

# Inevitable

By Rawly Rawls and CrazyDorian © 2023

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

## Chapter 1

“No, no, no, it’s true. I’ve seen the evidence.” Amanda walked down the suburban street with her two friends. They were all wearing yoga clothes and keeping a brisk pace. The early morning sunshine slanted golden rays between each house, slowly strobing them as they passed. “The Hadron Collider is definitely a stargate. It isn’t working yet, but they’re trying! They want to bring back those aliens that started human civilization. The ancient aliens. You know, to fix all this.” She waved her hands around them expansively.

“Ohhhh, really?” Karen’s eyes went wide. It made sense!

“Where did you get that idea from?” Nicole laughed. “I don’t really understand what the Hadron Collider is doing, but it’s not a stargate. I mean, that doesn’t make any sense.”

“Doesn’t it, Nicole?” Amanda looked at her friend with reproof. “Doesn’t it?”

“So, Karen, what have you been reading lately?” Nicole thought it best to change the subject. She’d learned long ago that there was no arguing her friends out of a conspiracy theory.

“I was reading a romance novel. But I had to put it down.” Karen’s eyes darted from one friend to the other.

“Why? You love romance novels.” Amanda loved them, too. The spice was gone from her marriage, and she had to replace it with *something*.

“It had ... um ... incest.” Karen twisted her face in disgust. “The woman’s mysterious lover turned out to be her long lost son!”

“Yikes!” Amanda bit her nails in fright.

“It seems incest is making its way into lots of popular culture these days.” Nicole counted off with her fingers. “Everyone in Game of Thrones ... that brother and sister in the Folgers commercial ... Shannon and Boone from Lost ... that strange mother in –” Nicole was cut off.

“We get it. There’s lots of incest.” Amanda mimed throwing up. “But why?”

“It’s salacious. It grabs people’s attention.” Nicole shrugged.

“It has to be more than that. I’ll never read that romance author again.” Karen shook her head. “Why would that author risk turning off her audience?”

“Don’t worry. I’ll do some research online, ladies.” Amanda nodded with finality. “I’ll get to the bottom of it.”

Karen smiled gratefully.

Nicole sighed and changed the subject.

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“What are you doing, pumpkin?” Karen poked her head into her son’s room. He was working on his computer.

“I’m dungeon master, and Caleb and Zach are coming over later for a session. I’m getting ready.” Aiden didn’t look away from the screen and kept typing.

“Oh, that’s nice. I just went for a walk with their mothers.” Karen frowned. “One thing, though ... can you please not call yourself a dungeon master? It sounds so ... evil.” She reached for the cross that dangled on her necklace and held it.

“It’s not evil, Mom. It’s just improv and math.” Aiden stopped typing and turned toward his mother. “It’s fun.” He smiled.

“Well, your brother never played any of those games. He did sports. And look at him. Billy has a pretty wife and a wonderful job. Maybe you could play basketball with your friends instead?” She raised her eyebrows hopefully.

“I know. Billy is the best.” Aiden shrugged and turned back to his monitor. “I don’t like sports, Mom. I’m not my brother.”

“I’m sorry. Yes, I know.” Karen shook her head. She’d handled that wrong but didn’t know what else to say. Her phone beeped. There was an email from Amanda to Karen

and Nicole. She went to the living room, sat down, and read the email. As she read, her eyes widened and she became paler and paler. "Oh, my gosh."

Amanda had done some preliminary research. Apparently, incest was making its way into movies, TV, and books because people were doing it more and more in real life. Amanda had even found a guide made for sons that want to sleep with their mothers! Karen gasped. She didn't dare click on the link Amanda had provided but read on. They would all have to be very careful with their sons. All three were eighteen, brimming with hormones, and likely had already been exposed to the incest phenomenon. Amanda ended the email by promising to do more research.

Karen put down her phone and put her hand to her heaving chest. Her pulse raced. She tried not to, but the image of her naked son popped into her mind. She hadn't seen him naked in years, so her imagination filled in details. His body looked like one of the men from her romance novels, and his penis ... his penis hung down to midthigh. His normally sweet face held a lecherous look. She imagined Aiden was a humping machine, and he had a guide for sweeping his mother off her feet. "Oh my!" Karen leapt to her feet and ran to the bathroom. She needed a cold shower.

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A little while later, Karen was in the kitchen making snacks. Her husband, Chuck, sat at the kitchen table playing a game on his phone. When her son's friends arrived, they stopped in the kitchen to say hello.

"Hello Mrs. Wigginton, Mr. Wigginton. Thanks for having us over." Caleb had a big smile on his face. "You look pretty today, Mrs. Wigginton."

"Yeah, hi." Zach waved and adjusted his glasses. "You do look pretty."

Karen blushed deeply.

"Yeah, Mom, you're really pretty," Aiden said sarcastically. "We're heading to the basement. You bringing the snacks?"

"You boys are right, of course." Chuck looked up from his phone. "I have a beautiful wife. And if you boys want to land a pretty woman like her, you'll need to give up your silly games and do something manly. I played football in high school."

"We know, Dad." Aiden gave an exasperated shrug. "Mom? Snacks?"

“Yes ... um ... yes ... I’ll bring the snacks.” Karen watched the boys head down the stairs. Why had they complimented her like that? *Is this ... is this part of what Amanda had uncovered?* Karen’s pulse went through the roof again. Her knees felt weak. She went to the sink and dry heaved.

“You alright, Karen?” Chuck didn’t look up from his phone.

“Yes ... aaaaaaacckkkkkk ... I’m alright.” She held her hair back, but didn’t actually throw up. “I just thought of something Amanda told me. It’s scary.” In her mind’s eye, her son and his friends suddenly appeared. They were all naked, leering at her. They all had manly bodies with large penises. It was disgusting.

“Karen? Karen? Are you going to answer me?”

“What?” Karen came back to herself and saw that her husband was looking at her.

“I asked, what did Amanda tell you?” He frowned at her.

“Oh ... it was about the Hadron Collider. Apparently, they built it as a stargate to bring back the ancient aliens,” Karen said in a rush.

“That’s nonsense.” Chuck shook his head. “You shouldn’t listen to anything that woman says.”

“Hmmm ... yes.” Karen nodded. But she knew Amanda was right. That woman got her information right from the internet. She’d even sent that link to the guide. *It’s real!* Karen didn’t tell her husband any of those things. She knew he wouldn’t believe her. Instead, she put together the tray of snacks and brought it down to the basement.

Once in the basement, she put the tray down on a folding table. The boys didn’t pay any attention to her. She’d never bothered to understand their silly games before, but now she was curious. Could this be part of it? She looked over her son’s shoulder. He had books, printed pages, handwritten pages, crazy looking dice, maps. She tried to read some of the writing, but there were too many outlandish words to make much sense of it. What was a *Neo-Otyugh* and why was it returning to the *Baklunish Basin*? That word sounded like a euphemism for ... something dirty.

Karen’s mind ran away with itself. She saw a strangely shaped monster ... it looked like a horrible penis, and it was returning to a cave that looked just like a vagina.

“Mom? Mom?” Aiden waved his hand in front of his mom’s face.

“Oh, sorry, Aiden. I was just so interested in your game.” She gave the boys an apologetic smile. She saw Zachary give Caleb a look like she was a crazy person when they thought she wasn’t looking.

“Thanks for the snacks, Mom. We’re going to play our game now.” Aiden nodded at her and adjusted his glasses. He didn’t want to shoo her with his hand but was afraid it might come to that. “We’ll see you later.”

“Okay, see you boys later.” Karen waved and walked up the stairs. She was suddenly self-conscious. *Are they all staring at my butt?* She hurried out of sight, retrieved her phone, and went to her bedroom. She closed the door and called Amanda. “Hello, Amanda? Oh, my, gosh. Is this true?”

“Hey, Karen.” Amanda was riding her stationary bike. She toweled off her forehead. “You mean about the incest? Yes, one-hundred percent.”

“Oh ... gosh.” Karen suppressed another dry-heave. “Do you think ... the game they’re playing right now in my basement has anything to do with it? I looked at what they were doing, and it seemed so strange and ... vile.”

“Wow, I hadn’t thought of that. Could be ... could be. We’ll have to keep an eye on it.” Amanda slowed her pedals.

Karen imagined herself naked and tied to the table in the basement, the boys rolling their dice between her legs. Maybe that would be how they decided who would violate her first? In her daydream, she was on full display. Her mascara was running from crying. Her mouth was free. “Don’t ... don’t put your *Neo-Otyugh’s* in my *Baklunish Basin!*” The boys laughed at that.

“Did you say something Karen?” Amanda got off the bike and stretched.

“Nothing ... nothing.” Karen felt like she needed another cold shower. “How widespread is this?”

“Well, you saw the guide I sent you. Honestly, that thing looked foolproof. How many mothers do you think could resist once their sons go all in with that plan?” Amanda held up her hand and counted fingers. “I bet Connie Masterson is already doing it with her son. Jennifer Vance and her son. I mean, he’s so handsome, and he still lives at home? Megan Craig and her son for sure. They’ve always been so close.”

Karen listened to her friend list mothers she knew. Many of them had sons in Aiden’s class. She pictured them doing it with their sons. First Connie, who was always so sweet. She and her son were in missionary. Then Jennifer, she had the gall to go down on her son! And Megan was always such a bitch. Karen pictured her in the dirtiest position she knew: doggystyle. There was silence on the line. Karen realized her friend had stopped talking. “So, what do we do?”

“Well, for now. We make sure we don’t fall for any of the tricks in that guide. You read through it. You know compliments are the first step. Watch for those,” Amanda said.

Karen's blood ran cold. *The boys complimented me just minutes ago.* Her husband had been such a fool to encourage them. "Yes ... of course. We'll watch for those steps."

"And I'll keep researching. I'll see exactly what the heck *they* don't want us to know." Amanda finished stretching and headed to the bathroom. She stripped off her clothes.

"Okay, I'm headed for a shower. We'll talk soon."

"Talk soon." Karen hung up. She needed a shower, too. A long, cold shower.

## Chapter 2

The slow descent into the basement felt so alien and unfamiliar. *How odd, I've walked down here a million times.* The boys' laughter and animated conversation curdled in Karen's ears. How could they sound so lighthearted when they were planning such vile things? Why couldn't Aiden have turned out like Billy? She'd never had any problems with Billy.

The three teenagers didn't notice her when she entered their space. She stopped and stared at them. She knew what they really wanted. What would they do if she knocked their books and maps to the floor, climbed on top of the table, and gave them a seductive dance? She knew what they'd do. They'd all take their giant penises out and touch themselves like animals. She could see the whole scene vividly in her mind. How many mothers in their town were similarly entertaining their sons and sons' friends? A quarter of them? Half? Amanda would know.

"Mom?" Aiden waved at his mother. She was staring at him while clutching the cross around her neck. "Did you need something, Mom?"

Zach adjusted his glasses and gave Caleb a meaningful look that questioned Karen's sanity.

"Oh, sorry." Karen snapped back into the present. She wiped perspiration off her forehead and moved closer to the table. "I just wanted to see what you kids were up to?"

"We're not kids, Mrs. Wigginton. We're all eighteen," Zach said.

"Well, you play games all day in the basement. You behave like kids." She put a hand to her mouth. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean that. It's just ... I've seen you all grow up. It's hard for a mother to adjust to her son becoming a man."

"Mooooommm!" Aiden rolled his eyes. "We're in the middle of a hot and heavy campaign. Did you need something?"

"Hot ... and heavy?" Karen looked around the table. That sounded dirty. She caught Caleb looking at her breasts. Did the young man think her boobs were *hot* and *heavy*?

"You're acting strange, Mom." Aiden was running out of patience.

"Sorry, pumpkin." Karen smiled. "I'm just interested in your game." She looked down at the open book on the table. "What's ... that?" She tried to ask casually. There was a picture of a monster on the page that looked terrifying, with a big hungry mouth and many tentacles. She blinked. What was on the end of those tentacles? *Are those ... penis heads?*

“Oh, that’s the Beholder.” Aiden smiled. “It lives in the ...”

Karen knew her son was talking, but she lost herself in a vision of what Aiden would want the monster to do to her. Would it violate all three of her holes? It certainly had the means. Is that what Aiden wanted? She pictured the multi-tentacled penis monster as it lifted her in the air and penetrated her mouth, vagina, and butt. Oh, she had no doubt that Aiden and his friends would cheer the creature on as it brought her to new heights of ecstasy. She realized the boys were all staring at her again.

“Thank you for the explanation, pumpkin.” Karen took a deep breath. She was sweating profusely. And her vagina thrummed in a most unsettling way. Was she soaking her underwear? It sure felt like it. “That is quite a disturbing monster. Why does the thing have a dozen penis tentacles? That seems improper.”

“Um ...” Aiden looked at his friends, his cheeks blushing. He looked back to his mother and straightened his glasses. “Those are eyes at the end of each tentacle, and they each shoot a different magical ray. It’s the Beholder. It beholds things.”

Karen laughed. The timorous sound bouncing off the basement walls. “Of course ... of course it does. I was just testing you. And you penised. I mean you passed!” She looked around the table. “You all penised.” She put a hand to her mouth, her eyes wide. “Um ... I have to go upstairs now.” She could hear them laughing as she ran away. No doubt, their eyes were all on her butt.

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After the debacle in the basement, Karen was too embarrassed to show her face. She hid in her room, reading a romance novel. Her vagina continued to thrum, and she actually considered pleasuring herself for the first time in decades. But it was too dirty. And what if Chuck walked in on her? Or what if it was Aiden? She put the book down on her chest and thought about what Aiden would do if he caught her masturbating. No doubt, he would see it as an invitation to follow that Guide’s wickedness. He would probably hump her like a baboon. No, no. It wasn’t safe to masturbate with people in the house. She bit her lip and read instead.

It wasn’t until many hours later that Karen felt safe enough to emerge from her room. Aiden’s friends were gone, and he was in his room. By then, it was too late to prepare a proper dinner. So, they had frozen, premade meals that night. Aiden didn’t complain or even make eye contact with his mother at dinner. Her husband, however, complained heartily about the frozen food until she put a large glass of wine in front of him. For good measure, she poured a liberal amount into a glass for herself. She needed it.

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The next day, Karen, Amanda, and Nicole met at the dog park. Nicole let Mary Puppins off the leash, and the ladies strolled around the wooded enclosure. They made small talk for a while.

Eventually, Amanda looked around to make sure there was no one close and gave the other two women a serious look. "What do you think of the Guide? It's harrowing how thorough it is. If we didn't know what to look for, we'd be goners for sure."

"I didn't click on the link you sent." Nicole shook her head and laughed. "And I'm pretty sure there isn't a system in the world that would make me want to do such a horrible thing to Caleb."

"You didn't read it?" Amanda frowned. "And if it happened, it would be something Caleb did to you, Nicole. Not the other way around." Amanda looked at Karen. "You read it, didn't you?"

Karen shook her head. "I don't want the government to find out that I looked at something like that."

"They can't track you if you use a private browser window." Amanda nodded sagely.

"I'm pretty sure that's wrong." Nicole sighed. She wondered how she could get them to a different topic. "Anyway, the government doesn't care. What you're reading is just make-believe nonsense."

"That's what they want you to believe," Amanda said.

They walked in silence for a while.

"So, Caleb won the science fair." Nicole raised her eyebrows, hopeful they would ask her a question about it.

"I read that there are forty-two serums that ..." Amanda looked around again and lowered her voice. "... that enlarge a teenager's penis." She widened her eyes for emphasis. "... and make any woman he chooses so horny she can't escape him!"

"Oh ... gosh ..." Karen pictured Aiden with a huge, hard penis. And she ... she was on her knees before it. Worshiping it. Licking the shaft. She shuddered. Even ... putting it in her mouth!

"That's just not true." Nicole shook her head.

“Well, the Guide is real.” Amanda frowned at Nicole. “If you had bothered to read the thing, you’d know that the first two steps are about giving compliments and physical contact like hugs. Have your son’s been complimenting you more often lately? Have they been giving you hugs? Because I know Zach has. Look out for the third step. That’s when he asks you to look at his penis with some fabricated medical reason. Once that happens, you better slap his face. Or the next thing you know, you’ll be doing ... all sorts of things.”

Karen stared at her friend.

Nicole laughed.

“Laugh it up. But you’ll be just like Mary Puppins over there before you know it.” Amanda pointed to where a male dog was mounting Nicole’s pooch.

“Shit. Hey ... stop that you ... disgusting thing!” Nicole ran toward her dog, waving her arms. The male dog got spooked and ran away.

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When Zach got home from school that day, he found his mom in the kitchen wearing a sports bra and tiny shorts. She was doing dishes with her back to him. He dropped his backpack and stared at her ass. “Um ... sorry Mom ... I didn’t mean to bother you.”

“Oh, hello, sweetie.” Amanda turned off the sink and turned around, wiping her hands on a towel. “Welcome home. You could never bother me, Zachary.”

“Okay ... I’ll be in my room.” Zach turned to go.

“Wait, honey. Isn’t there anything you’d like to say to me?” Amanda smiled sweetly.

Zach turned slowly back to his mother. He tried very hard not to look at her body. “Um ... I don’t need a snack today. I think I’ll take some private time ... in my room ... to study.”

“Oh, that’s good.” Amanda nodded, still smiling. “Do you think I look pretty?”

“You’re ... very pretty ... Mom,” Zach mumbled.

“Why thank you.” Amanda’s smile faded. *There it is! He’s ogling my body and complimenting me!* “Why don’t you give me a hug before you go upstairs?”

“Okay.” Zach moved awkwardly, trying to hide the erection in his pants. He hugged his mother quickly, turned, and ran from the room.

Amanda watched him go. *I knew it!* She had clearly felt his boner press into her during their hug. As it always was, the internet was right.

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Holding her cross tightly, Karen knocked on Aiden's door. She let herself in before he had a chance to answer, hoping to catch him red-handed. But he was at his computer playing a violent game.

"Hey, Mom." Aiden glanced at her out of the corner of his eye. "I already finished my homework."

"Oh, good." She walked over to him and put her hand on his shoulder. "You know ... pumpkin ... there are lots of things on the internet. And I know that peer pressure can be difficult. But you don't have to try anything ... dubious ... just because other people are doing it. I'm not like other mothers. Do you understand?"

"Honestly, Mom, Billy was the one that had a hard time with peer pressure." Aiden didn't look up at her. "I don't drink. I'm not into drugs. I don't do anything dangerous. I like school, and I like hanging with my friends. You're an awesome mom. You raised me well."

Karen's breath caught in her throat. *Compliment!* She watched his hand leave the keyboard. It seemed to move in slow motion slowly toward the hand she had resting on his shoulder. Her pulse thumped in her ears, each beat felt like it might be her last. His manly fingers landed on her delicate hand. *Physical contact!* Her son had just complimented her on being an awesome mom, and now he was touching her. She recoiled her hand like she'd been bitten by a snake. "Under no circumstances will I look at your penis." She raced out of the room.

Aiden finally turned his head and watched her sprint out of his door. "What on Earth?" He shook his head, got up, closed his door, and went back to his game.

"Oh ... gosh ... oh ... gosh ..." Karen was trembling as she entered the shower. She let the cold water soak into her core. Despite the chill, her vagina was thrumming. She needed to do something. The bathroom door was locked. No one would ever know. Slowly, she reached her hand down between her legs. Electric sparks moved through her body. In no time at all, she was rubbing her clit in little circles and trying not to cry out.

In her mind, she played through what would have happened if she hadn't run from Aiden's room. Surely, he would have tossed her onto his bed and mounted her like that dog at the park. Karen shuddered out her first orgasm in years as she imagined Aiden's

big thing taking her from behind. Afterward, still trembling, she dry heaved in the shower. It was so disgusting. She would find a way to stop the inevitable, incestuous seduction.

## Chapter 3

Karen couldn't stop thinking about the text Amanda had sent Karen and Nicole two hours ago. Karen's hands had been shaking ever since. It was after ten at night and everyone else in the Wiggington house was asleep. But Karen couldn't stop her mind from racing. She lay in bed as rigid as a board and listened to her hapless husband sleep. Didn't he know that their son was planning his wife's conquest? Maybe she should tell him? Maybe not? She didn't know what the right thing to do was.

Reaching over to her nightstand, Karen retrieved her phone and swiped it on. She read the text from Amanda again. *Zachary hugged me with an erection today. He pressed his big thing right into his own mother. It's escalating!* 🤩🤩🤩

Nicole had responded with an eye-roll emoji. Karen didn't understand how the woman could be so blasé about incest when the evidence was overwhelming.

Slowly, Karen typed out a reply on the group thread. *What should we do?*

Amanda texted back almost immediately. *I'm rereading the Guide right now. You need to do the same. As those ancient aliens once wrote on the pyramids, know your enemy or get conquered by him.*

*Okay,* Karen replied.

Nicole didn't respond at all. She was probably sleeping. How could she sleep while their eighteen-year-old sons were planning unspeakable acts?

Karen swiped out of the messaging app and went to her email. She found the link to the Guide that Amanda had sent before. She held the cross around her neck with one hand and opened the link in a private window with the other. "I really hope the government can't see what I'm doing."

"Hmmm ..." Chuck rolled over next to her. "What?"

"Nothing, honey. Go back to sleep." Karen angled the phone away from him in case he looked. But he was snoring again within seconds. Butterflies flapped in her belly. She was about to see the nefarious Guide for herself. And strangely, her vagina was thrumming again. If that continued, she might have to change her underwear for the fourth time that day.

"Oh, gosh ... oh ... my ... my sweet Aiden is planning this?" Karen read through it, clutching her cross tighter. It was lucky that one hand was on her phone and the other was on her necklace, because that left no hands to drop between her legs. She imagined Aiden, with a giant penis and bulging muscles, masturbating into the bathroom sink while she watched. Perspiration beaded on her forehead as she read.

A text message came in from Amanda. *Are you reading it? Do you see why this wickedness is so widespread? It's foolproof.*

Karen responded: *Yes. 🤔 It's very dangerous. Will discuss more on our walk tomorrow. Going to try to sleep now. 😴*

"I won't read any more," Karen whispered. She stopped at the point where the son acclimates his mother to touching. She took her phone and a clean pair of panties with her to the bathroom. She closed the door and took off her pajama bottoms. As she was changing her panties, she looked over at her phone where it rested next to the bathroom sink. "I don't know how I can stop him," she whispered to herself. Aiden was so much smarter than her, and he'd always been a good planner. She would have to stay one step ahead of him. She would have to fully understand the depravity which he wanted her to accept. She would ... Karen found herself sitting on the toilet with her new panties around one ankle.

It was wrong. She knew it was wrong. But she couldn't stop. Her fingers worked her clitoris as she continued to read the Guide. "I ... uuugghhhh ... just have to understand ... what he's planning," she whispered. "And ... ooohhhhhhhh ... get this out of my system." The bathroom filled with the wet sounds of her fingers manipulating her nether-regions.

In the Lutz household, Amanda was similarly engaged. Her hand was a blur as she plunged a small cucumber into her vagina again and again. The Guide had said that most mothers could adjust to a large, teenage penis. The small cucumber was bigger than her husband's penis, so she assumed it was about the size of her son's over-engorged tool. And ... it had hurt a little at first, but she had to admit she was adjusting. Now her son wouldn't get to stretch her out ... *if* he ever tricked her into such a terrible position.

In Amanda's bathroom, with her phone held in front of her face, she kept rereading the optional part of the Guide where the son impregnates his own mother. It was so vile. It was so beyond anything she had contemplated before. Even crazier than what they were doing with the Hadron Collider. It was so ... inevitable.

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"Mom? You never wake up before me." Zach reached for his glasses, put them on, and sat up in bed as his mother drew back the curtains. The pink of dawn's first light filled his room. "I've done all my homework and ..." His mind stopped when he saw that she was wearing only her bra and panties. He tried to look away but found he couldn't.

“You’re looking at my boobies, aren’t you?” Amanda faced her son with her hands on her hips. She shook her shoulders and made her confined breasts bounce. “Answer me, Zachary.”

“Mom ... you’ve been acting really strange lately.” Zach took off his glasses so he wouldn’t be tempted to ogle her. She became a blur, and he smiled with relief.

“Don’t talk to your mother like that.” Amanda shook her head. “And don’t lie.”

“I’m sorry, Mom. You just surprised me.” Zach’s cheeks turned crimson at what he was about to say. “You’re really pretty. I didn’t mean to look at them. It’s just ... I was surprised to see you in your underwear. I did look. I didn’t mean to. It was ... it was ... because you’re pretty. I’m sorry.” He stopped rambling.

Amanda pointed an accusatory finger at him. “Compliments!” She walked over to him, picked up his hand, and placed it on her breast. She forced him to squeeze her boob. “Is this what you’re planning? No lies. Are you going to tell me there’s something wrong with your penis? Do I have to watch you touch yourself?”

“What!?!” Zach forcefully withdrew his hand. “No, Mom. I ... um ... don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“HmMMM.” Amanda turned to go. “This isn’t over, mister.” She exited his room in a huff.

Zach stared at the blurry doorway, completely nonplussed.

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“Morning, sweetie.” Nicole smiled at her son as he strolled into the kitchen.

“Morning, Mom.” Caleb returned the smile and grabbed a few steaming pancakes from the stack his mother was piling up. He sat down and ate his breakfast. He politely said thank you when his mother brought him a tall glass of milk. Mary Puppins sat next to his chair wagging her tail. He snuck her some pancake when his mom wasn’t looking. His twin, Lauren, arrived a few minutes later and went about her breakfast. His dad grabbed a pancake as he rushed through the kitchen on his way to work.

“You know, Cal. Zach’s mom can get some strange ideas in her head.” Nicole sat down between her children and started on her own breakfast. She chewed thoughtfully as her son nodded his agreement. “If Zach mentions anything weird about her, let me know. You and me might need to have a talk.”

“What is it this time?” Caleb rolled his eyes. “The Mothman again?”

“Something like that.” Nicole shrugged. “Anyway, keep your dear old mom in the loop. Okay?”

“Sure, Mom.” Caleb wondered what strange new obsession Mrs. Lutz had come up with this time.

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“You read it, Karen? Oh, my gosh. Shame on you. It’s make-believe trash.” Nicole walked down the street holding Mary Puppins’s leash. Amanda and Karen strolled next to her. They were all wearing yoga pants and sporty tops.

“Of course she read it! It’s the only way to prevent the inevitable.” Amanda frowned at her friends. “If you don’t take this seriously, Nicole, you’ll be the first to fall. Soon enough, all you’ll be able to think about is Caleb’s penis.”

“Seriously?” Nicole pretended to gag. “That is so gross. Beyond gross. It’s disgusting. It’s insanity. I love Dave. I’d never cheat on him with anyone, especially not my son. I can’t believe we’re even discussing this. I’m done talking about this.” She turned Mary Puppins around and walked back in the opposite direction.

“Oh, no. Maybe we should go after her.” Karen paused and watched her friend walk away. She didn’t mean to think it, but looking at Nicole’s shapely behind made her see why Caleb was intent on bedding his mother.

“Don’t worry about it. I just hope she doesn’t fall for her son before she sees the light.” Amanda put an arm around Karen’s shoulders. “I’m glad you read the Guide. Now we can put a plan together to fight this thing.”

“Great, a plan. I’ll need a plan to stop Aiden. He’s so smart.” Karen walked down the street, her mind a jumbled mess of thoughts.

“I have the same problem with Zachary. But we know what they’re up to. We just have to head them off before they can hatch their schemes.” Amanda was happy Nicole had taken leave of their walk. She was able to talk and talk, and Karen was always a wonderful listener.

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After school, Karen entered her son's room without knocking. She didn't catch him doing anything untoward. He was at his desk working on his homework.

"Jeez, Mom. Can't you knock?" Aiden looked up from the notepad he was writing in.

"Hello, Pumpkin. Sorry. I was just so excited to see you." Karen took a deep breath. It wasn't going to be easy to make her son slip up. "I was ... um ... wondering if you could show me more about your dungeon dragons game." It was clear the game was a way for her son and his friends to meet and plan their conquests. She wouldn't end up strapped to a chair with a gag in her mouth while each teenager splooped in her privates. No, she wouldn't. The image of that horrible scenario played in her head. She could see so much sperm gushing from her used vagina.

"Mom?" Aiden waved a hand at her. She had been daydreaming more and more lately. "Here are some notes for the campaign I'm working on." He pulled the spare chair next to his desk and motioned for her to sit. She looked pale as a ghost, and she was clutching her necklace, but she sat and gazed at what he presented. He explained to her how the game worked and what evil he was planning to unleash on his friends.

Karen's mind spun trying to untangle what he was telling her from the hidden meaning of each element. "So ... this is the main villain. What's an Illithilich?"

"Oh, it's a powerful monster. A mind flayer. Once it gets control over you, it can make you do whatever it wants." Aiden smiled. He was basking in his mother's attention.

"I see." She studied the picture of the thing when he handed it to her. It had an octopus head that was clearly meant for one purpose. Mind-destroying oral sex. She imagined herself under this thing's control, being forced to straddle its head. Letting it destroy the sanctity of her marriage in both her holes while she yelled encouragement to it. She realized her son was staring at her. "Is this ... um ... is this what you want? To control me like this?"

"You? What? No ... Mom." Aiden adjusted his glasses. He didn't know what was going through her head sometimes. "It's a powerful villain. I have to make the campaign challenging. Psionic powers are difficult to overcome."

"Psionic powers?" Karen looked away from the picture to her son's lips. She felt his magnetism. Her eyelids half-closed and her own lips parted. "Are you ... controlling me ... right now?" She leaned closer and closer to him.

Before Aiden knew what was happening, his mother was pressing her lips against his in a wet kiss. He lurched back. "Mom?!? What are you doing?"

Karen blinked and tried to get hold of the situation. He had somehow made her kiss him! "Isn't that how the game is played?"

“No!” He ran his hand through his hair, exasperated. “I’m not kissing Zach and Caleb in the basement. It’s a fantasy game. With monsters. No kissing!”

“I misunderstood.” Karen stood and fidgeted with her dress. “You misled me about how the game was played, Aiden. I want you to think about what you’ve done.” She ran from his room. She’d need to call Amanda. They’d moved too quickly to uncover their sons’ plot, and Aiden had made her look like a fool.

Karen raced into her bathroom, locked the door, and in no time, she was masturbating herself under her dress while staring at her lips in the mirror. Her lips had touched her son’s lips. She didn’t know where that fit in the Guide. But she was sure she’d be watching him masturbate in that very bathroom soon. Her eyes rolled back, and she orgasmed at the thought.

## Chapter 4

“Mind Control?” Amanda’s hand trembled as she held the phone to her ear. She sat on her kitchen counter, eyes wide. Why had Aiden kissed Karen before Zach had even tried such a thing with her? Maybe they were moving faster with Karen because she was a level seven susceptible. She’d read about that recently. “This is worse than I thought. And an ‘octopus devil’ made oral love to you?”

“In ... my mind, Amanda. Aiden made me see it in my mind. It didn’t really happen. At least ... I don’t think so.” Karen was locked in her bathroom, whispering into her phone. “And then the kiss. I don’t know how to describe it ... he’s telling me all this stuff about demons and such, and then, I can’t help but press my lips to his. And there was tongue! Oh, Lord, there was tongue. I put it into his mouth like I was on a second date back in high school. I don’t know why he didn’t just make me undress and bend over for him like it was a fifth date.”

“I’ll have to do research, but I don’t think mind control works like that.” Amanda turned things over in her mind. How were the little shits controlling their minds? If they could find that out, they might unlock the whole nefarious plot. “From what I read about Freud and the secret society he founded, mind control works by making suggestions over time. Has Aiden talked about kissing recently?”

“Not that I remember.” Karen pressed her lips into a thin line. What hope did she have?

“Don’t worry, Karen. I’ll get to the bottom of all this.” Amanda nodded and picked up the cucumber that had been lying on the counter. It was bigger than the last one she’d used. It was important to test her limits. Just in case. “Zachary told me that he’s bringing their game to my house tomorrow. He wants to throw me off balance. I’m sure of it. But I’ve got something planned for them. They’ve been so focused on their own mothers, that I’ll catch Aiden and Caleb off guard.”

“Be careful. This is ... so dangerous.” Karen’s hand trembled even more than before.

“Don’t worry. I’ve got this.” Amanda said goodbye, hung up, and rushed off to the bathroom with her cucumber.

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“Um ... Zach ... I hope you don’t mind my asking ... but ...” Caleb sat with his friends in Zach’s den. They had their game out on the card table, huddled around it. But the play had been slow. There had been many interruptions. “Why does your mom keep serving

us snacks in her underwear?” He nodded over at the side table, piled high with cheese, crackers, and chips.

“She’s been acting even stranger than usual lately.” Zach shook his head and adjusted his glasses. “Maybe it’s a mid-life crisis. Just ... don’t say anything to her about it. She gets ... weird about her body when you mention it.”

“Honestly, Zach, my mom’s been acting strange, too. She ... um ... she ...” Aiden was on the brink of telling his friends that his mother had kissed him. With tongue! But he chickened out. “But not like this. I’m not sure what’s weirder, that your mom is prancing around in her underwear, or that she’s wearing a tinfoil hat.”

“Yeah ... having you guys over was probably a bad idea.” Zach shook his head and adjusted his glasses. “How about your mom?” He looked at Caleb.

“She seems normal.” Caleb shrugged. “Maybe we should try to focus on the game. Where were we?”

“Who wants drinks?” Amanda walked into the den. She was wearing lingerie that her husband had gotten her for her fortieth birthday and carrying a tray with an assortment of drinks. She swayed her hips dramatically as she walked, as she’d seen runway models do. She suppressed a smile when the boys all gaped at her. They were eighteen years old and bent on mother domination, but you wouldn’t know it from looking at their startled faces. They all stared at her body, even Zach. Especially Zach. They didn’t leer like she would have expected, they looked like deer in headlights. They had clearly received acting tips from their online sources. “I’ve got refills of water, and juice, and ...” She lowered her voice and looked around conspiratorially. “There are three of my husband’s beers here. Now, I know you aren’t twenty-one yet, but I also know how teenagers behave when they think their parents aren’t looking. So, who wants a beer?” She set the tray down with her back to them, making sure to bend over and give them all a good long look at her butt.

“Um ... juice is good,” Caleb squeaked.

“Same,” Aiden could see the faint outline of his friend’s mother’s pussy from behind. He adjusted the crotch of his pants.

“Well ... I’ll have a beer ... I guess.” Zach didn’t understand her, but clearly, she was going through something. And he wanted to support her. If she wanted him to have a beer, he’d have one.

“Sounds good.” Amanda served the juice, and then slowly poured the beer into a glass, bending forward next to her son. She noted that all eyes were on her cleavage. They were one step away from jumping her where she stood. It was a good thing that she was so brave. The brim of her tinfoil hat slid down over her forehead as she poured. She set

down the beer and quickly adjusted it. *That was close! I can't let them control my mind.* She looked at their papers, maps, and pieces on the table. She didn't see any black stones with red glowing veins. Maybe that wasn't how they controlled minds.

"Okay, we're good, Mom. Thanks!" Zach took a sip of his beer and grimaced. He hated beer. "Mom?" The way she looked at each of them unnerved him.

"Right, sweetie. I'll be back to check on you boys soon." She turned and flounced out of the room, giving them all a show of her bouncing butt.

The friends looked at each other with raised eyebrows. They all had the most uncomfortable erections.

~~

The next morning, Karen and Amanda met for an early walk down their suburban streets.

"And they didn't even say anything about seeing me in my ... in my ... well, I was practically naked." Amanda shook her head in disbelief. "But they noticed. They did! I made note of their erections. They were stiff all night."

"Even Aiden?" Karen looked over at her friend, imagining her dressed in lingerie, with her legs spread in front of Aiden. Her son had the hungriest look on his face.

"Especially Aiden. He kept adjusting his glasses so he could get a better view of these." Amanda hefted her boobs with her hands for emphasis. "I think that's the worst thing about this. They treated the whole debacle like it was totally normal. Like they expected that from me. Like I was property."

"Oh, my." Karen imagined her friend dressed like a cow, on all fours. The boys stood around her laughing and patting her head. "Oh ... my ..." Karen would have to change her panties when she got home. Really, she was going to have to buy more underwear, she'd been running through her supply so fast lately. Suddenly, she saw herself as the cow with the boys standing around her, their enormous erections at eye level. She grabbed the cross around her neck and held it tightly. "Will I ... have to dress like that when the boys play their game at my house?"

"I suppose you'll have to." Amanda rubbed her chin. "Or they'll suspect that we're on to them." She took hold of Karen's shoulders and stopped them in the street. She turned her friend toward her, looking deep into her eyes. She leaned close so that their lips were almost touching.

Karen went stiff as a board. Perhaps they should have been wearing their new protective headgear at all times. She waited for a kiss that didn't come.

"They can never know that we're on to them," Amanda whispered. Her friend's dulcet breath filled her nostrils. Their eyes locked. "If they find out, it's game over. Understood?"

"Yes, I understand." Karen nodded.

Amanda let go of her shoulders and continued walking. "You'll have to confront Aiden about the kiss. Try to find out what sort of mind control he used. Wear the hat while you do it."

"Do I really have to?" Karen dreaded such an assignment.

"I mean, no, you don't." Amanda shrugged. "If you want him to turn you into a depraved slut, you can ignore the whole thing."

"Okay ... I'll talk to him." Amanda nodded and followed her friend down the street.

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"Mom, can we talk?" Caleb found his mother reading a book on their deck in the backyard. The birds were singing. He took a deep breath of cool morning air. "I brought you a refill on your coffee. Almond milk and two spoonfuls of sugar."

"You're my angel, sweetie." Nicole smiled at her son. "Thank you for the coffee, but I'm right in the middle of my book. It's very tense. Can you talk to your father instead?"

Caleb sat next to her on the cushioned lounge and shook his head. "I think Dad would flip if I told him what I'm about to tell you."

"It's about Amanda and Karen, isn't it?" Nicole sipped her coffee, put down her book, and focused on her son.

"Well ... it's Mrs. Lutz. Mrs. Wigginton didn't do anything." Caleb took another deep breath.

"What did Amanda do?" Nicole listened to the whole strange tale about the lingerie, the drinks, and Amanda's behavior. Her brow slowly furrowed as she learned more and more. When her son was done with his story, there was a period of silence as she thought about what to say.

"I didn't drink the beer." Caleb needed to fill the quiet with something. He wiped his clammy palms on his pants.

"I know. You're very responsible." Nicole nodded and tried to smile. "I'm sorry to say this, but I don't think the Lutz house is a safe space for you right now. I'll have a talk with Amanda, but I'm not sure she'll listen to me. I'll let you know when it's safe to go back there."

"Can I ... can I still be friends with Zach?"

"Yes, of course. Zachary is a great guy. It's not his fault that his mother falls down these rabbit holes." Nicole reached for his hand and held it to comfort him. "And I know you're in the middle of a campaign so you can do your game at our house, or Aiden's house. Sound good? Zachary is probably so embarrassed that he wouldn't want you guys over for a while anyway."

"Sounds good, Mom. Thanks." Caleb smiled with relief. It felt so good to talk to her.

"Thank you for telling me everything, sweetie. It means the world to me that we have so much trust." She sipped her coffee. "And that you make such a good cup of joe."

"Yeah, of course." Caleb hoped his friends were having an equally easy time talking to their mothers.

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Karen's cheeks were pink as she adjusted her tinfoil hat. She studied her son's face. He looked more perplexed than anything else. Maybe angry, too. He was always so reserved that it was difficult to tell sometimes. "So ... you didn't make me kiss you? There's no mind control."

"As I've explained, with sources." He pointed to the Wikipedia page open on his computer screen. "Mind control is impossible. It's fiction. I can't make you do anything, Mom. You kissed me! I think Mrs. Lutz has you all riled up about this mind control stuff. You probably just got confused."

"I'm sorry." Karen's lip quivered. Tears welled in her eyes. "Your own mother ... on the lips ... I hope I haven't damaged you."

"It's okay, Mom." Aiden was trying to be patient. "I know you didn't mean it." He sighed and leaned in to give her an awkward hug.

Karen's eyes fluttered, she parted her lips, and tilted her head to the side.

"Mom!" Aiden stopped and held her shoulders. "Were you just doing a kiss lean?"

“No ... no ... I was just a bit tired from all this. You’re right. Amanda has me all worked up. I’m sorry. So ... sorry.” She turned and ran from the room.

Aiden watched her go, shaking his head. “Mind control?” He muttered to himself. “I wonder what other crazy ideas Mrs. Lutz put in her head.”

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“Mom ... oh ... jeez ... you shouldn’t be ... doing this.” Zach sat in his desk chair, looking down at his mother’s tinfoil hat as it bobbed up and down.

“Mmmmmpppppphhhhhh,” Amanda said. She wasn’t sure how he’d maneuvered her into giving him a blowjob, but she sure as heck couldn’t stop now. That’s just what he’d want. His penis was large, but not as big as the largest cucumber she’d used. That was a relief ... just in case ... he ever managed to open her legs up. “Mmmmmpppppphhhhhhhh.” Her vagina thrummed. She didn’t mean to, but she found that she had a hand inside her panties, rubbing little circles over her clitoris.

“If you don’t stop ... uuuggghhhhh ... Mom ... if you don’t stop ... I’m ... uuuggghhhhhhh ...” Zach didn’t want her to stop, so he shut himself up. If she needed to do this for some reason, he decided he wouldn’t get in the way. His mom had gone off the deep end, he was along for the ride. “Aaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” He convulsed in his chair, his hips bucking.

“Ggggaaaacccccckkkkkkkkk.” Amanda tried to gulp down the sperm that was suddenly invading her mouth. Zach made so much more than his father. The seal on her lips broke and semen flowed down her chin. She kept gulping and gulping. This was bad. She was going to have to rethink her strategies so that her son’s plans wouldn’t escalate any further.

## Chapter 5

“What did you do?” Amanda slowly rose to her feet. She pulled her hand out of her yoga pants and stared at it. Had she slimed herself? Was this ... ectoplasm? “You’re in big trouble, mister.” With the hand that her vagina hadn’t creamed, she adjusted her tinfoil hat. She glared at her son, totally unaware that she had his cum dangling from her chin.

“Me? This isn’t my fault, Mom.” Zach, still sitting in his desk chair, covered his softening penis with his hands. “You barged in here talking about your ‘need to see my plans’ and ‘inoculating’ yourself against ‘mind control.’ And then you ... you ... oh, my God, Mom. You gave me a blowjob. You’re my first blowjob!”

“Right ... the inoculation was a smart idea. I almost forgot. Push a thought at me.” She wiped off her gooey hand on her pants and stood with her fists on her hips.

“What?”

“I don’t feel anything.” Amanda nodded, satisfied. “Oh, don’t look so distraught. You can’t handle that your old mother figured out your schemes? You can let Aiden know that he can give up on Karen. I have you both figured out now. It’s probably too late for Nicole, but I did warn her.”

“Whatever this new conspiracy theory is, you have to drop it, Mom. I mean ... you just gave me a blowjob. What’s next?” Zach searched her eyes imploringly.

“That’s just it. I swallowed some of your stuff, so there won’t be a next. You think you’re so clever with your Guides and your Dark Stones. But you have to admit, you were no match for me.” Amanda had a smug smile on her sperm-covered lips as she sauntered toward the doorway. She tossed her tinfoil hat toward her son. “I won’t be needing that anymore. Mind control, zero, Amanda Lutz, one.” She felt something sticky drop down on her chest. She reached for it as she went into the hall. Her son’s sperm. “Mind control, one, your smart mother, two,” she called back into his room. So what if he scored a point on her? She would always be one step ahead.

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“It’s a simple matter of inoculation. The mind control won’t work if you drink some of his sperm. It’s like Cleopatra and her snakes. She took small amounts of their venom every day, and then the snakes could no longer use their black magic on her. That’s how she got to sleep with Ceasar, Mark Antony, and some of those ancient aliens.” Amanda sat at her kitchen table, a steaming mug in both of her hands.

Karen sat on the other side of the table, her eyes wide, her mouth hanging open, and her hand clutching the cross around her neck. Her coffee mug sat untouched in front of her. “What did you do, Amanda?”

“What I had to. And if you want to get rid of that stupid hat, you’ll do the same.” Amanda nodded to the tinfoil hat on Karen’s head. “Do the same with Aiden I mean. Zachary is mine.”

“I can’t do that. Not ever. Did you really?” Karen stared at her friend’s pretty lips. Had they really had teenage spunk on them the night before? “Wait, are you joking?”

“I wish I was.” Amanda sipped her coffee. She didn’t want to admit it, but thinking about the blowjob was making her feel overheated, and her vagina was gushing overtime into her panties. Perhaps she hadn’t cleared up all the mind control with one inoculation. She got up, went to a drawer, pulled out some new foil, and fashioned it into a hat. She put the hat on and sat back down.

“I thought you said you didn’t need a hat anymore.” Karen gripped her cross tighter. She couldn’t break her gaze away from Amanda’s lips. *Those lips ... those lips ... were wrapped around Zach’s penis. She performed a sex act on her own son.* Karen was so confused. Would they have to blow their sons all the time, or just the once? She imagined giving Aiden oral sex while next to her Amanda did the same for Zach.

“I’m just being careful.” Amanda stood and pulled her friend to her feet. She put her hands on Karen’s shoulders. “Why are you staring at my mouth like that?”

“Aiden told me that mind control wasn’t real. But it has to be, because I’ve been having thoughts that the boys must have put there. The other day when we were on our walk and our faces were close ... well, I thought you were going to kiss me. I ... um ... keep thinking about it. And now that I know about the inoculation ...” Karen looked up into her friend’s intense eyes and felt dizzy.

“Yes, they put those thoughts there. I’ve noticed similar thoughts, too.” Amanda had never kissed another woman, but Karen was clearly giving her a kiss-me face. Amanda sighed. She was going to have to do this too, wasn’t she? “But the boys don’t know that they’ve slipped up. Pushing us closer together just makes us more effective, and ... um ... gives us an outlet for the terrible urges they’ve forced upon us.”

“Really? I ...” Karen parted her lips and closed her eyes as her friend leaned in. *Is this happening or am I having one of my daydreams?* The answer was clear when their lips met. The kiss was too hesitant and awkward to be fantasy. She felt Amanda’s grip tighten on her shoulders, pulling them closer together. Karen was keenly aware of her boobs nestling against Amanda’s. Then came the tongue. Karen wanted to scream. Her son had lied to her. If there wasn’t mind control, then why did another woman’s tongue

feel so good? She let her own tongue dance with Amanda's. This was so different from kissing her husband. There was passion here!

"Mmmpppphhhh." Amanda was the leader of their group, so she decided to take the masculine role. During the kiss, she would be the husband, and Karen would be the wife. She got more aggressive, moving her hand to Karen's butt and squeezing hard. Her other hand caressed Karen's wonderfully arching spine. Their tongues seemed completely in tune, Amanda forging ahead and Karen learning and meeting her moves. Amanda decided to bite Karen's bottom lip like she'd seen a man do in a movie once. Karen shuddered when she did that, so that clearly worked.

The make-out session lasted for more than twenty minutes. It ended when Karen thought about how she was kissing someone who had swallowed teenage sperm the day before, which meant she was almost doing the same thing. She swooned in her friend's arms, but thankfully Amanda caught her.

"There now ... the boys might have made us do that, but it will be their downfall." Amanda set her friend gently down in the kitchen chair and returned to her own seat. She picked up her mug and sipped cool coffee. "It's too bad Nicole wouldn't listen. She could be here kissing us, but instead, she's probably spreading her legs for Caleb. She could be having her womb flooded with his stuff even as we speak."

"Oh ... gosh." Karen, recovering from nearly fainting, pictured Caleb plowing into his mother with a giant penis. Nicole looked to be in ecstasy.

"Do you see now why you have to do as I say?" Amanda smiled when her friend nodded. "You'll have the boys over for one of their game nights and tempt them into showing us their next move? Some lingerie would be perfect."

"I don't have any lingerie." Karen shook her head.

"Well, then. Find something sexy." Amanda shrugged.

"I can't do the inoculation though." Karen frowned. "I just ... can't. I don't even do that for Chuck."

"If you're not going to, then keep your hat on at all times. I mean, you'll need to sleep with it on." Amanda nodded sagely.

"But you did the inoculation, and you put a hat back on." Karen pointed at the tinfoil hat on Amanda's head.

"As you can see from the kiss, I'm not completely free from their brainwashing. I thought I was, but ..." Amanda sipped her coffee. "I might need another inoculation. We'll see."

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“Have you ever fantasized about me with another woman?” Karen was doing dishes at the sink. Her husband was sitting at the kitchen table drinking coffee and reading his phone. She glanced at him over her shoulder. She wasn’t wearing her tinfoil hat, because she thought it was safe with Aiden out of the house. Her husband made fun of her whenever she had it on, so it was a relief to take it off sometimes.

“Hmmm?” Chuck put down his phone. “What’s this about?”

“We haven’t had sex in a while. I was just wondering if it might spice things up for you if I ...” *Drat, I didn’t think things through before starting this conversation.* Karen’s cheeks turned pink. “... if I pretended to kiss another woman in front of you.”

Chuck laughed long and hard, holding his belly. “That would be hilarious, dear, but not sexy.”

“Okay. What if I found a real woman to kiss? Would you like that?” She turned off the faucet and dried her hands on a towel. “It wouldn’t be cheating to kiss another woman, would it?”

“Where was this version of Karen twenty years ago?” Chuck shook his head. “I don’t think anyone is going to want a threesome with us. Can you imagine?” His shoulders still shook with small chuckles.

“What if ... what if some younger men desired me? What if we weren’t too old for a threesome? Would you like that?” Karen turned toward him, her arms folded protectively over her chest. Her eyes were hopeful.

“Is this something Amanda said to you?” Chuck shook his head, sipped his coffee, and picked up his phone. “Some sort of mid-life sex quiz or something?” When his wife nodded, he turned his attention back to his phone. “Please stop listening to Amanda, that woman is trouble. Our sex life is totally normal.”

“The boys are coming over tonight. Are you going out with your friends?” Karen turned back to her dishes.

“Yep.” Chuck didn’t say anything else.

“Okay. I’ll take care of the boys on my own then.” Karen imagined inoculating herself by running through three fountains of sperm with her mouth wide open and her tongue hanging out.

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"I'm sorry about last game night. I think my mom has really gone off the deep end." Zach sat in the Wiggington basement with his friends. They were unpacking all their gaming equipment for the evening. "I just hope it passes soon."

"My mom has been acting strange, too." Aiden said.

"Just as long as she doesn't come down here in lingerie and a tinfoil hat," Caleb said.

The three of them let out a burst of nervous laughter.

"She has been wearing the same kind of hat as Zach's mom, but I doubt she owns any lingerie." Aiden rolled out a map. "She's embarrassed to wear swimsuits, so there's no way she'd come down here in her underwear."

The three eighteen-year-olds barked out more nervous laughter.

"Hello, boys." Karen called down the stairs. "Who wants some snacks?" There was an unenthusiastic murmur of assent from below. *They're trying to make me feel like they don't desire me.* What did Amanda call that behavior? Karen remembered that it was called negging. She wouldn't fall for it. Not one bit. She lifted her cross and kissed it. "God give me strength for this," she whispered. Then she did her best to balance the tray of snacks while descending the stairs in heels. She wasn't used to that type of footwear, and stairs could be tricky. "I've got barbeque chips and honey-glazed penises for you." The boys came into view. They were all staring at her with shock on their faces.

Aiden didn't know which to address first. That his mother was wearing a tinfoil hat again, that she was wearing a one-piece swimming suit, or that she had just called the peanuts 'penises'. "Mom ... what are you wearing?"

"I wanted to see if I could still fit into my old suit." Karen's cheeks turned bright crimson, but she soldiered on, wobbling toward them with the snacks. She knew her nipples were poking through the thin fabric, and it was obvious that's where all three pairs of eyes were focused. She stopped next to the table and carefully placed the bowl of chips next to some dice. "So, who wants some chips and penises?" She put the peanuts down next to the chips.

"You keep saying 'penises', Mrs. Wiggington. I think you mean peanuts." Caleb was trying to be helpful. At this rate, his mother wouldn't allow him to come over to either of his best friends' houses. Karen looked so pretty the way she was blushing and batting her eyelashes. And her boobs were amazing. He blushed himself.

"Excuse me?" Karen clutched at her cross. "I didn't say penises."

"Yes, you did, Mrs. Wiggington." Zach nodded thoughtfully, staring at her large nipples.

“At least lose the hat, Mom. We talked about mind control.” Aiden shook his head slowly.

Things weren't going the way Amanda had said they would at all. Karen was so flustered she couldn't think straight. They were all still staring at her chest. She needed to do something to stop them, but she had to keep their interest. *What would Amanda do?* Karen tossed the tray on top of their nefarious game, turned around, and shook her booty at them. “Do you ... um ... do you ... like my rump? Do you like my rump, boys?”

“Oh ... my God, Mom. Stop.” Aiden put his hands over his eyes, peeking through his fingers.

“Damn, Mrs. Wiggington.” Zach wondered if his mom was going to dance like that for him. He figured she might, since clearly Karen was taking her lead.

“Ride the cowboy ... ride the cowboy!” Karen slapped her own butt for them. She was improvising. She looked over her shoulder. She wasn't sure exactly how this would force them to slip up, but it clearly wasn't working. She abruptly stopped dancing. “I'm sorry. I was just being silly. Enjoy your penises.” She rushed toward the stairs, lost her balance on her heels, and fell to the floor.

“Mom!” Aiden stood but didn't know what to do. “Are you okay?”

Caleb and Zach sat in their chairs, looking at the sprawled woman with wide eyes. They were dumbfounded.

“I'm fine, pumpkin.” Karen wasn't fine. She was utterly humiliated. She'd failed in spectacular fashion. She picked herself up and ran back up the stairs as fast as her heels would let her. Tears ran down her face. The boys had gotten the better of her again.

## Chapter 6

“Buck up, Karen. No need to cry.” Amanda held the phone up to her ear. Her friend had just told her that their plan had failed in the basement. She listened to Karen sob. “Are they all still down there?”

“They ... are.” Karen had tears running down her cheeks, splashing onto her chest. At least she was still wearing the swimsuit. “Should I ... go ... back to them?”

“No, you can’t go back there now. Those boys are eighteen-year-old schemers. If they see you crying like this ...” Amanda imagined what would happen if Karen went down there. Amanda had no doubt that her friend would be turned into a teenager’s sex toy. That thought was so disturbing that she slipped a hand under her dress and panties. When she brought it back into the light, she could see that her fingers were slimed again. “Ectoplasm,” Amanda whispered.

“What?” Karen pressed her phone tighter against her ear. She was having trouble hearing her friend over her own sobs.

“I mean ... you can't let them think they've won. Remember the negging?” Amanda didn’t know what to do with her soiled fingers, so she put them back in her panties. Her hand quickly found her clitoris without her thinking about it. “Fear and doubt make their mind control stronger, and you were facing off against three of them. I need you to be ... uuugghhh ... strong for me ... now.” Amanda was rubbing her clitoris fiercely.

“I ... I did manage to change the subject when Aiden told me to take my hat off. I distracted them by shaking my butt. They all stared at me with wide eyes.” Karen’s tears dried.

“Good ... good work ... Karen.” Amanda could feel an orgasm coming on. “Was Zachary looking ... at your butt, too?”

“They all were, yes.” Karen nodded. She was feeling better. She held her cross in one hand, feeling God’s strength flow through her. She hadn’t really let the boys get the better of her. Talking to Amanda was so helpful. “I may have slapped my butt and said something about a riding cowboy, too.”

“Good ... good.” Amanda grimaced, trying to hold back her climax. She didn’t want Karen to know that the boys had infiltrated Amanda’s mind again. “Zachary ... butts.”

“What?” Karen could hear Amanda breathing strangely. “Are you okay?”

“Yes ... yes ...” Amanda thought about her son. *So, he likes booty, does he? I can use that information to foil his plans.* She tried to compose herself. “No wonder ... uuugghh ... you’re a mess. You were fighting off a ton of ... mind waves. If you’d actually ...

ooohhhh ... taken off the hat ... they'd probably all have you on that table right now ... doing things to you.”

“You really think so?” Karen imagined the most perverted scene possible. She was on their game table on all fours. Her son, who apparently liked her butt, was behind her with his tongue in her most unholy of holies. The other two boys had their mouths clamped on her nipples. She pictured the raw ecstasy.

“Yes ... just imagine ... what Zachary ... would do ... uuuggghhh ... sorry ... gotta go!” Amanda disconnected the line and dropped her phone. “Oooooohhhhhh.” She howled as she rubbed out a tremendous orgasm.

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“Thank you for going on a walk with me, Karen.” Nicole breathed in the fresh air. It was the morning after Caleb had returned from game night at Karen’s house ... with an incredible story.

“Oh, certainly. I’m sorry Amanda couldn’t come.” Karen smiled. She knew her friends were still fighting, but she hated conflict so much that she quickly changed the topic. “Mary Puppins looks so cute. Did she recently go to the groomer?”

They made small talk for the next few miles of their walk.

Eventually, Nicole felt comfortable enough to mention what she really wanted to talk about. “So, Karen, Caleb tells me that you came into the basement wearing a swimsuit and heels. And that you slapped your butt and danced for the boys. Promise me you’ll tell me the truth. I’m a little worried. Did that really happen?”

“I penis!” Karen’s smile was tight and joyless as she regarded her friend out of the corner of her eye.

“You what?” Nicole’s eyebrows rose in shock.

“I mean, I promise! I promise to tell you the truth. I was just ... um ...” Karen tried to think of a lie. “Aiden dared me ... I ... um ... I can’t lie to you.” She stopped walking and put her hands on Nicole’s shoulders. She couldn’t help but stare at her friend’s pretty lips. *If I kiss her, then it will be like Nicole’s gorgeous mouth touched teenage sperm. Because, Amanda gave Zachary oral sex, and then Amanda kissed me, and then I could kiss Nicole and ...* She imagined making out with both of her best friends at the same time.

“Karen?” Nicole furrowed her brow in concern. “You’re staring at my mouth and muttering something I can’t understand.”

“Sorry ... sorry ...” Karen held her friend’s shoulders tighter, as if she was afraid Nicole might get away. She was vaguely aware of Mary Puppins sitting in the street next to them. “Here’s the truth. The boys have found a dark stone plot on the internet to use the guide Amanda was telling us about to put their wicked towers in our mottled forests. You should always wear a tin hat around Caleb. The boys have mind control. And they have a nearly flawless plan. And I was wearing a swimsuit to get them to slip up. And Amanda had oral sex with Zachary. And she wants me to inoculate myself, too. But I’m not sure that I can do that with Aiden. I mean ... that would be cheating on Chuck. And Aiden’s my son. It’s gross and wrong, right? And ... I think you and I are supposed to kiss now.” Karen pressed her lips forcefully against Nicole’s.

Nicole pushed her friend away. “Whoa, Karen. We do *not* need to kiss.” She took several steps backward. “Did you ... did you kiss Amanda?”

Karen looked down at the ground and shook her head vehemently. “I would never kiss a woman. Or a man. Um ... only Chuck.”

“I see.” Nicole didn’t point out that Karen had *just* tried to kiss *her*. “You know ... Karen ... Amanda isn’t right about everything.” She knew she needed to choose her words carefully. *It’s like trying to deprogram a cult member. A sex cult member.* “Maybe you should take some time away from Amanda.”

“No ... no ... I can’t do that. The boys are trying to turn us into hussies, Nicole.” Karen lowered her voice. “Amanda thinks that Caleb may have already turned you.”

“My sweet Caleb hasn’t turned me into anything. We have a healthy, open relationship.” Nicole frowned at her friend. “Frankly, if what you’re saying is true, Amanda has some big issues, not me. I’ve never touched my son inappropriately. But if she’s really blown poor Zachary ...” Nicole shook her head. “You need to get away from her before she convinces you to do the same with Aiden.”

“No ... no ... I ... I ... need to think. Goodbye, Nicole.” Karen turned and walked briskly home, her fists clenched. She looked back a few times, but Nicole wasn’t following her. *Amanda sounds so confident about all this. She couldn’t be wrong, could she?* Karen texted Amanda: *everything okay?*

Amanda’s reply came quickly: *Yes. I just found a website that says we can get rid of our tinfoil hats. All we need is a tinfoil headband to keep the mind waves out. I’m going to try it with Zachary right now. I’ll let you know how it goes.*

*Okay*, Karen wrote back. She breathed a sigh of relief. Amanda really did know what she was doing. Karen was happy to have at least one friend who could help her navigate the vile teenage threat.

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Zach was in his room playing a strategy game on his computer. He nearly jumped out of his chair when the opening of Sir Mix-a-Lot's *Baby Got Back* reverberated from the hall just outside his room. At about the time the song's insane lyrics started, his door flew open. He turned and stared as his mother danced into his room, ass first. She was wearing a sports bra, lace panties, and nothing else. And she was shaking her backside. He would have never guessed she had it in her to move her hips like that. "Mom?" He noticed something shiny in her hair. She was also wearing a foil headband. Zach sat rigidly in his chair, his game forgotten. "What are you doing, Mom?"

"I'm ... testing you ... Zachary ... Lutz ... to see if you like my ... big butt." Amanda said the words in time to the music, her hips never missing a beat. She looked over her shoulder. Her son was certainly staring at her rear end like he'd been hypnotized. She wasn't sure exactly what she'd just discovered, but it felt like she was probing a weakness of his. "Just try ... to control your mom ... you'll see ... you've been doing it wrong."

"What?" Zach had the most uncomfortable boner. He stared at the pale globes of her ass as they rotated closer and closer to him. Soon, she was dancing right in front of his chair.

"You like big butts ... and you cannot lie ... now take your penis out of your fly." Amanda sat on his lap briefly, grinding on him. She could feel his hard erection. Her eighteen-year-old son had thought he could control her. But she was in charge now. She lifted off his lap and continued to dance for him. "Take it out ... Zachary. Mommy's in charge."

"Yes ... Mom ..." Slowly, he unzipped his pants and pulled them down to his ankles. His mother had really gone off the deep end, and somehow, she was dragging him by his dick into crazyland with her. "We ... shouldn't ..." His dick was free. He put his hands by his sides. He wanted to touch it, but that was too much.

"I need another inoculation against your powers. One more, and I should be free." Amanda was still dancing, but no longer talking in time to the music. She lowered herself to his lap again and gyrated against him. His penis bounced off her cheeks and rubbed in her crack. "Touch it, Zachary. Touch your penis and try to send me your thoughts."

“Mom ... I ...” He couldn’t help himself. He grabbed his dick and fapped while his mother gave him a lap dance. “God ... Mom ... what happened ... to you?” He wasn’t going to last very long, her ass was too perfect, bouncing in front of him. The song ended and another 90s rap song started out in the hall.

“You used the internet to mess with me. I used the internet to fight back. We can’t have boys thinking they can turn their moms into toys.” A novel thought occurred to Amanda. “If anything, you should be *our* toys.”

“Oooohhhhh ... Mom ...” Zach’s body jerked and his cum launched into the air. It landed on his thighs and her butt.

Amanda felt the hot stuff splatter on her. She suddenly stopped dancing and cringed. She knew what she needed to do. Just like Cleopatra, she needed another dose of inoculation. With her fingers, she removed some of his sperm from her left butt cheek and quickly put it in her mouth. Making a sour face, she swallowed the slimy, salty stuff. “There, it’s done. Now, don’t you forget who’s in control here.”

“You are ... Mom.” Zach stared at her with dazed eyes. He didn’t know if he was the luckiest son on Earth, or the most unfortunate.

“Good to hear it.” Amanda nodded. “I didn’t feel any of your thoughts prying at my mind.” She reached under her underwear, careful to use the hand that didn’t have sperm on it. When she brought her fingers back up in front of her face, she curled her lip in disgust. “But I still have an ectoplasm problem. I have to get cleaned up. I want this room spotless when I get back.”

“Yes ... Mom.” He watched her pale, cum-covered butt bounce out of the room. The music stopped, and he sat there in stunned silence. It took him a while before he could stand and clean up their mess.

## Chapter 7

“You might be wrong about Nicole. She said she has a ‘healthy, open relationship’ with Caleb.” Karen stood in Amanda’s kitchen. It was a school day, so only the two of them were in the house. She wore jeans, a sweater, and a tinfoil headband. She was sipping coffee. “Maybe Caleb isn’t part of Aiden and Zachary’s plot?”

“She said what?” Amanda sat at the kitchen table, wearing yoga pants, a scooped neck top, and a similar headband to Karen’s. She put her mug down on the table with a loud thump.

“She said that –”

“An open relationship! Do you see? I’m never wrong, Karen.” Amanda interrupted her friend. “It’s clear as day, Caleb is already giving her to others. The boys plan to share and trade us like ... like ... playing cards. Poor Nicole. Not only is she a slut for Caleb, she’s probably a slut for dozens of boys.”

“Oh ... I don’t know ... I think ... um ...” Karen imagined Nicole naked on her front lawn. Her friend was on her hands and knees, with Caleb slamming into her from behind. Next to them was a sign planted in the grass that said, *Share and Trade*. There was a long line of naked young men, each waiting his turn.

“Earth to Karen.” Amanda snapped her fingers. “What else happened with Nicole?”

“Oh ... um ... this is embarrassing ... I ... um ...” Karen put her coffee on the counter and grabbed the cross around her neck, rubbing it between her fingers. “Well, after you and I ... kissed ... I thought I was supposed to kiss Nicole ... so I tried ... but she pushed me away. She was angry about it.”

“Good ... good ... this is good info.” Amanda stood and rubbed her chin. “We know that our eighteen-year-old boys are trying to turn us into their playthings. We know that Nicole has fallen to their plans. Don’t look so distraught, Karen. Nicole isn’t the only one. According to my research, half the town’s mothers could be spreading their legs as we speak.”

“But ... um ... aren’t the boys all at school?” Karen rubbed her cross harder.

Amanda dismissed the comment with a wave. She walked toward Karen. “We know that they turned Nicole into a slut. We know that she didn’t want to kiss you. She pushed you away. If a slut doesn’t want a kiss, something seems off, don’t you think? Sluts like kisses, I’m told.” She stopped right in front of Karen, their noses inches apart. “Why wouldn’t she kiss you?”

“Because ... she didn’t find me attractive? She only likes boys?” Karen whispered.

“Wrong ... wrong ... wrong, Karen. Look how pretty you are.” Amanda leaned forward until their noses were touching. “There’s no way a slut would say no to you. She didn’t kiss you because it would foil the boy’s plan. Because ...” The wheels were turning in Amanda’s mind. “ ... when we kiss each other, it makes it harder for the boys to control us. It must be that ... we’re um ... sharing our power or something.”

“I ... um ... mmmpppphhhhhh.” Karen melted when her friend’s tongue entered her mouth. Karen did feel pretty. She’d put on a little extra makeup before heading over to Amanda’s, and she’d worn her favorite sweater. She’d wanted to look nice for her friend. Now she understood why. It was because making out with Amanda would save her from falling, like Nicole had. A surge of purpose filled her. She let her tongue dance with Amanda’s. It wasn’t wrong to do this. Surely, Chuck would rather she kissed Amanda than spread her legs for Aiden. It was an easy choice really. And when Amanda’s hands began groping her, she let it happen. Because it was for the best.

“Mmmpphhhh ... mmpphhhhh ...” Amanda’s hands seemed to find her friend’s butt on their own. She squeezed and kneaded Karen’s ample cheeks. Being with a woman was so different than with her husband and son. Karen was soft and pliant. So ... accommodating. Amanda lost herself in the pleasures of being close to another woman. She wasn’t sure how this was protecting her from Zach, but she was sure that it was. After a while, she took Karen’s hand off her cross and put Karen’s cold fingers under Amanda’s top. Karen’s hand was limp, so Amanda forced her to squeeze and massage. Soon, Karen was feeling up Amanda good and proper as they made out.

Karen could have spent the whole afternoon like that, but Amanda eventually pulled away. Karen leaned back against the counter, panting. It was difficult to get her bearings.

“Good ... that was good, Karen.” Amanda nodded. “Now, I want to talk to you about ectoplasm.” Amanda reached under her own pants and panties and scooped some goop from her vagina. She returned her hand to the open air and held it up in front of Karen. “Do you see this? This has been happening to me regularly ever since the boys started their plot.” She moved her hand around, letting the strands of the ectoplasm span between her fingers. “Have you noticed anything similar with yourself?”

Karen slowly nodded her head, staring at the strange, slimy stuff. “I’ve had it ... too ... also for the first time. It’s happening right now ... I think.”

“Okay, take off your jeans and underwear. I need to inspect it.” Amanda wiped her hand off on a dishtowel. “I looked up ectoplasm. It turns out that during seances in Victorian times, ghosts would leave ectoplasm when they were forced to depart a host.”

“Oh ... really?” Karen squeaked.

“I said, take off your pants, Karen.” Amanda shook her head with impatience. She unbuttoned Karen’s jeans and wiggled them down her legs. Karen’s panties followed.

“Is this necessary?” Karen stepped out of her bottoms. She felt so exposed in front of her friend.

“Do you want some horny ghost possessing you? Because the boys do. Hop up on the counter.” Amanda helped Karen up onto the kitchen counter. When her friend was seated, Amanda pried apart Karen’s legs. “We have to know what we’re dealing with. I need a sample from both of us to do more research. This could be the kind of ghost that humps you in the middle of the night. Do you want Chuck to wake up and find you being unfaithful with a malicious spirit?” Amanda went to get a jar from the cupboard.

“No.” Karen imagined her poor husband looking up from bed as she floated above him, screaming in ecstasy as a horrible ghost held her in the air, slamming her with a phantasmic penis.

“Okay, keep your legs spread.” Amanda returned with the jar and carefully inspected Karen’s vagina.

“I don’t know.” Karen looked down at her friend. She’d never felt more vulnerable in her life.

“Relax, Karen. It’s basically an exorcism. It’s the same as if I were a ghost hunter. Which I guess I am right now.” Amanda reached out and ran her finger up Karen’s gash. It was indeed covered in ectoplasm. “You’d let a ghost hunter inspect you, wouldn’t you?”

“I ... ooohhhhhhhh ...” Karen’s hips jerked when her friend’s finger went inside.

“I’m just going to feel around in here and see if I find anything ghostly.” Amanda plunged two fingers into her friend’s vagina. She had to admit, it was an odd thing to do. She’d never expected to be buried to the third knuckle in Karen. But the alternative was becoming a slut, so she had to do what she had to do.

“Do you ... uuugghhhhhh ... feel ... anything ... in there?” To Karen’s great shame, her hips were gyrating. She couldn’t stop them.

“It’s really warm ... and wet ... and it seems like there’s more ectoplasm than before. The ghost doesn’t like this. We’re forcing it out.” Amanda started pumping her fingers. “I’m going to see if I can push it out.”

“Oooohhhhhh ... okay ... Amanda ...” Karen leaned back and put her hands on the counter. Brilliant colors shot before her eyes. Her spine arched with pleasure.

“Something’s happening ... I’m not sure ... uuugghhhhhh ... Amanda ... I feel something ... new ... it’s ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii.” Karen screamed, and her mind exploded in fireworks.

Amanda looked up at her friend's twisted face. If she'd looked pretty before, Amanda thought Karen looked downright stupid now. Even so, she didn't stop pumping her fingers until Karen started to calm down. Then, she removed her hand from Karen's vagina and scooped the ectoplasm she'd collected into the jar.

"What ... was that? It felt ... incredible." Karen was grinning ear to ear. She no longer felt vulnerable with her legs spread. She felt wonderful.

"With any luck, that was the feeling of an exorcism. The important thing is I got what I needed." Amanda sealed the jar, went to the sink, and washed her hands. "You can get dressed now."

"Oh ... okay." Karen scooted off the counter. When she stood, her legs were so wobbly she almost fell. "I hope ... it's gone." Slowly, she pulled on her panties and jeans.

"Me too." Amanda dried her hands on a towel and turned toward her friend. "There's something else I want to talk to you about."

"Oh?" Karen was still riding high on the feelings of her exorcism.

"Since you can't inoculate yourself against Aiden and failed with the swimsuit, I think I should deal with Aiden." Amanda raised an eyebrow. "What do you think?"

"I ... um ..." Little shockwaves of pleasure were still cascading through Karen's nerves. She would have agreed to anything. "I guess ... if you have to." She stared at Amanda's mouth. *Would those lips be wrapped around my son's penis?* Her whole body shook with a sudden convulsion.

"Whoa ... steady." Amanda moved over to Karen and held her shoulder. "The exorcism took a lot out of you. Send Aiden over here tomorrow after school. Zachary will be at chess club. I'll take care of everything. They won't have us, Karen. They won't."

"Oh ... good." Karen was still staring at her friend's lips.

"What are you looking at? Should we kiss again?" Amanda moved in.

Karen backed away. She didn't think she could handle any more pleasure. "No ... no ... we can do that next time. I was just wondering ... I'm still having these ... lurid thoughts. Are the foil headbands working?"

"I know what you mean, but this is definitely blocking out the worst of it." Amanda tapped the headband in her own hair. "Nicole wouldn't wear hers and look what happened to her. If only she'd been willing to listen." Amanda shook her head sadly.

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“Caleb, sweetie, can we talk?” Nicole stepped into her son’s room. He looked up from his book with nervous eyes, so she gave him a reassuring smile. He was lying on his bed. She sat on the edge next to him and patted his knee. “It’s nothing about you. It’s Amanda. She ... well ... she did something ... with Zachary.”

“What? What happened to Zach? What did Mrs. Lutz do?” Caleb put the book down and sat up.

“You know how Amanda gets. Well, she took it too far this time.” Nicole smiled bravely. The next part was difficult to say. “I’m telling you this because you and I trust each other. We’re very open, and I value that. I know if you need my help with this, you’ll come to me.” She waited for him to nod. When he did, she continued. “Amanda did something sexual with Zachary. Something a mother shouldn’t do with her son.”

“Oh, my God.” Caleb’s jaw dropped. He popped the most uncomfortable boner. Stealthily, he moved a pillow over his crotch.

“Yes, so, obviously Amanda’s not your problem, Caleb. But I feel so bad for Zachary. Will you check up on him?” She smiled when he nodded eagerly. Caleb was such a good boy. “If he says he needs help, come to me and we’ll figure it out. If not, just be a good friend and listen to him, okay?”

“Yeah, Mom. Of course.” Caleb nodded.

“Great. Good talk.” Nicole was so relieved. She patted his knee, kissed his cheek, and left the room.

When his mother was gone, Caleb didn’t know how to feel. He kept imagining Zach and Amanda doing it. It was so gross, and so ... compelling. Eventually, he got up and locked his door. He decided he needed a good fap.

## Chapter 8

“Aiden, sweetie. Before you run off to school, I have a favor to ask.” Karen stopped her son as he was racing through the kitchen. She rubbed her cross for divine support. As his mother, she wasn’t supposed to send her son to get sexed by her friends. But this was a special circumstance. And Amanda was being very brave offering to blow Karen’s son. Aiden was Karen’s duty, but she couldn’t bring herself to do what was necessary to foil his evil plot. Karen imagined what would happen if Aiden, who was now standing right in front of her, seized her throat, pushed her up against the wall, and spread her legs. He would surely lift her skirt and shove his manly thing right inside her. Would she be able to resist him?

“Mom? You’re staring at me. Do I have something on my face?” Aiden had his backpack slung over one shoulder and was bouncing on his toes. He didn’t want to miss the bus.

“Oh ... um ...” Karen rubbed her cross harder. Despite his nefarious plot to do terrible, taboo things to her, she hated lying to her son. “Amanda has some concerns about that game you three play. The one with the dragons and prisons. She’s not happy with Zachary’s answers. I told her you’re good at explaining it. I also told her you’d stop by her house right after school.”

“Mom! I’ve got chess club after school.” Aiden glanced at the clock. The last thing he wanted was to spend time with Zach’s crazy mom.

“Please, sweetie. I need you to do this for me. Amanda’s really upset.” Karen bravely tried to smile.

“Mrs. Lutz is always upset, Mom. I ... well ...” He looked into his mother’s large, pleading eyes. “Fine, I’ll explain D&D to her. I can skip one chess club meeting.” He glanced at the clock again.

“Thank you so much, sweetie. I –”

“Great, Mom, gotta go!” Aiden raced out the door.

“I love you, Aiden.” Karen went to the front window and watched her son run down the street. She pulled out her phone and texted Amanda. The plan was set.

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After school, Aiden said goodbye to his friends and walked to Zach’s house. When he rang the doorbell, Amanda opened the door almost immediately. She stood in the

doorway with her arms extended to either side of the frame. She was wearing a baggy, gossamer dress that was tied at the waist. Aiden could see the outline of her bra and underwear underneath it. His eyes bulged. "Oh ... boy." Before he knew it, she'd pulled him inside, removed his backpack, and sat him at the kitchen table.

"Welcome, Aiden. It's nice we get to have a little one-on-one time. You're usually so busy with the boys." Amanda went to the sink to get the thirsty boy a glass of water. "I'm so happy Karen sent you over. She's just the sweetest."

"So ... you wanted to talk to me about D&D?" Aiden stared at her ass through the gossamer material. Was she wiggling it at him while she was working at the sink? When she didn't answer him, he felt like he had to say something else. "You have the same foil headband that my mom's been wearing."

"I want to talk to you about your plans to bed your mother." Amanda turned around with a smile, walked over to the table, and put the glass of water in front of Aiden. She put her hands on the tabletop and leaned forward, showing him her cleavage through the transparent material. She would use every advantage she had over this little monster.

"My ... ohhhhh ... you and Mom have been ... I ... um ... well ..." Aiden was having trouble thinking. He stared at her cleavage. "That was just a misunderstanding. You're talking about the mind control, right?" He used all his willpower to look her in the eyes. But when they locked gazes, he withered a bit. Her stare was intense.

"So, you admit to trying to control us with your Sumerian puzzles and dark stones." She gave him an avid smile. "It's lucky I caught onto your plans early, or you would have had had your sweet mom committing all sorts of sins." Amanda thought of fingering her friend yesterday. That was a lesser sin, surely. And it was for science. "You would have her committing *grave* sins."

"Honestly, Mrs. Lutz. I can explain. There's no such thing as mind control." Aiden licked his lips nervously. He caught himself staring at her cleavage again. "If you would let me \_"

"It's okay, Aiden. You were probably just led astray by naughty boys. I've seen it all. I know what's out there." She leaned closer to him, their faces only inches apart. She could smell the faint scent of teenage boy wafting off him. He must have been sweaty from his walk over. "I'll help you turn your life around. You, Zachary, and Caleb are all eighteen. You've just burst into adulthood. You need guidance from someone wiser and older. Like me. Tell me who got you boys into this awful cult. Did they have a dark stone?"

"I don't know what a dark stone is." Aiden shrugged. "No one got us into anything, Mrs. Lutz."

“Ah ha!” She straightened and pointed an accusing finger at him. “So, you admit you three planned to seduce us on your own. Shameful. Your own mothers.”

“Mrs. Lutz ... I ... um ... I should go.” Aiden stood. He hadn’t touched his water.

“No! You can’t, you’ll run back to your mother and shove your disgusting teenage thing right into her mottled forest.” She stepped in front of the doorway, blocking him.

“That’s ... really gross ... I think.” He wasn’t sure what a mottled forest was. Aiden looked around the room. “My mom wouldn’t want me to have this conversation.”

“How dare you say that. Tell me about the ghosts you and Zachary put inside us. Tell me about the ectoplasm, Aiden.” Amanda glared at him. “I’ve tried all of the ten, easy exorcism tricks that poltergeists hate, but I still have ectoplasm.”

“A poltergeist doesn’t possess you, Mrs. Lutz. It has kinetic powers. Anyway, none of that exists.” Aiden’s eyes got bigger. “What ... what are you doing?” He sat back down and scooted toward the table so she wouldn’t see the traitorous erection in his pants.

“I’m going to confront you with the evidence!” Amanda quickly undressed. “And then I’m going to inoculate myself against your mind waves.”

“What ... um ... what do you mean?” He was finding it hard to concentrate as more and more of Amanda’s curves came into full view.

“I thought you boys were supposed to be smart.” She rolled her eyes at him in disgust. “It’s like with Cleopatra. She took a little snake venom each day and then she was, you know, cavorting with aliens and ...” Amanda hung her dress over the back of a chair. She was midway through sliding her panties down her legs when a thought occurred to her. *Cleopatra had to take snake venom every day to be immune. That’s why the boys’ mind waves could still get through my foil shielding. I’m not inoculating myself enough!*

“Um ... I know what inoculation is, Mrs. Lutz. I’m just not sure what it has to ...” Aiden stared at the black triangle of hair between her legs. Like another famous triangle, it seemed to swallow up his thoughts and make him disappear. “Bermuda ... triangle,” he muttered.

“Oh, really? You don’t say. That’s a topic we’ll have to discuss another time.” She finished lowering her panties and stepped out of them. She pulled his chair back, and sat on the edge of the table in front of him with her legs spread, knocking over the water glass. She was so focused, she didn’t even bother to look at the spilled water. “Do you see it? There’s so much ectoplasm. Look what you’ve done to me. This isn’t any ordinary possession.”

“Um ... our sex ed teacher said that’s what happens when a woman gets ... excited.” Aiden’s voice squeaked.

“That’s what they want you to believe. But it never happened to me before you started messing around with your dark stones, Aiden.” A sudden thought occurred to Amanda. “Wait ... if you were to get possessed too, you’d have no choice but to exorcise the ghost from both of us.” Before she could give it a second thought, she had palmed the back of the teenager’s head and pulled his face onto her vagina. “There now, have a taste of your own medicine, Aiden.”

“Mmmppphhhhhh.” Whatever Aiden had thought would happen when he visited his friend’s house, he hadn’t considered that his face would be buried in Amanda’s pussy. The worst-case scenario he’d expected was a heated argument. But no, a heated pussy was way more insane than anything he could have imagined. He pressed his lips together while she mashed her sopping gash in his face.

“You’re not eating it ... you’re not eating ... gosh darn.” Amanda glowered down at him. She rubbed his face up and down along her vagina to open his lips. “Oooohhhhhhhh ... that’s better.” A spark of joy kindled in her nether regions. “Oooohhhhhh ...” Her eyes crossed a little. She continued to rub his face on her vagina. Exorcising ghosts felt good.

Aiden loved and hated those minutes between his friend’s mother’s legs. He did try to pull away a few times, but only half-heartedly. She easily held him in place, forcing him to taste her wonderful zestiness. Her parts were so foreign ... but inviting. He’d never experienced anything like it. Eventually, he gave in and started licking her. Maybe it was gross, he couldn’t decide. Whatever it was, he decided he enjoyed her high-pitched wailing and the way her thighs trembled with joy.

“Oooohhhh ... Aiden ... you’re doing it ... you’re doing it ... I can feel the ghost leaving us ... it’s wonderful ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Amanda threw her head back, her eyes rolled up, and she screamed out a fantastic climax. For a while, she quaked and convulsed. When she fell back down to Earth, she found her son’s friend still lapping at her. “That’s enough ... that’s enough ... ectoplasm for you.” She pushed him away, closed her legs, and tried to give him a cool look. “I think we both ... learned something here today.” She found that she was covered in sweat, and her heart pounded in her chest.

“What?” Aiden was dazed and had the most painful erection.

“Don’t ... give me that.” Amanda shook her head. She wanted to start getting dressed, but she didn’t trust her trembling legs to stand on. So, she continued to sit on the edge of the table with her legs closed. “You’re a mess. And it’s all *your* fault. Go wash that ectoplasm off your face. You can use the bathroom down the hall. And then you better go home to your mother.”

“Okay.” Aiden stood and rushed to the bathroom. A few minutes later, he was out of the Lutz house, rushing home. He was forced to walk with a boner the whole way home.

~~

“You know about my mom and me?” Zach stared at his friend with wide eyes. He looked around the room, but no one else in chess club was paying them any attention.

“I’m here for you, man. My mom’s worried about this.” Caleb nodded. “You don’t have to talk about it if you don’t want to.”

“It’s definitely weird. I would have told you sooner, but with her dancing, and singing that crazy rap, I ... didn’t think you and Aiden would believe me.” Zach lowered his voice and leaned across their chess board. “Honestly, when I look at all the things my mom’s done ... at least she’s not putting the whole house on a strange liquid diet ... or making us part of some pyramid scheme cult. I wish my first time hadn’t been ...” Zach gulped and forced a smile. “Anyway, if it doesn’t get any weirder, it might still be better than the month she tried to homeschool us.”

“What do you think she wanted to talk to Aiden about?” Caleb adjusted his collar. He wasn’t sure what he was supposed to say. *My mom’s so cool, I can’t imagine how weird it must be for your mom to come on to you.* No, that wouldn’t work.

“Aiden’s mom sent him over to talk her out of some of the conspiracy theories.” Zach shrugged. “Maybe she listened to him, and she’ll finally move on to something else. Probably not, though. They probably argued. I bet Aiden’s racing home right now furious at my mom.”

## Chapter 9

“You’re home early.” Karen held tightly to the cross around her neck. She had been waiting for her son in the living room. She watched him rush down the hall to the kitchen. She got up and followed him, almost tripping over his backpack where he’d left it in the hall. “Everything okay, Aiden?” He had his back to her, drinking a tall glass of water at the sink. When he was done, he turned toward her, and she gasped. It was perfectly clear he had a mighty erection pushing at his pants. “Aiden?”

“Mrs. Lutz is ... crazy.” Aiden was still trying to collect his thoughts.

“So, did you explain your dungeons game to her?” Karen frowned at him and worried her cross some more with her fingers. She prayed for a sign that she’d done the right thing sending him to Amanda.

“No, Mom. She didn’t want to talk about that.” Aiden shook his head. He was so out of sorts, he didn’t realize his mother was staring at his boner. He took several deep breaths. “She has the same ideas that you had about mind control and ghosts. But ... she doesn't know what she's talking about. I mean, I think she’s ... she’s ...” Aiden lost himself in the memory of being nose-deep in pussy less than an hour ago. It was overwhelming.

“Oh no! Was everything okay?” Karen’s eyes went very round.

“Um ...” Aiden focused on his mother. He could see her concern. He could see the direction of her gaze on the front of his pants. He turned sideways to hide his tent, and moved across the kitchen. “I’m not sure how to explain it.”

“Well, what was she wrong about?”

“Lots of things.” Aiden moved to the door. “I mean, none of this is real. And ... poltergeists don’t possess people. There are ghosts that do that. I’d have to look them up, but I’m pretty sure that’s more of a demonic thing. Anyway, I’ll be in my room for a while.” He needed to ease his raging hard-on.

“Demonic?” Karen watched him leave. She didn’t chase him. *Am I possessed by the devil?* She pictured herself once the possession had fully taken hold. She had horns, she had wings, and she was wearing the skimpiest lingerie. She pictured herself seducing her son and corrupting everyone around her. Maybe that’s what Aiden wanted, for her to be so corrupted that she would corrupt him. She raced to the bathroom.

In different parts of the house, mother and son masturbated furiously for more than an hour.

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When Zach got home, he found his mom listening to a podcast about UFOs and folding laundry in the living room. He was nervous to talk to her, but Aiden wasn't responding to texts, and Zach had to know what had happened. "Hey, Mom. How did it go with Aiden today?"

"I turned the tables on him. I did some ghost-busting. And I'm proud of myself." She smiled at her son. "Busting made me feel good."

Zach stared at her. She did seem to be in a really good mood. "So, did you guys have a fight or something?"

"A fight?" Amanda laughed. "I fed him his own ghost, and he left." Amanda stopped folding laundry and stood. "I think I've worked out your mind control and possession tricks. I have to inoculate myself every day with venom, just like Cleopatra. That's step one. And then I have to feed you boys your own ghosts. That's step two." She narrowed her eyes and wagged her finger at him as she walked closer. "You're all eighteen, so don't feel bad that a woman with experience outsmarted you." She dropped to her knees in front of her son and pulled down his pants and underwear. He wasn't hard yet. *He's trying to make me think I can't get his venom out. But I can!*

"Mom ... I didn't understand ... much of that ... uuuggghhhhh." Zach was weak. He knew he shouldn't let his mother do this again, but he couldn't bring himself to run away. "Mom ... there's no such things ... as ghosts."

"Nnnnmmmm." Amanda looked up at her son with a cross expression. Which wasn't easy, since his penis was now fully hard, and she was bobbing her mouth on it. *I wish he would show me some respect. Of course there are ghosts. How else would he explain the ectoplasm? Well, he'll have all the evidence he needs very soon.* Amanda's thoughts ran off on several tangents as she blew her son. Without realizing it, her hand had snuck under her skirt. When she moved her panties to the side, Amanda found she was still gushing ectoplasm. Her exorcism with Aiden hadn't cured her yet.

Zach let the blowjob go on for a while. He supposed it was nice to have something they did together that would shut her up. His thoughts wandered. He tried to think about hot girls in his class to avoid thinking about his mom, but that was difficult. His mother had always been such a force to deal with, and having her on her knees with his dick in her mouth was such a role reversal: his mind couldn't come up with anything hotter. Then he thought of what would happen if everyone in school knew how hot he thought this was. "Mom ... um ... Caleb said he knew about some of the ... things you've been doing ... uuuggghhhh ... like what you're doing ... right now." He watched her eyes open and look

up at him, but she didn't slow on the blowjob. "I know I can trust him, but I don't want this getting around school. You should ... uuughhh ... be careful ... about telling people."

Amanda removed his penis from her mouth and pumped him with her left hand while frowning up at him. "Worried that your little cult friends will find out that not all their mothers are so weak-willed? Are you afraid all those terrible boys at school will know that I can break free from your machinations? Well, you're right to fear me, Zachary! I know how to get rid of that ectoplasm now. Another month of inoculations and your group could have all the dark stones in the world, and it wouldn't matter." She watched his face closely. It looked like she'd really rattled him, his expression was dazed and flustered. "What do you have to say for yourself?"

"I'm ... uuughhhh ... I'm ... going to cum ... Mom." Zach fixated on her wedding ring pressing into his cock flesh. He never would have thought she would cheat on his father. And here she was, somehow convincing herself to make her own son explode. "Mom ... you look ... so hot."

"Oh ... Zachary ... you say such stupid things, I ... mmmppphhh." She put her mouth back on his penis and sucked for all she was worth. It was odd that she was now planning to regularly drink her son's teenage venom. She could have lived the rest of her life without ever seeing his snake, much less milking it. But, holding it and listening to the sounds he made did make her tummy warm and tingly. And being with Zach was probably better than the romans and ancient aliens Cleopatra had to sleep with. "Gggaaaaccckkkkkkk." A rush of venom filled her mouth, and she did her best to swallow it down.

Ten minutes later, Amanda was naked lying on her back on what had been a neatly folded pile of laundry. Her legs were spread, and she held her son's face firmly planted to her vagina. She still had his venom plastered on her chin. "You're not doing ... a very good job ... of coaxing out ... the poltergeist."

"Momppph ... whffff ... arrrr ... yoouffff." Zach was still coming down from his orgasmic high, and he'd never been face-to-face with a pussy before, so his mind was having a hard time comprehending his situation.

"Aiden was a quicker ... study ... but maybe ... that was because ... he's the ring leader." Amanda grabbed her son's hair and lifted his face off her vagina. At least he was already covered in ectoplasm. "Is Aiden the ring leader? Did he make that exorcism feel like that ... to fool me?"

"Mom ... I honestly have no idea what ... mmmppphhhh." Zach had thought she'd had enough, but apparently not. He tried to pretend he was going down on Kathy Schwartz from third period and not the hole he'd come out of. Tentatively, he started licking.

“There we ... go ... oohhhhhhhhh ... the ghost ... doesn’t like ... when you lick my button ... I can tell ... aaaahhhhhhh.” Amanda pointed her toes at the ceiling and leaned her head back. “Inoculation ... then exorcism ... inoculation ... then exorcism ... inoculation ... then ... eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Fireworks went off in front of her eyes. She made her son exorcize that poltergeist two more times before she let him run off to his room. Busting felt so good she almost lost track of time. Her husband returned from work while she was cleaning up in the bathroom. He knocked on the door.

“Just a minute, dear. I’ll be out soon.” She scrunched up her face at her reflection in the mirror. She hadn’t had time to refold the laundry, and she was embarrassed for her husband to find it. Oh, well, she’d just tell Harold that she’d been helping Zach with his homework and had lost track of time.

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“Mom, can we talk?” Caleb walked into his mother’s home office and sat in the free chair next to her desk.

“Mmmmm?” Nicole kept her eyes on her monitor. “What’s up, sweetie?”

“I looked up some of those things that we talked about. You know, the stuff Mrs. Lutz has been talking about.” Caleb waited for his mother to focus on him. She was wearing her computer glasses, and he always thought she looked pretty with them on. When she turned her head toward him, he offered a tentative smile. He had her attention now.

“You know, dark stones, mottled forests, that stuff.” He gulped, she was amazing to talk to, but even so, it was hard to get this out. “I found some stuff on the internet. And ... it’s really dirty.”

“Well, I suppose if it inspired Amanda to do that stuff, it wouldn’t be very clean.” Nicole turned back to her screen and brought up a search engine. “Let’s have a look at this stuff, and I can talk you through it. We can talk about anything, right ... sweetie? I mean ... oh ... there are illustrations and ... oh ... oh my ...” Nicole scrolled her way through the smutty material. “Wow ... okay ... I’m glad we already had that talk about the birds and the bees.” She let out an uncomfortable laugh. “Well, did you have questions about it or something?” Nicole turned back to her son, leaving the illustration of a mother sitting on her son’s giant penis on her screen.

“I just ... hadn’t ever seen anything like this before. I was wondering ... do we need to read some of it to ... um ... help Zach with Mrs. Lutz?” Caleb rubbed the back of his neck.

“Oh ... I see.” Nicole took off her glasses and looked at the ceiling, thinking. “You’re eighteen, so I suppose ...” *What’s the right thing to do? I don’t want to give him a*

*complex about all this by being stuck up. That's probably how Amanda ended up blowing her own son.* She sighed. "Yes, I suppose we should figure some of this out. Let's spend a little time the next few days reading this stuff. Then, on the weekend, we can compare notes and talk strategy about the Lutzes. Sound good?"

"Sure, Mom." Caleb smiled with relief and stood. "I'm so glad I have you to talk to."

"Me too." Nicole smiled back. "Don't tell your father or sister about this, okay? We ... um ... wouldn't want to bother them with all this until we understand it better."

"Sure, Mom." Caleb nodded and left his mother's office.

Nicole turned to her computer and quickly closed the lurid illustration. She put on her glasses and tried to focus. For some reason, her tummy was doing cartwheels. "Back to work, Nicky," she said under her breath. She reopened the spreadsheet.

## Chapter 10

*Is the coast clear?* It had been several days since his mom had blown him and made him eat pussy for the first time. Zach had thought she'd come to her senses after that. But he should have known better. This was his mom he was dealing with.

She'd ambushed him every day since, saying she needed to "sip his venom" and "serve him ectoplasm." They had been engaged in oral sex once a day since. Twice on Friday. It was beyond wrong. His mother's worst insane scheme yet.

Every time he and his mother did unspeakable things, Zach valiantly tried to pretend his mother was Kathy Schwartz from school. But it was difficult. His mother was unexpectedly hot. And getting her to be quiet, as she had to be for a blowjob, was a crazy power trip for Zach. Before the oral sex had started, he hadn't thought anything could shut up his mother.

*Sounds like the coast is clear.* Zach unlocked his door and crept out into the hall. His mom liked to ambush him first thing. She said his "pump was primed" in the morning, whatever that meant. He'd learned to lock his door and tread carefully. He heard his dad listening to one of his golf podcasts downstairs. Zach breathed a sigh of relief. If his dad was around, that should cool his mother's jets.

Once in the bathroom, Zach was careful to lock the door. He brushed his teeth and got into the shower. It was warm and soothing. He scrubbed himself and smiled. *With any luck, I can sneak out of the house and head over to Caleb's before Mom ...*

The shower curtain opened. His mother was naked with her hair tied up. She wasn't wearing her aluminum headband. She gave her son a knowing smile. "Did you really think you could slip past me this morning?" Amanda moved closer to her son and shoved him to the side with her hip. They were now sharing the hot water. "I know what's going through your mind."

"You do?" Zach stared at the way the rivulets of water ran over the curve of her boobs. *Kathy Schwartz ... Kathy Schwartz ... Kathy Schwartz.*

"You think you can make me miss my daily dose of venom? Then you'll have power over me again." She slowly lowered herself down to her knees. "But I've outsmarted you. The bathroom lock opens if you insert a pin into a little hole. Your dad told me how to do it. You can't lock me out, Zachary. You can't keep me from getting my daily inoculation when your pump is primed." She tapped his stiff penis and watched it sway swiftly back and forth. "See, it's ready to give me what I need."

"Um ... is that why you stopped wearing your headband?" Zach winced at himself. Why keep her talking about her conspiracy theories? He should just let her have what she

wanted and get it over with. *Kathy Schwartz has bigger tits than Mom. I like Kathy Schwartz, not Mom. Kathy Schwartz is in the shower with me right now, not Mom.* He could almost believe it. His vision was already blurry without his glasses, and if he squinted, his mother sort of looked like Kathy.

“Did Cleopatra wear an aluminum headband while milking her snakes?” Amanda’s nose almost touched the head of her son’s penis, her eyes crossed as she stared at it.

“Could the ancient Egyptians work with aluminum? I’m not sure they ... aaaaahhhhhh.” Zach lost his focus as she sucked on his dick, bobbing her head with determination. “Oooohhhh ... man ... Kathy ... that’s so good.”

“Mmmmmppphhh?” Amanda looked up at her son, her eyes narrowed with suspicion. She didn’t stop milking, but her mind spun. *What’s this new twist? Who or what is Kathy?* She would get to the bottom of this new ploy. But first, she had business to attend to. She reached around her son and wiggled her finger into his buttock. She’d read this made men spew their stuff faster. Over the last few days, she’d found that it certainly made venom repository that was her eighteen-year-old son tremble and whine like an injured animal. That was probably a good thing. Sure enough, a few minutes later, she was rewarded with her venom.

The shower was still running a while later. Mother and son had switched positions. Amanda was standing, with one leg up on the tiled wall, Zach was on his knees, lapping away at her ghosts. She grabbed a fistful of his hair. “Ohhhhhh ... eat your own ghosts ... Zachary ... your plan is backfiring ... I’m busting ... your possession! Uuuggghhhh ... Zachary ... it feels so good ... to get rid ... of those spirits ... uuuuggghhhh ... Zachary ... you’re on my button ... the ghosts don’t like that ... they don’t ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.”

Zach was making his mom cum again. She thought it was the exorcisms that felt so good. But he knew better. *I bet Kathy Schwartz knows what an orgasm is.*

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“It’s groundbreaking and revolutionary! It will foil dark stone teenagers all across this great nation.” Amanda talked excitedly to Karen as they walked down one of their quiet, suburban streets. “I just have to make sure it works over time. Maybe a month or so, and I’ll be completely impervious to those little devils.”

“Devils?” Karen thought about what Aiden had said about demonic possession. That wasn’t good. Would she be the Antichrist if she didn’t stop this? Would she turn her great nation into a devil-worshipping country? She imagined herself in a fascist uniform, shaking her fist like Mussolini.

“It’s too bad Nicole didn’t listen to me. For all we know, she’s already pregnant with her son’s baby. Can you imagine? That’s all the rage with those that worship the Sumerian sperm-river gods.” She looked over at her friend. “Karen, girl, we have to do something about that aluminum headband. It looks horrid.”

“But ... you told me to wear it. It blocks mind-waves.” Karen put her hand on her headband protectively.

“That was before I discovered how well the inoculations and exorcisms work.” Amanda shook her head and frowned at the headband. “You need to do the same thing with Aiden, because this ...” She wagged her finger at Karen’s headband. “... isn’t working for you.”

“Oh ... I don’t know. That seems ...” Karen blanched and fingered the cross around her neck.

“I thought it was a tad odd at first, too. It’s just lucky that I was smart enough to discover these techniques and brave enough to implement them.” Amanda gave a sagacious nod. “If you’re having trouble jumping in, you might want to try some exercises first. Milk Chuck’s thing and experiment with making it go quickly. I recommend trying a finger in his backside.”

“His ... backside?” Karen couldn’t believe what she was hearing. She couldn’t understand it either. “Do I ask my husband to practice giving me an exorcism, too?”

“Oh, no. No, no, no. Then he’d be possessed by those ghosts. No, you’ll need to make Aiden go down there.” Amanda smiled. “I could give you another exorcism with my fingers if you want. You know, I could help you out until you have the courage to make Aiden do it with his mouth.”

“Oh ... no thanks,” Karen squeaked.

“Suit yourself.” Amanda shrugged. “You might want to practice milking a cucumber with your mouth as you work up to taking care of Aiden. Teenage boys are huge. Way bigger than our husbands. I think men shrink down there as they age. It’s all the 5G in their beer or something.”

“Oh ... I didn’t know that.” Karen had a lot to think about. After the walk, she returned home to an empty house. Her whole body was trembling as she approached the refrigerator. She opened it and investigated the vegetable bin. “Is Aiden really as big as this?” She pulled out a cucumber and stared at it in awe. “There’s no way.” She dropped it back in the bin and selected a carrot instead. The orange reminded her of hellfire, but it *was* much thinner. She washed and peeled it and then put it on the counter. She stared at it for a long time. “Okay, Karen, you have to be brave like Amanda.”

Slowly, Karen lifted the carrot and moved the tip to her mouth. She pursed her lips and sucked on it. *This isn't so bad.* After a few minutes, she mustered the courage to pump it in and out. *This actually, feels sort of good. It makes my tummy tingly. I can do this.*

"Hi, Mom." Aiden walked into the kitchen just in time to see his mother throw a carrot across the room and put her hands behind her back. He had never seen her look so sheepish. And that was saying something. "Mom?" Her lips were glistening, and she had something on her chin. Was she drooling?

"Hello ... Aiden. I was just ... washing carrots." She looked at the carrot lying on the floor near the doorway. "I thought you were going to Caleb's for your Prisons and Dungeons game?" She was eager to change the subject.

"I ... cancelled on them, Mom. I just wanted to be home tonight. In my room." Aiden gave her a half-hearted smile and turned for the stairs. He couldn't get Amanda's pussy out of his mind. It had been driving him crazy for days, making him fap constantly. It was so foreign ... and tangy ... and perfect. And the way she'd held his face there ... "See you."

Karen watched her son flee. She narrowed her eyes. "He never misses his game with his friends. What's going on?" She whispered. She gave him some time and then crept up the stairs. She put her ear to his bedroom door. Her eyes went round as saucers. There was a wet, smacking sound coming through the door. And Aiden was grunting like an animal. And ... he was saying something.

"Yes ... yes ... Mrs. L ... make me ... make me do it ... uuuuugghhhh ... make me ... eat your ... pussy ... yessssssssss!" Aiden said. "Your hand ... is so strong ... on my head ... I can't get away ... I have to ... eat your pussy!"

Karen gasped and stumbled away. *Clearly, Mrs. L is some sort of demon, and she's making my son do terrible things. She's probably crouching on the ceiling of his room, holding him horribly in the air, making him lick her unholy box!* With a mother's courage, Karen ran back to Aiden's room and burst in.

"Mom!" Aiden turned toward his mother, horrified.

"Aiden ... where's the demon?" Karen looked around the room. Her son was sitting at his desk, holding his penis. It wasn't as big as the cucumber, thank heavens. But it was ... big. On his computer screen, there was a picture of Amanda. Her friend was in hiking clothes and smiling in the picture. Karen remembered seeing Amanda post that on social media. "What ... I don't ...?"

"Mom!" Aiden said again, still holding his dick.

"I'm sorry ... I'm sorry ... Aiden ... you need privacy." Karen backed out of the room. *The demon hid the second I came in. What is happening to my poor son? Amanda's right. I*

*need to act.* She slunk back down the hall and went back to the kitchen to practice on the carrot.

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That night, Karen jumped on her husband while he was reading in bed. She pulled off the covers and lowered his pajamas. "Hello, there!" She was wearing only panties, hoping he found that sexy.

"Um ... Karen ... what are you doing?" Chuck put down the book and watched his wife slurp his limp dick into her mouth. He laughed. "You look like a fish."

"Mmmmmppphh!" Karen sucked on him urgently. Her husband's laughter resounded around the room, deflating her sense of purpose. Eventually, she spit him out. "Why aren't you getting hard?" She looked up at him in exasperation.

"Because you look ridiculous." Chuck chuckled. "Put on a shirt and go to bed." He smiled and pulled up his bottoms.

"I'd like to practice ... sucking on you." Karen frowned. "You used to like that."

"Practice?" He shook his head, bewildered. "We were young then. We're old now. Our youngest son is eighteen and almost out of the house. We should act our age, Karen." He picked up the book.

Karen folded her arms over her bare breasts and stood up. "Well, the next time we have a date night, can I practice then?"

"Sure, Karen. Just let me read." Chuck waved a dismissive hand at her.

"Okay." She would take that small victory. She turned and headed to the closet to put on pajamas.