

# 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 towed 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.”

“Hmmmmm.” 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 Puppin’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.

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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!

"Mmmpppphhhhh." 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.

~~

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 ... uuuggghhh ... 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. "Gggaaaaacckkkkkkkk." 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.

~~

“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 the 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.*

~~

“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 ... yesssssssss!" 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.

~~

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."

"Mmmmmppphhh!" 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.

## Chapter 11

“Yesterday, you said something while I was milking your poison.” Amanda was in her son’s room. She was naked. He was wearing a sweater, socks, and his glasses but nothing else. She had him backed up against a wall, leaning into him while pumping his penis with her hand. “I’m going to say a name. However you react, I’ll know the truth. So, don’t bother lying.”

“Ummmm ...” Zach stared into his mother’s eyes. He had no idea what she was going on about. He wished he could just put his dick in her mouth to shut her up. However strange and unnatural he found her latest fixation, he loved that it allowed him to spend time with her in peaceful quiet. And ... he had to admit, the blowjobs felt amazing, too. If only he could fool himself into thinking Kathy Schwartz was actually the one guzzling a daily dose of his cum.

“Ready?” Amanda moved her face in front of her son’s face, staring him down. She stopped pumping him and waited. After a good pause, she blurted, “Kathy!”

“I ... um ... Kathy?” Zach said.

“Ah ha!” Amanda stood back and pointed an accusing finger at her son. “You’ve given away everything, Zachary. She’s a ghost!”

Zach held up his hands and shook his head. “No, Mom. She’s a girl I have a crush on at school. Kathy Schwartz. She’s nice.”

“I don’t believe you.” Amanda narrowed her eyes and crossed her arms over her bare breasts.

“No, really. She’s eighteen. A senior in my class.” Zach went over to his desk and pulled out last year’s yearbook. It was undeniably strange to be hanging out with his mom with his hard dick bouncing around. He didn’t think he’d ever get used to what they were doing. But it was just another one of her crazy schemes, so he had to go along with it. He opened the yearbook, found the juniors section, and pointed to Kathy’s portrait from the year before. It was just a dark silhouette, but her name was there, proving she existed.

“Hmmmm ...” Amanda walked up next to him and looked down at the book. “There’s no picture. She *is* a ghost.” She slammed her palm down on the desk for dramatic effect.

“She just missed picture day. If you’re not a senior, they don’t do makeup photos. I ... uuuugghhhh ...” He lost his train of thought when his mother’s finger entered his butthole. “Jeez ... Mom.”

"I'll deal with this poor possessed girl later. Now ... I need my venom." She dropped to her knees, turned him toward her, and deftly put his penis into her mouth.

"Your finger ... always ... feels weird ... Mom." It wasn't right. But Zach had to admit that his mother was becoming an expert on getting him off. His orgasm wasn't that far off. He knew he'd have to eat her out afterward. *I wonder if Mom wants me to stick my finger in her butt.* He supposed he'd have to give it a try one of these days.

~~

Karen walked with her friend around a picturesque lake. "That's sweet that Zachary has a crush on this Kathy girl. What does she look like?"

Amanda scowled. "She doesn't show up in pictures."

"Oh no!" Karen put a hand to her mouth and looked at her friend in horror. "Like a vampire!?!"

"Maybe." Amanda rubbed her chin. "Or she could be one of those things the kids are talking about. Can a girl be a slenderman?" Amanda shook her head. "Or maybe she's just a ghost. I'd put my money on that. The boys seem to be heavily into possession. She's probably feeding on all the ectoplasm. Or spewing it everywhere. It'll all become clear soon."

"Oh my." Karen burnished the cross around her neck. "Speaking of possession. I think Aiden has a demon in his room. It must be because of those dark stone things."

"Demon?" Amanda rolled her eyes. "I doubt it."

"No, really." Karen told her friend all about what she'd heard and witnessed.

"The demon's name is Mrs. L?" Amanda pinched the bridge of her nose. "I don't have time for this, Karen. If you milked your son like I told you, he wouldn't be able to summon demons or whatever this is."

Karen touched her aluminum headband. She was jealous that Amanda didn't have to wear one anymore. *But ... I can't do that with Aiden.* "I ... just can't. I tried practicing with a carrot ... *and* with Chuck, but neither went well. I don't think I would ever feel comfortable doing that with my son."

"Are you judging me, Karen?" Amanda stopped walking and waved her finger in her friend's face. "I had this finger buried in Zachary's butt this morning while I was drinking his venom. You think that's fun? You think I liked it?" A confused expression crossed her face for a moment and was gone. She shook her head and continued. "I'm

doing this to foil their plot! I'm doing this because I don't want us to get knocked up by a bunch of horny teenagers. If you'd look at the stuff I've been reading online, you'd know."

"I'm sorry," Karen squeaked.

"Thank you." Amanda smiled and continued walking. "The obvious answer to your demon problem is that you need to beat the thing at its own game. It has to see that you're a force to be reckoned with." Amanda wagged her finger with authority. "And a carrot isn't going to cut it this time. Go in there with a cucumber and show that foul creature who's boss."

"Oh ... okay. I understand." Karen didn't understand. *Am I supposed to molest the demon with a cucumber? But how do I do that if it's hiding?* But she didn't want to upset her friend again, so she changed the subject to which flowers they were planning to plant in their gardens.

~~

"I know this might be uncomfortable for you, Caleb." Nicole sat across the dining room table from her son. There were stacks of paper piled on the table. All of them printed out stories dealing with dark stones, Sumerian gods, and wicked towers.

"It's okay, Mom. We're doing this to help Aiden and Zach. We need to know what Mrs. Lutz is thinking." Caleb smiled at his mom. She was wearing a loose sweater that showed just a hint of cleavage. He couldn't help but take a sneak peek at her boobs. He had been seeing her differently since they'd dived into the stories piled on the table.

"You're so mature. I love you, sweetie." Nicole beamed at him.

"I love you too, Mom." Caleb beamed back.

"Right, so, it does feel odd to be paying for a subscription to this site for stories that we're ... that we're ..." She pressed her lips together. "... that we're only interested in because of Amanda's behavior. But artists should be paid for their hard work." Nicole nodded and flipped through the nearest pile titled Mothership Wilderness. "People who pirate from artists are wet noodles. Do you understand? They are the embodiment of stepping on a crispy leaf in autumn and not hearing a crunch."

"I would never steal." Caleb nodded.

"I know. Because you're a good person." Nicole smiled and pointed a finger gun at him. "Okay, now that we've covered that. Let's talk about the stories. I tried to focus on the

ones I know Amanda has been reading. Let's start with the Dark Stone one." She tossed him a clipped stack of paper.

"Mom, you didn't have to print the whole thing out. We could have just read it on your laptop." Caleb pulled the book in front of him.

"I have a hard time reading on computers, sweetie." She watched him flip through pages. "Also, I didn't print the illustrated versions of the stories. I could get out my laptop if you want to discuss those with me. Amanda is ... um ... a visual learner, so she's probably reading the illustrated versions."

"No, it's okay." Caleb peeked at the lovely curve of her boobs under her sweater again.

"You're blushing. Is it the subject matter?" Nicole cocked her head, adjusted her reading glasses, and studied him. His cheeks were crimson. When he nodded, she smiled. "Don't worry. You're a healthy young man. It's perfectly natural to find these stories titillating. There are lots of interesting characters, plot twists, and ... situations."

"Thanks, Mom." Caleb opened *The Dark Stone* to about the middle and read, just so he wouldn't have to make eye contact with his mother. There was a passage about a black stone with red, glowing veins. A thought occurred to him. "Most of these stories have a ... catalyst. A magical thing that pushes the characters to ... um ..."

"It's okay. We can talk about it. Mothers and sons are having sex in these stories. No need to be shy. We're reading them to help Zachary avoid the same thing." Nicole nodded encouragingly.

"Right ... well ... the thing pushes them to have sex." Caleb glanced up at his mother. She looked so pretty with her glasses and the earnest expression on her face. "What if we gave Mrs. Lutz something that Aiden, Zach and I said was the source of our ... um ... lust for our mothers?"

Nicole beamed at him. "That's very clever, Caleb!"

"Right? That way, she could destroy it. And then she'd think she fixed everything. She wouldn't believe she needed to do ... stuff ... with Zach." The more he thought about it, the more Caleb liked the idea. "I don't have a dark stone. But I have a creepy looking twenty-sided die with a skull in it. Mrs. Lutz is already suspicious of D&D. She would totally buy that it was the evil, magical item."

"Yes!" Nicole reached over the table to give her son a high five, unaware that the move exposed her cleavage to him. "Let's figure out how to make that happen." She sat back down and watched her son as he browsed through the book in his hands. "If you want to keep reading those stories, I can renew my subscription. I ... um ... might want to see how a few of the stories turn out, too. There are some pretty good twists."

Caleb's face brightened. "Thanks, Mom! I'd like that. But I can read them on my computer."

"Yes, of course." Nicole nodded. "Okay, let's talk about our pretend magical artifact."

~~

Karen took a hesitant step into her son's room. She held the cucumber in front of her, waving it about like it was a dagger she might stab the demon with. In her other hand, she loosely held a bottle of olive oil from the kitchen. Aiden was at school, and Karen was alone in the house. That was good, because she didn't know what sort of ruckus the demon might make when she exorcised it from the room.

"I've come to talk to you, Mrs. L." Karen's voice was high and hoarse. Her throat felt parched. "Come on out, demon." The room was still. She could hear her son's clock ticking on the wall. Nothing happened.

Karen waited, standing in the center of Aiden's room. The cucumber trembled as her hand shook. Eventually, she realized the demon would not show herself.

"Okay, Mrs. L." Karen moved hesitantly over to the bed, lowered her panties to the floor, and raised her dress. She sat on the edge of Aiden's bed, looking around with wary eyes. "If you won't show yourself, I will beat you at your own game." The distant sound of a lawn mower starting came through the closed window, making her jump. She took a deep breath. *A lawn mower is not the demon. Get a grip, Karen. You can beat this thing.*

"Amanda says I have to show you that I'm a force to be reckoned with. So ..." Karen felt her vagina. It was dry. Where was the ectoplasm when you needed it? Fortunately, she had brought the bottle. Carefully, she slathered the vegetable in oil. "Do you know what I'm going to do, Mrs. L? Are you afraid yet?" She was met with only the sounds of the ticking clock and the distant lawnmower. *It's time. I need to be brave!* She took several deep breaths. The cucumber looked massive in her hands. It was absurdly larger than Chuck. And definitely bigger than Aiden's had looked when she glimpsed his thing.

*Amanda said this was the only way.*

"Oooohhhhhhhhh ... that's ... a ... big boy." Karen entered her vagina with the mammoth thing. "Am I ... uuugghhhh ... speaking your language ... demon?" It took her several minutes, and considerable pain, to get the thing halfway in. She thought halfway would be enough to impress the demon. She pulled it almost all the way out, and then gently moved it back in. "I don't know ... why you like this ... Mrs. L. It ... uuugghhhh ... hurts!"

Karen didn't let the pain stop her. She pumped herself for more than ten minutes, keeping alert in case the demon showed itself. Eventually, she was happy to find the pain ebbing. As her pleasure grew, her vigilance about the demon faded. Soon, she found that she was making herself feel really, really good. She leaned back on the bed, the wet squelching sound she was making was now louder than the clock and the lawn mower.

"Ohhhh ... my ... I'm going to have ... a big one ... Mrs. L. How ... uuugghhhh ... do you ... like ... them apples? I'm ... beating you ... I'm ... ooohhhhhhhh ... beating you ... I'm ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." Karen's feet shot up into the air, her toes splayed out in ecstasy. Her scream sounded throughout the empty house.

A magnificent climax ripped through her. It was such a big one, that she barely recognized that it was an orgasm. "Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." She rode the ecstatic waves to their conclusion.

When her climax was over, she removed the vegetable with a plop. She stood on shaky legs, looking around the room in a daze. There was no demon. She'd beaten it. "Take that ... Mrs. L." As she picked up her panties, she allowed herself a brief smile. *It's done.* She stumbled out of the room, savoring her victory. She had saved her son and her home from at least one villain. That was something to be proud of.

## Chapter 12

“Mom ... I’m home.” Aiden found his mother in the kitchen. He put down his backpack.

“Oh, hello, pumpkin.” Karen was chopping garlic. When she saw her son, she blushed and reached for her cross. “I did some exorci ... cleansorsizing ... um ... cleaning in your room while you were at school.” She couldn’t bear to meet his gaze. “So, I had to change your sheets. Your ... um ... mattress pad is in the laundry right now.”

“Cool, okay.” Aiden nodded and cocked his head. His mother was behaving strangely. But what else was new? “Caleb and Zach want to come over in a couple hours. Is that okay?”

“Sure.” Karen nodded.

“You’re not going to wear a bathing suit this time, are you?” Aiden held his breath.

“I’m not sure what I’m supposed to do.” Karen was finding it hard to keep up with Amanda’s advice.

“Look, if you have to do something like that, you can ... I don’t know ... just show a little cleavage or something?” It was Aiden’s turn to blush. “I don’t know, would that work for ... whatever it is ... you know ... that you’re trying to do?”

Karen smiled with relief. “Oh, yes, I can wear one of those sweaters your father likes.” She nodded and watched him rush upstairs.

Ten minutes later, Karen crept upstairs and listened at her son’s door.

“Damn ... Mrs. L ... I can’t believe ... we’re doing this again.” Aiden’s voice was muffled by the door, but Karen could hear him well enough.

“Oh, gosh!” Karen whispered. “The demon’s still there.”

“You keep making me ... lick your hot ... mommy box,” Aiden said. “What would ... Mr. L think?”

Karen clamped her hand over her mouth. *There’s a Mr. L, too!?! How many demons are in there?* Karen rushed off to go call Amanda.

~~

“So, that’s it. Mom and I came up with the plan. We’ll give Mrs. Lutz a ‘magic’ twenty-two-sided die. She’ll destroy it and move on to some other obsession. What do you

think?” Caleb sat in Aiden’s basement. He was expecting his friends to love the idea, but both looked unhappy.

“I ... um ... I’m not sure what Mom will fixate on next.” Zach rubbed the back of his neck. “Maybe it’ll be worse than what she’s doing now.”

“What?” Caleb couldn’t believe it. “You don’t want to stop your mom from ‘milking your poison’ every day? She’s your *mom*, dude.”

“I just ...” Zach looked away from his friends and shrugged.

“Maybe we should just let Mrs. Lutz get bored on her own.” Aiden was desperately hoping his friend’s mom would take an interest in milking *his* poison. Caleb’s plan sounded like it might work, and that would mean that Amanda would go back to being a regular, untouchable mom. “I don’t know, Caleb.”

It took over an hour of arguing, but Caleb finally got his friends on board. Zach even had an idea to improve the plan. Rather than a die, they could use the box he kept his dice in. With a little work, it could easily be an elven lust box. It was perfect. They only had to paint a jade seal on the lid.

Finally, it was decided. They would give Amanda the box and let her destroy it. Things would return to normal.

“Thanks. My mom would have been disappointed if we didn’t use the plan.” Caleb clapped them on their shoulders.

“Are you and your mom really reading those stories together?” Aiden watched Caleb closely.

“We’re very open about stuff. There’s nothing weird about it.” Caleb smiled.

“That’s awesome, man. With my mom –” Aiden was cut off as Karen descended the stairs with a tray of soda cans. He was grateful she’d listened to him. She wasn’t wearing a swimsuit.

“Hello, boys. How about some refreshments?” Karen put the tray down on the table. She noticed that they weren’t playing their evil dungeons game. “I hope I’m not distracting you from ... wicked things.” She smiled brightly and leaned forward to give them each a can of soda, giving the eighteen-year-olds an excellent view of the cleavage that her low-cut sweater afforded.

“No ... we’re good, Mom.” Aiden could see that his friends were staring at his mom’s tits. The sweater wasn’t ideal, but it was better than the swimsuit. His mother left, and they moved over to the TV to play some video games.

~~

“How many demons is your son hiding?” Amanda sat in her kitchen, sipping coffee with Karen. They were both wearing conservative housedresses. Amanda had her hair down. Karen had hers back in the aluminum headband. It was mid-morning, and the men were all out of the house.

“Why didn’t it work, Amanda?” Karen was crying softly, her mascara running down her cheeks. “I challenged Mrs. L and when she didn’t show, I put the cucumber in my ...” She lowered her voice. “... love tunnel.”

“Take off that hideous headband. You don’t need it without the boys around.” Amanda stood and went to the refrigerator. “And stop crying. It makes you very unattractive.” She pulled a large cucumber out of the vegetable bin. “I’ll have to see what you did, so I know how you messed it up. Come on, we’ll go to my bedroom.” She walked toward the door.

Karen reached for her cross and held it tightly. She stood, chewing on her bottom lip. “Really? I have to do that ... in front of you?” She took off the headband and put it on the table.

“If you want my help ... yeah, you do.” Amanda stopped and turned back.

“Okay,” Karen squeaked. “Well ... one thing is that ... cucumbers are really big, and I was dry when I used one last time in Aiden’s room. I had to slather it with some olive oil to get it in.”

“Well, that’s good news. If there wasn’t any ectoplasm, that means you got rid of your ghost.” Amanda walked over to the counter, grabbed a bottle of avocado oil, and pulled Karen toward the stairs.

“Um ... I used olive oil last time.” Karen’s voice was tiny and meek as they marched upstairs.

“That could have been why you failed, Karen.” Amanda shook her head with contempt. “Olives are from California and Europe. Get my drift?”

“Oh ... right.” Karen wasn’t sure what Amanda meant, but it might have something to do with gay people. Karen thought there were lots of gays and lesbians in those places. But there weren’t any in their town. Also, perhaps, there weren’t any lesbians wherever avocados came from.

“Here we are.” Amanda led Karen into her bedroom. She handed Karen the vegetable and oil, stripped the bed down to the fitted sheet, and retrieved a couple towels from the bathroom. “Get undressed, Karen.” Amanda laid the towels on the bed.

“I wasn’t all the way undressed when I did this last time. I was still wearing my sweater.” Karen took off her socks and panties.

Amanda snapped her fingers several times. “Get with the program. Those demons are laughing at you because of what you did last time. I’ll show you how to do it the right way, then you can go home and deal with them. Clothes off!”

“Right.” Karen hurried to comply. Once naked, she climbed onto the towels, got on her back, and spread her legs. “I’m letting you see all of my business, Amanda. This is ... really weird.”

“We wouldn’t have to do any of this if you’d just drink Aiden’s poison.” Amanda sat on the bed next to Karen, with a view of her friend’s vagina. “But here we are. Why don’t you just go ahead and oil up and ... wait.” Amanda narrowed her eyes and leaned toward Karen’s nether lips. “You’re glistening, Karen. I thought you said the ectoplasm was gone.”

“It *was* gone last time. I swear. Maybe it went away because I was frightened. But now that there aren’t any demons here, I’m not scared and ...” Karen felt like she might cry again, but she held in her tears. She didn’t want Amanda to call her unattractive again. “I can’t control it.”

Amanda sighed. “I have some sympathy for you there.” She took the oil from Karen and put it on her nightstand. “Okay, go ahead. At least the ghost saves me some avocado oil.”

“Okay.” Karen bit her bottom lip and slowly worked the cucumber into her vagina. She winced, expecting pain, and then relaxed. “It hurt so much last time, but it’s not so bad today. I guess ... uuggghhh ... I must have ... loosened it up.”

“You’re a loose woman now, Karen.” Amanda laughed. “Don’t give me that look. I’m joking. And you’re doing this to help Aiden, right?”

“Is that ... uuuggghhhh ... why they call women ... ooohhhhhh ... loose?” Karen had gotten it about halfway in.

“It is. Those women go out and find men with big dongs and ... presto ... you could drive trains into their love tunnels.” Amanda narrowed her eyes as she watched Karen work. “You’re being too gentle with that thing to impress a demon. Remember, demons are used to some pretty *out there* stuff. Here, let me show you what you need to do.”

“I’m not sure that ...” Reluctantly, Karen let her friend shoo her hands off the cucumber. She watched as Amanda gripped it and took control. “Ooohhhhhh ... Amanda ... what are you doing ... to me? It’s too deep ... oh, gosh!” She looked down at her belly. “It’s bulging my belly ... I can see it pushing ... uuggghhh ... from underneath ... it’s ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” When her friend shoved in several more inches of the vegetable, Karen’s

eyes crossed, and she gripped the towels tightly on either side of her. Her whole body gyrated as a massive orgasm surged through her.

“My goodness ... there is so much ectoplasm on this cucumber. Karen, not only are you still possessed, but I think you must have a whole family of ghosts living in your tunnel.” Amanda pumped the long green thing in and out of Karen’s vagina, keeping a steady, upbeat rhythm. “Not only will I show you how to impress a demon, but maybe we can do a little exorcism at the same time. Are you feeling good?”

“Oooooohhhhhhhh ... gggooooosssshhhhhhhhhh.” Karen writhed on the bed. She was already ascending to another climax.

“That’s perfect. If you feel good, that means the exorcism is working.” Amanda could feel her own ghosts getting excited. Her panties were getting uncomfortably gooey. “I think those boys ... are still trying to put thoughts about kissing in our heads.” Amanda stared at her friend’s pretty mouth as it twisted with pleasure. “They made a big mistake there ... remember what I said before ...” While still pumping her friend’s vagina, she leaned her lips to Karen’s. “... kissing only brings us ... closer together.”

Karen wasn’t sure how it happened, but she was now making out with her friend while Amanda dredged her vagina with the cucumber. Karen could feel ghost after ghost leaving her body.

~~

Amanda walked with a spring in her step. Her time helping Karen had really pepped her up. It was wonderful supporting others. It was too bad that Nicole had turned her back on everything Amanda had uncovered. Poor Nicole. She was probably picking Caleb up from school right now, eager to let him knock her up. It was sad, really.

Whistling, Amanda walked up to Kathy Schwartz. Amanda had figured out who the girl was despite the fact that the teenager wouldn’t show up in photos. She had then identified which way she walked home. Now, they were alone on a long stretch of shady suburban street.

“Hello, are you Kathy Schwartz?” Amanda stood in front of the teenager, forcing her to stop. Now that she got a good look at her, Amanda was struck by how much the eighteen-year-old looked like her. *We could be twins.* Although, she had to admit, Kathy was a little more curvy. *Why is Zach so interested in a slightly younger me? That’s so edible of him!*

“Hello.” Kathy held her backpack straps and smiled warmly. “Yes, I’m Kathy.”

“So, Kathy, if that is your real name, what do you know about dark stones?” Amanda folded her arms and stuck out her chin with authority.

“Um ... excuse me? Who are you?” Kathy frowned.

“I’m Mrs. Amanda Lutz. You know, Zachary Lutz’s mother.” Amanda held out her hand to the girl. “Come with me.”

Kathy was unsure about this woman. But Amanda did seem to have some sort of commanding presence about her. The older woman seemed like she knew what she was doing. Kathy held out her hand to the other woman and let her lead them into a nearby minivan.

## Chapter 13

“Would you like another soda, dear?” Amanda was warming up to Kathy Schwartz. *How could I not like such a pretty girl who so happily answers my questions?* They were in Amanda’s kitchen. Kathy was sitting with an empty glass of ice next to her. Amanda was sipping coffee from a mug.

“No, thank you, Mrs. Lutz.” Kathy smiled. “It’s been nice meeting you, but I should be heading home. My mom is expecting me.”

“I’ll drive you home in a few minutes.” Amanda studied the girl closely. “What were you saying earlier about Zachary and his friends?”

“They seem nice.” Kathy shrugged. “Harmless, you know? That’s why I went along with you today. I figured if Zach was ... um ... so mild ... you would be, too.”

“Oh, my sweet, innocent child.” Amanda shook her head.

“I’m eighteen, Mrs. Lutz. Not a child,” Kathy said.

“Oh, my sweet, innocent young adult. You haven’t even noticed that Zachary has been corrupted by dark powers.” Amanda glanced around the room for dramatic effect.

“I didn’t know that.” Kathy laughed. This woman was funny.

“I wonder if Zachary wants you for a virgin sacrifice.” Amanda stroked her chin in thought.

Kathy giggled. “Well, he better look elsewhere, because I have a boyfriend.” She leaned forward and whispered, “And I’m not a virgin. It was really romantic.”

“Oh ...” Amanda narrowed her eyes. She wouldn’t be fooled by this girl’s good looks. Kathy certainly wasn’t innocent. “Well ... then maybe ... Zachary will be the virgin sacrifice? The stuff we’ve done certainly couldn’t be counted as sex.”

Kathy laughed again, processed what Amanda had said, and went quiet. “Wait ... what?”

“Exactly.” Amanda nodded with conviction. “Just simple venom milking and ghost busting.”

“I ... um ... what?” Kathy cocked her head.

“I’m a concerned mother, Kathy. Will you do me a favor and keep an eye on Zachary? He’s fallen in with the wrong crowd. You know, Enki and Day Star and Eloise. The worst.” Amanda stood up and grabbed her purse. “I’ll drive you home now.”

“Sure ... if you’re worried about him. I can keep an eye out.” Kathy didn’t think Zach was in much danger, but she always prided herself on being helpful. “You can tell me what to look for on the ride home.”

“You read my mind.” Amanda led her to the door. “We’re really on the same page. I like that about you.”

~~

“Hey, Caleb. How’s it going?” Nicole peered in at her son. He was lying on his bed, looking at an e-reader.

“Hey, Mom.” Caleb smiled at her and adjusted his pants. The story he was reading had made him impossibly hard. He saw the stack of papers under her arm. “Which story do you have there?”

“Oh, it’s the one about the mother who has amnesia.” She held up the stack of paper. “I like this one. The author’s voice really speaks to me.”

“Oh, yeah. That novel was a collaborative effort. It’s funny but heartfelt. Good twists.” Caleb was happy that they could share.

“Don’t spoil anything.” Nicole walked into his room. “It’s slow going for me. I can’t really read when your father’s home. He might see the pages. That would be ... embarrassing.”

Caleb puffed out his chest. It was awesome that she wasn’t embarrassed about it with him. “You know, you don’t need all that paper. You can put the PDFs right onto an e-reader like this. You could read it next to Dad in bed, and he probably wouldn’t notice.” He held up the e-reader.

“Oh, that’s a great idea!” Nicole walked over to his desk, tossing the stack of papers into the nearby recycling bin. “Can you show me now?”

“Um ... I was getting to a good part in my story.” Caleb grimaced. “Could I have some privacy, and then show you how to do it in a half-hour?”

“Oh.” Nicole looked at his pants and noticed the tent of his erection. “Oh ... I see. Of course. We’re healthy and open about things, aren’t we?” She grabbed his lotion from his desk and handed it to him. “I wish Amanda and Karen could be direct with their sons like we are.”

“Yeah, Mom. Me too.” Caleb nodded his head toward the door.

“Right ... right ... have a ... zesty time with your book.” Nicole waved awkwardly, walked into the hall, and closed the door after her.

~~

“Mom, I’m home.” Aiden walked into the kitchen and dropped his backpack. “Mom?” He shrugged. He figured his mother was probably out with Amanda. Thinking about Amanda made his dick strain. He jogged up the stairs to his room. It would be nice to rub one out while he was home alone. By the time he reached his bedroom door, he already had his pants unzipped and his boner in his hand. He was ready to go.

“You like that ... Mrs. L ... you like what I can do ... uggghhhhh ... now? You’re just ... a dumb old demon ... who can’t stand up to mommy power.” Karen was on her back on her son’s bed. She had a towel placed under her hips, her feet were up in the air, and she was delving deep into her vagina with a large cucumber. She had left her aluminum headband at Amanda’s house, so the only things she wore were her cross necklace and her wedding ring.

Aiden stopped in his doorway. His mother hadn’t noticed him. He watched her pleasure herself as she hurled exceedingly tame insults at Mrs. L. It was beyond shocking to see her pump herself with that giant vegetable. Even with all her strange behavior lately, he hadn’t expected to ever see anything like this. He couldn’t help but stare at the way she was abusing her hole. After a few minutes, he stuffed his now painfully hard dick back in his underwear and zipped up. “Mom. Stop.” He could barely get out more than a whisper. She didn’t hear him. Instead, she continued her self-plowing and taunting of ‘Mrs. L’. “Mom!” He raised his voice. “Stop!”

Karen’s face snapped toward him. Her eyes were round with surprise and fear. “Oh ... my gosh! Aiden. You were supposed to have math club today.” She was too stunned to do anything but pause the cucumber mid-stroke.

“Math club?” Aiden pulled at his hair. “You’re fapping in *my* room with a giant cucumber? What the ... heck!?! Don’t just stare at me. Pull that thing out of your pussy!”

“I was just trying to help you.” With a wet plop, she pulled it out of her vagina.

“Help me!?!” Aiden was beside himself. Seeing her gapping pussy was too much. “Put it back in. Put it back in! You can keep doing what you were doing. I’ll go ...” He looked down the hall. He didn’t know where he would go.

“I’m sorry!” Karen put the cucumber back in her vagina. “Oooohhhhhhhh.” Why did it have to feel good? She silently cursed Mrs. L. The demon had surely tricked Karen into

this nightmarish moment. She started pumping the cucumber again, since her son had told her to keep doing what she was doing.

Aiden turned his focus back to his mother and adjusted his glasses. "Oh, my God. Stop that, Mom!"

Karen paused, holding the cucumber inside her. "You told me to ..." She fought back tears. She couldn't let the demon see her cry.

"Hand me the cucumber. You ... can't do that. It's so wrong." Aiden held out his shaking hand. He watched his mother pull the thing from her with a squelching pussy-hiccup. He tried in vain not to stare into the abyss of her gape. He was grateful when she stood, and he couldn't see it anymore. But then he found himself ogling her tits.

"I'm sorry." Karen put the cucumber in his hand.

"Ew!" Aiden dropped it. "It's so slimy."

"That's your fault. You put the ghosts in me. I never had ectoplasm before." She stood naked in front of her son, clasping the cross that hung around her neck in trembling fingers. "Mrs. L is making you -"

"Mrs. L is making *you* do things, Mom." Aiden was yelling at his mother now. "You need to stop listening to Mrs. L."

"I ... um ... so ... it worked? You won't listen to her either?" Karen reached for the towel and held it in front of herself.

"Do you know about me and Mrs. L?" Aiden was beyond confused. Was his mom acting out because she knew he had a crush on her insane friend?

"I know about Mr. L, too. But they're not here anymore, right?" Karen looked around the room, relieved. *I've really gotten rid of the demons.*

"Get out of my room." Aiden stepped out of her way, watching her pale ass shake as she scurried away. "Wait," he said. "Take the cucumber."

"Yes ... sorry ... Aiden." Karen darted back for the vegetable, picked it up, and headed back to the door, holding the towel over her boobs. "I did this so I wouldn't have to drain your venom. I'm trying to protect you, but also be a good mother."

"I can't even ..." Aiden slammed the door after she left. He sat down, and quickly his pants and underwear were around his ankles. His hand was still slick from the cucumber. To his great shame, he used his mother's juices for lubrication as he had the most confusing fap of all time.

~~

“Welcome home, Zachary.” Amanda caught her son trying to slip past her and head upstairs. “You enjoy math club?”

“Hi, Mom.” Zach sighed. He stopped at the bottom of the stairs. He could see that gleam in his mother’s eye, so he dropped his pants and briefs without her even having to ask. He was already hard for her.

“I uncovered another piece of the puzzle today.” Amanda coolly walked over to him, studying the nervous tick on his cheek. “You know I’ve got the upper hand, don’t you?” She dropped to her knees, looking up at him with the superiority granted by research. “It pays to do your own research.”

“What are you talking about?” He hoped she’d just start sucking him. It was the only way he’d ever found to shut his mother up.

“You were planning to use Kathy Schwartz. I found out that she looks just like me. How edible of you.” She winked at him, grabbed his penis, and started pumping him.

“I think you mean Oedipal.” Zach lifted an eyebrow in confusion. “Kathy’s nice. Don’t bother her, I wasn’t planning to ... oh, shit.” It hit him like a ton of bricks. His mom was right. Kathy did look like his mother. It *was* Oedipal.

“Ah, so I’ve foiled your dark stone plan again.” She laughed. “Also, watch your cursing. That’s the devil’s tongue right there. And this, right here ...” She stuck out her tongue for him to see. “This is the angel’s tongue. It’s getting stronger and stronger with each inoculation you give me. I’m the best mom everrrrrmmmmmm.” She slipped his penis into her mouth, and bobbed her head at a steady rhythm.

“Yeah ... you’re a real ... saint.” He tried holding the back of her head, but she brushed his hand away. So instead, he leaned his back against the wall, near some family pictures, and let his mother blow him to her heart’s content.

## Chapter 14

On Tuesday, Aiden snapped at his mother. “Damn it, Mom. I don’t want to hear about it. You’re worse than Mrs. L. You might as well be barking.” It was his way of calling her a bitch. He had figured out from parsing some of his mom’s comments that she’d heard him masturbating in his room. That meant he had to stop fapping while she was home. And she was usually home. The lack of his normal releases had left him frustrated and angry. Of course, even when he was mad, Aiden wouldn’t ever stoop low enough to call her such a bad word.

“Oh ... I didn’t think ... I ... um ... since we got Mrs. L out of your room ... um ...” Karen burnished her cross and stared at her son with wide eyes. “I thought we could talk about the ghosts you and your friends put in us to –”

“Shut it, Mom!” He still had his backpack on from school. He threw it to the kitchen floor. “You might as well be barking. So ... bark!” Ever since the cucumber incident, he had become much bolder with his mother.

“Um ... ruff ... ruff?” Karen bit her lip and waited for his reaction.

“Why don’t you go out shopping or something? I need some privacy.” Aiden prayed she would listen to him.

“I can’t, pumpkin.” She adjusted her foil headband, her eyes darting around the kitchen. “Your father wanted lasagna tonight, and it takes me a while to –”

“If you’re going to be like that, just bark, Mom.” Aiden raced off to his room to play some video games and try not to think about masturbating.

“Ruff, ruff, ruff,” Karen said to her son’s departing rear end. *Does he want me to be a dog? Is this his way of saying I need to be more loyal and loving? Would he treat me well if I was his dog?*

On Wednesday, Karen greeted her son after school without any mention of his demonic acquaintances. But he blew up at her anyway. “I’m not sure why you’re yelling at me,” Karen said when she finally had a chance to speak.

“Because you listen to Mrs. L, and you did that on my bed, and now I’m confused and frustrated!” Aiden hadn’t even closed the front door yet. He stood in the front hall with his fists clenched, he didn’t care if the neighbors heard him.

“Well, I did get rid of Mrs. L. She hasn’t been in your room since.” Karen tried to stand up for herself.

“She was never in my room! What are you even talking about?” Aiden stormed past her.

*He doesn't even remember the demon. That's good, I guess.* Karen had never had this sort of issue with his older brother.

On Thursday, Aiden kept his cool until dinner. But his frustrations were mounting. He kept looking at his mother's foil headband, thinking about all the stupid things his friend's hot mother had been up to. *Mrs. Lutz is so gorgeous. And I don't even have the courage to go over to her house when Zach isn't there.*

Karen laughed at something Chuck said.

Aiden's eyes narrowed. How could she be giggling when she was ruining his life? "Damn it, Mom. This dinner sucks." He stood, threw his napkin on his mashed potatoes, and stormed out of the dining room.

"That boy's been grouchy all week," Chuck said. "Deal with it."

"Okay." Karen nodded and clutched her cross.

Later, she found her son in the basement watching a movie. "You've been so upset with me. Is it the demons?"

"There are no demons, Mom." Aiden didn't even look at her. "If you really want to help me, have Mrs. Lutz invite me over again for another private chat."

Karen nodded and quickly exited the basement. That was good. Her son knew he needed help. And Amanda would know exactly what to do with him. She immediately texted her friend to set it up.

~~

Nicole read in the dark on her e-reader. She jerked back on her pillow when someone in the story decapitated a detective. Mary Puppins gave her a wary look and went back to sleep. Nicole continued to read on. Twenty minutes later, she put a hand on her sleeping husband. "David ... David ... are you awake?" She wasn't sure if she was frightened or horny. Maybe she was both. "David?"

"What?" David was only half-awake, roused from an awesome dream where he had to build a go-cart with his ex-landlord.

"Would you like to have sex? I think I need to be close to someone tonight." She shut off the e-reader and put it on her nightstand. It was very dark in the room. "David? Did you hear me?"

Her husband's only answer was a snore.

“Oh, bother.” She got up, grabbed her book, and went to the bathroom. If her husband wasn’t going to do it for her, she supposed the erotica horror thriller and her nimble fingers would have to take care of her itch. She did love how those possessed boys ran around on the ceiling. *So hot!*

~~

After school on Friday, Aiden went to the Lutz house while Zach and Caleb were building robots at Caleb’s house. Aiden had been thrilled when his mother had told him that morning that Amanda would be expecting him.

He knocked on the door, nervously shuffling his feet. *Maybe I should have told Zach about this.* But no, there was no way to tell your friend that you were going to his house later that day in hopes that his mother would make you go muff diving.

The door opened, but Aiden didn’t see anyone. “Hello?” He said into the house.

“Come in, you bad boy.” Amanda’s voice came from the kitchen. “And close the door behind you.”

“Okay.” Aiden dropped his backpack by the door and did as she asked. His dick strained against his pants. He felt like one of those cartoons floating along as he followed the visible scent of pie. When he walked into the kitchen, he nearly cried out.

Amanda stood in the middle of the room. She wore high heels and nothing else.

His jaw went slack, his dick got even harder, and he dropped to his knees. “Oh ... my God.”

“I hear from your mother that you’ve been giving her a hard time.” Amanda strode toward him, her hips swaying mostly because of the heels. “You need another taste of your own medicine, don’t you? It’s not right to try and boss your mother around.” Her eyes flashed, as if to say, *That’s my job!* “But I’ve learned that ectoplasm will really mellow a dark stone teenager out.” She stopped in front of the kneeling eighteen-year-old, grabbed his hair, and forced him to look up at her. “Take off your glasses.”

“Yeah, okay.” He took off his glasses and put them on the floor. “I want you to give my mom a break.” He gazed into her eyes with earnest intensity. “I caught her masturbating with a cucumber in my room. I know you put her up to it.” He was so excited, he was trembling. He broke their locked gaze and stared at her breasts. They looked lovely from the upward angle, with their wonderfully curved undersides on full display. “Will you leave my mom out of this? She’s wrong about a lot of stuff, but her heart’s in the right place.”

“Oh, you’d like that, wouldn’t you?” Amanda threw her head back and let out a cackling laugh. She tightened her grip on his hair. “Then, you could corrupt her all you want.” She narrowed her eyes and looked down at him. “You boys started this with your evil, dark stone game.”

“There aren’t any dark stones in our D&D game, Mrs. L. I haven’t even read the stories.” A thought occurred to him. This was the perfect moment to help with Caleb’s plan. Unfortunately, she pulled his mouth to her pussy, so he couldn’t speak very well. “Mmmppphhhh ... mmpphhhhhh ... mmmppphhhh!”

“Did you want to say something?” Amanda’s eyes blazed with the power she held over this wayward youth. She pulled the sputtering lad away from her vagina. His face was already coated in ectoplasm. “What?”

“You’re right, okay. Our game isn’t evil, but we got a box for it. An evil box with a jade seal.” He spoke fast to get the words out before she plunged him back into her abyss. “When we opened it, all these elven lust demons came out.” He looked up into her face and could see she wasn’t buying it. “There were dark stones in the box, too. We were too weak to resist. I hope nobody destroys the box. That would ruin the magic.”

“Ah ha!” Amanda had to admit. Vindication felt good. She was a bit disappointed that Aiden would crack so easily under pressure. But she was proud that her son had never spilled the beans to her. Zach was a strong young man. “Now I know everything!” She pulled him back to her pussy and made him exorcise her ghosts. Now that he had no more to say, the boy really threw himself into it. Not only did he fold under interrogation, but he seemed to want to get as much ghost as possible out of her. He held her butt with both hands and pressed his face harder into her. When he found her little button, which took him some time, Amanda arched her back and screamed out the pleasures of her conquest.

“Mmpphhhhhh.” Aiden was in heaven. Eating out this crazy woman was even better than he remembered. He munched and munched until, after several orgasms, she pulled him away. His frustrations caused by his recent, unfortunate no-fap situation made him much bolder than he would have been otherwise. He stood and dropped his pants and underwear. He looked down, it was the angriest looking erection he’d ever had.

“What ... are you going to do ... with that?” Amanda panted and stared at the penis. She wasn’t sure how she felt about seeing it, but she had to admit that her belly fluttered pleasantly as she looked.

“I know about the inoculations, Mrs. Lutz. Zach told me.” He thrust his hips forward. “You ... um ... need my poison, too. We’re all different. Zach’s stuff won’t work against me. I’m trying to help you.” He shook his dick at her.

“Yes ... I suspected.” Amanda dropped to her knees in front of the teenager. How odd that she found herself in such a situation. But what was she to do in the face of such a vast conspiracy? “Zachary told you?”

“Yeah ... the jade seal box made him talk about it.” Aiden nodded. His body nearly melted when she grabbed hold of his dick and started pumping. Seeing her wedding ring dredged up some guilt, but he reminded himself that this wasn't his fault.

“How many moms have fallen to this jade box and its dark stones?” Amanda whispered. She kissed the head of his penis. It was odd doing this for someone not in her family. But she needed to milk his venom.

“Most of them. There's going to be lots of babies in our town in about nine months.” At first, he was worried that he was overselling it. But Amanda seemed entranced by the statement.

“So ... many! I need to protect myself.” Amanda sucked him into her mouth. She blew him with all her might. She was happy when his penis exploded after only a few minutes. She didn't even need to put her finger in his butt.

Amanda sent Aiden home and cleaned herself in the bathroom. He had really blasted her with his venom. The poor boy carried around even more of the stuff than Zach did. She thought things over. She needed Zach to have one of his game nights at their house. And she would need to make sure Kathy got herself an invite. She might need a spy.

## Chapter 15

“Dogs are a boy’s best friend, right?” Karen brought her husband his briefcase. Aiden was already off to school, and her husband was running a little late.

Chuck straightened his tie. “We’re not getting Aiden a dog. They slobber over everything. And he’s going to college soon. We’d be stuck with that mutt.” He took the briefcase from her.

“Yes ... you’re right.” Karen nodded. “I just want to connect with Aiden, you know?”

“Your heart’s in the right place, Karen.” Chuck kissed her absentmindedly on the cheek. “But no dogs.”

“Understood.” Karen waved goodbye. As she stood in the window watching him pull the car out of the driveway, inspiration struck. She knew how to show Aiden that she was loving and loyal.

~~

“Mom, I’m home.” Aiden prayed his mother was out of the house. He needed to fap desperately. He took off his shoes by the front door and dropped his backpack. He didn’t hear anything. Relief warmed his belly. His dick pushed valiantly at his pants. He would get to masturbate finally. “Mom?”

“Ruff ... ruff.”

“What ... the ...?” Aiden went into the living room. He found his mother in her yoga clothes on all fours, panting with her tongue hanging out. Her cross dangled in front of her cleavage. He tried not to look at her hanging boobs in the tight top. “What did Mrs. Lutz tell you to do now?” He furrowed his brow in anger and frustration.

“Amanda didn’t tell me to do this.” Karen frowned from her position on the floor. She looked up at him. “Why are you angry? I thought you were getting along well with Amanda. You were so happy after she had that chat with you.”

Aiden couldn’t tell his mother that he had been happy because Amanda had given him his first blowjob. “If Mrs. Lutz didn’t put you up to this, what are you doing?”

“Dogs are a boy’s best friend. I thought ...” She could tell this wasn’t working. *Where did I go wrong? I thought he would laugh and enjoy this game.* “Ruff ... ruff?”

“Okay ... okay ... be a good dog and go walk yourself.” Aiden was suddenly hopeful. “I need some space. Bark three times if you understand.”

Karen grinned and wagged her butt. “Ruff, ruff, ruff!” Her heart filled with joy when her son smiled at her. She crawled over to him, took some pets on her head, and crawled off to the front door. When she was out of sight, she got to her feet and adjusted her foil headband. She let herself out of the house, a proud smile on her face. *A walk would be good. I'm getting through to him. Maybe if I play the dog game some more, he'll open up and I'll find out about all that scary stuff Amanda has been talking about.*

Aiden rushed to his room. He didn't know how much time he had, but he didn't think he needed more than five minutes. Dick in hand, he sat on his bed and went to work. He had planned to fantasize about Amanda's tasty pussy and her amazing blowjob. But his mind betrayed him and kept returning to the heart-shape of his mom's ass as she crawled around the living room and the way her boobs swayed under her. He couldn't help picturing her naked on all fours, looking over her shoulder invitingly at him. The intrusive thoughts made him cum even faster than he'd expected.

~~

“Wait ... we added to the party?” Caleb sat with his two friends in Zach's basement. They were busy setting up for a game night.

“Kathy Schwartz?” Aiden's eyes got distant. He knew Kathy of course, but hadn't talked much to her. She was popular ... and beautiful ... and she sort of looked like Amanda. Which meant that Aiden sort of had a crush on her.

“Yeah, it's no big deal.” Zach shrugged. “I know it's weird that my mom invited her, but I helped Kathy make a character at lunch. She seemed interested, and we've needed a healer for a while.”

Caleb frowned. “You don't think she's going to be weirded out when the lust box comes up? We had a plan for tonight.”

“Nah.” Zach blushed. He knew his crush on Kathy was oedipal, but that didn't diminish it any. “She ... seems to think our game might be a little sexy already. Probably my mom giving people ideas again.”

“I guess that works in our favor.” Aiden rubbed his chin. “Does she have a boyfriend?”

“Yeah, she's dating Wheeler.” Caleb nodded.

“That jock? And she wants to play with us?” Aiden couldn't quite figure it out.

“It’s fine, it’s all fine. She won’t mess with the Jade Seal box. Kathy’s cool, I promise.” Zach tried to give them his most reassuring smile.

“Let’s just finish setting up.” Aiden shook his head.

They all agreed that an elven priestess would be helpful to work the Jade Seal into their story. The party would meet her at a tavern on the outskirts of town.

Twenty minutes later, they were all sitting at the round basement table with Kathy.

“We know you’re new to this. Your character sheet mentions a lot of abilities, and things, but just try to think what your character would do.” Aiden’s cheeks heated up as he made eye contact with Kathy.

“Yeah.” Zach nodded eagerly. “If you have an idea, or would like your character to do something, just ask, and we can figure out how it works. You’re really smart so ... um ...” He adjusted his glasses.

“It’s cooperative storytelling and we’re all here to have fun.” Caleb wasn’t used to being around girls that weren’t his sister or mother. He rubbed the back of his neck.

“Great!” Kathy beamed at the nerds. They were all so cute. It was so silly how Amanda kept joking about them being in an evil cult. She could see clearly how sweet they were. “So, I guess our little group is an evil cult?”

“What? No.” Aiden shook his head. “I’m a goblin priest. Caleb is a dryad. And Zach is a dwarf. We’re the good guys.”

“Don’t the evil guys always think they’re the good guys?” Kathy laughed. “Anyway, I’m the sexy elf, Erroweena, and I’ve got lots of magic. And I guess I’m out picking up dwarves in a tavern or something?”

“I’m a tall dwarf.” Zach looked around uncomfortably. “I’m just saying.”

“Yes, Kathy, you’re looking for answers about this box, which holds a terrible secret.” Caleb handed her the Jade Seal box.

The game was awkward going at first, but the group settled in. Of course, the party decided to join the young elf, helping her deal with the strange box. They set out from the tavern and immediately had a run-in with a vampire sorceress that had somehow gotten wind of the Jade Seal. It took a couple hours to deal with her in her ancient castle. By the time they had defeated her, everyone at the table was laughing and talking excitedly about what they’d just been through.

That’s when Amanda raced down the stairs and silenced them. She was wearing only lingerie and heels, and her hair was up in what Cosmo said was the sexiest of braids. “Ha! It’s true.” She was happy to note that all four sets of eyes were on her bounding

bust. Even her spy couldn't help herself. She knew how to speak a language that these corrupt teenagers could understand. "Give me the box!"

Caleb, Aiden, and Zach exchanged looks.

"No, Mrs. L. All our power is in there." Aiden tried to sell it. "Our dark stones are in there."

"Yeah, Mom. You can't have the Jade Seal." Zach *accidentally* pushed the box to the edge of the table.

"Wait ... dark stones?" Caleb looked at Aiden. "It's an elven lust box."

Aiden mouthed the word *improvise*.

Caleb shook his head.

Amanda seized on the moment of confusion. She darted forward and grabbed the cursed thing. "Game over! That's game over. I've won!" She turned and ran back up the stairs, sure that all the teenagers were staring hungrily at her bouncing butt.

When she was gone, the four players moved their eyes away from where Amanda's lingerie-clad ass had been.

"What was that about dark stones?" Caleb frowned at Aiden. "We didn't make any to put in there. She's going to see they're missing, and ... it will complicate things." He looked to Zach for support.

Zach nodded. "It could complicate things."

"Sorry." Aiden couldn't very well tell them about how he mentioned it to Amanda earlier without also telling them about the cunnilingus and blowjob. He pressed his lips together and adjusted his glasses.

"Wow!" Kathy was still smiling. "Was that part of the game?"

"Um ... my mom doesn't play with us ... exactly, but she gets excited." Zach forced a smile. "She's probably going to destroy the box. She has an overactive imagination."

"I've noticed." Kathy giggled. "It's sweet how close you are with her."

"I ... guess ... we can work this into our game," Aiden said. "I mean, if you want to keep playing."

All the boys looked at Kathy.

"Sure, I'm having fun with my elf." She giggled. "Although, she isn't as sexy as I thought she'd be." Kathy nodded. "Let's keep going. But make things ... more freaky ... okay?"

The tension broke around the table. The boys smiled at one another.

Zach sighed. "Don't worry about the dark stone thing, Aiden. Mom's probably burning the box right now. All our *powers* are going up in smoke."

Aiden winked at his friend. "Thanks. Right. Well, a wicked sorceress has swooped in and stolen the lust box from under the party's nose!"

The teenagers continued their game.

Upstairs in her bedroom, Amanda stood, looking at the open box on her bed. She had her hands on her hips and a frown on her face. "What are they trying to pull? Where are the stones?" A wave of sudden arousal hit her. "Oh, no! It's a trick. They wanted me to let the lust out of the box. And I can't destroy it until I get the stones back." Without thinking about it, her hands went to her breasts. She shuddered as she played with her nipples. "I've been such a fool. This is just like what happened to Napoleon when that sea dragon kidnapped Josephine." She had seen something about this the night before on the History Channel. She imagined what that sexy dragon must have looked like. It was lucky for the French Emperor that the thing hadn't knocked up his wife with a clutch of baby dragons.

Amanda was surprised to find herself laying on her bed. One hand was still playing with her nipple, the other was under her panties. "Oh, curse the elven lusts. Things are going to get worse before they get better." She massaged her clit, imagining how those boys were laughing at her in the basement. Then, she was imagining what they would do to her now that they had gained their victory. "Uuuugggghhh ... boys ... boys ..." Her face was twisted with pleasure. "You may ... have won the battle ... but ... I will ... win the war ... uuuuuuggggghhh."

Her spy hadn't helped her. Kathy had let Amanda take the box without warning. "Ooohhhhhh ... Kathy ... you bad ... bad ... girl." Amanda shuddered and trembled. Her eyes crossed. She thought about all four of them taking turns with Amanda, sating their lusts. "Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." Her orgasm was explosive. When it was over, she wasn't surprised to see a stain spreading on the blanket between her legs. They had really gotten her good.

She stood and tried to make it to the bathroom to douse herself in a cold shower, but she ended up masturbating on the floor. She went through a whole series of climaxes. It took her so long, that she barely had time to clean up before her husband came up to bed. And when she went to check on the teenagers, they were gone. Zach was in his room with the lights out. So, it wasn't time to confront him.

Still buzzing from the evening, Amanda went to fix herself a drink. She would figure out what to do about all this tomorrow.

## Chapter 16

“How did it go tonight?” Nicole knocked on her son’s door.

“One ... sec.” Caleb was reading in bed on his phone. He quickly pulled the covers over his erection. “Come in.”

She opened the door and walked into her son’s room. “It’s so late, I’m glad you’re still up.” She closed the door behind her and straightened the oversized t-shirt she had already changed into for bed. She held her e-reader to her hip. Her instinct was to hide the screen, even though it was off. “How did your game night go?”

“Yep. Just reading a novel. A ... um ... regular novel.” Caleb gave her an abashed smile. “It went well. Mrs. Lutz took the bait ... I think.”

He told his mother about Kathy and the elven lust box that Amanda had absconded with. They talked a bit about how to handle Amanda. They were both hopeful that she would destroy the box and consider the matter resolved. Although, Nicole warned, there was some chance that Amanda’s imagination might rev up with the “magical” item in her possession. Eventually, their conversation died into silence.

“Hmmm.” Nicole sat on his desk chair. She put her e-reader on her lap face down, and gazed at the tent in his blanket. “We have a wonderfully open and trusting relationship, don’t we, sweetie?”

Caleb grinned and nodded.

“I was going to go to the living room to read since your father is sleeping. But, I think I would rather be with you.” She gave him a warm smile. “Do you mind?”

Caleb’s grin faded. He bit his bottom lip.

“It’s okay. You can do what you were doing before. It’s under the covers, so it’s fine.” She nodded reassuringly and turned on her e-reader. “I’m reading the one with the looping days,” Nicole said in a German accent. “I love the part with the apple thief. What are you reading?”

Caleb laughed at her accent. “The lusty elf box from earlier tonight put me in the mood for ... the one where ...” He lowered his voice even though it was just the two of them. “... female elves grow penises.”

“Oh ... you like that stuff?” Nicole caught herself quickly and held up a finger. “I mean, it’s wonderful to explore your imagination like that. I support your interests as long as they don’t harm you or anyone else. Which ... stories like that don’t harm anyone ... obviously. And ... you’re eighteen ... so you’re exploring new ideas ... and –”

“Mom, we’re trusting and open, remember? It’s fine.” Caleb turned his phone back on. “So, you’ll read your story, and I’ll read mine?”

“Yes, sweetie.” Nicole nodded and dove into her book.

“Okay.” Caleb watched her for a few moments. He could see lots of her thighs, but couldn’t quite glimpse high enough to see her panties. His boner was so hard it hurt. *That’s my mom. I’m not in one of these stories.* That reminded him to return his eyes to his phone. He didn’t want her to catch him staring.

Mother and son read for a while without talking. The only sound was the urgent, rhythmic rustling of Caleb’s covers as he pumped his dick out of sight.

When it was time to cum, Caleb did his best not to grunt. His face turned bright red, and he unloaded on the bottom of his top sheet. When he opened his eyes, his mother was still reading. He thanked God she hadn’t looked over.

A short time later, Nicole stood. “Well, that was nice. Maybe we can read together again sometime?”

“Yes, I’d like that.” Caleb nodded eagerly.

“Good night, sweetie.” Nicole hurriedly left his room. She was worried that she had soaked right through her panties and the bottom of the t-shirt. She rushed past her sleeping husband to their bathroom. Once there, she sat on the toilet lid with her book, and masturbated furiously.

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Amanda had been masturbating constantly in the few days since she’d acquired the source of the boys’ power. That cursed box was driving her crazy. She even caught herself touching her vagina while sucking her inoculation from Zach’s penis. This was dangerous. She was almost riled up enough to spread her legs for her son. Which, of course, was exactly what he wanted. She wouldn’t give in. She even tried having sex with her husband, but he was predictably uninterested. It was torture.

Eventually, it occurred to her that while her goal had been to avoid sleeping with her own son, she hadn’t really sought to avoid sleeping with her friends’ sons. And Aiden was a very pliable lad. She might be able to get more information from him with a little pillow talk. That way she could kill two birds with one stone. That is, if birds were real. Of course, she knew they were not.

“Mrs. Lutz?” Aiden walked through the open front door of his friend’s house and closed it behind him. He dropped his shoes and backpack. He had been so excited ever since he’d gotten the text from Amanda. She had invited him to skip chess club and stop by. He had texted her a *yes* right away. “Mrs. Lutz?” He said into the quiet house. “Is this about my mom acting like a dog? Because, I’m wondering why you put her up to that.” He was just making small talk. He was praying she wanted to blow him again. And maybe, she’d want him to go down on her again. He still wasn’t masturbating at home, so he was beyond hopeful that Amanda was crazy-horny, and not crazy-angry. He walked into the kitchen and found her waiting for him. She was wearing lingerie, which he thought was a good sign.

“You’re making your mother behave like a dog? Like she’s on all-fours? Ruff ruff?” Amanda glared at him with fierce eyes. Her makeup was flawless. Her hair was up in a style that Vogue promised was summer-sexy. Her hands were on her mostly bare hips. Bright red heels adorned her feet.

“Honestly, she seems so weird and happy just getting pets or playing fetch. I thought you put her up –”

“Oh, so you think you can make all us mothers into bitches, just because these elven lusts have us in heat?” She shook her head slowly for dramatic effect. “Think again.”

“I didn’t –”

“Silence!” Amanda grabbed a condom from the counter and tossed it onto the floor in front of the teenager. “I assume you’re hard. You filthy boys are always hard.”

“What ... I ...?” Aiden didn’t think he’d need a condom for a blowjob. They didn’t use one last time.

“Get moving! We don’t have all afternoon.” Amanda stamped her high heel on the kitchen floor. “You’re the one that put this ghostly fire between my legs, and gosh darn it, you’re going to put it out. Get that condom on and lie on the floor.”

“I ... um ...” Aiden was too shocked to do anything but what she demanded. He quickly stripped, pausing only when he was down to his underwear.

“Oh, go on. Let’s get this going already.” Amanda ground her teeth. She just really needed to flop her body against something hard and warm. She wished she didn’t have to deal with all the other niceties of social interaction. “I’ve seen it before.”

“Right.” Aiden lowered his underwear. Awkwardly, he bent down and picked up the condom. “I haven’t ever used one of these before.”

“Ha!” Amanda barked out a laugh. “How many women have you bedded with your dark stone plots? A dozen? Two dozen? And you never used a condom? It’s a wonder this

town isn't overrun with pregnant women." Amanda imagined a row of wives and mothers standing hand-in-hand with pregnant bellies. All of the women looked shocked at what Aiden had sired in them. "You just roll the condom on. It's not that difficult." She watched him try to put the condom on, rolling her eyes in disgust. "You're doing it wrong." She hurried over to him, took out a new condom, and rolled it onto his erection. "Lie down."

"Um ... okay ..." This is not how he'd thought he'd lose his virginity. "Should we light some candles or something?"

"So you can do witchcraft on me? That elven lust box wasn't enough for you?" She put her hands on his shoulders and forced him to the floor.

"I ... um ... yes?" Aiden settled himself on his back on the cold floor, watching her straddle him while still standing. She moved with such confidence. Her panties had a dark stain where she was leaking. He thought of Zach and felt guilty for what he was about to do with his friend's mom. He supposed it couldn't be helped. While Amanda was clearly unhinged, she was still undeniably hot. "So ... Mrs. Lutz ... you think the box is making you -"

"Shh." She put a finger to her lips and lowered herself, one knee on either side of his hips. "It's time for me to get ... some ... ooooohhhhhhhhhh." She guided his penis into her vagina. How odd that she should find herself hoisted on a teenage pole. Their evil side had come so close to winning, but even now, she was outsmarting Zach. She would use his friend and never submit to the incest she knew Zach craved. "This feels ... ooooohhhhhh ... strange."

"Yeah ..." Aiden agreed. He adjusted his glasses and watched Amanda's severe expression soften and turn almost goofy. That made her even hotter.

"Amanda's hips started to move, awkwardly at first. "You don't feel ... like my husband. Is this ... because of the ghosts you ... ugh ... ugh ... put in me?"

"Uuuuuggghhhhh ... I'm cumming ... Mrs. Lutz." Aiden's hips bucked, and he exploded into the condom.

"Really?" Amanda stopped her hips and looked down at the eighteen-year-old fast-shooter. "I guess ... you're like my husband ... in some ways." She pulled herself off his penis.

"Nnnnngggggg," Aiden said. He was still cumming. When he finished, he lifted his head and saw that she was taking the condom off. "What ... um ... are you doing?" Aiden decided that sex orgasms were way better than any other kind.

"I'm not letting you off the hook just yet, Aiden." Amanda walked to the kitchen trash, threw the condom away, and took off her lingerie. She returned to Aiden and took

another condom from the box. "You're probably hopped up on dark stone dust. And I might as well make use of that." She rolled the condom onto his sperm-covered penis. "Whose idea was it to trick me with the box?" She straddled him again and lowered her vagina onto its target. "Who's the ring leader?"

"I don't know ... uuuuggghhhhh ... what you're talking about ... Mrs. Lutz." Aiden's cock was still sensitive from cumming, but he wasn't about to ask her to remove her pussy.

"I ... uuughhh ... ugh ... ugh ... doubt ... that." Amanda dug her fingers into his scrawny chest and undulated. With each revolution, her hips became less awkward. "We'll talk ... uuuggghhh ... more about this ... ugh ... ugh ... later. For now ... I ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." Amanda's eyes rolled back and her body bounced wildly on its own. She closed her eyes and lost herself in a marvelous orgasm. It was so good that she wondered if it was helping to exorcise the ghosts. Maybe they didn't like sharing space with a penis. When she opened her eyes again, she looked down at Aiden's sheepish smile. "Did you ... um ... orgasm again?"

He nodded.

"Very well." She dismounted him, replaced the condom with a fresh one, and lay on her back with her legs spread as wide as they'd go. "Come on then ... I know you have another one in you."

"Right ... Mrs. Lutz." Aiden stared at the V between her legs for a long moment. His heart sang. He no longer felt any guilt at all. He practically leapt onto his friend's mother, trying out missionary for the first time. It was slow going at first, especially because she kept barking instructions at him which upset his concentration. But eventually, he figured out how to move his hips. Once he got a good pace, she stopped saying much more than a few words here or there. Mostly about aliens or ghosts. To Aiden's bewilderment, she also mentioned a new understanding for how Napoleon's wife must have felt.

"Oooooohhhhhh ... Aiden ... Aiden ... you're like ... the sea dragon ... ooohhhhhh." Amanda pointed her toes at the ceiling. A series of orgasms hit her one after the other.

"Mrs. L ... uuuggghhhhh ... Mrs. L." After cumming twice, Aiden's third orgasm took its sweet time. And when it arrived after twenty minutes of sublime missionary, he nearly fainted from joy. "Aaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh." He had never bellowed like that before in his life.

They lay exhausted on the kitchen floor until their skin cooled. Then, Amanda gathered herself and dislodged the boy from her vagina. She dressed him and sent him home with a stupid smile on his face. She was so out of sorts from all the orgasms that she forgot to further question him about his plots. Well, that would have to wait until next time. For now, she desperately needed a shower before her men returned home.



## Chapter 17

“Mom, I’m home!” Aiden was high as a kite. All those delicious sex chemicals coursed through his brain. He’d just lost his virginity to a crazy, hot lady. She was also crazy hot. “I had a really good day, Mom!” he called into the house.

“Ruff ... ruff ...” Karen crawled on her hands and knees into the hall.

“Whoa ... you got a costume.” Aiden’s eyes bugged out. His mother was wearing a big, baggy dog costume. She wagged her butt, which wagged the costume’s tail. “Does Dad know you’re wearing that?”

Karen stopped crawling and looked up at him. “Your father would think I lost it. But the dog thing is working, right?” She smiled at him.

“Sure, Mom.” Aiden was too jazzed to worry about her escalating their canine games.

“Okay, no more breaking character.” Karen panted and nudged his knee with her head. She thought he smelled a little funny. It was an overripe fruit scent that seemed familiar, but she couldn’t place it. “Ruff ... ruff.”

“You want to play fetch in the living room?” Aiden laughed. “Sure, why not? I feel like I could take on the whole empire by myself.”

“Gggrrrrmmmm?” Karen cocked her head.

“It’s from a movie.” He petted her costumed head. “Now, be a good girl and go get your ball so we can play.” He watched her crawl away on her hands and knees. Whatever his mother was doing, it was working. He hadn’t felt this close to her since he was a kid. He almost felt like telling her he’d lost his virginity not more than an hour ago. But he knew that would ruin things. He cackled when she came back into the hall carrying a rubber ball in her mouth. “Come on, girl. Let’s go to the living room and play.” He walked down the hall, and she eagerly crawled behind him.

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For several days after boinking Aiden, Amanda basked in satisfaction. The elven lusts diminished for a while, and it always felt good to outthink one’s adversaries. But she couldn’t rest on her laurels. For one, she needed more information to figure out what her son was up to. For two, she was feeling the heat from the elven box between her legs again. She knew time was limited. At about three in the afternoon, Amanda put on a

yoga outfit, grabbed her purse, and went to go find Kathy on her route home from school.

“Hey there, Kathy” Amanda pulled up next to the girl as she walked down the sidewalk. Amanda admired Kathy’s smart outfit. It was a summer dress that didn’t expose too much. It was accessorized by a fabric collar. Lots of girls were wearing collars these days. She wondered if there was anything to that. “I want to talk about the other night.”

“Oh, hey, Mrs. Lutz.” Kathy smiled at the friendly woman. “The D&D game? Yeah, who knew nerds had so much fun?”

“You wouldn’t call those boys nerds if you knew what I knew.” Amanda furrowed her brow darkly.

Kathy laughed. “You’re so funny.” She took off her backpack, went around the car, and got in the passenger seat. She beamed at Amanda. “So, what do you want to talk about?”

“I think we’ll need some privacy.” Amanda drove them toward the abandoned supermarket, carefully questioning her eighteen-year-old passenger on the way. Amanda quickly decided that Kathy either wasn’t a very good spy, or the boys had gotten to her. She wasn’t revealing any of their nefarious plans. She pulled into a weedy parking lot behind the supermarket, shut off the car, and studied Kathy closely.

Kathy remembered what the boys had said about Amanda getting carried away with her imagination. She looked around outside the car and smiled. “Okay, okay. I get it. Very atmospheric. So, you’re the sorceress from the other night, and I’m the sexy, elven priestess. What was my name? Kathriel, I think. You’re approaching me while I’m away from the rest of the party. Very clever.” Kathy passed a hand over her face, wiping away the grin. “What do you want, sorceress!?” She tried to sell her role by looking authoritative, like she thought a priestess might look.

“What?” Amanda narrowed her eyes. “The party? You mean the boys? So, you need them around for your power?”

“Yes, we draw strength from each other!” Kathy’s voice boomed in the minivan.

“I should have had you in an aluminum headband. This is my fault.” Amanda rubbed her chin. “I sent you in there unprepared. They’ve corrupted you. But there are things we can do for you. I kissed my friend, and it weakened the boy’s power.”

“You cannot weaken our power.” Kathy was enjoying the game immensely. “We can’t ... mmmmmpppphhhhh.” Her body froze in shock when Amanda kissed her on the lips. It was even more surprising when the woman thrust her tongue into Kathy’s mouth. *This woman is really committed to her son’s game!* And Kathy found that she was committed, too. She wondered what she was going to tell her boyfriend as her tongue started to explore another woman’s mouth for the first time. The make-out session

picked up in intensity. Soon, they were groping each other's breasts and bellies. The windows fogged up.

Eventually, Amanda pulled away and stared into the girl's dazed face. It was like looking at a younger version of herself. "You're ... um ... you look so much like me."

"Really?" Kathy smiled.

"Are you here to steal something from me?" Amanda climbed into the back seat and pulled her top off. "I don't have a scepter, but ... you could be after the source of my power. The box, are you here to steal the elven box?"

"You ... um ... you picked me up ... Mrs. Lutz ... er ... I mean ... sorceress. I didn't go looking for you, remember?" Kathy was having a hard time concentrating as Amanda's boobs jiggled into view. "And you ... stole that box from the party. It's not yours."

"Don't try to confuse me. Get back here, I need to check you for ghosts." Amanda's own ghosts were oozing ectoplasm out of her slit. "Hurry."

Kathy stared in awe as the woman took off her yoga pants and panties. "This isn't like any game I've played before."

"This isn't a game, girl. This is serious." Amanda was going to be cross with her if she didn't get back into the back of the minivan and expose her vagina for an exorcism.

"Right, okay." Kathy nodded. "So, I have to like ... try to seduce you and get information from you? An elf priestess wouldn't mind doing that."

"They trained you well," Amanda said darkly. "But you won't get the best of me."

"We'll see!" Kathy laughed. She crawled into the back of the van and let Amanda roughly kiss and undress her. Soon, she was reclining on the back seat, with her pussy exposed for inspection.

"Just as I thought." Amanda leaned in until her nose was only inches from the teenager's netherlips. She ran her finger along the pink slit and held it up for Kathy to see. "Ectoplasm. They put ghosts in there, and that's how they control you. It's worse than 5G."

"They put ghosts in my ...?" Kathy's eyes were wide open. She found that she was breathing hard, and there was a sheen of sweat on her forehead. "This game is amazing."

"I'm going to try to get them out now. Hold still." Amanda ran her fingers along the slick hole again.

"Okay, Mrs. Lutz. I know this game is sexy, but maybe this is too sexy, you know?" Kathy could see the grim determination on Amanda's face. "I don't think that we should ..."

ooooohhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Kathy went rigid when two fingers slid into her. She had been fingered many times. But this was the first by a woman and the first by someone old enough to be her mother. “Oooooohhhhhhh ... gosh ... that’s ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhh.” The next thirty minutes were a whirlwind for Kathy. She had more orgasms in that time than since she’d first started dating her boyfriend. It seemed that the sorceress’s fingers were indeed magical. When Amanda was done with her, Kathy was a sweaty, quivering mess. “Oooooohhhhhhh ... Mrs. Lutz ... I really like this game.”

“I told you ...” Amanda removed her fingers from the girl’s vagina and wiped them off on Kathy’s thigh. “... this is not a game. Judging by the amount of ectoplasm on my back seat, I’d say we reduced your ghost population significantly. I hope that now you’ll be able to focus on the boys’ plans.” She dressed under the lingering gaze of the thunderstruck teenager.

“You want me ... to be a spy?” Kathy’s lips turned with a lazy, joyful smile.

“Yes, that was the plan the whole time, remember?” Amanda bit her lip in frustration. She thought maybe she should ask Kathy to check Amanda’s vagina for ghosts, but they didn’t have time. Amanda had Pilates soon.

“Okay.” Kathy nodded and started dressing, too. “That was really fun, Mrs. L. Thanks.”

“I don’t know about fun. I’m just trying to stop them from knocking up every mother in town.” Dressed now, Amanda crawled back into the driver’s seat. “Let me take you home.”

Kathy was so splendidly buzzed, she hardly said more than a few words on the drive home. Dungeons and Dragons was certainly way more entertaining than she’d thought before giving it a try.

~~

After Pilates, Amanda was still riled up. She needed someone to check her for ghosts, and she knew Aiden had a tool to dig deep in there and clear them out. She found herself driving to the Wiggington house. Next thing she knew, she was parking and walking to the front door.

Karen answered the door, they exchanged pleasantries, and then Amanda told her that she needed to talk to Aiden.

“We are not to be disturbed, Karen. Do you understand?” Amanda waved a finger in her friend’s face. “The fate of your womb, and mine, hangs in the balance. They corrupted my spy. I need to question your son.”

“Okay,” Karen squeaked. She watched Amanda storm off toward Aiden’s room. She prayed the woman wouldn’t be too hard on him.

Amanda entered Aiden’s room without knocking. She slammed the door behind her.

Aiden was working on homework at his desk. “Mom, I told you to knock.” He turned toward the door. “You can’t ...” His eyes went wide when he saw Amanda efficiently stripping. “Mrs. L?”

“Get out your condoms. My body is even more worked up than last time.” Amanda didn’t bother with a proper greeting. The little hellion was out humping half of her friends, he didn’t deserve it. She also forgot to interrogate him.

“Oh ... shit.” Aiden stood up and undressed as quickly as he could. “I don’t have any condoms.”

“Of course you don’t.” Naked now, Amanda strutted over to the half-dressed eighteen-year-old, and pushed him onto the bed. His penis was hard and out in the open. That was good enough. “You won’t knock me up though, will you?” She grabbed his penis and pumped it with her hand. “You’re saving me for Zachary, right?”

“What?” Aiden’s eyes bugged out of his head.

“Your expression gives it away. Each of you plans to bed his own mother.” Amanda straddled him. “It’s too late for poor Nicole. She should have listened to me. Caleb has undoubtedly claimed her already. But Zachary will never have me.” She lined up Aiden’s penis and slipped it inside. “And you will never have ... uuuuggghhhhhh ... your mother.”

“I wouldn’t ... ever ... aaaahhhhhhhh.” Aiden melted as her pussy gripped his dick tightly.

“Just let me know ... ugh ... ugh ... when you’re going ... ugghhh ... to explode.” Amanda’s hips were already bouncing. She was taking him much easier than last time.

“I’m ... uuuuuuuggghhhhhh ... about to cum ... Mrs. L.” Aiden was in heaven.

“Great. Might as well ... get the first one ... out of the way.” She lifted off him and slurped his penis into her mouth. It made sense not to waste a perfectly good inoculation. The more she did this, the less control they would have over her.

“Mmmpppphhhhh.” She gulped down the percussive explosions of sperm as they hit her tongue. When he finished, she licked down the shaft and ran her tongue under his foreskin.

“What ... are you doing?” Aiden watched her in awe.

Amanda didn't reply until his penis was perfectly clean. Then she mounted him and slipped his rod back inside. "You should thank me. I was ... ugh ... ugh ... making sure ... that there wasn't ... any sperm ... on your penis. Remember ... you're ... ugh ... ugh ... saving me for Zachary. And I'm ... saving me ... from you." She gritted her teeth when his penis seemed to harden even more. It hit a spot deep in her womb. Amanda saw stars and stopped talking. For the next twenty minutes, the only sounds in the room were their animal noises, slapping skin, and the creaking bed.

## Chapter 18

“Oh ... my,” Karen whispered to herself. She stood in the hall outside her son’s room. The sounds coming from inside were so loud, she didn’t need to have her ear pressed to the door. There was rhythmic banging, cries of pain from Amanda, and her poor son was grunting through some sort of great effort. It was no mystery to Karen what was happening in there.

“Mrs. L ... uuuggghhhh ... Mrs. L ... your pussy ... oooohhhh ... shit,” Aiden said.

“Eeeeeiiiiiiii!” Amanda screamed.

“That demon is fighting back.” Karen knew the demon’s name was Mrs. L. She knew it had tried to tempt Aiden before. And, apparently, Amanda was ready to deal with this demon once and for all. *I have such wonderful friends!*

“Give it ... to me ... eh ... eh ... give it up ... you little monster,” Amanda said.

“Uuuuuggghhhhhh,” Aiden said.

*Should I help?* No, Karen knew this was Amanda’s fight. Why else would she have closed the door? Karen had tried to subdue the demon with her vagina and a cucumber. She hadn’t been good enough. But now Amanda was fighting the thing for Aiden’s very soul.

Karen gripped the cross around her neck so tightly it dug painfully into her palm. *Please, Lord, protect them in this battle. If you do, I promise I will be such a good mother to Aiden. I’ll play with him even more than I have been. I’ll buy a dog collar for our games. I’ll bake him a really big cake! Just let him be okay.*

It was clear to Karen that the war inside Aiden’s room was building to a climax. The thumping noises got louder. Amanda screamed like she was a banshee herself. Aiden sounded even more strained. Karen dropped to her knees in the hall and dropped her head in prayer. She imagined the demon violating both her son and her best friend at once. It was all so horrible.

The sounds abruptly ended. Karen heard poor Amanda gurgling and choking on something. She could only imagine the horrors in that room. Then, there was silence.

After a couple minutes of unnatural quiet, Karen dared to knock on the door. “Is ... um ... is everything okay in there?”

“Yeah ... Mom.” Aiden’s voice sounded higher than usual to Karen. The poor guy must have been through such an ordeal.

A minute later, Amanda opened the door. Her hair was a mess, her mascara was running down her cheeks, she was covered in sweat, her clothes were askew, and some

strange white stuff dangled from her chin. She gave Karen an exhausted smile. "That's taken care of."

"Oh ... my ... you're such a hero, Amanda. The demon ... is gone?" Karen stood and stared at her friend. She wanted to embrace her, but she didn't want to get too close to that dangling ectoplasm. So instead of a hug, she awkwardly extended her right hand.

Amanda shook her friend's hand. "Well, I drained him. But that little demon will probably be back. I'm sure I'll be immune soon enough though. And we'll be safe from their plot." Amanda glared back into the room at Aiden, who was still zipping his pants.

"There's no plot." Aiden sighed. He was too buzzed to argue much more than that, so he sat heavily on his bed.

"Um ... Amanda ... you have some ectoplasm on your chin." Karen pointed to her own chin to demonstrate the spot.

"Boys are dirty work, Karen." Amanda wiped off her chin, walked past her friend, and headed down the stairs.

Karen stood in the hall, unsure of what to do. In a moment, she heard the front door slam. She looked at her son. His cheeks were red, and his forehead glistened with perspiration. "So, she took care of the demon for good?"

Aiden shook his head slowly. "There is no demon, Mom."

"Okay, good. I just wanted to make sure it was taken care of." She let out a long exhale. "You look tired. Do you need anything?"

"Just some privacy, Mom," Aiden said.

Karen stepped into his room to grab his door handle. She was hit by a strong, overripe smell. Confused, she closed the door and went downstairs to make dinner.

~~

Nicole and Caleb had gotten into the habit of reading together after David, Lauren, and Mary Puppins had gone to bed. Nicole would bring her e-reader and a blanket into his room. She would sit on his desk chair, cover herself with the blanket, and read with one hand, her other hand working busily between her legs. She knew her son was doing something similar underneath his covers, but they hadn't talked about it yet.

“Mom?” Caleb still hadn’t gotten over how odd it was to chat with his mother while fapping. He looked over at her, and she was biting her lower lip and furrowing her eyebrows as she read.

“Yeah ... sweetie?” Nicole glanced over at her handsome son. His face was so sweet when he was pleasuring himself ... so full of joy and wonder.

“In some of these stories ... it feels like ... it’s impossible for the mom and son to get together.” Even though the outline of his hand could be seen bouncing under the blanket, he didn’t stop his masturbation. “Like in this one ... about Christmas ... the mom doesn’t seem that into it. Why does she even show him her boobs?”

“Oh ... I like that one.” Nicole’s smile was broad and lazy. “I think she’s showing him ... uuuummmmm ... because ... she loves her son ... and it makes him so happy.”

Caleb’s eyes lit up at that. “Oh ... I see ... that’s something a mom might do ... huh?”

“Maybe ... maybe ... uuuugghhhh ... maybe ... sweetie.” Nicole watched her son throw his head back, close his eyes, and shake as he came under the covers. She had her own mini-convulsion and climaxed, too.

Afterward, she got up, kissed her son on the forehead, and headed for the shower. Her life had veered in such an odd direction since Amanda had shown her all those delicious stories. Nicole couldn’t be happier.

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“No, I explained to him that there's nothing between us. It's just that my character is a sexy elven priestess, with a thing for rough and tumble dwarves, and you're playing one. And since that Jade Seal was broken, she can't really hold back. But he didn't see the difference, and we had a fight.” Kathy was all smiles in the Lutz basement. She was talking with Zach while they waited for Caleb and Aiden to show up. “He didn’t want me to come to game night tonight, but honestly, Zach, you couldn’t drive me away.”

“So ... you and your boyfriend broke up?” Zach raised his eyes hopefully.

“Oh, I doubt it. We get along really well, and we’re very open with each other.” Kathy furrowed her brow. She hadn’t actually told her boyfriend about all the orgasms Amanda had given her in the back seat of her minivan. A few frown lines etched themselves into her pretty face.

“Oh ... I see ... well ... I really like –” Zach was mercifully cut off by Caleb and Aiden as they walked down the stairs, laughing at each other’s jokes.

They set up their game and were just about ready to start when Kathy raised her hand.

“Um ... yeah, Kathy?” Zach said.

“So, when do I fill you in on the in-game stuff that happens between sessions?” Kathy looked around the table. The boys gave her blank stares in return. “You do know the sorceress visited me, right?”

“What?” Caleb rubbed the back of his neck. “Is this something you imagined, or ...?”

“Come on, dudes. You must know that sorceress came to me for information while we were separated.” Kathy nodded like this was all a perfectly normal part of the game. Because she assumed it was. An awesome, sexy game. “So, my priestess was walking back from sch ... her temple? And the sorceress drove up in a van ... no ... uummmm ... a magic carpet? No, a pumpkin? Well, a carriage, I guess. And the sorceress was desperate for information on the rest of the party. You know, she wanted to learn about you guys. And she was suffering from the elven magic box she stole.”

“Oh no.” Zach clapped his hand to his forehead.

Kathy gave him a quizzical look. “Long story short, my priestess still likes Zach's dwarf, but I think she's conflicted about the goals of the sorceress now. Such a sexy love triangle!”

“Wait ... I don't understand.” Aiden adjusted his glasses.

“My mom accosted you?” Zach shook his head slowly. “I'm so sorry.”

“I don't know about accosted. But like you said, she's really committed to the game. She plays her part really well.” Kathy raised her eyebrows and looked around the table. “You guys didn't know she was going to visit me?”

The boys all shook their heads.

“Oh ... I see.” Kathy pressed her lips together. “I want you all to know that I won't betray the party. No matter what sorts of tricks she uses.” Her pussy tingled at the thought of Amanda's tricky fingers. “Anyway, to wrap that up, my character, Kathriel, is confused now, because it seems like the sorceress thinks that we're the evil ones. But like ... lots of villains see themselves as the hero, so the sorceress is probably still really the evil one. Kathriel isn't quite sure what to do about the sorceress. That woman seems really determined.”

“Yeah...determined is a good word for her.” Zach sighed and nodded. “She wants you to spy for her?”

“Um ... yeah.” Kathy shrugged, like it was a silly question.

“Okay, well maybe we can think of some things for you to tell the sorceress.” Zach looked at Caleb and Aiden. “Things that would calm the sorceress down,” he said with emphasis.

Aiden blushed. He didn’t want Amanda calmed down at all. The woman was crazy, but her pussy was one of the best things in his life.

“Yeah, my mom really wants us to get your mom to chill.” Caleb smiled at Zach.

“Okay, let’s start our session.” Kathy began ordering her character’s paperwork in front of her. “We can talk about our plans for her as we play the game.” She was eager to get going.

The eighteen-year-olds played their campaign for about an hour before Amanda descended the stairs wearing high heels and lingerie. She carried a tray of drinks and snacks.

“Behold the sorceress!” Kathy stood and made a warding sign with her hands. “Kathriel knows how to deal with you, woman.”

Amanda stopped halfway to the table. She was taken aback. It took a moment to process this teenager’s defiance. Then, Amanda smiled. The girl was clearly working her double spy angle well. Or ... maybe they had corrupted her again. Her grin faded. Amanda needed to find out. “Kathy ... I mean ... Kathriel, I need to talk to you.” Amanda put down the tray on the table and grabbed Kathy’s wrist. “Come upstairs with me.” Amanda dragged the teenager behind her. “I’ll return her to you boys in a little while.”

Kathy looked over at her party. She gave them a wink and a confident nod. She knew what to tell the sorceress now.

The boys watched the two women ascend the stairs. Their eyes were all wide, and their pants were suddenly very tight.

Upstairs in the kitchen, Amanda listened to the lies the boys had clearly concocted to put her off the scent. When Kathy was done talking, Amanda waved a finger at her. “You didn’t really think I would fall for that? We need to inoculate you against their evil. I’ll tell you how in a few minutes. But first, I need to see just how possessed you are right now. I bet you’re brimming with ghosts.” Amanda roughly bent Kathy over the counter and raised the girl’s skirt over her waist. She slid Kathy’s panties down her legs.

“Oh ... sorceress, I’m a proud ... priestess and you can’t just ... ooooohhhhhhh.” Kathy’s eyes went wide as two fingers entered her from the back. “Oh ... gosh.”

“Just as I thought. There’s so much ghostly activity in your vagina.” Amanda furiously pumped Kathy with two fingers. “Don’t worry, I’ll give you the best exorcism we have time for.”

“Ooooohhhhhh ... okay ... ooooohhhhh ... souuunndss ... gooooooood.” Kathy hadn’t expected the sexy triangle to continue with the boys in the same house. But it was. And she found herself loving every second of it.

## Chapter 19

“Well ... that was quite something.” Kathy was still quivering with post-orgasmic bliss as she awkwardly dressed. They were in the Lutz’s kitchen. “You ... um ... still have some of my ...” Kathy pointed to her own chin to show Amanda where Kathy’s pussy juice was glistening.

“Keeping the mothers in this town safe is such dirty work, Ms. Schwartz.” Amanda went over to the sink and washed her face. “You’re like a younger me, so I’m sure you understand,” she said as she toweled off. She was still wearing her lingerie. She hadn’t made the girl exorcise her. Amanda felt she was doing well enough on the ghost front without it. Anyway, if she was feeling like the lust box was too much for her that night, Karen’s son was conveniently already in her house.

“I’m not like you. You’re a dark sorceress, I’m ... Kathriel, a beautiful elven priestess.” Kathy slowly put her bra on.

Amanda narrowed her eyes at the girl but didn’t say anything.

“Look, sorceress, you don’t want to keep that elven box. The boys want you to destroy it.” Kathy wiggled into her dress. When Amanda didn’t say anything, Kathy searched for and found some of her character’s power. “Destroy it, Mrs. Lutz! Cast it into a fire ... or something.”

Amanda stared, her face tilted slightly downward. The heater vent was near enough to her head that her hair blew in a gentle breeze. “No,” Amanda said.

“Okay, well, I tried.” Kathy shrugged. “I’m ready to go back to the boys now.”

“Remember what I told you about Zachary? He’s the strongest and smartest of them. You need to be able to resist his power.” Amanda stepped in front of Kathy before she could descend the stairs.

“I don’t know. Playing the game like that with you is ... well ... you’re a woman ... so I feel like it’s a gray area?” Kathy pressed her lips together. “But my boyfriend would be really mad if I had to tell him that I did that with Zach.” *Why is the thought of it so tempting? Maybe Kathriel isn’t as pure as she claims to be. I should look into her religion more.*

Amanda snapped her fingers in front of Kathy’s face. “Earth to Kathy. You don’t have to tell your boyfriend about it.” She leaned in closer to whisper in Kathy’s ear. “Think of it this way. Either you don’t do what is scientifically proven to resist their mind powers and end up with a baby in your belly, or you do what I say and your boyfriend doesn’t

ever know what a hero you were. Zach's baby, or just a quick swallow and no pregnant belly. Your choice."

Kathy watched the woman with wide eyes. "Okay."

Amanda stepped aside, and Kathy returned to the boys.

"So, what did I miss?" Kathy smiled at her friends.

"Um ... not a lot ..." Aiden said. He, Caleb, and Zach had found it impossible to do anything but sit and listen the whole time Kathy was gone. The loudest of Kathy's moans had carried down to the basement through the ventilation system. They had all sat without moving or talking, their erections pressing at the underside of their game table.

Caleb cleared his throat. "We were planning ..." He shrugged, not sure what they'd been planning.

"A rescue!" Zach was so excited by the improvisation that he almost stood. But he didn't want Kathy to see the tent in his pants, so he caught himself and stayed in his chair. "A rescue, you know, in case you weren't able to escape the sorceress on your own."

"Awww, that's so sweet!" Kathy giggled. Maybe Amanda's idea wouldn't be so bad after all. If it was all part of the game, it was innocent enough. "I think my character would like to sit with the sexy dwarf for the rest of the game. Is that okay?" Without waiting for permission, she pulled his chair out and dropped her butt onto his lap. Her eyes widened, and her mouth formed a rictus of surprise when something large and hard poked her left butt cheek. "Oh ... I think I accidentally sat on your sword." Despite the poke, she didn't remove herself.

"Oh ... it's okay." Zach didn't know what was happening, but he was all for it.

An hour later, Amanda descended the stairs still wearing her lingerie. "Excuse me, everyone. I think it's time you took a break. I need to speak with Aiden about something ... um ... that his mother wanted me to talk to him about. And Kathy needs to have a private talk with Zachary." She raised an eyebrow and gave Kathy a meaningful look.

"Yes ... yes I do." Kathy was still on Zach's lap.

Caleb turned his gaze to Aiden. His friend looked positively giddy. Caleb glanced over at Kathy and Zach. She was leaning close to him, whispering something in his ear. "Um ... what about me?" Caleb said, watching Aiden run over to the stairs and quickly ascend. He then watched Kathy pull Zach toward the stairs.

"Oh, you?" Amanda shot Caleb a scathing look. "I'm sure you have naughty pictures of your mother on your phone. Look at those. Just ..." She glanced around the basement

with disgust. "... don't make a mess of my basement." She turned and raced up the stairs, her heels clicking on the wooden steps.

Caleb sat there befuddled. Nothing like this had ever happened on game night before. He took out his phone. He didn't have any naughty pictures of his mother. He hadn't even ever seen her naked. But he did have some games. He started one and waited for everyone to return. Ten minutes later, he was still playing his game.

Zach and Kathy were in Zach's room with the door closed. He sat on the edge of his bed, his pants and underwear around his ankles. He stared with wide eyes at Kathy, who was kneeling on the floor, her mouth bobbing on his dick. *She looks so much like my mom that this almost feels like a normal blowjob.* He shook his head at the odd thought. "Uuuughhhh ... that's good, Kathy."

Kathy removed his dick from her mouth with an audible plop. "That's Kathriel ... you scoundrel dwarf." She gave him a wicked smile and returned to the blowjob.

"Ohhhhh ... right ... that feels ... good ... Kathriel." Zach didn't know what his mother had put into her head, but for once he was grateful that his mom was the way she was. He tenderly stroked her hair as her tongue swirled around his cockhead.

Down the hall, behind Amanda and Harold's locked bedroom door, Amanda was on all fours. She was naked now, as was the eighteen-year-old smashing into her vagina from behind. She looked over her shoulder at Aiden. "You ... ugh ... ugh ... think you're controlling me ... don't you?"

"No ... ugh ... no ... ugh ... no ... Mrs. Lutz." Aiden did have a firm grip on her hips, and he was slamming into her at a tempo that he dictated. And ... she was bent over in front of him, presenting her ass for him in a wonderful sign of submission. He was already horny, so there wasn't much room in his mind for *more* horny. What little space there was, quickly filled up with the joy of dominating this wild force of a woman.

"This is ... all part of ... ugh ... ugh ... my plan ... to save the mothers of this town ... from your ... ooohhhhhh ... from your ... aaaaahhhhhh ... from ... nnnngggggggg." Amanda gritted her teeth and orgasmed on the teenager's large penis. *Why does busting have to feel soooooo good?*

In Zach's room, Kathy was eagerly drinking up his cum. She had her lips suctioned tight around the head, and she was gulping the hot, salty stuff as fast as she could.

"Aaahhhhhhhhhh ..." Zach closed his eyes and convulsed. It was amazing to have someone other than his mother swallow his load, especially one of the most beautiful, popular girls in school. He let bliss carry him away.

Kathy finished drinking, gave a few last licks, and backed up from Zach's penis. She watched his ecstatic face eagerly. Her boyfriend always praised her blowjobs, and

knowing that she was making a boy feel good was such a thrill. She loved to hear it. *This game is the best thing to happen to me in a long time.*

“Kathy ... Kathy ... oooohhh ... Kathy.” Zach slowly opened his eyes. She was still on her knees a little way away, smiling up at him. Unlike his mother, she apparently wasn’t a sloppy blowjob giver. He couldn’t see any cum on her chin or lips.

“Kathriel,” she corrected him in a friendly way.

“Ohhhh ... Kathriel ... you are amazing. That was ... fantastic. I feel ... over the clouds.” Zach gave her a lazy smile.

“Ohhhh ... goodie!” Kathy clapped her hands with joy. “One more time!” She leaned forward and sucked his salty penis back into her mouth, bobbing her head with a quick rhythm.

“Oooohhhhhh ... okay ... I guess this is how ... elves do it. Over ... and over ... again.” Zach was still sensitive from his orgasm, but he wasn’t about to stop her. “In the mines ... the dwarves ... aren’t so eager for oral sex.”

“Mmmppphhhhh?” She looked up at him, encouraging him to say more. She was eager to learn about the sex lives of dwarves.

In Amanda’s bedroom, she was now on her back with her feet high in the air. “Teenage penis ... teenage penis ... is remarkable ... Aiden.” She looked deeply into his eyes, her face twisted by passion. “If ... I hadn’t been so clever ... you might have ... actually ... tamed me.”

“Maybe ... I still ... will ... Mrs. Lutz.” Aiden grabbed her hands, laced their fingers together, and pressed them to the mattress. His hips moved rapidly between her legs. He knew he shouldn’t be playing her games. But the control stuff was really hitting his buttons. Not long ago, he couldn’t imagine pacifying this woman in any way. Now, he was doing it with ecstasy. “Cum ... for me ... Mrs. Lutz. Let ... my magic ... flow through you.” *I really shouldn’t have said that.* But he couldn’t resist. The way she stared up at him with shock, awe, and surrender was too perfect.

“Oooohhhhhh ... why is this ... so good? It’s like the alien ... with Cleopatra ... your snake venom is ... is ...” Amanda snarled with need. “Put it in me ...” She folded her legs behind his butt, not wanting him to pull out. “Give me your venom ... inoculate my womb against ... your dark stones ... or ... or ...”

“Ugh ... ugh ... or?” Aiden was indeed getting close.

“Or ... corrupt me ... and flood the mothers ... of this town ... with a sea ... of ...” Amanda’s eyes went wide. “... a sea of ... teenage ... sperm ... eeeeeiiiiiiii.”

That was music to Aiden's ears. His hips fell out of cadence, his nerves crackled with electricity, and he erupted inside his best friend's mother. He had completely forgotten about the abandoned game downstairs.

Caleb looked at the clock. He put his phone away and went upstairs. He heard thumping from the ceiling. Quietly, he walked upstairs. He listened at Zach's door. He couldn't hear much. He went down to Zach's parents' door and put his ear to the wood. His eyes widened. He could hear Amanda screaming in passion. He could hear Aiden barking out something that sounded like orders. He could also hear a heavy, rhythmic humping that had to be the headboard on the wall. Caleb turned and hurriedly left the Lutz house. He needed to go home and tell his mother everything.

## Chapter 20

When Caleb arrived home and breathlessly started telling his mother what had happened during game night, she put a finger to his lips. “Shh, your father and sister are still up. Let’s go for a walk.”

It was a warm night, so they didn’t bother with jackets. Mother and son headed out and strolled nearby suburban streets, passing from one streetlamp to the next. Caleb told his mother everything that had happened, from what sounded like Zach getting a blowjob from Kathy, to what was clearly Aiden and Amanda having furious sex. When he was done with his story, they strolled in silence for a few moments.

“Oh, my.” Nicole had to compose herself. Her vagina was tingling, and she was sure her nipples would have been visible through her top had it not been so dark. “So ... it seems Amanda has put herself in a pickle. Or ... um ... the pickle has put itself ...” She giggled.

“Mom!” Caleb didn’t think this was the time for jokes.

“Sorry, sweetie. It’s just ... it’s titillating to see Amanda’s backward views lead her to such a ridiculous position. But you’re right, no jokes. Think of poor Aiden. He must be so confused.” She frowned. “Thank goodness I have such a mature son. Are you confused by anything?”

“I mean ... yes ... what’s going on? First, she’s giving Zach oral, and now she’s doing that with Aiden! What’s next?” Caleb tried not to gaze too longingly at his mother’s breasts as they jiggled under her top in the streetlight. He forced himself to look straight ahead.

“Well, Amanda is very sexually repressed, and her fantasies seem to have taken over. I knew when she started with the Dark Stone stuff she’d get herself in trouble. But I didn’t see this coming.” She glanced at Caleb. “Don’t give me that look. Of course she has fantasies. Many women fantasize about younger men. I’ve done it. A young man is so vigorous, strong, and enthusiastic. I mean, I *have* been enjoying the stories we’ve been reading together.”

“Yeah ... I suppose.” Caleb glanced at her. The white crescent of her beguiling smile in the gloom nearly took his breath away. His mother was beautiful.

“Does what happened at Amanda’s tonight arouse you?” She put a hand on his shoulder and stopped him. They stood facing each other under the darkness a tall maple provided. The crickets chirped around them. In the distance, frogs croaked at one another.

“I ... um ... I ...” Caleb looked down at his feet. His cock was like steel. He hoped it was hidden well enough tucked under his waistband.

“We’re mature, sweetie. Which means we can be honest with each other.” She took his right hand into her left hand and squeezed gently. “I can tell you, that hearing what happened tonight has me aroused. Think of the therapy story that just restarted. What would Doctor McAllister say?”

Caleb smiled. “She’d say that we share power, it’s not a one-way street. That means we’re a team. And we have to trust each other.” He looked up and met his mother’s dark eyes. A shiver went down his spine.

“Well? Answer the question then.” She nodded encouragement, took his hand, and placed it on her left breast. She held him there, pulling in a little and releasing, so he could get an idea of her weight and pliability.

“I ... *was* aroused ... Mom.” Caleb was scared to move or breathe for fear anything might ruin the moment. He stood perfectly still, the only muscles in his body moving were his fingers as they gently squeezed his mother’s fantastic tit.

“How about now?” Nicole patiently waited as her eighteen-year-old son stood like a statue in front of her. Eventually, she tried again, “How do you feel now?”

“I’m ... I’m aroused, Mom.” He felt relief at the words, but also the world seemed to swim around him. He wasn’t even sure if he was in reality anymore.

“I’m aroused, too.” Nicole removed his hand from her boob, but she didn’t release it. Their hands remained clasped as they walked home.

“Is this okay, Mom?” Caleb felt like he was walking in the clouds.

“I think that what that sexy psychologist would say is that we’re not indulging in the kind of conspiracy that Karen fears and Amanda ... feeds on. What we have exists because we’ve found a mutual interest that happens to be a bit unusual, but we’re both mature people, and we aren’t going to hurt anyone. We love each other, and we’re on the same team.”

“Wow, that’s just what she’d say.” Caleb nodded. “I can picture her talking in my mind.”

“Yes, she’s so wonderfully professional and maternal.” Nicole squeezed his hand. “I’m glad the artist for that story was okay after all.”

“Me too.” Caleb tried to discretely adjust his stiff cock.

Nicole noticed the adjustment. To try to take some of the edge off, she told him about his father’s bowling league. She hoped that would dampen their arousal before they saw the rest of the family.

~~

Later that night, Caleb was texting with Zach. The room was dark, and he was already in pajamas under the covers. Caleb was letting his friend brag about Kathy. Caleb hadn't told Zach about Aiden and Amanda though, or about what was going on with his own mother. Caleb wanted to be mature, but he was feeling more than a little confused.

Nicole entered her son's room wearing an oversized t-shirt that hung down to mid-thigh. "Your father is finally asleep." She flashed a smile at her son, who was illuminated by his phone. "What are you doing?" She had one hand behind her back.

"Texting with Zach. He's really excited about Kathy."

"Okay, well tell him you have to go to bed now." Nicole pulled out her e-reader from behind her back, showed it to her son, and walked over to the desk. She turned on the lamp there and waited for him to finish texting. When she had his attention, she lifted up her shirt, exposing the neatly trimmed triangle between her legs, her wide hips, and her tummy. She wasn't wearing panties. "Since we are ... um ... feeling the way that we are about each other, I thought that we might read tonight without blankets. Are you okay showing me? I mean, I know what you've been doing under the blanket every night."

"Oh ... I ..." Caleb blushed.

"Let me say it directly." Nicole took a deep breath and slowly exhaled. She let her shirt fall and straightened her spine. "I think we should watch each other masturbate while we read the latest chapter of the Christmas story. The one where the mom isn't really into it, but wants to make her son happy."

"I like that one." Caleb hadn't been hard a moment before, but he was now. Under the covers, he pulled his underwear and pajama bottoms off.

"I like that one too." Nicole lifted her shirt again, sat on his desk chair, and swiveled to face him. Slowly, she opened her legs, relishing the look of wonder on his face as he watched her. She wondered if he could see her vagina glistening with anticipation. "You can show me your penis now." She thought the apprehension on his face was adorable. The blush on his cheeks made her want to go over and kiss him, but she stayed on her chair.

"I hope ... this is okay." Caleb pulled down his covers and let his dick stand proudly, pointing to the ceiling.

"Oh ... gosh. It's beautiful, Caleb. I knew you were large, but ..." A thousand butterflies flapped in her tummy. "Well, I feel a bit silly. Like one of the mothers in ..." It was her turn to blush. She cleared her throat. "Why don't we do our reading now?"

“Sure, okay.” Caleb started fapping with one hand, holding his phone with the other. It wasn’t easy to concentrate on the story. His eyes kept darting to his mother’s pussy. The room was filled with the slick sounds her fingers made there and her gentle moans. Time passed as they masturbated. He watched her as she read her story. It seemed that she was being more free with showing her pleasure now that things were in the open. He glanced at her face, and her ecstatic expression was even more breathtaking than the sight of her pussy. Her brow was bunched, and she was biting on her bottom lip like she was trying to hold in a scream. Her eyes were on her e-reader, but they looked distant. “I ... um ... really like this ... Mom.”

“Me ... too ... sweetie.” Nicole’s whole body was vibrating. When she looked over at her son and saw his turgid, aggressive looking tool, she lost it. “Oooohhhh ... Caleb ... you’re so ... special ... nnnngggggggg.” She bit her lip again to keep from crying out and orgasmed on his chair.

“Mom ... Mom ... Mom ... uuuuuggggghhhhhh.” Usually, Caleb lasted longer, but things were too intense. Before he knew it, he was shooting ropes of cum into the air.

Nicole was just coming down from her climax when her son erupted. The spectacle of his sperm arching above him at such outrageous heights sent her over the edge again. She had never orgasmed back-to-back before that night.

When they had calmed down, Nicole excused herself so that he could clean up. In the shower before bed, her mind was racing. How odd that all these wonders could be traced directly back to Amanda’s shenanigans. It just showed that one never really knew where something was going to lead.

~~

Amanda was heavily pregnant. She wore a chain around her neck, dressed only in some sort of barbarian underwear. Other pregnant women were similarly chained and attired around her. She recognized them. They were the neighborhood moms she’d tried to save. But they were pregnant, too. *It’s too late!*

They were in a cavernous room. She looked up to the throne before her and saw her son. He sat naked, his penis even bigger than she remembered it. The only thing he wore was a crown on his head. He smiled wickedly down at her. “Did you really think you could beat me, Mother?”

“I ... um ... I knew you were strong ... and smart ... and handsome. But I thought ...” Amanda’s vagina was on fire. The chain around her neck should have brought her shame, but it only served to excite her. “I let your friend do it inside me. I’m so sorry. I

thought he would save me for you. But ... that was my downfall. My womb was the battleground and I lost, didn't I? He corrupted me."

"I own you now. I own every mother in town." Zach cackled malevolently.

Amanda woke with a start. She found that she was covered in cold sweat. *Just a dream. It's not too late. But their mind control powers are strong. I wanted to be owned by him.* She crawled out of bed, entered the bathroom, and changed out of her soaked pajamas and panties. She toweled off the remaining sweat and stood in the bathroom staring at her worried face in the mirror. "It's just like Queen Victoria and the Martian. This is a prophecy. My womb is the holy battleground." The reflection in the mirror didn't answer her. She was only a little disappointed by its silence. That part of the Victoria story didn't need to come true. She understood what she needed to do. Without dressing, she tiptoed past her sleeping husband and went out into the hall.

Her son's room was dark and smelled of pungent teenager. She lifted her arm and smelled her pit. Well, maybe the smell was coming from her. She had been in a cold sweat after all. She shook her head and closed the door behind her. The boy wouldn't mind her scent.

In the dark, she stood over him, looking at the faint outline of his skinny body under the covers. She glanced at the window where streetlight filtered in. She walked over and closed the curtains. If she failed tonight, she didn't want anyone spying on her shame. It got very dark after that, so she stumbled over to his floor lamp and turned it on. "It's the final battle, and this time the Martian isn't going to win," she whispered. *I am Victoria!* She walked over to the bed and shook her son awake.

## Chapter 21

“It’s time I found out what I’m made of, Zachary.” Amanda could tell from the change in her son’s breathing that he was awake. She shook him again anyway. “You can’t dodge this one. It’s the final battle. And it’s happening in my womb.”

Zach had been hoping that she’d go away. When he processed her words, he forgot to pretend he was sleeping. “What?” Zach rolled over and stared at his mother. She was naked with her hands on her hips, her eyes blazing down at him. Zach flinched. His mother was a force to be reckoned with. “Did you say something about your womb?”

“Don’t play dumb with me. I know how smart you are. I know what a leader you are. I know that you’re always one step ahead.” She leaned forward and glared with narrowed eyes. “You’ve been chipping away at my defenses. Sending your friend was a clever move. Making ghost-busting feel so good was genius. But I’m Amanda Lutz, gosh darn it. You won’t take me without an epic final battle.” She dramatically threw off his blanket. “See! The instrument of my destruction is ready to go.” She pointed an accusing finger at the tent in his underwear.

“I’m always like that when I wake up.” Zach’s mind was trying to play catchup. “You ... um ... you want an inoculation ... now?”

“I told you not to play stupid.” She reached down and pulled off his t-shirt. He didn’t help much, so there was some grunting, tugging, and pulling on her part. When she got it off, she tossed it to the floor. “You’re going to have a go at my womb, and I’m going to show you that I have the power to resist. I had a dream ...” Her eyes turned softer as she remembered the chains on her neck. She set her jaw tightly. “I won’t become a slave ... or let all those other mothers fall into moral depravity.” She roughly tugged down his underwear, freeing his now familiar penis.

“I don’t know what kind of dream you had, Mom. But it wasn’t real.” He lay helpless as she mounted him. “Blowjobs are one thing. But if you stick it innnnnnnnnnn.” His dick entered a new kind of tight warmth. She was already incredibly wet. Without his glasses, their meeting parts were blurry. But he didn’t need glasses to see that his mother had finally gone off the deep end. Before he knew it, she was rocking her hips. “Mom ... we can’t ...” He lifted his hands to stop her, but didn’t know where to put them on her naked, jiggling form.

“So, I was ... right to press my advantage. Just like ... ugh ... ugh ... Victoria and ... ugh ... the Martian.” She leaned forward, grabbed his wrists, and pinned them to the mattress on either side of his head. “I’ll show you ... how strong ... a mother ... can be.” She planted the soles of her feet on the sheet and really put her all into humping. She lifted her hips with great long strokes. Thanks to Aiden, she now had a good idea about how

to handle a larger penis. “Uuuughhhhh ... Zachary ... I’m ... I’m ... having second thoughts.” Such intense ecstasy filled her that she almost closed the last few inches between their lips and kissed him. Her face twisted, and she tried to look away. She found she couldn’t pull her gaze from his lovely eyes.

“Ooohhh ... Mom ... Mom ... Mom ... Mom ...” Zach didn’t know what else to say. She was definitely a crazy lady. But she was *his* crazy lady.

It took Amanda almost twenty minutes, and several mind-shattering orgasms, to realize that she wasn’t going to win this fight. Zach and Aiden had penises that were about the same size. They hit the same magical places in her vagina. But sex with Zach was even more intense and consciousness-shifting than with Aiden. *I don’t know if it’s because he’s so handsome and perfect, or if it’s hypnosis or something, but I love this more than anything. I would die for more of this. Zach is a better man than his brothers. He’s better than his father. He’s better than his friends. He’s better than Napoleon. He’s ... he’s ...* “Uuuuugggghhhhhhh.” Amanda’s eyes crossed, and she shuddered through the most massive orgasm yet. When she came out of the clouds, she found that she’d somehow slipped off him, and his penis had dislodged.

“Mom ... we can’t stop.” Zach panted as he pushed her onto her belly and got behind her. He had a thought. “You’re being ... too loud.” He retrieved his underwear and put it in her mouth. She didn’t stop him. He then lined up his dick with her frothy opening. He pushed forward and missed. She didn’t help him. She lay under him, groaning but not doing anything else. He lined up his dick again, and pushed more slowly. This time, with a squelch from her vagina, it burrowed inside her. “Wow ... your butt ... feels really ... good ... against my hips. And ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... you’re even ... tighter ... from back here.” He thrust hard into her.

“Gggghhhmmmm.” Amanda drooled into her son’s underwear.

“This feels ... really good ... Mom.” Zach was convinced that if Kathy hadn’t blown him earlier in the evening, he wouldn’t have lasted half as long. He dug his fingers into the soft cushion of his mother’s rippling butt. “Feels ... really ... gooooooooodddd.” He hadn’t meant to, but he started exploding inside her pussy. The pleasure had robbed him of all willpower. His hips fell out of rhythm, but he didn’t pull out. Instead, he smashed her behind again and again, flooding her. If she wanted a battle in her womb, it seemed he was going to give it to her.

After his orgasm passed, his hips went right to work again. He needed more.

Over an hour later, mother and son were sweaty, cum-covered messes. They lay side by side in bed, panting and staring with wide eyes at the ceiling.

“I finally realized something. You were thinking at a much deeper level than that Guide I found, all this time.” Amanda reached down and felt her gaping vagina as it continued

to belch out all the sperm he'd put inside her. "I should have expected it, really. I raised you to look at the deeper truths of the universe."

"Mom? I don't know what –" Zach didn't have time to finish.

"Even after you boys clearly corrupted Kathy so quickly, I thought I could turn it around. Was she ever really my agent?" She turned her head to look at her son.

Zach continued to stare at the blurry ceiling. "Ummm ..."

"But Aiden let it slip that everything I knew about your dark stone mind control and elven lust boxes was true." She frowned at the dubious face he was making. "Aiden tried taunting me with it, and some dark part of me even liked it. So, if I'm going to risk it all, it's going to be against the true mastermind, Zachary. My ... Zachary."

"Dammit Aiden ..." Zach rolled on top of his mother to shut her up. He slipped his dick into her sopping pussy and pressed his lips against hers. Soon his hips were thrusting on their own, and he was riding an incredible high.

"Mmmphhh ... mmmpphhh ... mmmppphhhh ..." Her feet flopped in the air, her toes curling. Her son was a machine.

A while later, they lay in each other's arms, completely exhausted. Fresh sperm leaked from Amanda's vagina. She had never felt more at peace in her life. Amanda had found her purpose. "Did you know that Aiden tried to usurp you? It's so clear to me now. He was the one that couldn't be satisfied with his own weak mother."

Zach was so tired that he could barely follow what she was saying. "Wait, do you mean you had sex with Aiden?"

"Of course!" Amanda laughed. "And I thought it was the most dangerously amazing thing in the world until right now. But, I have to tell you, it was a pale shadow of the real thing. I know things now. This is why you need your mother as your closest adviser. Like a vizier to the sultan!"

"Mom, viziers are always evil. That's the whole trope."

"Evil doesn't mean disloyal, honey." She nuzzled closer to him, and together they fell asleep.

~~

"Oh ... gosh ..." Karen stood in her son's door. It was the middle of the night. Hours ago, Aiden had gotten in late after his dragon game at Zach's house. He had headed straight

to bed. Karen could now see that he'd barely made it. He was still dressed, with one leg hanging off the bed. He still wore his glasses, but it was clear from his snoring that he was sound asleep. "Poor, guy. You're all worn out. Those games with your friends must be so tiring."

Karen turned to go, but stopped. She stepped into his room and walked over to the bed. She took off his glasses, pulled off his pants and socks, and dragged his body under the covers. He stayed asleep through all of it. "Aiden, are you still sleeping?" She tucked him in.

Aiden snorted out a loud snore and rolled onto his side.

"Something really wore you out. My poor, big guy." She frowned. "I feel bad leaving you like this. What if those demons return and take advantage of you? But it's not like your mother can just take care of you all night. You're a man. A mother can't ..." A thought hit her. "But a dog is supposed to keep her master company. Wait here."

Aiden continued to snore, softer now, as his mother hurriedly left the room.

Five minutes later, Karen crawled into the room on her hands and knees, wearing her dog costume. She turned out the light, closed the door, and crawled over to his bed. She didn't know why her heart was beating so fast or why she had sweaty palms. She had bonded with Aiden enough in the dog suit to be used to it. But this was a new dog thing to do. And as she curled up on the bed by his feet, it felt like she was bonding with him at a whole new level.

At first, Karen was worried she'd be cold, but the costume kept her warm. Her master was safe with her there, and she was giving him the comfort of companionship. For a brief moment, she worried what Amanda would think of this. Whether her friend would worry that this would lead Karen down a path where the boys could corrupt her. *I'm not even so sure that Aiden wants to do those awful things anymore. Maybe Amanda and I overreacted.* That was a nice thought. With a smile she drifted off to sleep.

Early in the morning, Karen woke with a start. It had been wonderful snuggling with her son, but she couldn't let her husband catch her behaving like a dog. She stretched, climbed off the bed, and crawled out of the room.

A little while later, she was back in her pajamas, slipping into bed next to Chuck's familiar mass. It was lonelier in her marital bed, but she felt a thrill thinking about how she'd comforted and protected Aiden. Maybe she'd get a chance to do it again sometime. For the second time that night, she drifted off to sleep with a smile on her face.

## Chapter 22

After the first time Nicole and Caleb masturbated in front of each other, it became their ritual. Every night, Nicole would wait for the rest of the family to go to bed. With growing anticipation, she would slip out of her room with her e-reader. In her son's room, she would find him waiting for her naked on his bed. Caleb would usually have a light on, and he would be fapping furiously while reading on his phone. Nicole would quickly undress, put a towel on his desk chair, sit, and play with her vagina while reading.

At times, they would compliment each other. "That was a lot of stuff you just shot, sweetie. I'm impressed!" Nicole might say. "Mom, you look so pretty with your fingers in there," Caleb might say. At other times, they would make requests. "Could you turn your chair a little so I can see better?" Or "Caleb, sweetie, don't explode yet. I want you to time it to the eruption in the story. Give me one more minute, okay?"

Night after night, they committed solo pleasure together. "It's so healthy ... that we can be ... open about this," A sweaty, panting Nicole said one night as she came down from a terrific orgasm.

"I love you ... Mom." Caleb jerked his cock with fast, frenetic strokes. He was about to cum.

"I love you ... too." Nicole smiled and applauded as his wonderful spunk launched into the air.

Once in a while, they would put down their books and create stories about what happened to their favorite characters off the page. Nicole would breathlessly tell Caleb about what Amy would get up to during Ava and Evan's wedding. Caleb would smile as he told his mother about what happened when Remnic and his entourage visited a goblin village in the Mottled Forest.

They would usually wrap up after Caleb's second orgasm. Nicole would tell him to wash his penis well. "Don't forget to clean under the foreskin." And she would head for the shower and eventually bed. It was a sublime time for both.

~~

Much to Aiden's frustration and anguish, Amanda would no longer see him or answer his calls. Zach was friendly at school, but would only offer vague answers when pressed

about his mother. Their D&D nights rolled around, and Zach canceled. Neither Caleb nor Aiden were invited to the Lutz house anymore.

Needing answers, Aiden cornered Kathy Schwartz in the hall at school. He found out that she had been going by the Lutz house for special one-on-one D&D sessions. She made Aiden promise not to tell her boyfriend before racing off to her next class.

And just like that, Aiden was back to abstinence. He couldn't cum at home with his mother hovering all the time. And the amazing entrée into the world of sex that Amanda had given him was clearly over. He grew more and more irritable with each passing day, often taking out his anger on his mother with outbursts of rudeness, and even some bad language.

Karen was growing concerned that the demon, Mrs. L., had returned. But she found no evidence. She didn't know what to do. So, of course, she called Amanda. "Amanda? Aiden just got home from school, and he was so rude." Karen sat on the sofa, blinking back tears. "I don't know if the demon is back, or maybe this is part of his plot to corrupt me. What do you think?"

"Oh, you're ... still worried about ... the dark stone thing? I think ... ugh ... I was overreacting there. Haven't you been ... having fun pretending to be a cat ... uughhhh ... or whatever? Do that. Just get close ... to him." Amanda put a finger to her lips to silence Zach. They were both naked on his bed, as they were every day after school. Today, Amanda was riding her son with sinuous movement. "Zachary ... just got home ... too ... and we're already spending time together."

"Are you okay? You sound ... winded." Karen frowned.

"Zachary and I are doing ... a workout. You might say that ... I took his membership offer." Amanda winked at her son.

"I don't know what that means." Karen adjusted the foil band in her hair. "Do you think the headband will protect me from whatever's going on?"

"You're still wearing ... that old thing?" Amanda laughed. "Those headbands ... never did anything. You can ... throw it away. Just do what ... your son wants. Try to be ... uughhhh ... bad ... for once in your life, Karen. Ohhhhkay ... I have to ... hang up now."

The line went dead. "Amanda? Amanda?" Karen put her phone down. She was so confused.

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The next day, Karen met Nicole for a walk. While Nicole didn't have her finger on the pulse of what was going on like Amanda did, Karen still needed a friend to lean on. She shared her troubles as they walked down quiet, suburban streets dappled with shade.

Nicole listened to her friend patiently. When Karen was done, Nicole gave Karen a reassuring smile. "That does sound like Amanda. I think you're on the right track, being there for Aiden and letting him talk to you and work things out." She glanced at Karen, thinking things over. "And if the dog costume helps, then sure, go for it. Caleb and I have been talking a lot lately too, and he's a great listener. Those three boys all have a similar temperament. Not really boys anymore I suppose. They're all eighteen." She closed her eyes for a moment and pictured her son's majestic, manly penis. She cleared her throat and smiled at Karen. "Just let Aiden know you're there for him, and things will be fine."

"That's too vague, Nicole. I need to know what to do! Aiden is being so rude. And things were so good before with him. I don't know what happened." Karen worked hard to hold back tears.

"This doesn't have to be all on you. Aiden's an adult, and this is his problem, too. You guys can work on this as a team. Give him room to share power with you."

"Oh, that's a good way of looking at it." Karen's face brightened. "A boy and his pet are kind of a team. That's true." They stopped in the street, and Karen reached down to pat Mary Puppins. "I should have asked you about this before. You're my only friend who even owns a dog."

"Um ... yeah." Nicole gave her friend a dubious look. She wasn't sure she'd gotten her point across. But Karen seemed happier, so they changed subjects, talking about graduation plans.

~~

A few days later, Karen tried to verbally give Aiden his power and work as a team. But it didn't go well. When she was done with her speech, he was already fuming.

"Share power? Teamwork? Forget that. If you want to know what's wrong with me, why don't you call Mrs. Lutz!?! Your stupid friend isn't answering my calls!" Aiden stormed to his room.

"*Your* calls?" Karen didn't understand. She stepped into the backyard and called Amanda.

“Oh, he’s frustrated, is he? That’s delightful. Mmmpphhhhh.” Amanda was on her knees in front of her son. He had just arrived home from school, and already his penis was in her hands. And, in her mouth. Which made it hard to talk. She removed it from her mouth and smiled up at Zach. “To think, Karen, all I had to do to deny the boys their power was to give in. Fiendishly simple, don’t you think?”

“Give in?” Karen was bewildered. “Give in to what? Aiden’s so rude. He’s not asking for anything, just yelling at me. He said that I should ask you about it.”

“Give him what all boys need. You’ll be amazed how much better your whole household works once you do.” Amanda kissed her way along Zach’s shaft as she thought. “It sounds like there must be a lot of ghost build-up in your house, Karen. I’d come over to help exorcise you and Aiden, but I’m ... sick at the moment. In fact, I’ve had to keep Zachary home from school several days this week.”

“What are you saying?”

“Napolean was wrong. Queen Victoria and Cleopatra, they were wrong, too. That’s the whole thing I’ve come to see. Mmppphhhhh.” Amanda bobbed her head on her son’s penis for a few seconds and lifted off. “It was foolish to try to fight the river. But if you give the water what it wants, you can dam it and control the flow. You get what you want, too. You get what you need, Karen, even if you didn’t know you needed it before you got it.”

“I don’t own a boat though. Um ... Hello? Amanda? Hello?” Karen looked at her phone. Amanda had disconnected. Karen pressed her lips together. *What do boys need?* According to Amanda, if she could solve that puzzle, she would be able to help Aiden. Maybe her friend was using a metaphor. *It’s not a real river!*

Back inside the house, Karen put on her dog costume and knocked on Aiden’s door. She opened it and found him with hunched shoulders, studying at his desk. “Aiden, it’s me. Your pet. I want to help you.” She got down on her hands and knees. “As your loyal dog, you can tell me what you need to make you feel better? What’s been wrong these past couple weeks? What do you need?”

“Need? Need?!?” Aiden had had enough. He launched his pen across the room, where it bounced off the wall. “Fine, I’ll tell you. I was having sex with Mrs. Lutz. It was the best thing that ever happened to me. And then it ended. She won’t even see me. And now ... now ... you’re hovering around worrying about those stupid demons so much that I can’t even fap. I need to cum, Mom. Or I’m going to go crazy and ...” He saw her slack face and wide eyes. It hit him what he’d just blurted out. “Oh ... I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have said that.”

“No ... no ... this was my fault. I’m sorry. Very sorry, Aiden.” Karen backed out of the room and closed the door. A fit of panic hit her. She knew what she had to do, but she didn’t know if she had the strength.

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The next day, Aiden arrived home in a foul mood. “Mom, I’m home!” He wanted his mother to say something, anything, that would let him vent his anger. It wouldn’t take much. He looked around the house for her. “Mom?” He didn’t find her. For a few moments, he was hopeful that he’d have some privacy to fap. But that hope faded when he saw that the family car was still in the garage, and her purse was in the kitchen. He checked and her wallet and phone were inside.

*Maybe I can just sneak a fap in the bathroom. She could be in the backyard or something.* But he didn’t want to risk it. She was bound to pry, and more than likely she’d walk in on him, and the mortification that went along with that was worse than the blue ball frustration. With a sigh, he trudged upstairs. At least when he was doing homework, he didn’t think about Amanda Lutz and her perfect pussy.

Aiden opened his bedroom door, stepped inside, and his jaw dropped. His mother was on his bed on her hands and knees. She was facing away from him, wearing her dog outfit, although it had been opened at the back, revealing her round, bare white butt. He could just see her pussy peeking from down below. “Oh ... my ... God.”

“I understand what you need, sweetie.” The cross on Karen’s necklace was clutched in her left hand. Her eyes were shut tight. She didn’t dare look back at him. “I’m your loyal pet. You can do whatever you want to me. I’m sorry it took me so long to understand. But I get what Amanda was saying about boats now. It was a metaphor for what you told me yesterday. I get what Nicole was saying about being a team and sharing power.” She waited, but he didn’t say anything. She could hear him breathing heavily, so she knew he hadn’t left. “So ... you can relieve yourself now. Just promise me you won’t tell your father.”

The door clicked closed.

Karen could still hear her son breathing. “Aiden? I know I’m not sexy like Amanda. I know I’m your mother. But this is what they want me to do. I’m sure of it. Please.” She heard his zipper descend. Her body tensed at the sound. “Aiden?” Karen waited. She prayed that she was doing the right thing. She prayed that Aiden would see what a good mother she was trying to be. She prayed.

## Chapter 23

The afternoon sun warmed Nicole's back as she walked Mary Puppins. Nicole had her headphones on, listening to a podcast on Earth science. She was so into the current episode on the form of monogamy practiced by red foxes that she didn't notice Amanda until the woman had slipped into step next to her. Mary Puppins gave a little growl, saw who it was, and went back to sniffing the grass. Nicole lowered her headphones. "Hello, Amanda. Where did you come from?" She was surprised to see the woman dressed mostly in black, with a majestic cape billowing in the breeze. The woman's hair was up in a way Nicole hadn't seen from Amanda before. Nicole continued her walk, her friend beside her.

"It's cool. I'm evil now, too." Amanda flashed a wicked grin.

"All ... right ..." Nicole pressed her lips together, looking at her friend. She had to admit, Amanda looked good. Her skin was almost glowing. "What's with the outfit?"

"I just told you. It's who I am now." Amanda winked. "It took me a while, but I get it. I see why you fell so easily. Sex with Zach is ..." She puffed out her cheeks, held her breath, and then let out a long, satisfied exhale. "... mind blowing."

Nicole's eyebrows shot up. "I'm not having sex with my son, Amanda."

"Right, right. I get it." Amanda gave Nicole an exaggerated wink and shot her with a finger gun. "We're in public after all, and not everyone is in on it. I thought it was everyone, but I confronted some moms, and now I'm not so sure. Of course, they might just be protecting themselves from government microphones or something." She looked suspiciously at Nicole's headphones around the woman's neck.

Nicole shook her head. "I don't think the government is -"

"That doesn't really matter. I'm being careful. Harold doesn't have a clue." Amanda giggled. "Anyway, I just *had* to say something to you. Did you know that when you're evil, you can do it in more positions than the three they told us about?"

Nicole cocked her head. She couldn't help but try to picture the strange positions Amanda and Zach had pretzeled themselves into. A sheen of sweat broke out on Nicole's forehead. "I can't even -"

"And Zachary's so vigorous and always ready. *Always*." Amanda smiled at a sweet memory. "I'm sure Caleb is the same."

"We haven't done it, Amanda," Nicole whispered.

“Right, right.” Amanda nodded and winked. “Now that we’re on the same side, I think it’s time to discuss how we can help Karen. She’s too fragile to figure this out on her own. I gave her some guidance on the phone, but ... will you talk to her?” Amanda steepled her hands in a plea. “While Aiden certainly isn’t Zach, he’s a reasonably nice young man and a competent lover. A three-position guy, but still. He’ll be good enough for Karen, right?”

“Um ... I’ll talk to Karen. Sure.” Nicole would have a talk. But she certainly wasn’t going to push Karen into sleeping with her son. Different people were open to different things. *Maybe I’ll continue to counsel Karen on being more open with Aiden, engaging with him as a teammate. I’m no Dr. McAllister, but I think Caleb and I are doing great, so* ...

“Oh, good!” Amanda clapped her hands. “I’m so glad we can start taking these walks again. I’ve missed talking to you and Karen every day. Soon she’ll join our coven and we’ll be back to normal.”

“Coven? I’m not –”

“Did you ever find the forums for that guide?” Amanda’s eyes lit up. “I know the forums are out there. I saw some stuff about it. I have lots of great suggestions and updates for other sons who aren’t as smart as our boys. I’ll bet it’s on the dark web. I should ask Zach to get me a login or however that works. These elven lusts really give me so much energy and so many ideas.”

“Um ... I think the forums are fictional,” Nicole said.

“Right ... right. Gotcha!” Amanda winked and patted her friend’s butt. “Oh, nice. I bet Caleb loves that. Anyway, I have to go. Great talking to you again. I’m so glad we’re on the same side. Don’t forget about Karen.” Amanda waved, turned, and walked off in the opposite direction.

Nicole watched her go in bewilderment. She couldn’t concentrate on her podcast anymore, so she finished her walk thinking about all the things she’d just learned.

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Karen could still hear her son breathing. “Aiden? I know I’m not sexy like Amanda. I know I’m your mother. But this is what they want me to do. I’m sure of it. Please.” She heard his zipper descend. Her body tensed at the sound. “Aiden?” Karen waited. She prayed that she was doing the right thing. She prayed that Aiden would see what a good mother she was trying to be. She prayed.

*I'm not crazy. I'm not going to bang Mom. But I do need to cum. It's been too long.* Aiden lowered his pants and underwear. He shuffled over to the bed. Gripping his dick with one hand, he stared at his mom's ass. *She's not looking at me. It's fine.* Slowly, he started to fap.

"Aiden? Aiden, honey? I can hear what you're doing. Is this what you want?" Karen continued to clutch her cross. She knew she was giving him quite a view. She hoped she could offer some of the relief that Amanda had offered him. "Aiden?"

"Mom ... I need you to be a good girl and be quiet for a ... few minutes." Aiden's hand was moving faster. He stared down at the wonderful, pale globes she was offering him. "Turn so that your knees are on the edge of the bed."

"You mean ... 'good girl' like I'm your dog?" Karen braved the faintest smile. *Are we bonding?* She turned as he asked, so that he was standing right behind her.

"Yeah ... you're wearing the costume ... so ... just be a good girl and be quiet." Pleasure surged through Aiden's nerves. It had been so long since he'd cum, he was sure it wasn't far off. And it was going to be a big one. "Give me ... a bark ... if you understand."

"Ruff." Karen could bear this. She was doing exactly what Amanda and Nicole had said to do. Her son was going to be happy again. It was worth it. *A loyal pet can bear anything for her master.*

The only sound in the room was the rubbing of Aiden's hand on his shaft and his accelerating grunts. "Mom ... be a good dog ... and put your shoulders down on the ... mattress."

"Ruff." Karen did it. She desperately wanted him to be happy.

"Reach back ... and spread your cheeks," he said.

"But Aiden, that will leave me really exposed." She was tempted to look over her shoulder. She wanted to see what expression was playing on his face. But she didn't look.

"Bad dog!" Aiden said.

"Ruff ... ruff." It was humiliating, but Karen could bear it. She reached back and spread her cheeks for him.

"Yeesssssss." Aiden couldn't pull his eyes away from her lovely, pink asshole. Without thinking, he slapped his dick down on his mother's ass, watching the head bounce off her supple flesh.

*Oh, he's petting me. I'm doing good.* Karen wasn't sure if this was how she should be petted, but this was what boys wanted. Aiden had a lot of pent-up sexual energy at

eighteen. And Amanda had told her to give him what he wanted. “Ruff ... ruff.” She meant, *please keep petting me.*

“Uuuggghhhhhhhhh.” Aiden stopped slapping her with his dick and two-handed it. He was so close. “Gonna ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” He erupted all over her backside, pasting her upturned butt and her costume. He had been right; it was a big climax. It kept going and going, and he kept spewing on his mother.

“Oooohhh ... gosh ... oh my ... oh ... gosh ...” Karen didn’t know what to do, so she continued to lay with her butt in the air, her shoulders down, and her cheeks pried open. *There’s so much. I wonder if there’s something wrong with his testicles. Will he ever stop erupting?* But eventually he did. Finally, Karen released her butt, planted her hands on the mattress, and supported herself with straight arms. Her cross dangled under her. She stared down at it. Several minutes passed. “Aiden?”

Right after his orgasm, Aiden was hit with major post-nut clarity. *What have I done?* He looked at his mother’s vulnerable backside, covered in spunk. Guilt and self-loathing gutted him for about thirty seconds. Then, he noticed his dick was still hard. He looked down at it. The thing was throbbing to his pulse. He’d just cum, and he’d never seen it so hard. When he looked back at his mother, he saw her in a new light. She was pretty. The silly dog costume was sort of hot. The splashes of cum suddenly felt like a victory.

“Mom, are you still ... offering?”

“Ruff,” Karen said.

“You can talk English for a moment. You’re like Scooby-doo or something, okay?” He started slowly jacking his dick again.

“I want you to be happy. I can bear it for you. Do whatever you want.” She wasn’t sure how she felt about the cooling sperm on her cheeks. On the one hand, the stuff gave her the heebie-jeebies, on the other, it made her quiver for a different, imperceptible reason.

“You’re filling in for Mrs. Lutz?” Slowly, Aiden got up on the bed behind his mother. He kneeled right behind her. He pushed her forward a little so he’d have room.

“I know I’m not as pretty as Amanda. But I have to channel your flow. So, if want me ...” She cringed when something slid along her slit. Her eyes went wide when she realized it was the head of his penis.

“You really mean it?” Aiden’s mind warred with itself. On the one hand, he couldn’t do it. On the other, his body practically demanded it. *This is Mom’s fault anyway for not letting me fap.*

“Ruff, ruff, ruff, ruff!” Karen’s body went rigid, as he started to press into her. It hurt, but not that much. Aiden was bigger than her husband, but smaller than the cucumber.

Silently, she thanked the demon for forcing her to prepare her vagina with that vegetable. Without it, she might have panicked.

“Ooohhhh ... good girl ... good doggy.” Aiden slowly slid himself into her warmth. “You’re so ... tight ... and wet.”

Karen whimpered. How would she ever explain any of this to her husband? *Would Chuck even care?*

After a few minutes of getting used to her pussy, Aiden pulled back and slammed home. His anger toward his mother evaporated. His anger toward Amanda disappeared. He actually felt some gratitude to Amanda for teaching him about sex. He held onto his mother’s hips and kept up a good rhythm with his hips. The room was filled with the sounds of wet smacking.

“Oooohhhhhh ... Aiden!” Karen’s eyes opened wide, she gritted her teeth, and stared at the wall. She hadn’t expected it to feel like this. This was even better than when Amanda busted her ghosts. *I wonder if I still have ghosts in there.* She heard the squelching coming from their connection, and figured there was still ectoplasm. How else to explain all that wetness? “MMmmppppphhhh ... mmmmmmm ... mmmmm ...” Karen tried to control her mewling. Chuck never liked it when she was vocal during sex.

“Thank you ... thank you ... Mom ... this is ... exactly ... what I needed.” Aiden’s hips were a blur.

“Oooohhhhhhhh ... honey ... I ...” His thanks were everything she needed. In fact, she felt those words open something inside her. Her tummy was warm, lightning was shooting through her nerves, and her body went rigid. “I ... eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” She forgot to keep quiet. A surprising orgasm was surging through her. She was no longer simply bearing this for him. She was being thrust onto a new plane of existence. “Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Her eyes rolled back, and she was swallowed by pleasure.

## Chapter 24

“Oooohhhhhhh ... honey ... Aiden ... ugh ... ugh ... honey ... Aiden ... you’re ... eeeeeiiiiii!” Karen tried to wrap her mind around the moment and found she could not. But she got important glimpses of what was happening. Of course, as her son humped her vigorously from behind, the most noticeable aspect of the mating was pleasure. “Please ... please ... pleeeeeeaasssse.” And there was also purpose. She felt such a deep sense of purpose. “Uuuuggghhh ... so ... deep.” And love. She felt love for her son as keenly as she ever had. And the enormous amount of love coming from him toward her was plainly obvious. “Sooooo ... big. Yessss ... yessss ... yesssss!” Karen’s friends had been right. She could feel that this was exactly the place she was supposed to be: on her hands and knees, wearing her dog costume, spreading joy to both her and Aiden.

“Mom ... Mom!” Aiden stared down at her round, cum-covered ass. His lizard brain was in complete control. His lizard brain thought that his mother’s tight, warm pussy was even better than Amanda’s. “I’m going ... to cum.”

Karen’s eyes grew large. She knew that slang. She was a hip mom. “Okay ... uuuuggghhhh ... whatever ... makes you happy.”

For a split second, Aiden thought about pulling out. But his lizard brain didn’t approve of that idea. He slammed his hips into her ass for several erratic beats. “Cumming ... aaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” The rush was unlike any orgasm he’d had with Amanda. This was the best sex of his life.

When he was finished, he collapsed forward on her back, pressing her into the mattress. Eventually, she squirmed under him.

“Um ... Aiden ... I have to clean up.” Karen’s whole body buzzed. For the first time in forever, she wasn’t confused or scared. She had purpose. And one of those purposes was draining her vagina so that she wouldn’t get pregnant.

“Sure ... sorry, Mom.” Aiden rolled off her. Post-nut clarity was a bitch. He looked away from her as she got off the bed and hustled out of his room.

Karen threw her dog suit in the hamper, grabbed her phone, and ran to the bathroom. Sitting on the toilet and draining her son’s spunk from her, Karen dialed Amanda. “Hello, Amanda! It happened! I did it!” Karen told her friend everything that had transpired that afternoon.

“I’m ... ugh ... ugh ... so proud of you. It’s about time ... and don’t worry. Not every mother has ... uuggghhhh ... what it takes to be her son’s loyal vizier. I think being Aiden’s pet kitty ... or whatever ... seems about right for you.”

“Um ... Amanda, are you doing a workout right now? You sound winded.” Karen could feel the sperm leaving her. She hoped gravity would take care of all of it.

“No ... I’m having sex with ... Zachary. But ... but ... he ...” Amanda looked over her shoulder. “No, I wasn’t saying *butt*. I was saying *but*! You can’t stick it in there again or I’ll ... oooooohhhhhhhh ...” Amanda’s eyes crossed, and she held her hand over the phone’s receiver as she tried to adjust to her son’s big thing in her backside.

“Amanda? Amanda? What happened?” Karen pressed the phone to her ear. She could only hear faint animalistic whining and grunting. It sounded sort of dog-like. She wondered if Amanda also liked being her son’s faithful canine pal. She pictured Amanda in a dog outfit getting humped by Zach. The image made her smile. “Amanda? Now that I let Aiden ... use me ... what do I do next?”

“Can’t ... talk now ... dealing with ... big ... *big* ... issues,” Amanda said through clenched teeth. “You should ... uuuggghhhh ... ask Nicole about this. I delegated ... you to her earlier ... and I really should be focusing ... on sex with Zachary right now. Bye.”

The line disconnected.

Karen stared at the phone. “Well, that wasn’t helpful.” She had more draining to do, so she went ahead and dialed Nicole. “Hello, Nicole? I did what you said. I let Aiden have me.”

“You did ... what?” Nicole’s eyes went round.

“We had sex. Like we were supposed to. It actually felt ... right. I appreciate the advice.” Karen smiled at the remembered ecstasy of having her son inside her. “I suppose I shouldn’t bore you with the details.”

“Details ... please,” Nicole said. “I ... can’t believe ... you did that with him.”

“Nicole, are you ... having sex with Caleb right now? You sound winded.” Karen’s tummy felt a little tingly thinking about her friends and their sons.

“What! No ... that’s crazy. Caleb and I would never ...” Nicole couldn’t believe how out of hand this had all gotten. “I’m ... doing a workout ... on my stationary bike. That’s why I’m ... winded.”

“Oh ... okay.” Karen nodded to herself. “I suppose you two will do it later or something. Anyway, here are the details.” Karen told her friend everything that had happened that afternoon, including her conversation with Amanda. When she was done, she paused and listened. All she could hear was Nicole’s heavy breathing. “Well, what do you think?”

“I’m a little concerned, Karen ... but I suppose ... if you’re into role-playing as a dog ... then that at least lets you .... compartmentalize things. And then ... you can decide

when you're going to do it ... or not." Nicole was feeling quite out of sorts after hearing Karen's story. She slowed the pedals and stepped off the bike, toweling off her forehead. "What about your marriage?"

"Oh ... I'm sure Chuck will be happy that Aiden and I are getting along. He doesn't need to know why, right?" Karen waited for an answer. When there was silence, she pressed on. "But what do I do next? Amanda said she'd delegated this to you. So, I have to know, how do I handle this?"

"Well, just talk to Aiden. Be open with him and listen to what he has to say." Nicole couldn't deny it any longer, she needed to take care of her vagina in the bathroom. Right or wrong, Karen's events had triggered something deep inside Nicole. "Okay, good luck. Let me know how it goes. Bye!" Nicole hung up and raced to the bathroom. She was quickly undressed, sitting on the toilet lid. Two fingers massaged her clitoris to perfection.

Karen thought over the advice she'd been given. It made sense. She stood up and wiped the last of the sperm off her vagina. "Okay ... I'll give Aiden some space tonight to process. And we can talk tomorrow morning. I'll be open with him. And I'll listen."

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"Okay, Mom. I'm going to school." Aiden hadn't seen much of his mother since they'd done the deed the day before. He didn't blame her for making herself scarce. Of course, he was hiding from her, too. Backpack on, he headed quickly from his room to the front door. Before he could put on his shoes, his mother strode in wearing a long skirt, a long-sleeved blouse, and a headband with fuzzy dog ears. Aiden tried not to stare at her tits. She had headlights, and it looked like she wasn't wearing a bra. That was not a usual choice for her.

"Aiden ... we have to talk." Karen gripped her cross in her hand, summoning the strength she needed. "About yesterday."

"I'm going to be late for school." Aiden hurriedly put on his shoes and stood.

"I called the school. You're taking a sick day so that we can sort this out. I ... um ..." She knelt in front of him and slowly untied his shoes. Removing one and then the other while she talked. "I want you to know that I was ... um ... surprised by how perfect a moment that was yesterday. I mean, Amanda wouldn't steer me wrong, of course, but ... I was surprised."

“Mom, Mrs. Lutz is crazy. I think she thinks she’s evil now. That’s what I’ve been hearing. What happened yesterday was a mistake. You were trying to help ... and I was ... having a hard time because it had been so long since ...” From his vantage point he was looking right down at her cleavage as she straightened his socks. “I should go to school.”

“I told you, I called them.” Slowly, Karen stood up. She forced herself to look into his eyes. “I ... really liked being your loyal companion yesterday.” She reached forward and straightened his glasses. “We were a team. A perfect team. The dog outfit has to go to the dry cleaners, but I put on these ears for you.” She reached up and adjusted the headband. “You don’t need to worry about your father. What we’re doing is separate from my marriage. It’s just between me and you. That’s why it’s so perfect. Moms are supposed to do this stuff for their pent-up boys. That’s what Amanda said.”

“Mom ... I ...”

“Go on.” She nodded encouragement. “I want to listen to what you have to say. You’ve got my full attention.” Slowly, with trembling fingers, Karen unbuttoned her blouse. A nervous smile played on her lips.

“I ... well ... we shouldn’t ... because ...” Aiden’s mind was drawing a blank. He watched his mother open her blouse, and the sight of her boobs pushed rational thought from his mind. “You ... um ... liked yesterday?” He took off his backpack and let it fall to the floor.

“Honestly, it was the best thing that ever happened to me.” The way he was staring at her breasts gave her courage. Removing the blouse, she hung it by the front door. She took his hand and led him toward the stairs. “Come on. Your father already left for work. I’m your loyal companion. I’ll help you with your needs today.” They walked upstairs.

“I can’t believe ... this is happening, Mom.” Aiden stared at her round butt as it rolled under her skirt a few steps above him. The curve of her delicate, bare back gave him chills. “I never thought we ... got along all that well.”

“That’s why Amanda is such a genius, honey.” Karen led him to his room. Her nerves were making her knees quake, but she took comfort in the way he was ogling her breasts again. “I’m not pretty like Amanda, but I think I make you happy. Is that right?” Her voice trembled a little.

“You’re prettier than Mrs. Lutz, Mom. I ... um ... can I suck on them?” Aiden knew it was the wrong question, but he was leaning over before she even had a chance to respond.

“I guess ... but I should get out of this skirt and into my dog character. I ... oooooohhhhhh.” Karen’s body convulsed in a quick spasm when his lips clenched on her

nipple and began sucking. She caressed his hair. "That's ... nice ... Aiden." It had been so long since her husband had paid any attention to her breasts. She wondered if maybe Aiden was actually the last person to suck on her nipples a couple decades ago. After a few minutes, she pushed him off. "It's time for your loyal companion." She undressed, but for the doggie headband, and got on all fours on the bed. "Ruff, ruff," she said. The confusion and worry that always accompanied her were noticeably absent. She found her belly was turning over. But it wasn't anxiety, it was anticipation and excitement. "Ruff, ruff, means I love you, Aiden."

"I love you, too." Aiden stripped. To think, minutes ago, he'd been hoping to escape to school. And now he was about to be inside his mother's perfect pussy again. He got up on the bed behind her, staring at the amazing flare from her waist out to her hips. "As crazy as this is ... I feel like it was always going to happen."

"Me too, Aiden. It feels so ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhh ... right." Karen grimaced as he pushed his penis into her vagina. He was just as big as the day before. "Go slow ... at first."

"You're my ... dog ... remember?" Aiden sunk all the way to the base. His hips rested on her plump ass.

"Ruff ... ruff ... uuuggghhhh ... ruff," Karen said. In no time at all, she was transported away in perfect bliss. Her son's hips smashed into her backside, and all was right with the world.

## Chapter 25

“Welcome home, Zach. Shall we go to the bedroom?” Amanda wore a dark, revealing outfit with a cape. Her hair was up in the most nefarious do. “We could try more butt stuff. I know it’s the evilest kind of sex. And ... I know you like it.”

“Um ... thanks, Mom, but Kathy’s coming over soon.” Zach tried not to stare at her cleavage.

“Don’t speak to me that way. As your vizier, I must remind you to be more forceful with women. You want a harem, don’t you?” Amanda frowned at him.

“No ... not really.” Zach *was* staring at her cleavage.

“Say it like you mean it, Zach.” Amanda walked around her son, appraising him. She patted his butt and straightened his shirt collar. She ran her fingers over the scruffy beard her son was trying to grow. “What’s with the beard?”

“Kathy’s been wearing the elf ears when we ... get together. So, since I’m a dwarf in that game, I thought I’d grow a beard.” Zach shrugged.

“You’ll need to grow a thicker beard if you’re going to have a harem.” She playfully tugged on his facial hair. “I’ll do some research into growing beards. I think I remember something about crystals helping.”

“I don’t want a harem, Mom.” Zach put some steel into his voice.

“Oh, I like that tone better!” Amanda’s vagina flooded. “Speaking of your harem and Kathy, I ended things with her boyfriend. She’s all yours now.”

“You ... what?” Zach turned his head to look at his mother. She was standing next to him, fixing his hair. “How did you end things with Kathy’s boyfriend?”

“I figured he’s such a loser boyfriend that he’d probably never met Kathy’s mother.” Amanda straightened her son’s glasses. “And since Kathy could practically be my twin, why not pretend to be her mother? I stopped her now ex-boyfriend on his way to school and read him the riot act.”

“Um ... Mom ...” Zach gulped. “Kathy’s mom passed away years ago.”

“Oh, that explains why he ran so fast. Ghost mothers are scary.” Amanda nodded and kissed her son on the lips. “Anyway, you’re welcome. Good riddance to that ex-boyfriend. That fool wasn’t worthy of Kathy. I bet he’s never even *tried* to seduce his own mother.”

The front door opened and Kathy stormed in. She'd been coming over so often, she just let herself in now. "You won't believe it! I no longer have a boyfriend. The dick-for-brains broke up with me today!"

"Don't tell her what you did," Zach whispered to his mother. "She won't understand."

Amanda made a motion of zipping her lips.

"I'm so angry!" Kathy stomped into the kitchen to find Amanda leaning on Zach's shoulder. "Maybe I should just join the evil sorceress's coven. I bet no stupid jerk ever broke up with the sorceress."

Amanda pointed a finger at Kathy and winked. "That's true. I always did the breaking up before I met my husband. Sadly, in this world, 'Evil' is often just another word for a smart, strong woman. Not everyone can handle that like my Zachary." She reached behind him and squeezed his butt with appreciation.

"Mom ... that was actually almost good advice." Tentatively, Zach reached back and squeezed her butt in return.

"I have an extra black cape if you'd like one, Kathy." Amanda smiled.

"You can call me Kathriel. I think I'd like that." Kathy took a long exhale.

"Aaaaaand we're back." Zach stepped away from his mother. "Umm ... would it help to try and work through this in character? Maybe Kathriel's been away from the elven lands too long, and her betrothed sent her a breakup letter or something? She should probably visit her trusty dwarf friend, who really understands her."

"Or she could visit the wise sorceress and let the dwarf do his homework." Amanda moved over to Kathy and lovingly ran her fingers along the girl's shoulders and clavicle.

"Oh yeah ... maybe ... I mean, what kind of jerk breaks up with his betrothed just because she's been off helping with important priestess things?" Kathy's brows unknitted as she let go of her anger. "I wasn't gone that long. What's that to an elf? Like ten minutes? So, dumb."

"Are you stalling because you're trying to choose between me and Zachary?" Amanda frowned. "I have something to tell you."

"Mom, don't –" Zach started.

"Zachary and I have been sleeping together. It's all part of his plot to become all-powerful. He's really good at it." Amanda stood with her hands on her hips, proudly looking at her son. "And don't worry, Kathy. He knows that you and I have been sleeping together, too." She winked at Kathy.

“Well, I sort of knew about you two.” Kathy’s eyes went wide. “But hearing it out loud ... is really hot.” Kathy put her hands over her mouth. “Did you guys do it as part of the game? I mean, I’m sure you did. Why else would a mother do that, right? So, we’ve got a triangle with the dwarf, the sorceresses, and the priestess elf. Hot, hot, hot!”

“Well, I’m not playing any –” Amanda started.

“Stop, Mom.” Zach grabbed his mother’s ass and gave it a firm, commanding squeeze.

Amanda shivered and looked over at her son with a goofy grin. “Zachary?”

“Of course, it’s part of the game.” Zach smiled. “And now that your silly elf betrothed has wandered off, it’s time you bedded the dwarf and the sorceress at the same time. You know ... you need to find ... a weakness with their magic.” He took his mother’s hand and grabbed Kathy’s as well, pulling them toward the stairs. “Come on!”

“Oh ... probing weaknesses! I like the sound of that!” Kathy felt like she was in a dream.

Amanda cackled and undressed as they walked upstairs. By the time they reached her son’s bedroom, she was topless. “Two women at once? My son is consolidating his power!” She dropped to her knees, lowered his pants, and gave him a very enthusiastic blowjob.

Kathy had undressed her lower half, pausing to watch the intimate act. “Oh, wow. I’ve never seen one of those before. I mean, without me doing it ... you know?”

Zach nodded. “What do you think?”

“I can tell she really loves you! It’s making me feel tingly.” Kathy continued to undress. “I was worried that you’d be mad when you found out I’ve been secretly playing the game with your mom. But ... we’re all playing. Of course you already knew.” Kathy finished undressing and put on her elf ears. “As high priestess, I demand to see my handsome dwarf take the evil sorceress for his own!”

“Yes, priestess.” Zach lifted his mother off his dick. She was somewhat unwilling to let go, but he pushed her back onto the bed and pulled off her skirt. He spread her legs, pushed her underwear to the side, and entered her.

“Oh ... my ... gosh.” Kathy slipped out of character. “What about a condom?” She stared with wide eyes as Zach’s hips switched into action.

“Dwarves don’t ... wear ... condoms.” Zach was feeling more and more confident. He smiled at Kathy and beckoned her over. “Anyway ... I’m going to ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... put it in her butt ... in a minute.”

“Her butt?!? Oh ... my ... gosh ... dwarves are sexy as hell.” Kathy jumped onto the bed next to them, sitting on her knees and watching intently. Her boobs swung as each

thrust from Zach shook the mattress. "I'm glad that dick-for-brains broke up with me. Because now I have dick on the brain. Do you want to be my boyfriend, Zach? I mean, like, in real life."

"Harem ... harem ... uuugggh ... ugggh ... ughhh ..." Amanda looked back and forth between the two eighteen-year-olds. "My son ... is so powerful."

"Yes, I'll be your ... ugh ... ugh ... boyfriend." Zach cupped Kathy's head and pulled her into a kiss. They made out without his hips losing rhythm.

"Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... your vizier ... is so proud of you ... Zachary." Amanda's breasts bounced as she took a wonderful pounding. She watched the teenagers make out and screamed out her first orgasm of the day.

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"And it was so impressive that Zachary just shut me down like that." Amanda walked down the street between Nicole and Karen. Mary Puppins was there, too. *It's so nice to have the group back together.* She smiled at the ladies. "Zachary still needs my advice and guidance, obviously, but it's so good to know I've raised such a capable young man."

"Aiden isn't really like that with me." Karen gave Amanda a shy smile, imagining Zach as a commanding young man, ordering his naked mother around the house. It was nice to think of Amanda getting bossed around. "I think he likes when he doesn't have to think of me as 'Mom'. It really helps to keep 'pet' time separate."

Nicole frowned at her friends. *I can't believe I'm going to say this.* "Well ... this psychologist I'm reading about would probably say that every mother-son relationship is different. If those situations work for you, then you don't need to worry about which is better."

Amanda's grin widened. "Where's this version of Nicole been all these years? Caleb turning you evil has really opened you up to some great ideas."

"I ... don't know that I'd have phrased it that way, but Caleb and I are a good team." Nicole raised a dubious eyebrow at Amanda.

"Or ..." Amanda laughed. "Maybe it's just getting a daily pounding from a talented, enthusiastic lover that's doing such wonders for you. Even your skin looks like it's glowing."

"Caleb and I haven't ..." Nicole looked at her friends. At this point, even Karen wasn't going to believe the truth that she hadn't given in to temptation. There were some lines

she wouldn't cross, no matter what the other mothers were doing. "Never mind." She pulled on Mary Puppin's leash to keep the dog moving. "There was something I wanted to ask. Karen, why are you wearing the dog ears now?" She pointed to the headband with two upright ears tucked into Karen's red hair.

"Oh, I've already had to have the full dog costume dry-cleaned four times. So, Aiden thought we should save it for special occasions." Karen smiled cheerfully. "Aiden is so sweet, looking out for the planet and our pocketbook."

"That ... doesn't really explain what I asked about, but I think I get it from context." Nicole shook her head.

"Planet'." Amanda rolled her eyes and laughed.

"They're good boys. They really are." Nicole forced a smile. "Actually, I wanted to talk about them. The boys haven't been hanging out like they used to. I'm worried that ... um ... Caleb is feeling left out or ... not that exactly. I'm worried he's feeling lonely. What do you say? Can we encourage them to get together? Maybe they could have another game night?"

"Oh, we could play with them!" Amanda reached out to either side and gave her friends enthusiastic pats on their butts. "That would be so much fun."

"I thought we didn't like that dungeon game?" Karen's forehead creased in confusion.

"We're *evil* now, remember?" Amanda stopped, turned to Karen, and adjusted Karen's dog ears.

"Oh ... right. Sometimes I think I have too many ghosts in my coochy. They make me forget things." Karen's smile was tight and stiff. Thinking about her tight, stiff smile made her think about Aiden's thing. That relaxed her face into a credible grin.

"I was just kidding about the ghosts in our vaginas, Karen. Ectoplasm, really? I can't believe you ever believed that. Ghosts don't possess like that." Amanda looked over at Nicole to share her disdain for their friend.

"Be nice to Karen, Amanda. She's been through a lot." Nicole wasn't above turning and walking the other way.

"Oh, I'm *evil*. That's how I'm supposed to be." She stared at Nicole's grim face. "Okay, I'm sorry, Karen. I was just kidding."

"Oh ... okay. Thanks." Now, Karen didn't know if there were or weren't ghosts in their vaginas.

“So, we’re going to push the boys to have more game nights?” Nicole did her best to get them focused on the right thing. “And we’ll *offer* to play with them.” After all, the boys might say no.

“Agreed.” Amanda clapped her hands and started walking again.

“Great.” Nicole pulled Mary Puppins along to keep up with Amanda.

After a moment of thinking, Karen jogged to catch up with everyone.

## Chapter 26

“Yeah, my mom wants to join, too. She’s ... um ... been spending enough time pretending to be ...” Aiden looked around. He was walking home with Zach down a long, suburban sidewalk. There wasn’t anyone else around. “... a dog. You know, with all that pretending, she might actually understand roleplaying once we’re at the table. So, your dwarf has a harem now?”

“Or something. Kathriel thinks that my dwarven penis may have messed up the sorceress' sense of good and evil, so it might be magic.” Zach let out a nervous laugh.

“If our moms play, I think I’ll retire my goblin and focus on DMing. Six is enough people.” Aiden tried to act nonchalant, but he still felt bad about sleeping with Zach’s mom. “And you mentioned the sea monster at school. You think it’s going to make a decent villain?”

“Yeah, Mom was talking about one seducing a queen for a while. I’m not sure why.” Zach shook his head at the memory. “She really wants a sea monster.”

“Maybe she read it in one of those stories. I read one where a mom was sleeping with all sorts of strange creatures.” Aiden watched his friend shrug. A slight frown tugged Aiden’s lips. “Hey ... I’m sorry I had sex with your mom. I know I shouldn’t have.”

Zach looked over at his friend. Aiden’s face was pinched. “It’s okay, man. Things have been so weird lately that I’d be a big hypocrite to be mad about it. You might as well try to resist an earthquake, right? She’s like a tsunami.” Zach laughed.

Aiden chuckled along with his friend. “For sure. For sure.”

~~

“Aiden said that you and the other moms are joining game night.” Caleb sat with his mother in the living room. “And Zach, Kathy, and Mrs. Lutz are some kind of threesome now. In real life, I mean. Did you know about this?”

“It’s very surreal, isn’t it? You and your friends are all eighteen, so ...” Nicole shrugged. “I’ve always thought you boys seemed so creative playing that game. I loved listening in on your sessions when you played here. I’m actually interested in trying it out.” She stood and ruffled his hair. “It’ll be fun!”

“Aiden and Zach are sleeping with their moms. And you said that Mrs. Lutz and Mrs. Wigginton think we’re having sex, too.” He caught himself looking at his mother’s bosom and forced his gaze to meet hers. “Isn’t that going to be awkward?”

“It’ll be okay, Caleb.” Nicole walked to the doorway, stopped, and looked over her shoulder. Her son’s eyes were now on her butt. She kept her backside facing him so he could enjoy the sight of it. “You can tell Zach and Aiden that we’re not actually doing those things. But as far as their moms go, I don’t think we can change their behavior. The best we can do is nudge them in positive directions. You know, make sure they’re using protection, not being too obvious about it, et cetera.”

“But you don’t care that they think we’re ...”

“As long as they’re not spreading rumors, it’s probably fine.” Butt still facing him, she smiled over her shoulder. “I think the boys have been a good influence on Amanda and Karen. They’ve been happier, and healthier, since ... this started.”

“So, we try to keep things as healthy as possible? As a team?” Caleb grinned back. His mother’s smile melted his heart.

“Healthy.” Nicole nodded. “Team.” *Those terms have gotten so much sexier since I’ve been reading about Dr. McAllister.* “Exactly, we’re a great team.” She gave him a wink and left the room. She needed some private time to masturbate in the bathroom. She wasn’t about to ask Caleb for one of their reading sessions in the middle of the day. She was a good mother. She had standards.

~~

“I’m not sure I’m cool enough to be around your friends. I always ran away crying when I tried to be sexy around them. Remember?” Karen’s tummy was flipping over and over. It wasn’t just the memory of her shame, she always got sick with anticipation when Aiden got home from school. It meant they had a few hours of private time together. She had started to really look forward to their private time.

“You don’t have to if you don’t want to, Mom, but this is a lot like our pet time.” Aiden went and took the dog ears off the coat rack where they were hanging. He handed the ears to his mother. “You’re really good at our dog game. D&D is pretend, too. Really similar.”

“But it’s so easy thinking of myself as a loyal pet.” Her heart raced when he took her hand and led her upstairs. She put the ears in her hair.

“Would it help to think of game time as pet time? I won’t be playing this time, just running things. So, you can’t be my pet in the game.” Aiden led her into his bedroom. “But Sorceresses have familiars and things. You could pretend to be Mrs. Lutz’s pet in the game. She’s been asking for a hellhound actually.” He started undressing.

“So, I’d just have to listen to Amanda, and to you because you control things? You’re right! I can do it.” Karen was so eager to get out of her clothes that she almost tore them off. It was so freeing to disrobe and toss her things around her son’s room. “That’s barely pretending at all! Ruff, ruff, ruff!” Naked now, but for the dog ears, Karen jumped onto the bed and presented her butt to her son.

“You’re such a good doggie, Mom.” Aiden was already hard, but he jacked himself while getting into position just for the fun of it. When he entered her, she was incredibly wet.

“What about a condom, Aiden? I’m getting closer to my ... uuuuuuggggghhhhhh ... dangerous ... time ... of the month.” Karen’s eyes crossed as he pushed into her, his large head settling against the back of her womb.

“Dogs can’t ask ... for condoms ... Mom.” Aiden’s hips found a good rhythm. He didn’t have to give her much time to adjust these days. She was always ready for him.

“Ruff ... ruff ... ruff ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... ruff,” Karen said.

“You ... bring up ... a good point ... but I’ll pull out ... Mom. No ... condom.” Aiden gripped handfuls of her ass to use as leverage. “Good ... doggie ... such a good ... girl.” He was in heaven. And he could tell from her wailing that she was, too.

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“So, to summarize, Kathriel and Zolgin have successfully wooed the sorceress, Amazala, and trapped a portion of her powers in the lust box.” Aiden looked around the crowded table.

Amanda was there wearing what she considered an evil outfit, cape and all. Her hair was up in a nefarious do.

Zach sat between his mother and Kathy. He still had his silly beard. She still wore her elf ears and had on a black outfit with a cape.

Karen wore a conservative dress, her dog-ear headband, and she’d drawn dog whiskers on her cheeks. There was a collar around her neck, with a leash that extended over to Amanda’s hand.

Nicole and Caleb weren't dressed up in any way. But of course, costumes weren't required.

Aiden smiled and continued. "The sorceress has joined the party and will be attempting to reform, bringing along her loyal hellhound, Karaz." He nodded to his mother.

"Ruff, ruff!" Karen said.

"Aidlin the goblin is going to take the lust box back to his people for safekeeping. So, he's not around right now," Aiden said. "I'm going to have to read more of this backstory, but Calla's mentor, Nikka the druid, has sought her out due to rumors of a sinister kraken." He nodded to the Khans. "Does that cover it?"

"And Kathriel, Zolgin, and Amazala are a throuple now, because her stupid fiancé sucks. And it's hot." Kathy looked around the room to gauge reactions. She didn't want to overdo it.

"Very hot ... um ... Kathriel. But one correction." Amanda fiddled with the girl's elf ear. "We're his harem. Not a throuple."

"Mom, I keep telling you. I don't want a harem." Zach scowled at his mother.

Before Amanda could reply, Aiden spoke, "Sure, okay. All good. Let's start the game."

Aiden led them through a perilous quest. At one point, Karen had a particularly helpful roll. Getting into character, she growled and barked. She had just saved her mistress from a very cranky troll.

"Oh, wow!" Kathy clapped and looked at Karen with wide eyes. "You're the coolest mom ever!"

"I'm cool?" Karen returned the girl's wide-eyed stare.

"Go on, Mom," Aiden prompted.

Karen glanced at her son with confusion. Rather than ask to clarify, she decided to act with a hellhound's decisive demeanor. She leaned over and planted a kiss on Kathy's lips. Remembering she was a dog, she dove her tongue into the girl's mouth.

"Mom!" Aiden was aghast.

Karen broke the kiss and looked over at her son in a panic. "Oh, I wasn't supposed to do that? I thought that since Amanda ... and since I ... that we ..."

"By 'go on', I just meant say 'thank you'. Jeez." Aiden shook his head.

"My hellhound is welcome to show affection to my coven members," Amanda said.

"She's my mom." Aiden frowned at Amanda.

“She’s *my* hellhound.” Amanda tightened her leash.

“Sorry, Aiden. It’s part of the game. Also, can we call my character a heckhound? Hellhound sounds so ...” Karen cringed at her son’s expression, but she thought he wasn’t too mad. *Don’t most boys want to see this?* She leaned over and kissed Kathy again, not forgetting her tongue.

Zach watched his girlfriend kiss someone new with an elated smile on his face.

“Is this happening?” Caleb looked over at his mother.

Nicole gave her son a reassuring smile. “So, if the heckhound will stop making out with the elf, perhaps we can learn more about this evil sea monster?”

“It’s probably out seducing queens.” Amanda nodded to Nicole. “We’ll have to deal with this harshly.”

Karen finally pulled away from the eighteen-year-old. She lowered her voice. “I’ve never kissed an eighteen-year-old girl before. You’re ... um ... good at it.”

“Thanks!” Kathy clapped her hands. “Yes, about the sea monster ...”

They played on. A couple hours later, the story was reaching a climax.

“Your ship didn’t capsize, but you see a dark shape just under the surface of the water escape to a nearby grotto.” Aiden made sure his tone was ominous. He was happy that everyone seemed into the game.

Kathy raised an eyebrow at Zach. And then at Amanda.

Caleb and Nicole started strategizing for the big showdown, looking over what magic and resources they had left. Karen sat and waited for someone to tell her what was going on.

Suddenly, Kathy stood. “The priestess must gather her strength for a mighty battle. She must perform a secret ritual ... with two other party members.” She took Amanda’s hand, and Zach’s, pulling them from their chairs and racing upstairs.

The party members who were not invited to the secret ritual sat in the basement for a minute in stunned silence. Then, the moaning and screaming started echoing down to them through the vent.

“Oh ... I think they’re ...” Caleb said.

“Zachary has condoms, right?” Nicole turned to her son.

“Yes.” Both Aiden and Caleb said at the same time.

“Oh, I guess they don’t need the heckhound for that.” Karen blushed, listening to the distant sounds of sex. “Aiden ... can one of the sailors take the heckhound for a walk?” She lowered her voice to a whisper. “I mean me.”

“I guess we’re wrapping for tonight. Good session, everyone.” Aiden began packing his things. His mother came over to help him.

“Well, that was really interesting. Thank you for leading ... um ... DMing ... is that the right phrase?” Nicole stood and put her purse over her shoulder.

“Yep, that’s right.” Aiden smiled at her. “You’re welcome.”

The Khans and the Wiggingtons exited the house carefully, so as not to accidentally run into anyone doing anything sordid. They talked excitedly among themselves. They all agreed that they hoped for many more game nights.

## Chapter 27

Before heading home, Karen cleaned the dog makeup off her face with some wipes she kept in the minivan. She looked at herself in the mirror as she worked, aware that her son was watching her from the passenger seat. "I really thought you wanted me to kiss Kathy. I'm ..."

"It's okay, Mom." Aiden shrugged.

Finished with cleaning her face, Karen took off her dog ears, started the car, and pulled it away from the curb outside the Lutz house. "That was a fun game tonight. I thought I made a good heckhound."

"You did." Aiden smiled and put a hand on his mother's thigh, giving it a loving squeeze.

"Amanda ... um ... she held my leash, so to speak." Karen chewed on her bottom lip for a few moments.

Aiden sighed. *Conversations I never thought I'd have.* "It's okay, Mom. That's part of the game. And I liked watching you with Kathy, and thinking about you with Mrs. Lutz. You know how what we do isn't cheating on Dad, because you're my pet, right? This is like that. You're always going to be my dog, so I don't mind if you do things with Kathy or Mrs. Lutz, if they're okay with it."

"Well, they seem okay with it." Karen gulped. "I ... um ... I have something to tell you."

"What is it?" Aiden watched his mother closely as she drove. She looked so pretty in the dramatic lighting of passing headlights.

"You were okay with me kissing Kathy ... and pretending to be Amanda's pet?" She glanced at him, saw him nod, and continued. "Well, a while ago I kissed Amanda and I ... um ..." Her voice trembled. "I let her put her fingers down there because she said I had ghosts in my box. She was just busting the ghosts. But later ... she found out that the ectoplasm wasn't from ghosts ... so ..." She glanced at him to see how angry he would be. His eighteen-year-old face was uncreased and passive. "This happened before you and I ..."

"You let Mrs. Lutz finger you?" Aiden stared, incredulous. "Really? Did she make you orgasm?"

"Well, I ... I don't know ... I ... um ..." Karen winced. "Yes, I think so. But we thought it was that exorcisms felt so good. There was so much ectoplasm, too."

"Mom, you know what the ectoplasm was, right?" Aiden gave her thigh a reassuring squeeze.

“No ... I’m confused about that part.” Karen shook her head.

“It’s biological, Mom. A woman gets wet when she’s excited. There’s nothing wrong with it.” He smiled at her naivete.

“But I heard ... it was unhealthy for a woman to ...” Karen was having trouble concentrating on driving. She pulled the minivan over into a dark, empty parking lot. She turned the car off and faced her son. “Are you sure?”

“It’s science, Mom. You’ll have to trust me.” He inched his hand inside her thigh, working its way toward her pussy.

“I trust you, Aiden,” Karen whispered. She nodded, aware that tears of gratitude were rolling down her cheeks. “I’m so lucky to have you.”

“Let me show you how the biology works. Let’s get in the backseat.” Aiden rubbed her pussy through her yoga pants. “Would you like me to show you?”

“Yes ... yes ... Aiden ... it would be an honor to have you teach me science.”

Ten minutes later, Karen was in the backseat, naked, with her legs spread wide. Her son was kneeling on the floor in front of her, doing the most unspeakable things with his tongue. “Ooohhhhhh ... you’re licking my ... ooohhh ... is there a lot of ... ectoplasm? I mean ... wetness?”

Aiden moved away from her tangy box, lifted himself up, and put his face right in front of hers so she could see her wetness glisten on his face in the faint streetlight.

“Oh ... my ... it’s everywhere. It’s even smudged your glasses.” Karen stared with wide eyes. “Are you sure that’s healthy? I never did that with your father.”

“One-hundred percent healthy.” Aiden laughed and dove his mouth back down to her pussy.

“Oooohhhhhh ... Aiden ... it feels wonderful. I ... um ... I hope we can do this ... all the time.” It occurred to her that she wasn’t being his pet at the moment. She’d taken off the ears and makeup. But she was still his loyal companion, so it was good enough.

“Ooohhhhhh ... Aiden ... Aiden ... you have my button and ... my button feels so good ... and ... eeeeeiiiiiii!” The minivan rocked as she thrashed through an amazing orgasm.

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Karen and Nicole chatted while waiting for Amanda to join them for a walk. Mary Puppins happily rested on the grass next to the sidewalk. The suburban trees overhead provided shade, making the spot quite comfortable.

Amanda strode around the nearest corner, wearing her black outfit, cape, and her hair up. She carried a fancy leather leash and collar in one hand.

“Um ... thanks, Amanda. But I already have all the leashes I need for Mary Puppins.” Nicole eyed the leash warily. It almost looked like something out of an adult catalogue.

“This isn’t for your dog, silly. It’s for my hellhound.” Amanda stopped in front of her friends and handed the collar to Karen. “Put that on.”

“Well ... um ...” Karen looked over to Nicole to see what she should do.

“Remember how we talked about keeping things in private? I think this is ... um ... one of those things. We don’t want people to wonder what’s going on, do we?” Nicole frowned.

“But I did bring my ears.” Karen had tucked the ear headband into the back of her waistband. She took it out and put it on. “And I suppose that good dogs wear leashes, right?”

“A well-trained dog follows without a leash. Especially for walks around the neighborhood with people she knows.” Nicole was grasping at straws.

“Oh, right. I am really well-trained.” Karen smiled.

“Yes, that was a good call there.” Amanda tied the leash around her waist, making it into a fashionable belt. “Keeping things secret is good. It doesn't seem like quite as many mothers are in on this incest thing as I thought. I guess I should have realized how advanced Zachary and your boys were at mother domination for their age. They're prodigies, really.”

“Um ... right.” Nicole nodded.

“Ruff, ruff.” Karen beamed. “And Aiden was so mature about the things I've done with you, Amanda, and with Kathy. I was so proud of him.”

“You told him about all of it?” Amanda was impressed. “And he was okay with it?” She saw her friend nod. “Hmmm. Maybe I haven’t given him enough credit. He wasn’t right for me the way my Zachary is, but that is a very enlightened perspective. I’m happy he’s there for you, Karen.” Amanda strode past her friend. “Well, come on, let’s go for our walk.”

Karen, Nicole, and Mary Puppins hurried to catch up.

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“Are we on for a reading sesh tonight?” Caleb stuck his head into his mother’s home office. His mother’s back was to him as she worked at the computer. He couldn’t see much of her, but her thick curly hair was enough to send a pang of longing down his spine. He loved everything about her.

“Yes, of course, sweetheart.” Nicole didn’t look behind, continuing to type her email. “When your father and sister are both in bed, I’ll stop by your room.”

“Mom ... I’ve been thinking ...” Caleb’s voice faltered. “Maybe we ... um ... we could ...”

“Yes?” She stopped typing and turned around.

“Nothing, you’re busy. We can talk later.” Caleb gave her a sheepish grin.

“Okay, we’ll talk later.” Nicole gauged her son’s expression. She thought she knew what was on his mind, but work beckoned. She gave him a little wave and swiveled back to her keyboard.

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It was late when Nicole finally entered her son’s room. He was lying on top of the sheets, reading his book and fapping. She admired his strong, eighteen-year-old body. She admired his tall, valiant penis even more. Quickly, she removed her oversized shirt and underwear. She placed a towel on his desk chair, wheeled it near his bed, and sat down.

“You didn’t bring your book, Mom.” Caleb was suddenly nervous. He kept his focus on her wonderful breasts to calm himself down.

“I think I know what was on your mind today. Instead of reading, I thought we might masturbate and talk tonight.” She smiled warmly and spread her legs so he could see her glistening vagina. “I was thinking we could talk about having sex. Would you like that?”

“I was too scared to ask you about it. But Aiden and Zach are both ... you know ... and they seem to be getting along so well with their moms. That I ... well ... you know.” Caleb’s hand had stopped stroking his cock when she’d sat down, but he restarted, keeping a slow pace.

“A mother knows these things.” Nicole laughed. “And you’re right. It has been good for them. It’s plain as day. Of course, we have a different relationship than your friends

have with their mothers.” She reached between her legs and played with her lower lips, feeling the slickness between them.

“I think we could do it. I think ... it would be even better than with Mrs. Lutz and Mrs. Wigginton. We’re a team.” His words tumbled out with exuberance.

“I think so, too.” Nicole moved her fingers to her clitoris. “I think ... it would be wonderful to feel you inside me, Caleb. I imagine it being ... such a deep connection. You came from inside me, and to have you ... return there ...” Her eyelids fluttered.

“I can’t stop thinking about being pressed up close to you, our bodies smacking up against each other.” Caleb added a second hand to his cock and pumped faster. “It may sound weird, but I would love to try to be behind you. I feel like seeing you from there ... I don’t know ... like you’d really be giving yourself to me.”

“That’s not ... weird ... sweetie. That’s ... something I imagine ... too. Ooohhhhhhh.” Nicole felt her first orgasm arriving.

Caleb watched his mother cum in awe. He waited for her to finish before continuing their conversation. “I’ve gotta say, Mom ... just talking about this with you is ... amazing, but I’m worried that I’m going to disappoint you.”

“That’s an understandable worry, but I promise we’ll get over that quick. I’m just as excited and nervous as you are, but we’re a team, and we can put together a great plan. We have to be smart about this, and I’m sure we will.” Nicole took a break from her vagina, and played with her nipples as she thought things over. “We don’t want to hurt your father or sister. It’s quite possible that you and I will get a little carried away the first few times we do it. We need to be careful.”

“Lauren has that track event out of town soon, right? And it’s Dad’s turn to drive her.” Caleb was eager with anticipation.

“Perfect.” A spark of ecstatic electricity made Nicole arch her spine. “Ooohhhh. We’ll have the whole weekend. We should make a list of things ... ooohhhh ... to try. We can put ... *from behind* ... at the top of the list.”

“Yes ... yes ... there are so many things ... I want to try with you.” Caleb’s hands moved even faster. “But before ... we make a list ... I ... uuugghhhhh ... want to cum ... Mom.”

“Yes ... yes ... shoot for me.” Nicole’s hand slipped back down to her clitoris. “Show me ... all that stuff ... you’ll shoot inside me.”

Caleb’s eyes went round. “Really?”

“Inside me ... but in a condom ... of course.” Nicole was horny, but she wasn’t crazy.

“Right ... right ... of course ...” Caleb’s hips lifted his butt off the sheet. “Cumming ... Mom ... cumming ... aaaaahhhhhhhh.”

“Oh ... my ... yeesssssss.” Nicole watched his sperm blast into the air, raining down on his naked body and the sheet. She imagined what it would be like to take so much in her womb. Her own orgasm took her, and she had to stifle a scream.

## Chapter 28

“Caleb, sweetie, can you come in here?” Nicole called over her shoulder. She was sitting at her home office desk, doing some shopping for their upcoming special evening.

David appeared in the doorway. “You need something, Nicky?” He caught a glimpse of his wife’s monitor. “You buying something for you and me?” He waggled his eyebrows.

“Something like that, David. Now, skedaddle. I need to talk to our son.” She shooed him.

“Well, don’t let him see what you’re shopping for. The kid would wither and die if he caught his mother buying lingerie.” David laughed and walked down the hall.

“You would think that, wouldn’t you?” Nicole said under her breath so that her husband didn’t hear. A few seconds later, she saw her son’s face in the doorway. “Come in. I have a few things I want to talk to you about.”

“Wow ... Mom ... you would wear something like that? Really?” Caleb stopped halfway into the room, staring at her monitor.

“I wear stuff like this for your father sometimes. It’s no big deal. Anyway, I’d like your input on the restaurant for dinner, I’m making reservations today.” She smiled at him. “Also, the flowers, and ... I’d like you to tell me which lingerie set you prefer.”

“As the guy ... I feel like I should buy these things. But I spent all my money on that murder mystery board game.” Caleb frowned.

“As your mother, I can assure you that I’m happy to pay. It’s my treat.” She winked at him. “Although I like your impulse to be chivalrous. That will make some woman very happy someday.” She beckoned for him to get closer. “Now we have some decisions to make.”

“I like that one.” Caleb walked over and stood next to her chair, pointing at the screen.

“That one is for a woman with a bigger bust than mine.” Nicole glanced over her shoulder to make sure her husband wasn’t around. “Why don’t you close the door, and I’ll show you which ones are better for my body type.”

“Sure, Mom.” Caleb crossed the room, closed the door, and returned to his mother. He was painfully erect, thinking about their upcoming date night. But it wasn’t here yet. He adjusted his dick and set about helping his mother make decisions.

~~

“Um ... Amanda ... I’m here.” Karen found the Lutz front door open a crack. She pushed it inward and stepped into the house, making sure to keep the overcoat wrapped around her. “Amanda?” She closed the door behind her.

“Come into the living room, Karen,” Amanda called. “And get into costume.”

“Okay.” Slowly, Karen took off the overcoat and hung it on a hook by the front door. She put on her dog ears, and fiddled with her outfit to get it just right. It was a revealing doggy costume that Aiden had said she could bring over to Amanda’s. Karen was so nervous, she wobbled in her heels. “Are you sure we should be doing this?” She said loud enough to carry through the first floor.

“Are you a well-trained hellhound? If so, get in here,” Amanda responded.

“Okay.” Karen walked into the living room and stopped abruptly. She had expected to find Amanda dressed up as a sorceress. And her friend was. But Karen was shocked to find Kathy there, too, wearing her elf costume. “Oh ... aren’t you supposed to be in school today?” Karen put a guarding hand over her own exposed cleavage.

“I’m eighteen, Mrs. Wigginton. I can write my own excuse notes now.” Kathy turned toward Amanda. “Are you sure this is okay, Mrs. Lutz? She looks nervous.”

“Oh, no. You ... you just surprised me, dear,” Karen said. “Aiden says it’s okay for me to do things with you and Amanda.” She took a deep breath. “I mean, he didn’t say it would be both of you at the same time, but he said he was fine with it. If you’re okay being around me while I get leashed and play heckhound, I don’t mind. It’ll be fun.”

“Wow, that’s so cool.” A bright smile lit Kathy’s face. “I wish I’d started playing these games with Zach sooner. Everyone he knows is so awesome.”

“I’m pleased Zachary found you.” Amanda gave her an approving nod. “You turned out so much like me, even without a mother.”

“Amanda!” Karen hissed. She shook her head fast enough to ruffle her dog ears.

“What?” Amanda looked at Karen and understood. She turned to Kathy. “I’m sorry. That just slipped out. That must have been very difficult.”

Kathy waved off the apology. “No, it’s okay. Since meeting you, and Mrs. Wigginton and Mrs. Khan, I like to think my mom would be as cool as you three. That thought makes me happy.”

“Oh, that’s so sweet.” Karen smiled. “I mean ... Ruff!”

“Just think of us all as your super cool moms, too. After all, you’re in on our dark stone conspiracy now.” Amanda checked Karen’s eyes to see if what she’d said was okay. Karen didn’t seem upset, so Amanda moved on. “Now, I, as the sorceress, have promised

this elf priestess that I will teach her care of a hellhound. That will include obedience, grooming, and whatever else I decide.” She took out a leather collar and secured it around Karen’s throat. The leash came next. “There now, let’s go for a walk around the house. Don’t forget the brush, Kathriel, the hellhound has a long mane.”

“Ruff, ruff, ruff!” Karen got onto her hands and knees, shaking her butt so that her tail wagged.

“Oh, wow, what a beautiful hellhound you have, Sorceress. What sort of magic can we do with her?” Kathy followed the women around the main floor as Amanda walked Karen on the leash.

“Well, that brush is actually a two-sided magical tool. On the one side, it collects magic from the hellhound’s mane.” Amanda reached down and patted Karen’s head. “On the other hand, if we insert it back here ...” Amanda slapped Karen’s mostly exposed butt. “... we can collect magic from her holes. Which do you want to try first?”

Karen looked up at her friend. *Did Amanda just say that she’s going to put that brush handle in my vagina?* “Ruff?” She was so taken aback that she almost crawled right into a chair.

“Oh, the elf priestesses have a similar ritual with their own holes, as you well know.” Kathy smiled. “But I think we should start with the hair and work our way down.”

“Very well.” Amanda was sure the three of them were going to get along swimmingly.

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“I feel nervous, like this was a real date.” Caleb sat in the passenger seat of their minivan. His mother was in the driver’s seat. They were holding hands and watching a movie on the drive-in screen. “My heart is thumping out of my chest.”

“Me too. I’m really excited, and all we’ve done so far on our special night is have dinner and hold hands.” Nicole took her eyes off the movie and glanced at her son. “You’re being quite the gentleman. Did you like dinner?”

“It was so good, Mom. I can’t believe you let me have a glass of wine.” He squeezed her hand harder.

“You’re eighteen now. I think you’re old enough for a glass.” Nicole beamed. It warmed her heart to see him so happy. “Let’s enjoy the movie. Then we’ll go home. Who knows, you might get lucky tonight, mister.” She dropped her eyes to the tent in his pants. It was hard to believe she was so close to touching his thing. *Not much longer.*

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Anticipatory buzzing moved through Nicole's nerves. The night was a live wire, and she was exposed. Parking the minivan in the garage, she shut off the engine, and they sat in silence for a moment. "You've been a gentleman all evening, Caleb. Would you like to come in for a nightcap?"

"What's a nightcap?" Caleb frowned in confusion. He stared at her soft, inviting beauty.

"It's me being a bit old-fashioned. A nightcap is a drink to cap the night." Nicole giggled at how earnest he looked. "It's no big deal. If we didn't live under the same roof, it would be an excuse for you to come into the house and keep the evening going. You know, on a normal date. I hope lots of ladies invite you in for nightcaps over the years."

"Thanks, Mom." Caleb smiled back at her and got out of the minivan. He was having trouble moving with his dick feeling like a hefty bar of iron in his pants. But he played it cool, following his mom in. He stared at the flare of her waist out to her hips, mesmerized by her round, rolling ass. Her dress accentuated her curves perfectly.

They drank their nightcap. Nicole made them martinis. She nearly laughed out loud at the disgust in his expression when he took his first sip. But ever the gentleman, Caleb finished his drink and complimented her on it. They made a little small talk, and eventually Nicole realized he wasn't going to make the first move. That was fine with her. "Okay, sweetie. I'm going to my bathroom to get changed. Why don't you strip to your boxers and meet me in my room?"

"Okay!" Caleb watched his mother head upstairs. As good as her ass looked, he couldn't believe he had it all to himself all weekend. He silently praised his sister's track event for getting her and their dad out of the house. He praised Amanda Lutz for making this all happen with her insane conspiracy theories. He went to his room and undressed in a frenzy. He stopped by his bathroom and sprayed on some Old Spice under his pits. Then he raced to his parents' room. He stopped in the doorway. The only light came from flickering candles placed around the room. The bed was turned down, with his mother's favorite sateen sheets. There were rose petals strewn on the bed, forming roughly the shape of a heart. There was a large bouquet of roses on his dad's nightstand. Caleb wasn't sure what to do. Was he supposed to disturb the bed? He stood in the middle of the room, hands clasped in front of his raging hard cock, which his boxers could barely contain, and he waited.

A few minutes later, Nicole stepped out of the bathroom wearing the lingerie they'd agreed on. "Oh, my gosh, Caleb. You look so cute standing there." She grinned at him for

several beats. “Well, how do you think I look?” She did a slow spin for him and struck what she hoped was a sexy pose.

“You look ...” Caleb’s jaw dropped, and he stared with wide eyes.

“I’m going to take that shock as a good sign.” Nicole moved over to him and stood directly in front of him. She gazed into his eyes while putting her hands on his chest. “In those stories we’ve been reading, the older ladies really like how strong and lean their sons are. I get it now. I really do. I’m trembling, Caleb.”

“Mom ... I ... I ...” He didn’t want to objectify her. But he *did* want to objectify her. “I ... I ... love you.”

“You’re really nervous, huh?” Nicole tenderly kissed his cheek. “My stomach is twisted in knots. This is going to be so much fun. But it’s like jumping into a cold lake. We just have to get over the initial ...” She was going to say *hump*, but that word seemed a little silly given the circumstances. “We’re a team, just like the good doctor would say, so let’s do this together. I’m going to lean my lips toward yours, and you do the same to mine. Okay?”

“Okay,” Caleb whispered. His mother had the most alluring kiss-me-face he’d ever seen. He leaned forward, and before he knew it, he was making out with his mother.

## Chapter 29

They broke the kiss and stared into each other's eyes. Both Nicole and Caleb were breathing a little bit harder than usual. After a moment, he reached a hand out to her lingerie-clad boob, but withdrew before he touched it. "Um ... what's next?"

"You're trying to be very respectful, aren't you?" Nicole smiled when he nodded earnestly. She put a hand on his strong, lean shoulder. "Respect is good, and we know that we respect each other, but ... being objectified can be fun too, in the right circumstances." She leaned her lips close to his ear. "These are the right circumstances," she whispered. She leaned her head back so she could meet his gaze and nodded encouragement.

"Wow ... okay ... I didn't know. I mean ... I've seen ... or I've heard about sex talk, but ..." He took a deep breath to gather his courage. "Well, I always liked your butt. Ass? If I'm objectifying, is it 'ass'?"

"We'll work on it." She kissed his cheek. "We have all weekend, and I don't mind taking the lead at first. It's like one of those stories with the mother showing the son what to do. Oh, saying that made my belly flip."

Caleb gulped. "Me too. I mean ... hearing you say that made ..." He watched her lower herself to her knees. "What are you doing, Mom?"

"Foreplay. I'm doing foreplay with my son if you can believe it." She laughed as she lowered his underwear. Her smile faded when she came face-to-face with the dome of his member. "You have a beautiful penis. It's so strong-looking. The big head gives me little shivers. Am I the first woman to touch it?" She reached out and gently ran her fingertips down the shaft. "I mean, I know I'm the first woman. But, I mean, the first woman since you became an adult? Am I the first woman to touch it like this?"

"I spend a lot of time with my friends. And homework takes a lot of time. And I'm not great at talking to girls." His eyes were wide as he watched her play with his dick like it was a priceless artifact.

"So, I am the first." She smiled up at him to let him know that that was okay. "It's good that you took your time. But after this weekend, I think you'll be much better at talking to girls. Your confidence will go through the roof."

"Are you really going to ...?" Caleb made a sudden inhale when she quickly leaned forward and sucked his cock into her mouth.

Five minutes later, he was sitting on the edge of her bed, grinning like an idiot. "I can't believe ... you just drank it down. That was ... the most amazing thing ever."

Nicole laughed. "It's no big deal. I used to do that all the time for your father." She wiped her lips with the back of her hand, stood, and did a slow, sexy striptease for her son. She took her time with each piece of lingerie. The dumbfounded look on his face was priceless. She would remember his expression forever.

Ten minutes later, Nicole was on her back, the rose petals scattered underneath her on the blanket. Her legs were spread, and her son was on his knees between them. She smiled down at him, delighted with the way he was trying to hide the disgust on his face. *He really is a rookie.* "This is also part of foreplay," she said.

"Is it ... necessary?" Caleb stared at his mother's pussy. It was mesmerizing, but he wasn't sure he wanted to taste it.

"I'm surprised at you, sweetie. You were always so good at eating your vegetables." Nicole decided teasing was not appropriate. She switched tack. "What would Dr. McAllister say?"

"That we're a team, and I should trust you?" Caleb's anxiety eased a little.

"Exactly, I'll guide you through it." She leaned forward, palmed the back of his head, and pulled him in.

Ten minutes later, she had her first orgasm at her son's touch. Five minutes after that, she was frantically rolling a condom onto his penis. And five minutes after that, she was on her back having the most vigorous missionary sex of her life. "Oh ... oh my ... oooohhhh ... my ... gooosshhhhhh ... Caleb ... you're ... eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiii." There was no reason not to scream. They were alone, and their house had thick walls. "Eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiii."

"Yeah ... Mom ... ugh ... ugh ... yeah ... Mom ... ugh ... ugh ... yeah ... yeah ..." With glee, he stared at his mother's twisted, orgasmic face. Making his mother release those sounds and look the way she did was one of the most powerful feelings of his life. He had been looking forward to sex, but now he understood why people obsessed over it. Not only did it feel great, but to make someone you love happy enough to go wild was an unparalleled high. Why hadn't Aiden and Zach been bragging about this nonstop? His mother was screaming so loud that Caleb's ears started to ring. It was euphoric for both of them. Two minutes later, Caleb was about to cum, too. Even with the earlier blowjob, he hadn't lasted long his first time. "Oh ... Mom!"

"Pull out ... pull out!" Nicole didn't want him finishing inside, even with the condom. One couldn't be too careful. She was proud of her son when he did as she asked. She helped finish him off. When he was done, she took the condom to the bathroom, wrapped it in toilet paper, and threw it in the trash. She marveled at how relaxed and joyful her body felt as she walked back to bed and flopped on the blanket next to her son. "How was your first time, Caleb?"

“Amazing ... it was ... amazing.” He was still buzzing heavily from his orgasm. He waited a few minutes to respond to her more completely. “I had no idea you were holding back so much before today. I mean ... I never thought ... you could scream like that.”

“There's always so much reason to show restraint. So, this is rare.” She rolled him onto his back, happy to see that he was still hard. She put her cheek on his flat belly and stared at his penis. “And really, the screaming makes it feel better. This is a time for us to be our most basic selves.”

“And we didn't even need a magic ring.” Caleb chuckled and stroked his mother's curly hair.

“Maybe not, but everything that led to this was almost as unlikely.” She reached out and wiped a little dribble of cum from his penis with her finger. She put it in front of her eye and examined the life that had come out of her son.

“It feels really good to make you scream like that.” He couldn't stop smiling. “Like really good. Like ... I felt like a superhero.”

“We've spent a lot of time talking and preparing for this moment, so I think that's natural. You wanted to please me. Now that we're being hands-on, the sex will probably be even more intense tomorrow.” She wiped the cum on his pelvis and turned her attention back to his erection. “Or ...” *Could we go again? He is eighteen after all. I should take advantage. Certainly, it's not like Amanda and Zachary are only doing it once a day.* “Or, we could do it again right now. How about I put a condom on you and show you how a woman rides?”

“Yes, please,” Caleb was ecstatic. “I think I'll last longer this time.”

Nicole got up to fetch another condom, aware of her son's eyes on her butt. “I'm sure you will, sweetie.”

She *did* ride him. And he *did* last longer. After a short break, they went again and they tried missionary with him pinning her legs back this time. She coached him through being more assertive, and she was pleased with the results. He was learning quickly. Caleb ended up climaxing four times that night. For Nicole, that number was almost triple. Late at night, they lay on her bed in each other's arms, happily buzzing.

“I've never felt like this, Mom.” Caleb's voice was slow and sleepy. “Maybe Mrs. Lutz was right all along. It's like we still have everything we had before ... but it's more.”

“I feel the same way.” She took one of his hands and placed it on her breast. She took his other hand and laced their fingers together. “As for Amanda. I suppose a broken clock is right twice a day.”

“You feel the same way as me?” He gently squeezed her boob, still amazed that his mother possessed such perfect body parts and that she allowed him access.

“I do sweetie.” Nicole closed her eyes. “It’s late. Let’s get some sleep. We can talk, and do other things, tomorrow. We have almost the whole day.”

“Okay, Mom.” Caleb sighed. Within a few minutes, they were both sound asleep.

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“Wake up, sweetie.” Nicole stood next to her bed, freshly showered. She wore a robe. The taste of toothpaste was still on her tongue. Pale morning light had just started to peak through the windows. “I know you like to sleep in on Sundays. But there’s a lot on our list I still want to get to. And your father and sister will get back eventually.” She waited for his eyes to open, then she opened the robe provocatively. “Is this worth waking up for?”

Caleb was groggy for only an instant. When he saw his mother’s jiggling tits and the alluring dark triangle of her bush, he shot up in bed. If he hadn’t already had a morning boner, he would have been instantly hard. “What ... um ... what’s next on our list?”

“I can’t believe you haven’t asked for it yet. Doggystyle of course. Don’t men love to be behind a woman like that?” She discarded the robe, crawled onto the bed, and presented her ass to him, patiently waiting on all fours. “Grab a condom from the nightstand. We’re going to need it.”

Five minutes later, mother and son were enjoying their first smash from the back. Caleb had one hand on her hip and the other was holding her hair as instructed. “Mom ... Mom ... Mom ...”

“Caleb ... sweetie ... pull a little harder. Make me ... uuuggghhhh ... arch my back.” Ecstasy surged through Nicole. *What a way to greet the day!*

“I’m ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... having a hard time not ... laughing when you’re breaking character ... from being submissive ... ugh ... ugh ... to give me instructions on how this is supposed ... to work, Mom.” His hips kept pumping as he spoke, his eyes watching his frothy dick appear and reappear. The little pink ring her pussy made around his shaft was to die for.

“I know. Me too ... ooohhhhhh ... but next time ... you won’t ... ugh ... ugh ... need the instructions ... and it’s still fun.” She tried to look back over her shoulder at him, but he had too firm a grip on her hair. That sent an added jolt of pleasure through her. “Think how many of the moms in those stories ... ooohhhhhh ... are dominated by those ...”

dark stones that Amanda ... keeps talking about ... or ... you know ... space penises ... or dragon dongs. It's fun for me ... to imagine those things ... too. Oooohhhhhh ... gosh."

"Do you think ... that military mom ... is going to give in to those ... dark stone massages ... ugh ... ugh ... now that the story is being finished?"

Nicole shivered with delight. How wonderful to share fantasies while sharing their bodies. She wouldn't brag to Karen or Amanda, but she knew she was closer to Caleb than either of them was to their sons. "Goodness, I hope ... she gives in. That woman needs something other ... than a stick up her butt. She needs ... she needs ... eeeeeiiiiiii!" Anal wasn't on the list, but thinking about it pushed her over the edge into her first orgasm of the day.

Caleb stared at his mother's clenching buttocks as she came. Wondering what his mom needed up *her butt*, he smashed her pussy harder. He hoped he would find out the answer before the rest of the family returned.

## Chapter 30

Late afternoon sunlight flooded through Zach's window. He was lying on his belly on his bed, a book open in front of him. He wore a polo shirt and khakis since they were having a formal dinner with his parents in a little while. He was supposed to be studying, but he was instead gazing at Kathy, who *was* studying at his desk. He loved the way she hunched her shoulders forward as she made notes about what she was reading. He loved her dark, shiny hair. He loved the way the skirt of her dress fell around the chair. He loved everything about her.

"Hey Zach, did you get what the chapter was saying about environmental determinism?" Kathy waited for an answer, but none came. She swiveled the chair and looked at her boyfriend. "You're staring at me. What are you thinking about?"

"How crazy my life is," Zach said. Kathy really did look a lot like his mother. More than his sister even.

"Right? Me too!" Kathy nodded enthusiastically. She got up from the chair, jumped onto the bed, and patted his butt. "So, I have some thoughts, and since we're taking a break, I'm going to tell you." She didn't wait for him to respond, but she did slide her hand under his pants and underwear to squeeze his ass cheek directly. He didn't have a massive body like her ex-boyfriend, but he was big where it counted. *His brain and his dick*. She giggled at the thought. "So, my priestess is obviously having a blast now that she's dating your dwarf and the sorceress and breaking free of her upbringing, but I'm starting to wonder if this was the sorceress's plan. Did she join the party and manipulate us to do her foul bidding? She's still pretty domineering, even though she keeps saying we're in your harem."

"That's ... a reasonable concern." Zach tried not to be too distracted by the vigorous way she was groping his ass.

"I was reading about this kind of thing, and I think she might just be something called a 'power bottom'." She reluctantly pulled her hand out of his pants. Zach's dad was home, and she wanted to make a good impression on her first family dinner as Zach's new girlfriend. It wouldn't do to get caught copping a feel. "Do you know what a 'power bottom' is?"

"Tell me." Zack listened to Kathy's explanation and slowly nodded. When she was done, he sat up cross-legged, facing her. "You might be right, but she'd probably be mad if you told her. If Mom overhears and wants to know what it means, just tell her it's slang for her having an awesome butt."

“Good idea.” Kathy laughed. “And she does!” She blushed at the words even though they were far, far beyond being embarrassed by words. “I do sometimes worry that she’ll spill the beans to someone who ... you know ... doesn’t understand her special bond with you.”

They were silent for a moment, lost in their thoughts. Zach spoke first. “Mom has been telling me that I should be more commanding with my harem. She probably thinks I should discipline her the most, because I constantly have to prove my victory over her or something. You know how she is. But I think that gives us a way to keep her contained. After dinner, Dad’s going to poker night. When he’s gone, we can spank her. I think if it’s part of a punishment, we can maybe get her to tone down being the sorceress except at designated times.”

“It’s so hot when you say things like that. I’ll for sure help.” She ruffled his hair affectionately. “Your mom taught me all about hellhound care and discipline, and it would be fitting to use that on the sorceress herself.”

Zach smiled. *Holy shit! I’m glad Caleb and Aiden know what I’m going through, because no one else would believe me if I told them what life is like now.*

There was a knock at the door, and it opened. Harold poked his head into the room. “Time for dinner, you two.” He saw them sitting close to each other on the bed. “I hope nothing untoward is happening in here.”

“We were just taking a break from studying.” Zach rolled off the bed and offered his girlfriend a hand up.

“Such a gentleman.” Kathy smiled and took his hand. They followed Harold down to dinner.

Their food was takeout – neither Amanda nor Harold wanted to cook – but the eighteen-year-olds ate plenty. The dinner went about as well as possible, without too many odd comments from Amanda. At any rate, Harold was used to his wife’s eccentricities, and didn’t do anything more than give Kathy an apologetic glance each time Amanda said something inappropriate.

After dinner, Harold grabbed his wallet and keys and stopped in the dining room where his son was clearing the table. “Kathy seems really nice, and I’m glad she gets along well with your mother.” Harold stood with his back to the kitchen. “And ... well, I love your mom, but you know how she can get. If you’re dating someone like Kathy ...”

“Yeah ... believe me, I know. But I think I can handle it.” Zach looked over his dad’s shoulder into the kitchen. “Thanks, Dad.”

“Any time. Now, off to Sunday poker.” Harold smiled at his son.

“Yeah, you don’t want to keep your friends waiting.” Zach raised his voice. In the kitchen, Amanda had pinned Kathy up against the counter and was making out with her. When she heard her son’s voice, she pulled back.

“Right you are.” Harold nodded and headed toward the garage without even glancing back into the kitchen.

When Harold was gone, Kathy hustled out to the dining room to help her boyfriend. “Sorry about that. I’m not sure who your dad is supposed to be in the game, but I know he isn’t supposed to catch your mother with her tongue down my throat. I didn’t know that she was going to do that.” Her cheeks turned crimson as she picked up water glasses to carry back to the dishwasher.

“Yeah, it’s okay.” Zach shook his head. *We’re definitely going to need to rein Mom in. Maybe later I’ll see if she has that leash she was using with Mrs. Wigginton.* He went back into the kitchen, sat on a chair, and patted his knee. “Lift up your dress and lower your panties, Mom. That wasn’t okay. You need a spanking.”

“You can’t talk to me like that, Zachary!” Amanda stomped her foot. “I’m your mother.”

Kathy’s eyes got wide, looking back and forth from mother to son.

“Get over here. I’m not going to tell you again.” Zach pointed at his lap.

Amanda shivered. “Yes, Zachary.” She lifted her dress, lowered her panties, and got into the spanking position.

“Kathy, come and help.” Zach slapped his mother’s ass, the sound echoing in the kitchen. “That’s for almost getting caught.” He spanked her again. “You won’t put Dad in that position again.”

Amanda gritted her teeth. It was wonderfully humiliating to have him do this to her. He really was the perfect dark-stone-wielding-young-man.

“That’s for almost ruining my first family dinner here.” Kathy slapped Amanda’s other ass cheek. “Mr. Lutz likes me, and you’re not going to ruin that.” She slapped her again, looking into Zach’s eyes to make sure she wasn’t taking it too far. He gave her an encouraging nod.

The teenagers finished disciplining Amanda. Then, they took her up to Zach’s bedroom to do kinder things to her ass.

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“The house is looking pretty good.” Nicole walked into the living room to find her son fluffing the cushions on the sofa. “Come here and let me see if you pass the sniff test.” Her phone beeped, and she picked it up from the coffee table. As she read a text from her husband, Nicole absentmindedly inhaled her son’s odor. He still smelled like a delicious mix of teenage sweat and sex. “You need a shower. What about me? Take a whiff.” She sent a text back to her husband.

Daringly, Caleb leaned forward and pressed his nose to her cleavage. She was wearing an athletic top that seemed to beg for giving attention to her boobs. He sniffed. “You need a shower, too.”

“Well, we’ve got about an hour until your father and sister get home. They’re passing Baker Falls right now.” Nicole ran her fingers through his hair as he continued to inhale with his face buried in her cleavage. “We have time to shower off.”

“If we shower together, we could have time for a quickie before they get back.” His voice was muffled by her tits. He leaned back and smiled at his mother. “And if we do it in the bathroom, we won’t ruin the cleanup we already did.”

“You make that sound enticing *and* practical.” She held onto her phone. With her other hand, she took Caleb’s hand and pulled him upstairs to the master bath. “It really is practical of Dr. McAllister to have a shower attached to her office.” Nicole giggled as she quickly undressed. She felt giddy, her body light with anticipation. “Don’t forget the condom. You’ll want to put it on before getting in the shower.” She stared at his eager penis. It seemed perpetually ready for sex. Butterflies fluttered in her stomach as she watched him roll the condom on. She was proud of him for learning how to have safe sex, and thrilled that she was the one he wanted ... at least for the moment. She turned on the shower and waited for it to warm up.

“This was the best weekend ever, Mom. What are we going to do when they get home?” Caleb bounced his rubber-covered dick on her ass, mesmerized by the ripples.

“We’ll have to be smart, Caleb. We can’t have your father or sister suspect that we have ... this new special connection.” Nicole stepped into the shower, pressed her hands on the wall, and thrust her ass back toward him. “We still have our reading time. Rather than touch ourselves, maybe we can touch each other while we read. And ... um ... blowjobs are pretty quiet. We ... uuuuggghhhhhh ...” She temporarily lost her train of thought when he entered her from behind. He slid in much easier than he had the day before. “But we can’t ... we can’t ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... have sex ... when there’s a chance ... they could catch us ... so that will have to be ... saved for special ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... special ... times.” She was doing her best to brace herself against his slamming hips.

“Yeah ... yeah ... okay ... Mom ... we’ll be ... smart.” Caleb was really smashing her because he wanted to keep his promise to be quick about it. He had been lasting longer all day, but he thought if he really pounded her, he could hasten his climax. And he was right. He could already feel his orgasm building. “Mom ... I’m going ... to ... I’m going to ... finish. Mom ... should I pull out?”

“No! Stay ... ugh ... ugh ... in ... with the condom ... we’re safe ... and I’m about to ... have a climax ... too.” Her mind swam in ecstasy. “Keep going ... that’s the spot ... ugh ... ugh ... right there ... I ... eeeeeiiiiiiii.” She screamed out her orgasm, feeling his hips falling out of rhythm behind her. Pleasure washed away everything but that perfect moment.

After the shower, they were both buzzing hard as they dried each other off.

Nicole checked her phone. “Your father says they’re stopping for ice cream, and they’re going to be a half-hour late.” She put the phone down on the bathroom counter and blinked when she saw her son tear open another condom packet. “What are you doing?” She watched him roll it on, slap his penis side to side, and sit on the toilet lid. “Again?” She couldn’t believe the restorative powers of an eighteen-year-old.

“We have time. Sit on me!” Caleb gave her an eager grin. He was thrilled when his mother shrugged, returned his smile, and climbed on. It had been a truly wonderful weekend.

## Chapter 31

“Amanda ... your outfits have been more subdued lately.” Nicole walked with her friends. The air had a chill, so they all wore sweaters to go along with their yoga pants. Nicole had Mary Puppins on a leash, but was happy that Karen was without a leash.

“I was putting on my cape this morning, and Zachary gave me a good spanking. He reminded me that conspiracies don’t go around announcing themselves.” Amanda smiled broadly at her friend. “I still dress evil at home. But after months of this affair, he’s really learned to keep me in line.”

“I can’t believe it’s been months since we all started ... you know ... doing stuff ... with our sons.” Karen absentmindedly fondled the locket around her neck. Recently, she had retired the cross she had worn for decades and replaced it with her son’s picture inside a locket.

“Caleb and I haven’t done anything of the sort.” Nicole lied. She hadn’t been sleeping with Caleb as long as the others, or with so little caution as the others, but she was still spreading her legs for her handsome son whenever they had the chance.

“Since we’ve been playing the game with them, I’ve really gotten what Aiden says about how much we can do with our minds.” Karen’s smile widened. She cast a furtive glance at each friend. “I still like dressing up, but being his loyal pet is really just a state of mind. They’re such smart boys.”

“Um ... yeah.” Nicole pressed her lips together and failed to suppress a shiver. The other ladies didn’t notice.

“Can you believe we ever tried blocking their mind control with those silly hats and headbands?” Amanda laughed. “If I had known this was what they wanted, I wouldn’t have fought them so hard. Zachary knows best.” She eyed Mary Puppins and pointed at the dog. “Is she getting fat?”

“I guess a neighborhood stud got into our backyard a while ago. It looks like Mary Puppins is going to have a litter soon.” Nicole shrugged.

“Oh! I was wondering how to bring that up.” Karen gave her friend a nervous smile.

“Bring what up?” Nicole studied Karen’s blushing face.

Amanda, always keen to unlock a mystery, took Karen’s shoulders and stared deeply into her eyes. “Oh ... gosh ... really?”

“Really, what?” Nicole didn’t understand.

Gently, Karen pried Amanda's hands off her shoulders. She continued their walk like this was all normal. "Well, I ... um ... tested positive the other night. I'm pregnant." She winced a little, waiting for her friends' reactions.

"You're what?" Nicole stared with wide eyes, walking briskly to keep up with her friends.

"It's Aiden's, isn't it?" Amanda frowned.

"Well ... probably. I've made sure to have some date nights with Chuck. But given how much stuff Aiden makes, and how often he does it with me compared to Chuck ..."

Karen shrugged. "A while ago, Aiden wanted me to get on birth control. But I told him Christ wouldn't allow that. And we hardly use condoms so ..."

"Caleb and I always use condoms, I ..."

Nicole put a hand to her mouth. "I mean, we would if we were doing it."

"Right." Amanda winked at Nicole. "If I had known you were being so uncareful, I would have told you about the sorceress herbs I'm using as birth control. They're one-hundred-percent effective and approved by the church. I did my own research."

"Well ... okay then. I suppose we should be happy for you, Karen?" Nicole saw Karen's wavering smile. "We are happy for you, Karen. I'm sure it's very special." She glanced at Amanda. "I'm kind of surprised this didn't happen to Amanda and Zachary. You know ... Amanda ... because you seem so ... enthusiastic."

"Hah!" Amanda let out a derisive snort. "Don't doubt the power of my son's seed. My herbal remedies are powerful. But I'm going to stop taking them. If we're doing this, we're doing this. I'm ready to be a mother again."

"No ... Amanda ... that's not -" Nicole began.

"I'm sure your baby will be very special, Karen." Amanda gave Karen an encouraging pat on the butt. "But you have to admit that Zachary and I would make the most beautiful baby. Can you imagine?"

"Uh ... I'm sure the baby would look a lot like Zachary or Grace," Nicole said.

"Exactly." Amanda nodded. "They're grown now, but they were the best babies."

The baby talk continued for the rest of the walk.

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A couple days after the walk, Amanda thought the herbs had finally left her system. Happily, her husband was at the bowling alley, and her son was in the basement playing video games on the big TV. She put on her most dark-stone-pleasing lingerie and sashayed into the basement.

One moment, Zach was killing zombies on screen, the next moment, his mother had mounted him on the couch. Before he knew it, the waistband of his pants and underwear were around his thighs, and his mother was bouncing mightily on his lap. The squelching sounds let him know that she was already very wet. Something had her riled up. He cupped her boobs through the lingerie and let pleasure wash through his body. He had learned not to question it when his mother was in one of her sexy moods.

“Zachary ... ugh ... ugh ... Zachary ...” Amanda rode her eighteen-year-old son hard for long enough to pant and perspire. She ran her fingers through his soft hair. “I ... ugh ... ugh ... want a baby ... Zachary ... a baby ... a baaabbbbyyyyyyy.”

That got Zach’s attention. He knew his mother was taking some sort of herbal birth control, but he didn’t trust it, so he tried to mostly cum outside. “What do you ... ugh ... ugh ... mean ... ‘a baby’?”

“The ultimate ... dark-stone ... alpha ... possession. Make me ... carry ... my son’s baby.” She pulled her vagina off his penis, turned around, and slid his penis back in. “Karen is ... pregnant. Aiden already ... did the deed. Now ... it’s your turn ... to use my womb ... to make new ... uuuuuggghhhhh ... life.” She imagined her son’s sperm racing Aiden’s sperm to each respective mother’s waiting eggs. *If it had been a fair race, Zachary would have won.*

“What?” This was more insane than even Zach was used to. “Mrs. ... Wigginton is ...?”

“She’s having ... your best friend’s ... baby.” Amanda switched to undulating her hips, leaned forward, and spoke loudly. “Your seed ... is stronger than his. Show everyone ... what a virile ... uuuggghhhhhh ... young man ... you are. I can ... ooohhhhh ... feel you ... all the way at my cervix ... shoot your stuff ... back there ... my eggs are ready.”

Zach didn’t know what to say. It was a shock that Aiden had knocked up his own mother. Even after all the other surprising events, this one sent Zach’s mind reeling. *Does Aiden even know? Is it my responsibility to tell him? How do I tell my mother we shouldn’t make a baby?* Thoughts swirled in his head as she dismounted him, pulled him onto the floor, and spread her legs all the way back so that her toes were touching the floor behind her shoulders. Zach got on his knees and took the frothy cream from her pussy and spread it on her asshole.

“You can’t go back there. Not today.” She furrowed her eyebrows, giving him a cross look. “You’ve been trying to get me addicted to anal sex to deny me my right as your mother! It won’t work. Stick it in my vagina and do your duty!”

“Wow.” Despite his better judgement, he slipped his cock back into her pussy. “That’s really hot, Mom.”

“Now, put your hands under my butt. This is ... uuuggghhhh ... the breeding ... position ... yeeessssssss.” She felt like she was bent like a pretzel, but it was sublime. She was glad Karen had gotten her into yoga.

“Mom ... Mom ... Mom ...” Zach plowed his mother in what she called the ‘breeding position’ for a good long while. Listening to her cheerleading the conception of her own grandkid, combined with the tight, wet, warmth of her pussy, was too much for Zach. He knew he was about to give her what she wanted.

“Yeeessssss ... Zachary ... yeeessssss ... give me ... the most beautiful ... baby ... give me ... give me ... uuuggghhhh ... give me ... eeeeeiiiiiiii.” She felt the heat of his deluge as it drowned her womb. Her scream was loud enough to resound around the house. The last thought she had before surrendering to the white heat of her orgasm was that it was an honor to be the first of his harem inseminated.

~~

“She told me last night.” Aiden sat on his bed. “She thinks it’s mine. Honestly, we had the best sex after that. She kept saying ... um ...”

“Saying what?” Caleb sat on the floor, staring at Aiden with wide eyes.

“The sex got better after she told you?” Zach was sitting in Aiden’s desk chair. He was rubbing the back of his neck, trying to stay calm.

“She kept saying that she was going to give me ‘a litter of puppies,’” Aiden whispered. A shy smile spread over his face.

“Holy shit,” Caleb said.

“Holy shit,” Zach agreed. “Before yesterday, I was trying to be careful with my mom, but I know what you mean about the sex. When she started demanding a baby, I couldn’t, well ... restrain myself. The dwarf in me came out.”

Caleb imagined his friend’s dwarf plowing the sorceress, knocking her up with a half-dwarf baby. But that wasn’t right, because Mrs. Lutz and Zach weren’t different species, they had fifty percent the same DNA.

The door opened, and Karen stood nervously in the doorway. She smoothed out her apron, rubbed her locket, and smiled at the boys. “Do you guys need anything?” Her cheeks flushed as her gaze settled on her son. He was so handsome.

“We’re good, Mom.” Aiden gave her a wink, watching her cheeks flush even more crimson.

“Okay, I’ll be downstairs if you need anything.” She closed the door and left.

“Is it weird that she’s walking around with your baby inside her?” Caleb thought it was weird.

“Yeah, totally.” Aiden nodded.

“Oh, god.” Zach stuck his face in his hands. “I knocked up my mom, too. What’s Kathy going to think? It’s so weird.” He groaned.

“Okay, calm down, dude. Is there anything Kathy has done so far that would lead you to believe she wouldn’t be into this?” Caleb offered his friend an encouraging smile. “I mean, we all think it’s hot that you and Aiden ... you know ... even if it’s kinda weird.”

“No ... she hasn’t done anything ...” Zach shook his head, thinking. “Probably the opposite. But like, I don’t think she would want a baby, too. She has plans.”

“Maybe reassure her about that then. Your mom and dad are at least in a position to have another kid,” Caleb said. “Kathy knows that neither of you are. And I don’t think she’d use ‘magic potions’ as actual birth control like some people.”

Zach let out a long exhale. “Hey, yeah. You’re right.”

“I can’t believe our moms are going baby crazy.” Aiden let out a nervous laugh. “Crazy.”

“My mom isn’t baby crazy.” Caleb hadn’t even told them that he’d been doing it with his mom. But it was true, his mother insisted on a condom every time, and even with one, she usually made him pull out. She wasn’t baby crazy at all.

~~

“David, can I run something by you?” It was nighttime. Nicole and her husband were reading side by side in bed.

“Sure.” David kept reading.

“What would you say to another baby?” Nicole leaned over and kissed her husband on the cheek. “The kids will be off to college soon. We’re not too old. What do you say? Want to put another bun in the oven?”

David put down his book and took off his reading glasses. “Wow, that’s something to think about. Maybe?”

“Great, let’s give it a try.” Nicole laughed, pulled the covers off her husband, and mounted him. All that talk with Karen and Amanda had gotten her really riled up. At least she was channeling it in a more responsible direction than her friends.

## Chapter 32

“Now, that’s the way to start the day.” Amanda, wearing her yoga outfit, gave her son’s penis one last kiss, stood, and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. “All my sources say that sperm every morning is the best way to make the strongest babies.” She smiled at him and rubbed her round belly. It had been about five months since that wonderful day when she’d tested positive. There was never any doubt that her virile son was the father.

“I’m glad ... you have ... your sources.” Zach was still spasming a little, standing in the kitchen. His t-shirt was wrinkled, and his shorts were around his ankles.

The front door slammed, echoing around the house. “Morning Lutz family!” Kathy walked into the kitchen, wearing a nice dress and her backpack. She eyed her boyfriend’s slowly deflating penis. “Oh, good, the sorceress has already drained you. Ready for school?”

“Yeah ... okay.” He pulled up his underwear and shorts. “How are you, today?”

“Good,” Kathy said brightly. “My dad was just saying how much he likes you, Zach.” She lowered her voice to imitate her father. “That Zachary is such a smart, respectful young man. I’m happy he’s in your life, sweetheart, even if he insists on sporting that scraggly beard.”

“It’s not scraggly.” Zach rubbed his chin.

“It’s a little scraggly, but I love it.” Kathy laughed, walked over to the counter, and grabbed a dish towel. “You missed some, Mrs. Lutz.” Carefully, Kathy mopped up the wayward cum on her boyfriend’s mother’s chin.

“Thanks, dear.” Amanda gave the eighteen-year-olds a wide grin. “I may have been naughty. I told one of my girlfriends that Zachary is looking to expand his harem. Not in so many words, but you know what I mean. And she’s interested.”

“No, she’s not, Mom. And neither am I.” Zach shook his head, grabbed his backpack, and hoisted it onto his back.

“Mrs. Lutz, we’ve talked about this. The harem doesn’t go beyond you and me.” Kathy frowned. “Please turn around, Zachary needs to spank you.” She glanced at her boyfriend. “Smack her in a manly fashion, but not too hard. We have to be careful of the baby.”

“Hurry, Zachary. You’ll be late for school.” Amanda turned, lowered her pants and underwear, and bent over the counter. “Oohhh ... yes ... ow ... I was ... very bad ... ow ... and you know ... how to keep me ... in line ... ow ... like a good dark stone ... son ... ow!”

“That should do it.” Zach finished spanking her. Bent low, kissed each of his mother’s red cheeks, and took his girlfriend’s hand. “See you after school, Mom.”

“Bye ... dears.” She turned and watched them go, rubbing her belly with satisfaction.

~~

“Are you sure I should be taking these classes, Aiden?” Karen looked at her bulging belly in the full-length mirror. They were in her bedroom, and she was getting dressed. Currently, she was only wearing her yoga pants. Her breasts seemed swollen. She pursed her lips, and looked at them from different angles with a frown. “I didn't do these classes with your father when I was having you or Billy. The Church says –”

“Mom.” Aiden sighed. “Do good dogs do what the Church says or what their owner says?”

“Oh! Their owner.” She forgot about judging herself in the mirror and looked over at her eighteen-year-old son. She reached for the locket around her neck and squeezed it tightly. “I should know that by now. So, I should think of these classes like obedience training?”

“As long as you don’t call it that out loud around anyone else, sure.” He laughed. How odd that this was normal now. “I should be getting to school. Let me know what you learn in class.”

“Aiden ...” She was supposed to be getting dressed, but instead she slowly lowered her yoga pants and stepped out of them. “If I drive you to school, we could have another twenty minutes together.” With as much teasing as she dared, she lowered her panties. “You’ve been so attentive to my pregnancy. I feel like you’ve really taken ownership. Your father never much cared when I was pregnant. I ... um ... really like your way better.” She posed for him, feeling a bit like a silly cow. “You really like my body like this?”

“Yes. God, yes.” Aiden hurriedly undressed. “Get on your hands and knees.”

“Don’t use the Lord’s name in vain.” She hustled to the bed and did as he commanded.

“Mom, you keep forgetting, I’m your owner. I can use the Lord’s name if I want.” Naked now, he climbed onto the bed and got behind her. “You’re carrying my puppies after all.”

“Ruff ... ruff!” She acknowledged that this was correct. He could do what he pleased. “Ruffffffff!” Karen’s eyes crossed as he entered her. She never grew tired of that first entry. He spread her out so wonderfully. In no time at all, he was smashing into her butt

like a demonic piston. She didn't think he was actually demonic. But if he had been, that would be okay, too. Aiden was everything to her now. Her world revolved around him.

"You like that ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... Mom?" Aiden held her hips tightly. He couldn't take forever or he'd be late for school, so he pushed his hips to full speed, focusing on how tight and wet she felt.

"Ruff ... ruff ... ruffffff!" Karen loved it. This was heaven on Earth. Her first orgasm was rapidly approaching. She wished she was going to a real obedience class. She imagined herself there on a leash with Aiden, while other sons walked their mothers around, learning how to have the best-behaved moms. "Eeeeeiiiiiiii!" Her orgasm was upon her.

Not long after his mother's third orgasm, Aiden unloaded into her pussy. He pulled out quickly and dressed himself. "Hurry and ... clean up ... Mom ... or I'll be late ... and you'll miss your class."

She drove him to school in the minivan, both of them smiling the whole way, ear to ear.

~~

"What do you want to role-play tonight?" Nicole was in the kitchen with her son. Her husband had already left for work, but her daughter was upstairs, so she kept her voice low. "The one where you're impregnating everyone on the spaceship? Maybe one of those dark stone ones where the mothers all end up pregnant?" She rubbed her burgeoning belly through her yoga clothes. "I'm definitely never telling Amanda how much I think about those ones these days."

"We don't *always* have to talk about those stories." Caleb laughed and admired how pretty his pregnant mother looked. She had a glow about her.

"I know, but you boys really got me into those games, and I'm only going to be able to accurately role-play this a bit longer." She turned to the side so she could see her outline. "We could still pretend I put on a little weight. Soon, it'll be obvious I'm hiding a baby in there. Let's enjoy it while we can."

"But it's Dad's baby, not mine." Caleb finished eating his toast, stood, and smiled at his mother.

"That's why they call it role-play, sweetie." Nicole grabbed her mug and sipped her coffee.

“Actually, I’d like to pretend that I already got you pregnant.” Caleb wagged his eyebrows. “Let’s do the cider frau and the apple thief again. The rogue keeps coming back to the orchard when your husband and daughter are away.”

They heard Lauren coming down the stairs.

“Your father and sister will be gone when you’re home from school.” Nicole couldn’t wipe the grin off her face. “It is a date, young man,” she said in a bad German accent.

~~

“You know, I think Kathy’s friend Jennifer might be interested in you, Aiden.” Zach walked between Aiden and Caleb. It was after school, and they were all hustling to get home as quickly as possible, almost at a jog. “Kathy’s been talking you and Caleb up almost as much as she brags about what a good boyfriend I am.”

“Yeah ... I know. I’m kind of worried though.” Aiden adjusted his glasses. “My mom’s been going on and on about how stud dogs are paid to sire puppies. You know, how I should be out there ‘breeding other bitches’. She says it’s not a swear word, since it’s the technical term. Anyway, I like Jennifer, but I’m really worried she might let something like that slip if I bring a girl home. She introduced me at the maternity yoga class as her owner before correcting herself.”

“Sounds like no problem at all, if you ask me. Super easy, barely an inconvenience.” Caleb smiled. “Just tell Jennifer that your mom’s a little nutty. She’ll laugh off anything your mom says. And your mom will be thrilled to have another ‘bitch’ around. Just like Zach’s mom.” He was a little jealous, but not much. His own mother kept him plenty busy.

“Yeah, I’ll think about it.” Aiden nodded. “Gotta go.” He peeled away from the group, making a beeline for his house.

“See ya!” The other two split, too. Pretty soon they were all sprinting their own paths home.

~~

“Oh ... no, you’re back ... to further sow ... my orchard ... with your wicked fruit!” Nicole, wearing her best Oktoberfest outfit, ran around the house shrieking and laughing. Her German accent was very over the top. She made sure the ruffian caught

her in the living room. Soon, her son was on top of her, her legs were in the air, and he was pumping her in a frenzy.

“Too ... much ... noise ... cider frau!” Caleb took an apple and placed it in her mouth. He liked the way she looked with wide eyes, holding an apple with her teeth, as he plowed her pussy. He roughly pulled her dress down, exposing her swelling boobs. One of the reasons he liked this role-play was that his mother seemed to enjoy a little of the rough stuff.

“Mmmpph ... mmmpphhhh ... mmpphhhh.” Nicole stared at her handsome son as he did what came naturally between her legs. She loved when it was just the two of them at home.

Several blocks down the street, Amanda sat on her son’s lap. They were both naked, although she did have a silk scarf tied around her wrists. “I’ve been ... bad ... and you’re ... ooohhhhhh ... punishing me.”

“Sure ... Mom ...” Zach nodded, staring at her wobbling belly and boobs as she rode him with big bounces.

“I have ... been bad ... and must be punished!” Amanda screamed.

“You’ve been bad ... Mom.” Zach reached around and smacked her ass cheek. “Stop telling ... other women ... I’m available.” He smacked her again, and again, hard enough that the sound echoed around the basement.

“I’m sorry ... I’m sorry ... you know ... best.” Amanda threw her head back and let out a long, wailing cry. She was having another orgasm.

Several blocks away, Aiden was pounding his mother from behind. “So ... you learned ... some new stretches ... in class?”

“Ruff ... ruff ... rruuffffffff.” Karen’s eyes crossed, he was so deep inside her.

“Speak ... English ... I want to hear ... about the class.” He grabbed her hair, forcing her to arch her back.

“Ooohhhhhh ... okay ... okay ... but first ... I’m going to ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Karen lost herself in an amazing orgasm.

~~

Later in the afternoon, Nicole and Caleb still had a half-hour until the rest of the family was due home. They had already showered and cleaned up their apple-themed mess. But they were still naked in Caleb's room.

"You really like taking these pictures?" Nicole posed for her son, getting on all fours on his bed. A couple months ago, he had asked to document her pregnancy. It was such a sweet request that she'd said yes. Since then, after every sex session, they managed to make some time for photos.

"Arch your back a little. Yes, like that." Using his phone, Caleb took some more snapshots. "And yes, I love these photos. I'll make a slide show for us sometime. Maybe we could watch it together."

"If you'd enjoy that, I'd enjoy that." Nicole laughed, rolled onto her back, spread her legs, and held her belly. "Your father is very attentive, but I feel like you might be even more excited about your little brother or sister than he is."

"Cup your boobs for me." Caleb took some more photos. "Yeah, Mom, everything about you gets me excited." He glanced down. Of course, he was hard again.

"Well, we have a few more minutes. Just enough time for a quickie. Come here, sweetie." Nicole held her arms and legs wide in welcome. When he moved on top of her, she squealed. "We ... uuuggghhhhhh ... have to be ... quick though." In no time at all, he was vigorously pounding her again.

"Without a condom ... it shouldn't take ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... that long." Caleb grinned down at her twisted face and worked on cumming one last time for the afternoon.