you don't want to dine with me," she said pointing to the small kitchen. "Though, since it is only you and I here, I was hoping to have someone to keep me company," Charlotte said warmly as her eyes ran down her nephews back.

"Sure, don't think that be a problem aunt," Samuel said placing his bags on to the bed.

"Are these your dirty clothes?" Charlotte asked as she came to his side pointing down at the knit bag. She brushed her arm against his, her eyes ran down his jaw, his neck, his chest, knowing how long it had been since she had a man she trusted within her home.

"Yeah, you don't mind if I use your laundry room?" Samuel laughed halfheartedly, as he rubbed the back of his neck.

"Not at all as long as you don't mind sharing the work load," Charlotte said bumping her hip against his. "Who knows I might find my panties going missing," she said bursting into rib splitting laughter at Samuel's shocked look. "What? Did you think I didn't know it was you going through my drawers," Charlotte sighed as she pulled her nephew into a warm hug. "I've missed you kiddo," she whispered rubbing his back. Pressing her chest into Samuel hoping he felt her womanly shape.

"Me too, sorry for not calling," Samuel said looking down at the floor.

"You're here now," Charlotte said lifting his chin. "And, that is all that matters now," she said leaning in placing a soft warm kiss on his left cheek, lingering far longer than a normal friendly kind would have. "You never know what surprises await you," Charlotte whispered ominously into his ear. "Now I'll take care of this while you settle in," she said winking at him as she took hold of his knit bag. Making sure her nephew watched as she left the room, hoping that Samuel could see the roundness of her ass as it swayed underneath her skirt. "Oh, I almost forgot," Charlotte said pulling the spare key for the room from out of her bra. That she had purposely placed there for that very reason. "Here I'll try not to barged in too much," she said drawing out the last word as she handed Samuel the key before shutting the only door that connected the addition to the main house.

"Hi Charlotte," Kelly said knocking on the door frame as she held the front door open.

"In here sweetheart," Charlotte called out as she played with Becky. Pondering if she wasted her life chasing after things and not settling down and raising her own family, giggling as Becky squealed happily as her mother walked into the room.

"Hey baby," Kelly said in that adorable motherly voice as she plucked her daughter from the floor. "Were you good for your auntie?" she asked tickling Becky's stomach.

"Oh, now you behave!" Charlotte feigned her disappointment sticking her tongue out at the child.

"Thank you for looking after her," Kelly said straightening out her daughter's shirt.

"Oh honey, you know it's no trouble looking after this adorable little monster," Charlotte said teasingly shaking Becky's left foot. "Now your brother, that is another matter altogether," she said getting to her feet.

"Oh, yeah, he's going to take a little longer to come around," Kelly said as she buckled Becky into her stroller.

"Possibly," Charlotte said tapping her chin wondering how they were going to repair the damage bridge that expanded the two of them.

"Has he even came out of that room since I left?" Kelly asked looking across the house.

"Not once," Charlotte sighed shaking her head.

"Well, then I think it's time for him to interact with his family," Kelly huffed marching across the house, thrusting open the door, her jaw hung slack as her brother's nude, wet, dripping body held her enthralled. Taking a dry swallow as she noted the definition of his muscles, while not overly overbearing, yet lean enough to hide underneath a few layers of clothes. Kelly worked her tongue around her mouth trying to form something that would be recognize as speech, and yet her mind seemed to have forgotten how to.

"Kelly! Jesus Christ don't you knock!" Samuel said startled trying to cover himself.

"Sorry!" Kelly stammered closing the door feeling her cheeks heat. Her heart pounded in her chest wondering when her brother had gotten into shape. Pressing her forehead against the door fighting her-self not to open the door and have another peek at her brother. "Samuel," Kelly said knocking on the door tentatively cracking the door open. "Do you mind walking me and Becky home?"

"All right," Samuel sighed heavily. "Give me a minute," he said as he moved around the room. Kelly stood quietly at the door hoping she would be able to see her brother through the small cracks. However, her dreams were dashed as the door inched closed the last thing, she saw was his towel covered posterior.

"Handsome little thing isn't he," Charlotte smirked knowingly as she leaned against the door frame, crossing her arms across her stomach eyeing her nieces reaction.

"Mmmhmm," Kelly said keeping her lustful thoughts to herself.

"I can see you'll be having something to watch this summer, you don't mind if I join you, do you?" Charlotte asked glancing over to the door wondering how her nephew would look like laboring underneath the hot sun. The look on his face as she stood over him in nothing more than a very revealing two piece swimsuit and holding an ice cold glass in her hand for him. Wondering what kind of reaction she would get as she drew gently on the straw in her glass.

"Sure," Kelly said with a knowing smile. "Don't expect me to fight fair auntie," she said devilishly cocking out a hip.

"Oh, a challenge is it?" Charlotte cooed an evil light flashed across her brown eyes. "You know these things do need some air," she said her fingers worked quickly down her dress shirt as she heard footsteps nearing the door. "Hello, Samuel," Charlotte purred as her shirt laid open down to her navel exposing her chest to her nephew.

"You ready?" Samuel asked looking over at his sister trying not to appear as if he hadn't noticed his aunt's lovely orbs.

"Yep," Kelly said nodding leading the way.

"Nice tits auntie," Samuel whispered as he leaned into his aunt as he passed. Oh, he wasn't shocked by her exposing herself he had seen far more in his time in the dorms, things that desensitized him to his aunt's display. However, it was always nice to see a nice pair of breasts regardless of who they belonged to.

"Oh, just you wait young man," Charlotte said seductively as her front door closed.

"Thanks for walking us home," Kelly said bumping her brother's shoulder. "We really appreciate it, don't we Becky," she said reaching forward tickling her daughter's hair.

"Yeah, no problem," Samuel said ignoring the small exploring hands of his sister or was it his niece. He could

never figure that out when his sister sent an email telling him that she was pregnant with their father's baby. By then it appeared everyone knew about what his father and sister did, and to him, they seemed at ease of what was happening other than him that is. It was another one of the reasons he had estranged himself from his family.

Samuel just couldn't bring himself to accept the fact his own father had fathered another child with his own daughter. In a heated exchange with his grandmother on his mother's side. Telling him if he couldn't see the child as a blessing then he was better off not coming to the party they held for them. Which, he wasn't planning on making the trip back home for anyways, then his sister sent her own telling him if he couldn't welcome his sister/niece than it was better if he just stayed away. Again a request he was all but happy to follow.

"You know how long it's been since we walked this path together?" Kelly asked as the elm trees swayed overhead, as they walked down the old worn bike path. Giggling as she saw her daughter's hands shot out trying to catch the butterfly that fluttered across their path.

"Yeah, a long time," Samuel said darkly, it was a month before their mother had been diagnosed.

"You know we could have more memories if you come home more often," Kelly said peering at her brother through the strands of her strawberry blonde hair. "Becky is going to need someone to do fatherly things with here in a few years."

"Isn't that dad's job Kelly?" Samuel asked sarcastically, staggering as his sister slapped him against the back of his head.

"Don't Samuel!" Kelly growled her index finger wagging at him. "What dad and I have done is our own business, you shouldn't live in the past Sam, if you can't accept that than it might be best if you just keep silent then," she said irritably.

"That was my plan sis," Samuel said putting space between them. "I've been silent about it since I found out so what's few more decades," he said shrugging his shoulders.

Sighing this wasn't how she thought it would go as they walked in silence down the alleyway behind old man Grover's house. Kelly had thought they could try and be brother and sister again like they were before their mother died. Then the realization struck her that he had to know about them while their mother was still alive. Thinking back his demeanor hadn't changed when they told him about Becky. No. It was older, something she didn't pick up on due to everything that was happening at the time. Biting her lip trying to remember when the first time she felt her brother distancing himself.

"Becky can you see home yet?" Kelly asked sweetly as she peered over the push bar of the stroller. Smiling as she listened to the sweet infectious laughter of her daughter as her small hand pointed to the eggshell white one story house. "Yes, that's home alright," she said glancing once again at her brother from the corner of her eye.

"You see why I need your help," Kelly said waving to the over-grown yard, to the shed whose forest green paint was peeling from the years of storm spray, to the house that seemed to have aged with its owner during his illness. "With dad being so sick for the past month, and now with the stroke it seems he'll never be able to lounge in the sun like he always does," Kelly said sadly, her lip trembled, her green eyes moistened recounting how she had found her father after the stroke.

"I know you probably want to head back to Charlotte's house, but could you mow the backyard, so this little girl and dad could enjoy it once again?" Kelly asked looking up at her brother as his eyes roamed over the yard.

"Sure why not, I'm have to do it anyway why not get it over with," Samuel said walking towards the shed. Sighing was he viewed the padlock and chain that barred the door he knew he had forgotten about something.

"Forget about the lock did we," Kelly said amusingly as she answered the back door in a blue lace bra. Samuel's eyes ran down his sister's exposed chest as he held out his hand.

"What?! Do I have something on me?!" Kelly asked looking down her chest. "Oh, Becky threw up when we came in, so my shirt is in the wash," she lied as she placed the key in his hand. "You know you're going to catch flies if you don't close that," Kelly said placing her hand underneath his jaw smirking as his lips inched closed. "There that's better," she said patting his cheek as she closed the door.

An hour and a half had passed as the roar of the motor slowly wind down, the smell of freshly cut grass fluttered on the breeze as a precarious droplet danced with oblivion on the tip of Samuel's nose. Tugging once, twice to ensure the lock was in place, a chill crept up his spine at the squeak and groan of the old spring hinge of the porch door. There with his paralytic crippled right hand, his locked leg stood his father looking at the man that stood before him.

"Hello Samuel," Victor said nodding at his son searching for the boy he once knew.

"Hello Dad," Samuel said returning the nod.

"Dad, you're not supposed to be up!" Kelly said rushing out of the house.

"I know Kelly, I just wanted to see Samuel, and now I have, he knows where to find me," Victor said patting his daughter's hand before heading back to his bed.

"You know he's been waiting for you to come in and say some-thing," Kelly said tossing her brother a towel. "I told him you weren't ready to see us," she said her finger ran along her lip as her eyes ran down his chest as Samuel dried his face. "But you know how dad is Sam."

"Yeah," Samuel said somberly.

"Well, since you got the yard mowed why don't you come by at lunch, dad wants you to repaint the shed," Kelly said wishing she could get him to stay as he handed her the towel.

"All right see you then sis," Samuel said waving at his sister.

Now that he was alone, Samuel wandered down the sidewalk taking the long way back to his aunt's house. Noting every change, every nuance along his path as he took the right hand path that would take him along the beach front. It was the one thing his mother always did, was to take them down that travel worn path once a week, to see the splendor of the sea.

"Oh, right on time," Charlotte said spinning around on the stool of the ice cream stand. "Thanks Susie," she said as the teenage girl handed her two vanilla waffle cones. "Here, I thought you might need it," Charlotte said as she licked up the side of the scooped ice cream.

"Thanks," Samuel said accepting his as his aunt got to his side.

"You're welcome, well I figured Victor would try something, and," Charlotte said quickly looking at his face, "It seems that he did," she said inching closer to her nephew. "Anything you want to talk about?" Charlotte asked watching as Samuel lapped at melting ice cream that ran

down his hand, wishing that he would put that tongue to use.

"No, why?" Samuel asked looking at her perplexity.

"I thought it would be hard on you seeing your dad like that," Charlotte said moving closer to him as they rounded the corner drawing near to her home.

"Not really," Samuel said darkly.

"Samuel, don't you think it's time to talk about your mother?" Charlotte asked as he held the gate open for her.

"What about her?" Samuel asked knowing this would always lead to a fight.

"The last time we talked about her you ran out of this very house," Charlotte said walking towards the apartment door.

"There's nothing to talk about Aunt Charlotte," Samuel said taking the last bites of his ice cream cone as he fished for the key in his pocket.

"Oh, I think there is Samuel," Charlotte said as she watched him climb the few steps to the door. "Samuel aren't you going to invite me in?" she asked as the door swung open, making him watch as she inhaled the last few inches of the cone, slowly pulling it out, her tongue teasing the last vestiges of the cold sweet treat.

"Why this is your house?" Samuel held wondering why she hadn't followed him up.

"Because Sammy this is your place for the summer," Charlotte said knowing how he hated when she used that nickname for him. "It would be rude of me just to walk in there," she said as her tongue ran along the inside of the cone.

"Want to come in?" Samuel asked stepping aside inviting her in.

"Don't mind if I do," Charlotte said her hips swayed as she climbed the steps. Taking Samuel by the hand leading him into the apartment. "You know, I always have this door locked and barred when I rent out this room," she said her fingers danced along its surface. "But I don't have to worry about you ransacking my home for goodies I hope," Charlotte said peering over her shoulder smiling warmly at Samuel.

"Don't have to worry about me auntie," Samuel said placing the key by the night stand, emptying his pockets knowing he was going to need another shower. "Though I might raid the fridge, but I won't go snooping through your place," he said digging out his last clean towel from his bag, only to sigh at the damage his roommate had done to it in his drunken stupor.

"Oh my, what have you done to that poor thing," Charlotte cooed as she leaned against his back eyeing the tattered garment.

"Not I, my roommate at the dorm I stay in," Samuel said tossing aside the towel.

"Well, then here, let me fetch you another towel," Charlotte whispered her nose tracing along his neck inhaling his manly scent. "You go and take your shower, we'll talk more later," she whispered into his ear trying to contain her rising libido.

Charlotte heard the roaring of the shower as she neared the door to the small bathroom she had installed when she built the addition. Hiding her camera phone behind her as she carried in a stack of clean towels for her nephew. Biting her lip as his blurred image moved behind the shower curtain, "Samuel," she said so not to startle him and to distract him long enough to slip her phone pass the curtain.

"Yeah," Samuel said sticking his head around the plastic sheet. Unaware that his aunt's finger tapped rapidly on the capture button of her phone. Filling up her SD card with wet, naked pictures of her nephew.

"I set a stack of towels on the sink for you," Charlotte said her hunger flaring as she noted his tightly shut eyes. Pushing aside the curtain quietly licking her lips at the sight of his body. "Here, let me dry your face so you can see," she said quickly pocketing her phone. Taking the towel from the top of the stack, slowly drying his face so she would have all the time she could touching his skin. It took all her will not to lean in and taste the softness of his lips. "There see," Charlotte said moving aside so he could see them sitting neatly for Samuel.

"Thanks," Samuel said his hand brushed along hers as he took the towel from her.

"Well, if you need anything just holler," Charlotte said shaking her ass seductively for her nephew as she left.

The moment the bathroom door closed behind her. Charlotte shot through her house towards her bedroom, where she could lavish upon the stolen photos of her nephew. Digging her phone from her pocket as she pressed her back against her closed door.

"Oh, Samuel, my how you have grown," Charlotte purred as her fingers ran down the screen. "What would you do if you found out about how your aunt wants you, needs you," she shuddered as her free hand explored her chest. "To be touched by you," Charlotte said lustfully as she pulled up her skirt, revealing her white bikini style thong, her dark brown landing strip showing through the nearly translucent material.

"Yes, Samuel, touch me here," Charlotte moaned as her fingers danced along her moistening lips. "Mmmhmm...yes, right there," she said in rapid breaths as she worked her clitoris. "Oh, Sam I need you to taste your aunt," Charlotte said falling onto her bed, spreading her legs, pushing aside her panties, "Yes, Samuel spread my pussy lips with your tongue," she huffed as she plunged her fingers into her hot canal. "Oh...Sammy....you're making me....," reaching up taking one of her pillows biting it to muffle her squeal of bliss as she rode her fingers.

"Guess what I got to see," Charlotte typed out as she breathed heavily sending it to her niece.

"Cheater!" Kelly sent back with the winking emoji.

Steam bellowed out of his bathroom as Samuel walked across his room as his phone rang violently on the nightstand. A heavy sigh escaped his lips as Kelly's number flashed across the screen. Wondering what his sister could want now seeing how it had only been thirty minutes since he had left her house.

"What is it sis?" Samuel asked placing the call on speaker as he dried himself off.

"Hey Samuel, I was thinking since Aunt Charlotte has her class tonight, that I could come over and keep you company?" Kelly said as she wrangled Becky into a new diaper. "Please, bro I don't get a lot of chances to relax these days."

"All right, I don't know how much relaxing it be here than your own place, since I haven't been here long enough to check her movie selection," Samuel said as he tossed the damp towel into the hamper.

"Don't worry about that I'll bring some over, oh, and do you plan on going out for supper or would you like some spaghetti?" Kelly asked knowing how her brother couldn't pass up free food. Especially, when it was based off of their mother's recipe.

"Are you making mom's recipe?" Samuel asked in all seriousness.

"Of course, Sam," Kelly said stifling her giggle.

"Okay, sure," Samuel said feeling his mouth water.

"Kelly!" Samuel heard his father's voice calling out from across the house over the line.

"I'll be over at seven," Kelly said ending the call. As much as Samuel would have liked to have said, he wasn't affected by the urgency in his father's voice that would, only be a lie. One that he knew would be more harmful than helpful.

"Now you two behave yourselves," Charlotte said as she applied her lipstick in the mirror by the door. "Samuel, I should be back by midnight, you wouldn't mind meeting me outside Mike's been getting a little handsy," she said as she turned to look at her nephew. Pulling him close so she could tease her niece as she whispered to Samuel, "I told him I had a boyfriend, you don't mind playing along, do you?" Charlotte asked her lips brushing along his ear.

"Not at all," Samuel said returning her hug unaware of the silent conversation happening behind him.

"Here, eat before it gets cold," Kelly said pointing to the chair at the kitchen table. "Oh, I almost forgot," she said digging into her bag pulling out a tin foil package containing three slices of garlic bread. "What's spaghetti without garlic bread," Kelly said her hand patting his shoulder. "I've missed you Samuel," she said sweetly wrapping him in a hug, resting her head on his left shoulder wishing she could pluck at his skin with her lips, maybe even a nibble.

"Aren't you going to have any?" Samuel asked as he watched his sister slid into the seat next to him.

"I've eaten," Kelly said waving for him to dig in. Kelly sat back and watched as Samuel took the first bite, watching as his eyes fluttered, the soft moan as the herds exploded across his taste buds. "Good I take it?" Kelly asked her lips curling into a warm smile as her brother nodded.

"You know, I think mom would be jealous," Samuel said as he savored the bite. "You know how long it took her to get the hang of cooking," he said chuckling remembering all the burnt pot roast. "I never got the chance to thank you for what you did for mom," Samuel said reaching over taking hold of her hand. "For that I am truly sorry I haven't said it before."

"Samuel," Kelly said her voice quivering, her lip trembled. "Samuel, how much do you truly know?" she asked looking deeply into the warm brown eyes he had inherited from their mother.

"Everything," Samuel said matter-of-fact. "Mom told me every-thing before she died," he said letting the matter drop.

"All of it?" Kelly asked skeptically, wondering if her mother had indeed entrusted him with the true history of their family. By the perplexed look on her brother's face it seemed that she didn't. A devious thought rippled across her mind wondering if her aunt had thought of it. "So why don't we watch that movie," Kelly said hastily, taking his plate from him lightly rinsing it, and nervously helping Samuel to his feet. "I think you'll like it," she said snuggling up to her brother, allowing him to feel the softness and roundness of her breasts; as she rested his arm in the cleavage of her heavenly orbs.

Kelly rested her head on Samuel's shoulder as the movie hit the halfway mark. Her right hand slowly trailing up and down his arm wondering if he would be ready before the hour drew near. They needed Samuel, there was no other way they could survive. Pondering which one of them would be the one that brought Samuel into the fold.

"Samuel, do you know how to dance?" Kelly asked looking up at her younger brother.

"Dancing as in the slow kind or the bump and grind kind?" Samuel asked looking slyly out of the corner of his eye.

"The bump and grind kind," Kelly whispered softly her voice dripped with sin.

"No, I never got the hang of that," Samuel said noticing something odd as it flashed across the surface of his sister's eyes.

"Oh, I could teach you," Kelly said inching closer to his lips. "There's a dance club in the other town and I don't have a dance partner," she said sternly, placing his hand on her upper thigh, "You will be your sister's dance partner, right?" Kelly asked her hot breath flowed over his skin as her thin full lips were only inches away from his.

"Shh!" Kelly said placing her left index finger over his lips when she saw him beginning to decline her offer. "You will

take your sister dancing!" she ordered not taking no for an answer.

"O-okay" Samuel said from around her finger.

"Good," Kelly said mischievously, her eyes darted between his eyes and his taunting lips. Wondering if she could chance a kiss, then thought better of it. "You don't mind if I rest my head in your lap?" Kelly asked going for the safer route. Too much rested on them to have Samuel disappearing when the eve of the solstice was fast approaching.

"No," Samuel said looking at his sister peculiarly as she situated herself onto the couch. A soft breath escaped his lips as Kelly rested her head right on his groin. His nails dragged along the couch cushion as she rolled her head along his soft member.

"Something wrong Samuel?" Kelly asked looking up at him, resting her right hand next to her on his upper thigh.

"No," Samuel said stammering fighting back against the sensations of his sister's head on his manhood.

"Then quiet down, I can't hear the movie," Kelly said rolling her head back towards the TV screen. Hiding her smile as she felt the first stirrings of his cock. Acting like she was scratching her chin on his thigh all the while her cheek brushed against his awakening member. Longing for the days when her brother would finally understand everything about them and why they needed each other. Also, the sex at least to her, was a huge benefit. Who else would anyone truly want than the person you grew up with, trust wholeheartedly, love unconditionally to share your life and bed with.

Kelly finally felt Samuel's cock growing down the side of her cheek after a few minutes of her soft teasing. She loved her father, she loved the child he had given her, yet her eye always lingered on her brother. She knew he was always meant for her, and it would have been so if cancer hadn't taken their mother. As much as they tried, they could only extend her life, yet near the end, Wendy just wanted the pain to be over. So they did the most forbidden thing they were always taught never to do: a soul siphon. It was one of

the reasons they needed Samuel now since they had been ostracized from the coven for using that spell. It took her bleeding on her knees just to get the coven to heal her father. However, what they had done wasn't enough to reverse the damage, and even if they could get Samuel to agree to heal their father, it was already too late.

However, due to the curse or gift, they needed to have sex at least once a month, so the magic that flows through their family tree and wouldn't burn through them. If sex was all there was to it, she would have just gone out and found a partner. No. This was a more mystical kind of sex that honored the pact their ancestors made to Hekâtê. One that required a member of the same sect they had once belonged to.

That all left her mind as her hand rubbed gently on the hard cock beneath her. It would be simple for her to place her brother in a hypnotic trance, however, that would defeat the purpose of why they had brought Samuel home. Although it wouldn't hurt to put him into a more receptive mood as she jacked off her brother through his pants leg.

"Relax and empty," Kelly chanted low, dark purple mist flowed over her lips, entangling around Samuel's cock as Kelly tapped into his sexual energies. "Release your anger and welcome us in," she chanted feeling her brother's body relaxing underneath her, also the swelling of his cock as her spell took hold of the rod that teased her. For over thirty minutes Kelly teased Samuel's cock, she loved hearing his moan as she ran her lips along the side of his rod. The way his muscles trembled as she played with the head of his cock soaking the fabric in his precum.

Looking back at Samuel, noticing how the spell had placed him in a pleasure filled trance. Kelly just couldn't allow all that cum to go to waste, slowly inching down his zipper, her eyes growing wide as his cock sprang out freed from the confines of his pants. Taking one last look before wrapping her hand around his shaft. She had forgotten when the last time she saw her father as hard as her brother was at that moment. She needed to taste her brother, the need to have his seed was too great to resist. The desire to bathe in the sexual energies overwhelmed her mind as she ran her tongue along the length of his cock.

Twirling her tongue around his bulbous head tasting the sweet salty treat that beaded along the its surface. Her grandmother had al-ways taught her even if it is just oral, there is enough energy stored in that one eruption the fuel a minor spell. Kelly already had the spell in mind as her lips finally felt the heat of his skin. Feeling the rapid beat of his heart as his rod gradually disappeared into her mouth.

"Put away the past and see what's before you," Kelly began to chant her spell as she licked down the back of his cock. Her hand working his shaft as she fought not to give in to her own needs. "Those once begotten of yore shall be seen in a new light," Kelly said working quickly to get her brother over that ledge. Moaning around his cock as Kelly felt his hot spunk filling her mouth. A slow soft wave of energy rippled off her body shrouding Samuel's body before disappearing into the ether. Quickly returning his cock back where it belonged as the effects of her spell started to crumble.

"The movie already over?" Samuel asked rubbing his eyes as the end credits rolled across the TV screen.

"Yeah, you must have fallen asleep," Kelly said rolling over her mind wouldn't let go of how he felt in her mouth. Sighing tiredly as the alarm blurred on her phone telling her it was time for her to return home. She knew Becky was fine and so was her father, yet she was finally with the man she was promised for, she had no wish to leave and yet if she didn't leave her phone would annoy her until she did. "Guess it's time for me to go," Kelly said sadly. "You mind helping me pack up?" she said wishing she had worn a more revealing shirt as she looked up at Samuel.

"Sure," Samuel said trying to keep his eyes from roaming down his sister's body.

"Thank you, Samuel for hanging out tonight and I know dancing isn't your thing but I'm going to show you how good it can be," Kelly said stepping into her brother, allowing her breasts to press lightly into his chest. "It's going to be as if only the two of us are there," she said as she caressed his left cheek. "Goodnight Samuel," Kelly said place a warm loving kiss on the corner of his mouth. "I'll see you at lunch," she said walking down the steps of the front porch, looking back as her brother stood in the doorway as she approached her car. Feeling her cheeks heat as the

moonlight highlighted his body, her heart fluttered as Samuel leaned against the post waiting for her to leave.

"Guess what I did," Kelly typed out her text message attaching the photo to it before sending it to her aunt.

"Oh, you little sneak I'll get you back for that!" Charlotte sent back with the tongue sticking out emoji.

"Is that before or after I fuck Samuel?!" Kelly sent before she pulled out of her aunt's driveway.

"Oh, well before you have a ride on that cock of his," Charlotte typed out her own challenge wondering if she could smell and feel the lingering energies and semen when she got home.

Charlotte's eyes burned with hunger as Mike's headlights shone upon Samuel as he stood at the end of the walkway for her. Arching an eyebrow as she saw the faint wisps of a purple mist encircling Samuel. Wondering just what her niece had been up to since she has been gone. So intrigued

by it she failed to noticed as Mike placed his hand on her thigh.

"Hands off dude," Samuel growled as he flung open her door, Charlotte jumped so startled that she hadn't seen her nephew approaching. "Time to go in Charlotte it's getting late," he said holding out his hand for her.

"Right, our bed time," Charlotte said seductively looking up at him as she rose. "Can't keep my man waiting now can I," she said her hands running up his chest pressing her body against his hoping Samuel thought this was all part of her plan to get rid of Mike. Yet she knew what it was truly about to show him that she saw only one man there, and it wasn't the middle-age balding man with poor pickup lines. Reaching around his neck so he couldn't recoil backwards when something magical was about to happen to him. Her gaze lingered on the face of the man, trying to find the boy that had fled from her life; before sinking into the same warmth she had seen years ago. Her lips brushed against his seeing the rapid movement of his eyes.

Euphoria arced across her nerve ends as Charlotte felt those tantalizing velvety soft lips. Her fingers feathered out pressing them deeper into their embrace. Seeing the same purple mist swirling in the depths of his eyes wondering what awaited them once the spell ran its course. Gasping in surprise as Samuel's hand cupped her right ass cheek, then jumping in shock as she felt a slight arousing spank. Charlotte was speechless as she starred in awe as Samuel and Mike exchanged words. Oh, it wasn't the stern words that her nephew was using at the moment, no, it was what she had felt as her hand ran along her ass.

"Well, hopefully he'll take the hint," Samuel said as they watched Mike's taillights disappear.

"Yes," Charlotte said looking over at Samuel, "Let's hope he does," she said her feather light touch sent gooseflesh dancing along her skin, as her fingers interweaved with his. "Come and walk with me," Charlotte said tugging lightly on his hand, "Sweetheart, I think it's time we talk about your mother," she said leading Samuel to the rear of her house. Climbing over a sand dune Charlotte looked out along the moonlit waves knowing why she loved her place.

"All right," Samuel sighed dreading this conversation, ever since she mentioned it earlier.

"How much do you know about the trials that happened a few miles south of here?" Charlotte asked smirking at the bemused look on her nephew's face.

"As much as any one does that grew up here, why?" Samuel asked eyeing his aunt with curiosity.

"Do you ever wonder if they were real witches?" Charlotte asked as the breeze tugged at her raven hair.

"Okay, where is this headed, I thought you wanted to talk about mom?" Samuel asked pulling his aunt to a stop.

"I'm getting to it," Charlotte said irritably, "answer my question," she said hoping he wouldn't flee from her home once again.

"Well, I can't really know, there is a possibility there were," Samuel said looking at his aunt quizzically. "Now why are you bringing all that up, what does any of that dark history have to do with mom?"

"Because there were witches there," Charlotte said coldly. "Re-member those stories and that song my mother made you sing?"

"Yeah, why?"

"They're about those that survived, our family was once called the Millers," Charlotte said gently squeezing his hand.

"So you're telling me mom, me, you and Kelly are all related to witches?" Samuel asking amused at the idea. Wondering why he wasn't perturbed as he once was when his mother told him, which he thought was just a hallucinogenic dream.

"Yes, your friend what was his name...Vlad, he's one of the few," Charlotte said tapping her chin. "We aren't just related to witches Samuel, we are witches," she said closing the distance between them as the waves crashed onto the shore.

"Right," Samuel said skeptically.

"Oh, a demonstration is in order," Charlotte said smirking devilishly, "Than I'm going to need something from you," she said pulling her nephew in close so not even a sliver of moonlight could pass between them.

"Okay, what is it that you need aunt?" Samuel asked taking a dry swallow feeling his heart in his throat.

"Oh, nothing too adventurous," Charlotte cooed as her hand ran up his chest, feeling how her body heated being so close to him, knowing how her nipples were hardening as they rubbed against his chest. "Just a simple kiss," Charlotte whispered as a sensuous moan filled her mouth as their lips locked once again. She lost herself in the heavenly bliss as her tongue explored his, her hands roamed over his back wishing they were in her bed and not on that desolated

beach. "Touch me Samuel," she purred hungrily breathing heavily as she guided his hand over her chest. "Feel me here," Charlotte demanded resting his hand over her right breast.

"Feel your aunt, Samuel," Charlotte stammered as his hand cradled her breast. "Watch closely sweetheart," she said weakly, kissing him one last time her finger circled gathering the up surging energies. Whispering a small incantation before thrusting out her hand towards the far end of the beach. "Look Samuel," Charlotte said turning his chin as the afterimage of memories that were stored in the granules of sand beneath them sprang forth.

Samuel stared in awe as he watched his ten-year-old self ran up and down the beach. His lip trembled as the image of his mother came into view knelling down in the sand as his past self, ran into her arms.

"How is that possible?!" Samuel asked mystified.

"Magic, sex magic to be precise," Charlotte said her lips tugging on Samuel's earlobe. "Samuel, make love to me,"

she said wantonly, draping her arms across his shoulders her body yearning to have him between her legs. "We need you Samuel," Charlotte said guiding his hand up her leg, beneath her dress letting him feel her bare woman-hood. "I need you, Samuel," she said her eyes flaring as she led his fingers to her paradise. Yet the look in his eyes she knew he wasn't ready, soon, but not tonight. However, she wasn't about to stop her nephew's fingers as she rode those exploring appendages.

"It's okay Samuel, you're not ready," Charlotte said plucking at his lips, "However, feel how good I feel," she said her grip tightening on his shoulder as she forced his fingers deeper into her canal. "Can't you feel how tight I am?" Charlotte asked breathing heavily in his ear, feeling her canal becoming molten. "Soon Samuel soon, you will need to choose us or the sundering of this family," she said trembling in his arms as she neared her climax. "Samuel...I'm going to cum, please baby make me cum," Charlotte moaned tossing her head back her lust filled wail rolled over the white-capped waves.

Detaching herself from her nephew, walking back on shaky legs towards her home. She knew Samuel needed time to

come to terms with what was shown to him and to come to terms that his own aunt wanted him. Charlotte knew they couldn't force him into this, he had to come to them willingly. Yet how her heart broke when she saw the frightened look in her nephew's eyes. However, she wasn't about to let that stop her, holding her head high, smiling wickedly knowing what she had to do.

"Guess who just got finger fucked!" Charlotte typed out, teasing her niece as she entered her home. "Oh, the things he did to my cunt."

"No fair," Kelly sent back with the pouty emoji. "Well, then I'm just going to step up my game when Samuel takes me out tonight," she typed out taunting her aunt.

Samuel rolled over on his side, looking at the time, sighing when ten o'clock read across his screen. Sleep wasn't his friend that night, three times he had pleased himself thinking about how his aunt felt. Three times he had made a mess in the bathroom sending his semen in blinding bolts of white ejaculate, painting the walls of the shower stall. His mind going over what his aunt had told him over and over

again. Yet the feeling of her hot, wet folds always crept into the forefront of his mind. He knew what his cock thought as it strained against his boxers. Samuel also knew he couldn't show up at his father's place as he was, that would only be awkward, given his new found knowledge.

Samuel was in mid stroke as the door that his aunt normally kept locked flew open. Blood drained from his face as his aunt stood in the doorway in a light green two piece swimsuit, with her laundry basket tucked neatly underneath her arm. Samuel felt his cock swelling as his aunt's lustful hungry gaze burnt into his hard member.

"Well," Charlotte said licking her lips at the sight, "you just continue on, I just came to get your dirty clothes," she said her hips swayed as she walked across the room. The basket landed in a muffled thud on the carpeted floor as it fell from her grasp. "You know what," Charlotte said turning to face her nephew, "I think you should let me touch it since you did naughty things to your aunt don't you think?" she asked as she rested her right knee on his bed. "I'll even bet you're wanting to touch my pussy again?" Charlotte asked her predatory smile spreading across her lips.

"A man needs simulation yes?" Charlotte asked coyly sinking down onto the bed beside his hip, "Yes, I think he does," she said spreading her legs, her fingers tracing along her cover snatch. "Look Sammy, look at your aunt's hot, pretty pussy," Charlotte said torridly, slowly peeling aside her bathing suit watching as his cock lurched as his eyes took in the view before him. "Sam how about this," she said batting off his hand, "I'll get you off, and you do the same for me," Charlotte said slowly stroking along his shaft.

"You can't touch me all the way over there silly," Charlotte said taking hold of his hand placing it right at her moistening lips. "Now you just relax, your auntie is going to give you a treat," she said leaning over his lap her hot breath flowed along his super-heated skin. "Yes baby, touch me, right there," Charlotte gasped as Samuel teased her labia, "Mmmhmm," she moaned biting her lip as her canal accepted his penetrating fingers. Her tongue licked along the entire length of his cock, looking at her nephew as her tongue lapped up his precum.

"Ah, fuck auntie," Samuel hissed softly as Charlotte engulfed his cock.

Charlotte peered up at him as her lush lips glided down his cock on her down stroke. Fighting herself not to climb into his lap and let her nephew fuck her into oblivion. While the energies she and Kelly had siphoned off during their brief encounters were enough for them to survive on to a point. They needed that unending well that sex brought forth during the throes of passion. She was the only one left alive to know the consequences if they didn't have Samuel accept them on the solstice. That wasn't something she was about to face.

"Let me know when you're about to come Samuel," Charlotte said as she sucked on Samuel's left testicle. "Samuel will you eat your aunt?" she asked pleading with him, as much as she loved how his fingers danced along her folds. She needed him to taste her, to drink down her cream as she swallowed his cum, so she could turn back time.

"This is to help you right?" Samuel asked uncertain about the powers they used.

"Yes Samuel, it's to help me, but it is also to help you," Charlotte said her nose trailing up his cock, she nearly squealed as Samuel nodded. "Mmm...I do taste good coating your skin," she said lustfully as his fingers left her mouth. "Now don't worry about your lack of experience," Charlotte said untying the knots that held her bottom piece taut. Running her finger through her lips drawing a sigil just above her landing strip in her own juices. Drawing the corresponding sigil onto Samuel's chest to awaken the magic that dwelled within him in his own fluids. "The sigils will do most of the work all you have to do is swallow, okay?" Charlotte asked leaning over him her fingers tracing along his cheek before kissing her nephew lovingly.

"Okay," Samuel said breathlessly as Charlotte pulled away.

"Now go on taste the pussy that wants only you," Charlotte said giggling as she sat on his mouth muffling his grunts. "Oh, Samuel," she groaned sucking in a breath as his nose tickled her lips as his tongue tormented her clitoris. "Yes, eat me baby, that's it fuck yes!" Charlotte moaned as her hips rocked on his tongue. "Get that tongue in there and

taste me!" she commanded shuddering as she felt him within her fiery womb.

"Turn, turn, upon thy head," Charlotte began to chant as she felt the energies beginning to rise, "Ten by two the epoch shall recede," she said thrusting out her arms as she felt her juices flowing into Samuel's mouth. "Blind time and take away his gifts," Charlotte said her eyes flickering down as a small pen point of blue light flared to existence on the tip of her nephew's cock. Leaning forward her hand ran down his chest grasping the base of his tool. "Here and now by ten by two the shaver shall appear," she whispered before devouring her nephew's cock.

Her eyes rolled into the back of her head as Samuel squeezed her ass cheeks as her cunt silenced his groans. Her tongue writhed along her nephew's cock bathing it in that magic rich light. Feeling her spell sparking to life as her hand massaged the charged precum into Samuel's skin. Charlotte quaked as Samuel sucked gently as he rolled his tongue along her pink bud.

"Yes, fuck..." Charlotte breathed out in two quick gulps, "Samuel, make your auntie cum," she said in a wanton purr of release. Her hand gripped his thigh as he inserted those magical fingers into her molten canal. Digging into his flesh as Samuel had found the holy grail. "There! Right there!" Charlotte begged as the rippling waves of her rumbling orgasm murmured the approaching explosion. Then she saw the subtle twitch of his cock fighting through the fog of intoxicated bliss. "Samuel, I need you to cum in my mouth," Charlotte said before returning to her task not waiting for his reply. Samuel tapped her left ass cheek as he felt his balls began to swell. Instantly, locking his head in her thighs as his seed erupted splattering her tongue in that magical charged cum.

"Hmm... it seems we must do this a few more times," Charlotte said noting the changes done to her body. Riding out the aftershocks on Samuel's tongue, making sure he drank down every drop. Charlotte's body twisted like a satisfied cougar, tracing her nose diagonally across his chest. "You don't have a problem with that do you?" Charlotte asked hovering over him.

"One, what was that, I've never felt any like it before? Two, what exactly did you do, and no I don't have a problem what it," Samuel said his tongue rolling around his mouth knowing he could get use to the taste of her juices.

"That my nephew, was sex magic, and as to what I have done," Charlotte said peering into his eyes noting the same swirling mist in their depths. "Well, you're just going to have to eat me another three times to find out," she said seductively, pressing her chest against his as her tongue explored the warmth of Samuel's mouth. "You don't mind if every now and then I just come in here and sleep beside you, or you could come to my bed and I'll make you into a man," Charlotte said wantonly, as she rubbed her dew covered lips along his deflating member.

"You really want to have sex with me?"

"Mmmhmm," Charlotte moaned biting her lip as her libido reignited, "We both do Samuel, but you need time and time is running out my love," she said passionately.

"Running out? What do you mean?"

"I'll tell you another time when someone isn't waiting for you," Charlotte said reluctantly as she noted the time. "Now you go get cleaned up, you can't keep Kelly waiting," she said rolling off the bed, scooping up her discarded bottoms only to feel the slight sting of his hand. "Oh, you naughty boy like spanking my ass do you," Charlotte said untying her lost piece of her bikini watching how her nephew's eyes bored into her chest. "Be careful my knight, you wouldn't want to wake the dragon," she said lewdly, as she bent over his bed ravishing his lips as her hand stroked his cock. "Or you might just get burned," Charlotte whispered as she pulled away.

"I'll risk it auntie," Samuel said as Charlotte neared the door. Charlotte peered back smiling wickedly as she watched as her naked nephew walked to his bathroom.

"Oh, your aunt is going to show you things your mind could never comprehend," Charlotte whispered as she closed his door.

"You're going to lose Kelly." Charlotte typed out as she rested on her bed playing with herself as she thought about Samuel.

"No I'm not, there is enough time left before the solstice," Kelly replied hoping that she wasn't too late.

"Not when Samuel is eating my cunt!" Charlotte sent back teasing her niece.

"No way, was he good?!" Kelly asked in disbelief.

"Mmmhmm, he even swallowed all my juices too and my spell worked."

"Right on time," Kelly said joyfully as she opened the front door to her home. "We're just sitting down to lunch; would you like to come in?" she asked as she leaned against the door. Hating how her aunt was further along than she was, hoping that after tonight it would be her aunt playing catch up.

"Sure, why not," Samuel said shrugging his shoulders. Bowing her head, hiding her blushing cheeks as her brother moved passed her. Her hand trailed down his arm taking hold of hand, resting her head against his chest savoring the scents that drifted off his body. She could no longer be coy with her brother, not if she wanted to beat her aunt at being the first to have sex with Samuel; and if she had gotten him to eat her out, then it would only be a matter of time before she had his cock planted deep within her.

"Kiss me Samuel," Kelly said her sultry eyes luring her brother in. "You do know how to kiss, yes?" she asked teasingly not waiting for him to answer before claiming his lips as her own. Her eyes shot wide then narrowed as she tasted the faint traces of her aunt on his tongue. She had hoped Charlotte was lying yet it appeared that she wasn't. "So, did you enjoy eating your aunt out?" Kelly asked as her hand rubbed his soft member.

"Maybe...," Samuel was taken aback as Kelly renewed her assault.

"Good...", Kelly said looking down his chest only wishing to take out his cock and kneel before him servicing that hard rod that would save them. "Then you wouldn't mind giving your sister a tongue lashing then?" she asked in a low lustful purr.

"Umm...like right now?" Samuel asked his heart going a hundred miles an hour in his nervousness.

"Kelly, is that Samuel?!" Victor called out from his bedroom.

"Yes, Dad," Kelly hollered back sighing pressing her head against his shoulder knowing she was so close. "You better go and see him," she said kissing him passionately one last time, "Go, I'll make you something to eat," Kelly said giving his cock one last squeeze. Samuel arched an eyebrow as he watched his sister humming as she entered the kitchen.

"Victor, the time is nearly here, you shouldn't be distracting our daughter," Samuel stopped in his tracks at the sound of his mother's voice.

"What, you want to see him as well Wendy, the solstice is in two weeks what harm could come from taking a few minutes to see our son?" Victor asked as Samuel inched closer to the door. No, shaking his head it wasn't possible, his mother was dead there was no bringing her back.

"Come in, Samuel," Victor called out as Samuel knocked on the door.

"Hello, Dad," Samuel said as entered the well-lit bedroom. Looking around wondering where his mother's voice came from, the only thing out of place was the one-year-old intently watching a rerun of law and order. He had watched enough of them with his mother during her hospital stay to recognize the show at a glance. "Dad, who were you talking to?" Samuel asked as Becky turned her head eyeing him as he stood in the doorway. There was something about the child that seemed so familiar to him, her eyes had a soft, nurturing, loving warmth to them that he had only encountered from his mother. That gentle smile his mother would always have when he came bursting into the house, or the times he had injured himself in some youthful adventure. Victor looked over to Becky who patted his hand

and shook her head that Samuel wasn't ready to know just yet.

"No one, why?" Victor asked looking up at his son. Samuel's mouth hung open trying to form words, yet to him it seemed so absurd the things that were running through his mind.

"Never mind...so, what is it that you wanted to see me about?" Samuel asked never taking his eyes off of his niece.

"How's school going? From what I have seen you're doing extremely well for yourself there."

"Oh, you know how college is Dad," Samuel said shrugging his shoulders. "Forced to share a dorm room with a jock, never ending distractions when you're studying for exams, and my car broke down last week," Samuel said in a soft sigh.

"Sit, sit," Victor said pushing himself up the bed into a sitting position, pointing for his son to sit down on the end of the

bed. "What's wrong with your car?" Victor asked in that concerned fatherly voice.

"Alternator and the fuel pump decided to go on vacation together," Samuel groaned in annoyance.

"Yeah, they're a sneaky bunch," Victor chuckled picturing his son trying to fix his car. "Well, want me to have it brought here and let Paul take a look at it, you'll probably be able to drive back in the fall," he said reaching for his phone as Becky began to crawl towards Samuel. Samuel watched intently as Becky's small stubby finger drew the same small symbol his mother always did before placing a kiss on it.

"Hey, your lunch is ready," Kelly said walking into the room giving her daughter a look, wondering what she was thinking as she shook her head. "Come on you," she said helping her distraught brother to stand.

"Eat," Kelly said sliding the plate towards Samuel, as she pushed him into his seat. Her fingers traced along his shoulders as she walked behind her brother, before she slid

into the seat next to him her finger tracing along his ear. "Samuel, have you ever thought of moving back home? I mean in town, you don't have to move back here but close enough," Kelly said her left hand rubbed gently on Samuel's left thigh as he took his first bite of his sandwich.

"It's only a two hour drive, an easy commute for a college student and then who knows what you might experience," Kelly said her hand inched higher, her fingertips brushed the tip of his cock smiling seductively, as Samuel dropped his chip onto his plate. "You know I wonder...do you like the taste of pussy?" Kelly whispered lustfully into his ear. Twisting his chair around in a sharp sudden jolt, Kelly's muscles rippled as her clit rubbed down Samuel's chest.

"You know something little bro, I could use that tongue lashing right about now," Kelly said slowly dry humping her brother.

"Stop," Samuel said taking hold of his sister by her shoulders, "Tell me why is it so damn important that you and aunt Charlotte have sex with me?"

"Because without you, we can't weave the strands of magic," Kelly said wondering how much she could keep hidden. "You see Dad used to fill this role since his illness well...since you're the only male member, you are the only one able to take part in the ritual," Kelly said grinding her hips on her brother's soft member. "So, Samuel," she said leaning in her lips traced along his jaw, fighting herself not to give in too quickly. "Why don't you put that questioning tongue to use? The shed isn't going anywhere but your sister needs you now," Kelly said hungrily biting Samuel's lower lip.

"Come with me," Kelly said slowly rising from his lap tugging at his hand, "I want to show you something," she said leading him towards her bedroom. Kelly peered over her shoulder swaying her ass as she led Samuel deeper into his childhood home. "Now you just be a good boy and let your sister have some fun," Kelly said sinisterly pushing Samuel into her room.

"Samuel, will you help me with this?" Kelly asked as she tugged at the string ties of her shorts. "I think a more closer view is required," she said pushing Samuel to his knees.

"Sis, you sure about this?" Samuel asked with shaky hands as they took hold of the ends of the knot.

"Mmmhmm...now take them off," Kelly commanded biting her lip as she felt her shorts began to loosen. "Go on Samuel, push them down," she said stammering as she felt the tips of his fingers skimming along her thighs. "Here you can't see your sister's pussy in detail from so far away," Kelly giggled evilly as she thrust her brother's face into her snatch.

"Yes....that's it brother taste your sister," Kelly moaned her chest heaved as she tried to draw breath. "Oh, god yes Samuel, eat that pussy!" she said through clenched teeth rubbing her sex against his lips. "Fuck.... yes, right there," Kelly growled as his tongue disappeared into her canal. "Don't you like the taste of your sister's cunt?!" she asked pressing her head against her door giving into the pleasure of her brother's tongue.

"Samuel," Kelly said through ragged breaths. "I need to be fucked little brother," she said pleading with him as she looked down into his brown eyes. "If you fuck me now, we

don't have to go dancing," Kelly said watching as his eyes darted to and fro. Giggling as Samuel hastily got to his feet. Leading her brother over to her bed by his belt buckle, as she sat on the edge of the bed working frantically to remove the metal peg from its housing as Samuel fumbled with his shirt.

"My Samuel, you're going to make your sister very happy," Kelly said looking at him as she stroked his growing rod. "Now we don't have a whole lot of time before Becky takes her nap," she said laying down on her back spreading her legs guiding his cock into her ravenous womb. "So fuck me hard and fuck me fast," Kelly demanded as she inserted her brother's cock into her fiery cunt. Sucking in a breath as Samuel's hips pounded her into the mattress.

"Yes, give it to me Samuel!" Kelly screamed out as she wrapped her arms around his neck, locking her legs together to ensure that Samuel couldn't pull out. "Fuck your sister Samuel!" she said urging on her inexperienced brother. It wasn't hard for Kelly to tell that her brother never been with a woman before. However, that didn't bother her for she knew soon she'll teach him everything Samuel needed to know. "Yes, Samuel, right there, make me

c...," Kelly stammered nearly crashing her brother in her embrace as her orgasm exploded across her body. "Oh god Samuel, your cock feels so good deep inside of me," she whispered lustfully into his ear as the sound of her sex resounded throughout her room.

"It's okay, cum inside of me," Kelly said reaching down grasping Samuel's left ass cheek. "Come on bro, give your sister that hot spunk!" she commanded smacking his ass urging him to go faster.

"Kelly...I'm going to...," Samuel grunted as his sister's hips rocked making sure he was as deep as Kelly could get him.

"Yes!" Kelly cried out smiling triumphantly as his hot sticky sperm coated her folds. "See? Fucking me wasn't so bad was it?" she asked resting on her side as her index finger roamed aimlessly around his bare chest.

"No, it wasn't," Samuel said through ragged breaths. Wondering if his aunt was going to feel as heavenly as sister did. However, he knew there was only one way to find out, one which he suspected his aunt was looking forward to.

"Good, then you won't mind me coming over and riding this pole?" Kelly asked as she playfully touching his cock.

"Nope," Samuel said peering down his chest.

"I can't wait for you to take me from behind and ram this cock into my hot, wet pussy," Kelly said lewdly before kissing her brother. Her eyes glanced towards the clock knowing Becky's nap time was approaching. "Now you'd better go strip the paint from the shed," Kelly said kissing her brother as she patted his chest.

"You lose auntie!" Kelly sent to her aunt along with a picture of Samuel's semen oozing out of her cunt.

Part 2

Samuel rested in his bed that night. His mind racing as to why he had fucked his sister. It wasn't something he would have ever done. He hated her and his father for what they had done behind his mother's back. So then why was it that he couldn't feel the hate he had kept buried all these years? Something wasn't sitting right with him. While, yes, his aunt was very beautiful, however, he would never have allowed what happen on his bed to ever occur. Yet something pulled at him. Something that to him felt alien.

Tossing his covers off his body, Samuel grunted knowing he would never get to sleep with his mind so in flux. Flipping on the bathroom light, his eyes glanced at the mirror as he passed it to use the toilet. Stopping in his tracks as something strange caught his eye. His face hovered inches away from the silver backed glass as he studied his face. It took him a few minutes then he saw it. That purple mist, as it swirled within his pupils.

"What the hell!" Samuel said out loud his voice echoing off the bathroom walls.

"Samuel?!" Charlotte said, sticking her head into the room, "I thought I'd say goodnight before I head to bed," she said hoping she could entice him into some sweaty pleasure filled exercise. Noting how his bed was empty, opening the door wider walking towards the bathroom light. "Samuel?"

"Did you do this?!" Samuel growled pointing to his eye. Charlotte bit her lip she had wondered when he would find out, yet she hoped he never would have. She wished he would just keep going until the Solstice had past. Then once they had brought him into the fold explain everything to him then.

"No," Charlotte said low shaking her head.

"Then who...," Samuel said stopping himself. Knowing the only other one he had spent any amount of time with was his sister. "Kelly!" he growled angrily.

"Samuel, please listen," Charlotte said stepping into the bathroom.

"Why?! So you can spin your own damn spell on me!" Samuel sneered noticing how she looked five years younger.

"Oh baby no! The spell was only meant to curb your anger," Charlotte said her lip trembling, "or at least that's what Kelly told me. We would never take your free will from you, Samuel. We need you more than you can ever know."

"Why?! What for? So far, all I can see is the two of you just want sex from me," Samuel said, his eyes running down her body noticing how the sky blue translucent teddy looked so good on her. He had to admit the way the light material played against her tan skin was very appealing; nor could he deny how his eyes lavished on her exposed breasts. Dipping low to his aunt's matching panties he could feel something in the back of his mind longing to part those lips. Samuel could feel the war raging inside his mind as he stared at his beautiful aunt.

"Sam, you're staring," Charlotte said bashfully feeling her cheeks heat, "Not that I mind. I do enjoy the way you look at me," she said placing her hands behind her back, hanging her head, her raven hair cascading down her chest. Turning his head away as whatever the spell was, was fighting tooth and nail against his anger, and it was winning. Why had she done this to him? Why were they so intent on throwing themselves at him? What was their end goal? These questions plagued his mind as he stared back into the mirror. "Samuel," Charlotte said tentatively approaching his side, "If you can promise me you will hear me out and not run from this house like you did when your mother died. I promise to tell you everything."

"The truth, all of it?" Samuel said peering out the corner of his eye.

"All of it," Charlotte said nodding. Reaching out, her hand running down his arm before taking hold of Samuel's left hand. "Come," she said, pulling him behind her feeling his eyes on her exposed ass. She hadn't felt so wanted in ages. She just hoped Samuel would choose wisely and not be the cause of their messy deaths. "Sit Samuel," Charlotte said pushing him down onto his bed, "now I have to start from

the beginning, so this may take a while," she said, taking his hand enveloping between hers as she rested it in her lap as she sat beside him. "Our family can trace it's lineage back to the Golden Era of Ancient Greece. Our forefathers and mothers were priest to the Goddess Hekatê, who gave themselves to her for our magic. However, our family and a few others delved into the magic that surrounded sex, until it became so engrained into our very DNA that we couldn't break ourselves from it.

You see, our sect can't perform our magic with just anyone. It must be one of our own kind. I don't know why, maybe Hekatê thought it was an amusing joke when our ancestors served her," Charlotte said shrugging her shoulders. "Which was fine given there was a great many of us at the time. We didn't have to hide or preform our art in secret. Yet when the trials happened, we went underground. From then on, we never gathered in a large group until today that is. It's a funny thing how the wheel of time comes full circle," she chuckled softly, "so getting to us," Charlotte said fidgeting beside him. "We are shunned Samuel. For what we did to save your mother. We broke a cardinal law of our coven. So now only those a part of this family can only give us what we need to live."

"Mom's dead! You didn't save her!" Samuel said heatedly.

"Depends on how you look at it Samuel. Yes, her body died, however, we humans have something else," Charlotte said patting the area over his heart, "Normally, when we die our souls depart this plane of existence for another. Yet your mother didn't want to go when you were still so young. She and your father were the ones that were meant to explain this to you. Yet Wendy was denied that chance, and to see you grow into a handsome man," she said caressing his right cheek, "not when we knew the cancer wasn't natural."

"What do you mean not natural?" Samuel asked his anger rising at the thought of someone or something harming his mother.

"She was hexed Samuel, as was your father," Charlotte said, tears gleaming in her blue eyes. "Well, your father that's new. We have been trying to find out who wants to harm our family so much. I have a suspicion it is one of the elder council members."

"Why?! Why would they do that to Mom and Dad?"

"Because someone wanted your mother for themselves and the power that runs through our line. So when your mother chose Victor, I could only think of one man that would hate them both so much as to kill them. I believe it's Norman Conner. He always had a thing for Wendy. He's a creepy little bug nose man," Charlotte said, shivering at the thought of his hands on her. "So when the cancer was announced Wendy poured through every magical text we have. Yet everything she had learned and tried didn't stop the progression of the disease. Which only left one thing: magic. Black magic to be precise. Yet once we learn that it was too late to counter it. So your mother came up with the most insane idea: a soul siphon."

"A what now?"

"It's forbidden magic Samuel. Even we aren't meant to tamper with the laws of life and death. Yet we didn't want to lose her forever. You have to understand Samuel. I love my sister I was willing to do anything to keep her with us as was your sister and father," Charlotte said looking deeply

into his eyes, "yet in order for the soul siphon to work it requires the ultimate sacrifice. A life for a life. We knew we couldn't go to the coven. No. We knew they would never agree with our plan. So it fell to us to help your mother. While you were at her side your grandparents and I preformed the rite as your father and sister brought life to this world. As you saw my sister dying her soul was pulled into your sister's womb. Where the child -- they had conceived together whose soul -- would fuel the spell to keep her with us, albeit in a very different form but she is still Wendy. So once the coven learned of what we had done they excommunicated our family. Yet we need the energies we get from sex to live. If we don't well...it gets a tad messy. So now as to why we need you. With your father as he is, the hex that was placed on him not only did it damage his health, it also affected his libido. You see while yes, your sister and I can survive on the traces of sex when we are together. However, our magic isn't meant to be used like that," Charlotte said. Her hand rubbed his thigh proud that Samuel hadn't bolted like he had when he was younger. "It is only when a man and a woman are joined together. Where we can tap into that endless well, so that we may draw from it our magic and our source of life. Yet we cannot force you to choose us. Your magic is just now budding since our encounter. You would have noticed it the

moment you first had sex, yet you were a good son and took care of your mother," Charlotte said inching closer to him, "as I have said before time is running out. We need you to make your choice before the Solstice."

"Why? What's so important about the Solstice?" Samuel asked trying to wrap his mind around everything his aunt was telling him.

"Because on the Solstice each of us including you must renew our pack with Hekatê, and your father is dying he doesn't have long Samuel. Since we are already shunned, we thought to perform the rite once again, however, it will be you and I at the center of it," Charlotte said watching his mind race.

"You want to have a child...with me?!" Samuel asked dumbfounded.

"Yes Samuel. It is the reason I look younger. I want to grow old with you and maybe watch our child grow too," Charlotte said placing his hand over her stomach.

"You know how insane this sounds!" Samuel shouted jumping from his seat. Yet he couldn't deny he felt different since they had serviced each other. Was that the magic his aunt spoke about? If what she said was true, then was he to die in less than two weeks' time? If so, then was he willing to just lay down and give up? No! The man that took his mother needed to pay! He needed to face the same fate he had brought down upon his family.

"I know Samuel. Trust me I do know. It was the same for me when my parents told me about all this. But know this sweetheart we only want you. Not because we need you, or that we want to live. Yes, those are good reasons to approach this, yet that's not the reason we need you. It's because we love you, Samuel. I know this is all rushed yet we are running out of time," Charlotte said rising from the bed, "If you had come home sooner, we would have more time to ease you into this. Yet your anger at your father and sister has kept you away," she said placing her hand over his heart.

"So then why was it I caught them having sex months prior to my mother's death?" Samuel asked unable to except the

fact that Becky was his mother. It sounded too damn convoluted to Samuel. His logical mind just couldn't except that, his mother's soul was in Kelly's daughter, no, it just couldn't be.

"It was your mother's idea, plus your sister was an early bloomer in her magic. There weren't any boys her age that could take care of her need, and your mother wasn't about to allow some old pervert to use her own daughter."

"So she'll let the father of her daughter just have his way with..." Samuel eyes went wide as Charlotte's slap retorted loudly.

"Don't you dare judge your mother or this family! While you ran away, we held this family together. While you hid in your damn books locked away in that room, we suffered here alone knowing not if we were at our end of days! If you want to die fine! I'll leave you fucking alone!" Charlotte shouted slamming the door behind her. Tears streamed down her face as her chest heaved, her back sliding down the wall, pulling her legs up against her chest. Her salty tears painting her thighs as she wept.

Samuel stood frozen as his aunts wails filled her home. Easing the door open he didn't know if he could calm her down, yet he had to try. She was the one person he still cared for, yet he was in denial if he didn't care about his father or sister. It was just too much for him to take all at once, and hatred has a very nasty way of clinging on when it's been so deeply rooted.

"Aunt...," Samuel said, "Charlotte, I'm sorry," he said softly placing his hand on her shoulder. "Please don't cry because I'm an asshole."

"Sammy!" Charlotte said looking at him through tear laden eyes, "Please don't let this happen! I know it's quick but please think about this. Think about the lives that are in your hands."

"Okay, I hear you. I need time to think," Samuel said starting to rise. Too much was said in one night, and Samuel wasn't about to add more to it. Charlotte's hand darted out taking hold of Samuel's right wrist as he started towards his room.

"Please stay," Charlotte said with a trembling lip.

"Okay," Samuel said lowering himself to the floor. Charlotte curled herself around his arm, resting her head on his shoulder neither said a word as the night drifted away.

Samuel awoke to find himself in the arms of his aunt, as the morning sun shone through the living room windows. He watched the rise and fall of her breasts as she slumbered in her blissful sleep. His skin heated as her nose then her lips nuzzled his neck. His morning wood strained against his boxers. Yet the glorious sight before him made his cock throb with a vengeance. Goosebumps raced across his body as her soft breath flowed over his skin. He couldn't get the feeling of how velvety soft his aunt's breasts were as they rubbed against his arm out of his head.

"Have you found something interesting Samuel?" Charlotte asked staring at him through her eyelashes. "I know, I have," she cooed her hand grasped his cock through his boxers giving it a few loving strokes. Samuel tried to contain his moan, yet it was futile. "Oh, do you like your aunt's hand

stroking that cock?" Charlotte asked her lips plucked gently at Samuel's neck.

"Y-yes." Samuel's voice cracked as his aunt circled the crown of his rod with her thumb.

"Samuel, please touch me like you would your girlfriend," Charlotte cooed chuckling to herself as she noticed his blushing cheeks, "it's okay to be inexperienced," she said softly as her left hand turning his chin towards her. "I'll teach you everything you need to know," Charlotte said, her lips teasing his before slowly embracing each other's. Her fingers weaved through his hair as their tongues swirled around each other's. Charlotte moaned into Samuel's mouth as his hand squeezed her right breast, her nipple sat nestled between his index and middle finger. She could feel that pink bud hardening as her orb heated underneath his touch. "Samuel, I need to do the spell again. It must be completed before the Solstice if I wish to carry our child," Charlotte said placing his hand over her stomach, "however, I know you're frightened by what was said last night. I ask nothing more then what we did yesterday. You did enjoy it didn't you?"

"Yes, aunt...", Charlotte placed her finger over his lips silencing his words.

"Just Charlotte, Samuel," Charlotte said her blue eyes shimmering in the morning light, "I wish to be yours Samuel, and it's only right for the man that is to share my life with to call me by my first name." Samuel couldn't think straight as cock swelled in his aunt's hand. It felt so damn good; and Samuel couldn't deny he enjoyed the taste of her cunt as it flooded his mouth. Plus he had his own plan that had been forming since last night to work out. If he was indeed a witch as his aunt and sister claimed they were. He had sat there pondering, "Then couldn't it find out who was behind his mother's death? If so then what? What was he going to do then?" Samuel knew that answer. Kill the bastard that took his mother and anyone else that had a hand in her death! "Mmm...yes, Samuel," Charlotte moaned softly as Samuel's fingers ran along her covered lips, "Oh baby, you don't know how long I've waited for you to touch me like this," she said, starting to feel her muscles tremble and her canal growing moist. Charlotte bit her lip as her labia parted feeling her panties soaking up her juices as Samuel ran his finger up and down her hungry lips. Her

brown eyes flew open as he gently rubbed her aching bud. "Mmmhmm!" Charlotte moaned nodding her head telling him not to stop.

"S-Samuel...can we?" Charlotte asked her thigh muscles rubbed against his hand. While she wanted to cum underneath his touch. She wanted it to be on his tongue and not where she would soil her panties. Charlotte thought the proper place for that was in the mouth of the man she loved.

"How can I say no to you," Samuel said smirking.

"Lay down Samuel," Charlotte said her lush lips curved into a smile, "I know the floor isn't a suitable place to be doing this, but I just can't help myself when it comes to you," she said leaning down kissing Samuel hungrily. "You remember what you did yesterday?" Charlotte asked painting the same sigil on her and Samuel's body.

"Yes, Charlotte this 'magic' how does it work for men?" Samuel asked looking up at his aunt. He knew one thing: he was going to have to pay his grandparents a visit. Due to

their vast library, Samuel had to guess they must have something on magic stored on those shelves, if not hidden away at least. Plus if he was going to implement his plan he wasn't going to be stumbling about either. Samuel was going to make sure his plan didn't fail, however, that needed knowledge he lacked; and his grandparents were the only ones with a library at their disposal.

"You eat -- or drink in this case down the woman's juices to power your spell while I, myself must swallow your load," Charlotte said, a devilish light flashed across her eyes as she reached out grasping his rod giving it two hard strokes. "However, I think you like me swallowing your cum don't you Samuel?"

"Maybe...," Samuel said matching his aunt's own mischievous smirk.

"Well, then maybe you'll like eating this, hmm?" Charlotte asked reaching down pulling her panties to the side flashing her nephew her moist peach.

"Perhaps, why don't you place it here," Samuel said tapping his chin, "and we'll see if that cunt likes my tongue in it."

"Mmm...my naughty boy," Charlotte purred as she situated herself over Samuel, "Turn, turn, upon thy head," she began to chant as she lowered her hips to Samuel's lips. "Ten by two the epoch shall recede," Charlotte said with trembling breath as her swollen labia touched his lips. "Blind time and take away his gifts," she said, seeing the same spark of blue light flaring at the tip of Samuel's cock. "Here and now by ten by two the shaver shall appear," she whispered before devouring her nephew's cock. For a few moments in that warm seaside cottage the only sounds that could be heard was soft moans and loud slurping. Charlotte was in heaven as her nephew's cock glided along her tongue. Yet all the while, Samuel was trying to form his own spell in his mind as his tongue tasted Charlotte's honey dew. However, how was he to phrase the spell? Was like how his aunt spoke, or just form it into a question and hope it would understand? Frustration fueled his mind as he couldn't begin on how all this was all to work. So, Samuel forgot all about that for the time being and focused on the cunt before him.

"Yes...Samuel!" Charlotte squealed locking her knees around his head knowing that both of them were nearing their breaking point. Charlotte's eyes flew wide in surprise not by the eruption of hot semen in her mouth. No. It was because of the power she tasted that saturated the very molecules of his cum. She wasn't expecting such power as she sought to drink down his seed. She knew given the new potency. She and Kelly were going to have to rethink what Samuel was. Charlotte hadn't tasted such strength in her life time and she wanted more! "How about we go get washed up and I'll cook us some breakfast?" Charlotte asked laying on Samuel's chest as her moist labia rubbed along his deflating rod. "Maybe then if you like I'll teach you something else, hmm?"

"Umm...", Samuel said, noticing how the wrinkles had disappeared altogether as he studied his aunt's face. Now she looked in her early thirties and not the late forties that she truly was. He began to wonder just how young she was going to go. "Is this what you were after?" Samuel asked his fingertips running along Charlotte's new youthful skin.

"Oh, yes, why wouldn't I enjoy a more younger body, hmm? Can't you already tell how perky and firm my breasts feels

like?" Charlotte asked pressing her orbs into Samuel's chest just to prove a point. "Now you my very handsome young man are going to see me in my prime," she said leaning forward, "Now how would you like to feel your aunt's twenty-year-old cunt. I know it's going to be nice and tight for this cock of yours," Charlotte whispered sensuously into Samuel's ear.

"So what's your plan for today?" Charlotte asked setting down a plate of steaming pancakes onto the kitchen table. "You know I'm more than happy to have you to myself today," she said blushing as she took hold of his hand, "if you don't plan on going over to your dad's place that is."

"Oh, is that so Charlotte," Samuel said, his eyes glanced over to the syrup wondering how her peach would taste like with a little bit of it drizzled over it. "And just whatever shall we do, hmm?" he asked arching an eyebrow.

"Oh, I can think of some hot, sweaty...", Charlotte huffed irritably as her doorbell rang out interrupting their pleasant morning, "who the fuck comes this damn early to someone's door?" she grumbled as she marched to the door.

Charlotte kept her fear from showing as she peered at the Enforcer for the council.

"Hello Ms. Crowder," the unknown man said his eyes running down her body his superiors had told him she was in her late forties, yet the woman before him was nothing like he would have suspected. "The council as sent me to fetch Samuel Goodall to be presented before them."

"O-okay, however, we just sat down to breakfast, it will take a little bit to get him ready," Charlotte said hoping the man couldn't hear how her heart was hammering.

"I shall wait," the man said with a curt nod.

"Get dressed and hurry Samuel!" Charlotte said rushing into the kitchen.

"Why?" Samuel asked perplexed by his aunt's frantic state.

"The council's enforcer is here." Samuel could feel her fear as her hand lay on his forearm. "Don't worry about this go get dressed quickly," Charlotte said, shooing Samuel off to his room before she too ran off to her own room. Charlotte stood nervously at the door waiting for Samuel. Her fist clenched tightly around the cloth bundle in her hand. She knew it wasn't much yet enough should her nephew need it, should the council turn hostile; at least then she knew Samuel could escape without too much harm. "Don't unwrap it Samuel. If you do and touch it, all the energy I have stored in there will be negated."

"But what is it?" Samuel asked looking down at his left pants pocket.

"Oh, nothing harmful I ensure you, just in case you need a little help," Charlotte said winking at him as she opened the door. Samuel looked back as Charlotte stood on her porch as the man escorted him to the awaiting car. Samuel wondered what was going on that made his aunt so afraid.

"Want to tell me where the hell am, I going?" Samuel asked as the car got underway.

"The council wishes to speak with you," his driver said,
"That is all I know."

"Great," Samuel grumbled, "You know if they wanted to talk all they had to do was call." Yet Samuel was greeted with silence as they drive to the center of that seaside town. Minutes passed as they drove through the town. Faces he knew and faces he didn't walked the cement walkways as they passed them. Samuel's phone beeped announcing someone had sent him a text.

"Morning Samuel." Kelly's text read.

"I'm not talking to you right now," Samuel replied.

"Samuel, what's wrong? Why won't you talk to me?"

"I know what you did Kelly. I don't care what your reasons were, but to put a spell on your own brother..."

"Oh... Samuel, I'm sorry. No matter what I say you'd probably never listen. What I did was necessary. Are you going to run away again and doom us all?"

"No... just need time to think and this Solstice is..."

"Oh Sammy! I know you may not wish to hear this, but I just want to hold you. Listen to your questions and help you understand what you are. I'm not sorry for the spell, without it I doubt, you and I would be speaking like this. Why don't you come over, and I will explain everything."

"Charlotte, has already told me everything Kelly."

"What do you mean by everything?"

"Why the both of you need me, the hex on Mom and who she suspects was the cause of it; and the plan the two of you hatched up for the Solstice," Samuel typed out.

"And you didn't run away, wow! I'm impressed Samuel. You really must have grown since you been away at college. Since the Samuel I know wouldn't even bother to listen to a word of what we have to say, you know I kind of like this new Samuel."

"So glad you approve Kelly," Samuel retorted.

"I do! Now why don't you come over, and maybe I can help you to come to understand what you are?"

"I can't right now. I'm not at Charlotte's place," Samuel typed out peering out the window as the car turned into the old part of town.

"Why not?!" Kelly sent with the pouting sticker.

"Because I've been snatched up by the council."

"What?! Samuel, please tell me you're joking!"

"Nope. They sent some guy to Charlotte's place, and I'm currently on the way there," Samuel said, as the town car pulled slowly through the centuries old gate.

"Sammy, whatever you do answer the council truthfully. Don't be an ass or condescending like you normally are. Trust me Samuel you don't want to know what they'll do if you are. Please call me once you're done, so I know you're okay."

"Alright," Samuel released a tired sigh as he typed out his response. Samuel's eyes ran along the well maintain siding of the historic home. He noted the sign of the towns historical society on the left hand side of the worn steps.

"Please exit the vehicle," the man said plainly as he opened the door.

"Sam! Is that you?!" came a voice Samuel hadn't heard in years. Looking up, Samuel eyed the raven hair man as he jogged down the brick steps. He hadn't seen him since he left high school. While they weren't really friends, they did

hang out on occasions. Samuel had the suspicion he was trying to get at his sister.

"Vlad?" Samuel said with a curt nod.

"It's good to see you," Vlad said smiling warmly at Samuel. Embracing Samuel in a one arm hug, Samuel tried to keep his emotions from his face. He knew he was walking into the lion's den. "Come! The council is eager to see you!" Vlad said patting Samuel's shoulder leading him towards the front door. The old wooden boards creaked and groaned as Vlad led him through that ancient home. The grand ball room door swung open from the inside as Vlad stopped at the threshold to the elegant room. A long dark stained polished table dominated the room six chairs sat empty behind it. Samuel knew that was meant for the council and cow him at the same time. Little did they knew such displays had lost their hold on him long ago. "Please have a seat Sam I'll let the council know you're here. Here if you're free sometimes we should hang out again," Vlad said slipping Samuel his cell phone number. Samuel rubbed the object in his pants as he watched the members of the council file in. Three men with wispy grey hair walked in

ignoring the other three in their flowery display as they entered.

"I call this council into order!" The gavel resounding as it struck the table as the stately woman brought the room to a silence. She reminded Samuel of one of his professors, yet as her skirt slid up a bit the black garter belt strap wasn't something anyone of his professors would wear. "Are you Samuel Goodall?" the woman asked her hazel eyes boring into Samuel. Her raven hair bouncing against her chest as she studied Samuel.

"Yes, but you already know that," Samuel said indifferently, "Why else would you send that brute to my aunt's doorstep so early in the damn morning."

"We do apologize for disturbing you and your aunt," the woman said, yet Samuel could hear the disdain for his aunt in her voice.

"Why am I here? Obviously, given the years of my childhood I've never been before this council, so why now? What is it that you want from me?" Samuel asked eyeing

every single one of them. 'One or more of you killed my mother! So which one of you had the audacity to take her from me?!' Samuel asked himself while he quietly peered at the six cold steely faces of theirs.

"Young man, we know you're just now coming into your magic," the chairman said before lowering herself into her chair, "I'm Eva Petters, and I'm the chairman for this council. We would like to properly introduce you to the coven, and help you grow accustomed to your new family." Samuel tried not to roll his eyes at that like he needed another family. "We are having a little meet and greet after this. We, the council I mean, would like for you to meet your fellow witches. Hopefully, you wouldn't go down the same road the other members of your family has taken."

"Huh uh," Samuel said arching an eyebrow.

"Young man!" said the grumpy old man at the end of the table to his right, "It's only because we know you had no hand in the affair that led to your families excommunication that you're sitting here before us."

"And I'm okay with that," Samuel said looking over at the man, "Seeing how I knew nothing of this world until a day ago. So if you want to throw me out," he said shrugging his shoulders, "Go ahead."

"Let's not get ahead of ourselves," a petite brunette woman said at the other end of the table, "Samuel was it, listen I know this must sound so strange to you; but we have been through this ourselves too you know. So how about Eva and I show you around. That way she can teach you our rules and I can answer any question you may have on our shared history," she said looking over at Eva.

"Yes, what a wonderful idea Beth," Eva said smiling at her childhood friend. She knew they needed a new infusion of blood. Their coven was beginning to grow boring to her, and Eva couldn't wait to have a taste of the new man that sat before her. She just hoped he had a big enough tool to satisfy her needs.

"Then you don't need us," said one of the elderly gentleman rising from his seat along with the other two gentlemen.

"And I have something I need to attend too," the blonde woman said that sat between Eva and Beth. Shooting Samuel a glance that made him wonder as she rose and followed after the departing men.

"Since it is just us here," Eva said peering out the corner of her eye at Beth, who she knew as well as herself, wanted a ride on the newly awoken witch. "Why don't we make this a walking orientation?"

"Excellent idea," Beth beamed. Samuel glanced between the two of them. His hand wrapped clutching onto the bundle in his pocket. He didn't care about what they wanted. Samuel needed more time and what better way than to gather intelligence then in the heart of the place that was aligned against his family.

"This," Eva said bring them to a halt in the middle of the hallway, "Is a portrait of Beth's great-great-great grandfather," she said, directing Samuel's view to the old oil painting that hung below the soft yellow light. "This painting here is of my grandfather, he served as chairman for twenty years before my predecessor took over for him."

Samuel peered over as Beth's arm brushed against his left arm. Her perfume filled his nose with soft sweet scents. Flashing him a warm smile, yet Samuel saw no warmth in her eyes something else filled their depths. "Samuel, how would you like to see what they used to torture us with?"

"Really?! I would have thought you would have melted down those things," Samuel said in reverence.

"You can't learn from the past if you ignore it," Beth said softly making it appear that she accidentally brushed her breast along his arm, "How about it Samuel? I'm sure a young handsome man like you isn't too afraid to enter, hmm?"

"Now Beth," Eva cooed her hips swayed seductively as she ambled her way to his side, "I'm sure Samuel here isn't too squeamish to view such items," she said her hand softly rubbing Samuel's lower back.

"Excellent," Beth purred rubbing her right breast along Samuel's arm. "Come!" she said, giggling as she pulled Samuel into the storage room, that they kept most of the

ancient torture devices that were once used to produce a confession. From Pears of Anguish, a rack. an old rusted Iron Maiden that sat in the far corner and an odd assortment of chains and whips, yet what really caught Samuel's eye was the old stone altar that dominated the center of the room that stood around mid-thigh.

"Samuel," Eva said, his name dripped with sin as it left her lips. Giving her hand a small flick, the old two inch thick wooden door swung closed encasing the three of them in darkness. The century old key silently turned locking the three of them in that dark eerie room. The snap of Beth's fingers pierced the darkness before the candles burst into flames. The orange-yellow light flickered on their wicks as those beeswax candles illuminated the storage room. "Do you know what this is?" Eva asked as her hand moved along the stone altar.

"A stone table?" Samuel asked playing along.

"No Samuel," Beth said shaking her head, shooting her friend a smirk behind Samuel's back. "This used to be our primary altar when your mother was a part of us. Now,

however, we use a newer one out in the courtyard for our rites. Would you like to see how it was once used for?" Beth asked seeing the lust in her friend's eyes.

"Yes," Eva said her hand running down Samuel's chest, "I think a demonstration is in order," she purred as the tips of her fingers slipped below Samuel's waistband. "How about we teach you how to form a spell," Eva whispered softly into Samuel's ear. Samuel felt her fingertips skim along his pubic hair. Samuel nodded that was exactly what he needed to know, however, he was still going to pay his grandparents a visit. 'It never hurts to have too much knowledge.' Samuel thought to himself as Eva pressed herself against his right side.

"Shall I be the one?" Beth asked looking over at her friend with devilish light.

"Mmmhmm." Eva nodded inching her hand further into Samuel's pants, "I think I found something," she giggled softly as her hand grasped Samuel's soft member. "I think it likes me," Eva cooed as it grew within her hand. Samuel said nothing he wanted them to think they had control. He

wanted them to think he was just a nervous college student standing before two gorgeous women. He didn't need them to know what his true plans were. So, Samuel allowed Eva and Beth to think they had the upper hand, although it didn't hurt that the two of them were rather attractive either. If he had to guess they were what his roommate would call a MILF. (Given the amount of porn movies with such titles his roommate had strewn about their apartment.) Yet as much as they were beautiful, they couldn't match his aunt's beauty nor his sister's. Samuel's mind reeled at that thought. When was it that Kelly became enthralled in his mind that he would think his sister was hot? What depravity had fallen upon him to make him think like that? Was it this magic of theirs that made it to where he saw them more as women and not his relatives? Samuel pondered all of this in his mind. Eva and Beth saw his changed demeanor and thought he was just nervous.

"Relax Samuel," Beth cooed sweetly, her hands ran down his chest her green eyes peering deeply into his. She could feel her nipples cutting against her bra, as her dark blue dress shirt became taut around her chest. "We are here to help you," she said. Eva nodded along with her friend.

"Yes Samuel," Eva said nuzzling Samuel's neck, "We are all witches here. Let us help you in understanding this art," she said her hand working quickly on his cock. How she loved the feel of his pre-cum coating her palm. With her and Beth's husbands so useless when it came to a woman's orgasm. Eva had stopped visiting her husband's bed when it became known of his infidelities with the men from Boston. Since then she has only ventured out from her arranged marriage when the coven met. Now that she and Beth had Samuel there to themselves, they weren't about to let the newly awaken witch out of their sight. They both knew that a new born witch needed to have sex every day if not more to keep their bodies attuned to the flow of magic; and Eva was all the more willing to make sure he had everything he needed. "How about we take this out, okay?" Eva asked as her hand slipped out of his pants. Beth's hands made quick work of the snap button of his jeans, the brass zipper retorted loudly as her nimble fingers lowered the tab allowing its metal teeth to open.

"Oh my!" Beth gasped as Samuel's cock sprung out of his pants.

"Well...," Eva stuttered her heart raced, her mouth watered at the sight of Samuel's pulsating cock, "That is a very...b-big cock you have their Samuel."

"Mmmhmm! Now I think I should show you how we help our newly joined members," Beth said, her eyes were glued to Samuel's cock as she sank to her knees.

"Now watch Samuel," Eva said. Jealousy roared in her head as Beth's lips parted as his cock entered her mouth. It should have been her on her knees sucking on that cock-- she was the chairman after all. It was her right to have the first taste of a new witches seed. However, it was also her duty to teach the newcomers as well. "How does it feel Samuel? Sublime I bet. Now watch as Beth sucks on your cock," Eva said. Her hand ran back down his chest, down along his exposed happy trail, then to his untrimmed bush before cupping his scrotum. "Can you feel it Samuel?"

"Feel what?" Samuel asked perplexed.

"Slow your breathing, feel that invisible touch on your skin, and you should be able to feel the swelling energies that are

starting to gather," Eva said, as her dress jacket started to feel two sizes too small to her. Tossing it aside, Eva watched as it landed on the old rusted iron candle stand. "Ah, that's better," Eva said stretching out her arms, knowing how her expensive white dress short tightened around her breasts. Her dark brown areolas bleed through the thin martial. She never saw a need to wear a bra, at her age of forty-three her 38DD breasts showed no signs of sagging given her use of magic to keep her body tight and fit. "Now Samuel," Eva said bring his attention back to her. She didn't like how he was more focused on Beth sucking his cock then her practically exposed breasts. "There is enough magical energies for a tiny spell. First off, it's not the words that forms the spell, no, it's the intent of your will. As long as you hold that in your mind then you can pretty much say anything, and your spell will still function. Here let me demonstrate," Eva said, twirling her finger above Samuel's glistening cock.

"Here and now. Once was and is shall be no more. Let ye be the same as thee was when thy were a babe." Eva chanted whispering each word into his ear before snapping her fingers.

"What..." Samuel feigned shock as he stared down at his naked body. Looking around, wondering where his clothes were, yet Samuel didn't see them in his limited field of vision.

"Don't worry your clothes are safe," Eva said mischievously, "I thought this would be a quicker way of undressing you. However..." Eva was interrupted by Beth's gagging as Samuel unleashed his load in her mouth. Beth's eyes flew wide as Samuel's cum sat on her tongue. Her hand reached out snatching Eva by the wrist jostling her across the room behind her.

"Eva something isn't right," Beth said as quietly and as carefully not to swallow Samuel's cum, "here have a taste," she said kissing Eva swapping Samuel's semen between them. Her green eyes fell upon his member as it fought to reharden as Samuel watched their embrace. As Eva tasted Samuel's seed Beth was right, this wasn't how a normal witches semen tasted like even newly awoken. It shouldn't have such power coursing through it. Yet Eva couldn't deny how all that energy felt as his seed ran down her throat.

"I see what you mean Beth," Eva whispered.

"It's too potent for a witch as young as he is. What are we going to do about him?"

"Right now nothing. Other than having that cock fuck us that is," Eva said seeing the agreement in her friend's eyes. "Once we have our way with him then we will discuss this in more detail," she said peering over her shoulder as Samuel's cock stood proudly again. "Samuel, have you ever been with a woman before?"

"N-no," Samuel lied.

"Could that be why it's so heavenly?" Beth asked her mouthwatering. She wanted to have another taste and then another and another, until her belly was full of his supercharged cum.

"Possibly," Eva mused as she reached behind her lowering the zipper of her skirt. Only when she actually went into work was the only time, she adorned undergarments. Eva

saw how his eyes lingered on her bare ass and how his cock responded. "Excellent. Maybe it was worth helping Norman," Eva said to herself. Eva had saw Wendy as an obstacle to the chair she had coveted since her own awakening. She had no clue on how far Norman would have taken his curse. Eva didn't think he would have killed her. When she found out Eva took extraordinary measures to make sure she couldn't be traced back to Norman. Yet now that little snake had slithered far away from Salem which she liked. Whether he was still alive she didn't know or care, all that mattered to her was that she got the chair she now held. "Now Samuel," Eva said spinning on her heel. Displaying her trimmed raven haired snatch to him, she loved how it felt when her fingers ran through her well-manicured bush. Her breasts jiggled with each step, her hips swayed seductively as her eyes absorbed every inch of his hard rod. "Being a newborn in the will of the arcane, you must have sex every day. If not, you run the risk of severing your ties with the will of magic.

"So, Beth and I," Eva said peering back at Beth, who was wiggling out of her clothes. "Are more than happy to help you in this task," she said slowly unbuttoning her shirt, "it would be ashamed for you to die so early into your new life.

How about it Samuel?" Eva asked her shirt fell from the tip of her fingers. "Wouldn't you love having us two gorgeous ladies sucking, fucking, cumming on that cock of yours?"

"If I don't have sex every day, I'll die a messy death, is that what you're telling me?" Samuel asked while he wasn't fond of this newly discovered family secret. He wasn't about to let himself die either.

"Yes, that's right Samuel," Beth said, nodding vehemently as she stood at Eva's left side. Samuel eyes ran down their naked bodies. If he was anything like his roommate, he would have been all over them like flies on honey. Yet he was the science geek. How was he to deal with the situation before him. Samuel tried to remember the one time he accidentally walked into his apartment after class a few months ago only to find his roommate jacking off while watching a porno which consisted of a three way. Trying to remember the words the male actor used. "Samuel come here," Beth cooed beckoning him with her index finger, "now I know your inexperienced and that's fine there is no shame in saving yourself," she said, her finger tracing along his skin as she walked around him. "However, don't you think it's rude to not say how sexy we look standing here

naked just for you. Especially, since my lovely friend here hasn't felt the touch of a man -- namely you. Don't you think you should at least pay attention to her breasts?" Beth asked glancing out of the corner of her eye noticing how Eva tried to contain her glee.

"Umm...I don't know what to do," Samuel said shyly keeping up his ruse.

"Oh, then come here," Eva said pulling Samuel to her, "kiss me Samuel," she whispered as Beth slowly pushed against the back of his head. It was their plan -- before they had sent for Samuel -- to make Samuel dependent on Beth and herself. So that they would have a willing and eager student, and where they could be fucked until they were content. Eva glanced up seeing the evil smile on her friend's face as her and Samuel's tongue twirled around each other's. She knew of Beth's own dealings with Norman, however, she didn't know if she had a hand in his schemes not that she cared. Wendy was dead and gone, and she doubted Samuel knew the truth. "Yes Samuel," Eva softly moaned as he kissed down her neck, then to her chest, goosebumps raced across her skin as his lips plucked at her nipple.

"Don't forget about me Samuel," Beth pouted seeing him glance at her from the corner of his eye, "my breasts need some attention too!" For five minutes Samuel stood there alternating between the two of them. Samuel kept his smirk from showing as he began to play with their wet cunts. The things he heard them say as he teased them. Samuel was glad for the foot thick stone walls, because of all the moaning and screaming he was sure that someone would have come bursting into that storeroom. "Fuck! I can't take it anymore! Samuel fuck me!" Beth said practically begging him to fill her wet dripping channel with his hard tool.

"Mmm...I think Samuel is going to enjoy this," Eva said, walking towards the altar as Beth lay on her back spreading her saturated lips for Samuel's inspection. "Who can ever say that your first time was a three way," she said looking back at him before climbing on top of the altar. Straddling Beth's hips, Eva gave her ass a light smack watching how his eyes followed it's jiggle. "Now Samuel come fuck these two horny bitches," Eva purred.

Eva hissed as the head of Samuel's cock penetrated her mound. Peering over her shoulder, she shot Samuel a coy smirk knowing she should always be the one that got fucked first as was her right. Her breath came out in heaves as she tried to stay upright as Samuel's rod glided through her wet, hungry, neglected folds. Looking purloin back at him, as his manhood left her ravenous snatch, then staring down at Beth as she squealed in exuberance as Samuel's hips hammered into her.

Samuel muscles ached as he walked down the streets of his hometown. He had left Eva and Beth rather exhausted on the floor of that storeroom after two hours of hard fucking. He even tried a minor spell to keep himself from cumming during that time until he wished too. Samuel kept his sinful smirk from his lips as they both fell to their knees pleading to be covered in his spunk. He chuckled in his mind as they fought to clean off each other's bodies to get their fill of his sperm. Samuel didn't know if they were involved in his mother's death, however, he wasn't about to take a chance and let his plans slip, at least not to them. So, he would allow them to continue to think they had him underneath their thumb. All so when the time came, he would know without a doubt who was responsible. Yet he had to admit they did

teach him something today. Samuel would have never had thought of using spells, or for that matter magic in the way he did. As he stood at the corner of Main street and Elm waiting for the street light to flash his phone rang violently in his pocket.

"Yeah," Samuel said as he answered.

"Samuel, I thought you were going to call me! Do you know how worried I've been since you told me they had sent for you?!" Kelly growled into her phone. She had worked herself into a frenzy over the fate of her younger brother.

"What?! I just left that place Kelly, yeesh," Samuel said rolling his eyes at her tone of voice.

"And what have you been doing for two hours?!" Kelly asked her grip tightened around her phone.

"Do you really want me to answer that sis?" Samuel asked looking up seeing the little stick figure flashing. "You may not like the answer."

"I don't care Samuel! You tell me right now what were you doing for the past two fucking hours, while I sat here worried out of my mind fearful, they had executed you!"

"Having sex with Eva and Beth," Samuel said matter-of-fact. He saw the huge smile on his face as silence resounded across the line as he walked passed the storefronts of Main street. Samuel knew the walk would take about thirty minutes to reach his grandparent's house by foot and another hour to reach his aunt's place once his research was done; however, he was willing to put up with the sore feet, he was sure to encounter at the end of the day, if it led to a kernel of knowledge.

"D-d-did you enjoy it?" Kelly asked after the longest pause in her life, "W-were they better than me?" she asked trying not to tear up.

"It was alright I guess," Samuel said, in truth, he had hoped it would have been, yet he knew that would have been a lie. "No they weren't."

"T-t-then maybe you would want to come over? Tell me where you're at and I'll come and pick you up, and I'll be glad to help you forget about those women," Kelly said as she chewed on her lip.

"I can't right now Kelly," Samuel said he crossed the black top of the next street.

"Why not!" Kelly whined into her receiver.

"Because I need to do some research."

"On what?" Kelly asked looking over at her daughter's crib as Becky lay dozing in her pink pajamas.

"Umm, I can't say yet," Samuel said unsure if he could trust his sister in this endeavor.

"Oh come on! Please Sammy, can't we have a conversation without me having to drag everything out of you?"

"Fine," Samuel sighed, "I'm going over to grandma's place and raiding their library, happy now?"

"Yes!" Kelly said smiling knowing she could get there before he arrived, "So what are you looking for maybe I can help? You know Mom was the one that taught me. I'll be more than glad to do the same for you little brother. Maybe, just maybe you could give a new meaning to teachers pet, hmm?" Kelly said her voice dripped with sin. Since yesterday she couldn't stop thinking of her brother's tongue parting her lips, nor could her mind rid itself of the feeling of his cock plowing her cunt either. Not that she would ever want to mind you, Kelly thought it was best to hold onto those delicious memories.

"Umm...Kelly I don't think you would want to be a part of what I'm planning," Samuel said as the of the scent freshly baked bread drifted on the ocean breeze.

"Samuel, tell me maybe I can help," Kelly said grabbing her car keys. Walking hurriedly to her father's room, she whispered where she was heading into Victor's ear while cupping her phones receiver. "Come on, you know you can

tell me anything Sammy," Kelly said sweetly into her phone as she opened her car door.

"I know the truth about mom's cancer," Samuel said, rounding the corner of Leif Erickson avenue. He listened to the dead silence over the phone. "Kelly?"

"What are you planning on doing Samuel?"

"I think that's pretty obvious don't you sis?"

"Tell me anyway," Kelly said, taking a dry swallow as she started her car. Hoping that her brother knew what he was doing. She knew how slippery a slope he was traveling down.

"I'm going to make those that took Mom away regret they ever were born," Samuel said darkly.

"S-Sammy, what you seek is dark magic it's better that you don't think like this," Kelly said, trying to talk her brother out of his plan.

"And you're okay with whomever it was to get away with it?!" Samuel hissed into his phone.

"No," Kelly sighed, "they do need to pay," she said finally relenting. Speeding down the coastal road eager to beat her brother, Kelly just couldn't let him do this alone.

"Good," Samuel said before ending the call. For the rest of his trek Samuel enjoyed the sounds of his hometown. As the sounds of that seaside town regaled him of the sounds he had missed out on since his college years. Samuel wondered how much of the town he would have to raze to find her killer. His fingers skimmed along the leaves of the boxwoods that lined the perimeter of his grandparent's property. Samuel glanced out of the corner of his eye as the stone-grey wooden shingles caught his gaze. Samuel always felt odd when he was a kid it was the same now as it was then as the ghostly two story, two and a half century old home loomed over him.

"Sammy!" Kelly said rushing towards him as he rounded the corner of the hedge. Samuel huffed as the force of Kelly's body forced him to stagger backwards. He tried to ignore the warmth he felt flooding his body as she held him in her arms, yet his arms instinctively moved on their own. He could feel his body hardening as he felt the softness of her body, her every curve, the sweet aroma that drifted off her skin. "Sammy, I've missed you," Kelly whispered into his ear, "I know we just saw each other yesterday, yet I just can't get you out of my mind. Plus I loved how your cock felt deep inside me," she purred as she tugged on his earlobe. "Please tell me we can do it again? I want to put those women out of your mind, and what better way to do that than to wrap my folds around this," Kelly said sensuously as she rubbed his groin.

"M-maybe later," Samuel said his voice breaking as Kelly continued to stroke his engorged rod.

"Oh, why wait," Kelly said her voice dripping with sin, "when you can just bend me over the hood of my car and fill me with this thing's hot spunk," she said, her tongue

flicked out teasing his upper lip while her hand worked quickly along his rod.

"And you're okay them seeing that?" Samuel asked arching an eyebrow and nodding towards his grandparent's front door. Kelly's eyes flew wide as she peered over her shoulder as they stood underneath the covered wrap around porch.

"Well, just don't stand there," Martha--their grandmother--said smiling down at them, "Come and get out from the sun." Kelly's cheeks burned crimson as she detached herself from her brother.

"Hello dear," Carson--their grandfather--said, smiling warmly at Kelly as she ascended the porch steps. "How is Becky doing?" he asked as he and his wife hugged their granddaughter.

"She's good, getting a little cranky because of her teething," Kelly said.

"Yeah, she was like that at that age," Martha chuckled remembering the crying storm Wendy had produced when she was a toddler, "I see you have brought our lost lamb home," she said peering over Kelly's left shoulder.

"I take it Samuel knows now what we are?" Carson whispered.

"Yes," Kelly nodded, waving to her brother to come join them. "It seems Charlotte is getting prepared for the Solstice. She already looks five..."

"Ten," Samuel corrected her, "I need to use your library. I'm assuming you have tomes on a verity of magic, yes?"

"Yes, we do," Carson said arching an eyebrow, "Why do ask?"

"Because I just spent the past two hours in a dark room with two women of the council," Samuel said, their eyes darted to Kelly who nodded. Then they shared a concerned look between the two of them. "Look, if you don't want to help me fine, I'll just go back there and find what I need."

"No!" Kelly said reaching out taking hold of his arm, "I'm not letting you near those women again at least not today," she said, pulling her brother to her side. "You don't mind us browsing your library, do you?"

"Of course not! Come in, come in," Martha said joyfully ushering in her grandchildren, "So Samuel, how has college been for you?"

"Stressful and aggravating," Samuel admitted.

"Why?" Carson asked as he led the way to their library that had been passed down from one generation to the next each adding to the vast volumes that lined the shelves.

"The school paired me up with this rather annoying guy that treats our apartment as a f... pad," Samuel said, catching himself before cursing in front of his grandparents. "Plus my car broke down last week."

"Ah, yes, Victor did mention something about having your car towed home," Carson said, pushing the library's double doors open.

"Mom! Dad!" Charlotte's voice rang out as she opened the front door.

"In the library sweetie," Martha called out to her daughter.

"Samuel!" Charlotte gasped as she caught sight of Samuel as he scanned the shelves. The book he was currently reading flew out of his hand as Charlotte threw herself at him causing the both of them to fall to the floor. "Oh my god! I was so worried about you!" Charlotte said, covering Samuel's face in sweet kisses. "When the council's Enforcer came for you," an audible gasp rang out as Kelly, Martha, and Carson looked down at the two of them, "I thought I had lost you!" Kelly said, her tears soaking into his shirt.

"Wait! The council sent the Enforcer for you?!" Martha asked looking down at her grandson, glad that he wasn't pushing Charlotte away nor his sister as he once had.

"Yes," Samuel said, blowing Charlotte's hair out of his face. He hoped his very, very, hard steel rod was covered by Charlotte's body, because he knew if it wasn't then it would be rather noticeable.

"And just what did the council want with you?" Carson asked taking hold of his wife's hand hoping that they weren't facing their doom at the pyre.

"Oh, to bring me into their little fold," Samuel said halfheartedly.

"Please tell me you're not thinking of joining them," Kelly huffed. Annoyance ran through her mind as Charlotte took far too many liberties with her brother. When it was supposed to be her that was feeling his body underneath her and not her aunt.

"Joining them? No. However, one cannot learn what his enemies have planned if one remains in ignorance," Samuel

said, patting Charlotte's ass telling her that she could get off of him now.

"But...", Charlotte said peering down her body seeing that huge bulge in his pants. "Don't you want me to take care of it for you?" she asked sweet-like hoping Samuel would say yes. How her brown eyes lit up as he nodded.

"Daughter? I think it's time for you to get off of Samuel," Martha said, smiling down at Charlotte pleased that Samuel was reciprocating her feelings.

"Sorry. I just got carried away," Charlotte said kissing Samuel, her hand ran down his chest, her fingers dancing along his bulge before she got to her feet.

"Huh-uh," Kelly said, her cheek twitched in irritation.

"Well, I think we'll leave you kids be," Carson said smirking dragging his wife behind him.

Two hours had passed since Samuel arrived at his grandparent's place. Books towered on the table he was using. Columns dominated the wooden table obscuring him from Kelly's and Charlotte's burning looks. Samuel rubbed his temple as he scanned and scanned book after book and it made no sense to him; even microbiology made more sense to him than crafting a love spell did.

"Those have a nasty habit of back firing on you," Charlotte whispered into his ear as she saw the old Gaulish love spell, "I hope you aren't looking to make me fall for you Sammy," she said lustfully as her lips nuzzled his neck. "Because you don't need a spell for that baby," Charlotte said wantonly.

"Here," Kelly said placing an old brown leather tome on top of the one he was reading, "This is what you're looking for," she said allowing her breasts to rest on either side of his shoulder.

"No! Not that book!" Charlotte screeched snatching up the dark magical tome, "Samuel, you shouldn't be traveling down this path," she said, clutching the book tightly to her chest.

"Why not? Is it right to allow them to another day of breath while Mom lies in her grave? Charlotte, I'm only doing this because someone must bring this person or persons to justice. If the council hasn't done anything to resolve this matter since Mom's passing then it falls to us," Samuel said rising from his seat.

"No!" Charlotte screamed out. "I'm sorry Samuel, but I just can't let you do it," she said shaking her head vehemently. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she raced out of her parent's home taking with her what she thought would stop his ambitions. Samuel got to the steps of the porch in time to watch as his aunt's car sped away.

"Come Samuel," Kelly said taking him by the hand pulling him back inside. "There's something I should show you," she said leading him back into the library. Kelly led Samuel to the darkest corner of the library, reaching up tilting back the fake book lever. The sound of the hidden door swung silently on its steel rod hinges. Gesturing for Samuel to enter, Kelly pulled the door shut behind her knowing full well that little secret room was perfectly sound proof. Her

nimble fingers made quick work with the lock, ensuring none would disrupt what she was about to do. "Samuel, how much do you know about our family history?" Kelly asked as Samuel looked around the dimly lit room.

"That we are from some ancient Greek sex cult of Hekatê, and we were once called the Millers from Salem," Samuel said picking up one tome after another. Wondering why all of them had chains bound to their spines.

"Oh, Charlotte's been telling you quite a bit hasn't she," Kelly said, annoyance filled her voice knowing Charlotte was getting far more time with her brother than she was.

"Yes, she has, why do you ask?" Samuel asked not bothering to peer at her as he flipped through the three inch thick book in his hands.

"Because this is all that is left of the Millers," Kelly said matter-of-fact, "all these books were once used to bring about any manner of illness, ill fortune, and death. They too thought they were doing the right thing when the villagers slaughtered our people."

"Okay, I get what you and Charlotte are saying, however, I just can't let this Norman whomever he is just get away with it," Samuel said grimly. He couldn't stop the illness from taking his mother. Samuel thought he could at least bring her killer to heel.

"I understand that Samuel," Kelly said, "all I'm saying let's think this through okay," she said approaching his side. "Say you do find out who was behind all this," Kelly said not correcting him that their mother was indeed still alive in the form of her daughter. "What then? Surely, in that intelligent mind of yours you should know you will be going up against experienced witches not someone playing at one. They will know and have wards protecting them from any harm directed at them. So tell me little brother how would you deal with such odds stacked against you?" Kelly asked her hand running down his arm. She wasn't trying to talk him out of this dangerous course of action, yet she couldn't lose him either due to his rash actions. "I know how you must be feeling Samuel," Kelly said, gradually taking the book away from him. She hoped that if she could turn his mind to other tasks, he would forget all about this. "I was angry too when Mom told me about it. Yet I was too

young as you are now to do anything about it, however, I will teach you everything I know and then when you are ready, we'll..." Samuel suddenly fell forward catching himself on the lip of the shelf as a wave of dizziness flooded his mind. Shaking his head, he wondered where that all came from so suddenly.

"Sammy!" Kelly's voice was full of concern. Turning his chin towards her, Kelly studied his dazzling blue eyes with flecks of gold mixed in. "You must..."

"Have sex?" Samuel said coyly.

"Yes," Kelly said, her heart raced as her hand inched towards the button of his denim pants. "Did they tell you that you may have to have sex more than once a day?"

"N-no," Samuel said, as the sound of the snap echoed in that secret room. "They just told me I needed to have sex every day."

"Well, sometimes certain witches need to have it more than once," Kelly whispered into his ear, "would you like for me to suck on your hard cock little brother," she cooed wantonly as her hand wrapped around his pole while his pants fell to his ankles. "Because I know I want to suck on this lovely friend of yours," Kelly said, her lips teased his before embracing each other as her hand slowly worked along the length of his shaft.

"Y-yes," Samuel said breathing heavily.

"Yes what Samuel? Tell me what you want me to do," Kelly said teasingly.

"I want you on your knees sucking my cock," Samuel said fighting back a moan.

"Is that all you want from me Sammy?" Kelly asked hoping she be riding his tool very shortly.

"No."

"Do you want to fuck your sister?"

"Y-y-yes," Samuel said biting his lip as her thumb circled the crown of his head.

"Will you fuck me every day? Will you let me ride this beast to my heart's content?"

"Fuck yes!" Samuel couldn't take it anymore. He knew if she kept it up it would only a matter of moments before his semen would be painting those ancient tomes.

"Excellent. You know I'm a better fuck than those whorish women," Kelly said sensuously, "now take my shirt off Samuel," she commanded. Reluctantly, Kelly released her hold on her brother's cock she didn't want him cumming to soon. Drawing a sigil just above his pubic hair in his pre-cum, Kelly uttered underneath her breath a spell to keep those balls of his full of that delicious cum she couldn't live without. She watched with an amusement as her brother tried to wet his lips as he stared at her naked breasts. "Go on. Suck on your sister's tits, just be careful not to suck too hard; or you might have a taste of my breast milk. Although

you might just like the taste of it, seeing how college men have some weird tastes," Kelly teased. Kelly tossed her head back as Samuel's lips wrapped around her 32B cup breasts. While she fought not to give in to how sore her nipples felt like given Becky's current teething. She wanted Samuel to explore her heavenly orbs to his heart's content. "Yes Samuel," Kelly moaned loudly her fingers feathering through his midnight locks. "Mmmhmm!" she felt her body shuddering as his tongue rolled along her right nipple. Kelly glanced down as Samuel's right hand squeezed her left breast, she watched as a stream of fresh breast milk shot across the room. "You have a little something there," Kelly said noticing a droplet of her milk hanging on for dear life on his upper lip, "So how does your sister's breast milk taste like?" she asked before she assaulted his lips. Her eyes fluttered as her milk lingered on her tongue.

"Now take off my pants Samuel," Kelly purred lustfully into his ear. Kelly wiggled her hips, kicking off her sneakers as Samuel pushed her pants to the floor. She hoped he liked her blonde landing strip she was growing out. Hoping he would take the hint and eat her throbbing cunt. "Now let me return the favor," Kelly said, her hand running down his

chest as she sank to her knees. Her cheek twitched as she tasted the residue of the women before him.

"Oh fuck!" Samuel moaned as Kelly's head bobbed rapidly along his tool. His hand shot out grasping the bookcase keeping his trembling legs from buckling out from underneath him. He tried to rationalize the way Kelly was currently sucking him off with how Beth and Eva had done. Yet he just couldn't get past the fact that his sister and aunt felt hundred times better then when Eva and Beth had done it.

"Oh, does my baby bro like how I suck his fat cock?" Kelly asked deviously before her tongue teased the meatus of his corona.

"Oh God!" Samuel said his knees almost went out from underneath him. His balls felt heavy he knew he needed, no, he desired to paint his sister's mouth in his hot sperm roared inside his mind as Kelly returned his rod back to her mouth.

"Mmm...I love this cock," Kelly purred running her lips up and down the side of his member while she jacked him off, "I hope it likes my mouth as well," she said winking up at him. A devilish light flared across her eyes at her brother's nod. Kelly reached down to tease her clit only to find herself already soaked. She couldn't remember the last time she was so turned on that she didn't need the assistance of a tongue or fingers to make her aroused enough to have a cock just slide right into her honey pot. Kelly leaned in her nose wiggled as she inhaled the scent of his pre-cum, there it was; she could feel her blood rushing through her veins, her peach tingling like mad, her mind melting down at the thought of his cum sliding down her throat. "Samuel," Kelly said, looking up at him with fierce determination. "Fuck your sister, now!" Kelly yelled in surprise as Samuel pulled her to her feet. She had thought he would have told her to bend over and pound her from behind, however that was not the case.

Samuel muttered a spell within his mind to give him the strength to hold his sister aloft. Kelly's arms wrapped around his neck as his hands gripped her thighs as Samuel held her against the bookcase. He saw the look of surprise in her eyes as he held her as if she was weightless. Then the

sheer ecstasy as her eyes rolled to the back of her head as Samuel lowered her onto his swollen cock.

"Ah, fuck yes! Impale me on that glorious cock, Sammy!" Kelly moaned as Samuel rapidly thrust his cock deeply into his sister's snatch. Since she had come into her magic her father, and the few boys she had relations with never made her body quake like this; nor did they make her mind go numb from the sheer pleasure of just feeling a cock gliding through her folds, massaging them so expertly that it brought her to the peak of her orgasm without much effort. "God, just what are you, Samuel?" Kelly asked herself as she felt her hot cream coating his cock. "Yes, yes, yes, fuck your sister!" Kelly howled as her core detonated, her juices rushed down her canal painting his cock in her hot fluids before they surged out from around his cock. Kelly huffed against his neck as Samuel failed to yield against her tightening folds knowing how a puddle of her juices were forming underneath her. Her nails raked up his back as her cunt swallowed every inch of his rod with each downward thrust. Releasing her spell she couldn't hold onto it any longer when Samuel was befuddling her mind.

"Kelly, I'm going to cum," Samuel grunted feeling a strange sudden urge within his scrotum. Kelly quickly got to her knees still feeling her cunt leaking out her overflowing juices as she slurped on her brother's cock. Samuel howled as his cum flew out with such force he wondered how. Yet Kelly swallowed down every drop that erupted from the crown of his cock. She wasn't about to allow any of it to go to waste. Then as the last drop sat on her tongue only then did, she notice how potent it was. Her muscles rippled as his magic flowed into her. Kelly stared up at her brother in wonder pondering if he could truly sunder the coven and all those that stood against them.

"Well...," Kelly said pulling to a stop in front of her aunt's cottage. As much as she wanted to have another ride on that orgasmic cock of his, yet she needed to get back and feed Becky. "Umm, you wouldn't mind if we do this again say tomorrow morning?"

"Sure, I don't necessarily want to die a messy death," Samuel said smirking, "although I do wonder how Charlotte will take all that moaning," he chuckled as his sister playfully slapped his shoulder.

"I wasn't the only one I heard moaning in that room," Kelly said, sticking her tongue out at him. Blushing madly, glad that they could finally speak like this again, although she was still concerned about his drive to punish those that murdered their mother.

"True," Samuel admitted, "so I guess you'll tell me why having sex with you and I suspect Charlotte too..."

"You are going to, right?" Kelly asked hoping he wasn't neglecting their aunt's needs.

"Was about to before you interrupted me," Samuel said sarcastically.

"Sorry," Kelly said, her face flushed a deep crimson.

"As I was saying," Samuel said in the most annoying brotherly voice he could muster, "why is having sex with you and I suspect Charlotte ten times better than having sex with Eva and Beth?"

"Because we are from the same sect while, yes, they too know of and practice some of our art, yet they are not like us. Witches yes, but they aren't like us Samuel," Kelly said, her hand rubbed his upper thigh. "Plus we call to you on a more primal level than they or anyone can ever do for you unless you travel down to New Orleans that is. There's another branch of our family and a few others like us down there. Yet we haven't been in contact with our distance cousins in ages. So I don't know if they know we still exist or not," Kelly said, leaning in to him her lips millimeters away from his ear. "I'm glad you enjoy fucking me Samuel, and I hope you'll still feel that way tomorrow; because I'm going to soil those sheets of yours in my cum," Kelly whispered hungrily seeing his cock lurch at the idea. Kelly bit her lip as Samuel waved her goodbye before driving off. She hasn't been so horny in ages she knew she was going to pull out her favorite toy once she got home.

"Samuel, is that you?" Charlotte asked walking out of the kitchen as she heard the door open.

"Yeah," Samuel answered.

"Listen..." Charlotte voice became still as Samuel pulled her into him. Her heart hammered against her rib cage as she sank into that passion filled kiss. She was on cloud nine as Samuel showed no signs of stopping. How she wished she had taken a shower once she got back so she wouldn't smell of the sea as she paced the shore wondering how she was going to talk him out of his quest for vengeance. "Mmm..." Charlotte moaned softly as Samuel pulled away. Yelping in surprise, Charlotte stared wide eyed at Samuel's back as he led her to her bedroom. "Sammy, what are you doing?"

"One: I need a shower and I do kind of want to see that sexy body of yours all wet, then I thought I'd make you all dirty again," Samuel said smirking mischievously as he looked back her.

"Oh my!"

"Or don't you want to take a shower with me?" Samuel asked as they entered her room.

"You're not messing with me, are you?" Charlotte asked hoping he wasn't.

"Does this answer your question," Samuel said placing her hand on his bulge.

"Oh my! Is that for me?" Charlotte asked hoping to feel it surging through her mound. "You're genuine in that you wish to fuck me? Right here on this bed of mine?"

"Sure, unless you wish to have shower sex," Samuel said with a devilish smirk at Charlotte's groan. Charlotte pulled Samuel hurriedly towards her bathroom. She wasn't about to pass up his offer. As their clothes went flying across the room a feeling of content washed over her as she finally had a man in her home that she could truly trust.

"Mmm, Sammy, whatever am I to do with this?" Charlotte asked as her hand cradled his cock while they waited for the water to heat up.

"Oh, I could think of a few things, yet it seems your shower is too small for that kind of activity. I guess this hot, tone, tight body of yours is just going to have to wait until we're done," Samuel said teasingly as he pinched her nipple. "However, that doesn't mean I won't be teasing this while we wash each other," he said, as he reached down running his finger through her velvety lips.

Charlotte couldn't take it any longer. Samuel had constantly kept her so aroused during what it felt like hours to her in that cramped shower. Tossing her damp towel aside, Charlotte's brown eyes watched as Samuel toweled his hair dry. A wicked smile graced her lips as she pushed Samuel back onto her bed. How she had dreamt of this for so many nights. Licking her lips, as his cock stood proudly for her. Smirking at his huff as his body bounced on her mattress.

"You should have known that was going to happen young man," Charlotte purred crawling towards that blood engorged rod, "keeping me all hot and bothered and not ramming this fine cock into my wet pussy," she said, her tongue flicking against her teeth. "I think I need to punish this thing, don't you?" A primal rumble emanated from deep within her chest as Samuel nodded. Brushing her hair

behind her ear, Charlotte wanted him to watch as his cock disappeared down her throat. She was already so wet given how he got her off three times in the shower and the fun had only just started. She wondered if this was how it was always going to be like for them. She joining him in the bath while Samuel made her go insane from the pleasure that flooded her mind.

Glancing up, watching how Samuel watched her intently as her cheeks sucked in as she slowly worked his cock. Charlotte did hope that he loved how she sucked his manhood, because she knew she would be doing this for him for all time. Her brown eyes shimmered in amusement as she noticed how his muscles became taut, his breath became rapid, his fist curled around her comforter. Charlotte couldn't refute how she loved the taste of his cock, nor how delicious his cum tasted to her. Was it because of what she had felt that morning, or was it because she loved him more than she was willing to say or both? She couldn't rightly answer that the moment, however, Charlotte hoped Samuel would give her time to figure that out.

"Samuel? Are you prepared to take our relationship to a whole new level?" Charlotte asked as she licked up the back of his cock.

"If you mean having sex with you, yes I am," Samuel said smiling warmly at her, "if you're asking if I'll share you bed every night making you moan like a wild beast and enjoying watching that ass bounced as I fuck you from behind, yes to that too."

"Oh my, such a naughty man you have become," Charlotte cooed as she straddled Samuel's hips running her wet labia up and down his cock, "just whatever am I to do with you?" she asked as she leaned over him. Her curtain of raven hair shielding her and Samuel from the rest of the world, to Charlotte in that moment it felt like it was just her and Samuel alone in their own little world.

"I think fucking me is the appropriate punishment for my naughty behavior," Samuel said, cracking a smile as he reached up caressing her left cheek as he felt her heat soaking into his rod.

"Mmm," Charlotte moaned kissing his palm while moving the head of his cock to her neglected cunt. A gasp escaped her lips as his girth slowly spread her open. It had been two long lonely years since the last time she had a man between her legs. Her mirth rolled like waves inside her mind knowing that now she was never going to let him leave the house until she got a good and proper fucking. She never once lain with Victor, yes--she had eaten his cum offered to her by Kelly--however, that was only due to their shared need. She could never do that to her sister no matter how sickly she had gotten a few times due to her lack of sex. Now, however, as she looked down at her nephew as her hips rocked feeling his cock filling her so completely. Charlotte wasn't ever going to let him go. If Kelly wanted her brother, she was going to have to fight her for it, because in her mind Samuel was already hers.

"So how does my pussy feel like wrapped around that cock, baby?" Charlotte asked as her sex resounded throughout her room.

"Exquisite!" Samuel said, trying to hold back the tide so he could chisel the feeling of her hot mound forever into his mind.

"Don't cum in me at least not until after the Solstice. We can't risk getting me pregnant until then, okay?" Charlotte said fighting back a moan.

"I understand. So then does that mean I can paint this heavenly body of yours in my cum?" Samuel asked with a sneaky smile.

"Oh baby, you can plant that seed anywhere but inside me," Charlotte said matching his smile. Falling forward, Charlotte rested on her elbows as her hot box glided along that steel rod. Giggling as Samuel rolled her to her back, her hands ran down his chest as Samuel stood at the edge of her bed holding her legs apart as he sent that cock back into the depths of her sex. Charlotte howled out in joy as she felt his balls slapping her ass. "O-o-oh God!" Charlotte screamed out as Samuel rubbed her aching clitoris vigorously, "Yes baby! Fuck that pussy! Fuck me hard!" Charlotte begged as she cupped her breasts, pinching her nipples as she watched as Samuel pumped his cock in and out of her hot wet channel. Her wail that followed as Samuel put in the last bit

of strength he had left into his thrust, reverberated her bedroom windows so violently one wondered how they didn't shatter. "Yes, that's it Samuel get that cock deep inside that pussy! Make it c-c-cum..." Her body contorted as her orgasm flooded her body. Her brown eyes looked upon Samuel like a demon possessed, and it wanted more! Yet as Samuel pulled out his cock, she knew that would have to wait as she watched as rope after rope of his hot, salty, sticky cum shot across her chest. Coating her breasts, the valley between her heavenly orbs, and her flat stomach in his hot spunk. As the odor filled her nose immediately, she knew his sperm had changed dramatically. Her body felt electrified as each and every morsel of his semen painted her tongue. The magic she felt was nothing like it was that morning. Charlotte wondered just how powerful he was going to become. If what she had tasted was any indication of what was in store for him. Then she pondered just what if...?

Samuel awoken at six thirty the next morning, peering over at his sleeping aunt he saw her content smile that graced her lips as she snuggled close to him. He had taken her another four times yesterday and each time was just as good if not better than the previous ones. By the time they stopped

were both exhausted and rather satisfied, one couldn't move through her home without smelling her sex filling the air. He had to admit he didn't think having sex with his aunt or sister would have ever felt so good. Slowly, easing himself out of his aunt's bed so not to wake her. As Samuel raised the leg of his pants up along his thigh he watch as the sunlight crept along her bed before falling upon her ass as the pale white sheet contoured tightly to her womanly shape. Instantly, Samuel felt his blood rushing to his groin.

"Sammy, where are you going?" Charlotte asked propping herself up on her elbow allowing the sheet to slide down her chest exposing her perky breasts to him, "You're not running, away are you?" she asked plumping out her lower lip in a pout.

"From you never!" Samuel chuckled zipping his fly before placing a knee on her bed. Charlotte wouldn't allow him to place a kiss on her forehead not when her lips were perfectly capable of accepting his kiss. "I just need to go ask a certain someone an intriguing question."

"Oh, when are you coming back, I'd like to show you something special," Charlotte said, pressing her body against his back while her hand rubbed his bulge. "Something that will allow you to shot this load deep inside me."

"I'll definitely try to be back before noon," Samuel said. He wasn't about to pass up on whatever she had in store.

"Good. I'll be sure to have lunch ready then you can fuck me into this mattress."

Samuel walked down the path he once traveled as a child. Memories flashed before his eyes as nostalgia flooded his grey matter as Samuel recounted every event in his childhood. Releasing a pent up breath, setting his jaw there was only one person that could ever talk him out of something he had set his mind on. Walking up the sidewalk that led to his childhood home. His knuckles rasped on the wooden door.

"Samuel!" Kelly said throwing her arms around him, "please tell me we have time for you to fuck me before you do whatever Dad needs you to do?"

"Possibly," Samuel said palming his sister's ass, "first, I need to talk to Mom, alone."

Part 3

"Samuel? What are you...," Kelly began to say only to be stopped by his upheld hand.

"It's okay sweetheart, it's time," Wendy's voice could be heard from the living room. Stepping to the side allowing Samuel entrance.

"So you are my mother?!" Samuel asked skeptical as he eyed the toddler on the sofa.

"Don't you take that tone with me young man. Of course I am!" Samuel didn't know what was stranger the look the toddler had as she grimaced like his mother always did; or the fact it was his mother's voice coming out of a one year old. "Just because I look like this doesn't mean I'm not your mother," Wendy said giving Samuel a look he knew all too well. "Now sit," she said patting the seat beside her, "and let me have a look at my sweet boy."

Tentatively, Samuel lowered himself down onto the couch. Watching Becky/his mother (Scratching his head at that. He knew that was going to get confusing), crawling towards him. Her little finger drawing the same sigil on his hand.

"So just what am I supposed to call you now?" Samuel asked as her hand ran over his.

"To the outside world I am Becky. To you my darling boy I am your mother, or just call me Wendy when in privacy of my home. Now hold me so I can get a proper look at you," Wendy said holding out her arms. Her little feet rested on his legs as she looked into her son's eyes. Those once warm brown eyes were now cobalt blue with flecks of gold in them. "I prayed this day would never come," Wendy said ominously.

"What do you mean?" Samuel asked arching an eyebrow.

"Kelly, fetch the book," Wendy ordered never taking her eyes off of her son.

"Alright," Kelly grumbled. Slightly annoyed that her time with her brother was interrupted. However, her heart lifted knowing that Samuel wasn't freaking out on her or running screaming from their home. Knocking twice magically opening the hidden door at the other end of the living room. There sitting on a lone pedestal in that cramped room filled floor to ceiling with built-in shelves. Gently lifting that ancient tome from its resting place. Seeing her daughter/mother crawling to sit beside Samuel.

"Come, come," Wendy said patting the cushion, "Kelly, open the book to the forbidden text," she commanded.

"Are you sure?" Kelly asked concerned that this wouldn't end well.

"Of course," Wendy nodded, "Samuel needs to know."

"What the hell..."

"Don't use that language!" Wendy said slapping his arm. "I raised you better than that."

"Yes, Mom," Samuel said rolling his eyes, "so...what are you talking about?"

"Open it," Wendy said patting the cover, "Samuel, when you were born, I knew you were different. The moment you cried out I could feel your magic that lay dormant within your tiny body," she said, her hand ran down her arm covering his hand. Releasing a long sigh, she knew how dangerous he could and would be if given the chance; and how the coven would seek to destroy him if they ever found out. "Now... what I'm about to say it must never leave this house," Wendy said, looking to her son and daughter sternly. "There are times in history were people are born touched," she said patting Samuel's hand, as her tiny hand flipped the pages to the forbidden text. "Some say they bear Hekatê's blessing or deem them as dangerous monster's without a care of how or who they use their magic on," Wendy said looking up at her son, "you, Samuel, are as such," she said matter-of-fact.

"What now?" Samuel asked perplexed. He for one didn't feel any different.

"Samuel," Kelly said blushing, squirming in her seat as they both looked at her. "Charlotte and I had discussed this. There is something strange about your...", she stopped. Her face burning bright red as her mother arched an eyebrow.

"Go on dear," Wendy said patting her leg, "I know full well what my sister and you have been doing with my son."

"Your semen taste overcharged. The power I tasted wasn't like anything I ever experienced."

"Does that include dad's?" Samuel asked cruelly.

"Samuel!" Wendy said her head snapped around, "I know your feelings on the matter. I gave them the okay to do such a thing. You have seen the council. Are you saying you would rather one of them defile your sister? Would you allow those old greedy men to lay their hands on her?" Samuel didn't say a word. The anger he saw in those eyes. There was no doubt she was truly indeed his mother. "Answer me Samuel Ross Goodall!" Samuel felt the shiver

of fear racing up his spine. It was always the same when his mother was about to berate him.

"No, Mom," he sighed heavily, "I wouldn't want her touched like that. At least not by those people," Samuel said hanging his head.

"Then answer me how would you help your sister when she was blooming into her magic as you are now. How would you help her to live? I hope you know by now of the need we have?" Wendy asked scooting closer to her son. "Baby, I knew the moment you found out about them," she said, placing a hand on his forearm. "A mother always knows. I am sorry you had to find out like that. Yet without anyone her age at the time to help her to survive. Your father was the only one able to help your sister. I always protect my babies, as I always protected you," Wendy said patting her children's hands.

"What do you mean...Mom?" Samuel asked it just felt so weird to him. For two years he hadn't heard the sound of her voice, hadn't felt her presence. Yet now after that long dark time to feel her again, listen to her laughter, her anger,

her love. He didn't know what to think, to jump for joy, to yell at his sister for not telling him, shaking his head at that thought. Even if she had Samuel knew he wouldn't have listened.

"Hey! You just can't manhandle me!" Wendy huffed as Samuel picked her up.

"I've missed you so much," Samuel said crying into her left shoulder as he hugged her gently.

"Oh baby," Wendy said softly stroking his hair, "I know how hard it's been on you. It's why I was the one that told your father to leave you be when or if you went off to college before...well you know. I hoped that the distance would keep you out of the council's gaze. It's the same reason I've always drew the sigil on your hand. To keep you hidden. To keep you safe from them. You must understand," Wendy said, pushing back from him placing her hands on his shoulders. "You have no idea the depths of your powers. With a thought you could destroy everything," she said darkly, "so you must learn. You must train. You must...lay with your sister. Only your family can give you what you

need." However, whatever Wendy was about to say next died in her throat as a knock came on the door.

"Ah hell!" Kelly hissed as she peered through the blinds of the window.

"Who is it?" Wendy whispered.

"The council's Enforcer," Kelly sneered. The knock came again yet more forcibly.

"I better go...," Samuel began to say.

"Don't trust the council. Whatever you do, don't show off your powers, at least not yet," Wendy whispered into his ear before placing a kiss on his cheek.

Samuel placed his mother beside him. While he was overjoyed that she was alive albeit in a very strange way. It was difficult to view the child as his mother. "Was his father

going to be the same way?" he asked himself as he rose from his spot.

"Sammy, wait!" Kelly said, jumping from her seat as his hand rested on the doorknob. Her fingers weaved through his hair. Her eyes fluttered as her tongue explored her brother's mouth. "Go to Charlotte's place afterwards, and I'll make sure you'll feel better," she purred as she kiss the tip of his nose.

"Samuel!" Vlad smiled holding his arms open as Samuel got out of the car. "Why haven't you called me man?! A newly awaken witch as yourself is like chum to the ladies here," he laughed heartily as he gave Samuel a one armed hug.

"Been busy," Samuel said in a monotone voice. No matter if he thought he knew Vlad. To Samuel everyone in that house was against him and his family.

"Oh? With what?" Vlad asked arching an eyebrow.

"Taking care of my dad's house while he recovers," Samuel lied. Yet Vlad didn't need to know what he's been up to.

"Oh...I didn't know man," Vlad said apologetically. In truth, he knew all along. He had Samuel's sister on her knees sucking his cock to help heal their father. How he wanted desperately to ram his cock into her cunt. He hoped that he could get Samuel to help with that. It was true they needed fresh blood in the coven, even if it was those that been exiled. It was Eva's and Beth's plan to lure Samuel into a sense of acceptance. Only then would they drain him of everything they could for the coven in the prospects of restoring his family.

"Didn't think you would," Samuel said eyeing him coldly.

"Vladimir! You were told to bring Samuel to me when he arrived! Not having me come out here for the both of you!" The blonde woman Samuel had seen the day before stood on the porch staring down Vlad angrily.

"Sorry Ms. Potters, Samuel and I were catching up and I lost track of time," Vlad laughed innocently as he rubbed the back of his neck.

"Well, Eva needs you," Ms. Potters said nodding towards the door, "why don't you go see what she wants, and I'll take care of Samuel," she said, her pale green eyes falling on Samuel. She was gifted with the ability of foresight. She knew every possibility there was when it came to anyone and everyone she met. It was one of the reasons her family had to constantly move around in her youth. That was until she met Eva. Offering her a place within her coven. Giving her a place that felt safe, and not being hounded by those fearful of her gift. Yet as her eyes fell on Samuel, she sensed nothing about the man. It was like he had no future. That was impossible! Even if someone was dying, she would know. This wasn't that, no, this was like something was blinding her to what fate had in store for the man; and it frightened her to no end.

"Sure thing," Vlad said, keeping his nervousness in check. He wasn't one of her fuck toys which gained more sympathy from her than lower coven members. "I'll see you

later, maybe we'll have lunch here," Vlad said waving at him as he walked away.

"Please follow me," Ms. Potters said gesturing to her right.

Samuel felt like something was off here. Something prickled at his skin. Something dark and sinister. Ever since the encounter with his sister at his grandparents place. Samuel could feel the magic flowing through him and around him. It was sort of like a low lullaby whispering to him. Sweetly calling to him, to dive into its flow, to give into it. Yet he couldn't do that. Not if he wanted to bring whomever it was that was targeting his family to heel. He knew whomever it was wouldn't stop at his father. His aunt or sister could be next.

"So how did you enjoy your orientation yesterday?" Ms. Potters asked looking over her shoulder as she led him towards the greenhouse. It was her private sanctuary. Where she could cast off her mantle as an elder on the council and just be herself. "You may call me Pauline, since we weren't formally introduced yesterday."

"It was alright I guess," Samuel said, his eyes darting to and fro studying everything. "I don't appreciate you sending your goon to my father's or aunt's house."

"He's not a goon!" Pauline said spinning on her heel. Her cheeks heating protective over Patrick--their Enforcer--not for any physical attraction. Yet out of loyalty and the times he had kept them safe. "He is our protector. You should be thankful!"

"For what?" Samuel asked tilting his head to the side.

"For being able to be a part of this coven," Pauline said sternly.

"And I've told you yesterday. Kick me out if you want to, it doesn't matter to me," Samuel said shrugging his shoulders.

"Don't say that!" Pauline gasped. "We have so much to offer you."

"Like what?" Samuel asked quizzically.

"We can help with your schooling. I know you were pulled from your finals to take care of your ailing father," Pauline said stepping closer to him, "that's very admirable Samuel," she said running her hands up his chest. Eva and Beth had told her about the strangeness of his semen. It was their hope that Pauline could find out why that was. "I've read your papers on microorganisms. I too have studied that particular field. Please come with me," Pauline said taking Samuel by the hand. Leading him towards the entrance to the green house. "I may not have a doctorate, but I do have a bachelor's in it. I've talked to your professor, and he was all too happy to allow me to administer his exam on his behalf," she said, leaving out the fact she placed a spell on the man to get him to agree to it.

"Oh?" Samuel said skeptical of her interest in his schooling or the welfare of his father.

"While I am nowhere in your league on the subject," Pauline said blushing, brushing her blonde hair behind her right ear as she closed the door. "I only use my degree to keep our

plants healthy. Not in the way I have read about your ingenious idea of mimicking the polo cancer trials. You must tell me; how did you think of using a virus to attack bacteria?" she said. Feeling her cheeks reddening to a bright hue as they slowly ambled around her greenhouse. While many men always assumed, she was a brainless blonde. She, however, enjoyed academia, she loved discussing new ideas on age old problems.

"When I watched my mother die," Samuel said keeping to the ploy, "For months I watched her waste away. Seeing patients around her becoming infected by germs that should easily be eradicated. Yet due to the overuse of antibiotics throughout the decades. What should be a simple thing to cure now is a nightmare just waiting to happen. Ask yourself what would happen say if Methicillin-resistant Staphylococcus aureus (MRSA) mutated into a strain that could violently bloom. Causing countless infections with no way of fighting it without undergoing amputation. How many people will die because of this simple common accruing bacteria out in the world. Went into survival mode because hospitals practically drenched the rooms in antibacterial cleaning solutions. So now

hospitals use UV lights instead of antibacterial solutions, yet the threat still remains."

"Oh my," Pauline said, "that's a lot for a child to experience so early in life," she said, running her hand down his arm. It was her hope that if she played interested in his theory. That Samuel would lower his guard. Where she would use her gifts to find out just what and who the man would be come. If not, then she would fall back on her physical looks to get a sample of his semen.

"Maybe," Samuel said darkly.

"Though I might not enjoy how you came about this brilliant idea, yet the theory does peak my interest. So how exactly would you target the bacteria with a virus?" Pauline asked bending at her hips inhaling the fragrance of the flowering wormwood.

"Genetically alter the receptors on the virus itself. Modifying them to where they only attack the kill gene within the DNA structure of the bacteria. Then once the infection had been eradicated the virus itself would self-

destruct within two days without a host," Samuel said matter-of-fact. All the while he studied the woman beside him. Something about her seemed off. It was as if she was probing him for an opening that she just couldn't find. Samuel kept his smirk from showing. "However, that's not the only bacteria it can be used on, just the major one the average person is likely to encounter."

"I see," Pauline said, turning her head to look at him. "That's a very intriguing concept, yet could it actually be implemented?"

"Possibly," Samuel nodded. "If they can modify the immune system to fight cancer, I don't see why this would be a hard hurdle to leap," he said shrugging.

"That is true," Pauline mused. Her hands ran along her ass as she rose. Hoping Samuel saw the roundness of it. "So...how about we get this exam of yours out of the way, hmm? I know it's probably been on your mind. I can have it here within a day or two. Would Friday be good for you?"

"Sure," Samuel said, eager to at least put his primary exam behind him.

"Good. Now," Pauline said leaning into Samuel, "I hope Eva and Beth aren't the only ones allowed to have a taste of this," she purred as her hand rubbed Samuel's groin. "I know you must have sex," Pauline cooed as she tugged on his earlobe. "Why not experience what my pussy can give you?" she asked as her fingers lowered the zipper of his pants. Her hand slipping into his denim pants Pauline's eyes lit up evilly as she grasp Samuel's cock. "Doesn't my hand feel sublime wrapped around your cock?" Pauline asked as her lips skimmed along his jaw. "Wouldn't my lips feel even better wrapped around your cock?" she asked smirking sinking down his chest.

Samuel offered no resistance. He knew he had to play along. To allow them to think he was growing to accept them. So he allowed this woman to think he wanted to stick his cock into her. While she and the others might be attractive. His aunt and sister made his blood boil. However wrong that maybe, Samuel wasn't about to die a very messy death. Going through the motions as Pauline looked up at him as she swallowed his cock. He needed to work his spell.

Samuel needed to end this threat before the solstice. He had no wish for anyone to know other than his family what he truly was. If they were even half of what he expected, then none could be trusted with that information.

"Did you enjoy your blow job?" Pauline asked running her tongue up the back of his cock. If she could get him to cum inside of her then she'll have all the material she needed to test it. "Feel like sliding this cock inside my wet pussy?" she asked rising along his body. Spinning around rubbing her ass against his cock before lifting her dress. Reaching between her legs as she pushed aside her panties. Her grip tightened around the metal frame of the corrugated table. Peering down at the diamond shaped holes to allow water to drain away, as she eased his cock into her neglected cunt. It had been years' since she actually had a man inside of her. Yet as the head of his cock penetrated her mound. Pauline felt a ripple of pleasure rolling across her body. Yelping as Samuel thrust the entirety of his cock into her. "Oh fuck! Oh yes!" Pauline moaned lustfully as her folds squeezed his rod. Her body trembled, her cunt quivered as Samuel shook his cock side to side within her canal.

"Fuck me Samuel!" Pauline begged as she peered back at him. "Fuck me so hard that I feel you deep inside of me for a week!"

Sweat glistened on his forehead as Samuel left the greenhouse an hour later. Leaving Pauline laying naked in a puddle of her own juices on the concrete floor. While deep inside of that woman, Samuel had begun to chant his own spell within his mind. He thought it was only fitting on using them to find out who was truly behind all of this. Also he placed Pauline underneath his own spell. Controlling her mind for a short time as to why the council truly wanted him. Once he had gotten what he needed adding another to give the woman the largest orgasm she ever had, with a spell to erase everything she remembered during her time underneath his spell. All she would remember was the hard fucking and the explosive orgasm, or so he hoped anyway.

Samuel knew he couldn't leave just yet. No. That would look bad and draw suspicion towards him. He couldn't allow anyone to figure out just what he was up to. So playing along if anyone saw him thinking he was just a new member wandering the grounds to get a feel for the place. Entering the courtyard, Samuel gazed upon the new altar.

Something about it felt wrong. It felt like that polished piece of granite didn't belong. That what should be standing in its place of the usurper was that ancient altar he had fucked Eva and Beth on.

"So you're the new guy, huh?" came a feminine voice from across the courtyard. Her black combat boots thumped along the brick pavers. Her purposely torn black pantyhose clung tightly to her pale legs. Her leather mini skirt did little to hide her teenage mound. Her fishnet shirt overlaid her black bra as her leather jacket opened as the woman stepped out from behind the pillar. "I've heard about you," she said twisting a blow pop sucker between her crimson painted lips. A devilish smirk graced her lips as she slowly pushed it into her mouth. Licking its side as her dark eye shadow highlighted her blue eyes.

"All good things I hope," Samuel said politely.

"Some very interesting things," she cooed her eyes flickering down quickly then back up. Her hand trailed along the brick pillar as she sashayed within the shadows of the overhang. Smirking coyly at Samuel, as his eyes

followed after her. Her tongue circling around the sweet candy. Her hands gently sliding the jacket from her shoulders to rest within the nooks of her elbows. Showing off her 32C cup breasts as they jiggled with each step as she stepped onto the path that led to the altar. "So is it true?" she purred as her hips swayed, her long raven hair drifted on the breeze as she approached Samuel.

"Is what true?" Samuel asked curious as to what has been said about him.

"That you use sex magic," she said her tongue flicking against her teeth.

"Yes..." Samuel said, watching how the woman walked around him. "What of it?"

"Can you use it with anyone, or do you need someone in particular?" she whispered lustfully into his ear pressing her teenage body against his.

"Annabeth!" Her eyes flicked over at Eva as Annabeth peered over Samuel's left shoulder. "Go put some damn clothes on!" Eva said glaring angrily at her daughter.

"I bet you'd like to see me without any wouldn't you?" Annabeth whispered seductively into his ear, smirking at her mother's annoyance when she pressed her body tighter to Samuel. "I bet you'd rather have a hot, tight, fuckable teen riding this cock," she said in a wanton purr. Her hand rubbing along Samuel's cock as she toyed with her mother. "Than that old cunt when my pussy hasn't been touched in ways hers has."

"Now Annabeth!" Eva growled.

"Think about it," Annabeth purred her tongue teasing his ear giving Samuel's cock a gentle squeeze before slipping around him. "Hmpf!" she snorted as she walked passed her mother.

"Sorry about that Samuel," Eva said, her hazel eyes ran down Samuel's back seeing how his aura had expanded since yesterday. "She has been rather...impulsive as of late,"

she said stepping out of the shadow of the overhang. Samuel kept his rather sarcastic retort to himself, as he turned to look at her. He didn't think mouthing off to Eva would end well. At least not when he hadn't the answers he needed yet. "I hope she didn't make you think all we want from you is sex?" Eva said blushing as she stepped beside him.

"Does that matter? Apparently, I need it to live," Samuel said shrugging his shoulders, "where and how I get it from doesn't seem to be an issue," he said offhandedly, knowing it was a lie. Yet Eva and the others didn't need to know that. He wasn't about to let slip that only his female family members could ever truly give him what he needed. No. Samuel was never going to let that tidbit escape his lips.

"Well...", Eva said biting her lip. The fucking he had given her yesterday was the best she had ever experienced. She wondered if it was because he was a true sex witch, instead of like the others that partake in the coven. People like him were extraordinarily rare among the magic users. It was her wish to ensure Samuel never left them. It was why she had ordered Pauline to get his teacher to agree by any means necessary for Samuel to take his exam. They needed

Samuel focused on the coven not some silly college. "You know I'm more than happy to provide for you. I know you need sex more so then anyone could possibly know. I also know what's at stake for you if you don't get what you need," Eva said snuggling up to Samuel. Her 38DD breasts enveloped Samuel's arm. She could feel her nipples hardening. Cutting against the fabric of her high dollar shirt. Eva couldn't remember the last time her husband made her this horny. "So how about I show you around the manor since you left so early yesterday?"

"Alright," Samuel said checking the time on his phone, "it can only be for an hour, though. I need to get back to my father's place," he said pocketing his phone.

"My, aren't you a good son," Eva cooed her fingers skimming along his ear. "well, then shall..."

"Eva!" Beth's voice rang out.

"Fucking god damn it! I was so close too!" Samuel heard her mutter under her breath.

"There you are!" Beth said stepping out into the courtyard, "we need you in the office...", her voice stilling as her eyes fell on Samuel. "Hi Samuel," she said waving shyly. She had no idea he was within the manor. If she had known Beth would have hidden him away for her own little fun.

"What is it that can't wait a damn hour!" Eva growled. Ever since last night her labia had yet to stop throbbing for something long and hard gliding through them.

"The catering company is having issues with our order for this weekend's event," Beth said plainly. Her eyes running down Samuel's chest before her tongue teased the tip of her lip as she gazed longingly at his groin.

"Damn it!" Eva huffed, "I'm sorry Samuel it seems I must take care of this," she said apologetically.

"I can..."

"No, you're helping me clean up this mess," Eva said narrowing her eyes at her friend. If she wasn't going to be fucked today neither was Beth.

"Don't worry Mom, I'll make sure Samuel's shown around," Annabeth said smirking mischievously.

"Nothing more than that Annabeth. He's our fuck toy, you hear me?!" Eva hissed low.

"Sure, sure," Annabeth said waving off her mother. What her mother didn't know wouldn't hurt her. She had studied the tomes that detailed those that practiced the art of sex magic. Try as they might there was always something missing when they tried. After a few dozen failed attempts the coven closed the book on the matter. Even those her age have tried to experience sex magic, and they too failed in their quest. Now, however, here stood a true sex witch, and Annabeth was determined to experience what they could truly do. She knew how powerful his mother and father had made the coven before their excommunication. She wanted a taste of that power for herself. Annabeth didn't see why her mother got all the neat toys to herself. "So we meet

again, Samuel," Annabeth cooed seductively, "you don't mind if I show you around, do you?" she asked her alluring slender hips swayed lasciviously as she sauntered along the path.

"No," Samuel said keeping his thoughts to himself, "although I do thank you for your intervention," he said low so not to be overheard.

"Oh?!" Annabeth said, her eyes lightening up at the prospects of stealing her mother's toy away from her. "I take it you're not fond of my mother's methods?" she asked looping her arm around his leading him toward the east wing entrance.

"Not entirely," Samuel admitted.

"Yet you enjoyed fucking her, didn't you?" Annabeth whispered hungrily into his ear. "How about you ram that fucking cock into me and show me what a sex witch can do. We both know you have no interest in exploring this dump. Although mother would know if I slacked on that," she said tapping her chin in thought, "so how about this," Annabeth

said pulling Samuel close, so he could feel the heat of her body, "we do a quick run-down and then you fuck me senseless." Annabeth led Samuel around the east wing in record time. She wasn't about to take him to the west wing. Not when it was where the administration part of the Historical Society (Cover for their coven and a means to legally earn money from their deeds.) She didn't want Samuel anywhere near her mother. Not when she knew the perfect place to experience Samuel's magic. "This way," Annabeth whispered her finger beckoning him as she pushed on the hidden door. While most knew of the secret passageways that were built-in to the manor for the Underground Railroad. However, this particular passageway only she knew about. As the door closed encasing them in total darkness. A red-orange flame flickered to life in the palm of Annabeth's hand. The flickering flame cast her face in an eerie shadows as she looked back at Samuel.

"Relax Samuel," Annabeth cooed sweetly as she noticed his intense stare at the flame, "I'm a fire user, I'd never allow my flames to harm you," she smirked into the darkness as she led them deeper into the manor.

"What is this place?" Samuel asked looking upwards squinting his eyes to make out the second floor studs.

"I don't know what it once was," Annabeth said, turning towards him as she stood on the landing between the first floor and the basement. "I, however, use it to get away from all that," she said, pointing to the floor above her. "Plus we can't fuck up there without them hearing us,"

Annabeth said with a coy smirk, "I can't wait," she said reaching out for his wrist. Dragging Samuel behind her as they descend into a field stone foundation rectangular room. The air was cool and slightly stale as Annabeth snapped her fingers igniting the dry wicks of the opaque beeswax candles that lined the built-in stone shelves. Books new and very old were strewn across the table in front of the futon. Samuel watched as Annabeth tossed her jacket across the room onto the old worn wooden chair. Reaching behind her back, Annabeth peered over her left shoulder as the zipper of her mini skirt lowered.

Her left foot sent her skirt flying landing on top of her jacket. Bending at her hips, knowing how her labia were

showing through her pantyhose as she untied her boots. Her muscles rippled, a gasp escaped her lips as she felt Samuel's finger parting her womanhood. Grabbing hold of her shins as Samuel found her round bud.

"Oh god!" Annabeth squeaked. She couldn't believe she had just come so quickly. Normally, it took ten minutes for Vlad to get her off with his mouth. "Was this his doing?" she asked herself. "Was this what sex witches could do at a touch? Is this why her mother wanted Samuel to herself?"

"So you want to experience sex magic?" Samuel said coldly as he ran his finger up and down Annabeth's wet slit.

"Yes, please!" Annabeth said with shaky breath.

"Turn around then," Samuel said, removing his hand from her mound as he backed away.

Annabeth kicked her boots off. Quickly turning around, her chest heaved as the wet spot spread along the crotch of her pantyhose. Biting her lip wondering what else was in store

for her. Holding her hands in front of her to hide how excited she was.

"So is sex with me on all the lips of this coven?" Samuel asked as the hem of his shirt rose of his stomach.

"Mmmhmm," Annabeth nodded vehemently as she stared hungrily at his muscles as Samuel pulled his shirt over his head. Quickly following suit, reaching behind her back unclasping her bra as her shirt lined the floor.

"Why?" Samuel asked watching as her bra pulled away revealing her perky teenage breasts. Those hard light brown buttons rose above quarter size areolas.

"Well, because...what you can do alone is something it takes ten of us to preform," Annabeth said, her eyes darting to his hands as he unbuttoned his pants then to his face. She couldn't wait to get her legs around him, to feel him surging through her wet cunt.

"You do realize that only I can perform such magic?"

"Yes...", Annabeth said closing the distance between them, "I understand that, yet that doesn't mean I can't benefit from your spell now does it?" she asked slipping her hand into his underwear. Since she was fourteen, she knew how to work a man's tool. "You like that don't you?" Annabeth asked her hand slowly stroking his cock as her other hand ran up his chiseled chest. "Tell me what I need to do, and I'll do it. I want you to enjoy this, so that maybe you'll wish to fuck me every time you're here," she said, playfully biting his chin as Samuel tilted his head back.

"Take this off," Samuel moaned as her hand worked his cock masterfully as he pulled her pantyhose away from her hips.

"With pleasure," Annabeth cooed. Backing away from Samuel, she wanted him to see all that she could offer him. She wanted to out place her overbearing mother as the head of the council. Annabeth knew if Samuel was just one tenth of what the text described then even her mother wouldn't be able to stand against her. Her hand ran along her bare dancefloor. She didn't want any hair to distract

from her tight mound. "My body awaits you, Samuel," Annabeth said, holding out her arms at her side displaying her body to him. She watched as Samuel's pants and underwear fell to the floor. The bouncing of his cock hypnotized her as Samuel approached her. "O-o-oh!" Annabeth moaned as Samuel ran his finger through her moist lips.

Samuel smirked sinfully as he drew the sigil above Annabeth's cunt. It was the same one he had used on Pauline. It was one of the few he had quickly stored to memory yesterday. Arching an eyebrow when he saw the dull red flash as the sigil was completed. Adding one to himself to keep from cumming too soon. Samuel wanted this teenager begging for release.

"Are we ready?" Annabeth asked looking down at her snatch. She wondered why he drew on her skin. "Was that how they used magic? If so, just what did he do?" she asked herself wondering why he needed to use her hot juices.

"Yes," Samuel nodded.

"Good," Annabeth purred before assaulting his lips. Her fingers weaved through his brown hair her right hand pressing against the back of his head, so he wouldn't be able to pull away. While her left hand stroked his hard cock. Her thumb softly kneading the back of the head of his cock. Playing ever so coyly with the bead of pre-cum, her eyes flew wide in surprise as a new wave of slickness surged down her canal. "Oh god! Oh fuck! Yes!" Annabeth screamed out as the biggest orgasm racked her body. Collapsing into Samuel's arms, she was at a loss. "What the fuck is happening?! Samuel hasn't even touched my pussy yet! How the fuck did I just cum?! Why is it I can feel another building?!" she asked herself as she tried to regain strength in her legs. Yet as she looked up there was something unsettling about that smirk of his.

"You did wish to experience sex magic," Samuel said balefully.

"But...", Annabeth said struggling for breath, "you haven't done anything yet."

"Haven't I?" Samuel asked amused at her widening eyes. "Now I'm going to fuck you hard," he said spinning her around, "that is what you wanted isn't it?" Samuel whispered coldly into her right ear. Pushing Annabeth forward onto the futon. Roughly spreading her legs, pivoting her ass just so, the slaps along her ass cheeks echoed against the walls of that dark room.

"No please," Annabeth said her lip quivering, "be gentle..." A gasped escaped her lips as Samuel ran the head of his cock through her lips. "Oh fuck!" she yelled out as Samuel thrust hard into her.

"You like that cock buried deep inside of you?" Samuel asked as he reached up taking hold of Annabeth's hair.

"Oh fuck yes! Pound that cock into my pussy!" Annabeth moaned lustfully as Samuel's cock hammered into her tight wet cunt.

"Samuel! I thought you'd be gone by now?" Eva asked checking her watch which read eleven o'clock. Wondering

why she couldn't find him for the past hour if he was indeed within the manor.

"Was just leaving," Samuel said, turning around as his hand rested on the door handle.

"Aww, but can't you stay for a little bit longer," Eva pouted trying to get him to stay.

"Sorry can't," Samuel said smirking mischievously as the door opened, "your daughter has kept me rather busy for the past two hours," he said, keeping his mirth contained at Eva's twitching eye. Eva cursed underneath her breath as the door closed, then she heard the sound of boots along the hardwood floor. Turning to her left in time to see her daughter's disheveled state: her wild and messy hair, her staggering gait as her jacket slipped from her left shoulder. Noticing that her daughter wasn't wearing those atrocious pantyhose. Her nostrils flared as her daughter neared catching the fresh scent of a man's seed, her eyes narrowing dangerously seeing the vast residue covering her face, her exposed chest, and the few globs of Samuel's semen in her hair.

"Just what have you been doing?!" Eva growled angrily.

"Receiving the best fucking of my life," Annabeth said smirking triumphantly at her mother, "oh, how he pounded my pussy like nothing you'll ever experience," she said. Lifting up the front of her skirt, running her fingers through her sore throbbing lips. Coating them in Samuel still warm seed. Her blue eyes flashed evilly as she sucked her fingers clean. "I do wonder mother," Annabeth said cruelly, "if you'll ever ride that cock of his again. Now that Samuel's had a taste of my tight pussy. Oh, how he pounded and pounded me making me cum twenty times," she said taunting her mother as she walked passed her.

"Fuck!" Eva yelled out in frustration. Annabeth's laughter could be heard drifting down the hallway.

Samuel sighed heavily as he entered the apartment attached to his aunt's cottage. Hanging his head as he leaned against the door. Samuel just couldn't believe he had come so much. Completely drenching that girl, nor how Annabeth begged for more as his cum dripped from her

face and breasts. Although he did hope his ploy was working. His hand covering his face feeling the need burning through him. His cobalt blue eyes glowed ominously as he peered through his fingers. It would appear to him that only his family could truly banish it for a time.

"Finally!" Samuel's head quickly snapped to the side at the sound of his sister's voice. "We've been waiting," Kelly said, her finger's traced up her aunt's naked thigh.

"Yes, we have," Charlotte purred as she gazed hungrily at Samuel while she teased Kelly's clit.

"Sammy," Kelly said getting to her knees, "come fuck us," she cooed spreading her legs, her fingers running through her wet lips.

"Yes Samuel," Charlotte purred pressing her chest against Kelly's back. Her arms coming around Kelly's waist, her hands skimming up Kelly's stomach before cradling her breasts. "Take that cock out and fuck us," she said lustfully as her tongue flicked against her teeth. Instantly, he felt his

body hardening as his eyes ran down his sister's naked body.

"Let me take a shower first, then we'll get to that," Samuel said, his hand waving down Kelly's body.

"No," Charlotte pouted shaking her head, her breasts swaying as she crawled towards him. "We can smell them Samuel," she said, reaching out her fingers hooking onto his belt loop pulling him towards the bed.

"Silly women," Kelly giggled as she crawled beside her aunt. Her taut ass wiggled in the air eager to feel her brother's hands on her skin. "To think that they could ever give you what you need," she said, reaching out her hand ran up and down his crotch.

"Yes, to think those coven bitches could ever be like us," Charlotte said salaciously as she unzipped his fly. "Wait. We need this cleaned," she said, her nose wiggling at the smell of dry pussy juice.

"Yes, I agree. We can't have my sweet brother's cock soiled any longer by those women," Kelly purred as her fingers skimmed along the underside of Samuel's cock while Charlotte walked hurriedly towards the bathroom. "Samuel," her voice dripped with sin as her hands ran up his chest. Her nipples grew hard as she knelt in front of her brother. "Please, tell me you didn't enjoy fucking them?" Kelly asked feeling his cock growing upwards along her stomach.

"Of course not, it's only a means of studying my enemy," Samuel said. His hand cupping his sister's left breast, his thumb rolled along her harden nipple.

"Yes, Samuel! I love it when you touch me!" Kelly cried out wantonly.

"I hope your sister isn't the only one worthy of your touch," Charlotte pouted as she stood at Samuel's side. Twisting the damp wash cloth in her hands as her eyes zeroed on his hand that covered Kelly's breast.

"I was waiting for you, Charlotte," Samuel said coyly. Charlotte's body shuddered as Samuel palmed her right breast. "I can't wait to feel this tit at it's prime," he teased as he gently squeezed his aunt's 36D breast.

"Soon baby soon," Charlotte moaned, "now..." she panted for breath. "Let's get this cleaned up," Charlotte said, running the soapy damp cloth up and down Samuel's shaft. "Kelly, if you would," she said tossing the wash cloth into the hamper.

"Rise, Rise upon thy head," Kelly chanted leaning over his cock. Her magic infused saliva slowly trickling onto his shaft. "Restore what is spent and ease the pain away," she said low, her hand working along his rod to rub her saliva into his skin. She knew his stamina would be low. His balls would be aching due to the women of the coven unable to keep their hands off of her brother. "How does that feel Samuel?" Kelly asked peering up, falling into those cobalt eyes of his.

"Better," Samuel sighed in relief.

"Good," Charlotte said sneakily taking his cock from Kelly. Inhaling his tool as she knelt on the floor. Her hazel eyes smirked at her niece's huff.

"Oh fuck, Charlotte," Samuel hissed in pleasure.

"No fair," Kelly pouted crossing her arms as she popped down onto the bed.

"The early bird gets the worm," Charlotte teased as her tongue ran up the back of Samuel's cock.

"Oh yeah?!" Kelly said smirking evilly rising to her aunt's challenge. Flopping on to her beck, her head dangled off the foot of the bed. Allowing her mouth and throat to line up perfectly. "Samuel, throat fuck your sister," she said tapping her chin. Watching as Charlotte drew a sigil above Samuel's pubic area.

"Give it to her baby," Charlotte said kissing the head of his cock.

Kelly guided her brother's cock to her mouth. Reaching down her fingers dipping into her canal coating them in her hot juice. Drawing her own sigil above Charlotte's knowing what the light orange glowing glyph meant. It was to ensure that Samuel would remain hard no matter how many times he came. While her light blue glyph meant his body and his balls wouldn't ache after producing the volumes of cum, they were going to demand.

"Now fucking cum down my throat," Kelly growled before Samuel thrust his cock into her mouth. Kelly breathed in-between thrust as his cock stretched out her throat. Watching her brother's balls as they struck rapidly on her face. She tried not to sneeze as his pubic hair tickled her nose.

"Well, since Kelly is indisposed, I think this is the perfect time to get that pussy wet," Charlotte said mischievously as she crawled between her niece's legs.

Kelly's eyes flew wide, a high pitched squeal escaped around Samuel's cock as Charlotte sucked hungrily on her cunt. Her eyes lost focus as Samuel reached out his fingers

pinching her nipples giving them a tug as her 38B cup breasts lifted off her chest. Wincing in pain as Samuel twisted her sore nipples. Her hand slapped his, her finger wagging at Samuel. She might enjoy some roughness. Twisting her already sore nipples that was a no no.

"Fuck...sis I'm going to cum," Samuel grunted shoving his cock down her throat to its base.

Kelly's tongue swirled around his shaft as his oversensitive cock eased out of her mouth. Kelly could feel the power surging through her as his cum settled into her stomach. She knew how powerful the coven was when they were a part of it. Yet as that ancient magic flowed through her veins, she knew one thing. They no longer needed the coven. Samuel, to her surprise, was strong enough on his own to remake the world around him. At first, she was apprehensive about taking them on, as she looked up into those glowing cobalt eyes. Kelly knew not one of them would survive once they had taken their vengeance upon those that wished to harm her family. Turning her body around so her tight cunt was pointing at her brother. She knew his need wasn't sated just yet, neither was hers.

"Sammy, baby, get up here and fuck your aunt's cunt. It's been awful lonely since you left this morning," Charlotte said. Peering behind her as she straddled Kelly's body, her hand spreading her ass cheek open to show Samuel how wet her paradise was. A wave of unbridled pleasure rippled across her body as Samuel eased her cock into her wet snatch. She never experienced anything like it before. It was as if Samuel's very touch could ignite every nerve in her body. Her hands curled around the comforter as Samuel pounded her cunt. "Oh fuck! Yes, Samuel, fuck your aunt. She needs that dick!" Charlotte moaned sensuously.

"Don't forget about me," Kelly pouted peering over Charlotte's right shoulder. Her back arched unexpectedly as audacious euphoria flooded her body. Her magic shimmered in her eyes as that ancient connection was restored once again. "Yes Sammy! Fuck me! Fuck your sister!" Kelly howled as she held onto her aunt.

"Oh god! Even your fingers are magical!" Charlotte moaned lewdly as Samuel inserted two of his fingers into her hot pussy. Then she felt it. Something that she had only read

about in her parents library when she was a child herself. Normally, for her and Kelly it was a subtle sensation, yet what was happening within that room was unworldly. Charlotte could feel the ebb and flow of the will of the arcane as it swirled around that room. So thick in the air she could feel it's substance as her hand passed through it. Peering back at her nephew, her eyes going wide at how those glowing eyes of his seemed to swirl in the magic that dwelled within him.

"Fuck yes!" Charlotte and Kelly moaned out in unison as they came. Charlotte collapsed onto her niece as her explosive orgasm left her weak. Rolling off her niece, she knew they're need was satisfied, yet her lust wasn't by any means. Peering under her arm as she tried to catch her breath as Samuel continued his assault on his sister's cunt. Watching his aura pulsate, expanding, growing at a rate that was unheard of as Samuel's will connected to arcane. She knew it was time to use that spell. With the magic so thick in the room Charlotte knew this would be the last time she needed to perform that particular spell.

"Baby," Charlotte said, rising off the bed propping herself up by her left arm. A chill ran down her body as those

glowing eyes flickered up at her. "It's time. Will you help me?" she asked blushing as his eyes softened.

"Of course," Samuel said, his head reeled back as some unearthly sound echoed within his voice. "Why does my voice sound so...creepy?" he asked perplexed as his hand rested over his vocal cords.

"It's because of who you are," Kelly said gazing lovingly up at her brother, "your body is so in tune with the will of magic right now it is speaking through you as you are to us," she said. Her hands explored his chest she would never grow tired of feeling Samuel's cock buried deep within her. "You are it's herald, as well as it is your master. Now while I hate to detach myself from you, baby brother. However, the future mother of your child needs you," Kelly said sadly. She had always hoped it would be her carrying his child, yet that was never meant to be. Although that didn't stop her from hoping that Samuel would get her pregnant.

"Please, lay down on the bed, Samuel," Charlotte said sweetly. While she wanted to have that cock back inside of her. Her spell required her to have Samuel to drink down

her juices. However, she knew she would be riding his hard throbbing cock later, and she wouldn't have to share it. She loved her niece, yet Charlotte enjoyed being alone with Samuel. It was one of the reason's they agreed to limit three ways with him. So that each of them didn't have to fight for his affections. Her hand ran up and down his body as Samuel rested on his back. "If you would Kelly," Charlotte said, looking forlorn at her nephew's cock just wanting to return it to her cunt.

"Anything special I need to do?" Kelly asked as she positioned herself over Samuel's manhood.

"Yes," Charlotte nodded as she positioned her mound above Samuel's mouth. "While normally this is a solo act, it will still work with another. I need you to hold his seed in when he ejaculates. Then when he does hurry off of his cock and stand above me. There's a limited time in which his seed will be potent enough for the spell to work."

"I understand," Kelly nodded waiting for her aunt to begin her spell. Negating the glyphs that already adorned

Samuel's body. Remaining still as Charlotte drew the sigil needed for her spell on their bodies.

"Turn, turn, upon thy head," Charlotte began to chant as she lowered herself onto Samuel's mouth. Kelly slowly lowered herself onto his rod trying to remain as quiet as she could. "Ten by two the epoch shall recede," biting her lip as Samuel's tongue parted her lips. Kelly's eyes flew wide in shock as Samuel's cock doubled in size.

"Oh fuck yes!" Kelly hissed softly so not to interrupt her aunt. She never thought it was possible, her brother wasn't like any ordinary witch. It felt to her as if magic was filling up his cock as Charlotte continued her chant.

"Blind time and take away his gifts," Charlotte moaned as she felt her womb quivering madly. Jealousy rose in her mind as she watched Kelly ride that pole. Gasping as small blue luminous balls began to materialize all around the room. She noticed her niece was just as surprised as she was. Gooseflesh rose over her skin as she felt Samuel's magic surging forth. "Here and now by ten by two the shaver shall appear." What happened next took even Charlotte by

surprised. It seemed like Kelly and herself were at Samuel's mercy, as his body responded to the primal call of her magic.

"Oh god! Yes! Fuck yes! Samuel fuck me with that fat cock!" Kelly howled as Samuel's hips pumped hammering his cock upwards into her cunt.

"Oh god damn!" Charlotte tossed her head back as his tongue assaulted her womanhood in ways, she thought were impossible. "Oh god yes! Make me cum baby! Make this bitch howl!" Charlotte didn't know if Kelly felt it, although as she looked at her niece it appeared, she did. They glanced nervously out the corner of their eyes as Samuel's magic reached its apex. The primal energies that had been called forth popped and hissed as their orgasms neared.

"Oh god! It's so hot!" Kelly moaned as her brother's seed shot towards her womb feeling it to the brim.

"Quickly Kelly!"

Kelly braced herself on the wall to keep herself upright. She hasn't been fuck so splendidly before. She had no idea what just happened, but she wanted more. Never before had she felt such raw magic. The way it touched her, filled her, energized her. "Here you go auntie," Kelly said presenting her sore, throbbing, very satisfied cunt to Charlotte. Kelly bit her lip as Charlotte assaulted her mound. Charlotte's tongue dug through her canal as she released her hold on Samuel's cum. Kelly felt her aunt swallowing quickly before the time ran out. She stared in awe as she watched the spell take hold on her aunt's body. Then annoyance flooded her mind when the spell crumbled away. Leaving her aunt looking younger than she was. "Ah come on!" Kelly moaned stomping into the living room.

"Umm...what's going on?" Samuel asked confused still underneath his aunt.

"Oh nothing," Charlotte giggled as she moved off of his face.

"Charlotte...," Samuel said in awe as he stared at his aunt. She appeared to be around twenty-two, now he could see why his sister was annoyed.

"Yes, Samuel," Charlotte purred as she leaned over her nephew.

"You're beautiful," Samuel said, running his hand through her raven hair. Charlotte took hold of his hand placing a kiss on his palm.

"Thank you, baby, this wouldn't have been possible without you, and I'm glad you're taking this seriously," Charlotte said, placing his hand on her youthful left breast. "Now how does that tit feel like now?" she asked smirking mischievously.

"Firm, full, eager to have someone suck on it," Samuel said matching his aunt's smile.

"What about me Samuel?" Kelly asked standing in the doorway. Her hands fidgeted at her side. She had always

been self-conscious when it came to her aunt. Even at forty she was stunning now; however, Charlotte was drop dead gorgeous, and now she feared losing her brother to her. "Am I still beautiful?" she asked trying to keep her voice from trembling.

"Of course, you always were Kelly," Samuel said unaware of his sister's fears.

"Oh Samuel!" Kelly cried out rushing to him. Falling onto the bed wrapping her arms around her brother.

"If I made you feel...underrated," Charlotte said, caressing Kelly's right cheek as she brushed her other against her brother's chest. "I never meant too."

"I know, but auntie you're so beautiful. I just don't want to lose Samuel," Kelly said, tears reamed her eyes as she glanced up at her aunt.

"Oh sweetheart. I would never keep your brother from you, never," Charlotte said shaking her head, "we both love him,"

she said lowering herself down onto the bed, placing her cheek on Samuel's chest. Looking her niece in the eye as they lay nose to nose. "If you ever feel left out you speak up, okay sweetheart?"

"Okay," Kelly said choking back her sob.

"You know I'm still here, right?" Samuel grumbled while he wasn't complaining about the two hot naked women pressing their bodies against him. He just wished they included him in on the conversation.

"Oh, we know," Kelly giggled.

"You're just going to have to get use to us speaking like this," Charlotte said resting her chin on his chest, "all three of us will be living with each other very soon. So you, my young, handsome, delicious man better get used to sharing a bed with two women."

"Umm...what about college?"

"Sammy, please stay here," Kelly pleaded snuggling up to him, "I don't care if you have to take a longer course to graduate, but please don't leave us, not now."

"Yes, Samuel," Charlotte said pressing her breasts into him, "commute to college you know we have the money to make that happen. We'll get you a new car, so you don't have to worry about breakdowns, and I'll make sure you have a good breakfast and dinner waiting for you."

"And when it's bed time you'll have us to relieve the stress from school," Kelly said, her hand lavishing along his chest.

"Promises, promises," Samuel teased.

"Samuel, will you walk me home?" Kelly asked after they all had a light lunch to restore the energy they had expended. Leaning against the doorframe, she watched her brother as he sat on the edge of his bed deep in thought. She didn't know what was on his mind. Was it because in under eight days he was going to become the father of their father; or was it because of what they experienced during that blissful encounter half an hour ago? She just couldn't tell. Kelly

hoped Samuel would open up to her about it. Maybe she could help him in some way.

"Sure," Samuel said looking up. His mind in a state of flux. Everything was happening so quickly. Was he ready to be a father? What was that strangeness he had encountered hilt deep inside his sister? Was that always going to happen? Could he not subdue it? Would it eventually take over? All these questions ran through his mind as he rose from his bed.

"Sammy," Kelly said, her hands running up his chest as she stepped closer to her brother. "I don't know what's going on inside that brain of yours. I hope you know you can talk to me about anything. I am foremost your sister, and I want the best for you. That's always been the case, so when you feel like talking, I'll be here to listen," she said lightly kissing his lips.

"I've always wanted to do this with you," Kelly said sweetly, as she snuggled up to her younger brother as they took the back way to their childhood home. Sighing in content as her fingers interweaved with his, her lips softly kissing his

shoulder as she felt a light squeeze on her hand. "Sammy, can we go dancing tonight, just the two of us?" Kelly asked pulling her brother to a stop underneath the old elm tree behind old man Grover's house.

"Wasn't that just a ploy to have sex with me?" Samuel asked arching an eyebrow.

"Yes," Kelly admitted feeling her cheeks heat, "but Samuel you did enjoy having sex with me?"

"Yes...," Samuel said reluctantly.

"Then," Kelly said closing the distance between them, "you won't have a problem taking your sister dancing, now would you?" she asked her eyes glowed in her mischievousness.

"But I can't dance sis," Samuel sighed in exasperation.

"Don't worry baby," Kelly said. Her words dripped in her lust. "Your sweet older sister will show you what to do," she said, the tip of her tongue ran up the septum to the tip of his nose. "So will you?" Kelly asked her hand softly rubbing her brother's groin.

"Alright," Samuel sighed.

"Good," Kelly said, smiling wickedly as she pulled her brother along. Her ass swayed as she led the way to her home. "Now why don't you be a good boy and paint the shed," she said sensuously, as she pushed Samuel towards the shed as they arrived at her place. Kelly ran into the house, dashing to her room, her shirt rising quickly along her chest.

"Kelly? What's going on?" Wendy asked waking up from her nap. Arching an eyebrow as she watched her daughter's bra fly across the room.

"Samuel is outside," Kelly said wiggling out of her pants.

"So? That doesn't mean you have to wake me, and I was having a nice dream too," Wendy pouted as her hands rested on the railing of her crib.

"Sorry Mom," Kelly said apologetically as she threw open her dresser drawer.

"Kelly?" Victor called out as he limped down the hall.

"Yeah, Dad," Kelly answered as her pink bikini bottoms slid up her legs.

"Is Samuel here?" Victor asked eager to see his son. His eyes ran down his daughter's chest remembering when she use to call out his name.

"Of course Victor. Have you ever seen our daughter so rushed before?" Wendy asked giggling. "Well, since someone woke me up, we might as well go outside and see our baby boy," she said holding up her arms as Kelly tied her top.

"Yes, excellent choice don't forget her sunscreen," Victor said hobbling towards the rear door.

"Yes, Dad," Kelly said rolling her eyes.

"Don't do that," Wendy said smacking her daughter's arm, "your father is just eager to see Samuel, as am I," she said, as Kelly put on the sun hat on her tiny head.

"Sam, you know how to use that?" Kelly heard her father asked as she stepped outside.

"Yes, Dad. This isn't the first time I've painted this shed." Kelly could almost feel her brother's eyes rolling.

"Good. Good. Do you think we'll have enough paint? You and I could always go to the hardware store," Victor said eager to spend time with his son.

"Hey Sammy," Kelly said her bare feet gliding along the freshly cut grass, "someone wanted to see you," she said,

watching how Samuel placed the roller back into the tray. Her heart fluttered as the gentle sea breeze tugged at his hair, the way the afternoon sun shone along his bare chest.

"Hold me," Wendy said holding out her arms, "that's a good boy," she whispered into his ear as he held her in his arms.

"I think we might have enough, Dad," Samuel said, eyeing his mother out of the corner of his eye, "but if you want, we can go get another gallon."

"No," Wendy said shaking her head, "it's been too long since we all were together," she said patting his chest. "Now you get to work, and we'll have snacks when you're done," Wendy said as Kelly took her into her arms.

"I'll try not to distract you too much," Kelly winked at him as Victor walked to the hammock. Looking over her shoulder hoping he was watching as she laid Wendy down beside her father. Her fingers ran along the edge on her bottom's pulling it to the side slightly flashing her pink lips at him.

"So," Samuel said, taking a sip of his lemonade after he had finished painting the shed. His chest speckled in green paint as he sat in the lawn chair. "Why didn't the two of you ever tell me?"

"Samuel," Victor said, his breath labored he knew his time was running out. "Your mother and I thought it best you didn't. Once you acknowledge your magic everyone will be able to sense it. That is how and why the coven sent for you. You must be weary of them."

"Oh, I know all I need to about them," Samuel said darkly.

"What do you mean Sammy?" Wendy asked as she sat beside Victor. She could feel his life force slipping away. She prayed that he would be able to last until the solstice.

"From what Pauline told me, the coven wants to drain my magic from me," Samuel said, leaning forward his ice cubes clicking against the glass. He could feel his magic surging through his body. His cobalt blue eyes flashed dangerously

as he glanced up. "They think they can use me for whatever they have plan. How little they assume I'm going to allow that! I can hear it whispering to me."

"Samuel," Victor said, reaching over with his good hand. Taking his son by the wrist. "You and you alone can only determine what you think is right. We can only guide you on this path, however, you alone must heed what your conscious tells you. Don't allow yourself to be blinded by what you are. If you wish to destroy the coven, I'll stand behind you, but my time is coming; and you my sweet boy must stand on your own against them. We might have drifted apart my son, yet my pride in you never waned. Just don't lose yourself in this hate, look at me, look at what my hate has gotten me. Crippled and on deaths door metaphorically speaking. I too tried to go against the coven for what they did to my Wendy-your mother-so it isn't just you that will face the consequences if you fail."

"I understand," Samuel said, beating himself up for allowing his anger to keep him away for so long. He could feel his father's vitality slipping away as his hand left his wrist. "So Dad? Are you ready to become the son?" Samuel asked with a mischievous smirk.

"I'm eager to rekindle our teenage years," Wendy cooed as she smiled lovingly at her husband, "though I'm not looking forward to going through puberty again."

"You and me both," Victor chuckled.

"Although I do wonder if I'm going to have bigger boobs than Charlotte," Wendy said looking down her chest.

"Not a chance," Charlotte teased as she approached them, "mine will always be bigger," she said sticking her tongue out at her sister.

"I see the spell worked," Wendy huffed in annoyance at her sister's new appearance. "You know you can't use it again, right?"

"I know Wendy," Charlotte said rolling her eyes, "but I don't need to when I found what I've been looking for," she said lovingly as she looked down at Samuel. She tried to keep her animalistic purr from escaping as she stared down at his

bare chest. How she wished she was there to watch him work as her eyes darted to one spot of paint to another.

"Good. As long as you are aware of the inherent risk involved in trying to turn back time once again," Wendy nodded approvingly.

"Of course Wendy. I'm not a fool," Charlotte huffed irritably.

"Well...", Kelly said, her finger ran along her lip as she stared across at Samuel. "Since everyone is here how about we have a family dinner? Before I take my sweet brother dancing," she said, smirking coyly at Samuel as Charlotte nodded that the items, she had asked for were in her room.

"Yes, Samuel needs to experience feeding a toddler," Wendy giggled.

"And changing diapers," Victor said joining in on Wendy's mirth.

"Hey at least I'll be setting the bed times," Samuel retorted, "and there will be absolutely no sneaking out of the house to do things," he said eyeing his parents. Laughter filled the Goodall's backyard as the sun slowly sank.

Charlotte had returned to her home after the hearty meal they all shared together. Whispering sweet nothings into Samuel's ear before she left. She knew Kelly needed this night out. Due to her constant care she administered to her father and child. However, once morning rose Samuel would experience her new youthful body.

Kelly stared at herself in the mirror that was attached to her dresser. Her cheeks adorned a light rouge, her ruby red lipstick ran along her lips as she listen to the sound of the shower. Tugging on the top of her strapless dress to ensure the nipple tape would hold her dress up. Turning to the side, her eyes running down her form nodding in approval as the tight dress showed off all the right curves. The majority of her sandy blonde hair was held back as it brushed along the middle of her back, while she had purposely left two of her bangs free. Running her curling iron through them to give her hair that extra bounce. For what she was about to do she wanted her brother's eyes on

her and her alone. Grabbing her clutch and her car keys as she glanced up in time to see her brother walking into his room. How she had to fight herself from rushing after him and whipping his towel from his hips and running away. Slipping into her red pumps that matched her wardrobe.

Kelly purred as her eyes ran up the back of his legs as his dress pants clung tightly to his ass. Her breath raced as the dark grey shirt became taut along his back as his hands worked the buttons into their housings. The way he moved so fluidly as he tucked the tail of his shirt and button the cuffs of his sleeves were so...hypnotic. Shaking her head as she stood in his doorway. It seemed she had fallen underneath her brother's spell even if he knew he did such a thing or not.

"Samuel? Are you ready?" Kelly asked folding her hands in front of her.

"Yeah, one sec," Samuel said, slipping into the shoes Charlotte had went out and bought before coming over. "Is this really what you want me to wear?" he asked looking suspiciously at the bottle of cologne in his hand.

"Yes," Kelly said stepping into the room, her fingers skimming along his. "Please won't you wear it for me?" she asked batting her eyelashes at him.

"Why do I let you talk me into these things?" Samuel asked turning the bottle over looking for instructions on how to apply it.

"Because," Kelly said stepping closer to him, her cheek brushing against his, her breath hot in his ear. "You want to keep fucking me Samuel," her tongue flicker out teasing his earlobe, "plus deep down you know you love me," she said, her smile widening at his groan. "Now let's get you all sexed up, shall we?" Kelly asked taking the bottle from him.

Pulling her car into the darkest parking spot in the lot. She hoped to get lucky once they had their fill of the dance floor. The neon lights of the Moon's Tear night club sign flashed into the night. Announcing to all to come and enjoy the thumping bass of their speakers, the lively atmosphere as their patrons danced the night away. Those that knew the place knew if you were lucky your night wouldn't be dull.

"You sure about this sis?" Samuel asked apprehensive as they approached the front door.

"Mmmhmm," Kelly said, her arm looped around Samuel's right. Her hips swayed seductively as they walked down the sidewalk. Announcing to all that Samuel was hers and hers alone and be damned if anyone tried to take him from her. "Tonight there is only you and I. Tonight you are my man," she said her nose nuzzling Samuel's neck, "and I'm your woman."

"IDs?" the door manager said through the built-in speaker embedded in the bulletproof glass pane. Sliding their drivers licenses through the slot a foot below the speaker. "Give me your left hand please sir," the woman said. Samuel did as he was told watching as the woman placed a stamp on the back of his hand. Yet he couldn't see any ink. "There be no underage drinking for you," the woman smirked as she pushed their IDs back through the slot. "That will be twenty dollars." Kelly's hand stopped his as she opened her clutch pulling out a crisp twenty dollar bill. She wanted to show her brother that they could take care of him, so he

wouldn't be stressed over such things when the time came. "Please enjoy your night," the woman said pressing the buzzer underneath the desk.

Samuel looked down at his hand as they entered the club. The stamp glowed brightly against his skin underneath the black lights. Kelly took him by the hand leading him through the throng of people. Watching his sister beat off the hands that tried to touch her with her purse.

"Can't you see I'm here with my man! Does it look like I want your fat sausage fingers on me!" Samuel heard his sister berating a rather wide eyed man as her voice was heard over the music. "Sorry about that Sammy," Kelly said, snuggling up to him as they found a table just a few feet from the dance floor. "I don't want anyone's hands on me but yours," she said, placing his right hand on her right hip as his arm rest against her lower back.

"Hello and welcome to the Moon's Tear," the waitress said happily as she stood on the other side of the table, "is there anything I can get you tonight?" she asked her eyes glanced down seeing the stamp on Samuel's hand.

"The gentleman here," Kelly said rubbing his back, "will have a coke, and I'll have a Long Island iced tea," she said looking over at Samuel. "You don't mind driving home, do you?" Kelly asked placing her clutch on the table.

"No," Samuel said, feeling his cheeks heat as his sister grabbed a handful of his ass.

"May I please see your hands Miss?"

"Certainly," Kelly said, placing her hands on the table palm side down.

"Thank you, I'll be back in just a second with your drinks."

"So Samuel," Kelly said, her hand slipping into her brother's pocket stroking his manhood as she sipped on her drink, "Did you ever think you be in a night club on a date with your sister?"

"No, nor did I think you would have your hand in my pants stroking me in front of so many people," Samuel said, trying to keep a straight face as she slowly, deliberately, agonizingly stroked his rod.

"But you do enjoy my hand on that fat cock don't you, baby brother," Kelly whispered lustfully into Samuel's ear.

"Fuck...yes," Samuel said through clenched teeth, as his hand gripped the edge of the table to keep from moaning.

"Good," Kelly purred, her eyes darted over to the dance floor. "Come on," she said, pulling her brother along behind her. She had long since placed a spell on all her purses. Should she accidentally leave it behind, or when she left its proximity no one other than her could either open it or lift it. So she wasn't worried about anyone trying to steal it. Kelly smirked sinfully as her fingers trailed along her brother's jaw as she stepped away from Samuel. How she enjoyed that nervous look in his eyes as he stood there like a wooden statue. Lifting her hands above her head she could feel the sexual energies of the gathered masses in the

air. Just enough for her to weave her spell to cloud their sight.

"Unsee the seen, mute the sound," Kelly clapped once to the right above her head, her left foot stomped in time, "Dull the ears, cloud the sight," clapping to the left side of her head, her right foot mirroring her left. Her sultry eyes slowly glanced up, her hips swayed alluringly drawing her brother's gaze. "Strip away the senses hide those of magic from view," Kelly chanted clapping twice above her head. Spinning on her heel her left leg jutting out as her hands lavishing along the sides of her ass. Giving it a few shakes as Samuel remained still unable to feel the rhythm of the beat. Peering over her left shoulder, her green eyes flashed mischievously as she noticed his twitching cock. Her ruby lips curved into a knowing smirk. The once thumping music now was nothing more than soft background noise as the people around them seemed to slow.

"You are lost, soul cursed with a desperate need," Kelly began to sing. Samuel's eyes widen he never heard her singing sound so...lustrous, so majestic, so heavenly. "Trying to find something that your eyes can't see," spinning around her hips swayed with the beat in her mind.

Her hands running up the sides of her body, along her neck, dancing across her cheeks. Her head turned to the right as her fingers snapped to the beat. Glancing coyly at Samuel as he stared at her in awe. "Cause your damn damn damaged just like me. Your life is even more messed up than mine." Her leg stretched out propelling her towards her brother. "That's the part that makes you so God damn divine." Her body pressed up against his, her heart hammered in her chest as Samuel looked upon her with such reverence. "Wanna fix you up, wanna make you shine." Her hand trailing along his chest as she walked around him. "I wanna squeeze you until it bleeds. I'll love you so hard you'll stay forever. I want you to scream my name, until you come inside," Kelly whispered into his ear.

"I told you it will feel like it's only us here," Kelly said lewdly kissing along Samuel's neck, "now let's get these hips moving," she said, placing her hands on Samuel's hips. Pressing herself against his back so he would be able to feel her movements. "Follow the sway of my hips Samuel," Kelly sighed contently as she pressed her cheek against his back. Her hands moving up along his stomach before coming to a stop on his pectoral muscles.

For a half an hour, they danced within that little bubble. Unconcerned about those outside of it. Once Kelly led Samuel back to their table only then did her spell break. For another three hours Kelly dance against her brother. Rubbing her ass, her mound against her brother's hard cock she kept rather on the cusp when they weren't dancing the night away. As the hour struck one a.m., she knew they needed to go. How she enjoyed being the one that held his attention all night long. As it should have been long ago if things were different.

"Thank you for tonight," Kelly sighed happily as she rested her head on his shoulder, "I couldn't wish for a better night or a more handsome date." she said, as they walked towards her car.

"Well, you weren't the one with a hard-on all night long," Samuel said reaching down adjusting his tool.

"Then how about I take care of that for you?" Kelly whispered lustfully into his ear. Quickly looking around, seeing the parking lot empty, pulling her brother to the front of her car. Hiking up her skirt as she sat on the hood

of her car. Her legs spread resting on the bumper. "Whip out that cock Sammy, and fuck your sister," Kelly purred as she pushed aside her matching panties. Her fingers skimmed along his shaft as he stood between her legs. God. She loved the feel of her brother's rod. She just couldn't keep her hands off of it. "Mmm..." she moaned as she rubbed the head of his cock through her lips. This wasn't about their shared need. No. This was about feeding her lust for the man her brother had become.

"Yes, Sammy, fuck me hard," Kelly gasped as Samuel thrust hard into her cunt. Her hands shot out behind her bracing herself against the hood, as Samuel's balls rapidly slapped her ass. "Fuck yes! Fuck me Samuel! God, I love this cock baby," Kelly moaned softly so not to draw attention to themselves. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head as her folds clamped down on Samuel's cock. Her womb quivered sending her cream surging down her canal. "Yes, brother give it to your sister," she said through ragged breaths as she reached up placing a hand on his chest. She loved the feel of his muscles as they worked his cock deep inside of her. Pulling Samuel into her, her right hand resting on the back of his neck, while her left grabbed handfuls of his ass. Wrapping her legs around Samuel as she sank into their

kiss. "Cum inside me Samuel. Soil your sister's pussy," Kelly said from the corner of her mouth. Her legs pressed him closer as she felt Samuel's cock twitching. "Oh god! Yes, brother, it's so hot! I fucking love feeling your cum deep inside of me," she said breathing heavily into his ear.

"Samuel?" Kelly asked looking over at her brother as he drove down the nearly desolated highway.

"Yeah," Samuel said shyly glancing at his sister from the corner of his eye.

"Have you ever had road head?" Kelly asked her lips curled into a devilish smile. She knew full well he hadn't; and who better to give him such a gift than his sister.

"No," Samuel said, wondering what his sister was playing at.

"Good," Kelly purred unbuckling her seat belt, "I can't have my brother's sweet cock remain soiled, now can I?" Her question was rhetorical. Samuel didn't need to answer she

was going to have his cock in her mouth either way. Her bangs brushed along his leg as she leaned over the console.

"Kelly..."

"Shh! I'm going to suck your cock Samuel," Kelly said placing her finger on his lips, "just enjoy your sister's lips wrapped around your juicy cock," she said, lowering his zipper as she licked her lips hungrily.

"Oh fuck!" Samuel hissed as he tried to keep his attention on the road. Quickly, setting the cruise control he didn't think he'd have the strength to move his legs as her lips wrapped around his soft cock.

"Mmm...such a yummy cock," Kelly purred as she licked up the back of his cock. Her head rocked rapidly along his slippery pole. Her tongue teasing, flicking, tasting her cool cream on his skin as she swallowed her brother to the hilt. As she teased her brother's cock for twenty minutes, she felt her car slowing as Samuel pulled onto the off ramp. Her head worked vigorously as the car came to a stop at the red light. She could hear some men shouting at Samuel as she

worked his cock like magic. Yet she didn't pay any heed to their lewd calls. All that mattered was the cock that was currently occupying her mouth. "Cum Samuel I want my snack," Kelly said hungrily. Kelly's eyes flew wide as Samuel pressed his hand down on the back of her head as his semen erupted against the back of her mouth.

Samuel fell face forward onto his bed. Sighing in exhaustion as he looked towards the clock. He told himself no more road head. It took everything he had to keep the car on the road. As the clock struck 2:35 Samuel was snoring loudly as his weary body pulled him into the land of Hypno.

His dream became cloudy then dissipated. His mind confused as he looked around him for clues as to what was happening. A lone cobble stone lane stretched out before him to where he could not say. Looking down at his body, Samuel tried to keep his fear from escaping his lips as he stared down at his incorporeal body. Peering behind him wondering how he was going to escape from that weird dream. A lone 18th century gas street lamp ate away the fog revealing that the path converged into four directions.

"You have finally awaken my Herald!" An alien voice rolled through the darkness as red and purple lightning flashed off in the distance.

"Who the hell are you! What the hell is going on!" Samuel shouted turning around quickly underneath the street light looking for the speaker.

"You know who I am, Herald. I touched your soul the moment you were born. I know every aspect of your very being! The time has come to tear down those that would usurp my gifts!" Samuel looked down as a polecat weaved through his legs. "You wish to know who stands against your family? I can help you with that, for a price."

"I'm listening," Samuel said, feeling the magic all around him crashing into him like rolling waves.

"You my Herald shall destroy those that slanders my name in their vile attempts to control the arcane. For I am, and shall always be Hekatê, goddess of magic and the crossroads! "

"Do you mean the coven?" Samuel asked little unnerved that he was actually speaking to a Greek goddess, and the fact the polecat was rubbing it's cheek against his leg.

"The very same." Samuel took a dry swallow as a pair of crimson glowing eyes stared at him through the darkness.

"Very well, show me," Samuel said, she didn't need to know he was already planning to destroy the coven.

"Then dream my touched and see into the past," Hekatê cooed thrusting Samuel back into his body.

Three years ago...

"Norman? Why are you here?" Eva asked as she walked into the treasurer office for the Historical Society. Eyeing the bug nose man, trying not to shudder as his creepy beady eyes ran down her body. His light salt and pepper hair was unkept and greasy. Dirt and other things she didn't want to know were caked underneath his nails. Wondering why he

couldn't bathe himself or wash his torn soiled clothes before coming to her office.

"Relax Eva," Beth said, stepping into the room from the adjoining one. "Norman has a very intriguing proposal for us," she said grinning evilly.

"Oh? And just what kind of proposal are we talking about?" Eva asked sinking into her seat ignoring the man's foul odor.

"You want the chairman's seat, yes?" Norman asked smiling cruelly.

"Of course, who doesn't here?" Eva asked arching an eyebrow.

"I can help with that."

"How?" Eva asked knowing her true threat was Wendy Goodall. Yet she herself wasn't strong enough to harm the

woman. They all knew she would be the one chosen to lead the coven due to her rather strange magic.

"We kill Wendy, of course," Norman said matter-of-fact, "not noticeably of course, subtle like," he said, dropping a small piece of paper onto Eva's desk.

Eva leaned back in her seat as she flipped open that folded piece of paper. As she read the ingredients. There wasn't a shred of doubt what it was meant for. Black magic. Very dark, very deadly black magic. Not something she would openly support. Yet the thought of finally having the seat of power was too great for her.

"Get me the items I requested within the week, and you'll have your precious seat," Norman laughed maniacally.

"What's in this for you?" Eva asked.

"I told you the death of the Goodall family," Norman said darkly. Samuel's vision began to blur as his emotions clouded his sight.

"Murder!" Samuel cried out in his sleep as he thrashed around. "Killer!"

Charlotte was abruptly awoken as she felt the upsurge of magic filling her house. Her eyes flew wide in fear knowing it could be only one person. Her legs propelled her across her house to reach Samuel before his power peaks. "Oh god!" Charlotte gasped as Samuel's body contorted.

"I will kill you!" Samuel screamed out as an arcane bubble burst forth from his sleeping body in his rage. "You bastard! You'll burn for this!"

"Samuel! Baby! You got to wake up!" Charlotte cried out trying to reach her nephew. Throwing up her arms to shield her face. The torrent of the arcane current nearly swept her off her feet. "Sammy! Wake up baby!" she pleaded hoping her voice would reach him.

"No!" Samuel cried out as the bubble burst tossing Charlotte back into the wall. Sending spider web cracks along the glass

panes of the windows as he bolted upright from his sleep. His hand covered his face as he tried to calm his mind.

"Baby?" Charlotte said wincing in pain.

"I know everything!" Samuel growled behind his hand. Charlotte took a dry swallow as she stared into that murderous glowing eye.

Part 4

"Sammy, what do you mean you know everything?" Charlotte asked trying to keep her fear from her face. That glowing murderous cobalt eye of his filled her with so much dread. She could feel the magic rippling off his body in his anger.

"She's shown me the proof!" Samuel laughed maniacally against his hand.

"Samuel! This isn't you! Don't give into it!" Charlotte cried out scurrying over to the bed. "Look at me Samuel," she said taking hold of his face, "please come back to me baby!" Charlotte pleaded hoping her voice would reach him. The look she saw in those eyes was so alien, so foreign she feared for her nephew. "Please Samuel, don't give into whatever is going on within you."

"Give in?!" Samuel asked confused. "Don't you understand she has shown me who killed Mom? Who wants our family dead?"

"Okay...who is this "she" you spoke of?" Charlotte asked hoping that if she got him talking, whatever it was that had invaded her nephew's body would slowly fade away.

"Hekatê," Samuel said matter-of-fact as the glow from his eyes slowly faded.

"The goddess of magic...spoke to...you?!" Charlotte didn't know to be in awe or in fear.

"Yes," Samuel nodded.

"Okay," Charlotte smiled rubbing her hands along his thighs noticing his calm demeanor returning. "What did she tell or show you?"

"Eva was the one that procured the items Norman used to hex Mom, and Beth was the one that introduced them," Samuel said his fist clenched tightly still feeling his anger in his veins.

"What!" Charlotte roared jumping to her feet. "That fucking bitch!" she growled angrily.

"That's not...all," Samuel said remembering the price he was going to have to pay.

"Hmm?" Charlotte muttered not really paying attention as she paced. She knew how Eva envied her and her sister. She knew how jealous Eva was whenever they performed with the coven. Eva was never one to share the spot light. Why hadn't she seen it before? Why didn't she put an end to that woman when she had the chance?

"Charlotte!"

"What?!" Charlotte said snapping out of her meandering thoughts.

"Did you hear what I just said?" Samuel asked tilting his head to the side. Sighing when she had a perplexed look on her face. "I said in order to learn this I had to pay a price."

"Which is?"

"She wants me to destroy the coven."

"Why?!" Charlotte asked sitting down on the edge of the bed. "I would've have thought she would have approved of the coven."

"Not when they're trying to usurp her will over the arcane," Samuel said, wondering if this was what Pauline meant when she told him about their plan to drain him of his magic.

"They can't be that stupid!" Charlotte gasped her hand flew to her mouth at what a wrathful goddess would do to their small town.

"Seems they are," Samuel nodded grimly.

"Oh god! This is worse than I thought," Charlotte said returning to her pacing, "but why does it have to be you, Samuel. Why must you put yourself in harm's way?" she asked sinking into his lap. Pressing her forehead against his as he wrapped his arms around her.

"Because I'm her..." Samuel said searching for the word she called him, "Herald."

"Guess I can't fight a goddess," Charlotte sighed.

"Agreed, that wouldn't be wise," Samuel said rubbing her back, "I would hate for something to happen to that cute little ass of yours," he said with a sly smirk.

"You think my ass is...cute?" Charlotte asked blushing hard.

"Mmmhmm," Samuel nodded as he kissed her sweetly.

"Then come, you can snuggle up to this cute ass of mine," Charlotte said pulling Samuel to his feet. Resting her head

on his shoulder as they walked towards the door that separated the addition to the main house. Her mind raced at what she had just seen. She knew her nephew was special. Knew he wasn't an ordinary witch like her. Yet for Samuel to use raw arcane energy without the aid of her or Kelly was just something she wasn't expecting.

"Wait!" Samuel said turning around. Seeing the damage he had caused to his aunt's house. Looking down at his hand, wondering if he could do it. Bringing his hand up, slowly closing his eyes, feeling the ebb and flow of the arcane around him. Picturing how the room was before his fit had rampaged throughout the room. His brow wrinkled as he concentrated. Slowly, moving his hand through the air turning back time restoring the room back to its original state.

"Samuel, that's amazing!" Charlotte said in awe. What her nephew had just done something that she and others like her would have taken a group to do. She began to wonder what else was in store for them once Samuel settled into his magic. "Come it's late, and I want to feel my man next to me while I sleep. Then maybe once morning dawns," she leaned in her lips brushing against his ear, "I'll show you

what this twenty-two-year-old body can do," Charlotte said in a lascivious purr.

Samuel stirred in his sleep as he felt something warm wrapped around his morning wood. Ever since they retired to her bed, Samuel's dreams were filled with a warm, naked, smooth body pressing against his. Moans filling his mind as their bodies were intertwined. The red light of dawn filtered through the windows of Charlotte's bedroom, peering down as he saw a curtain of raven hair shielding him from his manhood.

"Fuck!" Samuel hissed as his aunt teased the head of his cock with her tongue.

"Morning baby," Charlotte said flipping her hair back grinning at her nephew, so she could show off his glistening cock. "You would never imagine what I woke up to!" she said licking up the back of his cock, "there I was sleeping soundly in the arms of my man, and what do I feel?! Something hard and hot pressed in-between my ass cheeks," Charlotte giggled. "While I so want to show you how good my new youthful pussy feels like, but I want to feel you cumming

inside of me," she purred running his cock through the valley of her breasts. Squeezing her breasts together watching her nephew's eyes rolling into the back of his head as she glided his cock through her firm, tight, soft orbs. "Oh, does my Sammy enjoy his aunt's titty fuck?"

"Y-y-yes," Samuel stammered.

"Good. You remember what I said the other day about showing you something that would allow you to cum inside of me?" Charlotte asked smirking as Samuel grabbed hold of the sheets.

"Y-yeah," Samuel said biting his lip trying not to blow his load.

"I want to feel you filling up my ass, Samuel. I want to feel your hot cum leaking out of my cute little ass," Charlotte said moving up his body, "you will let your aunt feel you back there, won't you?" she asked peering down at him. She had already lubed herself up with some astroglide "Strawberry" just in case he said yes, or if she got lucky to bring her nephew out of his slumber while she was on top

of him. "Please Samuel?! I want to show my man everything I can offer him."

"Okay," Samuel said taking a dry swallow seeing the hunger in her eyes.

"Oh baby," Charlotte cooed, "you just lay there and allow your sexy aunt to take care of you," she said reaching down between her legs. Kissing Samuel as she lined up his head with her brown eye. While she did enjoy playing with that hole when she masturbated, yet only those she genuinely cared for would ever experience how tight that hole truly was; and her nephew was one of those few that was about to experience what few men truly received from her. Sucking in a breath as the head of his cock breached her anus. Her nails dragged along his chest as her hands curled into fist. Her mouth was frozen in a "O" as she inched down on his shaft. "Oh Samuel!" Charlotte moaned as his full length sat deep within her.

"How does my tight little ass feel like wrapped around your cock?" Charlotte asked smirking triumphantly as Samuel bit on his lower lip. "Can you feel how hot that ass is?" she asked

slowly rocking her hips, so her ass would gradually grow accustomed to the size of his cock. "Few people had had the pleasure of my ass. I do hope it pleases you, my Sammy," Charlotte said leaning forward moaning as his hands weaved through her hair. His tongue teasing hers as she sank into the bliss of their conjoined bodies.

"Fuck! Damn you're so tight!" Samuel hissed as his aunt squeezed her ass.

"Oh, you think that's tight, just wait till the solstice then you'll experience something I thought I lost a long time ago," Charlotte said with a mischievous smirk. When she had returned home last night from her sister's house after they had dinner. She was shocked to say the least that the spell had not only turned back her years, but it had also restored her cunt back to a near state of virginity. While her hymen was still broken, she was surprised when she came so quickly when she pleased herself while waiting for Samuel to return home from his date with his sister. How she toyed that newly tighten pussy of hers. Making it purr unlike how she could when she was eighteen when she lost her virginity.

"I can't wait," Samuel said in shallow breaths. If her cunt was tighter than her ass now, he didn't know if he could stop himself from cumming the moment he breached the threshold of her womanhood.

"I can feel you swelling inside me baby," Charlotte said her forehead glistening in sweat. "How about you fill up your aunt with that cum I know is burning within those swollen balls of yours." Her eyes flew wide as Samuel took hold of her hips thrusting his full length deep inside of her. "Yes!" Charlotte squeaked as she came along with her nephew.

"Sammy? You wouldn't mind some company, would you?" Charlotte asked as she watched his distorted image through the glass shower door. Giggling as Samuel held the glass door open for her. She had no clue how they managed to bathe themselves when they constantly teased each other throughout their shower. However, only seven days remained-seven days until they all must renew their pack or die. She knew without a doubt that he would, yet the price Samuel spoke of worried her. While yes, Samuel was extremely powerful, however, he was still just a new born

compared to the coven. She was going to do everything in her power to help him. She dreaded what Hekatê would do to Samuel if he failed. Charlotte wasn't about to lose him not now, not ever!

"Samuel? Have you thought about what you said this morning?" Charlotte asked as she locked up her house.

"Actually, yes, I have," Samuel nodded as her hand slipped into his. Looking down as his aunt held his hand in both of her hands as she snuggled up to him.

"Oh?! Do tell Samuel? I want to help you, but if we are to do this I don't want them knowing you were behind all this," Charlotte said as they took the back route towards her sister's house. "So, do you have any sort of plan?" she asked as Samuel nodded.

"Use what I'm good at," Samuel mused as the cool morning breeze tugged at Charlotte's hair.

"Which is?"

"Microbiology," Samuel said matter-of-fact.

"Okay," Charlotte said drawing out the word, "and just what are you going to do?"

"Strip the coven of their magic," Samuel said darkly.

"Samuel!" Charlotte gasped bringing them to a stop, "to do something like that..."

"It has to be done Charlotte. Eva uses her powers to keep herself young..." Samuel stopped himself. How did he know that? How was it he knew every dirty secret of theirs? If he had to guess it seemed while he was sleeping something, or someone uploaded every bit of data they had on the coven into his head. The hairs on the back of his neck began to stand on end. Looking back towards his aunt's home, his Adams apple bobbed as he saw that very same polecat from his dream entering that alley. The rumblings of thunder echoed off in the distance as the polecat neared.

"Samuel?! What are you looking at? Are you feeling well?" Charlotte asked placing the palm of her hand on his forehead.

"I'm fine Charlotte. Someone was just reminding me of my obligations," Samuel said smiling sweetly at her, taking her hand from his forehead.

"O-okay," Charlotte said as she watched as those eyes of his slowly lit in the dawn light. "So, any thoughts on how you're going to negate the covens magic?"

"Hmm...good question," Samuel said scratching his chin, "the common cold is too infectious. The black plague is too deadly. It needs to be something that can be easily transmitted while not alerting the body's immune system," he said continuing on their way. "Then there are worms and parasites to consider," Samuel sighed as his mind raced through list of all the microorganisms he knew of.

"I see," Charlotte said chewing on her lip.

"Then there is how am I going to deliver the said package? Will it be airborne? Through touch? Sex? Ingestion?" Samuel mused as they walked along the walkway to the front door of his childhood home. Before they could step onto the porch the front door swung open.

"Sammy!" Kelly cried happily throwing her arms around her brother. "I've been thinking about you since you left this morning. Thank you for the date," she said pulling away feeling her cheeks heat, "I really enjoyed dancing with you, and our encounter on the hood of my car," Kelly said winking at him. "Morning aunt Charlotte, you look as lovely as ever."

"Why thank you dear, it's all because I got to feel my man cumming inside of me," Charlotte said with a mischievous glint in her eyes.

"I see," Kelly said, a little jealous that her aunt got to wake up beside of Samuel instead of her. "We just sat down to breakfast, would the two of you like to join us?" she asked her eyes darting back to Samuel.

"Seems Samuel's stomach answered for us," Charlotte giggled.

"Good!" Kelly chirped dragging her brother into the house. She didn't waste a second as she passionately kissed her brother.

"Mom! Dad! I didn't expect to see the two of you here?!" Charlotte said as she closed the door.

"Well Charlotte, if you called your sister some time I might have told you," Wendy said from her highchair giggling at Charlotte's wiggling nose.

"Well, someone has been keeping me busy as of late," Charlotte teased her sister as she took her seat.

"Kelly, let the boy breathe," Carson chuckled.

"But...," Kelly pouted.

"Come eat your breakfast before it gets cold," Martha said setting down a plate of hot eggs, buttered toast, and hot crispy bacon for Samuel.

"I'm sitting beside you," Kelly whispered before moving off to join her family.

"So there Samuel was," Charlotte said recounting the events of this morning, "magic going haywire as he slept. Crying out: Murder! Killer! You'll burn!" she said her egg filled fork pointing around the table. "Then boom! This bubble of pure arcane energy surrounds Samuel as he thrashed in his sleep. It felt like a small hurricane was in that room as I tried to wake him. Then he just jolts awake popping that bubble sending me flying into the wall. This murderous glowing eye peering at me as he growled: I know everything!"

"Wait! My eyes glow?!" Samuel asked in confusion.

"Mmmhmm," Kelly said as she chewed on her bite of eggs.

"And your eyes have changed color," Martha said studying her grandson, "you didn't used to have those gorgeous cobalt eyes," she said her fork pointing at his face.

"It must be because of your magic, Samuel," Victor said having trouble with his fork. Samuel watched his father struggle with something they all took for granted. Well yes, he was angry that they kept this all from him. Yet he understood why they did. Given what he himself has experience with the coven over the past few days. He couldn't blame them for trying to protect him. Watching as his father's fork shook violently spilling his eggs back onto his plate.

"Here Dad...", Kelly began to say only to have the sound of the chair's wooden legs groan as Samuel got to his feet. All were silent as Samuel stood at his father's side.

"Sam...", Carson began to speak until Wendy reached over.

Wendy knew this was a huge step for her son. Since Samuel has been home he has yet to approach his father on his own. She prayed he was curving some of his anger. Anger that

she knew had soured into hate long ago. Knowing how that kind of hate was a poison slowly eating away at who you truly are, until one day you no longer recognized the person staring back at you in the mirror.

"Dad," Samuel said placing his hand on his father's shoulder.

Victor sat silently as he looked up at his son. Wishing that his son didn't have to see him in such a weakened state. Wishing that his son could see him as the strong, caring man he was when Samuel was younger. Not this shell of a man that he had become.

"I don't think I can reverse this hex whatever it is, however, I think I can heal the damage it's caused."

"Do only what you think you can son," Victor said placing his hand over his son's.

The room became deathly silent as Samuel closed his eyes. Within Samuel's mind it felt as if he was standing in an

empty void, yet as he delved deeper into that darkness. Gray cobblestones began to appear before him. Pushing down his nervousness given his dream last night. His feet carrying him forward towards that lone gas street lamp that sat stalwart in that alien world. Appearing out of that inky darkness, that strange polecat ambled along those cold, old, worn stones. Letting out a soft cry as it weaved in-between his legs. Standing on its hind legs as its front paws braced itself on Samuel's left leg. Its pupils dilating as it looked up at Samuel filling his body to the brim with the energy they both shared due to whom they served.

Martha's hand gripped her husband's, Kelly and Charlotte shared a knowing look, Wendy reached out hoping to catch one of those many orbs filled with pure arcane energy. Samuel's eyes snapped open, that glowing irradiating light shimmered along the surface of his iris'. Waves of energy rippled off Samuel's body buffeting his family as his power grew. The kitchen table shook violently as Samuel's magic reached its apex. Everyone slid back as those tiny orbs shot at lightning speeds towards Victor. Watching as Victor gasped as those multiple balls of light penetrated his body. Shielding their eyes as Victor became shrouded in pure white light. All gasped as Victor came into focus. Watching

as he opened his paralytic hand for the first time since his stroke. His hand darted to his face feeling the right side, feeling his muscles coming back to life. Samuel huffed as his father brought him into a crushing bear hug.

"Thank you, son," Victor said tears of joy filling his eyes. "Look Wendy!" he cried holding his wife in the air.

"Victor!" Wendy said blushing hard as he spun her around, "put me down you, big goof!"

"Samuel!" Kelly jumped to her feet as Samuel stumbled into the refrigerator. "Help!" she grunted as she caught Samuel in her arms.

"Let's get him to...," Charlotte began to say as she shouldered some of Samuel's dead weight, "to your room."

"The poor dear, he must have used up all of his energy," Martha said her hand trembling against her husband's. That wasn't any kind of magic she even recognized. She prayed that, that kind of magic wouldn't burn through her

grandson too quickly. She had no wish to see her dear grandson going through what they called "mana burn" as his own magic ate away at his body.

"Samuel is sound asleep," Charlotte said looking back towards Kelly's room as she and her niece returned to the kitchen. However, their utensils clinked on their plates as a knock came upon the front door.

Kelly huffed she knew who it was -- The Enforcer! Well, she for one wasn't going to allow him to drag her brother back to the coven. Her brother needed rest and the council be damned. She wasn't going to allow Eva or Beth to lay hands on her brother, not if she had anything to say about it.

"You can't have him!" Kelly said thrusting open the door. Staring down the man daring him to spout anything against her or her family. "You tell those women, Samuel won't be coming today!" Kelly growled slamming the door in his face.

"I'll handle this," Martha said tossing down her napkin onto her plate as another knock came upon the door. "Yes, what

is it? Obviously, you didn't hear my granddaughter earlier," she said crossing her arms, "what is so important that the council needs to see my grandson three days in a row? Surely, they have had ample time to instill their bylaws into him? So, what is so important that you need to constantly disturb my family while we are having breakfast?"

"The council..."

"Doesn't rule us," Martha said coldly, "wasn't it your very council that excommunicated my family? I find it odd the very people that pushed us out, now wants to usurp my grandson's every waking moment."

"Ma'am..."

"Don't you ma'am me young man," Martha said poking the man in the chest, "I might be old, but I have more power in my little finger than that council of yours. Now do be a dear and relay this message to Eva. My grandson is asleep! When he wakes up should he have a need to visit the coven he shall. Not when they order him to! Now get off my

granddaughter's porch!" Martha said slamming the door in his face.

"That's my girl!" Carson beamed at his wife.

"Stop Carson! You're going to make me blush," Martha said bashfully.

"Kelly, take me to see Samuel," Wendy said after they had finished their breakfast.

"Sweetheart, we've been thinking," Carson said looking over at his daughter.

"What is it Dad?" Charlotte asked as she helped her mother as she cleared off the table.

"We aren't getting any younger, and the winters are getting hard on your mother," Carson said sharing a nod with Victor.

"Okay," Charlotte said arching an eyebrow as she heard footsteps approaching from down the hall.

"With the Solstice fast approaching, and with Samuel's return your mother and I were thinking about moving down to New Orleans," Carson said sipping on his cup of coffee. "It seems your brother has found them," he said ominously.

"No way!" Charlotte gasped.

"Ah yes, it seems they have thrived too," Martha nodded drying her hands, "your brother wants us to come down and teach them the old ways. Who knows we might actually recreate the old sect."

"So, we were thinking of leaving once the Solstice was over," Carson said placing his hand over his wife's as she stood

behind him, "and we were thinking that since Victor here won't be around in this form much longer. That since we don't need such a huge house that you, Samuel, and Kelly take over the property. That way we'll know our knowledge along with those that came before us will be guarded from the coven," Carson said unaware of the task Hekatê set forth for Samuel.

"But you aren't leaving forever are you!" Kelly said joining her aunt's side.

"Of course not honey, we will visit, or you can come visit us," Martha said sweetly. "But our children are grown so to speak," she chuckled, "your father and I think it's time for us to start a new chapter in our lives."

Wendy crawled along the bed towards her son. No matter what she appeared to be. Her motherly instincts never left her. Her baby needed her, and she wasn't about to let her son go through this alone. While her size might limit her own strength in performing the more complex spells she

had weaved years' ago. There was one thing she could do. Placing her small left hand over Samuel's heart while with her right index finger touched the center of his forehead then hers. Repeating the process a few times ensuring a stable connection between her and her son before she placed the palm of her hand on his forehead. Her small body arched as the connection was complete.

Wendy was a drift as she shared her son's resting mind. She had expected dreams of nude women running through his mind not this empty darkness. Shaking her head, she couldn't allow what she was seeing to affect her. She needed to find her son, however, the question remained. Where? Wendy yelped as she fell through the air, huffing in pain as she landed on her hands and knees. Staring perplexingly down at those cobblestones, peering up wondering why there was a such an odd pathway in her son's mind.

Peering down at her incorporeal body, a slight smirk graced her ghostly lips as she looked upon her adult body. As much as she was glad to be alive and to be able to see her children grow the form she was forced to take was so limiting. Then again, how often does one get the chance to relive their youth? Nodding to herself when it appeared she could

move freely within whatever place her son's mind existed. It seemed to Wendy the stone pathway continued for eternity. To her it felt like hours she had walked until she noticed that lone gas street lamp. Arching an eyebrow as some strange animal sat in that pool of light its fluffy tail swished back and forth as it stared upwards.

"Samuel!" Wendy called out as her son floated high above her. His chin in hand stroking his face as he pondered something, what she had no idea. Watching as those small orbs of light floated around him, absorbing into his body as his right hand moved through the air. "Samuel!" Wendy called out once again only to be ignored. "Samuel Ross Goodall!"

"Mom?!" Samuel said stunned to see his mother there or wherever he was. Samuel truly had no earthly idea where he was, and he really didn't want to know. "Mom! Whoa!" Samuel yelped as he fell through the air, huffing in pain as he landed on his ass. "That hurt," Samuel hissed rubbing his sore backside.

"Sam, where are we?!" Wendy asked looking around at the darkness.

"I have absolutely no idea Mom," Samuel said looking down as the polecat rubbed its cheek against his leg, "how did you get here anyway?" His eyes ran down his mother's ghostly form. He had forgotten how beautiful his mother was before the cancer and the chemotherapy took its toll on her body.

"I hijacked into your dream," Wendy smirked proudly.

"Wait! You can do that?!" Samuel asked in stun shock.

"Mmmhmm," Wendy nodded, "your mother knows a great many tricks," she said crossing her arms. "How else would I know it was you that always drank the last of the orange juice, hmm? Or about that one time you...," Wendy said glancing down at her son's crotch, "in my bathroom." She couldn't keep her chuckle contained as her son went red faced. "So not that I mind this astro form, could you possibly make me somewhat solid since this is your head and all?"

"Umm...", Samuel scratched his head wondering how he was to do that. Looking down at the polecat as it yelped scratching its front claws against the material of his jeans. Those multicolored eyes drew him in flooding his mind with the knowledge he needed.

"Eep!" Wendy cried in surprise as Samuel's eyes flared encasing her within that strange glowing light. "Samuel Ross!" she shouted covering her naked breasts and her untrimmed bush a reminder of a time before her illness. "You envision some clothes on me right this second!" Wendy said her cheeks heating to a bright red hue.

"Why?! I've seen Kelly and Charlotte nude," Samuel said tilting his head to the side.

"But Samuel...", Wendy said looking off to the side. She wanted Victor to be the first one to see her nude again. Yet as she glanced out the corner of her eye she saw her son's cock flex at the sight of her. "Do you really want to see your mother like that?" She couldn't deny how her heart raced as her son nodded vehemently. While it had taken a few

months for her to remember who she was when her daughter gave birth to her new form. Another couple of months for her memories from the last few months of her time in the hospital to come back to her. She knew her son had seen her at her worst. Seen her hurling up everything after every chemo treatment. Her son cleaning her up without a second thought as she soiled herself when she lost control of her bowels. "Okay, but promise me this stays between us alright?" Removing her arm that covered her breasts, watching her son's eyes widen as he gazed unhindered at her bare breasts. Her eyes glanced down as her son's cock strained against his pants. "Your mother was weak as you know, so I'm not as neat as Charlotte or Kelly," Wendy said moving her hand away from her womanhood.

"Say something Samuel!" Wendy said bashfully as she looked into his wide eyes.

"Mom, you're beautiful," Samuel said. Wendy looked worryingly around as everything turned cold and gray. Time seemed to stop outside of a three-foot radius around her. An old, worn, squeaky hinge resounded as it swung back and forth. Yellow-orange light flickered in the distance as it swung on that noisy hinge. Her alabaster pale skin

shone against the backdrop of that inky darkness. It seemed to Wendy the very substance of wherever they were made-up the cloth material and her silky raven hair.

"W-w-who are you?!" Wendy asked nervously.

"You've known me all your life my acolyte," Hekatê said her unearthly voice rang out against the void.

"Hekatê!" Wendy gasped. She had always heard her voice, yet Hekatê never once graced her with coming face to face with the goddess.

"Yes, my child," Hekatê said her cold eyes looked over to Samuel, "I have fortified my Herald's body, yet his spirit needs something I can't provide for him. Your son-my Herald-will need all the strength for the task I have set forth for him. Something only a mother can give him. His spirit is weak too much runs through his mind sapping his strength. Thoughts of you, thoughts of failure of not stopping your illness. An illness I might add was given aid by the very same people that are after my Herald and your family."

"Norman!" Wendy growled.

"Yes, that rather detestable mortal," Hekatê nodded, "along with that coven that has long since out lived its usefulness."

"Tell me my goddess, what have you need of me?" Wendy asked bowing to her patron.

"Do what a mother always does, give your son strength that only you can provide," Hekatê said with a knowing smile. As quickly as she appeared the goddess of magic vanished in a blink of an eye.

"I always thought you were Mom," Samuel said blushing rubbing the back of his neck, "but I didn't think a son should say that to his mother," he said speaking as if nothing had happened.

"You should always tell your mother she's beautiful, Samuel," Wendy purred closing the distance between them. "Samuel is this for me?" she asked running her hand up and

down her son's cock. "You've gotten so big my sweet baby. Grown so strong since I've been away. I'm sorry I kept this all from you," Wendy said softly caressing his left cheek. "I know the anger you must have felt all these years' not knowing the whole truth. Yet you were such a loving, caring son always by my side taking care of me when things grew difficult. Always biting your tongue whenever you visited your ailing mother," she said looking behind Samuel as a bed materialized behind him. "It's okay Samuel you need to feed the need we all have," Wendy said taking hold of his hand bringing it to her left breast.

"Go on baby, I know you need it," Wendy stuttered as she felt her nipple hardening underneath her son's hand. "Your mother is going to make sure you're strong enough for what is to come," she said ominously.

"What...," Samuel began to say only to be stopped by his mother's finger.

"Just know I know, and I approve," Wendy said grimly, "they need to be stopped, and you are the only one that can do it. You are the only one on earth that has the power needed to

bring down the coven. I know this is going to be a hard road for you, but trust in us Samuel, trust in those that can give you what you need," she said slowly moving her son backwards. Kissing her son sweetly surprised at how good he was at it. She wondered if it was because of her sister or daughter. Smiling down hungrily at her son as he bounced on the bed. "Mmm...Samuel, it's been some time since I've done this," running her hands down his chest, snapping the button of his jeans, "please, don't hold it against me if I'm not as good as my sister," she said hiking down his pants and underwear. Her eyes were glued to her son's cock as it snapped back slapping his stomach. Wendy didn't know why she was so nervous. It felt like it was her first time all over again when Victor took her virginity.

She knew she would have done this long ago if she hadn't perished. To bring her darling son into their world as she had done with her daughter. It was always a family ordeal. That each one of them were to be present as they brought the newest member into the fold. Yet she was denied that privilege. Denied the chance to see her son graduate, to see her son off to college, to teach him what this world holds. However, past wrongs no longer mattered now as she licked up the back of her son's cock. "Samuel, I can't maintain this

spell for too long I hope you can understand," Wendy said, giving her son's cock a light kiss as she rose to her feet. "I know you might have wanted more time with me in this manner, but my body doesn't have the energy needed to keep this spell sustained for too much longer," she said, her body hovering over her son's.

"It's okay Mom," Samuel said his fingertips brushed along her left cheek.

"How is it that you grew into to such a caring man?" Wendy asked her lips inches away from his.

"Because my mother raised me to be a caring man to a point," Samuel said with a loving smile.

"I see," Wendy said mischievous grin, "then kiss your mother for teaching you how to be such a good man," she whispered. Her eyes fluttered as their lips touched. Reaching down between her legs, she needed to hurry she didn't have that much time left. She could feel her body weakening the longer she allowed the spell to continue. A soft gasp escaped her lips, biting her lip as the head of her

son's cock inched into her womanhood. "So, baby do you like the feel of your mother's pussy wrapped around your cock?"

"Mmmhmm." Samuel nodded unsure if he could keep his moan from escaping his lips if he spoke.

"Would you like for your mother to visit you in your dreams again? Would you enjoy having your mother fucking you every night in this mind of yours?" Wendy asked as she softly rocked her hips.

"Really?!" Samuel said in awe as his hands held on to his mother's hips.

"Mmmhmm," Wendy purred as she rode that hard pole. "Why wouldn't I? Why wouldn't I give my son everything he needs? When it was you that made sure that I was always taken care of," she said, hearing her juices resounding as she rocked quickly on his hard rod. Even though it wasn't real that didn't stop their bodies from believing the sensations weren't real. "Let your mother take care of you," Wendy

moaned feeling her son's cock swelling with in her hot molten channel.

A dark wet blotch spread across the crotch of his jeans as Wendy fell forward onto her son's chest. A sweet smile spread across her lips. Knowing that she could finally repay her son for all the times he had taken care of her. Her small tired body crawled beside his, lifting Samuel's left arm as she snuggled against her son. Bringing his arm down, rubbing her cheek against his chest slowly drifting off to sleep beside her dear son.

Kelly stood in the doorway to her bedroom. Leaning against the doorframe gently running her finger along her lower lip as she took in the sight before her. She always wanted to see her brother on her bed. Regardless that she had given birth to her mother's new body. She always wanted to see her brother laying with her child. To know that he was hers as she was his. To show him that this was where he truly belonged. In her bed, her arms, and in her heart. Then she noticed something. It was faint, yet it still

lingered in the air. The smell of semen. Arching an eyebrow when she noticed the dark stain on his jeans.

"No, she wouldn't," Kelly said to herself shaking the thought from her head. Gently taking Samuel's shoes off so not to wake him. Ever so softly pulling down his pants peering perplexingly down at his soiled underwear. Licking her lips as the smell of his cum filled her nostrils. Placing a small blanket over his exposed waist, so when he awoke Samuel wouldn't freak out once he did.

Quickly hurrying into the bathroom, her back pressed against the door. Her eyes fluttered as Kelly inhaled the scent of her brother. Nuzzling his underwear, her eyes fluttering as the scent of his manhood filled her head. Her tongue licked along that wet salty spot. She just couldn't help herself. Her brother's cum was just so delicious to her. Soon that magically charge cum filled her body with its lingering energies.

"Sammy?!" Charlotte said, sticking her head into Kelly's bedroom after two hours had passed. Her eyes fell upon his covered groin. She knew Kelly had disrobed him earlier.

Knew that something had happened, while they talked in the kitchen about the fate of her parent's home. "Sammy?" she softly called to him as she stood at his feet. Wondering if she could get away with pleasing that cock of his while he slept. However, that was not meant to be as Samuel stirred in his slumber.

"Hey," Samuel said groggily stretching his muscles. "Charlotte, what am I doing in here?" he asked looking around his sister's room.

"You collapsed after you healed your father," Charlotte said, looking down forlorn at that blanket that covered what she hungered for.

"Wait! It actually worked!" Samuel said sitting up in a hurry. Looking confusingly down at the blanket that covered his manhood. "Umm...Charlotte, where are my pants?"

"In the dryer as we speak. You had an accident in your sleep," Charlotte said with a mischievous smirk, "how about we enjoy ourselves, hmm?" she asked leaning forward the

tips of her fingers brushed along his jaw, her lips skimmed along his before sinking into their shared kiss.

"You can't have my son," Wendy said waking up. Her puffy cheeks heating as her son looked back at her. Wondering if he remembered what happened in his dream. "At least not when I'm in the same room with him," she said looking towards her sister.

"But Wendy," Charlotte said in a child-like moan teasing her sister. "What can you do anyway you're a toddler?" she asked crossing her arms.

"I can be here for my son like he was there for me," Wendy said moving to sit beside Samuel.

"Is that so? Pray tell, just how are you going to do that from way down there?" Charlotte asked crossing her arms below her breasts.

"Simple. Help my son find Norman and see that man comes to a nasty end," Wendy said darkly.

"Wendy," Charlotte sighed, "we don't even know for sure it was..."

"Yes, I do. She told me," Wendy said sternly.

"You talked to Hekatê?" Charlotte asked skeptically.

"Yes," Wendy nodded, "we need to find him. We can no longer hide from that man. He has already hurt my family far too much. It's high time that blowhard understands just who he pissed off. I will not have that man coming after my son or daughter."

"Alright," Charlotte sighed in defeat. She knew this side of her sister all too well there was no talking her out of this. Wendy could be pigheaded and stubborn as the best of them, however, that is also what made her sister one of the best witches she knew. "Do you want me to go fetch the scrying board?"

"If you don't mind," Wendy said smiling up at her sister. "Samuel, do you remember what happened in your dream?" she asked once her sister was out of the room.

"Yeah." Wendy fought to contain her giggle at her son's rosy cheeks.

"It's okay Samuel to like being with me," Wendy said placing her hand on his left forearm, "I know this form doesn't do wonders for...", her eyes dipped low. "But what I said while we were in there, I meant every word. So, have you thought of a way of destroying the coven? Hekatê isn't one to suffer failure, son. She is a cruel and harsh mistress, yet very benevolent to her followers that heeds to her commands."

"Yeah, I kind of got that from my dream this morning," Samuel said knowing how high the stakes were for them.

"So, tell me," Wendy said wrapping her tiny arms around Samuel's left arm, "just what have you come up with?"

"Mana burn," Samuel said matter-of-fact. He knew that was the only true way of draining the coven of its magic. True. It did come at an extremely high price of said witch's life. It was still the only plan he could produce while in whatever realm he was in. Even the polecat thought it was the perfect plan, however crazy that sounds.

"Oh?!" Wendy said in shock. "Samuel, mana burn only happens in people like yourself. They are nowhere gifted enough to cause that to happen."

"I know. Why I came up with this," Samuel said uncurling his fingers as he held out his hand. In his hand wiggled a transparent image of the parasite he had created in his dream. Pinchers like the leaf cutter ants in the Amazon to attach itself to the base of the skull once it had infected its host. A needle like tongue like the misquote to allow it to constantly feed on the victim's own magic. Amplifying it once it had finished filling the seed like pods that lined its segmented whip-like tail. Returning that amplified energy back to its host once the copies of itself had all the been brought to maturity. Once its offspring had fully formed only then would that tail break off flooding the host's body repeating the process until the eventual end came.

However, once the said host approached another of the coven those tiny, deadly parasites would compel its host to draw near. Forcing them to make skin contact, so the parasite would infect their new victim.

"I see," Wendy said trying not to shudder at the image in Samuel's hand. "So, say once you let this loose how long would it take?" she asked as her son banished the image away.

"Hmm? I can't say," Samuel said scratching his chin, "a day, two, or a week depends on how much magic the said target has. See, the parasite amplifies the host magic doubling it every time it feeds. So, once the host has reached critical mass only then will the kill switch be activated. Then they would feel their bodies being consumed by their very magic they so covet. As in Eva's case all the magic she has used to keep her young would turn against her. Turning her fake youthful body into a dried up, sagging old hag," Samuel chuckled wondering how she was going to freak once she sees those sagging tits in the mirror.

"I see," Wendy said chewing on her lip, "so, how will you introduce this thing?"

"Orally," Samuel said as Kelly walked in with his pants and underwear in hand.

"Here," Kelly said holding out the items for him, "I put your items on my dresser that I took out of your pockets before I washed your pants."

"Thanks," Samuel said taking his underwear from her. Siding his undergarments up his legs, lifting his hips as his hands pulled that warm cloth fabric over his junk underneath the blanket. Blowing his sister a kiss when she pouted that he didn't allow her to see the goods.

"My, it's getting crowded in here," Charlotte said from the doorway, "I would suggest we move this into the living room."

"Yes, I concur sister," Wendy nodded. She pondered just how powerful her son truly was. She and Charlotte at the

start of her illness, then along with Kelly once she had been born again, had tried to find Norman; yet the man either had disappeared from the face of the planet, or he had somehow warded himself from scrying spells. "Carry me Samuel," Wendy said looking up at him.

"Not this time young lady," Victor said from behind Charlotte, "your husband wishes to do that. It's been too long since I've held you in my arms," he said slipping passed Charlotte.

"Victor!" Wendy yelled as he plucked her off the bed.

"What?! I won't be able to do this for quite some time," Victor chuckled as he walked back to the living room.

"But...," Wendy said looking over his shoulder at her son.

"Now that Mom's out of the way," Kelly said pushing Samuel back onto the bed, "mmm," she softly moaned as she laid on top of him. Her tongue exploring the warmth of

his mouth, her hand slipped underneath his shirt exploring the man she was going to be with for the rest of her life.

"I hope you left some for me?" Charlotte asked crawling across the bed towards them.

"Of course, auntie," Kelly said, "come have a taste of my brother," she purred as she kissed Charlotte passionately.

"Oh? I believe, Samuel likes the sight of us kissing," Charlotte cooed hungrily.

"Mmm, would my cute baby brother like to see his sister eating out our aunt?" Kelly asked breathing heavily into his ear. She took his muffled words as a yes as Charlotte was having her own fill of his lips. "Would you like to see how she squirms when I suck on her clit?" she asked as she kissed down Samuel's neck.

"Kelly! Charlotte! Get in here now!" Wendy yelled from the living room.

"You don't want to leave just yet, do you?" Charlotte asked with a sneaky smile.

"Yes, Mom can wait just a little while longer," Kelly said, slowly grinding her hips against that hard bulge underneath her. "You want to please us for a bit don't you little brother?" she asked her breath hot in his ear.

"Kelly Ann!" Wendy yelled once again.

"Ugh!" Kelly sighed in annoyance, "you will take care of us before you go won't you my sweet, cute, devilishly handsome little brother?" she asked her hand slipping into his pants.

"Yes, I promise if you do then...", Charlotte said glancing over at her niece, "we let you watch us," she said grinning madly.

"O-okay," Samuel said his Adams apple bobbed up and down.

"Excellent!" Charlotte said amused.

"I promise you'll enjoy the show, baby," Kelly said, her hand wrapped around his hard tool giving it a few long hard strokes.

"Now, Samuel, place your hand over your sister's," Wendy said once they all had gathered around the living room coffee table. Her parents had already left to prepare their home for their move to the deep south. "Allow your energies to flow into your sister and aunt as they hold the pendulum. Yes, that's it sweetheart," she nodded as she felt the magic stirring, "don't force it Samuel just let it flow from you," Wendy said in a motherly voice. Her eyes glanced over to her sister as she chanted the spell. Praying that they could find that man. There was no telling what Norman was preparing to use against her family. How she wished she had taken care of that man when he was just a creepy boy. Yet she played him off thinking once they were grown he would lose his unhealthy crush on her. How wrong she was.

Samuel watched as that pendulum swung around the map of the world. Arching an eyebrow as their hands began to

move on their own. Wondering if his sister or aunt were toying with him. Yet as he saw their eyes lighting up as the swinging circular motion of the pendulum decreased in size.

"France?!" Kelly said staring down perplexingly at the map once the pendulum sank down on the city of Dijon.

"Why would that bastard flee to France?" Charlotte asked confused.

"Well, he thinks I'm dead and his hex has harmed my husband," Wendy said squeezing Victor's hand, "I would think he would want to get as far away from this place as he could should his crimes become known. If they ever did then he would have a head start to flee to a place where we couldn't reach him," she said looking grimly over at the map. A little unnerved that they had so easily found Norman when they themselves couldn't breach his wards. Was this a trap? Could her own son so easily do what they themselves couldn't?

"Well, we know where he is now...," Charlotte began to say only to be stopped as Samuel quickly got to his feet.

"Sammy?!" Kelly said worryingly as she saw the look in his eyes. "Where are you going?!" she asked quickly getting to her feet. Jumping back as a dark swirling gateway appeared in their living room.

"Sam!" Wendy called to him as Samuel neared the threshold. Taking a dry swallow as she saw that murderous glowing eye peering back at her. She now knew what her sister felt that morning as Charlotte tried to reach Samuel. "Be careful. He isn't worth dying for," she said hoping her words reached him as Samuel disappeared into that gateway.

"So, you have found him my Herald?" Hekatê asked an amused tone underlining her words.

"Yes," Samuel said coldly as he walked down that cobblestone lane. His fist clenched tightly at his side as he headed towards his confrontation with the man that took his mother away from him.

"Excellent!" Hekatê said appearing beside Samuel, "you will need a spell that will render that man to a greasy pile of ash," she said pulling Samuel to a stop. Samuel's eyes went wide as the goddess of magic kissed him. His eyes glazed over as she flooded his mind with all sorts of spells as her tongue rolled around his mouth. "You're close to fulfilling my task, my Herald. Soon all will be set right, and you and your family will be safe," Hekatê said pulling away, "follow Arcita she will show you the way," she said as her polecat familiar appeared out of the shadows.

Samuel was left confused as he stood there alone with the goddess' companion animal. Wondering just what had happened. To him it felt something else was beneath that kiss of hers. Shaking his head at the thought, "Nah," Samuel said to himself.

Samuel's nose wrinkled at the foul stench that greeted him once he had exited from the realm of magic. Holding his nose as he looked around the home Norman had taken up once he had fled from the states. He couldn't believe anyone would choose to live in a state of squalor as he

looked around the room he had entered. If he didn't know better Samuel would have said the man was already dead, and his body was rotting away underneath the filth that cluttered the home. Walking through the home trying to understand the man that wanted his family dead. Then it happened. Rounding the corner that would have led to the kitchen, now turned into a conjuring room, Samuel came face to face with Norman.

"What are you doing in my...," Norman began to bark only to be thrown against the wall with a flick of Samuel's finger.

"Murder!" Samuel growl demonically.

"What?! I think you have me confused...," Norman began to say only to have an invisible force crushing his wind pipe. Sweat began to bead along his brow as he stared into those cold, glowing, murderous cobalt eyes.

"Did you believe I wouldn't find you? Fiend?!" Samuel hissed as his power surged throughout the room. Electricity arced off his body he seared his hate into the man's skin. "That you could flee from the crimes you have committed

against my family!" he shouted thrusting his hand forward. Watching as the weight of his magic crushed Norman's body into the drywall. "Don't worry soon the coven too shall be joining you in Hell," Samuel sneered as all Norman's past sins bubbled out of every orifices in a black sickly ooze. "How does it feel being on deaths door as my mother once was?!"

"Who are you?" Norman croaked as he struggled to free himself. He had never felt such magic before. He knew if he didn't free himself soon then he would be joining those he had sent to their deaths.

"Oh? Don't you know the face of the man whose mother and father you hexed all because Wendy Goodall wouldn't give you the time of day," Samuel said, as blood stained chains burst through the ceiling. Wicked hooks marred their surface every six inches. Samuel wasn't proud that he took joy in seeing the fear in the man's eyes, yet Norman was a threat, one that needed to be dealt with once and for all. Smiling cruelly as the hooks pierced the man's skin at his command. Taking joy in hearing the man's screams of pain knowing this was nothing compared to what his mother

had once felt. Nonetheless, the man needed to suffer before Samuel ended his foul life.

"Please, it wasn't my idea," Norman pleaded lying through his teeth to save his hide.

"You can't lie to me Norman," Samuel growled tightening his magical hold on Norman's body, "Hekatê has shown me everything! There is no way out of this for you scum! This cesspool you call a home will be your grave," Samuel said evilly listening to the sounds of Norman's bones snapping under the strain, "the goddess of magic doesn't take kindly to those that tries to play god," he said watching the man's blood pooling around his feet. "Now burn!" Samuel said sinisterly snapping his fingers watching as Norman's body was engulfed in a hissing ball of orange-red flames. Laughing madly as Norman howled as his body fueled those hungry flames as Samuel walked back towards the gateway.

"Well done my Herald," Hekatê said from her throne as Samuel entered her realm, "however, don't let your guard down yet. I do hope you took a few items of his," she said

hinting at what he was going to do. "Now if you excuse me I have a soul I need to pluck from Hades. I have so many wonderful things instore for that foolish mortal," Hekatê chuckled wickedly. With a wave of her hand sending Samuel back to his mother's living room.

"Samuel!" Charlotte cried out as he appeared out of thin air. They had paced worryingly for what felt like hours to them waiting for her nephew to return. "Oh Samuel! You came back to us!" she said throwing her arms around his neck. Her hot tears dripped down onto his skin as she held him in her arms. "Is he...," Charlotte couldn't bring herself to ask.

"Yes," Samuel said darkly.

"Sammy!" Kelly gasped from the kitchen rushing to join her aunt.

"Well, I take it that man is dead?" Victor asked joining them after exiting his bedroom a slight smile graced his face as his son nodded. "Good. That man deserved to die a long time ago," he said approvingly.

"Now all that's left to do is deal with the coven," Samuel said wearily feeling the strain of taxing his powers.

"Come. We know what you need Samuel," Charlotte said caressing his right cheek.

"Yes, let us take care of you brother," Kelly said nuzzling his neck.

"Well," Victor said clearing his throat, "I'll take Wendy outside so the three of you can have some privacy," he said walking back to his bedroom. Which he was going to spend all the time he could with his wife seeing how in less than seven days he wouldn't be alive. Then he would have to wait nine long months to see the love of his life once again. However, the idea of going through potty training all over again didn't sit well with him.

"This way Samuel," Kelly said tugging on his right arm as she led her brother to her bedroom. How she wanted to do this when they were younger. To show him how a woman

takes care of the man she loves. Yet all that was taken away from them. Now, it seemed all was being set back onto its natural course of things.

"Let me take this off," Charlotte whispered into Samuel's ear as she rose the hem of his shirt. Smirking when she heard her sister's voice and Victor's telling her "It's not for a toddler to be in the same room with grown adults that were about to have sex." Peering over his left shoulder watching how Kelly kissed up his chest chasing after the hem of his shirt.

"Mmm," Kelly moaned as her tongue flicked Samuel's nipple before her lips gently plucked at it. Her eyes glanced up seeing how her brother was enjoying her lips on his body.

"You like having us pleasuring you, don't you Samuel?" Charlotte asked kissing along his neck. She wished she hadn't worn a bra given how her hard nipples were cutting into the fabric. "Give us a kiss," she cooed resting her chin on Samuel's left shoulder beckoning her niece to her. Peering out of the corner of her eye making sure Samuel

was watching as hers and Kelly's tongue swirled around each other's.

"Take off your shoes Sam," Kelly purred hungrily as her hands fumbled with his belt.

"Mmm," Charlotte moaned softly into his ear as she grabbed his bare ass, "God, I just want to take a bite out of this tight little thing," she teased.

"Just as long as you don't leave any teeth marks," Kelly giggled, "how would that look if Sammy has to explain why his aunt's teeth marks are embedded in his ass?" she asked with a mischievous smirk.

"True," Charlotte sighed, "but that doesn't mean I'm not going to nibble some time," she said blowing softly into his ear.

"Now why don't you go sit on the bed and allow us to put on a show for you," Kelly said salaciously as her hand ran up his stiffening shaft. "So, auntie, what is it like having

twenty some odd years taken a way?" she asked as she lifted Charlotte's shirt. "Fuck!" Kelly hissed as she heard a pounding on the front door. "I just can't catch a break today," she huffed annoyingly. Her footsteps pounded on the floor as she marched towards the front door. "What?!" Kelly's words died in her throat as Eva stood at the door.

"Hello," Eva said putting on a pleasant smile; yet she loathed to come to Wendy's former home. Nonetheless, she needed Samuel, she needed to feel him surging through her folds as he fucked her silly. She hated how her own daughter beaten her yesterday with Samuel fucking her into a blissful state. How Annabeth held it over her all night long when she herself was left wanting. What better way to ensure Samuel was there to fuck her than to hold a luncheon for all the coven members new and old. "I know the coven has inconvenienced your family as of late. For that I do apologize. We were just so taken by your brother that we might have come off as pushy, again you have my apologies. It was never my attention to put a strain on your family. I do know how hard it is for you right now," Eva said as politely as she could. All so that she could lure Samuel back to the coven. Their plans depended on him and his strange energies. "And I know how hard he has been

working around here since your father has fallen ill. I promise we won't keep him for too long. We-the council-thought it would be nice for Samuel to meet other witches like himself at a little luncheon."

"You know that is why the telephone was invented?" Kelly said sarcastically.

"Would you have answered knowing it was me?" Eva asked. "Listen I know your distaste for me and the coven for what we did to you and your family. Yet don't you see your brother is your way back in. I know once he has become a full member I can persuade the others into accepting you and the rest of your family back into the fold. Now don't you think that's a fair trade for a tiny amount of your brother's time?" Kelly jumped as she felt a hand on her shoulder. She wondered why she hadn't heard him approaching her. "Good afternoon Samuel," Eva said smiling warmly at him.

"Hello," Samuel said with a curt nod. Knowing how Eva was lying through her teeth. However, this would give him the perfect opportunity to infect the coven. He had heard most

of their conversation as he ate his aunt out while she was bent over Kelly's dresser. Fortifying some of his expended energies he had used when he had delivered out the punishment fitting for Norman. With all the coven in one place then it wouldn't be too hard to kill off those wayward witches. "It's okay Kelly," Samuel said squeezing her shoulder.

"You sure?" Kelly asked slightly annoyed that she wouldn't be getting her fill of her delicious brother.

"I'm sure," Samuel nodded.

"Excellent!" Eva said excitedly, "I'll wait for you in the car Samuel," she said flashing Samuel a hungry smile.

Kelly sneered at Eva's back as she walked down the pathway back to her car. The front door closed in a loud thud. She knew whenever Eva spoke, it was most likely a lie. It was the same when she went to the coven for help. Her skin crawled remembering what she had to do to Vlad.

"Sammy, promise me you'll be home soon your sister is hungry," Kelly purred as she pressed her body against his.

"I shall try," Samuel said palming his sister's ass, "it's not like I want to be there anymore than you want me there."

"Mmm...Samuel," Kelly moaned softly her eyes fluttering loving the feeling of her ass filling his hand, "you know how much I love it when you do that?"

"I know," Samuel said with a knowing smile, "why else would I do it, hmm?"

"I wish you didn't have to go," Kelly sighed as her forehead pressed against his. Her eyes narrowed tasting her aunt's lingering juices on his tongue as they kissed. Cursing her aunt's luck, wondering just when and where he had eaten their aunt out; and why it couldn't have been her that got to feel her brother's tongue parting her throbbing labia. They so needed to feel Samuel's lips plucking, sucking, teasing them until she begged for him to stop, which in her defense would never happen. "You be careful, so you can come back

to me and Charlotte. Because this is where you will always belong," Kelly whispered.

"Hello Samuel," Eva said smiling seductively at him as the passenger side door opened, "I've missed you," she lied. She didn't care one bit about any one of the members of the Goodall family only what they could give her -- namely what Samuel could give her. Once they have drained Samuel of his magic he would no longer be needed and would be quickly disposed of. With the rest of his family excommunicated no one from the coven would ever believe them once Samuel went missing. All she had to do was string along Samuel just a bit longer. Then when the time was right she, Beth, and Pamela would reach heights neither one could by themselves.

"Okay," Samuel said playing coy with her.

"I did! I swear it!" Eva said her hand rubbing his left inner thigh. "George, take us to the house," she commanded, "now once the luncheon is over how about you and I experience the warm sun on our skin."

"Sure," Samuel said looking out the window. One he wasn't going to be fucking her ever again, two he needed to speed up the incubation period on his parasite. He wasn't going to allow them another day on this earth; nor was he going to allow them to move against his family while he had breath in his body.

"Samuel, I know this is all new to you, and how we moved so fast since you've waken as a witch," Eva said pressing her body against his, "I don't want you to be frightened off," she said hoping to put Samuel underneath her spell. There was no time left to find another to fill in for Samuel. He had to be the one. The one that would move her and her cohorts to heights of magic that few mortals could ever experience.

"I'm not f-frightened," Samuel stammered putting on his act.

"It's okay Samuel," Eva said tugging on his earlobe, "there is nothing wrong with that," she said, her index finger turning his chin towards her. "Stick with me Samuel, and I'll teach you everything," Eva said before she kissed Samuel passionately. While it was true he was only a tool for her,

however, even if he was just an expendable tool that didn't mean she couldn't enjoy her youthful tool. "You know how much I've missed this?" she asked rubbing Samuel's groin.

"No," Samuel said weakly hoping she was buying into his meek persona. It was easier to slip underneath their radar if they thought they had any hold over him.

"Here," Eva said, taking hold of his hand guiding it underneath the hem of her skirt. "Can you feel how wet I am? How my pussy aches from not being able to feel your cock inside of me?" she asked breathing heavily against his neck as her fingers guided his along her slit. "We did enjoy each other, didn't we? You did enjoy fucking me, right?" Eva whispered into his ear. She knew that he did. All she had to do was to get him to admit it. Knowing how all young men were like when they got a taste of pussy, so easily controlled as all her fuck toys were. Although, she was going to miss fucking Samuel once their plan came to fruition.

"Y-yes," Samuel lied seeing the predator in her eyes. Keeping his smirk from his face, knowing soon she would be lying at his feet along with all the others.

"Excellent. Now I know you want what is best for your family," Eva said, stroking Samuel's cock through the fabric of his jeans. "I can help you with that. All you have to do is follow everything I tell you. Then I know once the whole coven gets a good look at you then it would be a simple matter of reinstating your family; and all you have to do is feed me this delicious man meat," she purred the tip of her tongue teased Samuel's nose.

"Ma'am, we will arrive shortly," George said trying not to peer in the rear-view mirror.

"Thank you, George," Eva sighed, slightly perturbed that she wasn't going to be able to tease Samuel awhile longer. She wanted all the time she could get to wrap the young man around her little finger.

Samuel was greeted by a cheery, welcoming crowd as he entered that historical home. He wondered how much damage his plan was going to do to the old house. As the crowd pushed and pulled at him Samuel knew some of them were good people. Unaware of Eva's and her ilk's

schemes that had doomed them. Yet he knew if he disobeyed Hekatê the pain he had inflicted on Norman would be nothing compared to what awaited him once she got her hands on him. That was one thing he wasn't about to do. He would mourn for their deaths once it was done. Should whomever judge his soul once he was dead he'll face that judgement once the time comes. Whether or not they knew of her dealings they too would meet the same fate. Ignorance did not mean they were innocent. They had reaped whatever gains Eva had stolen, lied, or swindled from whoever was Eva's mark at any given moment. The knowledge that was implanted into his mind as he slept told him that much.

"Hey Samuel," Vlad said waving at Samuel as he approached, "man, you're almost there, almost one of us," he laughed heartedly as he placed his arm around Samuel's shoulders. "From what I have heard the council has taken a liking to you," Vlad said giving Eva a knowing nod. She had tasked him with buttering Samuel up to ensure that he would be drawn into her web.

"Samuel!" Annabeth shouted waving her hand high in the air as she pushed her way through the crowd. Ever since he

had left yesterday her cunt had yet to stop throbbing due to whatever he had done to her. Not that she minded one bit, the fucking he had given her was the best she ever had, and she wanted more. She just hoped she could entice him to stuff her cunt to the brim with that orgasmic cock of his.

"Hello," Samuel said as nicely as he could. Eyeing Vlad out of the corner of his eye. Wondering how many of them were working against him and his family? How many of them knew of what Eva and Norman plotted?

"Come now, I know you can do better than that," Annabeth said wrapping her arms around his waist. Giving Vlad a look to beat it, while she might disagree with her mother most of the time. The thought of that she herself could run the coven far better than her mother could do if she could learn how to tap into whatever magic Samuel used ran through her mind. She was, however, in total agreement that they needed to bring Samuel into the fold. Although, it was mostly for her benefit. "Especially, after what we did yesterday," Annabeth cooed as she rested her chin on his chest, "why don't we visit that room once this silly thing is over, hmm?" she asked standing on her toes not giving Samuel a chance to pull away as her lips locked around his.

"I see you're all ready," Annabeth said mischievously peering down at the hard-on she felt pressing against her stomach. "Will you do that thing again? I want to know what thirty orgasms feels like."

"That will have to be later Annabeth," Eva said from behind her daughter. Keeping her annoyance from her voice at the sight of her daughter hanging onto Samuel. She wasn't about to allow her daughter to have another ride on that cock of his without her having her fill first. "Come Samuel, the luncheon is about to start," she said gently pulling him away from her daughter. Giving the signal to Beth to move the coven into the banquet hall. She wanted to get the luncheon over with as quickly as she could, all so she could have a ride on his cock; and maybe, just maybe she could get him to do that thing her daughter spoke of. "You must be hungry," Eva said leading Samuel towards the buffet table. Samuel eyes zeroed in on the punch bowl knowing it would be the best receptacle for his parasite. Glancing over to Eva knowing he needed the energies that saturated her sexual fluids. The table jarred as Samuel pushed Eva backwards against the table. "Samuel!" Eva gasped in surprise as his fingers roughly pushed her panties to the

side. Grabbing hold of his arms as his fingers plunged into her wet snatch.

"Samuel, not here, okay?" Eva said trying to keep her voice steady as those fingers sought out the depths of her womanhood. "Oh fuck!" she hissed low as his fingers skimmed over her clitoris. "Behave Samuel," Eva said seeing people approaching the buffet table, "ah yes, we would love to have you come by tomorrow. Carrie has a lovely class on spell work," she said quickly before scurrying away to the bathroom. She needed to dry her sex so no one would smell the scent of her arousal.

Samuel looked around shyly before drawing the glyph on the side of the punch bowl for the parasite, adding one to draw the coven members to the bowl, and another to speed up the incubation period to an hour. Any sooner it wouldn't have the desired effect upon their bodies. Moving off as he saw his instruments of his destruction swimming within that sweet red liquid.

Samuel waited patiently for the hour to draw near as he watched the punch bowl from afar. Sensing his pets had

infected each and every one of them. When the first howls and the huge crashing of plates as the elderly man fell through the folding table. Samuel hid his cruel smirk as others began to join the chorus. Samuel stalked his prey from the shadows as their magic burned their bodies from the inside out. Beth began to petrify from the soles of her feet upwards. Pauline's eyes exploded in her sockets before falling face first into her boiling hot soup.

"Mom!" Annabeth cried out as her fire magic engulfed her body in a searing ball of flame.

"What's happening!" Eva yelled horrified as she watched her daughter crumple to her knees. "No!" she shrieked as her skin began to sag, wrinkles rapidly formed, undoing the years' she had used her magic to keep her young. Her heart raced in fear as her body aged right before her eyes.

"You know I was really surprise how stupid you could be," Samuel said coldly as he stepped out into the light.

"What?! You did this to us! Why we were going to help you!" Eva said her vision darkened as cataracts rapidly formed over her eyes.

"Do you honestly take me for that kind of a fool!" Samuel spat, "I know it was you and Beth that gave aid to Norman to hex my mother. Did you think I wouldn't seek revenge? That you could get away with murdering my mother?!" he growled gripping her chin, snatching her head backwards as he stood over her. "I've dealt with Norman already, Hekatê is keeping his soul entertained while she waits for you. Tell me how wise was it to piss off a goddess? It was she that ordered your sundering, and I was all but too happy to oblige. Maybe if she allows your soul to be reborn maybe next time you won't try to usurp the goddess of magic's will," Samuel said an evil light flared in his eyes as Eva's body crumbled to dust.

"You have done well my Herald," Hekatê's disembodied voice filled the banquet hall, "Go rest. Great things await us," she said ominously.

"Well? Is it done?" Kelly asked as she leaned against the fender of her car watching her brother walking down the steps that once was the coven headquarters.

"Yes, the coven-Eva-and her ilk will no longer threaten us," Samuel said grimly.

"Good. They deserved a thousand times over for what they done," Kelly said; yet she prayed whatever happen in there wouldn't haunt her brother. Slightly jumping as that historic house went up in flames at the snap of Samuel's fingers. "Come, we best leave before the fire department gets here," Kelly said pushing off the fender of her car.

Pulling into a secluded cove, killing her engine as the waves lapped at the shore. Peering over at her brother as his aura pulsed. Feeling his magic filling her car as the sea breeze flowed into the interior. She hoped this spot -- known only to locals -- would ease his mind. It was this very same spot she and Samuel would come just to get away. When their mother was diagnosed this was where she and her brother hid out. Comforting each other trying to understand what was happening to her mother.

"Samuel, now that the coven and Norman are dealt with," Kelly said turning in her seat. Glancing out of the corner of her eye, eyeing the blanket in the backseat she had placed there once Samuel texted her. "What's going to happen now?"

"How would I know, I can't see the future sis," Samuel said with a coy smirk.

"Well, what...," Kelly stopped herself feeling her cheeks heating, "what will become of us, Samuel?" she asked praying that she played a role in his life in the years' to come.

"I think...," Samuel said dropping his chin into his hand. Pondering the words Hekatê had said to him. Was she going to call on him again? If so was he going to have to kill again? He had no qualms about what he had done. The coven had sunk into its sin long ago when they allow such things to take place underneath their noses. However, he couldn't in good faith murder in cold blood. "For now, it will just be us. I would've thought you wouldn't have a problem with being

around me unhindered," Samuel said shooting his sister a coy smile.

"Do you mean....," Kelly chewed her lip fighting herself from climbing into her brother's lap, "that I'll finally be able to act like I'm your lover/girlfriend?" she asked her eyes flaring in hunger at his nod. "That maybe once the solstice is over you'll might want to go on another date with me, maybe somewhere fancy, then afterwards take your sister home and make sweet love to her?"

"Hmm...to have sex with my hot sister," Samuel said tilting his head to the side, "you know how insane I have to be to pass that up right?" he asked looking over at her.

"Demented. I would say," Kelly giggled, "though I would hate to have to put you in a hospital ward," she said teasingly.

"Hey. You never know that is probably be the only place they'll actually believe that I believe that I'm a witch," Samuel joked.

"Mmm," Kelly mused running her fingers up Samuel's forearm, "I do wonder if they'll have conjugal visits?" she asked playing along with his joke.

"Oh, I think I can wiggle my fingers and sneak away for a hot tryst with my sexy sister...," Samuel was taken by surprise as Kelly assaulted his lips. Her tongue invaded his mouth, her fingers weaved through his hair as Kelly gave into the lust she felt for her brother. Samuel tried to take breaths, but his sister was like a demon possessed. The deep rumbling purr emanated from her throat as Samuel cradled her braless breasts. Nodding against him as he played with her nipples, her right arm reached through the space that separated the two seats. Her hand aimlessly searching for the blanket she had brought with her. Kelly wanted to experience having sex on the beach, and who better to experience that with than her very own brother.

"Samuel, do you know why I brought you here?" Kelly asked from around his lips.

"Nah-uh," Samuel grunted.

"This was where I was able to comfort you, now I hope we can banish those painful memories with something magical," Kelly said pulling the blanket into her lap, "that is if you want to make love to your sister here on this very beach," she said pointed to those white frosty granules of sand.

"Again, I must say, how insane would I have to be to pass that up?" Samuel asked with a knowing smile.

"Last one there has to eat his sister!" Kelly giggled as she darted out of her car. Samuel just sat there shaking his head at his sister's childish display. "What took you so long?!" she pouted playfully as she knelt on the blanket.

"Some strange woman just ran out of her car, leaving her car door open and left her car keys behind," Samuel said tossing Kelly her keys.

"Well...," Kelly blushed hard as she watched her brother lowering himself onto the blanket, "it's not every day a

woman gets to experience the man she loves in the wide-open world like this," she said walking on her knees towards him. Running her hands up his chest, with a sneaky smile pushing her brother onto his back. "I believe we've been here before?" Kelly cooed as she stared into her brother's eyes.

"Seems we have," Samuel agreed running his hands along his sister's hips, slipping beneath her shirt. Watching how Kelly bit her lip as the palms of his hands skimmed along her skin.

"But we aren't going to be interrupted this time, are we?" Kelly asked breathing heavily as she felt his hands caressing her breasts.

"I believe we won't," Samuel said over the soft rolling waves and the shore birds.

"Good," Kelly said grinning down at him before renewing her assault. She knew he was going easy on her breasts so that she wouldn't squirt breastmilk down onto him. Kicking her shoes off with the help of her toes. Her hips wiggled

excitedly as Samuel pushed down her pants. She had no idea how she managed to get out of her pants once they were around her knees, yet where there is a will there is a way. "Oh Samuel! God, touch me some more, feel how hot my pussy is just thinking about your delicate touch on those aching lips," Kelly moaned sensuously.

"I have to say Kelly, I never thought I'd actually enjoy having sex with my family members."

"But you do enjoy having sex with me, right?" Kelly asked brushing back her hair behind her ear.

"Oh yes, without a doubt," Samuel said inserting a finger into Kelly's molten canal.

"That's it baby!" Kelly moaned loudly as her folds squeezed Samuel's probing finger, "explore your sister's eager pussy to your hearts content, because from now on you and I are going to be together forever," she said grinding her hips on Samuel's appendage. "Sammy, you know how envious I was that Charlotte got to feel your tongue inside of her before you left. My pussy needs to feel your kiss," Kelly pleaded.

She needed to have her cum flooding his mouth as his did within hers. While before this all started she and her aunt were nearly starving, yet now her body was brimming with power. Power. She hasn't felt since the day she and her father conceived her mother's new vessel.

"Well then, park that pretty little thing right here," Samuel said painting his lips in his sister's juice. Feeling the rush of energy surging through his veins as his tongue touched his upper lip.

"Mmm...little brother," Kelly groaned as the pads of his fingers rolled her throbbing bud. Quickly, spinning around positioning her wet mound over her brother's mouth. Her muscles rippled in pleasure as that superheated sex touched his lips. "Go on baby, have a taste of your darling sister," Kelly cooed reaching between her legs, spreading her labia so her brother could peer into her hot sex. Her fist curled around his jeans as his tongue ran up her quivering mound. "Yes, yes, fuck yes," she growled rocking her hips on his mouth, "get that tongue in there. Lap up that hot juice!" Kelly howled as Samuel's tongue twirled within her hot moist canal. Her hands shook as she fumbled with his belt. Tapping Samuel's hips, pushing his jeans and underwear

down to his knees. Her eyes flared hungrily as that hard phallus waited for her to partake of that meaty rod.

This was no longer about her need that burned through their family. This was about experiencing the man she loved. To show him just how well she could and would take care of him throughout their long years' together. Biting her lip as she leaned forward. Her hand grasp that hard, throbbing, pulsating appendage. Loving how the heat of his erection soaked into the palm of her hand. Her eyes watched as that soft blue glow haloed Samuel's cock. Inhaling deeply drinking in the source of their magic before his cock rested firmly in her mouth. Her head slowly rocked, her tongue swirled around Samuel's cock. Her squeal was muffled as she came upon his tongue. Looking down her stomach seeing her deep violet glyph for fertility, then to the midnight blue one underneath hers. Her eyes widened at the pleasant surprise. She had no idea how he knew that glyph. She wondered what else he had learned in their grandparent's house.

The afternoon sun shone over Kelly's right shoulder as she knelt over her brother. Rolling her tongue around her mouth loving the taste of her brother on her tongue. Her

hand brushed along his thigh watching as he wiped the excess juice that overflowed his mouth after their ten minutes of simply enjoying each other. Kelly thought back to the first time they had sex on her bed and the hood of her car.

"Sammy, shall we try something new?" Kelly asked her tongue ran up his chin loving how they tasted together. Plus, this way he wouldn't see her glyph when it activated. Her magic swelled in the pupils of her green eyes as Kelly stared down at her brother. Pushing herself up, drawing Samuel's gaze making sure he was watching as her hand ran down her chest, over her breast, along her stomach, the pads of her fingers skimming along her right ass cheek beckoning to Samuel as she slowly turned.

Machine tooled wheels inched along corresponding slots, the thin, lead weighted pendulum slowly cut away the life of that coiled spring. Inching those centimeter-wide hands along that pearl white face striking at on the hour of eleven thirty p.m. Kelly looked up at her grandparent's house as they set in the driveway, knowing that in thirty minutes her father was about to become her cousin. Praying that her own spell worked to bring new life into their family.

"Samuel, after tonight it will just be us for a while, I hope that doesn't scare you?" Kelly asked as she looked over at her brother as the dome light faded. "I just don't want to lose another two years," she said taking hold of his hand.

"Umm...sis, if I did that I'd die, and I'm not about to do that. You know how weird this is going to be? I do I call dad son, or do I just call him Victor," Samuel said in aspiration.

"Victor I would think," Kelly said tapping her chin, "when Mom learned how to talk again she never told me to call her Mom. That since technically she is Mom, yet we can't think of her as such given how she's a toddler. So, just call Dad-Victor-from now on it be easier on you in the long run at least while we are at home," she said squeezing his hand. "Now I think it's time for us to head in."

"Alright," Samuel said in a tired sigh.

"Hello Samuel," Charlotte greeted her nephew at the door once they entered. Taking delight in her nephew's thunderstruck gaze as she stood in the foyer nude.

"I see that you're already," Kelly said, her eyes running down her aunt's body. Noting how the symbols and the red painted lines that were meant to channel her magic during the spell were exactly where they were supposed to be. "Well, since you're already taken care of I'll get Samuel ready for the rite."

"How about we both take care of that little task, hmm?" Charlotte asked with a mischievous glint in her eye.

"Hmm...yes, I do like that idea," Kelly nodded vehemently, "well, come on," she said taking hold of Samuel's hand dragging him into the living room. A ring of white beeswax candles enclosed the makeshift altar that sat in the center of the room. Their once melted brethren now were their roots anchoring those stalwart tiny pillars to the floor. "Samuel, if you would," Kelly said gesturing to the reupholstered leather chaise.

"Oh, the things I did on this thing," Charlotte said recounting her youth as her hand ran along the only arm rest of that sloping couch. "Samuel, you wouldn't mind if I show you some of those things, would you?" she asked looking up coyly.

"Umm...", Samuel was at a loss of words as he stared into her hungry hazel eyes.

"My, my and to think you have such wit," Kelly giggled, "I keep forgetting it's only been two weeks since you lost your virginity," she sighed deeply resting her head against her brother's shoulder.

"How would you know whether or not if I was or wasn't one before you?" Samuel asked going on the defensive.

"Because," Kelly purred low as her lips were centimeters away from his, "we could smell it on you. It's a byproduct of our use of sex magic little brother," she said hungrily quickly flicking out her tongue enticing her brother to play.

"You have no idea the will power it took not to ravish you the moment we were alone," Charlotte said running her hands up her nephew's back. "How addicting it was just to inhale that fresh raw magic?!" she said blowing softly into Samuel's ear as Kelly had her fill of the man they both needed. "I do wonder how you are going to study with two hot, young, hungry women that are always ravenous," Charlotte gently hissed in his ear as she had sneakily undone his belt.

"Samuel, during the rite don't worry about what's going on around you, just focus on Charlotte your magic needs to be centered on her," Kelly said hearing his pants falling to the floor. Moving slightly to the side to give her aunt room to move around as Charlotte knelt before Samuel's cock. "I'll be the one that leads this spell, so if I tell you to say something..."

"I got it s-sis," Samuel stuttered.

"Now I need you to cum the hour draws near," Kelly whispered quickly drawing the glyph on Samuel's stomach. Her eyes darted back and forth as she watched how his

magic began to rise within his pupils. Her nostrils flared as she watched Samuel's cum shooting into the small bowl she had retrieved once they had entered the room. "I'll leave Samuel's preparation to you," Kelly said nodding to her aunt.

"Umm...Charlotte, what's going on?" Samuel asked looking perplexingly at his sister's back as Kelly left the room.

"Kelly needs to make a certain paste for the spell," Charlotte said stripping Samuel of his shirt, "now hold still while I apply this to you," she said picking up the bowl that rested on the small end table.

"But why?"

"The paste needs a special component," Charlotte said with a sly smile. "The paste that will be painted onto your father's body as I'm doing for you," she said as two red coated fingers ran diagonally down his chest, "is meant to channel Victor's soul once the rite hits its apex. So that, once your semen enters me so will Victor's soul; and you my handsome nephew will become the father of your father."

"Oh," Samuel said closing his eyes as Charlotte started to paint his face.

"So, Samuel, I've been thinking," Charlotte said writing the runes in small print on his cheeks, "that since you didn't have a normal childhood that we get you a restored Mustang Fastback, at least for around town. Then we'll get you a nice new SUV you are going to have lots of people to take care of," she said feeling her cheeks heat. Wondering if Samuel would want to have children that didn't house a soul for his parent once this was all over.

"Oh? Just how many kids are you thinking about?" Samuel asked with a coy smirk.

"Oh, you know, one, two, four," Charlotte giggled as Samuel's eyes shot open.

"The hour is here!" Kelly announced as the seconds hand inched ever closer to the hour of midnight. "Quickly, onto the table!" she said shooing them into position.

"Don't worry Sammy," Charlotte whispered as she climbed on top of him, "just focus on me, alright?" Her left hand caressed his cheek as Samuel nodded.

"Are the two of you ready?" Kelly asked her grandparents as they set Wendy down on the only remaining chair left in the room.

"We are," Carson said nodding to his wife.

"Then if you would Mom, Dad," Wendy said her small hand pointing to altar, "help bring my Victor back to me whole and sound."

"Don't worry sweetheart we will," Martha said sweetly to her daughter.

"Whenever you are ready Charlotte," Kelly said giving her aunt the nod to start the spell.

"Oh, Great Hekatê hear the call of those that have followed your will since the age of Greece," Charlotte began to chant as she looked towards the heavens, "please watch and bless this rite so that we may honor you and renew our vows to our ancient order."

"What is seen can not be seen. What is felt cannot be felt," Charlotte said beginning the spell. Her hand reached in-between her legs lining up the head of his cock with her paradise. Turning Samuel's gaze back to her when her parents and his sister began to chant along.

Samuel hissed as Charlotte lowered herself onto his manhood. His hands gripped her hips at the tightness of that hot liquid peach. Biting his lower lip so not to disrupt their chanting. Samuel prayed that this wouldn't take too long. He didn't know how long he could last as his aunt's folds encased the shaft of his cock.

"The sickened vessel shall crumble to dust, while a new one grows. Restore what has been taken and send the spirit into its awaiting vessel," Kelly said taking over for her aunt. "Three by three," she chanted sprinkling fine green powder

over the tops of the flaming candles as she walked counterclockwise around the enclosed ring. "Allow the sleeper to pass from one another," she chanted high glancing over at her mother as she prayed silently into her small folded hands. Stepping over the circle rubbing her hand in the same counterclockwise motion along her aunt's abdomen, so her father's soul would have a pathway to follow. She tried not to tear up, but she knew this would be the last time she would hear his voice for some time. "The anchor binds you," Kelly said thrusting her right arm towards her aunt. "The anchor commands you!" she said thrusting her left out towards the wall where she knew her father was sitting. Her lower lip trembled as she felt her father's soul passing by her, a single tear ran down her cheek as the lifeless body of Victor Goodall fell to the floor in a loud thump.

"Victor!" Wendy called out before breaking down into tears.

"God, I love feeling your cum inside of me baby," Charlotte whispered as she peered down at her nephew, "your father is in here now Samuel," she said placing his hand over her stomach. "I can already feel the magic taking hold of my egg

and your sperm. Sending that heat seeking cell towards its long-awaited goal."

"It's okay Mom," Kelly said comforting her mother as she held her in her arms, "Dad will be back. Who knows he might just be more handsome than he was when the two of you were younger," she whispered softly into her ear.

"I miss him already," Wendy said through sobs.

"I know, so do I," Kelly muttered holding her mother/daughter tighter.

The End.

Epilogue

Two weeks later...

"Sammy! Come on, let's go!" Wendy called out as her little feet carried her towards her parents old bedroom. Which

was taken over by her son when Kelly and Charlotte would hear none of it about using one of the smaller rooms. He was the head of the household. He was Hekate's herald; and with Charlotte and Kelly sharing his bed every night since they moved into the house a few days ago. It would free up a room for the love of her life -- Victor! Every morning she would crawl into their bed, rest her head on her sister's stomach softly talking to him. "Samuel?!" Wendy said sticking her head into her son's bedroom. "What's wrong?" she asked noticing how he sat on the edge of the bed.

"Everything is just happening so fast," Samuel said in a tired sigh.

"I know," Wendy said softly as she stepped into the room, "I promise that from now on the only thing you have to worry about is ensuring Kelly and Charlotte are fed, and maybe when I'm older I might finally have my own taste of my son in the real world," she said feeling her cheeks heat. "Now come, I want to see the college that you hidden out in for the past two years," Wendy said smiling at her son as she tugged at his left hand.

"Sammy," Charlotte said, leaning across the divide that separated the driver side and the passenger side seat as they pulled into the parking lot in front of his dorm. Seeing all those hot attractive women walking casually around the campus. She wasn't about to allow those harlots to even think they could steal Samuel away from her. She knew they were drawing attention to themselves as she kissed her nephew as they sat in the cool interior of the SUV.

"Sammy? What floor do you live on?" Wendy asked looking up at the seven-story dorm building as Kelly strapped her into her stroller.

"The fourth one," Samuel said looking down at his mother as she took hold of his hand.

"Can you take me around the campus, so I can get to know your teachers?" Wendy asked eager to makeup for the time they lost.

"I don't see why not, though I doubt many of them are still around," Samuel said as Charlotte joined his side.

"Yes please, I and I know Kelly would like to learn more about this place," Charlotte said her eyes lighting up.

"Oh yes," Kelly said with a curt nod, "I want to know everything about you," she whispered into his ear. Her breath hot against his skin as she pressed her body against his.

"A stroll then?" Samuel said with a coy smirk, "well, come on, I'll show you around," he said nodding towards the physics department building. Three hours they walked around that cheery school grounds. Charlotte and Kelly wasted no time in ramping up the rumors that were bound to fly around the campus. Doing everything short of dry humping Samuel in the main courtyard. How they enjoyed those slack jaws as they pawed at Samuel like sex starved sluts.

However, as they entered his dorm room Samuel looked around the place seeing the trash scattered around the room. Huffing at the garbage that his roommate tossed about since his month away. Ignoring the sight, it wasn't his

problem any more. Whomever they got to replace him will have to deal with his former roommate's poor hygiene and the string of women that his roommate paraded around the place.

"Sammy, please tell me this is not how you live like?" Charlotte asked trying not to scowl at the state of the room.

"Yes, it was quite clean the last time I was here," Kelly said looking around the place as they walked towards his room.

"That's because I was the one doing the cleaning," Samuel said rolling his eyes as he unlocked his door.

"Well, you won't have to worry about this place any longer," Wendy said as Kelly pushed her into the room.

It took another hour to pack and load what Samuel left behind when his sister fetched him from school a month ago. Now all that was left was to turn in his keys to the office then his time connected to that man would be over.

"Who's here?!" George called out noticing the unlocked door.

"Just me," Samuel called back as he stacked the duffle bags by his bedroom door.

"Oh! I wasn't expecting you back so soon," George said nervously looking around the apartment.

"Don't worry I'm about to leave," Samuel said offhandedly as he walked back into his room.

"Is that him?" George heard a strange woman's voice from Samuel's room. Shaking his head that couldn't be. The two years he knew of that geek never involved women. Always having his nose deep within whatever book had his attention at the time.

"Sammy, kiss me, it's been to long since I've felt your lips." George's eyes snapped wide-open as his head turned towards Samuel's room at the sound of another woman's voice filling their apartment.

"Don't you forget about me." He heard the other woman pout.

"What the fuck is going on here?!" George asked himself as he sat on the back of the couch.

"Wasn't the near humping in the courtyard not enough?" George heard Samuel ask. Arching an eyebrow wondering if anyone caught them on camera. He had to know if it was true.

"Nah-uh."

"I see, well then, come here." George fought himself from going and invading Samuel's room. He knew his roommate and that man could do things that he rather not experience. George felt himself hardening as he listened in. It was killing him to know just what was going on in there, however, he didn't have to wait for too long as Samuel walked out of his bedroom followed by two women one he knew and another he didn't. George couldn't help himself

as he checked out the two women then finally noticing the baby stroller. His jaw dropped open as they draped themselves along Samuel. Nibbling, cooing, tugging each and every way it appeared to him they just couldn't get enough of Samuel. His eyes dipped low as the raven-haired woman caressed Samuel's bulge.

"Well, see ya," Samuel said waving goodbye to George as they left the room.

"What the fuck is going on here!" George shouted out in confusion only to be met with Samuel's chuckle as he and his family walked down the hall towards the elevators.

"It seems Mom and Dad got to New Orleans safely," Charlotte said reading the text they had sent her once they arrived back at their new home. "Samuel, do you think maybe before school starts that we go and see them?"

"Sure," Samuel nodded setting down his bags by the banister that led to the second floor.

"Sammy?" Kelly said as she closed the front door, "I think they will want to know about their great grandchild," she said smiling sweetly at him as she placed his hand over her stomach.

THE END