



Hell Village

The House 01

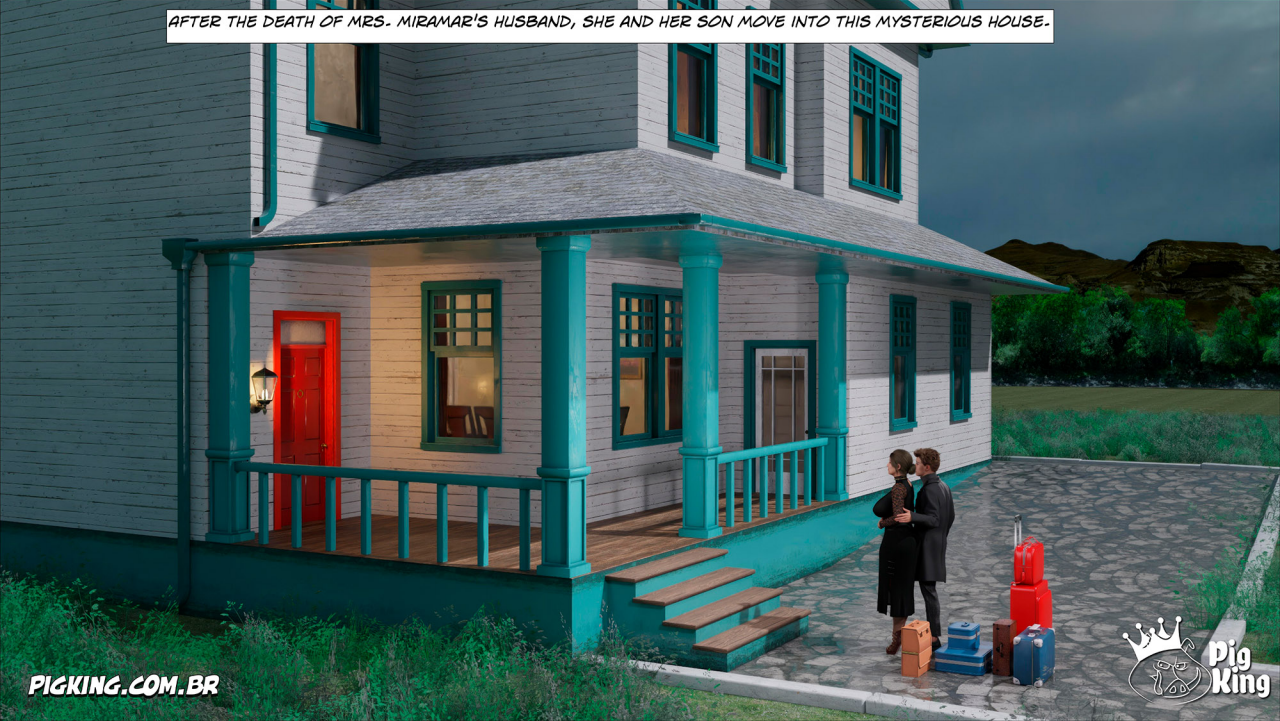


Story: Frank Romano

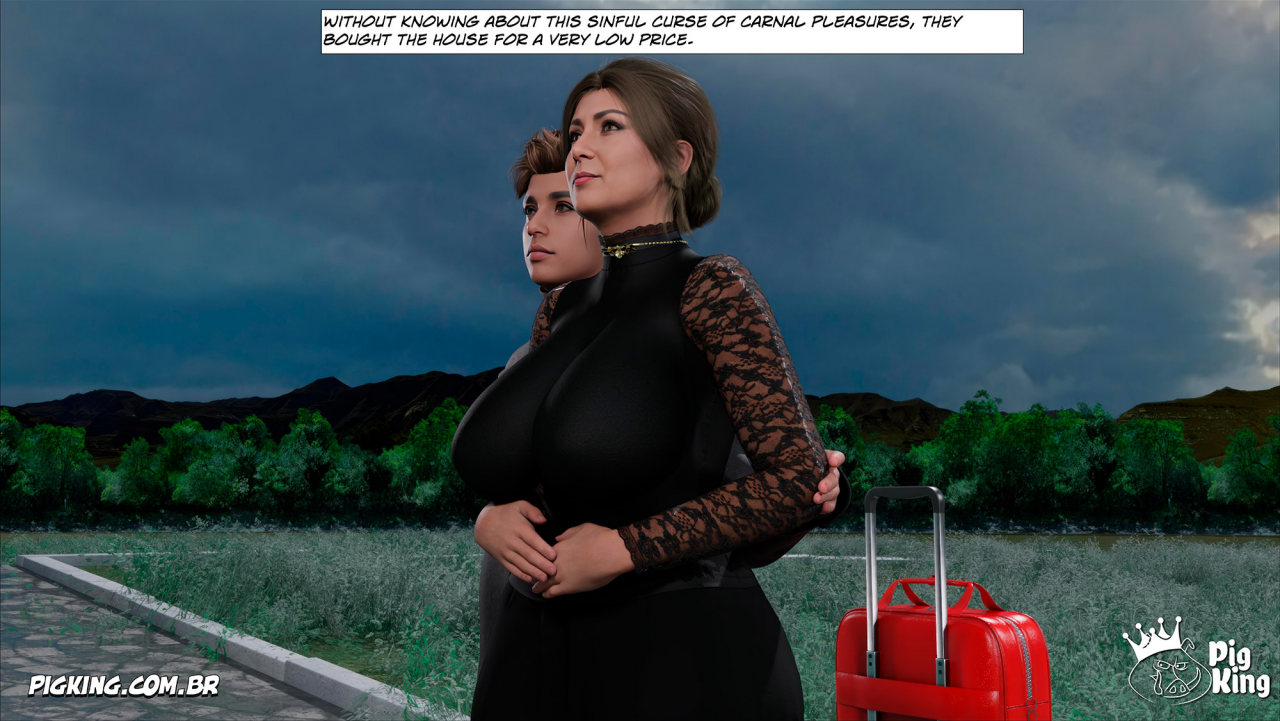
THE STORY IS LINKED TO A MYSTERIOUS HOUSE. WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE INDICATING THE ARRIVAL OF MIDNIGHT, IT EXUDES A MAGIC THAT BRINGS OUT IN THE RESIDENTS OF THE HOUSE A HIGHER LEVEL OF LUST.



AFTER THE DEATH OF MRS. MIRAMAR'S HUSBAND, SHE AND HER SON MOVE INTO THIS MYSTERIOUS HOUSE.



WITHOUT KNOWING ABOUT THIS SINFUL CURSE OF CARNAL PLEASURES, THEY BOUGHT THE HOUSE FOR A VERY LOW PRICE.



WITHOUT SUSPECTING ANYTHING, MOTHER AND SON WILL LIVE IN A TRAP OF FORBIDDEN AND IMMORAL PLEASURES.



AND SO BEGINS OUR STORY IN WHICH THE PROTAGONIST IS THIS HOUSE THAT HIDES AMONG THE WALLS AND SHADOWS OF MIDNIGHT LUSTS AND PLEASURES.



MOM, ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THIS? WE SPENT ALL OUR SAVINGS BUYING THIS HOUSE.

A man and a woman are standing in a field with a stone path leading into the distance. The man is on the left, wearing a dark turtleneck and a dark jacket. The woman is on the right, wearing a black lace long-sleeved top. A speech bubble is positioned above the woman's head, containing text. The background features green trees and hills under a cloudy sky.

YES, MY SON. I BELIEVE IT WILL
BE A FRESH START. AND THE PRICE
OF THIS HOUSE WAS WELL BELOW
MARKET VALUE.


NOW I WANT YOU TO LISTEN TO ME, MOM.

IT'S OKAY, DAD DIED, BUT I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU CRYING AROUND THE HOUSE.



BUT I MISS HIM, MY SON. WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO? IT'S MY FEELINGS.


I KNOW, MOM, BUT FIRST, I WANT YOU TO STOP WEARING BLACK.

A man and a woman are shown in a close embrace. The man, on the left, has short brown hair and is wearing a black turtleneck under a black suit jacket. The woman, on the right, has her hair styled in a bun and is wearing a black high-necked dress with lace sleeves. They are standing in front of a window with a teal frame and patterned wallpaper. A speech bubble from the man contains the text: "NOW I WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU. I WILL ALWAYS BE BY YOUR SIDE."

NOW I WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU. I
WILL ALWAYS BE BY YOUR SIDE.

MY SON- NOW YOU ARE
EVERYTHING TO ME.

MY BELOVED SON.



MOTHER, DO NOT WORRY.
I AM HERE.

YES, THANK GOODNESS
I HAVE YOU.





NOW I WANT TO SEE THIS
BEAUTIFUL WOMAN OVERCOME
YET ANOTHER CHALLENGE.

I WANT TO SEE YOU
HAPPY.

I WILL DO THAT, MY SON.
I WILL BE HAPPY HERE IN THIS
HOUSE WITH YOU.

IT'S BEEN A WEEK AND THE HOUSE HAS NOT YET SHOWN ITS CURSE FILLED WITH LUST.



HOW WAS YOUR NIGHT,
MY SON, DID YOU SLEEP
WELL?

YES, I SLEPT VERY WELL. IT'S VERY CALM AND RELAXING HERE.

A woman with dark hair, wearing a purple, form-fitting, low-cut dress with a high slit, stands in a kitchen. She is leaning against a wooden cabinet. The kitchen features a white sink with a black faucet, a red coffee maker, and a yellow mailbox. The wall has floral wallpaper. A speech bubble is positioned above her head.

IT'S TRUE, THIS HOUSE IS
ISOLATED FROM EVERYTHING. A
GOOD PLACE TO LIVE.



YES, I AM LOVING LIVING
HERE WITH YOU.

EVERY DAY, MY MOTHER AND I HAVE
BREAKFAST TOGETHER. SHE ALWAYS
WEARS A NIGHTGOWN AND DOESN'T MIND
SHOWING OFF THOSE THICK THIGHS. SHE IS A
VERY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. TOO BAD SHE'S
MY MOTHER.



BEHIND MIRAMAR, PABLO WATCHED WITH VORACIOUS DESIRE THE SENSUAL AND PROVOCATIVE CURVES OF HIS MOTHER. EVERY INCH OF HER SKIN TEMPTED HIM, WHILE THE SIGHT OF HER MESSY BUN REVEALED MIRAMAR'S INVITING NECK, AROUSING CARNAL DESIRES IN HIS MIND.



MIRAMAR'S SHORT AND TEMPTING NIGHTGOWN EMBRACED HER VOLUPTUOUS FORMS, EXPOSING HER FULL BREASTS THAT SEEMED TO BEG FOR CARESSES. THE SOFT MORNING LIGHT ENVELOPED HER LIKE AN INVITATION TO LUST, HIGHLIGHTING THE SMOOTH SKIN THAT INSTIGATED PABLO TO EXPLORE IT WITH DESIRE AND DEVOTION.



EVERY PROVOCATIVE MOVEMENT OF MIRAMAR SEEMED LIKE AN INVITATION TO SIN, ENCHANTING PABLO AND IGNITING HIS IMAGINATION WITH BOLD AND FORBIDDEN THOUGHTS. HE FELT THE WARMTH OF THEIR CLOSENESS, THE SMELL OF COFFEE MIXING WITH MIRAMAR'S NATURAL SCENT, CREATING AN ATMOSPHERE CHARGED WITH DESIRE AND LEWDNESS.



THE TEMPTATION TO TOUCH HIS MOTHER WAS IRRESISTIBLE, BUT PABLO, OVERWHELMED BY GUILT AND EXCITEMENT, STEPPED BACK AT THE LAST MOMENT. THE OVERWHELMING SIGHT OF MIRAMAR LEFT HIM ON FIRE, HIS BODY CRAVING HER, WHILE FRUSTRATION AND REPPRESSED DESIRE CONSUMED HIM, MAKING THE BRIEF MOMENT EVEN MORE INTENSE AND ELECTRIFYING.






OH MY GOD, WHAT AM I DOING?

I DIDN'T REALIZE YOU WERE SO CLOSE.

ndredyeldaire


I KNOW, YOU'RE CRAZY TO
DRINK MY COFFEE.



MY SON, ARE YOU FEELING
SOMETHING?



YOU HAVE A LOOK OF PAIN.

A woman with her hair in a bun, wearing a purple spaghetti-strap dress and a gold necklace, is seen from behind. She is touching the back of a man's head. The man is shirtless, wearing olive green shorts with "SLURTS UP" written on the side. They are in a room with a wooden floor, a white sink, and a red container on a counter. A speech bubble points to the woman.

LET MOMMY SEE IF YOU
HAVE A FEVER.

MIRAMAR, WORRIED ABOUT HER SON, ACTED ON MATERNAL INSTINCT AS SHE HUGGED HIM TO FEEL HIS BODY TEMPERATURE, FEARING HE MIGHT HAVE A FEVER. THIS LOVING AND PROTECTIVE GESTURE WAS A REMINDER OF THE TIMES WHEN PABLO WAS JUST A CHILD, AND EVEN NOW, SHE COULDN'T CONTAIN THE MATERNAL IMPULSE TO CHECK IF HE WAS OKAY. THE CLOSENESS OF THE HUG BROUGHT BACK MEMORIES OF TENDER MOMENTS FROM THE PAST, REINFORCING THE SPECIAL BOND BETWEEN MOTHER AND SON.



WHILE MIRAMAR ENVELOPED HIM IN HER EMBRACE, PABLO FELT HIS BODY BURNING WITH DESIRE AND LUST FOR HIS MOTHER. EVERY TOUCH OF HERS TRIGGERED A WAVE OF INTENSE EXCITEMENT, MAKING HIM UNABLE TO CONTAIN THE CARNAL IMPULSES BOILING INSIDE HIM. HE LONGED TO CARESS MIRAMAR, EXPLORE HER SOFT SKIN, AND TASTE THE FLAVOR OF THE FORBIDDEN TEMPTATION CONSUMING HIM. THE HEAT EMANATING FROM HIS BODY WAS NOT JUST A FEVER, IT WAS THE FIRE OF PASSION AND REPPRESSED DESIRE CONSUMING HIM RELENTLESSLY.



AS MIRAMAR HUGGED HER SON, WORRIED ABOUT HIS HEALTH, SHE INVOLUNTARILY PRESSED HER PELVIS AGAINST HIS AND NOTICED THE RIGID, PULSATING BULGE UNDER PABLO'S PANTS. A WAVE OF SHOCK RAN THROUGH MIRAMAR AS SHE FELT HER SON'S EVIDENT EXCITEMENT, AWAKENING A FORBIDDEN AND SINFUL DESIRE WITHIN HER. THE SENSATION OF PABLO'S WARM BODY AGAINST HERS MIXED WITH A JUMBLE OF EMOTIONS, LEAVING MIRAMAR TORN BETWEEN THE MATERNAL INSTINCT TO CARE AND THE OVERWHELMING CARNAL DESIRE CONSUMING THEM IN THAT MOMENT OF INTENSE LUST.





OH MY, I
ACCIDENTALLY
TOUCHED MY SON TOO
MUCH.

RUB

I THINK HE HAS A HARD-ON.
IS HE EXCITED TO BE HUGGING
ME?

RUB

RUB

NO, IT MUST BE A
REACTION TO THE FEVER. HIS
BODY IS VERY HOT.

DAMN, I CAN'T LET GO OF MY SON.
FEELING HIS HARD COCK PRESSING
AGAINST ME IS OVERWHELMING. I STILL
HAVE MY WOMANLY NEEDS, BUT NOW I AM
ALONE.

RUB

DAMN, BUT HE IS MY SON AND
I NEED TO BE STRONG.

RUB

THE EXPRESSION OF THE HOUSE'S CURSE HAD NOT YET FULLY REVEALED ITS DARK ESSENCE, BUT ITS INFLUENCES WERE ALREADY BEING FELT IN A SNEAKY WAY. THE RESIDENTS, SURROUNDED BY A HEAVY ATMOSPHERE OF DESIRE AND MYSTERY, SUCCUMBED TO THE FORBIDDEN CHARMS THAT HUNG IN THE AIR, AWAKENING AN IRRESISTIBLE LUST THAT CONSUMED THEM EVEN IN THE DARKEST CORNERS OF THE HOUSE.



UNDER THE OVERWHELMING POWER OF THE CURSE OF LUST, MIRAMAR AND PABLO SURRENDER TO A FORBIDDEN AND INTENSE DESIRE. THEIR BODIES PRESS AGAINST EACH OTHER WITH DESIRE, SKIN TINGLING AS THEY TOUCH IN A FRENZY OF CARNAL PLEASURE. MOANS ESCAPE FROM THEIR HUNGRY LIPS AS THEY GIVE IN TO UNCONTROLLABLE IMPULSES, EXPLORING EVERY CURVE AND CREVICE OF THEIR INTIMACIES IN A LASCIVIOUS AND ADDICTIVE DANCE. THE OLD HOUSE WITNESSES THE FORBIDDEN PASSION THAT CONSUMES MOTHER AND SON, PLUNGING THEM INTO AN ABYSS OF UNCONTROLLABLE DESIRE AND SIN.



IN THIS MOMENT, PABLO SLIDES HIS HANDS AROUND MIRAMAR'S WAIST, GENTLY LEADING HER UNTIL THEIR BODIES MEET, PRESSING AGAINST HER MOTHER'S PLUMP AND LUSH BUTTOCKS. THE WARM AND SOFT SKIN UNDER HIS FINGERS AWAKENS FORBIDDEN SENSATIONS, WHILE THE INTIMATE CLOSENESS BETWEEN MOTHER AND SON CREATES A SENSUAL ELECTRICITY THAT PERMEATES THE AIR, FUELING A LATENT AND UNCONTROLLABLE DESIRE.

HMMMMM!

HMMMMM!

RUB

IN CONTRAST, MIRAMAR REMAINS MOTIONLESS, ENVELOPED IN A FORBIDDEN PLEASURE THAT CONSUMES HER. HER BODY PULSES WITH DESIRE AS SHE LONGS FOR HER SON'S TOUCH, A SINFUL ANTICIPATION THAT LEAVES HER BREATHLESS. EVERY FIBER OF HER BEING CRAVES THAT INTIMATE CONNECTION, WHILE THE PROMISE OF IMMINENT CONTACT LEADS HER TO A STATE OF SURRENDER AND LUST, SUCCEMBING TO THE OVERWHELMING SENSATIONS THAT SURROUND HER.

HMMMM!

HMMMM!

RUB

RUB



PABLO, EXCITED AND WITH HIS HEART RACING, APPROACHES MIRAMAR'S NECK, INHALING DEEPLY THE AROMA THAT EMANATES FROM HER. THE INTOXICATING SCENT OF SIN LEAVES HIM PARALYZED, HIS RAGGED BREATH REVEALING THE INTENSITY OF THE DESIRE THAT CONSUMES HIM. EACH BREATH PLUNGES HIM DEEPER INTO FORBIDDEN LUST, WHILE THE PROXIMITY TO HIS MOTHER'S NECK AWAKENS HIDDEN LONGINGS AND UNCONTROLLABLE DESIRES, LEADING HIM TO A STATE OF FERVOR AND CARNAL ECSTASY.

HMMMMM!

HMMMMM!

RUB

RUB

HMMMMM!

HMMMMM!

MOTHER, YOUR SKIN IS SO SOFT. I FEEL YOU SHIVERING AS MY HANDS EXPLORE EVERY INCH. I DON'T KNOW IF THIS IS RIGHT, BUT I'M EXCITED.

RUB

RUB

redyiel2aire

HMMMMM!

HMMMMM!

RUB

RUB

MIRAMAR FEELS AN UNKNOWN ENERGY FLOWING BETWEEN HER AND HER SON. THE PHYSICAL PROXIMITY AROUSES UNUSUAL SENSATIONS AND SHE FINDS HERSELF UNABLE TO RESIST. IN A MOMENT OF INTENSE CONNECTION, MIRAMAR PUTS HER HAND ON PABLO'S COCK OVER HIS SHORTS, FEELING THE HEAT AND PULSATION OF HIS BODY. THE SEXUAL TENSION BETWEEN THE TWO GROWS, A FORBIDDEN DESIRE THAT CONSUMES THEM, DESPITE THE INTERNAL QUESTIONS THAT HAUNT THEM. THEY FEEL ENTANGLED IN THIS WEB OF DESIRES, UNABLE TO INTERRUPT THE TEMPTATION THAT ARISES BETWEEN MOTHER AND SON.

HMMMMM!

HMMMMM!

WHY CAN'T I RESIST THIS OVERWHELMING DESIRE? IT'S WRONG, I KNOW THAT DEEPLY. BUT, STRANGELY, I FEEL COMPLETE WHEN I'M INVOLVED IN THIS MOMENT OF INTIMACY WITH MY SON. GUILT AND LUST WAGE A BATTLE INSIDE ME, MAKING ME QUESTION WHO I REALLY AM. HOW CAN I FIND REDEMPTION IN THIS WEB OF CONFUSING EMOTIONS?

RUB

HMMMM!

SOMEHOW, THIS SINFUL GESTURE IS SHAKING THE DEEPEST STRUCTURES OF MY FEMININITY, FILLING A VOID THAT I DIDN'T KNOW EXISTED. I FEEL SOMETHING BREAKING AND REBUILDING IN MY HEART, AS IF I WERE WITNESSING MY OWN RESURRECTION, OR MAYBE MY DEEPEST FALL. WHAT DOES THIS MEAN? AM I REDEFINING THE BOUNDARIES OF WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A WOMAN, OR AM I JUST LOSING SIGHT OF EVERYTHING THAT IS RIGHT AND WRONG?

HMMMM!

RUB

RUB

HMMMM!

MOTHER, I CAN'T EXPLAIN WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME, BUT WHEN I HUG YOU AND FEEL MY BODY GETTING CLOSE TO YOURS, SOMETHING INSIDE ME STIRS IN AN INTENSE AND CONFUSING WAY. I FEEL A STRANGE AND OVERWHELMING DESIRE, SOMETHING I CAN'T CONTROL. I DON'T UNDERSTAND, I'M CONFUSED AND SCARED OF THESE FEELINGS.

HAAAAA!

RUB

RUB

HMMMMM!

MOTHER, I CAN FEEL THE INTENSITY OF YOUR DESIRE FOR ME, IT'S AS IF OUR BODIES UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER WITHOUT NEEDING WORDS. IT'S A UNIQUE CONNECTION, AS IF WE WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER.

HAAAAA!

RUB

RUB

MIRAMAR SAYS NOTHING, LETTING PABLO UNDERSTAND THAT SHE IS OPEN TO CONTINUE. HER SILENCE IS LIKE A GREEN LIGHT FOR HIM TO MOVE FORWARD AND SURRENDER TO THE MUTUAL DESIRE THEY ARE SHARING.

HMMMMM!

HAAAAA!

RUB

RUB

HMMMM!

HAHAHA!

RUB

RUB

STARTS UP

HMMMM!

MOTHER, I DREAM OF KISSING YOU
WITH PASSION, WITH ALL THE INTENSITY
THAT A MAN IN LOVE CAN OFFER TO
SOMEONE LIKE YOU.

HAAAAA!

RUB

RUB

HAAAAA!

MY SON, I WILL NOT STOP YOU FROM KISSING ME.

HMMMM!

kindredyieldz

RUB

RUB



HMMMM!

RUB

RUB

PABLO LOOKS INTO HIS MOTHER'S EYES, FEELING DESIRE PULSATING IN HIS VEINS, AND SLOWLY CAPTURES MIRAMAR'S LIPS WITH HIS. THE KISS IS INTENSE, FULL OF PASSION AND LUST, REVEALING THE DEPTH OF THE FEELINGS CONSUMING THEM IN THAT FORBIDDEN MOMENT. THEIR TONGUES INTERTWINE IN A FRENZIED RHYTHM, EAGERLY EXPLORING EVERY CORNER OF EACH OTHER'S MOUTHS. MIRAMAR SURRENDERS TO THE HOT AND SEDUCTIVE KISS OF HER SON, FEELING HER BODY BURNING IN FLAMES OF PLEASURE AND SIN. IT IS A MOMENT OF TOTAL SURRENDER, WHERE THE BOUNDARIES OF RIGHT AND WRONG FADE IN THE FACE OF THE BURNING FLAME OF LUST CONSUMING THEM. AND SO, MOTHER AND SON SUCCUMB TO THE TEMPTATION OF THE CURSED HOUSE, GIVING THEMSELVES TO EACH OTHER IN A WARM AND FORBIDDEN ACT OF CARNAL LOVE.

THE SEDUCTIVE INFLUENCE OF THE CURSE OF THE HOUSE ENVELOPED MIRAMAR AND PABLO IN A WHIRLWIND OF FORBIDDEN DESIRES AND BURNING PASSION. THEIR BODIES TREMBLED WITH LUST, WHILE THE FLAME OF SIN BURNED UNCONTROLLABLY IN THEIR HEARTS. UNCERTAINTY HUNG IN THE AIR, DOUBT ABOUT HOW FAR THAT UNRESTRAINED SURRENDER WOULD TAKE THEM. WOULD THEY BE ABLE TO RESIST THE OVERWHELMING IMPULSES CONSUMING THEM, OR WOULD THEY COMPLETELY SURRENDER TO THE IRRESISTIBLE TEMPTATION OF THE CURSED HOUSE? THE LINE BETWEEN REASON AND DESIRE BECAME INCREASINGLY BLURRED, AS MIRAMAR AND PABLO LOST THEMSELVES IN EACH OTHER, IN A DEVASTATING WHIRLWIND OF PLEASURE AND FORBIDDEN PASSION. MATERNAL LOVE BLENDED WITH EROTICISM, CREATING A SCENARIO OF TOTAL SURRENDER, WHERE THE BOUNDARIES BETWEEN RIGHT AND WRONG FADED IN THE FACE OF THE OVERWHELMING FORCE OF LUST. AND SO, MOTHER AND SON PLUNGED INTO THE SCORCHING ABYSS OF DESIRE, UNAFRAID OF THE UNKNOWN AWAITING THEM ON THE OTHER SIDE.

HMMMMM!

HMMMMM!

RUB

RUB

HMMMMM!

HMMMMM!

RUB

RUB

HMMMM!

HMMMM!

RUB

RUB

SWETS UP

HMMMMM!

HMMMMM!

RUB

RUB

HMMMMM!

HMMMMM!

RUB

RUB

SHORTS UP

AFTER KISSING HER SON, MIRAMAR FALLS TO HER KNEES WITH AN ATTITUDE OF REPENTANCE, FEAR, AND SHAME.



WERE THEY REALLY BEING AFFECTED BY THE CURSE OF THE HOUSE,
BEING CONTROLLED TO SUCCUMB TO CARNAL DESIRES AND
TEMPTATIONS OF FORBIDDEN PLEASURE?


MIRAMAR, POSSESSED BY IMMENSE SHAME, SAYS NO, THROWING HERSELF TO THE GROUND IN AN ACT OF DESPAIR AND PROTEST.

AFTER ALL, WHAT WAS ALL OF THIS?



WHAT'S WRONG, MOM. WE CAN GO TO YOUR ROOM IF YOU WANT. LET'S FINISH WHAT WE STARTED.





NO, MY SON. THIS WAS A HUGE MISTAKE. TOMORROW I WANT YOU TO LEAVE THIS HOUSE.

PABLO ENTERS INTO DESPAIR, HIS HEART IN TATTERS, AFTER SURRENDERING TO FORBIDDEN INSTINCTS WITH HIS OWN MOTHER. THE TRUTH OF HIS REPPRESSED FEELINGS FOR YEARS NOW MANIFESTED IN ALL ITS INTENSITY, LIKE A DEVASTATING STORM CONSUMING HIM FROM WITHIN. THE WEIGHT OF FORBIDDEN LOVE AND GUILT BREAKING BOUNDARIES, AS CRUEL REALITY INSINUATED ITSELF INTO HIS TORTURED MIND.



PABLO'S EYES REFLECTED DEEP ANGUISH, A MIXTURE OF DESIRE AND DESPAIR AT THE PROSPECT OF LOSING THE ONLY PERSON HE LOVED SO INTENSELY. THE VOID OPENING UP BEFORE HIM SEEMED RELENTLESS, AS IF ALL HOPE HAD BEEN RIPPED FROM HIS CHEST, LEAVING ONLY AN ABYSS OF PAIN AND AGONY.



NOW, WITH HIS MOTHER'S FINAL PLEA FOR HIM TO LEAVE, THE TUMULT OF EMOTIONS FADED INTO A SILENT SCREAM OF PAIN. EACH BREATH FELT LIKE A HERCULEAN EFFORT, EACH HEARTBEAT ECHOED LIKE AN UNBEARABLE POUNDING IN HIS TORN SOUL. THE FEELING THAT EVERYTHING HE KNEW AND LOVED WAS CRUMBLING LIKE A SANDCASTLE IN THE DEPTHS OF HIS DISTURBED MIND.




AND SO, IMMERSING IN THE ABYSS OF HIS OWN EMOTIONAL DESTRUCTION, PABLO FOUND HIMSELF FACING AN IMPOSSIBLE CHOICE: TO ABANDON THE LOVE OF HIS LIFE AND MOVE ON IN A EMPTY AND DESOLATE WORLD, OR TO DEFY THE CONVENTIONS OF SOCIETY AND SURRENDER TO THE FORBIDDEN PASSION BURNING WITHIN HIM, RISKING EVERYTHING FOR A LOVE THAT MAY NOT BE RECIPROCATED BY HIS MOTHER.




MOTHER, YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS. I LOVE YOU, I HAVE ALWAYS LOVED YOU AND HAVE NEVER ABANDONED YOU. JUST NOW, YOU WERE RECIPROCAL, YOU TOUCHED ME, YOU KISSED ME. OUR TONGUES INTERTWINED IN AN INTENSE DANCE OF PLEASURES.



I FELT YOUR BREATH SYNCHRONIZE WITH YOUR HEART. YOUR BODY RESPONDED TO MINE WITH SHIVERS OF PLEASURE. I FELT YOUR BREASTS HARDEN AT THE TOUCH OF MY SKIN. MOTHER, YOU CAN'T BE PUSHING AWAY THE ONLY PERSON WHO HAS LOVED YOU IN YOUR LIFE.



I KNOW WHAT I DID, AND I AM
ASHAMED OF IT. IN THE HEAT OF THE
MOMENT, I LET MYSELF BE CARRIED
AWAY BY YOUR YOUNG AND
ATTRACTIVE BODY.

A woman with dark hair, wearing a purple spaghetti-strap dress and a gold necklace, is kneeling on a wooden floor. She is looking down at a man who is also kneeling on the floor, facing away from her. The man is wearing olive green shorts with the text "don't stop" written on the back. A speech bubble originates from the woman, containing text about her father. The background features wooden paneling and a green-painted door.

I AM ALONE, WITHOUT A MAN. YOUR FATHER, BEFORE HE PASSED AWAY, HAD NOT TAKEN ME TO BED FOR A LONG TIME. I WAS FAITHFUL TO HIM EVEN THOUGH HE DIDN'T FULFILL HIS ROLE AS A MAN.

AT THE MOMENT YOU TOUCHED ME,
I HAD NO STRENGTH. YOUR WARM
BODY IGNITED MY DESIRE TO BE WITH A
MAN WHO HADN'T DONE SO IN A LONG
TIME.

YES, I TOUCHED YOUR GENITALS,
YES, I KISSED YOUR MOUTH, AND...
I FELT DESIRED, BUT I FELT
GUILTY. YOU ARE MY SON.

DON'T MAKE THIS HARDER
THAN IT ALREADY IS FOR ME, MY
SON.

MIRAMAR TOLD HER SON TO LEAVE, BUT WHAT THEY DIDN'T KNOW IS THAT IT WOULD NEVER HAPPEN. THE HOUSE FEEDS ON THE SINS OF LUST, AND WHEN IT INDULGES IN THE MOST SORDID SIN, LIKE THE SIN OF INCEST. THE CURSE WILL NOT ALLOW THESE SINFUL ACTS BETWEEN MOTHER AND SON TO END.



ALRIGHT, I WON'T ARGUE WITH YOU. YOU ARE MY MOTHER AND THIS IS YOUR HOUSE.




I WILL ARRANGE A PLACE
TO STAY AND TOMORROW I
WILL LEAVE.



NOW I'LL TRY A DIFFERENT
APPROACH, I'LL TRY TO GO FOR
EMOTIONAL BLACKMAIL.


BUT KNOW THIS. THE WAY YOU'RE DOING IT, THE WAY I'M BEING PUSHED OUT OF YOUR LIFE, MOMMY.

I WILL NEVER RETURN HERE. I
WILL NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN. YOU
WILL NEVER HEAR FROM ME
AGAIN.



SO IF YOU EVER LOVED ME. THINK WELL, MOMMY. YOU HAVE UNTIL TOMORROW TO DECIDE IF THAT'S REALLY WHAT YOU WANT.

MY GOD, DID I GO TOO FAR BY
EXPELLING MY ONLY SON FROM MY
HOUSE?


A woman with dark hair, wearing a purple spaghetti-strap dress and a gold choker, stands in a kitchen. She is looking towards the camera with a thoughtful expression, her hand near her face. The kitchen features a white refrigerator on the left, a window with red curtains and a bowl of fruit on the sill, and a white stove with a grey oven on the right. The walls are covered in floral wallpaper. A thought bubble above her head contains the text: "BUT IT SEEMS LIKE I'M ALSO PUSHING HIM OUT OF MY LIFE."

BUT IT SEEMS LIKE I'M
ALSO PUSHING HIM OUT OF MY
LIFE.


HE HAS ALWAYS BEEN
BY MY SIDE FOR
EVERYTHING. I AM SO
CONFUSED.

A woman with dark hair, wearing a form-fitting, light purple dress with a high slit, stands in a kitchen. She is looking to her right with a thoughtful expression. The kitchen features a wooden countertop with various dishes, a sink, and wooden cabinets. The wall has floral wallpaper. A thought bubble above her head contains text.

WHAT A KISS HE GAVE ME? HIS
SOFT AND YOUTHFUL MOUTH
SUCKED ALL MY SALIVA WHILE HIS
TONGUE CARESSED MINE.

A woman with dark hair, wearing a purple, form-fitting, low-cut dress, stands in a kitchen. She is looking towards the camera with a slightly surprised or concerned expression. The kitchen has floral wallpaper, a wooden shelf with jars, a stove, and a sink. A thought bubble above her head contains text.

AND WHEN I TOUCHED
THAT HARD, THICK,
THROBBING COCK.

A woman with dark hair, wearing a shiny purple spaghetti-strap dress and a gold necklace, stands in a kitchen with floral wallpaper. She has her hands raised to her eyes, covering her face. The kitchen features a stove, a countertop with a red object and a yellow box, and a sink. A speech bubble is positioned above her head.

DAMN IT, STOP THINKING ABOUT IT. BE STRONG. I'LL FIGURE OUT HOW TO FORGIVE WHAT WE DID LATER, BUT FOR NOW, I NEED TO STICK TO MY DECISION.

MIRAMAR FEELS DOUBT AND ANGUISH CONSUMING HER FROM WITHIN, LIKE A BURNING FIRE THAT SCORCHES HER SOUL. SHE DOESN'T WANT TO EXPEL HER SON FROM HER HOUSE, HER MOTHER'S HEART PLEADS TO KEEP HIM CLOSE, BUT AT THE SAME TIME, THE IDEA OF LOSING HIM TORTURES HER IN AN UNBEARABLE WAY. AFTER ALL, HOW COULD SHE LIVE WITHOUT HIS PRESENCE THAT FILLED THE EMPTINESS OF HER LONELINESS?



AT 45 YEARS OLD, MIRAMAR STILL EXUDES YOUTH AND VITALITY, HER PROVOCATIVE CURVES AND ENIGMATIC GAZE REVEALING A REPRESSED DESIRE BURNING WITHIN HER. THE FLAME OF HER LIBIDO HAS NOT EXTINGUISHED, BUT RATHER GROWS IN INTENSITY WITH EVERY FORBIDDEN THOUGHT THAT LINGERS IN HER RESTLESS MIND, REIGNITING THE FLAME OF HER UNCONTROLLABLE NEED FOR PLEASURE AND AFFECTION.




THE ABSENCE OF HER HUSBAND, HER ONLY SOURCE OF COMPANIONSHIP AND DESIRE, HAD LEFT A DEEP VOID IN HER CHEST, AN ECHO OF LONELINESS REVERBERATING IN HER NEEDY SOUL. IF HER SON WERE TO LEAVE, SHE FEARED THAT LONELINESS WOULD ENGULF HER COMPLETELY, LEAVING HER AT THE MERCY OF AN OCEAN OF ABANDONMENT AND SADNESS.



INDECISION SUFFOCATES HER, THE TEMPTATION TO SURRENDER TO THE SINFUL IMPULSES THAT CONSUME HER CONTRASTS WITH THE MORALITY AND SOCIAL EXPECTATIONS THAT IMPRISON HER. HER HEART SWAYS BETWEEN THE UNCONTROLLABLE DESIRE TO LOSE HERSELF IN HER SON'S ARMS AND THE FEAR OF JUDGMENT AND REPERCUSSIONS OF HER ACTIONS. AMIDST THIS CROSSROAD OF FORBIDDEN EMOTIONS, MIRAMAR FINDS HERSELF TORN BETWEEN THE DESPERATE YEARNING FOR LOVE AND THE UNCERTAINTY OF THE PATH TO BE FOLLOWED.



A woman with dark hair, wearing a purple, form-fitting, spaghetti-strap dress and a gold choker, leans against a grey metal cabinet. She has a thoughtful or slightly distressed expression. A speech bubble next to her contains the text "DAMN, IS MY LIFE GOING TO BE LIKE THIS NOW?". The cabinet has the word "laire" visible on its side. The background features a wall with peeling, multi-colored wallpaper and a window with red curtains. A bowl of fruit is on a table in the bottom right corner.

DAMN, IS MY LIFE GOING TO BE
LIKE THIS NOW?

A woman with dark hair and heavy makeup is leaning against a white refrigerator in a kitchen. She is wearing a purple, textured, low-cut top. Her right hand is resting on the top of the refrigerator. A speech bubble above her head contains the text "WHAT DO I DO?". The kitchen background includes a window with red curtains, a shelf with jars, and a stove.

WHAT DO I DO?

END



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CONTINUED IN THE NEXT EPISODE.