

# Five Twisted Wishes

By Rawly Rawls © 2022

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

## Chapter 1

“What do you have there, Andrew?” Erin held out her hand. She could see her son hiding something under his shirt. The clean lines, classy paintings, and air conditioning made the hotel hallway such a different world from the winding narrow streets and chatter of Marrakech. Much to her chagrin, sweat and dust still clung to her dress from their time exploring the city.

“What are you hiding, nerd?” Chrissy pushed her younger brother. In the same motion, she yanked at his hands. “Here you go, Mom.” She handed her mother something covered in an intricately woven cloth.

Erin took the thing from her while her husband opened the door to their rooms. She pulled back the cloth. “Eeeeeiiiiik.” She almost dropped it. “Disgusting, Andrew. And a terrible example of cultural transcription, appropriation, and exploitation.” She looked down at a small, severed hand. It had dry, brittle fur. Thank God it wasn’t human. All five fingers were curled tightly in the creature’s palm. “I told you that money was for clothes.”

“But, Mom ...” Andrew gave his sister a hateful look.

“You never listen.” Erin scowled at her son. “How much did you spend?” When he didn’t respond, her face turned red with anger. “All of it?” She looked to her husband, who now held the door open for them. “Charles?”

“That was very foolish, Andrew.” Charles gave the shriveled thing his wife held a disgusted look. “You’ll have to return it to the merchant that swindled you.”

“But, Dad ...” Andrew tried to maintain a stoic face. It was stupid. How could he explain how convincing the peddler had been? The man had told Andrew that the paw offered five wishes. Andrew had spent nearly four thousand dirhams on the thing. Which really was just about everything his mother had given him.

“I’m just so sick of this behavior. You’re eighteen, Andrew.” Erin covered the severed hand back up. “I wish you’d grow up.” Covered as it was, she didn’t see the pinky finger of the monkey paw slowly unravel.

Chrissy smirked at her brother. “You’ll never find that store again. And you’ll never get your money back.”

Andrew didn’t argue with his sister. He was too busy trying to hide the strangest boner he’d ever had. It felt like it was pushing right past the waistband of his shorts.

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What Andrew found in his pants when he hurried to the bathroom shocked him. His dick had nearly doubled in size. And his balls were huge. He didn’t have any idea what was happening. He fapped in the bathroom for more than an hour, ignoring his sister’s knocking and complaints. When he left and went to his room, he gave her a satisfied look.

“What are you smiling at, nerd?” Chrissy thought the bathroom smelled pungent and strange when she stepped in, like some kind of tropical fruit.

That night, they ate in the hotel restaurant. Erin softened toward her son when she saw how glum he looked. “I’ll help you return that thing tomorrow, sweetie. Do you remember where the shop was?”

“Yeah, it was right by where you bought that scarf.” Andrew nodded.

“It’s a stole.” Erin patted his hand.

“But Mom, we were supposed to go to the oasis tomorrow.” Chrissy shoveled some fish into her mouth and ate noisily.

“Your brother changed our plans, it seems. Charles, you and Chrissy can go to the oasis.” Erin nodded at her husband. “Andrew and I will get his money back. If we complete the task quickly, we’ll meet you at the oasis. If not, we’ll do some proper shopping.”

“Really, dear?” Charles had been looking forward to seeing his wife in her new bikini.

“Sorry, Charles.” Erin smiled thinly. “I just wish Andrew would think of my happiness when he makes decisions. He so often thinks only of himself.”

Back in their hotel room, the monkey’s ring finger slowly extended.

“Sure, Mom. I’m sorry I didn’t listen to you about the money.” Andrew was aware that everyone was staring at him. He didn’t usually apologize. “I just want you to be happy.” He meant it. He really wanted to see his mother happy. She had been so harried all trip. Heck, she seemed stressed back home, too. He wanted to see her relaxed with a wide smile on her face.

That night, Andrew fapped under the covers. While he did it, the image of his mother’s ecstatic face returned to his mind again and again. He felt weird masturbating while thinking of her, but that certainly didn’t slow him down.

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Despite going up and down Marrakech’s busy, narrow streets, Andrew and Erin did not find the shop. They were dusty and sweaty by noon. They had brought bags with their swimming things in case they finished in time to catch up with the other half of their family. But it was clear that wasn’t going to happen.

“I wish we could forget the shop and find someplace to rest.” Erin leaned against a dirty, ornate doorway. Inside her bag, the paw’s middle finger gently extended.

“Look over there, Mom.” Andrew pointed to an open gate across the street. Inside there seemed to be dark green foliage and a cool mist floated invitingly toward them. He wanted desperately to see her happy, so he took her hand and pulled her across the street and through the gate.

There was a table with a gatekeeper just inside. He asked for a ten dirham admission to “the pool.” Erin paid him absentmindedly and followed her son down a long verdant path.

They walked silently together, feeling lost in a dream. After a few minutes, they came to a clearing. The sights and sounds of the city disappeared. The pool was a beautiful art deco expanse of water, tile, and columns. There was grass under their feet. A pitcher of ice water waited for them under an umbrella. To their right stood two changing rooms.

“I think we’re the only ones here.” Erin tentatively walked out toward the edge of the pool. “This feels so strange, Andrew. What are we doing?”

“Changing, I guess.” Andrew pointed to the rooms. He walked into the little room, removed his clothes, and pulled on his swimsuit. His soft cock bulged his suit. It clearly hadn’t been designed with his new proportions in mind. He shrugged. He wouldn’t worry about it. He hoped the sight of it wouldn’t upset his mother. He really wanted to see her happy.

When he got out of the changing room, his mother was waiting for him. She was wearing her new bikini.

Erin stared at Andrew for an awkward moment. It was clear his gaze had fixed where it should not. She thought about how excited her husband had been to see her in the bikini. Now, her son seemed equally revved. That wasn’t good, was it? “This is all so strange. I wish I knew what we were doing here.” Back in her changing room, the monkey’s pointer finger extended. Suddenly, Erin’s eyes fell to her son’s suit. She hadn’t known he had such a large penis. He’d worn that suit just before the trip, and she hadn’t noticed anything. But now, she could see the clear outline of his soft monster. And a thought hit her like a bolt of lightning. She knew what they were doing in that magical place. They were there to bond. They were there to “bump uglies,” as her husband liked to call it. It was as undeniable a fact as the sun setting in the west. “Let’s get in the pool, sweetie.” She swayed her hips as she moved into the water, aware that he was watching her like a hawk.

They floated in the water silently for a while, both playing it cool.

“It’s so quiet here.” Erin swam up to her son and playfully splashed him. She shrieked when he splashed her back. Soon, they were wrestling in the water. “Don’t dunk me, Andrew!” She chased him around the gorgeous pool, splashing him and tickling him under the water. They both couldn’t stop laughing. It was impossible to remember the last time she’d had so much fun. He turned the tables and chased her. She let him catch her from behind. They treaded water in the deep end, with one of his arms around her middle, clutching her tummy. Erin wiggled her butt back at him. She could feel his large thing pressing up against her.

“Are you happy, Mom?” Andrew pressed himself into her backside. Her ass was round and perfect. Her laughter as they played in the water was the sweetest music. She was always so uptight, but something about this place had unwound her.

“Very happy, sweetie.” It was hard treading water with her son holding onto her. She swam slowly to the edge of the pool, Andrew still clinging on behind her. With one hand, she grasped the intricate tile. With the other, she lowered her bikini bottoms. “This is a special place, I think. And I’m going to give you a special treat. Pull down your trunks.”

“Okay.” In a trance, Andrew removed his swimsuit and let it float away. He looked down at his long cock poking his mom’s right ass cheek. The image, refracted by the water, heightened the sense of strangeness. “I don’t know where to put it, Mom,” he whispered.

“Shh. Don’t fret.” Erin reached behind her and guided him in. “Mommy’s got this.” She braced her feet against the side of the pool and pushed her butt back. “Oooooohhhhhh ... you’re huge.” She had spent most of her adult life tied to Charles, with the understanding that she would never again know another man intimately. And here she was, shoving her pussy onto Andrew’s giant cock. Everything had happened so suddenly.

“It ... uh ... uh ... feels good ...” Andrew’s hips moved on their own. Water sloshed and splashed around them. It was hard to get leverage, so he lifted his legs around her and pressed his feet against the side of the pool. That gave him a good enough position to really lay into her. He savored her joyous screams as she trembled in front of him. There was no mistaking it, he was making her happy.

Erin lost track of time while they humped in the water. Eventually, she turned around and tossed her bikini top away. She rode her son in the water like a crazed woman. A succession of orgasms hit her. She spotted her ring sparkling in the afternoon sunlight as she clutched to Andrew’s shoulders. Guilt tugged at her, but didn’t slow her down. Her mind, twisted by pleasure, interpreted the guilt oddly. “I ... ugh ... wish ...” She threw her head back, her hair trailing in the water. “I wish ... Charles and Chrissy ... could share ... in this ... ugh ... joy.” Inside her changing room, the thumb of the monkey paw uncurled.

“Oh ... shit ... Mom.” Andrew barely heard her words. He was so intent on bringing her to one more orgasm before his own climax took him. “Ride ... me ... I’m about to ...” He could tell from her scream that she was cresting another ecstatic wave. He let out a surprised yell and released inside her.

“Jeez ... Dad ... you’re ... going to ... uh ... uh ... uh ... break me.” Chrissy’s eyes rolled back in her head. She leaned her head on her forearms, which were pressed against the wall of the changing room, doing her best to brace herself against her father’s onslaught. One moment, they had been sipping drinks in the sun by the oasis. The next moment, her father had pulled her wildly to a changing room. The moment after that, she had shoved her bikini-clad tits in her father’s face. It didn’t take long before he was humping her from behind.

“Nonsense ... Chrissy ... your mother loves ... it ... like this.” Charles slapped his daughter’s ass. In the moment, it seemed perfectly natural.

“I’m ... not ... ugggghhhhhh ... Mom.” She was cumming on her father’s dick again.

That last comment gave Charles pause. What was he doing smacking his daughter's tight, rippling ass while stuffing her vagina? But the clarity faded. His wife was off enjoying herself, and he and Chrissy had a right to their fun, too. He forgot all about Erin. He and Chrissy bumped uglies for the rest of the afternoon. Just before nightfall, they dressed and found the shuttle back to their hotel.

It wasn't until the western clouds lit up a brilliant orange that Erin and Andrew finally put an end to their time by the mysterious pool. They went back to their changing rooms, cleaned themselves up, and met out by the pool again. Hand in hand, they walked back up the path and out into Marrakech. The man at the gate nodded to them on their way out.

"Do you think Dad and Chrissy had a good day?" Andrew squeezed his mom's hand. Her grip felt so warm and reassuring. The smile on her face was without equal. He could tell she had loved their time together.

"I think so." Erin somehow knew that her husband and daughter were every bit as happy as she was.

"Can we do this again, Mom?" Andrew looked at her expectantly. They walked out into the street with peddlers shouting their wares.

"We'll see, Andrew." She was playing it coy, but Erin would spread her legs for her son every chance she got. Hand in hand, they made their way back to their hotel.

## Chapter 2

“Can I borrow ten dollars, Mom?” Malik held something shriveled in his hand. He smiled at his mother.

“You’re eighteen. Get a job if you need money.” Tavon clapped his son on the shoulder. “But you didn’t ask me, did you?”

“For that thing?” Shonda scrunched her face in disgust as she maneuvered past several old bicycles. “What is it?” She spied the nice woman running the garage sale sitting not far away. “Excuse me, ma’am. What is my son holding?”

“Oh, that’s a monkey’s paw my son bought in Marrakech.” Erin rubbed her swollen belly. “It grants you five wishes.” She giggled at the thought.

“It’s from Africa, Mom. Let me get it.” Malik beamed like the hideous old thing was treasure.

Seeing her son so happy softened Shonda’s heart. “Why are you getting rid of it?”

“We’ve got two babies on the way. Clearing stuff out.” Erin smiled pleasantly. Garage sales used to give her anxiety. But since she’d let Andrew between her legs, nothing really bothered her.

“You’ve got twins in there?” Shonda had three children of her own, but they had been spaced out. Even so, it had been so much work. She didn’t envy the woman.

“No, my daughter is pregnant, too.” Erin glanced at the monkey’s paw. “I’ll give it to you for five dollars.”

“Please, Mom?” Malik’s grin widened. He could see her giving in.

“Okay.” Shonda reached into her purse. “But that thing stays in your room.” She handed the nice lady five dollars.

“Sure, sure.” Malik stuffed the withered thing into his pocket. “It’ll stay in my room.”

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“Tameka isn’t coming home for the holidays.” Shonda folded laundry and frowned at her husband. She glanced at her son as he worked on homework over by the Christmas tree.

“She’s married now, Shonda.” Tavon shrugged and took another swallow of beer. He was trying to watch the game. “What did you expect?”

“I don’t know, I just wish my babies didn’t have to grow up.” Shonda rolled a pair of socks together and sighed. Up in Malik’s room, the monkey’s paw did not stir.

“But Kimora’s coming home?” Malik spoke without looking up.

“Yeah, baby. You’ll have one sister here for Christmas.” Shonda nodded.

“I wish it was both of them.” Malik tuned out his parents and went back to his studies. Up in his closet where he had discarded the monkey’s paw, one hideous finger extended.

Later that night, Tameka called her mom to tell her that she had changed her mind. She was bringing her husband home for the holidays. Shonda squealed with glee.

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The week before Christmas, Kimora arrived from college. Malik was hoping to spend some time with his sister, but she wasn’t interested.

“Hey, wanna shoot some hoops?” Malik knocked on his sister’s open door, holding a basketball under his arm.

“Not now, Malik. I’m busy.” Kimora rolled her eyes at him. “I’m texting with Kevin.” Messaging her boyfriend was her main pastime.

“You’re always busy.” Malik bounced the ball on the wall.

“Knock that off.” Kimora threw a pillow at him. “Get yourself a girlfriend and you’ll understand.”

Malik stormed down the hall. “I wish I had a girlfriend,” he said under his breath. In his closet, the monkey’s paw extended a second finger.

“Malik ... wait.” Kimora stuck her head out of her doorway and smiled at her brother. “Let’s play some ball. Let me change.” The siblings played HORSE out in the driveway for over an hour. Laughing, they took a break to get some water in the kitchen.

“You two are getting along.” Shonda smiled at her children as she prepped dinner.

“We should. I’m Malik’s girlfriend.” Kimora laughed and draped her arms around her brother dramatically.

Malik fended her off with the basketball he still carried.

“You’re crazy.” Shonda chuckled at the ridiculousness of her children. She shook her head as the siblings ran upstairs. They were quiet for a while, and then she heard them thumping. It was slow at first, but the rhythm quickened. What were they doing up there, dribbling the damn basketball? She wanted them to get along, so she didn’t interfere. After about ten minutes, Shonda’s patience ran out. They were going to break her house. But just as she put her knife down the sounds ended with a final few erratic thumps. “If they broke something, they’re going to be sorry.” Shonda picked up the knife and continued chopping.

Upstairs, Malik lay on top of his sister, her legs still wrapped around his waist. “What ... just ... happened?”

Kimora giggled. “Didn’t you hear me say you needed a girlfriend?” She looked up at him with soft brown eyes. “Now you’ve got one.”

“I can’t date my sister.” Malik tried to pull out of her, but her legs held him fast.

“Says who?” Kimora put her hands on his butt to hold him deep inside her. He was still hard.

“What ... about ... your boyfriend.? Malik’s hips started back up. His sister’s pussy squelched with cum.

“I guess ... ohhhhhh ... I have two ... boyfriends ... now.” Her eyes rolled back in her head as their second session picked up steam.

In the kitchen, Shonda rolled her eyes at the ceiling. What now? The thumping was going on just like before. She would have stormed up there if she didn’t have raw chicken on her hands. By the time the chicken was in the pan and her hands were washed, the thumping had stopped again. She’d have a conversation with them later about how to behave. They were too old to be acting like fools.

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Over the next couple days, Kimora and Malik humped whenever they got a chance. At first, they were so caught up in their novel pleasures that they weren’t careful. They mated all over the house, from the laundry room to the basement. But they sobered up one night when their mother almost caught them in the kitchen. From then, they made it a point to only do it in one of their rooms with the door locked. And to keep the noise down if anyone else was home.

Three days before Christmas, Malik was pumping his sister from behind on the floor of her room and trying to focus on her ripe ass. Instead, he kept thinking about how after winter break, she'd go back to her stupid boyfriend.

"Hey ... Kimora ... ugh ... ugh ..."

"What ... Malik?" She looked back at him, her face slack and her eyes distant. It was hard to keep her eyes on him while her head kept jerking forward.

"I want you to be ... ugh ... ugh ... my girlfriend. I want to be ... your only ... boyfriend."

"Can't ... do ... it. Only ... for ... winter ... uh ... uh ... uh ... break." She was having a hard time stringing her thoughts together. Her brother had that effect on her lately. "I'm going to ... marry ... Kevin ... someday."

"I wish ... he'd just ... go away." Malik humped her harder, as if that would banish Kevin from their lives. The monkey's paw, forgotten in Malik's closet, uncurled a third finger.

Kimora's phone started ringing. She reached for it and put it on the ground in front of her. It was Kevin. At the moment, she could barely talk, but to her surprise she answered it anyway. "Uuuuggghhhh ... hello?"

"Don't talk, Kimora." Kevin sounded stressed. "I just need to tell you we're breaking up."

"Wha ... wha ... what?" Kimora blinked at the phone.

"I just can't see you anymore. Sorry, babe." Kevin disconnected.

"Well ... shit. That was ... ugh ... ugh ... lucky." Malik couldn't believe it. He was her only boyfriend. He now had his sweet older sister all to himself. He gripped her hips tighter.

"Gonna ... cum ... Kimora."

"Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." Kimora had just been dumped for the first time, and she was climaxing on her brother's cock. It was shaping up to be a very strange Christmas.

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The next day, Tameka and her new husband, Jamar, arrived. The house was full. While looking for some extra blankets in his closet, Malik spotted the forgotten monkey's paw. He picked it up and stepped out of the closet. He held it up to the sunlight streaming through his window. Three fingers had extended themselves since he'd last seen the thing. He played back recent events in his mind. Malik was no dummy. He had read enough know what it was. "That nice garage-sale lady wasn't lying," he muttered. The thing was granting him wishes. He had to test it.

“I wish ...” He held the cursed monkey’s paw high. “I wish ... that ...” What to wish for that would tell him definitively what he had, without wasting a wish? What did he want? “I wish I was bigger than Dad.” His father played football in college, and was still jacked. Malik couldn’t dunk a basketball. His skin crawled as he watched the fourth finger on the hand slowly straighten.

He stood still, waiting to get taller. If the wish worked, he’d be able to sail above the rim. That would be awesome. But nothing happened. His muscles didn’t grow either. He removed his shirt, staring at his lean chest. His dad was a big guy, and Malik ... still wasn’t. Then he looked lower and nearly fell over when he saw the lump in his shorts. He quickly undressed. The wish had worked in only one place. He had no idea how big his dad was down there, but Malik had to be bigger now. His dick was downright huge.

“Malik, sugar, did you find the blankets? I ...” Shonda walked into her son’s room and stopped when she saw that he was naked. Then, it registered that he had a monster between his legs. “Oh ... my ... God. I am so sorry, Malik.” Her hand went up to her mouth as she continued to stare. It was mortifying walking in on him like that. “Put some pants on. And find those blankets.” She turned and quickly left the room, closing the door behind her.

“Bye, Mom.” Malik’s new cock started to rise. Kimora wasn’t home, so he’d have to take care of it by himself. He locked the door, jumped into bed, and had the best fap session of his life.

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When he showed his new dick to Kimora that night, she shrieked. Malik couldn’t stop laughing, but his sister was genuinely frightened.

“What happened to you?” The lights in her room were turned low, so she had to move her face closer to inspect the hard thing. She tentatively poked it with her finger. It was the same familiar shape, but double its former size.

“I had a wish granted.” Malik put his hand on the back of her head and pulled her mouth closer to his dick.

“I can’t ... Malik.” She let him guide her to his penis. Her lips pressed up against the head. “It’s too big now.” Kimora’s words were muffled by the cock.

“You’re my girlfriend, right? You have to try.”

Kimora nodded and opened wide. It only took a few minutes until her jaw was sore from the effort, but she bobbed her mouth on the first couple inches for him. When she

got too sore, she pulled off him, continuing to stroke with her hands. “You’re going to want to put it inside me, aren’t you?”

“Let’s see if it fits.” Malik flopped back on her bed, his tall dick standing proud. Maybe *it* could dunk a basketball now. He laughed, watching his sister hastily undress.

“This is all so ... strange.” Kimora climbed on top of him, lined her pussy up, and settled down. She was always gushing around her brother’s cock, and that helped as he entered her. It took a while to stretch out for him, but once she adjusted, she found they fit like a lock and key. Whatever secret door of ecstasy Malik had just opened inside made her mind go blank. “Ooohhhh ... ohhhhhh ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.”

“Quiet ... quiet ... you’re going to wake up ... everyone.” Malik stuffed her discarded panties into her mouth. When that wasn’t enough, he followed it up with her blouse. They humped most of the night. Christmas was almost upon them, and Malik could think of no gift sweeter than Kimora with her eyes rolled back, undulating on top of him.

## Chapter 3

There was one wish left. One wish, and he could have anything. Malik spent a sleepless night thinking over his options. The monkey's paw had twisted his first four wishes. He just knew that if he wished on a large scale, he could mess up on a large scale. Millions of lives could be at stake. He could ask for world peace or racial equality. But world peace might arrive via a deadly pandemic, an asteroid, or something even worse. Maybe a selfish wish was in everyone's best interest.

He already had his family under one roof for Christmas, an amazing girlfriend that he didn't have to share, and a massive cock. He had everything, including things he hadn't even known he'd wanted. But ... Kimora was going back to college soon. He would need a new girlfriend while she was away. Girls never seemed all that interested in him. His thoughts spiraled and spiraled as he lay awake. Eventually, he came to a decision. It was a wish as old as time, so simple he wondered why he hadn't already wished it.

"I wish that women found me attractive." Malik lay in bed. He didn't feel any different. He got up, dressed only in ill-fitting boxers, and went to the closet. When he found the monkey's paw, he saw that all five fingers were extended. "Okay. I can have any girlfriend I want now." He jumped when his door opened.

"Malik? Are you awake?" Tameka slipped into her brother's room. She stopped breathing and put a hand to her chest when she saw him standing by the closet. "What on Earth are you doing? You scared me, standing there like a ghost."

"Me? What are you doing here?" Malik blinked. The only light in the room came from a streetlamp outside his window. His sister was standing in the shadows, so he couldn't see her very well. Her expression was inscrutable.

"I was lying awake thinking about Christmas ... listening to Jamar snore ... and I started thinking ..." She tugged absentmindedly at her pajamas, took a step forward, and closed the door behind her. "You've really become a man, haven't you?" His skinny body blended into the shadows. Tameka needed to see him. She flipped the switch on the wall and they both blinked at the sudden brilliance of the overhead light.

"What the hell, Tameka?" Malik was sure she was messing with him somehow. She always did know how to annoy him. He was about to berate her when he saw the way she was staring at his poorly-concealed dick. "Oh." Recognition flashed in his eyes. "It got you, didn't it?"

"What ... got me ... Malik?" Her mouth hung open as she stepped closer to him, staring at the outline of what had to be the largest cock on Earth.

“Well ... shit ...” He’d already slept with one sister. In for a penny, in for a pound. He expected her to drop to her knees any second. But instead, the door opened again.

“What in heaven’s name are you two doing up?” Shonda stood in her frumpy nightgown, blinking in the bright light.

“Mom?” Tameka jumped away from her brother. “We were just ... um ... he was just showing me ...” Her eyes moved about the room until they settled on the monkey’s paw in Malik’s hand. “He was showing me ... um ... that. Ew ... what *is* that?”

Malik turned his back to his mom so she wouldn’t see his hard dick. “It’s the monkey’s paw we bought at the garage sale.” He held it up and looked over his shoulder at her.

“I can’t believe I bought you that thing.” Shonda looked away from the wizened horror to her son’s tight butt. He looked so good in his boxers. He was built differently than his father. But she could see how women would throw themselves at Malik. He would break a lot of hearts in his day. She must have gone suddenly crazy, because if Tameka wasn’t there she might just ...

“Okay, I’m going back to bed.” Tameka’s eyes were on the floor as she left. “That was really gross, Malik.”

Malik laughed like he’d planned to disgust her. “Yeah ... good night.”

“Put that away and get back in bed, I’ll tuck you in.” Shonda watched him move and caught a glimpse of the front of his boxers as he slipped under the covers. She licked her lips. That was some major early morning wood. The last time she’d seen it, his penis was soft. That had shocked her. Seeing its full size gave her a buzzing sensation inside.

“Mom? Were you going to tuck me in?” Malik settled his head on the pillow.

“Sorry, baby.” Shonda shook her head to clear it. She grabbed the blanket and pulled it up to his chin. “Even though you’re eighteen, I can still tuck you in. My little man. Um ... I mean big man.” She smoothed out the blanket and leaned in to kiss his forehead. She surprised herself when her lips met his. She was even more shocked when her tongue darted out and playfully ran along his teeth. She shut her eyes tight and kissed the most attractive man on Earth.

“Mmmpppphhhhh.” Malik squirmed a little at first, but quickly gave in to the kiss. He’d only kissed a few girls, and his mom clearly had some skills earned from experience. She was forceful, responsive, and playful.

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Tameka stood in the shadows outside her brother's room looking in through the open door. Should she pinch herself? Was this real? She turned and quickly ran back to her bedroom. Sleep did not come for her. Instead, after some hesitation her hand found her pussy. She listened to her husband snore next to her while she rubbed her clit. Her brother, unquestionably the most handsome man on the planet, was making out with their sweet mother at that very moment. How long had that been going on? What did it mean? Why was it ... so ... fucking ... hot? She stuffed her pillow in her mouth as she came.

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Back in Malik's room, Shonda finally summoned the will to come up for air. She pushed away from her son and stood straight. "Well ... that was ... err ... I mean ... did we just ...?"

"Okay, Mom. I have to be honest. I should have seen this coming." Malik shook his head. He was rethinking his whole life. "The monkey's paw tricked me. But I don't mind. You want to see my dick now?"

Shonda slapped her son in the face. "I don't know what's happening, but you need to get ahold of yourself." She turned and hurried from the room. When she got into bed, her husband put his arm around her.

"You awake?" Tavon said.

"Mmmhhmmmm." She was terrified he'd somehow know what had just happened.

"Want to have some fun?" Tavon took her hand and placed it on his cock.

"Oh ... yes, please." Shonda thought bonding with her husband would be the perfect way to ease her guilt and take her mind off what happened. She was wrong. They made love for ten minutes, and the whole time she could think only of her gorgeous son.

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After he was sure everyone had gone to bed, Malik left his room and slipped into Kimora's bed. She was groggy at first, but welcomed him with open legs. Malik humped his sister until dawn broke outside her window. Then he finally fell asleep in her arms, his dick still buried in her pussy.

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“Why is everyone so quiet this morning? It’s Christmas Eve.” Tavon aimed his big grin all around the table.

“I didn’t sleep well. I dreamt that I was in some kind of earthquake. The ground kept shaking.” Jamar sipped some coffee and shook his head.

Tameka’s muscles stiffened. Her silly husband had felt her shaking the bed while she touched herself. She looked at her brother, and her cheeks got hot. She looked at her mother and saw that she was staring at Malik like he was the Second Coming. And her mom wasn’t wrong. He was gorgeous. How had she not noticed before how handsome he’d become? And he was macking on their mom ... and ... that was making her impossibly wet. She crossed her legs and tried to focus on Christmas. “I’m excited for Jamar to see Park Avenue Baptist on Christmas Eve. It’ll be lively.” She nudged her husband.

“Yeah, cool.” Jamar nodded groggily.

Malik rubbed his eyes. “I think I’m coming down with something. Maybe I’ll stay home tonight.”

“Oh, baby, what’s wrong?” Shonda stood and hugged her youngest, pulling him to her bosom.

Malik raised his eyebrows at Kimora.

“I’ll stay home and take care of Malik.” Kimora knew exactly how to make her brother feel better.

“No, Kimora. I’m his mother, I’ll stay.” Shonda hugged Malik closer.

“Now, hold on everyone.” Tavon eyed his son. “He doesn’t look all that sick to me.”

They all argued around the table, Malik’s sisters both pleading their case to stay home with their brother. But in the end, Shonda had her way. She would sacrifice church to stay home with her son.

The rest of the day was unusually low-key for such a big holiday. Everyone seemed out of sorts. Eventually, most of the family dressed for church. They were a grumpy bunch as they piled into the car and waved goodbye to Malik and Shonda.

“So, am I in trouble or what?” Malik, still dressed in his pajamas, rubbed his cheek where she’d slapped him the night before and watched his mom close the front door.

"I'm sorry I flew off the handle last night." Shonda fidgeted with her dress. "I ... um ... I ..." She was tongue-tied. Her belly flapped with butterflies like she was meeting Chiwetel Ejiofor. "I'm sorry."

"Yeah ... it's okay, Mom." Malik could see her nipples poking through her dress. It wasn't cold in the house. He tried not to stare. "What do you want to do?"

"If you're feeling well enough, we can hang out by the tree. I'll light a fire and make you some hot chocolate." When her son nodded, Shonda clapped her hands with joy. She really wanted to make it up to him for that horrible slap. She had almost forgotten the inappropriate comment that had prompted it. Fifteen minutes later, the fire was roaring, the Christmas tree was shining, and two mugs steamed on a side table.

"Thanks, Mom. This is nice." Malik had no doubt that his final wish was in full effect with his mom. In for a penny ... he was ready for whatever was about to happen. He'd learned his lesson from the night before, however. He wouldn't push anything. If they only kissed again before everyone returned from church, that would be enough for him. "You want to cuddle?"

"Yeah, we haven't cuddled in a long time." She knew full well that was because he had become a man. They sipped their hot chocolate and stared at the fire for a while. Once they had finished their drinks, she put the mugs back on the table and looked at Malik from closeup. He had such perfect, glowing, young skin. A small prick of self-doubt hit her. Would she look old to him this close? She prayed not. "Does your cheek still hurt?"

"A little." He lied. It was best to get all the sympathy he could. He checked the clock. There was still lots of time before everyone got home.

"Would you ... um ... like me to kiss it for you?" She smiled shyly. She still had the feeling that she was sitting with some Hollywood heartthrob.

Malik nodded and suppressed a grin. He wasn't going to say anything stupid to mess up the moment. He watched her pretty face come in for a kiss on his cheek. And then another kiss. And another. The kisses migrated to his lips. Soon, they were making out in front of the fire, her hands groping his hard, young body.

~~

At church, Jamar's eyelids drooped. He held his wife's hand tightly and tried to focus on the sermon.

Tameka was also having a hard time following the preacher. All she could think about was what her mom and Malik might be up to that very minute. "I'm not ... feeling well." She removed her hand from her husband's and stood. "I'm going to walk home."

"I'll come, too." Jamar gave her a concerned look.

"No, you stay," Tameka whispered. She was aware that there were lots of eyes on her. She stood and awkwardly moved past people in the pew. She glanced back to see confused and concerned expressions on all her family's faces. She smiled to tell them it would be okay, and quickly walked out of the church. She could be home in twenty minutes if she walked at a brisk pace.

~~

"Wow ... baby ... it's wonderful." Shonda rubbed her son's hard penis through his pajamas. "Do you need ... a little special ... Christmas attention?" She kissed her way down his chest. "Is that ... why you ... wanted to stay home ... with me?"

Malik didn't mention that it was her idea to stay home with him. "Yeah, Mom." He choked back the crude words on the tip of his tongue. "Do whatever feels right."

"This feels right." She pulled down his pajama bottoms and stared. "Oh ... my ... God. I made that?"

"Yeah." Technically, it had been the monkey's paw, but he wasn't going to disagree with her. He watched her lovingly plant little kisses on his cockhead.

"Oh ... Malik ... what a Christmas gift ... so ... beautiful ... so ... mmmpppphhhhh." And just like that, her jaw opened wide and she took him in.

~~

Tavon sang loudly with the congregation. He smiled over at Kimora and found that she had slipped out when he wasn't looking. It was just him and his son-in-law now. That was a strange way to attend services. He'd have a talking-to with his daughters later. In the meantime, he sang even louder to better represent his missing family.

~~

Shonda sang loudly as she slowly lowered her hips and forced that monster inside her. “Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii ... you’re splitting me ... Malik.” Her eyes rolled back in her head. Soon, she bounced on him with a novel intensity. No matter how high her hips bounced, she never dislodged him. “Gonna ... cum ... baby ... gonna cum ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Her dress bunched around her hips, flopping up and down on her thighs as she rode him.

Tameka stood in the doorway, watching her brother and mother. Her jaw hung slack, her eyes opened wide, and her hand snaked under her dress. “They’re doing it ... they’re fucking doing it,” she whispered to herself.

A few minutes later, Kimora stopped in the shadows when she saw her sister masturbating. She couldn’t see what was going on in the living room, but she knew her brother’s grunts well, and the wailing voice sounded an awful lot like her mother. She had thought something weird was going on, but she hadn’t expected to find anything like this.

The sound of the garage door broke everyone from their trance. Kimora ran up to her room. Tameka hid in the pantry. Shonda forced herself off her son, finally pulling up far enough to dislodge him. She was still shaking as she smoothed out her dress and did her best to hide her son’s glistening erection under some pillows and a blanket. “Just ... pretend ... everything’s ... normal.”

“Yeah ... okay ... Mom.” Malik had been so close to cumming. He tried to hide his frustration while watching his mom sit by the fire. She was still huffing and puffing. In a minute, his father would walk into the room, and he would know something was wrong. He had to do something. “Oh, the weather outside is frightful, but the fire is so delightful ...” A rousing Christmas carol was the best way to distract from what had just happened. He kept singing, and his mom, getting the drift, joined in. Together they sang and waited for the rest of their family to appear.

## Chapter 4

All of Tavon's anger evaporated when he arrived home to find his wife and son singing Christmas carols. He and Jamar joined in, standing side by side next to the roaring fire. A few minutes later, Kimora and Tameka appeared. The family sang loudly by the sparkling tree.

Outside, Rachel Schwartz tried to hold back her dog while he sniffed the Connor's lawn. She got control of him, just as their living room window came into view. Rachel stared with envy. She lived down the block and knew Malik well. They were both eighteen and were in several of the same classes. She watched the family happily singing in their living room. Hanukkah was fine, but it wasn't the same as Christmas. Rachel and her older sister, Grace, had always been a little envious of carols, decked out trees, and Santa. It looked like so much fun. She gazed at Malik. He looked so happy. She wished she could experience what he was feeling. She shrugged her shoulders against the cold, and turned back toward the sidewalk.

When they'd finished singing, Tavon looked around at his family. "Now let's get some rest." He eyed his son, who didn't look sick at all. "I want us feeling well enough that we can all attend church tomorrow." He turned a displeased look on his daughters. "And I don't want anyone leaving in the middle of the service. Understood?"

"Yeah, Dad." Kimora smiled sweetly.

"Sure, Dad." Tameka suddenly felt like she might faint. There was too much of a juxtaposition between what she'd witnessed with her mom and Malik and her father's banal speech. Did he not see that his wife had stepped out on him? Or had she stepped *in* on him? She was so confused. Tameka keeled sideways.

"Whoa." Malik shot a hand out and caught his sister. He guided her head onto the pillows in his lap. He had almost stood to catch her, but that would have been a disaster. He was still hard and neither he nor his mom had thought to pull up his underwear and bottoms before she'd hidden his dick. If anyone moved the blanket and pillows, they'd be in for a real shock. "Are you okay, Tameka?"

"I fell ... and you caught ... me." Tameka smiled faintly at her little brother. Stars swam before her eyes. "I feel a little dizzy."

Jamar rushed to his wife's side. He knelt next to the sofa. "You said you weren't feeling well at the church. We should have listened to you." He glared at his father-in-law. "Let's get you to bed."

"No ..." Tameka pushed her husband away. "I want Malik to take me to bed."

“Your brother needs his rest.” Shonda pulled her daughter up and pushed her into her husband’s arms. She knew what lurked under the blanket and pillows. Even worse, her son’s monstrous thing was covered in her juices. She gave a great, big sigh of relief when Jamar carried off Tameka. Soon after, most of the family headed up to bed. It was just mother and son by the dwindling fire. “We should go to bed.” She sat down on the sofa next to him. Why did Malik have to be so gorgeous? “It’s Christmas tomorrow.” She didn’t know what else to say.

“You left me high and dry, Mom. Can we finish what we started?” Malik threw aside the blanket and pillows.

“Sweet Jesus.” Shonda put her hand over her mouth and stared at his mammoth erection. “I ... I ... want to ... but your father ... um ... I ...”

“Okay ... I get it ... sure.” Malik knew he had to be smart about this. He didn’t want her to slap him again or worse. “How about I distract Dad with something?”

“I don’t know.” Her hand crept over the sofa. Without even meaning to, she was pumping him. “Will he ... really be distracted?” She knew she wasn’t in her right mind, but she needed to finish what she’d started earlier.

“Yeah ... I promise.” Malik had to pull his dick away from his mother’s grasping hands. He pulled up his bottoms and prayed he wouldn’t run into his father or Jamar with his dick tenting his pajamas. He left his mother in the living room and ran upstairs, went into his closet, and hopped back down the stairs. He was out of breath when he returned to his mother and held the monkey’s paw out to her. “Here ... take it.”

“I don’t understand.” Shonda curled her lip in disgust. “Maybe I should just go to bed.” The wizened paw was curled into a fist and looked nightmarish in the dying firelight.

“Here. Just hold it.” He took her hand and put the monkey’s paw in her palm. He closed his hands around hers. “Now say, ‘I wish no one would bother us.’”

“You’ve gone crazy.” She shuddered at the feeling of the ancient, matted fur. Her hand had been touching all sorts of unexpected things that evening.

“Just say it, Mom.”

She looked into his deep, brown eyes. How could she refuse him, even if he was behaving like he’d just checked into an institution? Maybe she had driven him insane by riding him earlier that night. Maybe she was fit to be institutionalized herself. Maybe this is what happened when families got too close. A steady descent into madness. Maybe –

“Say it, Mom.”

“I wish no one would bother us when we want some private time. Happy, Malik?” She jumped when she felt the monkey’s paw move. It fell to the floor, one finger extended. “What was that?”

“We’re good to go, Mom.” Malik leaned forward to kiss her.

Shonda put a finger on his lips and pushed him away. “Why are we *good*? What did you do?” She thought about something he’d said the night before. “What did you mean when you said the monkey’s paw tricked you?”

“It grants wishes.” Malik shrugged like it was no big deal.

“Oh, no, it doesn’t.” Shonda did not like the way any of this sounded. She had pieced enough together to know that she had humped her son because of some crazy wish. “This nonsense stops now.” She picked up the hand. “I wish for no more wishes.” The remaining four fingers unfurled. She dropped it again in fright, but she set her jaw and picked it back up.

“What are you doing, Mom?” Malik watched her rush to the window and open it. Frigid December air blew into the room.

“Saving this family.” She tossed it out the window. Now that she thought about it, she might have been a bit hasty. Her last wish should have been to renounce all the paw’s previous wishes. And she should have thrown it onto the fire instead of the side lawn. There was a thump from upstairs. “Tavon,” she whispered. “What have we done?”

~~

Rachel had been hoping to see the family sing again. She wasn’t really spying. But the thing that Mrs. Conner had tossed out the window practically landed at her feet. Her dog went over to sniff it, and brought it back to her. “What the hell?” Rachel took it from his mouth. It was some sort of horrible Halloween prop. A withered old hand, balled into a fist. She shook her head and saw Mrs. Conner close the window.

“Well, Rex, creepy hand notwithstanding, I wish I could have fun with my family the way Malik does with his.” She opened up one of her dog’s unused poop bags and put the creepy paw inside. She didn’t notice when one finger slowly extended. Disappointed that there hadn’t been any more singing, Rachel turned back toward the street. She held Rex’s leash with one hand and the bagged paw with the other. Suddenly she felt queasy. Something wasn’t right. She picked up the pace. She needed to get home.

~~

Thump ... thump ... thump. The sound from upstairs grew louder.

"I'm sure it's fine, he's just distracted by your wish. I think we should just ..." He got quiet when he caught the scathing look she sent his way. Maybe he *had* gotten carried away. Why couldn't he have just waited until they were alone? He watched his mom march upstairs. He followed her. She stopped outside her bedroom, both hands on her mouth. Malik caught up with her and stared into his parents' room.

"Oh ... Dad ... I can't believe ... we're doing this." Kimora rode her father, holding his face firmly to her bare breasts. "I've always wanted this ... I just didn't know it ... uh ... uh ... uh ... until a few minutes ago."

"Mmppphh ... mppphhh ... mmmpppphhhhhh." Tavon's words were muffled by his daughter's tits. He had no idea why he had let her strip and mount him. His wife could walk into their room at any moment, and she'd murder them both. But he couldn't stop. In that moment, he would rather Shonda murder him than pull out of Kimora.

"Come on, Mom," Malik whispered and pulled her away from the door before she did something stupid. He led her to his room and closed the door.

"Your father ... your father ... he ... and ... Kimora." Shonda's mind was a blank. She let her son undress her. When she took in her surroundings, she saw he was naked, too. She stared at his giant organ. "Well ... I suppose what's done is done ... isn't it?" She saw his penis bob up and down rapidly, like it was nodding in agreement with her. "I did leave you high and dry last time. And you are ... quite ... irresistible." She turned, put her hands on his bookshelf, and looked back at her son. "Put it in, baby."

"Awesome." Malik took hold of his cock and lined it up. His mother's backside was so much rounder and wider than Kimora's. "I love your ass." He rubbed the head along her slit. "You're so wet, Mom."

"That's because ... ugh ... you're so ... uuggghhhh ... beautiful ... uuuggggghhhhhhhhhhh." Shonda's body shuddered as that monster entered her for the second time that night. She wished he'd go a bit slower, but she'd already given up all her wishes. Instead, she braced herself as he pummeled her from behind. She gripped the bookcase tightly, rocking it with each thrust. Soon, books were falling on the floor all around her. "Use me ... use my vagina ... to jack your thing ... ugh ... ugh ... use me to masturbate your penis ... Malik." She caught herself off guard. She'd never been that dirty with Tavon. Her husband ... her husband was letting Kimora hump him that very second. He was just as dirty ... they were all ... impossibly dirty ... "Fuck me ... Malik!" Shonda screamed.

~~

“Did you hear something?” Jamar could have sworn he heard a woman scream.

“Shut up and kiss me.” Tameka spread her legs wider for her husband. Sex with him was usually, more fulfilling. It didn’t help that she kept thinking about her brother.

“Christmas has you all hot and bothered.” Jamar forgot about the scream. “I love it.” He worked his hips, tenderly making love to his wife.

~~

“I want to go again.” Kimora frowned at her father as he lay motionless on the bed.

“You drained me, Kimora.” Tavon was exhausted. He lifted his head and looked down at his daughter as she took his soft penis into her mouth. “Really?”

“Mmmppphhhhhh.” Kimora nodded her head and grinned around his cock.

~~

“You’ve ... completely ... stretched me out ... Malik.” Shonda sat with her back resting on the bookcase and her legs open, books strewn on the floor all around her. She knew she was leaking her son’s sperm onto the carpet. She would have to clean it before the stain set.

“Not completely.” Malik laughed. “There’s still more work to do.” He helped her off the floor and placed her on the bed. He slapped her butt, and she shrieked. “You slap me, I slap you. Now we’re even. Up on all fours, Mom.”

“Okay.” Shonda quickly did as he asked. She groaned as he slid back into her. Soon, she was taking him from behind again. It was almost perfect. She just wished he’d hump her in a way that let her easily see his handsome face. She looked over her shoulder at him. “You’re ... uh ... uh ... uh ... going to use me ... however you ... like. Isn’t that so ... baby?”

“Yeah ... Mom.” He slapped her butt again. Their slaps weren’t even anymore, but he loved watching her ass ripple from the point of impact.

“When your hand ... isn’t enough ... I want you to use me like ... an old sock. Maybe ... every ... day ... ooohhhhhhhhhhhhh.” She dropped her head to the mattress, bit the sheet hard, and came.

“I don’t know ... what you’re talking about ... Mom ... but I love it.” He slapped her again for good measure.

~~

The next morning, the family stumbled down to the living room. There were presents under the tree. They sat in silence for a while.

“Well, should we open something?” Tameka stared at her brother. He looked even hotter than the day before. How was that possible?

“Hey, I got you something, Mrs. Conner. Why don’t we –” Jamar was interrupted by his brother-in-law.

“I’m sorry I forgot about you, Tameka. I’m the reason you’re home for Christmas in the first place.” Malik got up and took his sister’s hand. “Come on upstairs.”

“Sure.” A wide smile crossed Tameka’s face. She skipped out of the room with her brother.

“Go ahead and show me that present, Jamar.” Shonda smiled politely. As she was opening the present, a faint thumping noise could be heard from upstairs.

“Does anyone else hear that? Maybe I should go check on Tameka?” Jamar stared quizzically at the ceiling.

“Malik’s telling her about his Christmas wish. It’s private.” Shonda gave Jamar a look that said there should be no further questions.

“Okay.” Jamar could swear the thumping was getting louder. But instead of dealing with it, he went to go find himself some Christmas morning coffee.

~~

“Rachel, dear? Can I come in?” Sarah stood right outside Rachel’s door, looking at her watch. Her daughter was usually an early riser.

“No ... Mom ... I’m ... ugh ... busy.” Rachel pumped her massive dick with both hands. Yesterday, she’d been a perfectly normal woman. Sometime in the night, she’d grown a new appendage. To make matters worse, she couldn’t stop thinking about her mother and sister while she fapped. Was this what being a boy was like? Was this why they were always so weird?

“Okay, well, your father and Grace went out for a run. Don’t forget we’re all going to the movies at one o’clock.” Sarah shook her head and walked down the hall. She couldn’t understand teenagers.

“Okay ... ugh ... Mom.” Hearing her mother’s sweet voice sent her over the edge. She grunted, her balls contracted, and a geyser of cum shot into the air, covering her belly, boobs, and sheets. “Wow ... that was ... intense.” She panted, staring at the dick. It frightened and intrigued her. She studied the bulbous purplish head, and the thing’s fat veins. She expected it to shrink, but it stood as tall as before. Soon, she was fapping again. “I hope ... I don’t have to fap this thing ... all day long. I wish ... there was ... a way ... to get my hands ... off it.” In a plastic bag on her dresser, the monkey’s paw extended a second finger.

## Chapter 5

“She’s still a teenager, I guess.” Sarah murmured to herself as she walked away from her daughter’s room. When Rachel was younger, she had slept in all the time. But at eighteen years old, that was an uncommon occurrence. Out of the blue, panic suddenly clutched at Sarah’s heart. Whatever her daughter was doing in her room was dangerous and had to be stopped. Rachel’s hands could not be allowed to touch whatever they were touching. Sarah turned around and charged down the hall, her heavy breasts bobbing in unison under her sweater and bra. “Rachel! Rachel! Open this door at once!”

“No ... Mom ... I need some privacy ... here.” Rachel was working herself toward another blissful release, pumping her new penis savagely. Nothing could stop her masturbation. It was clear why boys were so weird about sex. The drive for completion was indomitable. She heard a loud thump, and her door rattled. “Mom?” Rachel’s hands slowed but didn’t stop. There was another jarring thump. The third time the door burst open, her mother stumbling in behind it. Her normally reserved mom was breathing heavily, and her eyes looked crazed, darting about the room. When they fixed on Rachel’s new appendage, Sarah looked like a lunatic.

“You can’t touch that,” Sarah hissed. “You can’t touch your penis with your hands.” Something about her own words sounded odd to her, but she couldn’t quite place what it was.

“You’re ... crazy.” Rachel’s mind was quick, and it searched for meaning. She thought over recent events and started to puzzle things together. “No ... Mom ... there’s something happening. You’re not supposed to ...” Her mother pounced on her, prying Rachel’s fingers off her massive dick. “Stop ... what are you ...?”

“You need to ... get your hands ... off this ... thing.” Sarah struggled with her daughter. Her grim determination won out. Soon, only Sarah’s hands were on the giant penis. “That’s ... better.” She was breathing hard from the struggle. Her eyes narrowed when an idea popped into her head. “But you’re ... just going to touch it again ... the second I leave.” It was clear what she had to do. Her hands began pumping up and down. She didn’t have time to absorb that her daughter had somehow grown the most monstrous penis she’d ever seen. She was already putting everything she had into giving Rachel a handjob.

“It’s the monkey’s ... paw ... Mom.” Rachel struggled to keep her mind sharp. Her mother’s hands were awkward, but the way her tits jiggled under her sweater mesmerized Rachel. “When I picked it up ... I said I wanted to be more like Malik. Now I have ... that thing ... and the sex drive of an eighteen-year-old boy. This morning, I ...

ugh ... wished I could take my hands off it ... ooohhhhhhhh ... and now you've gone crazy about ... that."

"Shh. I have to do this." Sarah pumped harder, not listening to her daughter's babbling. "It's too dry. That's the problem." She noticed the copious amounts of sperm on Rachel's tummy and boobs. She scooped some up with one hand and rubbed it onto the penis, grimacing at the squishy sounds her hands made. "Is that better? You can't touch it. I can't allow you to touch it," she murmured. Her mind ran a mile a minute. After ten minutes of hard work, her arms tired, but her mind stayed singularly focused on pleasuring her daughter. "I'm not doing it good enough. Is that the problem?"

"You need to stop ... Mom ... this is all ... ooohhhhhh ... wrong." Rachel couldn't bring herself to wrestle her cock back from her mom. She had a new, smaller head, and it was in the driver's seat.

"Wrong ... wrong ... wrong ..." Sarah's eyes widened in a *Eureka* moment. She knew what had to happen. "You're right. This is wrong. I've got something better I can do. You'll be okay, sweetheart. I've got this!" She dropped her mouth to the purplish head and opened wide. Her husband was big, or she'd always thought he was, and one of her proudest achievements in the bedroom was taking his whole shaft down her throat. That clearly wasn't going to happen here. If she were going to save her daughter, it would have to be with only the first few inches past her lips. She bobbed her head a few times experimentally, pumped with both hands, and tried to find a good rhythm.

"Ohhhhhh ... Mom ... what are you ...?" Rachel stared at the way the cock deformed her mother's normally cheerful, lovely face. "You look so ... bad. Like you're ... possessed ... or something. It's ... incredible." Her libido was a runaway train. And with her mom on board, the final stop wasn't too far away. "Maybe ... you've been ... possessed ... ooohhhhhhhh." Her mind swirled. The warm wetness of her mother's mouth, and the vise-like grip of her fingers, were perfection.

"Mmmmmpppphhhhhhh." Sarah sensed it was working. If she kept things up, she'd empty those giant testicles Rachel had somehow come to possess. It tugged at her mind that her daughter shouldn't have such manly things, but her worries were drowned in an overriding compulsion to handle the matter herself. Rachel had always had a pretty voice in choir, and it had always thrilled Sarah to have created such a thing of beauty. Now, she listened to her daughter sing without melody, hitting a series of high and fierce notes. It was more beautiful than any song. The urgency in Rachel's voice picked up. And suddenly Sarah was awash in salty, sticky, warmth. The viscous stuff filled her mouth rapidly, leaked out, and filled her with joy. When Sarah instinctively pulled back, sperm erupted into the air. "It's ... magnificent." Sarah's voice was filled with pride and awe.

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Rachel’s existence was a raging inferno of yearning realized. When the tide of her climax receded, she stared at her mother. “Oh ... my ... God ... Mom,” she panted. “You’re covered.” She watched her mother wipe cum out of her eyes and blink at her.

“Well ... I never expected to have to deal with this.” Sarah stood and matter-of-factly continued to wipe herself off with the hem of her skirt. “One thing is clear.” She watched the penis soften with satisfaction.

“What’s ... clear?”

“You’re going to have to come to me whenever you feel like touching it.” She gave a nod and glanced at the mess they’d made. “Get yourself cleaned up and hide that thing.” She pointed at the penis. “After I put myself back together, I’ll clean your room. Not a word of this to your father or Grace.”

Rachel put her hands up like she was under arrest. “Not a word. I promise.”

Sarah nodded again.

“Is there ... anything else?” Rachel was still waiting for the other shoe to drop. When was her staid mother going to freak out?

“Oh, right.” A grim smile spread on Sarah’s face. “You’ll need my help to wash that thing off. It needs a good scrubbing, and you’re not allowed to touch it.” She took her daughter’s hand, pulled her to her feet, and dragged her to the bathroom.

Bewildered, Rachel followed.

*Should she make another wish?* Rachel turned options over in her mind again and again as her mother cleaned her and they got ready to leave for the movie. In the end, she decided it was too dangerous to make another wish until she understood more about the monkey’s paw. She would have to ask Malik about it. But that would have to wait.

By the time her father and sister returned from their run, the house and its inhabitants were fresh and clean. There was no evidence of what Sarah and Rachel had done. Indeed, Sarah acted like nothing was wrong. She was all smiles as they got in the car. Rachel was more taciturn than usual, and she was dressed in an oversized sweater and a voluminous skirt to hide her dick. If anyone noticed she was acting strange, they didn’t say anything.

Rachel couldn’t concentrate on the movie. It had something to with an alien invasion. Her mind had moved on from the monkey’s paw and went over what she and her mother had done earlier. The more she thought about how strangely erotic her mother looked with a cock in her mouth, the hornier she got. Her skirt slowly rose with her erection. “Mom,” she whispered in her mother’s ear. “I feel like touching it again.”

“Nonsense, you should be fine for a while, I ...” When Sarah saw the tent forming in Rachel’s skirt, she nearly panicked. Sarah looked behind them. Luckily, the theater was mostly empty. She thought things through and came up with a plan. “This movie is a bit much for Rachel, we’re going to sit in the back.” When her husband tried to stand, she pushed him back into his seat. “I know Grace likes to be close. You two stay here.”

“Sure.” Jacob shrugged and barely registered his wife and younger daughter leaving. He was totally engrossed in the movie. “Popcorn?” he said to Grace.

“Shh.” Grace cringed at a big explosion on screen. “Quiet, Dad.”

All the way in the back, Sarah and Rachel settled in the darkness. Rachel lifted her skirt and pulled her useless panties down her legs. When she reached for her cock, her mother slapped at her hands.

“I told you not to touch it.” She gave Rachel a stern look. “Let’s make this quick.” As Sarah lowered her mouth to the wide head, it dawned on her that this penis excited her. Her vagina was responding to it. She did her best to shoo that thought from her mind. The most important thing was that Rachel never lay her hands on the monstrous member. Her body remembered what to do from last time, and soon she was pumping with her hands and bobbing her head frantically. The movie’s climatic battle scene was well-timed. The sound effects drowned out Sarah’s slurping and gagging noises.

“Oh ... Mom ...” Rachel could have quietly gone to the bathroom and taken care of herself, but instead she had alerted her mother. The reason was now clear to her. She had wanted another blowjob. Rachel had convinced herself she was saving her third wish out of caution. But what if it was because she was hooked on her mother’s oral skills? In a second, she could wish her first two wishes had never happened and things would be normal again. “Ugh ... yeah ... with your tongue ... ugh ... like that.” That wasn’t going to happen. She would fix it later. “You’re so ... good at that ... Mom.” She wound her fingers in her mother’s hair and gently encouraged her to take her cock deeper. Now she understood why boys did that. They just couldn’t help themselves. “That’s even ... better ... Mom ... you’re a champ.”

In the front of the theater, Jacob nearly leapt from his seat when a hideous monster chased the heroes. In the back of the theater, his wife was finding it harder and harder to pretend she wasn’t enjoying pleasing such a wonderfully hideous penis.

In front, Grace dug her nails into her father’s thigh and cringed when the hero hung over the precipice, the laboratory exploding around him. In back, her mother dug her nails into Rachel’s thigh as she hung onto her sanity by a thread while her daughter exploded in her mouth.

When the movie was over, Rachel and Sarah met Jacob and Grace at the front of the theater.

“Are you feeling better, Rach?” Jacob eyed his daughter. Her face looked flushed, and she had the oddest expression. If he didn’t know better, he’d say she was high. “You haven’t been scared at the movies in years.”

“I’m fine, Dad.” Rachel quickly looked away. “Mom took care of me.”

“And I always will.” Sarah nodded. She grinned at her husband like the cat that had just eaten the canary.

Jacob shook his head as they left the theater. He felt like he was missing some sort of inside joke.

~~

It was nearly midnight when Rachel threw a pebble at Malik’s bedroom window. It took several tries before he opened it and stuck his head out.

“Rachel Schwartz?” Malik scratched his head. He wore only his boxers and the cold night air tingled his bare skin. “What are you doing here?”

“We need to talk.” Rachel spoke in hushed tones. She didn’t want to wake up the neighborhood. “I picked up that monkey’s paw when your mom threw it out. And things have been ... strange.”

“Oh, shit.” Malik slapped his knee. He quickly looked over his shoulder to make sure he hadn’t woken the woman sleeping in his bed. He could still hear her soft, even breathing. He turned back to Rachel. “That thing grants you –”

“Wishes. I know.” Rachel nodded. “Can we talk?”

“I always knew you were smart.” Malik beckoned her up. “Climb up the lattice there, and then you can cross the roof and come in my window. I want to hear all about your wishes. Damn.” He wore a huge grin as he watched his prim classmate climb.

“And I want to ... hear about ... yours.” Rachel was pretty good at climbing. In no time at all, she entered his room through the window.

## Chapter 6

“A *dick*? No way.” Malik tried to keep his voice down. The woman in his bed rolled over, but kept sleeping. “Let me see.”

"I'd rather not." Rachel's voice was cool, her gaze frigid. She had told Malik about the first wish, but decided to keep the second wish a secret. She wasn't bringing her mother into this. "Now tell me about your wishes."

"Aw ... come on. I'm not gay. I just want to see if you're messing with me." Malik folded his arms. "You show me, and I'll tell you what happened to me."

"I know you're not gay. You've got a woman in your bed right now." Rachel sighed. "At one point I would have been thrilled to mess around with you. I thought you were cute. But ..." She shrugged and lifted her dress with one hand and lowered her panties with the other. Her soft penis hung between her legs, the head dangling about halfway down her thigh. "There ... see?"

"Dddaaaammmmmnnnnnnnnnn." Malik gave a low whistle. "You're a smart girl, Rachel. Why didn't you use a wish to unwish this? You already use all five? Also, you need supportive underwear. Those panties aren't going to cut it anymore."

"I only used one wish." Rachel pulled up her panties, and dropped her dress. "I'm being cautious. No more unintended consequences. Not another wish until I understand what's going on."

"Sensible." Malik nodded. "Not like me. I went a little crazy." He put a hand on his mouth to stifle his laugh. "You want to know what happened? Here's the deal." Malik sat down by the window and told his story. He wasn't bashful. She'd shown him her dick, so he held up his end of the bargain, telling her everything. When he was finished, he waited for her to say something.

Rachel stared at her classmate. They were both eighteen, and they had both been with their mothers in similar ways. That made her feel close to Malik in one way, and in another felt he was a warning beacon in the dark. She needed to be very careful or things would escalate unpredictably. "Is ... that your mother ... over there?" She pointed to the curving slopes under his blanket.

"Duh." Malik smiled at her.

Now that she thought about it, Mrs. Conner was pretty. No, she wasn't just pretty, she was hot. She could understand why Malik would have gone a bit crazy. She understood boys much better than she used to.

Malik watched her face closely. "You wanna bang my mom!" He laughed again. "Have you ... um ... humped anyone yet? I mean ... with that?" He pointed between her legs.

"I haven't *humped* anyone with anything ... ever." She continued to stare at the curving shape of the woman under his blanket.

“You’d love my mom, Rachel. She’s constantly saying ‘Use me, Malik’ or ‘Use my pussy to jerk yourself.’ That kind of thing.” He snickered. “It’s hot.”

“No way.” Rachel hadn’t imagined anyone in the world would say things like that. Least of all, Mrs. Conner. “Did you wish her to say those things?”

“Nope. That’s all her. She’s dynamite in bed. Really and truly.” He nodded thoughtfully. “I’m never giving her up. But ... I wouldn’t mind sharing. If you were into it, I mean.”

Rachel shook her head to clear it. “You’ve given me a lot to think about, Malik. I gotta go.” She moved back to the window. “Merry Christmas and all that.”

“Oh, thanks. And ... wait.” He walked over to his dresser and removed several pairs of boxer briefs. He handed them to Rachel. “You give gifts for Hanukkah, right?”

Rachel took the underwear from him and tucked them under her arm. She smiled and nodded.

“Well, happy Hanukkah then.” Malik grinned and waved as she exited the window. When she was gone, he hopped back into bed. It was finally time to wake his mother.

~~

It had been a long time since Rachel had woken her mom in the middle of the night. But her visit to Malik’s house had riled her up. She could have handled her new needs all by herself, but she was thinking with her smaller head. One good blowjob and she could relax enough to fall sleep. “Mom?” Rachel whispered and gently shook her mother’s shoulder. “Wake up. I need you.”

“Rachel?” Sarah sat up and blinked away her dreams. “What’s wrong, sweetheart?”

“I think I’m going to touch it.” Rachel stood and retreated to the door.

“Oh ... my.” Suddenly wide awake, Sarah got out of bed and followed her daughter. Once they were out in the hall, she gently closed the door behind her. “You did the right thing coming to me with this. You simply cannot touch it.”

“I know, Mom.” Rachel walked to her room, but thought better of it. She shared a wall with her sister, Grace. Instead, she turned and descended the stairs, her mom right behind her.

“Let’s take care of this quickly so we can go back to bed.” Sarah tried to keep her tone all business, but a warmth spread in her vagina. She shivered under her nightgown.

“How about in here?” Rachel led them into her dad’s office because the door had a lock. Once they were inside, she turned on the light. “Thanks for doing this, Mom. I’m sorry I had to wake you up.” Staring at her mother’s curving form under her thin nightgown, Rachel forgot all about locking the door.

“That’s what I’m here for.” Sarah licked her lips as her daughter undressed. She could already taste the salty, pungent stuff she’d soon drink.

“You’re here for oral sex?” Rachel watched her mother give a curt nod and drop to her knees in front of her. Naked now, except for her bra, Rachel waited with her hands at her sides. Her cock stood straight out in front of her. The size was almost comical. Rachel wondered if Malik was the same size, and if so, how he’d fit it inside his mother and sisters. The thought overheated her brain. She decided to tease her mother. “I suppose I could just do this myself.” She took hold of the shaft.

“Stop that!” Sarah swatted her daughter’s hand away. “You can’t.” She quickly took hold of the penis and pumped with both hands. As her hands worked the thing, she watched the foreskin cover the head and recede. A thought struck her like a thunderbolt. “You’re not circumcised!”

“Oh ... um ... yeah.” Why hadn’t Rachel thought of that? “I never had a bris, I guess. Don’t get any ideas. It’s too late for that.”

Like rippling waves, more disturbing thoughts spread in Sarah’s mind. “Why ... um ... why do you have a penis, Rachel? What’s going on? I ... never thought that ... mmmppppphhhhhh.” Her daughter’s hand pulled her mouth onto Rachel’s leaking, rotund head. Automatically, she pleased Rachel, all her questions dying away.

“That’s it, Mom. Just like that. That’s the ... uuuggghhhhhh ... best.” Rachel relaxed as her mother swirled her tongue. That was a close one. She’d almost had to use another wish. And using her third wish to keep the relationship she had with her mother would be crossing some sort of line. This had all happened by accident. The minute she used the magic to further her desire was the minute she became a monster. She looked down at her mother greedily bobbing her head on the first few inches of cock. Her face was twisted and distorted with the effort to accommodate the huge dick. Maybe ... Rachel was already a monster. “You ... ugh ... like that, Mom? You like ... my dick?” Where had those words come from? She was talking like a horny guy.

“Mmmppppphhhhhhhh.” Sarah wanted the answer to be no, but it was an unequivocal yes. She opened her eyes and looked up, expressing her longing with her expression.

“You do love it ... don’t you?” Rachel was swept up in the pleasure of the moment. Her nerves were on fire. Rather than extinguish the flames, she found that she wanted to burn the motherfucker down. “I need your pussy, Mom. If Malik can do it, so can I.”

“Mmmpppphhhhhh.” Sarah shook her head but continued the blowjob. She didn’t understand who Malik was or what he had to do with any of this. When her daughter pulled her hair and ended the blowjob, she let her. She stayed on her knees, looking up and panting.

“I have to have you. I can’t help it.” Rachel pulled her mother to her feet and tore off the nightgown. “Holy shit ... you’re beautiful.” She took in the slope of her mother’s tits, her vulnerable areolae and nipples, and the hourglass of her figure. “I feel like ... I feel like ... I’m so thirsty ... and you’re the coolest glass of water I’ve ever seen.” Rachel unclasped her bra and tossed it aside.

“We can’t do this,” Sarah squeaked.

“Then I’m going to touch it. I’ll touch it all the time.” Rachel playfully slapped at her penis, making it bounce.

“Don’t ... don’t do that.” Sarah tried to grab her daughter’s arms and got tangled up with her. Their faces were close. She could smell Rachel’s fresh, sweet breath. “Just don’t ... touch it.” Her lips parted. She looked deep into her daughter’s eyes as they came together for a kiss. She trembled, Rachel’s arms encircling her. She accepted Rachel’s tongue when it darted into her mouth. Sarah was barely aware when her daughter’s hands took two heaping handfuls of her butt.

Standing in her father’s office, Rachel made out with her mother for a long time. She kneaded her mom’s round ass. Eventually, Rachel broke the kiss and moved her hips so that her dick went between her mother’s thighs. She humped forward, tentatively at first. “This feels good ... this feels really good, Mom.”

“Yes ... yes ...” Sarah had to agree. She was so wet that her excitement lubricated the action below her vagina. “Come home ... sweetheart. Come home to Mommy.” She tilted her hips forward, took hold of the penis, and angled it up to her opening.

“Aaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh. It’s too ... wide.” Sarah gritted her teeth.

Rachel’s hips were on autopilot. They humped and humped, but her cock made no headway. Her mom was too tight. “Loosen up ... Mom. I want to get it ... inside.” She humped some more but was stymied. Frustration built inside her.

“It won’t fit ... Rachel.” Pain surged through Sarah. She wanted to help her daughter, but what they were doing would never work. She lifted her leg to try and create more of an opening, but still the penis was no more than halfway in. “It ... won’t fit. It ... won’t fit.”

“Aaaaahhhhhhhhh.” Rachel’s mind swelled with rage and exasperation. “I wish ... I wish ... it would fit.” In her bedroom, the monkey’s paw curled a third finger.

“Oooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Sarah’s eyes rolled back as the penis sank into her all the way. Her pelvis collided with Rachel’s. She threw her head back and climaxed for the

first time without her husband in the room. When she became aware of her surroundings, one leg was resting on Rachel's shoulder, and she was absorbing the most wonderfully vicious thrusts from her daughter. "Oooooohhhhhhhh ... yes ... oooooohhhhhhhh ... my ... our boobs ... uh ... uh ... are bouncing ... together." Sarah's hair swung wildly as a string of orgasms moved through her.

"I see ... uh ... uh ... uh ... why Malik ... did ... this ..." Rachel still controlled her mother with her hands digging into the flesh of her ass cheeks and her cock plowing unexplored depths. "Nothing ... better ... nothing ... better ... nothing ... aaaaaaahhhhhhhhhh." Rachel closed her eyes, arched her back, and unloaded deep inside her mother. They stood panting for a long time, locked together by grasping hands and a giant penis. Rachel put her head on her mother's sweaty shoulder.

When Rachel opened her eyes, she saw that in their haste, she'd forgotten to lock the door. Standing in the doorway with her mouth hanging open was Grace.

## Chapter 7

“Grace!” Rachel gasped. She wanted to add, *It’s not what it looks like, or I don’t really have a penis, or I didn’t just finish humping Mom.* But all she could do was repeat, “Grace!”

“I’m dreaming.” Grace stared at her eighteen-year-old little sister and mother locked together. She could see Rachel’s fingers pressing into their mom’s butt. A moment ago, Grace had seen what looked like a giant penis plundering their mother’s vagina. “This can’t be real.”

“Yes ... that’s right.” Rachel pulled out of her mother with a loud, wet sound. “Go back to bed, you’re dreaming.”

Sarah was coming down from such a high, that it took her awhile to realize both her daughters were present. When her blinking eyes focused and saw that Grace was there, Sarah screamed. And she didn’t stop screaming.

This set off Grace, who started screaming with her mother. From his kennel in the living room, Rex started howling, too.

“Quiet! Quiet!” Rachel held out her hands to them, pleading. Her dick had gone soft, and swung between her legs as she started toward her sister and stopped. Cum dripped off her cockhead, making a fan pattern on the floor. “You’ll wake Dad. You both have to stop.” But the screaming continued. Rachel put her hands to her ears. She had been so careful with her wishes, but now they were burning a hole in her pocket. She’d spent her third one making her mom’s pussy more accommodating. And now she was about to spend her fourth. “I wish you were both cool with this.”

The screaming stopped.

“So, you have a ... a ... dick.” Grace pointed at Rachel’s sleeping monster. “And you and Mom are doing it.” She took a deep breath. “I’m sorry I freaked out. I guess it was just surprising.”

“Yeah, we did lose it for a minute there.” Sarah laughed softly at first, but her giggles grew into a wave of glee. Grace joined in. Rex started howling again from the other room. Rachel stared at her family. *What was she doing to them?* “Okay. Quiet down. It’s a miracle Dad hasn’t woken up.” Rachel picked up her mom’s nightgown and used it to cover her penis. She noticed both women frowned when her dick disappeared, like a cloud had just blotted out the sun.

“So, yes, Grace. This is happening.” Sarah didn’t seem in any hurry to cover her nakedness. “I have to do this so that your sister doesn’t touch her penis. It’s *very*

important she doesn't touch it." That much was true, but she could have added that she'd never felt more alive than when Rachel was inside her.

"Sure, Mom. Whatever you say." Grace shrugged. "What do you need me to do?"

At the same moment Rachel said "Nothing!" and Sarah said, "Help!"

There was a moment's confusion while mother and daughters talked over each other. Sarah raised her voice. "Excuse me. This is very important. Since it seems like Rachel can't control touching herself, you'll have to help her out. Is that okay, Grace?"

"Mom!" Rachel had one more wish. She contemplated ending it all then and there. It would be easy to use it to undo her wishes. The train had gone completely off the rails and was heading off a cliff. Now was the time. But she couldn't pull the trigger. Not if it meant she'd never feel her mother's lips on her cock again. It dawned on her that she was thinking of it as *her* cock now. That couldn't be good.

"I won't be able to have sex with her, if that's what you mean. It's too big, Mom." Grace held her hands about a foot apart.

"I wouldn't ask you to do that, sweetheart." Sarah shook her head like the suggestion was silly. "You can use your hands. Or, if she's having a really hard time, use your mouth. Have you done that before?" Sarah blushed and giggled. "Sorry, Grace. What a conversation to have with your daughter. But these are the times we find ourselves in." She waited a moment. "So ... have you?"

"I'm twenty-two." Grace's cheeks turned crimson, too.

"What does that mean?" Sarah raised an eyebrow.

"It means I'm hardly a virgin, Mom." Grace covered her embarrassment by putting her fists on her hips in what she hoped looked like exasperation.

"I don't know what young people do these days." Sarah shrugged.

"Anyway ..." Grace rolled her eyes. "Of course, I have no issue helping my little sister with her big problem. It's no big deal."

"You *what*?" Rachel slapped her palm to her forehead. The monkey's paw had drawn her sister into the perversity.

"Okay, good." Sarah smiled. "Rachel, sweetheart, you can come to either of us if you feel like touching it. Understood?"

Rachel turned and ran from the room, her mother's nightgown still covering her junk. She knew she was giving them an eyeful of her bare butt, but that was the least of her problems. She had one more wish, and she had to make it work so that she could

somehow keep what she had with her mom, but also have life go back to normal. She was smart. There had to be a way.

Grace watched her sister's butt shake as it disappeared out the doorway. She looked back at her mother. "So ... you want some help cleaning in here? You two made a mess on the floor."

Sarah looked down at the hardwood. "So we did. You better get some rags and the spray bottle from the washroom." While Grace ran off to fetch cleaning supplies, Sarah slid into Rachel's dress. It didn't quite fit her, but there was no reason to walk around the house naked. Not at the moment, anyway.

~~

In the morning, everything seemed quite normal in the Schwartz household. Sarah made pancakes and hummed to herself like she hadn't been humped by her daughter the night before. When Rachel came down, she served her a heaping plateful. "You must be very hungry after last night."

"Um ... yeah." Rachel blushed and dug in. She focused on her breakfast so she wouldn't have to make eye contact with her mother. "I am hungry." It was true. She was ravenous.

"Everything okay down there?" Sarah pointed through the table to where she knew Rachel's penis lay waiting. "Any urges this morning?"

"I'm ... good ... Mom." Rachel said between bites. "I have some new ... underwear." She was wearing her Hanukkah present from Malik.

"That's great, sweetheart." Sarah looked toward the stairs. "Let's continue this discussion later. I think I hear your father coming downstairs. I don't think he'd understand ... um ... everything." She frowned and looked at the ring on her finger. Was it cheating if you did it with your daughter? Had *she* been unfaithful?

"Agreed. I'm going out this morning, but I'll let you know later if I need help." Rachel continued to shovel pancakes into her mouth.

"Help with what?" Jacob walked into the kitchen and went straight for the coffee maker. On the way, he paused to kiss his wife on the cheek.

"Homework, dear." Sarah's mind was a confused jumble. The idea of Rachel needing help later focused her thinking. The most important thing was that her daughter didn't touch it.

“Maybe I can help?” Jacob smiled at his daughter. He watched her quickly get up and rush out of the room. He turned to his wife as he poured his coffee. “What’s her deal?”

“Teenagers, you know? She’s going through lots of changes.” Sarah shrugged.

“Oh, yeah. Right.” Jacob nodded sagely like he knew what his wife was talking about.

~~

When Shonda answered the door, Rachel couldn’t help but cast a lingering glance at the woman’s large boobs. She caught herself quickly and met her smile. “Hello, Mrs. Conner. I’m Rachel Schwartz. Is Malik home?” With his experience, she hoped Malik might help her think of the perfect final wish.

“Hello, sugar. He’s up in his room. I’ll show you the way.” Shonda turned and led the young woman upstairs.

“You have a lovely home.” Rachel took a deep breath. The house smelled like pine and spices. She admired the Christmas tree as they passed the living room. But her attention was drawn mostly to Shonda’s butt. Especially the way it rolled under her dress as they walked upstairs. She resisted the manly urge to seize the woman, throw her over her shoulder, and carry her away. *Is this what boys are always thinking?* No wonder they acted so weird.

“Thank you ... um ... what was your name again, sugar?” Shonda glanced back at the pretty young thing. She was happy to see that Malik might be showing some interest in socializing outside the house. It couldn’t be good for an eighteen-year-old boy to spend all his time with the women of his family.

“Rachel Schwartz.” Rachel hoped the oversized dress and Malik’s underwear hid her dick well enough. She would die if Shonda noticed her erection.

“Well, pleased to meet you, Rachel.” Shonda knocked on her son’s door. “Malik? You have a visitor.”

“Just a minute.” Malik’s voice came from inside his room.

Rachel and Shonda waited, quietly smiling at one another. After about thirty seconds the door opened and Kimora exited the room quickly, not making eye contact. She raced down the hall and went to her room.

“HMMMMMMMM.” Shonda pressed her lips together.

“Oh, hey, Rachel. Great to see you, come on in.” Malik sat on his bed, shirtless. His baggy shorts couldn’t quite hide his hard cock.

“Alright, have fun you two.” Shonda turned to go.

“Wait, Mom.” Malik locked eyes with Rachel and waggled his eyebrows. When she nodded and raised her eyebrow back, he laughed. “We want you here too, Mom. Close the door behind you.”

Both women entered Malik’s room. His mother closed the door behind them.

Fifteen minutes later, Shonda looked over her shoulder at the woman taking her from behind. Somehow, the cock in her vagina was as big as Malik’s. “I still don’t ... I don’t ... understand.”

“Rachel found the monkey’s paw you threw out, Mom. And I guess, shit sort of happened.” Malik stood. “Do either of you mind if I get Kimora back in here? I can’t just watch.”

Shonda stared at her son with distant eyes. Her brain hadn’t fully processed the question.

“Sure ... whatever.” Rachel took her hand off Shonda’s round, shaking ass. She gave him a salute, and gripped her tightly again. “Thanks so much ... for this.” Her hips were a blur. She looked away from her friend down to the rippling globes.

Malik paused at the door. “You thanking me or her?”

“Both ... uh ... uh ... of you ... I guess.” The pink of Shonda’s inner pussy contrasted beautifully with her perfect, dark skin. It was mesmerizing to see it stretched around her cock.

“We share something special.” Malik smiled. “I mean ... my mom, yes. But what I really mean is the monkey’s paw. We’re in this together.”

“Aww. You’re a ... good friend ... Malik.” Rachel humped Shonda harder, inspired by Malik’s kindness. The original purpose of her visit flashed in her mind and faded away. There would be time for that later.

“You can slap her ass if you want. She likes that.” Malik opened the door. “I’ll be right back.”

A little while later, Malik lay on the floor of his room, while Kimora rode him backward. They were both watching the mating couple on the bed who were still going at it like wild dogs.

“Use ... me ... use me ... Rachel ... to jerk your ... huge ... teenage penis.” Shonda’s face was taut and twisted. “My pussy ... ooohhhhhh ... is yours. Whenever you want to ...

jerk yourself ... use me ... instead.” She clutched the sheets with white knuckles and gritted her teeth. Another orgasm was right around the bend.

“Thanks ... Mrs. Connor ... I may ... ugh ... ugh ... take you up ... on that.” Rachel slapped that wide ass and hollered while Shonda shrieked. “I’m ... I’m ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ...”

“She’s going to ... cum in Mom, Malik.” Kimora’s hips undulated on her brother. “You should ... probably ...”

“Hey ... Rachel. Don’t cum ... in my mom ... okay? No offense. We’re just ... new friends ... and all,” Malik said.

“Okay ... okay ...” Rachel pulled her slick cock out of Shonda and jerked it. She thought about how upset her mom would be seeing her touch herself. And then she didn’t think about anything else. She erupted all over Shonda’s ass, back, and hair.

“Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Life had never been so good. She no longer cared about her last wish.

## Chapter 8

“Where have you been?” Sarah looked at her watch and frowned. “You were out all day.”

“I was at my friend Malik’s house.” Rachel filled a tall glass at the sink and gulped it down. She was parched. How much water had she lost in sweat and cum while Shonda begged her to use her pussy?

“Oh, that’s nice.” Sarah smiled and paused chopping garlic. “What did you do?” She glanced at her daughter as Rachel chugged her second glass of water.

“Aaaahhhhhh.” Rachel put down the glass with a clang. Had water ever tasted so good? “We mostly played video games. It was fun.” She wondered how her mother would take the truth. Maybe she’d be fine. The important thing was not to touch her dick. Her mom seemed to take everything else in stride. Rachel turned to her mother and decided to put her to the test. “Actually, I shouldn’t lie, Mom.”

“No, you shouldn’t.” Sarah put down the knife, turned toward her daughter, and crossed her arms. “What *did* you do today?”

“Well, mostly I had sex with Malik’s mom.” Rachel held her breath.

Sarah burst into laughter, but quickly stopped when she saw her daughter wasn’t joking. “You did ... didn’t you? Oh ... my ... gosh. What happened ... tell me everything.” Sarah wrung her hands together. “Did you ... touch your thing?”

“That’s why I had sex with her, Mom. So I wouldn’t have to.” Rachel couldn’t tell the whole truth. But she told her mother as much as she could while leaving out the monkey’s paw and finishing herself all over Shonda. When the story ended, Rachel almost laughed at the relieved look on her mother’s face. If she had told her mother that story before the wishes started, Sarah would have had Rachel committed.

“Well ... I guess that’s fine. As long as your friend and Mrs. Connor were okay with it. I’m afraid there’s no helping this sort of thing. The alternative is too terrible.” Sarah shook her head. She was dizzy, wet between the legs, and her pulse drummed in her ears. She tried to control herself.

“Mrs. Connor was *very* okay with it. She said all sorts of encouraging things.”

“Yes, you mentioned that.” Perspiration broke out on Sarah’s forehead. “And ... you liked when she talked like that? It helped you?”

“Oh, yeah, Mom.” Rachel nodded enthusiastically. “I loved it.”

“I see.” Sarah tried to swallow, but found it difficult. Her throat was dry. “Do you still need some attention, sweetie? Or are you spent?”

“Thanks, Mom, but I’m spent.” Rachel filled the glass one more time and drank deeply. She put the glass back down and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. “I’m going to go lie down for a while. I’ll come down at dinner time.”

“Of course. Get some rest.” Sarah watched her daughter leave. She then turned off the burner on the stove and raced to the bathroom. With the door locked, she frantically lifted her dress, pulled her panties to the side, and masturbated herself. Thank goodness there was no rule against *hertouching herself*. She’d never needed that kind of relief so much in her life.

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“Rachel, it’s dinner time.” Grace opened her little sister’s door. The curtains were drawn and the lights were out. “I don’t think eighteen-year-olds are supposed to nap all day, Rachel.” She closed the door behind her and flipped on the lights. “Mom wanted me to get you for dinner.” Grace walked toward the bed but stopped when she saw the pavilion of her sister’s blanket held up by a giant, phallic post. She sighed. “I guess I have to take care of it, like Mom said.” She walked to the bed and pulled the blanket off her naked, sleeping sister.

In her dream, Rachel was back inside Shonda’s inviting pussy. Ecstasy flowed through her. She blinked her eyes open, returning to the real world. But her pleasure didn’t abate. “Grace?”

“It was really hard when I came in, so I had to do something.” Grace worked the shaft with both hands, pumping efficiently.

“It’s wet ... did you ... ugh ... spit on it?” Rachel stared at the matter-of-fact expression on her sister’s face. The monkey’s paw had really done a number on her family.

“I had to. It was too dry.” Grace sped up her hands. “Hurry up and finish. Dinner will be on the table in ten minutes.”

Rachel looked toward the door. “Is Dad ... ugghhhh ... home?”

“Yeah, but don’t worry about it. I closed the door.” Grace gave Rachel a tight smile. “Are you close? Do you need me to do anything differently?”

“It’s good ... Grace ... I’m close. Just ... tell me how much you like ... my cock ... okay?” Rachel wondered how much cum she had left in her balls after the day she’d had. She was about to find out.

“It certainly is the nicest one I’ve ever held. It’s really thick and ... meaty.” Grace’s arms were getting tired. “I still can’t believe you put it inside Mom. She must have the world’s loosest pussy. If she didn’t before, she certainly does now.”

“Aaaaaahhhhhhhh.” Rachel’s body jerked as her sperm flew into the air. Her sister’s words had pushed her over the edge. Cum landed on Rachel’s boobs, belly, and thighs. It sprayed the sheets. It covered Grace’s hands and splattered her arms.

“Oh ... wow ... wow ...” Grace watched her sister spasm and jerk. Rachel had turned into a cum fountain. Grace understood the magnitude of the mess from last night better now. She kept her hands going to coax out every last drop. “So ... much ...” Eventually the fountain ran dry. Grace gave the monster penis a few last squeezes and let go. “Well ... we certainly needed that ... didn’t we?” She stood up, holding her messy arms away from her body. “I’m going to get cleaned up. I’ll tell Mom you needed another shower and that you’ll be right down.”

“Thank ... you ... Grace.” Rachel watched her sister walk away and awkwardly open the door with a cum-covered hand.

“You’re welcome.” Grace exited quickly and headed straight to the bathroom.

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The Schwartz family had a pleasant dinner. Afterward, Rachel excused herself and went to bed. She was exhausted. She was practically asleep before her head hit the pillow. She had strange dreams and woke up with a start when someone shook her shoulder.

“Don’t be scared. It’s me, sweetie.” Sarah was bent over her daughter’s bed. She’d already turned on Rachel’s reading lamp.

“What time is it, Mom?” Rachel stretched. When she looked at her mother, her eyes were drawn to her dangling cleavage down the front of her nightgown.

“It’s about three in the morning. I’m sorry to wake you.” Sarah pressed her lips together in worry. “Have you been touching it?”

“No, Mom. I’m good. I got most of it out with Mrs. Connor. And then Grace helped me right before dinner. I’ll be fine until tomorrow.” Rachel rolled over and pulled the covers over her head.

“Grace helped? Well, I’m glad she was there for you.” Sarah stood silent for a while. When she heard Rachel’s snore, she shook her daughter’s shoulder again. “Rachel, sweetie? Rachel?”

Rachel was pulled out of her dreams again. "What is it, Mom?" She rolled toward her mother and glared at her.

"Um ... if you had to ... could you go again?" Sarah rubbed her legs together. The anticipation was killing her and drenching her panties.

"What?" Rachel sat up and rubbed her eyes.

"I'm glad we're all helping you avoid touching it." Sarah rubbed the back of her neck. "But maybe you could help me sometimes, too? If I feel like I really need it, could you ...?"

"You want to have sex in the middle of the night because you're horny?" Rachel stared with wide eyes. *This wasn't part of any wish, was it?*

"I'm not sure I like the way it sounds when you say it like that. But ... yes." Sarah nodded and looked at the floor. Her shoulders slumped. She could tell Rachel was going to reject her. And she didn't blame her daughter. This visit had nothing to do with anything but her own selfish needs.

"I don't know if you can tell, but it's up." Rachel pointed to the tent her cock made of the covers. "And now that I'm wide awake, I'd love to ... um ... do it with you." She pulled off the covers. "How do you want to do it?"

They stared at each other for a prolonged moment with awkward excitement.

"Could I lie on my back? When your father and I first started dating, I was always so thrilled to have him on top of me like that. I think ... with you ... it might be even better. I'd like to try." She said the words in a quiet rush.

"Sure, Mom." Rachel made room in bed for her mother. She watched Sarah pull off her nightgown and panties and climb next to her. She marveled at the way her mother's mature body swayed and shook with her movements. When her mom settled on her back, and her heavy boobs swung to the sides, Rachel thought she might die from delight. She moved between her mother's wide-open legs and lined up her cock with her mother's waiting, glistening pussy.

"Use me to masturbate yourself, Rachel. Since you can't use your hand, you can treat me like a ... um ..." Sarah didn't know the name for those devices men used to pleasure themselves. She'd seen one once on the internet. "Use me like a masturbation device. Pump me with abandon."

Rachel paused with her cock resting on her mother's pussy lips. She screwed up her face in bewilderment and tried to hold in her laughter. "What are you talking about?"

"I'm trying to make you happy the way Mrs. Connor did." Sarah's cheeks turned red. She gripped her own legs behind the knees, holding herself open for Rachel.

“Jeez, Mom. That was Mrs. Connor’s thing. It sounds pretty strange coming from you. Find your own thing. I want to hear what excites you.” She eased her dick into her mother.

“Aaaahhhhhh.” Sarah’s mind wandered as pleasure mounted. “Yeah?”

“Yeah.” Rachel inched her way further inside, enjoying her mother’s tight warmth.

“Okay ... ugh ... okay ... I’ll let you know ... when I think of something.” Sarah squealed when their hips met. “You’re so ... deep inside me ... Rachel. I feel like ... you’re in my belly.”

“I think ... I am.” Rachel pulled out and slammed into her mother. She pulled out and dropped the hammer again. “Your ... pussy is ... uh ... uh ... uh ... heaven.” Soon she was humping like a well-oiled machine. A few minutes after that, precision and grace went out the window; she was fucking like a crazed baboon. Both women lost themselves in the moment.

“Yes ... yes ... yes ... I’m ... cumming ... Rachel ... I’m cumming ... you’re pinning me down and ... eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii.” Sarah’s eyes rolled back in her head.

“Best ... ever ... best ... ever ... best ...” Rachel meant it. There was no coming back from this. It hit her like a thunderbolt. She had no intention of using her final wish to unwish the first four. This was her life now, and she was going to drown herself in pussy.

The door flew open. “What is all the racket, Rachel? You need to ...” Jacob stepped into his daughter’s room. It took his brain some time to process what he was seeing. “You ... I ... Sarah!” His mouth dropped open.

“Oh ... shit.” Rachel stopped with her cock halfway inside her mother.

Sarah was too far gone to comprehend what had happened, she mewled at Rachel and undulated her hips, trying to capture more of that magnificent penis.

“Dad ... I can explain.” But Rachel had nothing. Just one final wish.

## Chapter 9

“Sarah? What is this? What are you doing? I ... I ... don’t understand.” Jacob took an uncertain step into the room. He blinked, trying to understand why his wife and daughter were entwined like lovers. When he saw the cock halfway in Sarah’s pussy, he nearly fainted. He leaned against the wall.

“Dad ... I ...” Rachel still had nothing. Her mewling mother hadn’t yet noticed the calamity that had befallen their family. “I didn’t mean to ...” She could see tears in her father’s eyes. It was a singularly horrific moment in Rachel’s life. “I wish ...”

“You wish?” Jacob wept openly, tears running down his cheeks.

“Jacob?” Sarah’s horror-stricken face showed comprehension for the first time. “I’ve been ... meaning to tell you about this. We have to be ... supportive of Rachel. She needs some special help so that she doesn’t –”

“Stop ... just stop! Why would I ever support this?” Jacob’s eyes grew wide as his wife slid off his daughter’s enormous cock. “I’m dreaming ... there’s no way this is happening.”

Rachel couldn’t take the broken-hearted look on his face. “I’m sorry, Dad. I’m so ... sorry. Things spiraled out of control. I wish ...” Even now, she couldn’t bring herself to turn things back to normal. She would never be able to quit her mother’s pussy. “I wish you were okay with Mom and me doing this.” In the closet, the monkey’s paw curled its fifth and final finger.

“Okay? You want me to be ... okay?” Jacob’s gaze moved between his wife’s legs. “You’ve destroyed your mother’s vagina. Look at it.” He pointed to his wife’s cavernous opening between her wide-open legs.

“But Dad ...” Rachel shook her head. She covered her cock with one of her pillows. Was her last wish a dud? “I wish you were okay with this, Dad.”

“I heard you, Rachel.” Jacob nodded his head. “And I’m trying to tell you that my penis isn’t as big as yours. You’ve ruined your mother for me. I can’t have sex with her anymore.”

Sarah closed her legs, her cheeks ashen. “Jake ... darling ... I had to.”

“If I’m going to support whatever this is between you two, which I am, I still need to have *my* needs met.” Jacob wasn’t crying anymore. Indeed, his modest erection could be seen under his pajamas. He rubbed his chin. “Have you done this with Grace, too?”

“Um ... she only used her hands on me.” Rachel furrowed her brow in confusion.

“Okay, then you can have your mother whenever you like.” Jacob nodded firmly, like the matter was already settled. “If you promise never to put that giant thing in your sister.”

“I ... promise.” Rachel was mystified.

“Jake? What are you thinking?” Sarah watched her husband nod one more time and leave the room. “What just happened, Rachel?”

“I don’t know.” Her cock now soft, Rachel crawled out of bed and threw on an oversized shirt. Her mother, still naked, followed her out into the hall. They hurried down to Grace’s room and peeked inside.

“I don’t understand ... Dad? You want what?” Grace was sitting up in bed, hugging her blanket to her chest. She watched her father undress.

“I have to be okay with your mother and sister’s sex life. And to be okay, I need my own sex life.” Jacob smiled at her like it was all very matter-of-fact. “And I’m not going to date other women. That doesn’t make any sense. No sirree.” He shook his head and lowered his pajama bottoms. “Can you imagine if one of our neighbors saw me with another woman?”

“That wouldn’t be good.” Grace nodded her head in agreement, her eyes fixed on his cock.

“You’re twenty-two. The same age your mother was when we met. And you look just like she did back then.” He finished undressing and stood in the middle of his daughter’s room, hands on his hips. “If I’m going to be supportive of your mom and sister, we need to have sex. It’s the only logical solution. What do you think?”

“It makes sense.” Grace slowly lowered her blanket. She was sleeping in the nude. She saw her father’s eyes light up when her boobs came into view. “I have to help my sister. And this is how I can do it. I’m relieved, really. I thought Rachel was going to try and put that big thing in me. I don’t know how Mom does it. It’ll be way easier with you, Dad.” She pulled the blanket all the way off her legs.

“I don’t know how she did it either.” Jacob laughed.

“This doesn’t make sense. You’re both confused.” Rachel stepped into the doorway. The head of her long, soft cock hung just below the hem of her shirt. “Don’t do this.”

“I can’t take your dick, Rachel. But look at Dad. He’s half your size. This is how I can help you, Rach. If Dad’s happy, Mom is free to take care of you.” Grace gave her sister a nervous glance. “But don’t worry, I’ll still use my hands on you when Mom isn’t around.” Slowly, Grace spread her legs, giving her father a clear view of her pussy.

“It makes sense.” Jacob nodded and climbed onto his daughter’s bed.

“It doesn’t –” Rachel felt her mother’s firm hand on her shoulder.

“It does make sense,” Sarah whispered in Rachel’s ear. “Your father and sister can take care of each other’s needs. And you’ll have me all to yourself. I could sleep in your room whenever you like. He’s going to be okay with us now.” They listened to Grace cry out as Jacob entered her. Her toes curled in the air. “Look how happy they are together.”

“Ohhhhhhhhhh ... Daddy ... that’s ... ugh ... nice.” Grace ran her hands down her father’s back and cupped his ass. She pulled him into her, increasing the pace of his thrusting hips.

“They do look ... happy.” Rachel looked over at her gorgeous, naked mother. “That paw really fucked us up.”

“Language, Rachel.” Sarah turned her back to her daughter, and put her hands on the door frame. She wiggled her butt, watching Rachel over her shoulder. She smiled when Rachel’s erection returned. “What paw are you talking about?”

“Never mind, Mom.” Rachel moved behind her mother and rubbed her semi-hard cock on her mother’s sopping pussy. “It’s all for the best.”

“Ooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Grace watched her mother and sister over her father’s bouncing shoulder. “Rachel is about to ... hump Mom.”

“I’m okay with it ... Grace ... I feel like I’m twenty-two again ... and I just met ... your mother.” Jacob’s hips were now a blur. “Can I ... uh ... uh ... uh ... call you ... Sarah?”

“Sure ... Dad.” With wide eyes Grace watched Rachel slide into their grimacing mother. It didn’t look easy, but she saw pleasure quickly take over their mom’s face.

“Ugh ... Sarah ... Sarah ... you’re so tight ... we’re twenty-two again ... twenty-two ... and we get to do this ... whenever we want ... I love you, Sarah.” Jacob was getting close.

“I love you too ...” Grace didn’t know whether or not to call him Dad. She supposed it was kind of hot that he was pretending she was her mother. “I love you so much ... dear.”

“Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ...” Rachel watched the mating couple on the bed. “Ugh ... Mom ... should Dad ... pull ... out?”

“Whatever ... he wants ... I don’t care.” Sarah threw her ass back at her daughter’s pummeling hips. “You can ... do it ... in me. And he’ll ... do it in Grace. Our ... uuuggghhhhhhh ... perfect ... family. Our ... sperm-soaked ... family ... our ... ooohhhhhhhhh ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii.” Sarah climaxed on her daughter’s cock. She was so caught up in her own joy, she didn’t hear her husband cumming at the same time inside Grace.

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As the week passed, the Schwartz family hardly left the house. Jacob and Grace called in sick to work. They were all living their most exciting, ecstatic lives.

Rachel took out the monkey's paw to look at it several times. All five fingers were retracted. She would gaze at the hideous thing for a while, wondering what to do with it. She thought about giving it to one of her family members, but decided she didn't want to press her luck. The thing was obviously designed to twist wishes, and she didn't know what five more bites of the magic apple might do to her family.

One evening, while her father was making dinner, Rachel lay on her bed. Her sister and mother were kneeling between Rachel's legs. Sarah lovingly rolled her tongue around the head of Rachel's cock. Grace stared into her sister's eyes, her mouth bulging as she sucked on one of Rachel's overripe testicles.

"You two ... look so sweet ... working together." Rachel vaguely wondered what she would do once school started. It wouldn't be easy to hide her cock. She supposed she'd wear the supportive underwear Malik had given her for Hanukkah and some oversized skirts and dresses. "Do you ... have to go back to work ... next week, Grace?"

"Mmmmmmmmm." Grace nodded her head, but kept the ball in her mouth.

"I guess ... the honeymoon is ... almost over." Rachel smiled. "Now we can start ... the rest of our ... lives. I'll go back to school ... and Grace and Dad will ... go back to work."

With a pop, Sarah spit the penis out of her mouth. "I'm worried ... about when you go back to school ... Rachel." She carefully mounted Rachel, while Grace continued her work on the massive testicle. "What will happen ... if you need to touch it ... when you're at school? Ooohhhhhhhhhhh." Sarah lowered herself onto the long pole.

"I'll be okay ... Mom." Rachel gazed into her mother's loving eyes.

"Maybe you should ... find yourself a girlfriend ... at school?" Sarah's expression melded concern and pleasure. "Your friend ... Malik ... has sisters ... right?"

"They've already ... graduated." Rachel reached up and held her mother's boobs.

With one last lick, Grace moved away from the testicle. Her mom's ass was pushing on her head, and she didn't want to get a concussion when her mother started bouncing. "My friend Monica has a sister in your class. She's eighteen, very sweet, and very pretty." Grace reached around her mom and pressed her hands to the backs of Rachel's hands. Together they held their mom's boobs. "I could set you up."

“You sound ... perfect for each other.” Sarah’s hips undulated. “Rachel ... you’re also ... eighteen ... very sweet ... and very pretty.” She turned her head to look at Grace. Her face was so close they could have kissed. But Sarah only kissed one of her daughters that way. “What’s this girl’s ... ugh ... name?”

“Stacey Cohen,” Grace said.

“I know her ... she’s ... ugh ... ugh ... cool.” Rachel wondered if she actually could have a girlfriend, too. She hoped she could. Anything seemed possible. But before she tried anything else, she had to do something about the monkey’s paw. She couldn’t risk one of her family, or someone else close to her, discovering it and ruining the perfect life she’d stumbled upon.

~~

Rachel walked up to Malik’s house and knocked on the door. She wore an oversized sweater, an oversized skirt, and sandals. In one hand she held a bouquet of flowers, in the other a crumpled paper bag.

The door opened, and Shonda’s smiling face greeted Rachel.

“Hello, Mrs. Connor. It’s great to see you.” Rachel couldn’t help matching Shonda’s infectious smile. “Here you go.” She handed Shonda the flowers.

“Are these for me?” Shonda took the flowers. “Aren’t they beautiful? Come in, Rachel. Aren’t you sweet?”

“I am.” Rachel joined in Shonda’s laughter as she entered the home.

“How was your Christmas, Rachel?” Shonda led the way toward the kitchen, eager to get her flowers in some water.

“She’s Jewish, Mom.” Malik sat in the kitchen, drinking a smoothie. He grinned at Rachel when she came into the room.

“Oh ... sorry.” Shonda’s forehead creased with the worry that she might have offended such a lovely creature.

“It’s fine, Mrs. Connor.” Rachel nodded good-naturedly. She watched Shonda’s ass tighten through her dress as she reached to a high cabinet to pull down a vase.

“You’re staring at my mom’s butt, Rachel.” Malik chuckled.

Rachel blushed.

Shonda looked over her shoulder to see if it was true. Her face softened when she saw that it was.

“So, is that why you stopped by?” Malik raised an eyebrow.

“No ... I mean ... I would like that ... very much.” Rachel’s cheeks turned a deeper shade of crimson. “But I wanted to talk to you about the paw. I’m all out of wishes, and I don’t know what to do with it.”

“Out of wishes?” Malik gulped down the rest of his smoothie. “I can see we have lots to talk about.”

Shonda put the flowers in the vase, a hopeful expression on her face. She watched the teenagers walk out of the kitchen and listened to them thump up the stairs. She’d give them some time to catch up, and then maybe knock on Malik’s door with some fresh baked cookies in an hour or so.

## Chapter 10

Shonda knocked on the door and opened it without waiting for an invitation. She doubted they would mind the interruption. “Fresh baked cookies, anyone?” She smiled hopefully at the pair of eighteen-year-olds. “They’re winter doodles, and they’re still warm.”

“Wow, thank you, Mrs. Connor.” Rachel beamed at her, trying not to stare at her cleavage. For some reason, Shonda had changed into Christmas-themed lingerie.

“Come on, Mom. Could you be any more obvious?” Malik laughed.

“Do you want some cookies or not?” Shonda frowned at her son and stood in the doorway holding the tray.

“Yes, Mom.” Malik stopped laughing.

“Good.” Shonda put the tray on his desk, bending over farther than she had to, making sure the teenagers got a good view of her butt. “Now, say thank you.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Connor.” Rachel stared at the irresistible, dark globes presented to her. The lingerie accentuated every curve on Shonda’s body.

“Thanks, Mom.” Malik watched his friend ogle his mother’s ass. “You like her outfit? I bought that for her for Christmas.”

“What does your dad think about that?” Rachel realized her mouth was hanging open. She closed it and glanced at Malik.

“He and my sister are hooking up, so ...” Malik shrugged. “Just like your dad and sister.” He had listened closely when Rachel had told him everything that had happened recently.

“Oh ... of course.” Rachel wondered if the same thing had happened to the family that sold Malik the paw. It seemed the thing had a *modus operandi*. “Anyway ... as I was saying, I think it’s better that the paw go to someone who needs it. Someone who ...” Rachel glanced at Shonda who stood as if waiting instructions. “Thank you for the cookies, Mrs. Connor.”

“It sounds like you two are having a serious conversation. Maybe I should go.” Shonda made no movement toward the door. “Unless ...”

“Jeez.” Malik shook his head. “Rachel, would you like my mom to give you a blowjob or something? Please say yes, I think she’d die if you said no.” A mischievous look passed over his face. “Also, we had amazing sex after you two did it last time. The things she said about you ...”

Rachel smiled warmly at Malik, blushed, and turned her attention to Shonda. "Would you like to give me a blowjob while Malik and I make plans, Mrs. Connor?" As Shonda put down the tray and dropped to her knees, Rachel thought about the words Shonda had used last time. "Would you like me to use your mouth? I could use you to get off and then spray cum down your throat."

"Yes, please." Shonda's eyes widened as she crawled to where Rachel sat on the edge of the bed.

"Daaammn, Rachel. You got my mom pegged." Malik laughed some more, grabbed a cookie from the tray, and took a bite. He watched his mom pull down Rachel's skirt.

"Hey, you're wearing the underwear I gave you for Hanukkah." He took a bite of cookie.

"Yeah, they've been a life saver. You're the best, Malik." Rachel sighed as Shonda fished out Rachel's hard cock and slurped it into her mouth. "I love ... this family."

"We love you too, Rachel." Malik took another bite of cookie and gave her a thumbs-up.

"After you're done over there, you need to try these cookies. My mom's the best."

"Mmmmmmmmmmm." Shonda bobbed her head and worked the shaft with her hands.

"Could I ... ugh ... have one ... now?" Rachel held out her hand.

"Sure." Malik, chuckling to himself, grabbed two more cookies, handed one to Rachel, and ate the other one. He sat on the floor, watching the blowjob. "Who needs it more than Rodas Chowdhury? He's wound tighter than a two-dollar watch. His whole family is."

"You see? That's what I'm ... talking about." Rachel nodded. "We put it with people ... who are already messed up ... no use giving it to ... people who are already happy."

"Although my family was plenty happy before." Malik scratched his chin thoughtfully, got up, and grabbed another cookie.

"My family was ... too." Rachel rested her hand on the back of Shonda's head and gently encouraged her to pick up the pace. "But those were ... accidents ... we have the chance ... to choose ... now. We have ... purpose."

"It's decided then. The Chowdhury family gets it next." Malik walked to the door. "I'm going to go find my sister. You two have fun. I'll check on you later." He left his room and closed the door behind him.

"You ... ooohhhhhhhh ... raised him right, Mrs. Connor." Rachel looked down at Shonda's pretty face. Her forehead was wrinkled with urgency. Her lips formed a tight circle just below the head of Rachel's cock.

"Mmmmmmmppphhhhhh," Shonda agreed.

“We have one more ... decision to make.” Rachel buried her fingers into Shonda’s hair.  
“Where do you want me to cum?”

“Mmmpppphhhhhhhhhh,” Shonda said.

“Your mouth ... ugh ... it is. Get ... ready.” Rachel’s hips rose off the bed, she arched her back, and she stared down at her friend’s loving mother. “The Chowdhurys are ... going to be ... soooooooooo ... happy. I’m ... cummmiiiiinnnngggggggggg.” She let out a scream and emptied her balls down Shonda’s throat.

A half-hour later, Malik had not yet returned. Rachel didn’t mind. She stared up at Shonda’s heavy boobs as they bounced in unison under the lingerie. Rachel had asked her to keep the lingerie on, so Shonda had simply pulled the crotch of the intimate apparel to the side when she mounted Rachel and slid that magnificent penis home.

“Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... use ... my pussy ... Rachel. Your ... teenage cock ... needs to cum.” Shonda held firmly to Rachel’s bare boobs, bouncing her hips with long, jerking strokes. “Use me. Use me to ... jerk yourself. My pussy ... is your jerk sock ... use it ... use it. Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii!” Shonda’s eyes rolled back as she came again. Everyone in the house could hear her, but she didn’t care. She knew it wouldn’t bother anyone.

“I wish ... I could take you home ... Mrs. Connor. Your pussy ... is ... ugh ... amazing.” Rachel gritted her teeth. “Between you ... and my mom ... I wouldn’t ever have to touch ... ooohhhhhhhhh ... myself.” Rachel thought about the wish that had started it all for her. The paw possessed a perverse magic. Her family had been twisted almost beyond recognition. And so had Malik’s family. With perspective, she might have thought it an evil thing. But she couldn’t find any perspective with her dick leading her from one pussy to the next. “You know ... Mrs. Connor ... the Chowdhurys have nowhere to go but up.” Rachel was thinking out loud. “Mr. and Mrs. Chowdhury are super petty. They won’t even let me walk Rex on their lawn. And Rodas ... I’ve tried to be nice to him. But you should hear the things he says. The paw is gonna change them ... and maybe ... maybe it’s ... uh ... uh ... going to loosen up Mrs. Chowdhury enough that I might have a shot. What do you think ... Mrs. Connor?”

“Yes ... yes ... I want to see you ... take Mrs. Chowdhury.” Shonda pictured her uptight neighbor getting boned and squealed with delight. Another orgasm was on the way.

“I guess ... I have a thing for older women. I ... wish ... I could ... take you ... home.” Rachel leaned up and buried her face in Shonda’s cleavage.

“Yes ... yes ... you could ... keep me in your room. Oooooohhhhhhhhh.” Shonda’s eyes shone bright as she worked the fantasy in her mind. “I could be ... your personal cum sock ... and you could ... use me whenever ... you wanted. After school ... uuuggghhhhhhh ... use my pussy. In the morning ... use my pussy. In the middle of the

night ... you could use my pussy. You could fill me ... and fill me ... and ...  
eeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” Shonda screamed her way through another orgasm.

A while later, Shonda lay on her belly, Rachel slamming into her round butt from behind. The door opened and Malik stepped in. Shonda looked over at her son with glazed eyes. “She’s going to ... take me home ... to her house ... uh ... uh ... uh ... and use me ... all the time.”

“No ... she’s not.” Malik chuckled. “She has her own mom for that. You’re *my* mom. Your pussy is mine. I’m just being a good friend and sharing.”

“We’re ... ugh ... ugh ... just messing ... around.” Rachel tried to smile, but she was too close to her climax to do much more than grimace. “It’s ... a ... fantasy.”

“Yeah, I know. My mom’s a twisted bitch.” Malik laughed. “Why don’t you two finish up and we can talk Chowdhury? Cool?”

“Uuuugghhhhhh ... yeah ... cool.” Rachel was so close. She dug her fingers into the pliant, bouncing flesh of Shonda’s ass.

“She’s ... using me ... Malik.” Shonda’s eyelid twitched, and her mouth hung open. She was about to cum again.

“I know, Mom. Jeez.” He stepped out into the hall and turned back. “Remember Rachel, don’t cum inside her.” Malik winked at Rachel and closed his door.

Rachel didn’t hear him. “Cumming ... Mrs. Connor ... I’m ... cumming ...  
aaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh.” She slammed her hips down and held herself all the way inside the older woman, unloading deep in her womb. All she could think about was how pretty their children would be.

~~

“What’s this?” Rodas looked at the neatly wrapped present, and then up at his two classmates. He narrowed his eyes in suspicion.

“It’s a late Christmas present.” Rachel smiled sweetly.

“I’m Hindu.” Rodas scowled.

“Oh, right. I forgot.” Malik cocked his head. “What’s the Hindu Christmas?”

“There *is* no Hindu Christmas.” Rodas’s scowl deepened.

Rachel fished out her phone from her bra and quickly searched. She found what she was looking for. "Okay, Rodas, this is a Diwali present."

"It's not Diwali right now." Rodas shrugged. "You know what? Never mind. Since when are you two friends? The jock and the nerd? Or are you dating or something?"

"I'm not a jock!" Rachel stamped her foot in protest.

"How dare you call me a nerd." Malik let out a guffaw and slapped Rachel's back. They laughed together as Rodas frowned at them.

"Whatever." Rodas put the gift in his backpack. He was too curious to give it back to them. "I see why you're dating. You're both massive assholes." When that made them laugh harder, he turned back to his locker. The bell rang and classmates streamed down the hall around them.

"To use the gift, all you have to do is make a wish," Rachel said.

"Easy peasy." Malik nodded.

"I wish you fucktards would leave me alone." Rodas waited for a chipper reply. Inside the carefully wrapped box, one monkey finger curled. When he didn't hear anything more from Rachel and Malik, he turned back toward them. They were gone. For the first time, Rodas smiled. Then he noticed that everyone else was gone, too. The hallway was silent and empty. His smile faded. "That's weird."

Rodas made his way to class. It was deserted. He sat down and waited, but nobody showed up. "Very funny!" he shouted. Obviously, Rachel and Malik had orchestrated a massive prank to mess with him. What assholes. "I'm telling the principal. I'm telling your parents." His words echoed in the empty room. Eventually, he got up and went to his next class. There was nobody there either.

Sick of the prank, Rodas left school and walked home. No cars passed. He could hear only singing birds and scurrying squirrels. When his mother wasn't there to scold him for leaving school early, he started to worry. *She* would never go along with a prank. Something was wrong. He checked on her car. It was in the garage. He called her phone, but she didn't answer. Eventually, he remembered what Rachel had said.

Rodas pulled the box out of his backpack, unwrapped it, and opened it. He dropped it to the floor in shock when he saw that it was a severed, withered paw. "What the fuck?" He stared at the paw as it lay on his floor. "Were they telling me the truth?" Nobody answered him. It seemed he had wished everyone out of existence.



"I hate when you kids call it that." Her youngest, Rodas, was eighteen, but she still called all three of her children "kids" and expected them to behave in the well-mannered and disciplined way they'd been brought up. "It's a miscellaneous drawer. There's no junk here." She slid the drawer open, put the paw in, and slid the drawer closed. She went to the sink and washed her hands.

"Sorry. I'll call it by its proper name in the future." Rodas watched his mother cautiously and checked his phone. There were still no updates on any social media since he'd accidentally wished everyone away. That meant it was just him and his mother. Could he wish everyone back? He didn't want to be hasty. And maybe a few days of quiet would do him some good. "Can you make me a snack, Mom?"

"You can make it yourself." She turned back to him, drying her hands on a dishtowel. "But if you have any more tasks that are ... disgusting, I will help you." She shook her head in confusion. *Did I just say that?*

"Oh ... I see." Rodas didn't have any other disgusting tasks for her. What a waste of a wish.

"I know that look." She wagged a finger at him.

"You do?" Rodas cocked his head. "What look?" He had no idea what she was talking about.

"Obviously, you have no intention of going back to school. Your father and I will have a talk about that when he gets home." She took his hand and led him to the stairs.

"Because of your truancy, it is now officially *after school* now. I know what you do in your room *after school*. I hear you through the door."

The blood drained from Rodas's face. "You do?"

"Your moaning and grunting is unmistakable. It's unbearably disgusting the way teenage boys behave. But mothers have to put up with all sorts of gross things." She led him down the hall to his room. "I do your laundry. Did you think I didn't notice all the crusty, smelly socks in your hamper?"

"I ... uh ..." This was a nightmare for Rodas. His mother was such a prude, he had really thought she hadn't noticed his constant masturbation.

"How many times do you do it in a day?" Kashvi sat him down on the edge of the bed and lowered herself to her knees. "Give me a moment, I need to prepare myself." She took a deep breath, trying to quell her twirling stomach.

"Um ..." He watched her take a minute to calm herself. Then she moved into action, unzipping his pants and pulling them down. To his eyes, she certainly didn't seem eager. Her eyes looked resigned to her fate. Rodas understood. In her mind, his

overwhelming need to cum was disgusting. Therefore, she had to help him. The paw had twisted his wish.

“I asked you a question. How many times?” She arched an eyebrow and looked up at him.

“Three or four.”

She grimaced. “You’re just a raging ball of hormones.” She pulled down his underwear and got a look at his penis. She let out a heavy sigh.

“Is there ... something wrong with it?” Rodas held his breath.

“All men are animals. Even your father. But teenagers are the worst. Look how swollen and hard you are.” She tapped the domed head as if it might bite. “I remember when your father used to get this big.”

It wasn’t a compliment, and Rodas didn’t take it as one. “Maybe we should just ... aaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” When her hands started pumping him, he forgot about everything but the pleasure. She was right about one thing; he *was* a raging ball of hormones.

Kashvi looked around the room while giving her son a handjob, not particularly interested in the task before her. Her gaze stopped on his trash can. “I suppose I’ll have to empty that after you’re done. Is it full of disgusting apple cores and used tissues?”

“Yeah ... Mom.” Rodas decided she was surprisingly good with her hands. *Did she imply she’d help me every time I want to cum?* All sorts of ideas went through his head. If it truly was just the two of them, he could cum even more than usual. *Five or six times a day? Why not?* “It’s a little dry, can you ...?” He was going to ask her to spit on his dick, but instead his priggish mother leaned forward and took it into her mouth.

“Glllluuuuugggglllluuuuuuuggggggg.” Kashvi wondered if his father had ever been this big. Maybe not. She certainly never remembered him making her gag the way their son did. With characteristic determination, she pushed the penis as far down her throat as she could and bobbed her head. “Guck ... guck ... guck ... guck ...”

In amazement, Rodas stared at his mother’s shiny black hair, bouncing on his lap. He listened to the most sordid sounds he’d ever heard in person and tried to reconcile that they were coming from his mother. She sounded like something from the internet but she didn’t look the part. Her body was stiff, and she moved mechanically. He knew she was giving it her all, but she wasn’t enjoying it. Rodas shrugged and slumped further into his chair. What did he care if she enjoyed it? She was only the second woman to give him a blowjob, and she was much better than the first. He was happy. That’s what mattered.

Kashvi worked hard at the disgusting task she'd undertaken. For a young man that orgasmed several times a day, Rodas was certainly taking his sweet time. Her lips were numb, her jaw was sore, and her fingers were cramping by the time he started jerking under her. She supposed if she was really going to go through with it, she'd have to swallow. She'd had girlfriends tell her they did that for their men, but she'd never done it for her husband.

"Oh ... Mom ... I'm going to cum ... I'm going to ... oh ... Mom ... don't stop ... I'm ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh." His hips bucked off the chair, and he listened to her sloppy sounds as she gagged down his load. When he was done, he realized he now held his mom's head with both hands. He quickly let go. She continued to roll her tongue around his penis, cleaning up his entire mess. He would never have expected his mom to swallow, but of course that must have been the most disgusting way for her to get him off. So, she'd done it. "Thanks ... Mom."

"Mmmppphhhhhhh." She finished licking his big round head and sat up, not making eye contact. *What a strange thing I've just done. How will I ever explain this to my husband?* But just as quickly as the thoughts entered her mind, they blew away. "That was ... slimy." She wiped her lips with the back of her hand. "Get some homework done. Text me when you need to relieve yourself again. Just make sure you give us enough time before your father gets home." She stood and quickly left her son's room.

Rodas didn't tell her that his father wasn't coming home. Since she hadn't believed him before, he decided to let her figure it out on her own. And without any teachers, there was no reason to do homework. He moved to his desk and turned on his computer. He'd kill some time playing video games until he needed to cum again.

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When he texted his mother two hours later, she replied that she'd be right up. She apparently hadn't yet figured out that they were alone.

Kashvi dutifully entered his room a few minutes later, her back straight, and her lips slightly curled at the thought of the repugnant chore that lay ahead.

Rodas sat naked on his bed, smiling. "Hi, Mom. Ready for round two?"

"The things mothers have to put up with." She shook her head. *Wait ... is that right? Do mothers have to do this for their sons?* She brushed her hair out of her face and put it in a ponytail. *Yes, mothers do.* She glanced at the trash can. "Remind me to take out your garbage when we're done. I forgot last time."

“No problem. You had a lot on your mind when you left. And ...” He thought about teasing her. Normally, he’d never push or prod her about anything, but it seemed possible now. “... you also had a lot of cum in your belly.”

Kashvi rolled her eyes. “Disgusting teenagers.” She climbed onto his bed.

“I want to see your boobs while you do it this time.”

“My breasts? That’s repugnant, Rodas.” She parted his legs, and scooted between them.

“Right. Since it’s repugnant, you should do it.” He smiled at her hopefully.

“You make a good point. I’ll show them to you.” She sighed. In businesslike fashion, she quickly removed her dress, unclasped her bra, and bared her chest to her son. “Happy?” She held her heavy breasts up for his inspection.

“Yeah ... really ... happy.” He stared. Her tits were a paler shade of brown than the rest of her, and that paleness contrasted beautifully with her fat, dark nipples. Her breasts hung on her chest perfectly. They seemed to beg Rodas to grab them and honk his mother over and over. He resisted. It was doubtful she’d let him go *that* far. No honking. “You’ve been hiding these all this time. Wow, Mom. You have first-class tits.”

“Don’t be gross.” But she didn’t argue. She leaned forward and got to work on her second blowjob of the day.

As he watched her hair bounce, Rodas knew perfection. Maybe he’d never wish everyone else back. Maybe he and his mother would just hole up at home for the rest of –

The house gave a sudden sigh. His computer fans stopped whirring, the vents in his room stopped blowing, and the lights went out. It was clearly a blackout. Rodas had a moment of panic, but his mom’s warm, wet mouth obscured his fears. His mother didn’t seem to notice. She kept on with her chore.

Rodas watched her work in the fading twilight and considered his situation. If there were no people in the world, who would run the power plants? Who would keep the water flowing from their taps? Where would they buy food? His mother swirled her tongue around the head of his cock. “Ooohhhhhh ... Mom ... that’s good.” He came to a decision. He’d worry about all that other stuff later. For now, all he could think about was his mom’s amazing blowjob.

## Chapter 12

“I think there’s something wrong.” Kashvi entered her son’s room carrying her phone and a concerned expression on her face. “Your father is late, and I haven’t heard from him. Your sister should have been home by now, too. I think the blackout knocked out cell reception. Nobody is picking up their phones.”

Rodas stretched and sighed. His room was dark but for the glow from his mother’s phone. “I’ve been trying to tell you, Mom. We’re all alone. Everybody’s gone.”

“No ... no ... I don’t believe that.” The concern in Kashvi’s eyes turned to fear. “It’s the blackout. It’s ... causing problems out there.” She gestured at his bedroom window.

“This *is* a problem.” Rodas tapped his foot on the carpet. “This is going to be all one wish, okay?”

“I don’t know what you mean.” Kashvi wrinkled her forehead in confusion.

“I’m not talking to you, Mom.” Rodas took a deep breath, thinking things through. “I wish that we had power, food, water, and all the other stuff we’re used to without needing any other people, you know, that whatever we need just magically appears, and that Mom’s cool with all the vanished people.” He clapped his hands together like he was dusting them off. “That should do it. One wish, leaving me with ... two more.”

In the junk drawer, the monkey’s paw slowly unfurled a third finger, paused, and a fourth straightened ... and then a fifth. There were no more fingers left.

“How do you feel, Mom?” Rodas smiled at his mother.

“I feel ... I feel ... I feel better.” She gave him her familiar tight smile. “Everything’s going to be okay, isn’t it?” The lights flickered on and the house hummed back to life. Her smile brightened a little as she looked around the room. “If everything’s back on, I can make us dinner. Curry and rice tonight?”

“Sounds great. But first I need to cum again.” Rodas pulled down his pants and his dick flopped out into the open. He wasn’t wearing underwear anymore, because ... why bother?

“Really?” Kashvi rolled her eyes in disgust. Her smile disappeared. “You’re like a gooey, slimy sperm factory. Are you sure it can’t wait until tomorrow?”

“It can’t wait.” He wiggled his hips, swaying his hard cock in the air. “But you can keep your clothes on this time, since you still have to make dinner.” When she didn’t move, he waved her over. “Come on, Mom. Time to suck dick.” Rodas laughed when she stuck her tongue out in revulsion.

“You can’t talk to me like that. I’m still your mother.” She got on her knees in front of him, spit on the head of his cock, and pumped him with her hands.

“But when I talk to you like that, this gets more disgusting. And the more disgusting, the more important it is. Right?” Rodas laughed harder as she gave him a passionless handjob.

Kashvi scowled at her son. “You make ... a really good point. You ... um ... can talk to me however you like.”

“You want to hear something funny?” Rodas was still chuckling.

“No.” Kashvi bent forward and took his penis into her mouth. She bobbed her head on the domed head and thick shaft, pretending it belonged to her darling, disappeared husband.

“You know how I ... ugh ... complain about the bitches at school?” He was losing concentration. Her mouth felt too good. “Like that bitch ... Rachel, who gave me that paw?”

“Mmmhshhhmmmmmmmm,” she hummed around his penis.

“Well, most of the time I think you’re an even bigger bitch.” Rodas watched her glossy black hair stop bouncing as she paused about halfway down his dick. He winced. Would she just bite it off? Had he gone too far? Would she storm out of the room? She did none of those things, she just knelt there with his cock partway down her throat. Rodas smiled with relief. “Keep sucking, Mom.”

Kashvi’s cheeks burned. *What a humiliating day.* But ... but ... her head started bobbing again, and she pumped the base with her hand. Finishing the task had become even more crucial. “Guuuuck ... guuuuck ... guuuuck ... guuuuuck.” She made incredibly shameful noises.

“The difference between you and ... uuughshhh ... those other bitches ... is ... ugh ... that you’re mine ... Mom. You’re ... *my* ... bitch. Aaaaahshhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Rodas erupted in her mouth. He listened to her choke and gulp his load. When he finished, she quickly stood and ran out of his room. He sat in his chair, staring at the empty doorway. “That was ... the best orgasm ... ever.” He panted as he slowly recovered.

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“How’s the curry?” Kashvi took a forkful of rice, put it in her mouth, and chewed slowly. The dining room felt empty with just the two of them. *But it’s okay. Everything’s okay.* “Spicy enough for you?”

“Damn, Mom. It’s spicy.” Rodas lifted his glass to his lips and gulped some water. He put his glass down again with a thud. “You are a spicy bitch, aren’t you?”

Kashvi’s cheeks burned, but she didn’t reprimand him. “Have you done your homework yet?”

“Jeez, Mom. Don’t be stupid. There’s no school tomorrow. We’re the only two people on Earth.” Rodas shoveled rice and curry into his mouth.

“That’s fine.” Kashvi smiled primly.

“You know what, it *is* fine,” Rodas said with his mouth full. “Everybody was always giving me a hard time. There were so many assholes everywhere. Now they’re all gone.”

“Mmmm hmmm.” Kashvi nodded a noncommittal agreement. She should punish him for his crude words, but when he said such things, it made dinner a disgusting task.

“I’m going to need to cum again after dinner.” Rodas finished off his plate. “Do you have any lingerie you wear with Dad?”

“Maybe we should wait until tomorrow, Rodas. I don’t think I can swallow any more sperm.” She watched him wearily.

“I hear you loud and clear. No more cum guzzling for you tonight.” It was easy for Rodas to talk smack to his mother, he’d been doing it to just about everybody else for years. “Anyways ... do you have lingerie?”

“Yes.” She took another bite of dinner and looked away from him.

“Awesome. After dinner, change into something sexy and come to my room.” Rodas stood. Normally he’d take his plate into the kitchen, but he didn’t feel like helping with chores anymore.

“But ... I thought you said ...” Inexplicably, her vagina tingled at the thought of parading around in front of her son in the lingerie his father had bought for her. She struggled to wrench control away from her base instincts. *It’s disgusting. What’s he’s asking for is repulsive. He’s an animal.* Her mind filled with purpose. “I’ll do it.”

“Of course, you will, Mom.” Rodas gave her finger guns. “See you in a little bit.”

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There was a soft knock on his door. "Come in, Mom." Rodas was naked on his bed, fapping.

Kashvi opened the door and stepped into the room, her eyes downcast.

"Daaaaammmmmnnnnnnnnnnn." He fapped faster. "You look amazing. You even put on heels."

"Your father likes when I do that." She closed the door behind her. There was nobody else in the world, so the door could stay open. But it felt right to close it. What they were doing shouldn't be flaunted. "So ... shall I come over there and use my mouth again?"

"What? No, Mom. Remember, you swallowed too much cum today. I don't want you to get an upset tummy." He shook his head, like she was truly stupid. "Put your hands on the wall next to the Corvette poster." He watched her walk over to the wall. "Don't stand so straight. Yeah, stick your butt out. Wow, you have a massive ass, Mom." Rodas climbed off his bed and slowly walked toward his mother.

"Disgusting ... disgusting ... disgusting ..." Kashvi muttered to herself. Why was her vagina gushing? She prayed he wouldn't see her wetness. "Ow." She jumped when her son slapped her butt.

"Man ... look at that shake. Wow ... just wow." Rodas got to his knees behind his mother and put his hands on her ass cheeks. He jiggled them for a couple minutes, mesmerized by the way they moved. He smiled and took a deep breath. What was that amazing, tangy smell? Was that ...? "Spread your legs, Mom."

"Okay, Rodas." Kashvi shut her eyes tight and spread her legs for her son. Her fingernails dug into the wall. She held her breath.

"Holy shit. Your pussy smells amazing." Rodas pulled her panties down. He had her step out of them and spread her legs again. "You're wet! I can see your pussy dripping. I've never wanted to eat out a girl before. I thought it was –"

"Disgusting," Kashvi said.

"Yeah, but now ... now ..." He put his hands on her ass, digging his fingers into her pliable flesh. He leaned forward and tasted pussy for the first time. "Hmmmmmmm ... so ... good." He said between licks. "Mmmm ... nomnomnomnom." Rodas exaggerated the eating sounds to needle his mom. He wasn't sure what exactly he should be doing, and he didn't care. He found himself licking, sucking, and motorboating her ass cheeks. He loved it. When he felt her body trembling, he knew he must have been doing something right. Abruptly, he stopped and stood behind her. He whacked her butt with his cock, giving equal attention to each cheek.



## Chapter 13

"I'm not sure why I'm putting this on," Kashvi muttered to herself and clasped the lacy bra. She looked down with disapproval. The matching panties were lacy, too. This underwear wasn't in her everyday rotation. It was more for days when she wanted to lure her husband to bed early, one or two Friday nights a month.

She frowned at herself, shook her head, and pulled on a revealing dress. She straightened it in the mirror, trying not to look at all the cleavage on display. "What am I doing?" To her shame, she put on heels. She clucked her tongue at herself as she left the bedroom. "It's just to make things extra disgusting." The lie sounded hollow to her.

After making and eating breakfast, Kashvi sat in the kitchen and drank tea. Her son was sleeping in. She thought about waking him. But that would just wake his penis. She didn't want that. Did she? She checked her phone. It was still connected to the internet, but there really wasn't anybody out there. That was fine. It didn't bother her. What did bother her was her son sleeping in when there were things to do. She didn't stop to ask herself what *things*. There were always things to do. She marched upstairs and opened her son's door. The scent of stale sex wafted out at her. She waved a hand in front of her nose. "Enough sleeping, wake up. You have things to do." She stood in the doorway with her hands on her hips, trying to look formidable.

"Mom?" Rodas turned onto his back and stretched his arms. He blinked and looked up at the ceiling. "By 'things', you mean your pussy and mouth, right?"

"Disgusting." She ground her teeth together. It was disgusting, but he wasn't directly asking her to perform a task. So, she stayed where she was.

"What time is it?" Rodas became aware of his morning wood. He reached down and stroked it. "I love not having to hide this anymore."

"It's late." She looked at her watch. "Just past seven-thirty. Time to get up."

"Jeez, Mom, it's early. You woke me up at seven-thirty? Shit! You are such a bitch." He looked over at her, and his eyes widened. "What are you wearing?"

"Nothing ... I ... I ... I don't know why I put this on." She turned around so he couldn't see her cleavage.

"Damn, your ass is fucking lit in that dress. It hugs your curves like it misses its mommy." He laughed and fapped faster under the covers. "I feel like that dress. Come over here and suck my dick, Mom."

"Have you ... have you showered since last night?" She turned and took a few steps toward him.

“What do you think?” Rodas pulled off the covers.

The smell of stale sex increased tenfold in the room. Kashvi stuck out her tongue in disgust. But of course, she desperately needed to blow him. It was a supremely disgusting task he’d asked for. She practically flew across the room in her heels and pounced on her son. Her head was bobbing in no time at all.

“That’s my bitch ... that’s it. You can wake me up anytime ... uuughhhhh ... for this.” He wound his fingers in his mother’s hair. “You know ... I could go for some breakfast.” He maneuvered her so that her knees were next to his head. He lifted her dress. “Check out these ... uuughhh ... fucking panties. You’re a slut, Mom. You’ve been a closet slut ... uuughhhhh ... this whole time.”

“Mmmppphhhhhhhhh.” She lifted her head from his long, turgid penis. “No ... that’s not ... true.” She engulfed the fat head again and immodestly choked herself on his length. “Gaaack ... gaaaack ... gaaaaaaaack.”

“You gave me ... ugghh ... my first taste of pussy ... last night. From now on ... I’m not going to go a day without chowing down ... on my mother’s ... sweet snatch.” Rodas pulled her panties to the side and lifted one of her legs over his head. He clapped his hands on the globes of her ass and licked along her slit. She was a sopping mess down there. Last night hadn’t been a fluke. His mother was a gusher. “Time for my morning juice.” He buried his face in her pussy and ass. Again, he didn’t really care about her pleasure. He did whatever he wanted. He seemed to get the biggest reaction when he tongued her asshole and motorboated her cheeks.

“Mmmmmppphhhhhhhhh.” Kashvi’s heart thundered in her ears. Her son was an animal. She had failed as a mother. And, as her hips began gyrating, she feared she would utterly fail as a wife. Why did Rodas’s mayhem feel so good? Her only consolation was that he didn’t make her orgasm. He was too scattershot with his approach to truly get her off. It didn’t take long before he was shooting his slimy stuff in her mouth. Dutifully, she gagged down as much as she could before coughing the rest onto his sheets. She waited until after the last spurts had died down, and then got off him. “You make a bigger mess first thing in the morning.” She climbed off the bed, straightened her panties, and pulled down the hem of her dress. “Anyway ... um ... don’t go back to sleep. You have things to do.”

“Shit, you’re still going on about that?” Rodas was sleepier now than when she’d woken him up. He looked over at her through half-lidded eyes. “Jesus, you’re a mess, Mom. You’ve got cum and the most stupid expression all over your face.” He raised a finger to silence her before she could speak. “But I have to say, you don’t look bitchy anymore. Just ... slutty. Tell me you’re a slut, Mom.”

Kashvi clenched her fists and ground her teeth. But she had to tell him. It disgusted her to admit the truth. "I'm a slut, Rodas."

"Dope." Rodas nodded. "But that didn't do it for me. Say, 'Mommy's a slut, *shona*.'"

"Really?" Kashvi took a deep breath. She had to. "Mommy's a slut, *shona*."

"Great, now say it while striking a slutty pose." Rodas leaned his head on his pillow so he could see her better. He didn't want anyone else to return, ever. He had his own mommy slut, and there was no one else to bother him. Not his dumb father. Not his bratty sister. Not the bitches and assholes at school. He smiled serenely.

"Mommy's a slut, *shona*." Kashvi thrust her hips to the side and hefted her boobs through her dress. She didn't know if she was striking a slutty pose. She didn't have any practice.

"Needs work. Good enough." Rodas rolled over in bed. "Now let me sleep."

Kashvi hurried out of the room, intent on taking a long, cold shower to wash the copious amounts of sperm off her.

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The park was eerily quiet. Kashvi sat on a bench, watching the wind push the swings back and forth. It was odd that her isolation didn't bother her. There should have been people playing frisbee on the grass, children on the swings, and cars passing on the road. There was nobody but her, and that was okay. If only she could figure out what to do about her son. Before her walk, she had changed into a sensible dress and shoes. But she was still wearing what her husband liked to call "Friday night undies." She smiled at the memory of her last intimate time with her husband. She shivered when those thoughts led to the memory of Rodas's large thing plundering her vagina. "What am I going to do?" She asked the wind.

"I know the answer to that one." Rodas strolled up next to his mother. He was naked but for socks and sneakers, and he had a big smile on his face.

"Goodness ... Rodas ... what on Earth?" She put a hand to her mouth.

"It feels good walking around naked, Mom. There's no one here to judge me." He sat next to her on the bench, putting an arm around her shoulders. "We used to come to this park when I was little."

"We did." Kashvi nodded, her body tense.

“We used to play all sorts of games.” Rodas took hold of his hardening dick and absentmindedly pumped.

Kashvi stared at his growing penis. “We did.”

“Now we’re going to play different games at the park.” Rodas laughed, the harsh sound was carried away by the wind. “Get undressed and mount me, Mom.” He glanced at her as she hesitated. “You can keep your shoes on.”

“I ... I’m not sure.” Kashvi undressed, keeping her eyes fixed on her son’s masturbation. The wrongness of it confused her. The problem wasn’t that she was watching her eighteen-year-old son touch himself. It wasn’t that he was doing it in a park in broad daylight. It wasn’t even that she was nearly naked next to him. It was ... *Oh no, I like it.* She slowly lowered her panties, fully exposing her nethers to the cool breeze.

“Show me your pussy, Mom.” Rodas watched as she stood in front of him, spread her legs, and tilted her pelvis up. She reached down with fingers on either side of her lips and pulled them apart. “Daaaammmnnn. You’re dripping. Hop on.” He stopped fapping and waited.

“I don’t think I should, Rodas.” She looked around the park with frightened eyes, like she was expecting everyone to suddenly return and find her showing her vagina to her horny animal of a son.

He waited, but she didn’t get on his lap. Rodas frowned in confusion. “I don’t understand. This *is* a disgusting task. You have to do it.”

Kashvi shook her head.

“Wait ... you want my dick, is that it? I’m not disgusting?” Rodas barked out another laugh. “No way. Well, I’ll help you out then. You’re my bitch, Mom. You’re a slutty hoe, and all you want is teenage cock. So, hop on.”

She rolled her eyes in disgust at his terrible words and climbed onto his lap. She reached down and guided him in. It stretched just as it had done the night before. She was at least grateful that she could set the pace this time. She held the back of the bench and slowly lowered herself down his long pole.

“That’s my bitch.” Rodas slapped her wonderfully round ass.

“You’re too big ... ooohhhhhhhh ... I wasn’t made for ... something this big.” She bit her lip as the pain of spreading for him joined with the pleasure of the special places he touched deep inside.

“You took it like a champ ... ugghhhhh ... last night.” Rodas buried his face in her heavy boobs and motorboated her. He loved her little squeal of disgust. *Or ... is that a squeal of*

*pleasure?* He told himself he didn't care which it was. "Now ... ride me ... like a champ." He slapped her ass again.

"Okay ... okay ... I'm riding ... Rodas ... I'm ... uuuuggghhhhhh ... riding." She moved her arms around his neck and hugged him as she bounced, pressing her breasts into his face. The pain had been completely replaced by ecstasy. Her hesitancy fell away. Her memories fell away. Even the park around her was shut out of her mind. She was consumed by the act of mating. She didn't know if it was her son's size or the situation, but she had never responded to sex this way before. Not even close.

"That's it ... damn ... Mom ... you're hitting it ... you're fucking hitting it ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... hard ... you slut." His words were muffled by the mammary flesh pressing into his mouth. It was good. So good that he stopped talking. He let her hump without jeering her for a good long while. He had to admit, she was an amazing cowgirl. After ten minutes, she was sweating profusely, grunting with effort, but still going strong. Sudden unexpected and powerful emotions swept through him. "Wow ... Mom ... uggghhhhh ... ughhhhhh ... I love this ... I ... uuuuggghhhhhh ... ohhhhhhhh ... shit ... I love you." *Where had that come from?* He hadn't told anyone he loved them in years and years.

"Ooooohhhhhhhhhhhhh ..." Kashvi barely heard him. She grinded her hips, working her way through her third orgasm. Her lips made a perfect circle, and her eyes rolled back.

"I'm ... uuuggghhhh ... going to ... cum ... Mom." Rodas was nearly paralyzed by pleasure.

Kashvi was coming down from her orgasm when his words registered with her. She pulled off his penis and pumped him with both hands while still sitting on his lap. She made a cooing sound when he finally grunted and sprayed her belly and breasts with sperm.

Once they caught their breath, they walked back to their house in silence. Rodas, following his sudden odd feelings, did the gentlemanly thing and carried her clothes for her. He even felt like holding her hand but resisted. His mom *was* a bitch. He couldn't let himself forget it.

## Chapter 14

Pots and dishes made comforting clanking noises as Kashvi moved around the kitchen, making dinner. After their visit to the park the day before, her son's already overactive libido had gone into overdrive. He had kept her in his room most of the day, humping and calling her tawdry names. She hadn't had anything to eat since breakfast, except for his sperm. She wondered how many calories that accounted for. She had swallowed a gallon of his stuff to avoid taking any in her vagina. As she put together familiar ingredients, unfamiliar feelings swirled inside her.

Rodas leaned against the kitchen counter and watched his mother closely. She was beautiful, a bitch, and she was his. So why was there a void inside him that the day's activities hadn't filled? "Tell me you're my bitch, Mom."

"I'm your bitch, Rodas." She didn't even glance at her son as she measured spices.

"Tell me you're my mommy slut." He frowned.

"I'd rather not." She mixed with a stab blender.

"Doesn't that disgust you?" Rodas furrowed his brow. She was acting strange. Could it be she was becoming desensitized to his antics? He'd learned about emersion therapy when his parents had sent him to some shrinks a few years ago.

"I'm your mommy slut." She shrugged and added the blended mixture to a pot.

Rodas stood in silence for a while. The emptiness inside his soul drove him crazy. Time to use another wish. "I wish I knew what I wanted."

"Me too." Kashvi hummed to herself as she cooked, trying to ignore her son for the moment.

"I wasn't talking to you." Rodas waited for a revelation. None came. "What the fuck, monkey's paw? Are you broken?" He went over to the junk drawer and rummaged around.

Kashvi dubiously watched her son out of the corner of her eye.

When Rodas found the paw, his blood went cold. All five fingers were extended. Was he out of wishes? *That's impossible, I said all those wishes were just one wish.* He quickly closed the drawer and put his back to it. *I'm stuck here ... everyone is gone ... forever.*

"What's wrong, Rodas?" Kashvi watched her son run from the kitchen. He didn't come down for dinner, so she ate by herself. He stayed in his room the rest of the night. Kashvi was relieved. Her vagina was incredibly sore and needed time to recover. She took a long, hot bath and went to bed early.

~~

Over the next couple weeks, Rodas only came out of his room for food and blowjobs. He didn't ask for intercourse at all. "You love cock, don't you, Mom? You're such a bitch," Rodas sat at the kitchen table eating rice while Kashvi gagged on his cock, kneeling before him.

"Mmmmpppphhhhhh," Kashvi said. This was a typical conversation for them.

Kashvi was relieved that he only wanted oral. After a few days, she felt her vagina tightening back up. She told herself that this was good news. And when she started masturbating, she told herself it was a way to fill the hours of boredom with no one else in the world. At first, she confined her self-pleasure to her bedroom. But with free run of the world, she ended up touching herself wherever she liked. Rodas came out of his room in a daily pattern, so she managed never to get caught. Not that it would matter much, she supposed. He already knew that she was a slut mommy.

~~

"Wake up, Mom." Rodas threw open her curtains. It was still dark outside. He turned on the light and pulled off the covers, sparing a moment to take in her long, dark legs. She was sleeping in one of his father's t-shirts.

"What time is it?" Kashvi tried to rouse herself. "You don't usually want me to suck you this early." She sat up, yawning. "I'm your bitch, Rodas," she said without prompting.

"Yeah, you are, Mom. But that's not why I'm here." He said ... although his cock was pushing at his boxers in full morning wood mode. "Well, how about you blow me while I tell you why I'm here?" He stood up on the bed and lowered his boxers.

"Of course, I'm a good slut." She got up on her knees and took him into her mouth. She massaged his balls with one hand, held the base of his cock with the other, and bobbed her head. She was becoming something of an expert in pleasing her son with her mouth.

"That's good." Rodas cupped her head without thinking about it. He didn't push or pull. Her pace was perfect. He held her head because he liked the feeling of control. "Anyway, you never took me or my sisters to Zanyland. When we were little, we begged you to go, but you and Dad always said no."

Kashvi popped her mouth off his cock. "You can't want to go now? You're eighteen. And there's nobody there." She slid him back past her lips and continued the blowjob.

"Oh, we're going, Mom. Adults go to Zanyland all the time. And who cares if there's nobody there? I know you don't care."

"Mmmmmppphhhhhh." She thought about it. It was true, it didn't bother her that everyone was gone. She worked him faster with her mouth, turning her head from left to right on the upstroke and downstroke, just the way he liked it.

"We're ... uggghhhhhh ... going on a ... road trip ... Mom." Rodas wasn't sure why Zanyland would fix everything, but he could feel it deep in his bones. He would get the trip he'd always wanted, and everything would be perfect. "Aaaaahhhhhhhh ... I'm ... cumming ... oooohhhhhh ... shit ... you're good ... at that ... uuuuggghhhhhh." He shook as he emptied his first load of the day down her throat. She gulped it down without missing a drop.

~~

Their bags were packed in the back of the minivan as they headed out onto the open road. It was an exceptionally open road. Of course, there wasn't a single other driver. Rodas was naked behind the wheel, and Kashvi sat fully clothed in the passenger seat, surreptitiously eyeing her son's flaccid penis. She so rarely saw it soft.

"You should at least have some shorts on. What if we get in an accident?" It wasn't long ago that she wouldn't put up with any foolishness from her son. Now he did as he pleased.

"We're not getting in an accident. And stop being such a bitch, Mom. I want you to behave yourself on this trip. I want ..." He wasn't sure what he wanted other than more wishes. "Hey, Mom?"

"Yes, I am your mommy slut." She sighed and looked out the window. The world looked so empty without people. Not that it bothered her.

"No, not that." Rodas eased his foot off the accelerator. His mother was right, having an accident would be bad. There were no doctors anymore. "Are you ... um ... starting to like doing the stuff we've been doing? I mean, do you like sucking my cock?"

Kashvi snorted. "You're lucky your father can't hear you."

"Yeah, I didn't think so." Rodas turned up the music and ignored her. Their road trip wasn't off to a great start.

~~

They stopped for sandwiches at lunch. Wherever they went, they found what they needed, even though there was nobody to prepare the food or tend the gas stations.

Back on the road after lunch, they were both naked now. Rodas had told her to undress, and she had complied. Although he wasn't sure if she found it disgusting or not. He was still behind the wheel as they sped down the freeway.

"Mom, it's about that time." Rodas glanced at his hard cock and then over at his naked mother. What a strange world he'd created.

"Okay, pull over, and I'll take care of you." Kashvi rubbed her legs together. She prayed he wouldn't reach for her vagina and discover that taking care of his overdeveloped penis excited her.

"Nah, I want to get to Zanyworld today. Blow me while I'm driving, bitch." He glanced at her. She was hesitating. That was unusual.

"This isn't disgusting, it's unsafe." She put a hand to her mouth when she realized what she'd said. "I mean, it *is* disgusting. Very disgusting. But it's unsafe."

"Um, okay." Rodas was pretty sure that the disgusting part should override all her other objections. It had before. But she clearly wasn't going to blow him while driving. He pulled the minivan to the side of the road and put it in park. He shrugged his shoulders in a *what are you waiting for* gesture. "Get to gobbling, Mom. Show me what a good slut you are."

"Yes, Rodas. Thank you for stopping." Kashvi leaned her head into his lap and took his large penis down her throat. She bobbed her head and massaged his balls, just how he liked it. She forced his penis deeper into her throat than usual as a reward for stopping the car. The minivan filled with unladylike gagging and moaning. Her cheeks didn't grow warm with shame. Instead, she rubbed her legs together and reminded herself not to let her hand move to her vagina.

"Uuuggghhhh ... shit that's good ... Mom." He watched her black hair bounce in his lap. His gaze went down to her tantalizing, delicate brown back and followed the flair from her narrow waist out to her wide hips. He slid his hand down her graceful spine and groped her ass. It was perfectly pliant and round. "Shit ... Mom ... you're such a slut ... I'm going to cum."

“Ggggggaaaaaacccccckkkkkkkkkk.” Kashvi had swallowed his penis so deep that his sperm shot directly into her throat. She gagged and couldn’t swallow. She pulled her mouth off his penis and finished him with her hands.

When his orgasm receded, Rodas looked at her cum-covered face and laughed. “Did you forget how to swallow?”

“No ... I ...” Kashvi’s cheeks heated with embarrassment. “I’m sorry, I’ll clean you up.” She leaned down and licked the semen off his penis, his thighs, and lower belly. When she was done, she got a wet wipe out of the glove compartment and cleaned up her face using the rearview mirror. She wiped down her hands and arms and then looked back at her son. “You’re staring at me. What is it?” She looked down at his penis. It was still standing proud. There was a reason she hardly ever saw it in its somnolent state.

“Nothing.” Rodas shook his head. He didn’t have anything hurtful or cutting to say. “Nothing.”

“You ... want me to do that again?” She nodded to his penis.

“I’m good.” Rodas put the car back into drive and pulled back out onto the freeway. When the car passed over the warning bumps on the side of the road, he saw his mother’s boobs bounce. He had fucked up getting them stuck in an empty world. But, if he had to get stuck with someone, there was no one else he’d rather have with him. “You’re beautiful, Mom.” Driving with his left hand, he put his right hand on her left tit. He held it as they drove, feeling her heavy flesh jiggle and shift with the movement of the minivan.

Kashvi didn’t say anything. Her stomach did cartwheels. *Is he being tender with me?*

They drove with his hand on her boob for a while before he pulled over again.

“Okay, now do you want me to do it again?” Kashvi leaned toward his lap. But he pushed her back.

“I’m good for now.” Rodas leaned over to her side and latched his lips to her dark nipple. He snaked his hand between her shapely thighs and found that her pussy was soaking. He wiggled two fingers inside.

“Rodas?” Kashvi looked down at her son’s youthful face pressing into her breast. He didn’t have a lot of skill with his fingers, but he *was* trying. She ran her fingers through his dark, silky hair. They had been so close once. “Ohhhhh ... Rodas.” She held his head. She was worked up, but he wasn’t hitting her spots. So, after ten minutes, she pretended to have an orgasm. “Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.”

“There, now we’re even.” Rodas settled back into the driver’s seat with a smirk on his face. He pulled the car back onto the freeway and turned the music up. They bobbed their heads to the beat, smiles on their faces.

## Chapter 15

“Isn’t this awesome?” Rodas laughed and ran around the penthouse suite in circles. He jumped up on the bed, hopped for a while, then did a few more laps.

Kashvi watched her eighteen-year-old son with a tight smile on her face. “Stop acting like a child.” They were both naked but for shoes. His soft penis flapping around in the most ungainly way made her stomach flutter.

“But Mom ...” He ran up behind her and pressed himself to her backside. He reached around and playfully grabbed her boobs. “We came here so that I *could* feel like a kid again.”

“Hmmmmmm.” Kashvi suppressed a smile that threatened to widen. She successfully turned her lips upside down and removed his hands from her breasts. She spun around and gave him a stern look. “We’re here. What do you want to do?”

“I want to have fun with you, Mom. We’re at Zaneyland. Let’s go on some rides! Eat some Zaneydogs! Meet the Zaneyfive!” Rodas playfully juggled her boobs, watching them ripple and shake.

“Yes, we can go on some rides.” Kashvi brushed his hands away and opened her suitcase. She made sure to squat down so he wouldn’t get any gropey ideas about her butt. “But you know we can’t eat Zaneydogs. And there’s no one in the world, so I’m guessing the Zaneyfive are gone, too.” She pulled out some clothes for herself. “And get dressed. I don’t want us getting eaten up by mosquitoes.”

“Okay. The rides will be fun.” Rodas didn’t even argue about clothes. He dressed, and they went out into the park.

They rode rollercoasters, elevators, and a space simulator. The rides all worked perfectly well without operators. When they were up in the Ferris wheel, Kashvi looked out toward the horizon. The park was lit up, but the rest of the world was black. “Why doesn’t it bother me that we’re the only ones?”

Rodas followed her gaze out into the dark. Upon entering the Ferris wheel, he’d been elated from the first few hours in the park. But looking out into the black dampened his spirits. He reached for her hand and squeezed it. “I’m sorry about that. I wished that it wouldn’t bother you.”

“You don’t need to be sorry. If you hadn’t wished it, I’d probably be sad.” Kashvi shrugged.

“Yeah.” Rodas’s heart fell, and his shoulders slumped. “I should tell you all about the wishes, Mom.”

“Go on.” As their cage wobbled back and forth high over the park, Kashvi listened to her son explain his accidental and poorly conceived wishes. When he was done, they sat in silence for a while. The wheel slowly moved forward, little by little, just as if people were getting on and off. “Rodas?”

“Yeah, Mom.” He squeezed her hand tighter.

“Did you want to sleep with me before the wishes? Or did they ... change you?” Kashvi still looked into the distance.

“Um ... I think I wanted to ... but didn’t really know it until ... everything changed,” he said.

“And we haven’t ... had intercourse since the beginning. Why is that?” She turned her head and looked at him in the light that shone from the park below. “Not that I’m complaining.”

“I don’t know ... I guess ... I mean, you were sore, and I wanted to give you a break.” Rodas shrugged. That was a lie, but he didn’t feel like being honest.

“I see.” Kashvi reached for his overdeveloped penis. She squeezed it through his pants. It was soft. *Remarkable. It’s hardly ever soft.*

“Mom, can you tell me something?” He licked his lips nervously. “Have you started to enjoy the stuff we’re doing?”

“Why? Do you want your mommy slut to blow you right now?” Kashvi’s words were cold and distant. She removed her hand from his crotch, but let him still hold on to the other one.

“What would you wish for if you had five wishes?” Rodas was genuinely curious.

“I would wish to undo all your wishes.” Kashvi removed her hand from his. “I wouldn’t need the other four.” She didn’t ask for the monkey’s paw. It hadn’t occurred to her that it had any more wishes in it.

“I see.” They rode the Ferris wheel down in silence. They marched back to the hotel, ate in the restaurant with little small talk, and returned to their room.

Kashvi went to the bathroom. She looked out at him before closing the door. “If you don’t need your mommy slut any more this evening, I’m going to brush my teeth and go to bed.” Her voice dripped with sarcasm.

“Why are you always such a bitch, Mom?” Rodas furrowed his brow, his cheeks growing hot with anger. Zaneyland wasn’t going how he’d hoped.

“Why are you such a brat? I raised you better than how you behave.” Kashvi put her hands on her hips.

“Bitch,” Rodas lowered his voice.

“Brat,” Kashvi lowered hers.

“Bitch.” “Brat.” “Bitch.” Brat.” “Bitch!” “Brat!” They went back and forth, gaining intensity.

Until suddenly, Kashvi burst out laughing. “This is ridiculous. Maybe I am a bitch at times.”

Rodas stared at her with wide eyes. He couldn’t ever remember her admitting fault. They had that in common. He saw her expectant eyes as her laughter died down. He was supposed to admit that he was a brat. Could he do it? Would something that simple really help? “Um ... I might ... sometimes be a brat.”

“Thank you for admitting it.” Kashvi smiled and walked out of the bathroom. “I suppose I can answer your question from before.”

“What? Which one?” Rodas ran his fingers through his hair. He had no idea what she was going to tell him.

“At first, I thought what we’ve been doing was disgusting. But ... not anymore.” She searched his eyes with expectation.

“You ... what?” Rodas had suspected, but it was otherworldly to hear her say it.

“It’s embarrassing, Rodas. But ... I enjoy your big thing and the ... um ... juvenile way you handle me. It’s flattering to be desired again. Maybe I can try to be less of a bitch, and you can be less of a brat.” She crossed her arms over her chest while she waited for his response. When he didn’t say anything, she rolled her eyes. “Right *now* is your chance to not be a brat.”

“You like ... what we’re doing ... and saying?” Rodas didn’t know what to make of it. Did that make the dirty talk more appealing or less? Did he like his mother more now or less? He didn’t know whether to jump for joy or torment her with another disgusting task.

“Promise me you won’t ask me to do anything disgusting anymore, and we can do as much as your teenage penis can handle. I’ll be your mommy slut. It’s just you and me, Rodas. We might as well make the best of it.” She slowly undressed.

“You ... want to have sex with me?” Without thinking about it, he frantically undressed. As her curvaceous body came into view, he understood a long-repressed need deep inside him. *Why did I antagonize her for so long? I could have just wished for this!* “I don’t really understand what’s going on in my own head.”

“Me too, Rodas.” Naked now, she opened her arms for him. “We don’t need to understand it. Let’s just live it.” When he ran into her arms, she stumbled backward. His penis, hard and free, mashed into her belly. Laughing, they fell onto the bed. She was so habituated to oral sex that she had him in her mouth without even thinking about it. She bobbed her head on him.

“You called me juvenile, Mom. You said ... uuugghhhh ... you liked it. So ... does that mean you like teenage ... dick?” He watched her mouth slurp his cock expertly.

Kashvi popped her mouth off his penis and straddled her son. She squatted above him and took hold of his penis. “I suppose I’ve discovered that I like *this* teenage dick.” She sat down on him, spreading her vagina with his wide girth. “I’ve been waiting ... oohhhhhh ... for you to try ... and have sex with me ... again. I’m afraid ... it’s been long enough ... that I’ve tightened ... back up.” She grimaced at the pain.

“Holy shit ... holy shit ... uuugghhhhhh ... holy shit.” Rodas couldn’t think of anything else to say. He looked down between her legs, where his cock slowly disappeared inside her. Their trip to Zaneworld hadn’t gone according to script. But this was better. Without knowing what he was about to say, he let a stream of words flow from his mouth. “I want you to want me, Mom. I need it.”

“Oooohhhhhhhh ... Rodas ... I do want you.” She felt him bottom out deep inside her. “I ... actually ... uuuuugghhhhhh ... can see it ... clearer now.” Kashvi pushed her hips down against his. Without meaning to, she began slowly undulating on top of him. She reached down and pulled his face to her breasts, cradling his dark hair. “I ... uuugghhhhhh ... want you ... Rodas. I ... want you ... I do.”

“Oooohhhhhhhh ... Mom.” Rodas grabbed her ass and guided her into a bouncing motion. He sucked at her nipples and kissed his way around her boobs. *She wants me!* Yes, his mother was a bitch and hadn’t always been the maternal figure he needed, but she wanted him now. And hearing her say those words released something inside him. “I love you ... I ... ugh ... ugh ... love you ... Mom.”

“Oooohhhhhh ... Rodas ... I love you ... too ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii.” Kashvi held his head to her breast and had the best orgasm of her life. Outside the hotel room, she could hear fireworks going off as they did every night at Zaneyland. But they were nothing compared to the pyrotechnics in her own brain. Her hips slowed a little, but once on the other side of her ecstasy, they accelerated again. She rode him to another soaring climax and then another. After the third, she was exhausted. Her hips finally stopped, and she dismounted him. She lay on the bed gasping. “Amazing ... Rodas ... love ... Rodas,” she muttered.

“I guess ... this is what I always wanted.” Rodas rolled her onto her belly, pushed her legs together, and mounted her from behind. “Life is ... strange.” He pushed into her again. He saw her back muscles tense at his entry. “You sore ... Mom?”

“It’s okay ... okay.” Kashvi gripped the sheets. “Just ... don’t finish ... inside me.”

“Duh ... Mom.” But the thought of it sparked something inside him. There was too much in his mind already, so he focused on her magnificent, brown ass and slammed his hips into her. He pummeled her until she was a mewling, quivering sweaty mess under him. Listening to her strange cries of pleasure was so much better than torturing her. He’d been such an idiot. After twenty more minutes, he was ready. “Gonna cum ... Mom.”

“Nnnnnngggggggggggg.” Kashvi tried to warn him against cumming inside her, but couldn’t get the words out. It didn’t matter, he pulled out and sprayed hot sperm all over her backside.

When they recovered enough to shower, they washed each other under hot water. Kashvi soaped his hard body slowly, letting her fingers massage the fatigued muscles in his back. “So, you want to go on more rides tomorrow?”

“Yeah, Mom.” Rodas nodded and smiled. He looked over his shoulder at her. “But maybe we could just stay in the hotel room.”

Kashvi gave him a quizzical frown. “There are no rides in our room.”

“Jeez, I was flirting with you, Mom.” Rodas laughed. It was so strange to let out a friendly, easy chuckle. “I want you to be the ride.”

“Oh.” Kashvi’s smile was warm and bright. “I think that can be arranged.”

## Chapter 16

True to Rodas's words, mother and son barely left their hotel room the next day. The magic of the monkey's paw didn't make room service arrive, so they did have to leave the room for meals. At breakfast, they were dressed and freshly showered.

At lunch, they were naked, both smiling ear to ear, and Kashvi had dried cum all over her face and backside.

At the end of the day, they walked slowly to dinner. They were both sweaty and exhausted. Kashvi was bowlegged from the day of sex. They were also both covered in cum. Their hair was a mess, and Kashvi's mascara ran down her cheeks. They both grinned their way through the meal, still very much high on their mating.

"You looked so hot when we fucked standing up, Mom. I can't get enough of your body." Rodas sipped his Champagne.

"Mmmmmmm ... Rodas ..." Kashvi took a big gulp from her champagne glass. "You looked very hot, too. I can't believe how many times we did it. Your body is a marvel. I wonder if all eighteen-year-olds can go and go like you. I'll need to rest tomorrow."

"I'll drive us home tomorrow. You can rest in the car. But, Mom ..." Rodas slipped out of his chair and disappeared under the table. "I'm not done with today yet."

"We can't have sex again, I'm too ... ooohhhhhhhhhh ... sore." She leaned back in her chair and gulped down her champagne.

"I won't ... put anything ... inside. I'll just ... lick you ... for dessert." Rodas lapped at his mother's pussy.

"I suppose ... that's okay, Rodas." Kashvi's arm fell next to her chair, she dropped the empty glass to the floor. "Ooohhhhhhhh ... when did you become ... such a considerate ... and generous ... son?" She allowed him to pleasure her to two more orgasms before they returned to their room to shower and go to bed.

Despite what Kashvi had said earlier, she opened her legs for him and let him thrust the night away. By morning, she could barely walk. He packed for them, helped her to their car, and they left Zanyland behind.

On the road back, Rodas looked at his mother curled in the back seat. She was naked, sleeping on her side. Her butt hung just off the edge of the seat. He was so taken by her beauty, he swerved the car. It was a good thing there were no other drivers on the road.

~~

When they returned home, Kashvi let her son help her up to her room. They wore nothing but their shoes. She sat on the bed and watched him tenderly remove her shoes and socks. She smiled. "Strictly no vagina until it feels better. Okay?"

Rodas was eager to go back in, but he didn't push her. He was happy that she was asking as much as she was telling. "I put you in this predicament, Mom." He helped her lay on her bed and stared at her beauty. "Shit, Mom. Looking at you makes my brain go fuzzy."

"And I guess I also make your big thing rigid." She pointed at his rising penis.

"Don't worry, I'll take care of it myself until you're feeling better." Rodas smiled, proud of his restraint.

"You don't have to hide in your room and pull your thing. I said 'strictly no vagina', Rodas. I didn't say anything about my mouth." She beckoned him over. "Come here and straddle my chest. Your mommy slut will take care of you." Her voice carried none of the sarcasm that usually accompanied such words. Her face beamed right up until it was twisted by sucking his penis.

"Oh ... shit ... this is so awesome." Rodas humped her face until he came.

Over the next few days, he took excellent care of her. Nursing her back to health. He brought her food whenever she was hungry. He kept her company when she asked for it. They watched movies together in her bed. They gave each other oral. And when she was feeling up to it again, they humped.

"Ooohhhhhh ... Rodas ... you are such ... a fine young man ... I need you ... like no other mother ... needs her son." Kashvi was on her hands and knees for him while he hammered away at her vagina from behind. Her eyes rolled, and she shrieked out an orgasm.

"Mom ... Mom ... your pussy ... is amazing ... you're amazing." Rodas's hips were a blur of motion. "I never ... want this to end."

But, over the next few weeks, his thoughts changed. Rodas could see that even though she was okay with everyone being gone, she wasn't whole. More and more, he felt like her captor. That might have thrilled the person he had been when he first found the monkey's paw. But now, it sickened him. He loved her deeply. He knew their time alone had to end.

~~

They were in the kitchen one bright morning, when Rodas mustered up the courage to give his mother the monkey's paw. All its fingers were furled when he handed it to her. "Do you still want to make that wish? I mean, the one you told me about at Zanyland."

Kashvi looked at the hideous thing in her hands. It disgusted her. That made her realize she hadn't been disgusted by anything in a long time. "It has more wishes?" She looked into his eyes. She could see tears welling there. He nodded, and she understood. "This is a selfless thing you're doing, Rodas. I'm very proud of you."

Rodas nodded again, but didn't say anything for fear of choking up.

"I'm so proud of you. I have loved our time together, but this is for the best." With tears in her eyes, Kashvi leaned her mouth close to the paw and whispered.

Rodas shut his eyes tight. But when he opened them, they were still in the kitchen. Nothing seemed to have changed. He had expected to be sent back to his school hallway the moment Malik and Rachel gave him the paw. But that hadn't happened. "You made a wish?"

"I decided to make two wishes." Kashvi smiled at him. "Now for my second one. I wish none of my son's wishes had ever happened."

~~

"To use the gift, all you have to do is make a wish," Rachel said.

"Easy peasy." Malik nodded.

"Oh ... shit." Rodas reached into his backpack and handed the carefully wrapped box back to Rachel. "Thank you, but I can't take this."

"You don't even know what it is." Rachel took the box back. "We really think you should have this."

Malik nodded his agreement.

"You already gave it to me. It's a magic monkey's paw." Rodas wiped the tears out of his eyes. "I mostly wasted my wishes. But it was still the greatest ..."

"Rodas?" Malik heard the bell ring, but he was in no hurry to go to class.

"Holy ... shit, you guys. I remember. I remember." He hugged Malik. Then he hugged Rachel and planted a big kiss on her cheek. "If I remember, then maybe she remembers." He laughed and took off running down the hall with a loud hoot.

“That was weird.” Malik laughed and watched Rodas go.

“Everything about the paw is weird.” Rachel shrugged. “I guess we’ll find someone else to give it to.”

~~

“Mom? Mom?” Rodas found his mother in the kitchen. He was huffing and puffing from his run home. His shirt was stained with sweat. He came to a stop and wiped perspiration off his forehead. “Mom, what happened? I still remember. Do you?”

“What time is it?” Kashvi checked the clock and clucked her tongue. “You should be at school. You get no dessert for a week for cutting classes. You’ll never make it to medical school like your sisters. You spend too much of your time goofing around.”

“Oh ... I see.” Rodas slumped in his chair. “I thought ...” Rodas watched his mother in disbelief. She dropped to her knees and crawled over to him like a predatory cat. “Mom?”

Kashvi burst out laughing. “I got you, didn’t I?” She moved between his legs and lowered his pants and underwear. “We’ll have to be ... more careful ... now that your father is around. We can’t do anything when he’s home.” She planted little kisses all over his balls and penis. “But he’s not home, now, is he?”

“So, we can keep going, like before?” The day had been crazier than any rollercoaster at Zanyland.

“Yes, my bratty son.” She stood, lifted her skirt, and straddled him. She wasn’t wearing underwear. “But we’ll have to go slow at first. My vagina isn’t used to your brute of a penis like it was before my wish.” She eased him inside, slowly sliding down his length. “See? Eeeeeiiiiiiiiii ... that’s ... a tight fit.” She eased him inside, slowly sliding down his length.

“I get to keep fucking my bitchy mom?” Despite the pleasure of her gripping wet warmth, his smile faded. “This is too good to be true. The paw must have twisted your wish. You asked for all my wishes to be undone. What’s the catch?”

“Uggghhhhhh ...” Kashvi settled her hips. He was now all the way inside her. She gave her body time to adjust and simply sat on him, looking down into his eyes. “Before I made the second wish, you probably noticed me whispering my first wish. I wished that no matter what happened, we’d keep the bond we’d built over the past weeks. I couldn’t lose that. But your wishes had to go. They were very ... poorly conceived.”

“I know, Mom. I’m sorry.” He kissed her deeply, his nerves thrummed as she started moving her hips. He broke the kiss and looked into her beautiful, forgiving face. “I fucked up.”

“You’ll have to watch ... oohhhhhh ... your language ... now that everyone is back.” Kashvi’s hips went slow and steady, she was still getting reacquainted with his size. “But yes, we both messed up, Rodas. And we’re learning. I’m ... uuuggghhhhhh ... so grateful ... that we’re learning ... together.”

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Several days later, Kashvi and Rodas were humping on his bed in the late afternoon. She lay on her back, while he surged on top of her. Her fingers clutched at his sweaty back. “Did you ... uuuummmmmmm ... make any friends ... at school ... like we talked about?” When he’d returned from school, he had fucked her with such passion and longing. He was like a traveler dying of thirst, and she was an oasis in the desert. Now that he’d orgasmed, and she’d climaxed many times, they made love at a leisurely pace. “Friends are an important part of ... mmmmmmm ... being a better person.”

“Yeah ... Mom ... I’ve been hanging out with ... Rachel and Malik.” He lifted himself up and gazed down on her. “They’re cool.”

“Are they the ones ... that gave you the paw?” Kashvi bit her lip in worry. “You haven’t told them about us?”

“Of course not, Mom.” Rodas lied. “I just ... like them. I’m going over to Malik’s house ... this weekend. He wants me to meet ... ugh ... his mom.”

“Oh ... okay ... that’s nice ... I guess.” Kashvi’s face relaxed. “I’m happy that ... you’re making friends. Now ... hump me like you mean it. We have to finish before your father ... uuuggghhhhhh ... gets home. Yes ... uuuggghhhhhh ... yes ... Rodaaaaasssssss ... like that ... I can feel you ... I can feel you ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” It didn’t take long for her to orgasm when her young man got vigorous with her. She pointed her toes at the ceiling and let ecstasy take her mind. She couldn’t help but feel that her original estimation of the monkey’s paw was wrong. It wasn’t evil. It had brought them together and made them better people.

THE END