

Miracle on Slutty 4th Street

Volume II



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Chapter Eleven

Epilogue 1: Christmas has changed the folks of Fourth Street.

One Year Later

Christmas had changed. The spirit of Christmas had been corrupted at its core by the forces of greed, lust, and sin. And people were quickly following along in its example. The seed of this corruption was laid under the guise of the holiday, and as time passed beyond it, the seed took root and began spreading. You could see it anywhere you look, but if you want an example, look at the people of Fourth Street.

All of them had different experiences on Christmas, some more substantial than others, but in the year beyond, they all showed the affects which that fateful time of the year had had on them.

Take Kevin Burkhouse, for instance. He'd gotten into a car accident on the slippery roads as a girl slid through the intersection. Stressed out, tired, and frustrated, he had found himself vulnerable to the wiles of the young woman who'd run into him. And in a moment of weakness, he'd given in to her charms, drilling her roughly in the back seat of his minivan, taking out all his frustration on her hot body.

In the days afterwards, he'd felt regret and shame. He didn't tell his wife about any of it, obviously. He wasn't about to rip apart his own life because of a simple mistake. And that's what it was. A mistake. In a weakened state, angry and tired and absolutely fried, he'd cheated on his wife. He vowed to himself that it was a mistake he'd never make again. On top of that, he pulled back at work, not wanting to put himself in such a tired, worn out state where he'd make another blunder like this again. Luckily for him, work slowed down on its own, which made it easier. Plus, the kids had calmed down a bit, not wearing him and his wife so thin. Life was good.

He got to the summer without incident. Work was good. Life was good. His family was good. The blustery winter night where he'd made the dumbest mistake of his life was long forgotten. Even though it was a moment of shame, he was at least proud that he'd learned such a valuable lesson. A lesson to value his family and himself. To cherish these moments together

and not blow it all on some momentary pleasure. And so far, he had taken that lesson to heart.

And then a familiar face began interning at his company over the summer.

Jamie. The college girl whose car ran into his and started all this mess. The girl who caught him in a moment of weakness and made him put his marriage at risk. That Jamie. She showed up among the new college interns at his company, and when he saw her, he recognized her immediately. He couldn't forget that face. He tried to keep his head down as she passed by, but as she glanced around and let her eyes drift across his face, her eyes went wide as she recognized him too. But unlike the nerves that coursed through him, she simply grinned girlishly and waved. He looked away, shaking his head. Was she stupid? Was she trying to blow his spot? Did she want people asking questions?

Luckily for him, he didn't really have to work alongside her on any projects. But, he did have to see her pretty little ass shaking as she did her work. He did have to notice her big boobs jiggling in her professional business tops. And he wasn't the only one to notice. The women in the office clearly were jealous of the young hottie, calling her a ditz. And honestly, she kinda was. He barely knew the girl, and while she wasn't stupid, she certainly lived up to the ditz image she'd developed.

And the men of the office noticed her too, but in a far different way. Kevin listened to other guys talking about the young, hot intern. Or speak under their breath when she passed by, staring at her hot body. He even heard a few guys make vaguely racist comments about the young Asian woman. Kevin stayed above it all, giving no outwards sign of their history. If any of these other guys knew that he and Jamie had had sex before... he would never hear the end of it.

They'd barely interacted in the short time they'd worked together. She would smile and say hi when she passed by, and he would nod and smile politely, but that was it. She, to her credit, kept things professional, and he did the same. But he wasn't invulnerable to her charms, as every time he saw her, he remembered their encounter, the time they'd had hot sweaty sex in the back of his family van. He'd seen that hot body of hers in the buff. He'd had gotten his hands on the juicy, pert ass. He'd squeezed

her huge tits. He fucking came inside of her! He couldn't just forget all that, and having her flouncing around the office wasn't helping.

And on top of that, one of the complaints he always heard about her through the grapevine was that she was always talking to her fellow interns about boy problems, about whatever boyfriend she had at the moment, and Kevin couldn't hide the small bit of jealousy that would go through him. Was their encounter forgettable to her? Did he leave such little of a mark with her that it was so easy to move on? He knew it shouldn't matter, but his manly pride was hurt a bit. Luckily for him, he was able to shake these feelings away quickly and remember all the problems she had caused for him. He knew how good she was, but he also knew it wasn't worth the conflict it caused.

It was awkward having her around, but for a while, things went okay. No issues, no problems, no slipups. Things were kept totally professional. After a couple months, he finally felt like he could breathe easily having her around.

Later that summer, they had a cookout picnic thing. It was fun and a good event to let off some steam and socialize with coworkers in a more relaxed setting. They had a raffle for prizes and some good food. It was a fun time. Usually, it was on some of the younger staff to help clean up, like the interns. But as one of the higher ups, easily the youngest of the higher ups there, Kevin didn't want people to think he was above that type of thing, so he would volunteer to help out too. Even after most of his coworkers left, he was still helping clean up. The office was near empty by the time he went to his office to grab his things to leave. As he grabbed his things, he heard a few people in the main office, but by the time he emerged there, he could only see one.

Jamie.

She was on her feet, leaning over her desk as she shut her computer down. She was dressed nicely, a slim, pink top and a stylized, loose, black, white and pink polka-dotted skirt. When she heard someone behind her, she stood up straight and turned around, her eyes going wide as she realized it was Kevin behind her.

"Oh... hi..." she said, nervously smiling.

"Uh... hi," he replied. Maybe it was because he was a bit worn out, or that they were alone, but he couldn't deny the small rush at being alone with her in such close proximity. She looked good. Really, really good. Her top was clinging to the full size and shape of her large boobs, and having her gorgeous face looking up at him made all those memories of those fateful night come back to the surface. His cock was getting hard in his pants.

A moment of silence hung between them. Their history had never been addressed, and that awkwardness of two former lovers made both of them nervous to speak. Finally, smiling cutely, she spoke up.

"Thanks for covering for me on the car..." she said, looking up at him. He didn't want to say anything, as speaking it would confirm that those events had actually happened, so he just nodded slightly. "No, I mean it. It's like... it seems like every guy I hook up with ends up, like... being a huge liar and a fucking asshole. But you were cooler than that," she said, smiling brightly at the married man before adding under her breath. "And a better fuck too..."

"What?" he asked, unsure if he heard her right.

"Nothing," she said, smiling and shaking her head, as if she couldn't believe she just said that. "It's just... like, being at school and seeing what those guys are like, and then coming here and seeing you and how you've got your stuff together, it's just... I wish I could date a guy like you, you know?" she said nervously, looking up at him, biting her lower lip.

He looked at her as she looked back at him, a silence hanging between them.

Five minutes later, they were fucking on Kevin's desk.

Her skirt pulled up to her waist, her thong on the floor, her bare ass was sitting on the edge of Kevin's hardwood desk. Her legs were wrapped around the married man as he stood in front of her, drilling her tight teen

cunt with his married dick. Her arms were wrapped around his neck as his hands were taking great delight in her now bare tits, her top pulled up over them, allowing him free reign. His mouth was feasting on her hard nipples as he drilled her, and her mouth was near his ear, squealing in delight.

If the events of the previous Christmas hadn't occurred, Kevin would never have done anything like this. He would have never known he was capable of anything like this. He would have never known anything like this was on the table, and he never would have been bold enough to take it. And now, he was fucking the hot young intern in the empty office, becoming one of those guys. And if there was any regret in his actions, you couldn't tell by the vigorousness of his fucking, and the amount of cum he pumped inside of her.

Even Kevin was surprised at this outcome. This hadn't been something he'd spent a lot of time fantasizing about. It was just... in the moment, with Jamie standing there, looking hot and willing and ready, he'd just... acted. He'd made his move. One second, they were hanging there in the heavy silence, the next, their lips were locked as he carried her to his office and kicked the door shut behind him.

So yeah, this was the starting point for the new Kevin. Suddenly, him and Jamie were A LOT more friendly to each other at work. Not to the degree that they would get caught, but the awkwardness between them was gone. So, when Kevin had a project come up that required an intern that would require long hours and lots of work, he requested her. And from that point on, she and him were working LONG hours together, and got to know each other a lot better.

Even though he had thought of her as a mistake that had haunted him for months now, it turns out he really ended up liking her. And she liked him too, a lot, practically becoming obsessed with him, texting him all the time, taking every chance to fool around with him, even changing her relationships status online, being public about her new relationship even though the married man couldn't. And thanks to having the excuse of having to work long hours, Jamie and Kevin had plenty of time for their relationship to flourish.

This is what the events of that fateful Christmas had led to for Kevin Burkhouse.

He wasn't alone in being so strongly affected by the events of Christmas.

Let's look at the Morris clan. For Liam, who had designs of being an investigative journalist, his confidence and will had been shattered last Christmas. In an attempt to dig deep on the shadiness behind 'North Pole LLC', he'd gotten in way over his head. The head of the plant, Hannah Steinberg, had ascertained his intentions and responded without mercy, using her own talents, with a little help from some custom 'North Pole' products, to seduce the young journalist, upending his plan and turning it on himself. Suddenly, this shady company had a man in the press, a sleeper agent they could use to get ahead of anything coming out against them.

At first, he tried to push back against this fate, trying to let things through that didn't look so good for 'North Pole', testing to see if they were watching. It wasn't even him writing the story, he was just aware of it happening and said nothing. But unfortunately for him, they were indeed watching, and within hours of the first negative story getting through at the news outlet where he worked, his phone was ringing, and a request was made from the office of Hannah Steinberg to him for a meeting. Nervously, he made the hike back to Deerberg to meet with her again.

Any humor and friendliness that she had given to him the first time was now gone. Like a mob boss, she was threatening him, which was slightly odd but far more effective coming from such a beautiful woman. She laid out in no uncertain terms that this wasn't to happen again. No negative stories get through without their warning. The story wasn't even that bad, but the threat against him was. Being handed a large envelope by that HR woman he'd met previously, Chelle, Hannah tossed it to him. In it were screenshots from security footage taken in the meeting room they'd been in before. Evidence of the illicit actions he'd taken apart in. Pictures of her luscious naked body riding him in a chair, her big boobs in his face as she

did so. The pictures were damning, not only showing his infidelity but his poisoned relationship to 'North Pole'. Anything he did against them would be tainted forever by this, completely undercut. And the pictures would be the end of him and Jess.

"So..." Hannah began, standing up. "If you don't become a team player..." she started, slowly unbuttoning her blouse as she approached him. "Then these pictures end up in front of your little girlfriend, your boss, and any institution that you try to get work from again. Nothing gets through without us knowing... got it?" she warned, her top completely unbuttoned, exposing the full crevasse of her massive cleavage of her braless tits, her hands holding the sides of her top in place. "Got it?" she asked again. Seeing no way out, he responded.

"Got it..." he replied. At this, she smirked and pulled her top apart, exposing her huge, perfect tits to him again. And over the course of the next hour, he was reminded of the benefits of being a team player thanks to the sexy Hannah.

True to his word, he didn't let anything get to publication against 'North Pole' without them knowing. They were able to stifle a few of these stories while getting ahead of a few others. But this didn't mean he didn't poke around. He conducted a few interviews on his own, off the record, from a few sources he'd kept under wraps, including the one who'd given him the initial tip about their mystery CEO, the tip that led him to that fateful interview. He had no intention to publish this story through the outlet he worked for. Liam thought maybe if he could get this info to someone who wasn't as compromised as he, something could be done. He recorded a few interviews, got some good info, and got some juicy tidbits in the process. Nothing was published or even given to his bosses. Everything was kept under wraps.

And then, mere days later, Hannah showed up at his doorstep.

Jess was the one who answered the door, and luckily, he was home at the time, following her to the door to their small place as Hannah stood at his doorway.

Jess was confused by the presence of this beautiful woman at her door. Hannah was dressed as if she'd just left the office, a stylish navy colored business suit, white blouse, and nice heels. And she was all smiles and friendliness as she said that she was friends with her husband, and that she was in the area, and she just wanted to say hi. Jess was polite and friendly as usual, but as Liam stood behind her, he gave Hannah a furious look at the temerity of her to show here at his home. When Hannah would glance at him, the small smirk she let adorn her face let him know she knew exactly what she was doing. Liam was eventually able to convince Jess to let him talk with his 'good friend' Hannah alone, and Jess, ever trusting in her man, obliged.

On the porch, in hushed voices, Liam spoke angrily to Hannah.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded. "Nothing's gotten through. I've held up my end of the bargain. What are you doing?" Hannah simply smirked.

"Well, a little birdie told me that you're doing some digging around," she said, holding his gaze with her own. Wait... how could she know this? He hadn't told anyone. She studied him as the gears turned. Glancing at the house, she stepped in close to him, her large boobs brushing against his chest. "We have ears everywhere. We have eyes everywhere. We're watching you, honey. You keep pushing back, and this will turn out very badly for you. Liam... what we want is loyalty. We want you to use that dogged mind of yours for us. You understand?" He grit his teeth and looked at her angrily. "This is our last warning, Liam. If I have to come back here, Jess isn't gonna be able to hide inside, away from me. I'll make her watch..." she threatened, sliding her palm against his crotch and raising her eyebrows, a move that made his blood boil and his dick lurch. What a bitch. Seeing his anger, she smiled and took a step back, straightening her suit coat.

"How about you just try it on for a little bit. Try being a team player. Trust me... it'll be a lot easier. And a lot more fun," she said, smiling warmly. "We're not so bad, Liam. We serve a grand purpose. We just... have to look out for ourselves sometimes. I think you should do the same thing..." she said, smirking before turning and walking away, shaking her delicious ass as she walked back to her tinted SUV, let into her car by her driver/bodyguard before being driven away.

Liam was able to play it off to Jess when he went back inside, not giving her any hint at his and Hannah's true relationship. But the threat hung over him by her showing up there, and this time, it stuck. He didn't know how they did it, but it seemed like 'North Pole' had him covered. They had him paranoid, looking over his shoulder, thinking they were watching him wherever he went. This was no way to live. So, finally, he was broken. He realized where his loyalties had to lie. He wasn't gonna be just a scout for 'North Pole', but instead he would be working for them, or at least their best interests. Not for any money, but for peace of mind. For his life to carry on, he had to sacrifice his ideals.

So, he gave in.

Anytime a story about 'North Pole' started working through the grapevine, he let Hannah know. To keep up appearances, they didn't stifle every story, but they were always well prepared. Additionally, he put his dogged mind to work, getting ahead of possible problem stories for them and rooting them out, supplying them to 'North Pole' before word could get out.

And for this, the rewards were endless.

Not only was he rewarded by more access to Hannah's juicy body, it went beyond that. There was a very exclusive party in the area, and Hannah invited him along. There he saw how people like Hannah lived. There was endless booze and wine, the crazy expensive stuff you'd hear rappers bragging about. There were celebrities. There were girls. Lots of girls wearing next to nothing. And not just any girls, but like... 10/10, model/porn star hot. It felt like he was in another world, surrounded by the elite, a place he didn't feel like he belonged. But by being loyal to Hannah and 'North Pole', he could.

Hannah saw the wonder in his eyes, and she knew she had him on the hook. When she told him that he could pick out any two girls and a room to do whatever he wanted, he was in disbelief. But sure enough, she was telling the truth. He found the two hottest women he could find, one, an olive-skinned, black haired girl in a tiny black bikini, with a heart-shaped ass and tits the size of cantaloupes. The other, a light-skinned Asian woman with a natural sneer adorning her face, clad in a similarly filthy bikini, with double-E cup boobs and an upturned ass so firm and drool-inducing that he could barely contain himself. Clearly, they were aware of the arrangement Hannah had made, so when Liam made his move, both of them went along with him eagerly.

Behind closed doors, unencumbered and unleashed, Liam and these two sluts went to town on each other. Screaming and yelling in pleasure, lost in lust, they took part in some truly fucked up, nasty shit together, going at it like wild animals, taking part in pure filth. Liam said and did things he didn't know he was capable of, things he didn't know possible, things that were almost beyond mere words.

By the time the night was done, Liam was on team 'North Pole' all the way.

If they could provide this, if they could show him a world he didn't know existed... who was he to fight against it? They were too strong. No man could fight off the things he'd seen and experienced. No one could.

From this point on, he'd abandoned any ideals he once had, becoming a good little soldier for the 'North Pole' army. They knew how to milk him for information and unleash him into possible trouble areas before they could get too far, and he was eager to help.

He had a colleague at another news source, a woman he went to college with that lived across the country. They'd had some light flirtation in the past, and he could have imagined dating her eventually if he hadn't started dating Jess first. She was a hot, determined, fiendishly clever blonde, with a nose for a story and great pair of tits. She was as idealistic and hungry for a big story as Liam used to be, maybe even more so, and she had a driving need to get to the bottom of any story. Plus, she was just gorgeous. On top of her truly excellent DDs, she had a perfect golden tan and a juicy ass that every man dreamed of squeezing. She called him up, as she was looking into 'North Pole' herself, knowing there was something dirty about them, and she knew he had done work in this area before. Maybe the Liam of old would have shielded her and try to dissuade her from this story, knowing how dangerous 'North Pole' was.

But the new Liam didn't.

He made a call to Hannah and sold out his colleague pretty quickly, but the other reporter didn't even realize it. She was excited when she was able to land an interview with a rep from her nearby 'North Pole' plant, a man, their 'HR Rep'. Liam knew where this was going almost immediately, and

he wasn't surprised when his friend's 'hard-hitting' story ended up being as fawning over 'North Pole' as his had been. A month or two later, it was revealed that she was now dating said 'HR Rep', a handsome, confident beefcake of a man. The next time Liam talked to her, they could both read the subtext of the other's words, and they both knew they'd fallen into the same trap.

And neither had any regrets.

Another time, one of his coworkers, a dark-haired young woman named Courtney, had accidentally come across a very incriminating story about 'North Pole'. She'd been pursuing another story and had stumbled upon this information inadvertently. She was a babe as well, with an olive complexion, large firm boobs, and a juicy ass. Her and Liam always got along well, and again, if he had been single, she might have made a move on him. If only she had any idea of how unscrupulous he'd become, but even then she was seemingly good-hearted enough to not cross that line. But anyways, she'd stumbled on this amazing scoop, and Liam was the first to know it.

Since she wasn't on 'North Pole's' radar, they wouldn't see her coming. It was on Liam to act. He could stand up for 'North Pole' and protect them. Or, he could stay silent and let this information get out while having plausible deniability. Her planned story was so far away from 'North Pole' that no one could possibly blame him for not anticipating it. He could finally get that victory he'd been seeking a year prior and take them down. He totally could have done that.

Instead, he seduced Courtney, fucking her in the back of his car, and later fucking her at her place. This delayed the story from getting out, and eventually, he was able to convince her to kill the story completely. In exchange for his talented dick, she could have been convinced of anything.

That's how far Liam had gone now. He had been fully corrupted, and he was on team 'North Pole' proudly. He gave up everything he could to them, making sure they were well protected. For as much as they had shown him, this felt like a fair trade. He was so far gone that he even went as far as to give up his sources regarding 'North Pole', an uncrossable line for most reporters, and in doing so, a surprising face emerged on their radar again.

Liam had given up on his life's dreams, his ideals, his loyalty to Jessa, all thanks to the dark forces of Christmas and their business arm 'North Pole'.

That's what Christmas could make a man do now.

He wasn't the only member of the Morris clan to undergo a great change. His brother-in-law, Jon, was undergoing some major life-changes as well, all incited by the events the previous holiday.

That past Christmas, he had to confront the fact that he'd been harboring a filthy, nasty crush on his own mother-in-law, Sylvia, practically since the day they first met. For years, he'd been burying his true feelings, hiding behind a veil of dislike and annoyance towards Sylvia, when in fact he was secretly hot for her luscious body the entire time. But ever since Christmas, their relationship was traveling along a new trajectory.

Deb was surprised at how willing he suddenly seemed to be in her mother's presence. She always suspected he didn't like her mom, to the point where getting him to go to a place knowing her mother would be there was like pulling teeth. But over their Christmas visit, they must have worked things out, because now, he seemed open to invite her to visit. Or volunteer the idea of crashing at her folks' place if that was along their way on a road trip. He'd gone from behind annoyed with her mom to almost being... friends with her. Like, they were texting with each other now. It was crazy how quickly things had shifted between them. Deb thought it was a little strange, but she figured it was better than him hating her mom for the rest of their lives, so she didn't question it.

Yeah, she probably should have questioned it.

Because sure, her husband and her mother had sorted out all their issues over Christmas. But they did that by having sex. Hot, nasty, sweaty sex.

Multiple times. He'd buried his tongue in her mouth and his cock in her pussy. And it was all really fucking good. The best he'd ever had. So, it was pretty clear why he was suddenly so willing to be in her presence again.

You might have expected him to feel regret at screwing his wife's mother, but he really didn't. He felt freed. He'd been harboring this nasty crush on her for the entire time he knew her, he realized, and finally fucking her was almost freeing. And the sex was absolutely incredible. Just insanely good. He got to live out his nastiest fantasies with this smoking hot babe... It was thrilling!

He never would have believed he would ever have sex with a woman so much older than he was, him being 28 to her 46. But strangely, that almost made it better. It probably didn't hurt that she was an absolute smoke-show. She was gorgeous, with long, lustrous chestnut hair, a perfect, firm, juicy rear end, and absolutely mammoth, perky tits. And her mind was pure filth as well, only adding to her appeal. She was hotter than most women half her age, including her own daughter. So, no one could blame Jon for surrendering to temptation.

From the night of Christmas Eve on, for the rest of their stay, he was fucking Sylvia every chance he could. Even with all the family around, they found opportunities to sneak into an unoccupied room and go at it. One time, they were missing an ingredient for dinner, and he quickly offered to go out and pick it up at the grocery store. Catching onto what he wanted, Sylvia offered to go with him. Within minutes, they had pulled it off to a quiet side street where she rode his big dick in the backseat of the car, and on their way back, they were already so hot for each other again that she simply leaned over and sucked him off as he drove, swallowing his load as they pulled into the driveway.

Another time, he was taking a peaceful shower when she pulled open the sliding door, completely nude, and joined him. Under the heated water, their bodies pressed against each other, tongues in each other's mouths as he drove his big young cock into her.

And on his last night there, he woke up to find the sheets pulled away, his pants pulled down, and his mother-in-law inhaling his big cock all the way to the root. And she was doing this all while her own daughter, his wife, slept beside them. He rested his hand in his mother-in-law's hair as she

attacked his swollen cock, and she looked straight into his eyes as she swallowed one last giant load from his bloated nuts.

Leaving her behind to head back home was almost painful. At first, he didn't want to be there, but by the end, he didn't want to leave. He had quickly become obsessed with his wife's mother and her hot body, to the point where he couldn't get enough. He knew he should be bothered by the fact he'd cheated on his wife, but everything with her just felt so right. With as good as sex with her was, especially in comparison with how it was with Deb... the young husband couldn't possibly feel anything close to regret. But he was afraid that, upon parting, maybe the moment would be gone, and Sylvia would be the one to feel regret the things she'd done. But those fears were dashed that very night after having gotten back home from a long drive. As he got ready for bed, his phone pinged. His eyes widened as he saw a picture from Sylvia, of her facing a mirror, dressed only in a set of sexy, skimpy red lingerie, a red lace bra and a tiny thong, her huge tits and fit body being showcased immaculately. Jon beat off in the bathroom like a horny teenager, and he came so hard he almost fell to his knees.

From that day forward, Jon and Sylvia were texting back and forth like crazy, like lovestruck young lovers, instead of a married man and his mother-in-law. The things they would text to each other were pure filth. And not just text, but pictures as well. These two were full-on sexting with each other, during the day and at night. She, sending juicy shots of her hot body in the skimpiest garments she had, and a lot of the time, nothing at all. And Jon returned the favor, sending over plenty of dick-pics to keep the older woman more than satisfied. Both of them were beyond excited by this whole thing. He, enjoying this bit of wickedness in his otherwise boring, straight-forward life. And she relished in being able to act super slutty again, and not only that, but doing it with the hottest guy she'd ever laid eyes on.

Deb never caught on to the fact that her husband and mother were in such constant communication, at least not to the degree with which she'd begin to suspect something was going on between them. She simply thought that they had developed a friendly, jovial, affectionate relationship. She had no idea of the truth. She didn't even suspect anything close to what was actually going on. She trusted Jon. She loved him and had complete faith in him. She wasn't the type to be paranoid over every little thing her husband did.

That allowed a lot of room for Jon and Sylvia to have some fun.

These two were hungry for each other. Nothing could equal the electricity that they felt when they were together. No amount of love or companionship that Jon got with Deb came close to the feelings of bliss her mother was capable of giving him. They needed to meet in person again. They couldn't go another day. Jon kept wanting to find an excuse for him and Deb to take a trip back to Deerberg, or finding a reason to invite her folks over to them. But he couldn't push too hard for fear of Deb catching on that something was up.

Luckily for him, Jon was a busy man where he worked, and he often had to take trips to meet clients. And he was also an honorable man, very good about his work and very honorable about how he conducted business. But honor went out the window the second he banged his wife's mom, and he was so desperate for her body again that his ethics were quickly thrown out. Luckily for him, his reputation was good enough that when he said he had a possible client near Deerberg, his bosses didn't question him. His wife didn't question him. No one did. Nothing stood in his way.

All expenses paid, he rented a nice, pricey hotel room in the city he claimed his client was located. Once he settled in his hotel room looking over the city, he cleaned himself up and made himself look all nice. They were close enough to Deerberg where Sylvia could make an easy drive there, telling her husband that she was gonna go out for the night with some friends. But she obviously had other plans.

When she turned up at Jon's hotel room, dressed to kill in a slinky black, low-cut cocktail dress, wearing expensive high heels, her hair done up nice and showing off a chasm of juicy, mature cleavage, she caused the younger man's eyes to widen, his words catching in his throat. They had plans to get dinner first, but as soon as they laid eyes on each other, those plans were gone.

Instead, they opted to feast on each other.

Within seconds, their tongues were in each other's mouths, and their hands were on each other's bodies. There was no class. No decorum. Only lust. All their nice clothes ended up tossed aside like they were nothing.

Within minutes, Jon was sucking on his mother-in-law's massive bare tits, immersing his face in her soft, firm breasts again. Minutes after that, the older woman was on her knees, inhaling her son-in-law's big, beefy cock, which was harder than it had ever been before in anticipation of this night. And when she got him right on the edge of blasting another huge load of cum down his mother-in-law's throat, she pulled away and pushed him back on the bed.

It was there that they proceeded to fuck the shit out of each other.

Sylvia rode the living daylights out of her son-in-law, screaming out like a cheap fucking whore in the process, her moans echoing in the halls. They went at it like animals, cursing and moaning, going at it without stopping, till they were dripping with sweat, screaming in pleasure until they both came hard. She screamed out like a whore as she came, and he filled up his mother-in-law's eager cunt with all that backed-up cum nestled in his balls. They panted for breath as they came down from their high, trying to recover.

Thirty minutes later, they were going at it again.

They fucked that night until they physically couldn't anymore. Going at it well into the night, two more times, in fact. They didn't stop until they passed out in exhaustion, coated with perspiration, panting until they fell into a well-earned rest.

Jon woke up curled up in bed, naked, spooning with his mother-in-law. Her desirable body pressed into his as they rested, his cock against her ass, his arm around her, palm resting on one of her mammoth tits. It just seemed right. It just seemed meant to be.

Deb called early the next morning, before the scheduled time of his 'meeting'. There was something about taking a call with his wife while looking down at her mother in his bed, smirking and looking up at him with wild, unkempt sex-hair, with her huge, soft tits hanging out for him to see, that just drove him crazy. It ended up being a long phone call, so he sat on the bed as he talked. As he spoke to his wife, her mother got out of bed and cleaned up a bit. And again, there was the contrast of him on the phone with his wife while her mother walked around in front of him,

only wearing a tiny little thong, padding around barefoot, her giant boobs jiggling as she walked. By the time he was done, he tossed his phone away as Sylvia straddled him, locking lips with him, scrubbing her boobs against his chest as she reached down between them to scoop his hard cock from his boxers.

They barely left the room that day. Both of them were just so hot for each other and so hungry for each other's bodies that that couldn't help themselves. They just kept going at it, only pausing to clean up, fuel up, then do it again. They only left that night to get dinner. Jon wondered if people might look at them strangely in what by all appearances looked to be a date, but Sylvia was such a fox that no one questioned this pairing.

This encounter was just the start. Now that the dam had been broken, they made it a point to reconvene as often as possible. Sometimes, she would come to him, other times, he would visit her, and sometimes, they'd meet in the middle. Jon was able to convince Deb to swing by her folks' house for a visit, and Sylvia happily visited her daughter and Jon in the city a couple times. These might seem like nice, familial moments, but they weren't. It was all about Jon and Sylvia, and them finding every opportunity they could to fuck behind his wife's and her husband's back.

Their plans to hook up every chance they got took precedence over everything else. Jon canceled his and Deb's anniversary plans for a 'work thing', but in fact it was because he and Sylvia made plans to see a movie. It was the next movie in that series of movies they'd bonded over in the past, the ones where the younger male characters were forced through movie style riff-raff into situations where they have no choice but to fuck an older woman. That was the major hook in these movies, the shockingly explicit sex scenes between young, handsome actors and experienced older actresses happy to show off a lot of skin even at their mature age. The new one had come out, and they had made it a point to see it together, and both traveled a good distance to make their date possible. When she showed up in the lobby of the nice theater, wearing a low-cut top, he wanted to pull her to the side and feast on her juicy tits, but he was able to hold himself back.

Sitting in the back of a half-full theater, they could barely keep their hands off each other. Their lips were locked during most of the previews, mouths smacking as they made out with heat and passion. Ten minutes in, his hands were in her bra, and she had scooped his throbbing meat out of his

pants, lustily stroking him off as he sucked at her neck. They tried to watch the movie, they truly did, but the heat on screen fed into the lust they were feeling. By the time the first sex scene happened on screen, she was riding him on one of those big, reclining seats the theater had just put in, her tits pulled out of her shirt as she did so, riding him as both tried to stifle their moans as best as they could. By the time he came inside her pussy again, the movie was practically done, and they had barely seen any of it! They did end up going back the next day when the edge was off between them, because they actually did want to watch the movie, and both noticed the resemblance between them and the young, handsome actor and the older, foxy actress on-screen. The movie exceeded their expectations, the best one yet. And the very explicit sex scenes did their job, because as soon as they got back to his car, they were all over each other. They barely made it back to their hotel room before Jon bent his mother-in-law over the bed and roughly fucked her up the ass, her screaming in pleasure as he did so.

It was clear that Sylvia was taking precedence over his wife, Deb, in Jon's mind. He couldn't stop thinking about her. He couldn't stop fantasizing about her. Every time she took him to the limits of pleasure, the goalposts were moved, and he couldn't stop chasing them, sinking deeper into his lustful obsession with his mother-in-law. He still loved Deb. He did. She was so kind and sweet and loving. It was just that her mother could do things... filthy things... things that made his head spin. Needless to say, he just couldn't get enough of the older woman. He didn't want to hurt Deb, honest. But... this thing between him and Sylvia, this attraction between them... it had been going on for years now. Finally indulging their lust after so long was almost addictive. The wait made it worth it.

There was one night, though, where any doubts that he had suddenly hit him like a freight train. He woke up in the middle of the night, completely discombobulated as he sat up in bed. And in that moment where his mind was completely clear of any outside forces, he immediately let his thoughts drift to all the stuff he'd been doing with Sylvia. Remembering their long history, well... at least, he tried to. Suddenly, all those crystal-clear memories of their years-long flirtation suddenly seemed fuzzy. Wait... did all that stuff actually happen as he remembered? Suddenly, memories of having an intense dislike for Sylvia came forward. Where he didn't like her in the slightest. Where he avoided her at all costs. Where he never actively participated as she heavy-handedly flirted with him. Where any claims she made of lust between them felt like it came from her imagination. No, those were all just him burying his true feelings for her. But... why did those crystal-clear memories suddenly feel so wrong? Why did they feel like smoke slipping through his fingers, while those other memories felt so solid? Was he wrong about all of this? Had he gone so far down this road

that he didn't even know why he'd started this way in the first place? Was it all smoke and mirrors, while the stuff he recalled now was the actual truth?

For a second, Jon was stabbing at the true heart of the matter. For a moment, he'd worked through the veil that had been over him since Christmas. For a few minutes, he was circling the truth. That he'd been enveloped in the power of a supremely powerful magical Christmas object, the 'Electric Mistletoe', and that item had warped him so much that he didn't know what the truth was anymore. He was about to get there. He was...

"What's wrong?" said a voice from behind him. Sitting up next to him on the bed was Sylvia, completely naked. She pressed her bare boobs into his back as she put his hands on his shoulders, rubbing the clearly stressed out younger man.

"Nothing..." he croaked out. "It's just... have you ever doubted your memories?" he asked. "Like... that something you thought happened never actually happened?" He was too focused on his own thoughts to really consider the fact that he was explaining the evidence of the crime to the criminal herself. And she couldn't have him questioning things.

"Well, I don't know about that..." she began, playing dumb as she pulled him back till he was resting on his back on the hotel room bed. In the darkness, she straddled the younger man, her big boobs bouncing above him. She reached down between them and began stroking his half-hard member. This act made her huge breasts jiggle, and as she kept at it, his eyes glazed over as he watched her boobs shaking. He slowly became slightly hypnotized by the sight, her giant bare breasts cooling his fears and allowing her to calm him down. "But I know what feels real, darling. And I think you do too. Here, let me show you..." At this, she released her hold on him long enough for her to sit down on his now fully hard cock, taking him inside her completely. Once her ass hit his thighs, she took his wrists and brought them up to her big breasts, making him squeeze them again. The pleasure cut through his existential haze as they fucked in the darkness, and by the time she was done with him that night, after making him cum two times in quick succession until he passed out from exhaustion, those doubts inside him sorta just faded away.

By that point, Sylvia had asserted full control over her son-in-law, pretty much winning him over completely. Sure, he would have the occasional flare-up of guilt, where the truth of his situation would be within his grasp, but after the first occasion of this in the hotel room, she was far more prepared to erase his worries. But these occasions were rare, and most of the time, they both shamelessly availed themselves in each other's body. Her son-in-law was fully obsessed with her now, and she took great advantage. She was far more concerned about her own needs than what damage this whole thing could reap on her daughter. She'd successfully stolen her own daughter's husband, and instead of feeling any regret, she only wanted more. She wanted to take things even further.

The hold she had over Jon became clearer as time went on. He'd text with her constantly. Call her at every opportunity. Meet up with her whenever he could. And she dominated his thoughts as well. Every time he had sex with his wife, he always imagined her mother in her place. Every sexual fantasy was made ten times better with Sylvia involved. It had reached the point where he would choose Sylvia over Deb in just about anything. This was made most clear one moment at work, when he completed a successful job for an airline. As a thank you, they gave him two plane tickets to Bora Bora, one for him and one for his wife, tickets for him to go to a really fancy resort. He knew that because it was actually the same spot he took Deb for their honeymoon. There would be a certain poetry in being able to take her back there. But the thing was, he didn't end up going with Deb.

He took his mother-in-law instead.

It was so nice not to have to stick to hotel rooms or a dark movie theater or in the corner of a dimly lit restaurant and hide their affair. It was nice to just be open about it and not have to stay hidden. And it was certainly nice to be able to showcase Sylvia on his arm, especially in that tiny pink thong bikini she rocked most of the time. He again wondered if people might look at them strange, due to their age difference. But no... people treated them like all was normal. Like he, a 28-year-old former athlete, and she, a 46-year-old woman, were a perfectly acceptable match. That being said, she certainly didn't look her age, and her being that fucking sexy is probably prevented people from questioning her pairing off with such a handsome, tall and fit younger man.

He'd gone on his honeymoon with Deb to this very place a few years prior, but this trip with Sylvia was far more enjoyable. And he had way more sex

this time too. They fucked a lot, going at it like animals in their cottage, their moans colliding with the waves outside. She made it a point to compare this trip with his time here with Deb, and he was happy to tell her that this one was way better. And with all this honeymoon talk, it was somewhat appropriate that she started hinting to him she wanted to take the next step with him. She would tease him about the size of the rock he would put on her finger, hinting at her desire to marry the younger man. She would keep reminding him about how much better of a wife she would be than Deb, how she meets his needs better than her daughter ever could. And in the heat of passion, she'd be completely honest about her true feelings as she moaned into his ear how much she wanted to marry him.

Her message was clear, but Jon was unsure. Not that he didn't want to marry Sylvia. God damn, he'd throw a ring on her finger, wife her up, and consummate that marriage right now if he could. But he couldn't think of a way to do so without hurting Deb. Despite everything, he didn't want to hurt his wife. He just couldn't do that to her. But on their last day of their trip, she put a timetable up on him making his choice, as she whispered into his ear that she was pregnant, a fact which sent a jolt of excitement through him.

It probably wasn't shocking, considering all the bareback sex they'd been having for months and months now. And the thought that he'd knocked up his own mother-in-law only made it better. But he couldn't help but wonder how long they could get away with this before the others would catch on. They'd gotten away with so much so far. Like, Deb didn't question him when he disappeared for a week for another work trip, and Roger, Sylvia's husband was probably just savoring the peace and quiet back home. But, when Sylvia begins showing, even they would start to catch on. And then the shit would hit the fan.

He didn't decide what to do even as the year went on and the weather was getting colder. Staying at her place with Deb for a visit, he realized Sylvia's pregnancy was just about to start showing. It was reaching the point where he had to do something. Where he'd have to make the choice to make his betrayal of his wife open and humiliate her in the process, or to recommit to his wife and somehow deal with the ramifications of his actions with Sylvia in private. But there was no question which way he was leaning. Sylvia was his entire world now. He'd choose her every time.

He tried to think of all these delicate ways to break the news to his wife, but he could never work up the nerve to do it. Luckily for him, the choice was taken out of his hands.

Jon was upstairs at the house on Fourth Street, and a picture near Deb's old bedroom caught his eye. It was taken during a family trip he and Deb took with her folks to the city. They were posing together for a photo near a touristy spot, with Jon and Deb up front, and Sylvia and Roger behind them, all smiling, and the sight of it caused a flood of warm memories to flood his mind. It was the first trip they took as a couple with her folks, and it was really the time that confirmed that this was the woman he wanted to spend the rest of his life with. He loved Deb so much. Loved her so... wait... something wasn't right. If he loved her so much, why was he... with Sylvia... how could he...

When Sylvia sought him out and saw the panic and existential crisis on his face as found him standing in her daughter's old bedroom, a framed photo in his hands, she knew he was having one of his flare-ups of memories. But by this point, she knew what to do. Grabbing her nearby purse, stepping into the room and shutting the door behind her, she reached into her stylish handbag and grabbed something out of it. Setting her bag down, she hung the item in her hand from the ceiling fan before approaching her panicking son-in-law.

"Calm down, hon," Sylvia purred in his ear, pressing her large boobs against his back as she grabbed his shoulders. "Let me make you feel better..."

It was about half an hour later that Deb ventured upstairs herself, wondering where her husband had ended up, afraid he wasn't feeling well. Her father had just stepped out to pick up some last-minute stuff for dinner as they cooked together. And it was only then, as dinner was put on pause, that Jon's absence was noticed. Hearing some noises from her old bedroom, she pushed open the door and looked inside.

Then her world ended.

The sight in front of her was near impossible to comprehend. The worst, most twisted nightmares of her animal brain come to life in front of her.

On her bed was her husband... on his back... naked. And on top of him, just as naked, was her mom. And she was fucking him. And hanging above them was... what was it... some mistletoe? What the fuck?

Deb froze in place as she watched this unfold in front of her. Her mother was riding her husband, fucking him reverse cowgirl, which meant she was facing her daughter as she fucked Jon. Sylvia's curvaceous, naked body was completely exposed to her daughter, her giant boobs bouncing as she fucked her son-in-law, nipples dancing in the air. Her cunt was exposed to her daughter as well, stuffed to the brim with Jon's thick, married pole. Her bare, smooth flesh was coated with sweat as her ass slammed into Jon's body. And Jon was humping up into her, hands on her hips as he fucked her just as well as she fucked him.

Deb fell to her knees, mouth agape as she watched this, unable to process it, unable to form a coherent thought as her husband betrayed her by having sex with her mother. The room was heated from their exertions, and the energy from the nasty sex occurring on the bed was beaming off them in waves, hitting the young woman full force. The door behind Deb closed on its own, leaving wife, mother, and husband alone.

"Oh honey," Sylvia began arrogantly, the older woman's lips smirking as she kept riding the younger married man, letting the façade of familial affection drop now that the truth was out. She loved her daughter, of course, but she loved Jon more, and Deb was gonna stand in the way. She was very willing to cut that tie between them for good, with cruelty and precision. "It took you long enough to catch on to us. Me and your husband have been lovers for so fucking long now! Fuck! He's been in love with me since we first met! Yes!" She bounced harder at this, the betrayal on her daughter's face so potent it only energized the wicked older woman even more. God damn! Sylvia never knew this part of it would be so exciting! If she knew that humiliating her daughter would be this hot, she would have fucked Jon in the church on his wedding day, just to see how badly it would crush Deb when she caught them. Her eyes on Deb as tears began falling down her cheeks, Sylvia began fucking Jon even harder, her nipples tightening, her cunt flexing around him.

"Oh my God!" Jon sighed.

"Baby..." Deb said, looking at her husband. His face was twisted up, near unrecognizable. How could he do this? Maybe... maybe he'd been tricked. Maybe her mom had deceived him in some way. With the way she was speaking to her, she also sounded damn near unrecognizable. Maybe... maybe she was the guilty party, not him. "Speak to me..." she said, barely holding back sobs.

"Fuck!" Jon groaned, his eyes rolling in pleasure. "This is so fucking good!" He fucked up into his wife's mother harder, barely paying his crushed wife even a glance he was so enthralled.

"Hahaha!" Sylvia laughed, knowing Jon was fully broken now. "Yes! He loves me now, hon! Your husband loves me! Yes! That's why he fucks me so fucking well! Damn! Ugh! Fuck!"

"Mom..." she croaked out, feeling the true, indescribable hurt of being betrayed so cruelly by a parent. "How could you do this?"

"Deb..." Sylvia began, slamming her ass into Jon hard as she bounced on him. "Your husband loves me and my body more than he ever loved you. Don't you, babe?"

"Yes! Fuck! Yes!" Jon agreed, reaching up to palm her massive, fleshy titties in front of his wife. "I can't stop thinking about these tits! They're so much better than hers..."

Deb never felt so low, her husband fucking her mother right in front of her, availing himself in her hot body. Her slim, skinny, cute body had never felt so pathetic when compared to her mother's luscious form.

"How did you never catch on to us, honey?" Sylvia asked, really driving her ass down into Jon with some oomph, as if stamping out her ownership over the younger man. "Jon was SOOO obvious about how hot he was for me..."

Deb was still frozen on her knees, horrified at what was occurring in front of her. The couple were fucking so hard it was making the walls shake. The

mistletoe hanging above them was swaying in the air. Then, suddenly, a weird sensation began passing over Deb, like images appearing from out of nowhere within her mind. And then, with a flash, memories from the past came flooding back to her.

FLASH!

After Jon met Sylvia the first time, and they got back to his place, Jon was grinning, as if ready to burst with something that he'd been waiting to speak about as soon as they were alone. Closing the door, he turned to face Deb and immediately spoke.

"That was your mom?" he asked with a smirk.

"Yeah. Why?" Deb replied cutely, as if knowing what he was about to say.

"I mean, like... wow. Va-va-va-voom..." he said, holding his hands in front of his chest, remarking on Sylvia's massive breasts.

"Shut up!" Deb replied, laughing, annoyed at Jon but still amused.

"Wow..." he said, smiling and turning away, shaking his head in awe as he left the room.

FLASH!

Deb and Jon arriving back home after meeting her mom and dad for lunch.

"Damn, your mom looked insanely hot today," Jon said casually, continuing their cute little running joke about the attractiveness of her mom. Deb laughed again.

FLASH!

"Wow!" Deb remarked, in bed with Jon, his hand around the root of his cock, which was as hard as a diamond in her palm. "I've never seen felt it this hard!"

"Well, uh..." he replied, laughing nervously. "Well, there's, like, levels to hardness. There's seeing a hot lady on the street, and that's like a semi... you know? Then, there's, like, normal, everyday domestic erections, you know... what you normally experience. And that's like... 85% hard. And then there's this, 110%, so-hard-it-could-cut-steel, me-thinking-about-your-mom hard!" At this, Deb hit her husband's chest with a pillow as he took this opportunity to take this running joke about her hot mom even further. And that's all it was, a funny joke, as their horseplay quickly became lovemaking. Although, it was strange how far he took his joke, moaning out the name 'Sylvia' before cumming inside her.

FLASH!

An event a few years ago, when Sylvia called the house for Deb's birthday. When they were done talking, Sylvia eagerly asked to talk to Jon. Deb busied herself with housework as Jon took the call in the next room. All seemed normal till she caught a strange line of conversation in the other room.

"God damn, Sylvia, I'd give anything to have sex with you..." Jon said, before laughing lightly at something her mom said back to him. Odd... that didn't seem like much of a joke. Jon occasionally brought Sylvia into their little running joke, but this seemed beyond that. Deb kept listening as he continued talking. "Yeah, me too. God, if you were here, I don't care if Deb could see us, I'd bend you over and..."

At this point, Deb stepped in, making sure she was hearing right. Jon, not missing a beat this intrusion, looked up at his wife and finished the sentence.

"And snuck you in the class..." he finished, smiling at his wife. Jon pulled the phone from his ear and spoke to his wife. "Talking about this training course at work. Sylvia would have gotten a kick out of it."

"Oh. Okay!" she said, smiling. Jon put the phone back up to his ear.

"Yeah. She's here," he said, smiling. He nodded at his wife, assuring her everything was fine, and at this, she backed out of the room. Wow, it sounded like he was going somewhere else with that line, but she must have misheard. She turned and walked away, but even though her concerns might have been quelled, it sure did sound like, as she was leaving, he said to Sylvia, "So, yeah, sorry about that. I was saying... oh, you got the message? Haha. You're the best, Sylvia. God, I can't wait till I get to pump my cock into that ass of yours. I think about it all the time. Oh, you want it too? Haha... we really are meant for each other..."

No... Deb must have just misheard.

FLASH!

At their wedding. Deb was dancing with some friends and relatives, and at the same time, Jon was dancing with her mom. They seemed to be pressed pretty close together. Like, all up into each other. The way they were dancing, there was no way he couldn't feel her huge boobs against his chest, and there was no way she couldn't feel something downstairs from him. It seemed like they were really going for it. And then later, it practically looked like she was grinding her ass against his crotch. No... don't be silly, Deb told herself. It must just be her mind playing tricks on her, thanks to all that joking between her and Jon.

FLASH!

Deb, Jon, and her mom, getting lunch a few months ago. Deb and Sylvia were sitting on opposite sides of the table, and Jon between them. The cute waitress was chatting with them, and when Deb referenced Jon as her husband, the waitress looked confused.

"What?" Deb asked.

"Oh, I'm sorry," the waitress said, shaking her head. "It's just... I thought her and him were the couple," she said, pointing at Jon and her mom. "And you were like their friend or something. But this makes sense."

"Trust me, hon," Sylvia began. "We get it all the time. Whenever me and him are out alone, everyone wants to pair us off together." They all laughed lightly at this, but Deb had a thought. This was a joke... right? It's not like people actually thought her mom and her husband were a couple. It had to be a joke. Besides, it's not like her and him were ever alone together. That'd be weird... right?

Deb returned to the present. These memories... they all seemed so new. She'd never remembered them before. But upon reflection, they felt so real. How could she have looked past all that? Looking at this whole thing, it all seemed so obvious in retrospect. She thought it was all some joke, but it had been all real. And her naivete had had dire consequences, as this ultimate betrayal was occurring in front of her.

A young wife was forced to watch as her handsome stud of a husband had sex with her mom. Her fucking mom had poached her husband from her, using her big, round ass and sinfully huge boobs to steal her husband out from under her. And now, she was riding him not like a mother but like a slut, fucking him in a way most self-respecting wives don't. Using her unfair blessings to break the laws of society. A mother should not fuck her daughter's husband. Mothers should not be fucking like this altogether. But as Deb was now realizing, her mother had been doing a lot of fucking recently.

FLASH!

Thinking back to that time where Jon and Deb met up with Sylvia in another city to hang out and tour the town together. During dinner, Jon was unusually generous with buying drinks, to the point where Deb found herself feeling quite drunk. None of them were in a state to drive, so they opted to get a hotel room nearby. For Deb, the night ended there, immediately passing out upon falling onto her bed, feeling embarrassed for getting drunk when she got up in the morning, a fact which both Jon and her mom teased her about soon after waking. But now, looking back, she could see with crystal clarity what really happened that night.

With Deb passed out in her bed alone, Jon and Sylvia were very much awake in the other bed. And with Deb no longer in the way, there was nothing stopping them from ripping off their clothes and going at it right then and there. And they were doing just that, fucking like animals, fucking loudly and aggressively. While Deb remained zonked out in the other bed, her mother was currently riding Jon's big thick married cock, screaming in pleasure. And as she did, Jon was groping his wife's mom's huge tits while driving his swollen dick up into her, all while Deb was none the wiser. With his wife mere feet away, Jon came inside her mom's tight, hot cunt again. They didn't even bother hiding the evidence of this affair, spending the entire night naked in the same bed. But Deb, in her drunken state, was too far gone to notice.

FLASH!

Sylvia had come for a visit at Deb and Jon's place. Unfortunately, Deb had some work she had to get done, work she had brought home with her. So, while she did that, Sylvia offered to cook up something for dinner, and Jon was happy to help. Deb was so consumed with her work she didn't realize that her mom and Jon had been gone for quite a long while. And whatever they were fixing up seemed to involve a lot of work, as evidenced by the sweat on Sylvia's brow when she emerged from the kitchen, looking a little worse for wear. But Deb didn't notice a thing, so distracted she was by her own business.

She should have suspected something then. She could see now with perfect vision, as if staring into the past, that her mother and Jon were barely focused on cooking in the next room. They were more focused on each other, and the action was heating up faster than the food was. Sylvia was bent over the sink as Jon drilled her from behind, barely stifling their moans. Her pants were pulled down below her ass, and her top was raised above her tits, allowing them to sway lewdly as they went at it. If Deb were to walk in, she would see everything. She would see her husband growling like an animal, pawing at her mother's bulbous bare breasts roughly as he fucked her hard. She would see her own mom pushing her ass back against him as he drilled her, looking like a true whore. But Deb didn't walk in, and she didn't see a thing. When Sylvia walked back out to greet her daughter minutes later, her clothes back in place, her skin glowing from exertion, her cunt filled to the brim with cum, Deb was just too blind to see it.

FLASH!

During a visit to a beachside town, Deb and Jon had met up with her folks. Roger was more interested in fishing, so they all left him to that while they hit the beach. Deb looked quite cute in her bikini: a nice, robin's egg blue set that made her look nice without being overly skimpy. But her mother far outclassed her here, her skimpy yellow two-piece looking spectacular on her luscious body. For her, this was about as demure as it got, and Jon had seen her in far skimpier, but it was enough to consume his entire attention nonetheless. Jon looked great as well, his slim, snug trunks looking great on his athletic frame, while also giving a flattering glimpse at his healthy bulge. Deb felt a flutter in her tummy just looking at him, wanting nothing more than to slip between the sheets with him for a good time. But they were far too busy, and they weren't at home. Maybe later.

Of course, that would be too late.

They were on a relatively quiet section of beach, a little bit away from the fray. Deb found herself dozing as she rested on her belly, facing away, basking in the sun, hoping to get some color. This left Jon and Sylvia alone. With no one looking their way, Sylvia made her move. While Deb dreamed of taking her husband back home and spending some quality married time together, Sylvia wasn't waiting. Getting on her knees in front of Jon, she curled her fingers into his trunks and pulled them down, revealing his throbbing dick to her eager gaze. He was hard as he was because of her hot, bikini-clad body, and she felt it was her duty to relieve him of his current state, sitting him down in the sand and smoothly swallowing his cock all the way up to the balls. As Sylvia sucked off her daughter's husband right there on the beach, Deb dozed in the sun, mere feet from them. By the time Deb began to stir, Jon was hosing the back of his mother-in-law's throat with cum, and she gulped it down like the whore she was. When Deb looked over at them, everything was back in place, and the young married woman was none the wiser. It was only minutes later that Sylvia discovered a thin band of cum that had leaked past her lips and onto her left breast. The older woman simply gathered his semen on her finger and licked it off lewdly.

FLASH!

A few days prior, Deb and her father went out together to run some errands. Realizing after a few minutes of driving that she had forgotten her phone, they turned around to head back to the house. Deb ran inside, expecting to see her mother and her husband, but she found nothing. No one. Even after running up to her old room and grabbing her phone, she saw nobody around. Finally, she heard some noise beyond her mother's closed bedroom door, and she heard her mother's voice.

"Ugh... fuck!" Sylvia groaned. Deb paused.

"Mom? You okay?" Deb asked, putting her ear against the door, resting her hand on the doorknob.

"Deb? Ugh... oh! Fuck! What are you doing here?" her mother asked, startled and seemingly distracted.

"Forgot my phone. Are you okay?" she asked.

"Ugh! Fuck! I'm fine, hon! I'm fine! Just, uh... just stubbed my toe. Yeah... that's it. I stubbed my toe! It's a real pain in the ass! Oh fuck! A real fucking amazing pain in the ass!" Sylvia called out. Deb smiled and shook her head, confused.

"Are you sure you're okay?" Deb asked, wincing at the clear severity of what her mother was feeling.

"I'm fine! UGH! I'll be fine! I'll be so fucking fine!" Sylvia assured her. Finally, Deb's hand slid from the door. Still confused, she nonetheless trusted her mother, walking away.

"Okay. We'll be back later!" Deb chirped out to her mom as she left, but clearly, her mom was too distracted to hear.

"Fuck! Fuck! UGH! Fuck! Damn!" Sylvia groaned.

So confused by this whole thing as she was, Deb didn't even remember to ask where her husband was. But in retrospect, the answer was obvious.

She could see it clearly now. On one side of the door was herself, naïve, wondering if her mother was okay. But on the other side was her mother, on her bed, naked. And behind her was Jon, Deb's husband. Her chest down against the bed as she reached back, lewdly pulling her ass-cheeks apart, allowing the younger man to roughly drive his thick, angry cock into her tight, eager ass. And by her barely contained moans, she was clearly enjoying it.

Deb returned to the present, to the real world, feeling like the axis of the planet was off-center. She felt like she was about to fall over. It all seemed so obvious now. How could she not have seen it? But that being said, her cluelessness wasn't the worst part of this whole thing. She would rather be naïve and trusting than to see... this. To see her husband fucking her own mother like an animal. Seeing her own mother fucking her husband like a whore. How could she do this? She was her mom!

But Sylvia was unlike most mothers, and she was about to prove it.

"You know what the best part is? Haha! Ugh! Fuck!" Sylvia groaned, riding Jon roughly, her body slick with sweat. Her words cut through the sudden onslaught of memories running across Deb's mind, hitting her hardest when she was at her weakest.

"I'm gonna fucking cum..." Jon groaned, showing no mercy as he betrayed his wife brutally.

"I know! Me too, babe!" Sylvia said quickly, her tits bouncing lewdly. Refocusing on her daughter, she kept talking. "You know what the best part is, honey? I'm already pregnant!"

"What?" Deb cried out, shocked, tears flowing down her cheeks.

"Oh my God! Fuck! And this is how he did it! Watch, baby, watch! Watch your husband cum in your mother's cunt!" Sylvia moaned out.

"Fuck! I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna cum in your slut pussy! Yes! Yes! AHHHH!" Jon said, heaving himself up into his mother-in-law right in front of his wife.

"Yes! Yes! Ahhhh!" she groaned, her tits bouncing lewdly as she came hard.

"FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! I love it! This is so much better than it is with Deb! Ahhh! Yes!" Jon groaned. Deb watched as her husband's balls flexed as his shaft pumped wad after wad of thick cum into his wife's mother's pussy. He kept humping into her as he came, cumming inside of her in such great volume that his sperm began leaking out of her. At this sight, Deb broke.

"AHHHHHHH!" Deb screamed out, her spirit being broken by this wicked filth. The fucking couple did not stop, riding out their orgasms on the wave of her ultimate humiliation. Deb collapsed onto her back, catatonic. She did not have the strength to look at her mother's sweaty naked form, or her husband's fit, handsome body, a body she would never get to touch again. Her gaze fell beyond them, to the dangling bit of mistletoe, hanging in the air, an innocent symbol hanging above such unholy corruption.

And suddenly...

FLASH!

One more memory, but... it wasn't a memory. It was a vision. Even in her current state, a vision of the future flashed across the young wife's mind. It was as if the same force that was inducing visions of the past to rise in her mind was allowing her a small glimpse into the future. Deb could see everything.

Jon and her mom, married. Rings on their fingers. The rock on Sylvia's ring far larger than the one Deb got from him.

FLASH!

Sylvia's belly expanding with the child growing inside her. And through it all, Sylvia and Jon kept fucking and fucking and fucking, unable to keep their hands off of each other.

FLASH!

Jon and Sylvia, in domestic bliss, raising their baby together. Jon looking happier than Deb had ever seen him. And her mom... she was living in bliss. She couldn't look more pleased with herself.

FLASH!

The two of them at a work function of his, all dressed up, standing in the middle of the fray, holding court. No one raising an eyebrow at seeing this couple, this young handsome stud and this older woman. It was as if they just fit so well together that no one could possibly object.

FLASH!

Jon and Sylvia, naked in bed, their perfect bodies gliding between the sheets as they had sex. As Sylvia got on top of him and rode the young handsome younger man, her new husband, she had stuffed her nipple in his mouth, practically smothering him as she fucked his beefy cock. And Jon looked like he was in heaven, sucking on her tits to his heart's content. But... but he wasn't just sucking on her tits. No. He was... he was nursing from her. Gulping down milk from her absolutely massive, swollen tits! Sylvia was nursing Jon as she fucked him! He looked like he was lost in a state of bliss, sucking on her tits, taking her milk on his tongue and gulping it down, the forbidden concoction empowering him to fuck her even harder.

FLASH!

Sylvia and Jon in front of a Christmas tree, with not just with one baby, but with multiple children. Their family was expanding fast, and they weren't about to slow down. And even on such a busy day, she still found

the time to sneak off into a side-room, pull her top down, and allow Jon to fuck her giant tits roughly till he came all over them. Sylvia knew how to keep her young husband happy, keeping the filth coming as often as possible. Needless to say, they had a GREAT marriage.

FLASH!

Years later. Jon and Sylvia, still together. Still as happy as ever. Now with a whole litter of children in a huge house, Sylvia seemed devoted to them, being a better mother to them than she was to Deb. And Jon... he couldn't look any more content with his life.

FLASH!

Well, there was one way he could look more content. Even so many years later, even after all the children they'd had, even with both being a little older, their appetite for each other never waned. Sylvia would happily fuck Jon into the bed every chance she could. And she did just that, riding the younger man like a total slut as he humped up into her. His hands greedily palming her huge, fleshy jugs as she fucked him, her tight mature cunt coaxing another giant wad of cum from the handsome, well-built younger man into her waiting twat, doing it in just the right way. The way she did better than any woman he'd ever been with. The way she'd continue to do for him for the rest of their lives together...

Deb was catatonic on the floor, confronted with the fact that the deepest betrayal possible had just happened to her, and that the guilty parties were about to have a life of bliss together, achieving a happiness that Deb herself could never reach. And she basked in her failure for what felt like an eternity as it felt like her entire world shifted beneath her.

Chaos ensued from that point. Within weeks, divorces were had, tears were shed, and four lives were sent into upheaval. Deb was a heartbroken mess, and Roger was, well... Roger. But when the dust settled, Jon and Sylvia were together.

Together for good.

And that same family picture that led to the destruction of his marriage was still hung in Jon and Sylvia's new house. But where before, it sent him into his final existential crisis about the life he had before hooking up with Sylvia, now... all he could think about was how huge Sylvia's boobs looked in the photo. Damn. And the fact that she was standing near him in the picture... it just felt fitting. He didn't even see Deb in this picture anymore.

Thanks to Sylvia's efforts, he never questioned himself again.

You might question the motives of Christmas to cause such heartbreak and sadness in someone like Deb. But, the strength and passion of a relationship like the one between Jon and Sylvia was so much more important. Such a powerful connection should always be made a reality, and if some people had to be hurt to make it happen, that toll would have to be paid. Women like Deb's heart would just have to be broken so the power of Christmas could grow, and that power would grow thanks to the strength of the lust and passion that was shared by Jon and his mother-in-law.

Christmas was stronger thanks to people like Jon and Sylvia, and thanks to them, even more people would be caught in its wake.

Not only had Lacey Allen been caught in the wake of change this new Christmas was having on the world, she'd practically been submerged in it. And she'd emerged from this event completely changed, practically a whole new woman. Not only was the past Christmas an eventful day for her, it might have been one of the most important days of her life. If you were to split her existence in twain, that Christmas Eve encounter with Bruce was where that cleavage would be.

For as kind and sweet and good-hearted of a person as she was, you would think she would be guilt ridden and ashamed for cheating on her husband with that old brute, that mean, nasty motherfucker. But... she wasn't. Well, part of her felt a little guilty for betraying her husband and taking

part in such filth, but mostly, she felt... free. Even though she was a young woman in her early twenties, at times, it felt like she wasn't taken seriously as an adult. There was something about her, maybe her kindness and positivity, or maybe her sweetness and innocence, that made people look down at her. Not respect her, or at the very least, not take her seriously. Even though she was a grown woman, she often felt like a kid in a room with adults.

Not anymore.

After her encounter with Bruce, there was something indefinable inside of her that changed. An aura almost, a glow that emanated from her. There was something about her that was different now, a womanly, mature confidence. And people responded. Where before, people kinda treated her as inferior, they now treated her as an equal. She was one of them now. She was no longer seen as a young girl in a sea of adults.

She was a woman.

Getting her brains fucked out by a real man, having her hot body used in a very adult way by a real fucking asshole of a man... it washed away any naivete that might have emanated off of her before. Her husband, Derrick, had always treated her respectfully and delicately, allowing her to live in her innocent little bubble well into her twenties. But in her encounter with Bruce, she was roughly pulled out of her bubble and into the real world as it truly was, a rough and brutal world. And in doing so, she was harshly introduced into the world of hard fucking. And surprisingly enough, she enjoyed it far more than she ever imagined possible. She was treated crudely, like a complete and total whore, and she absolutely loved it.

She'd seen the shit now. She'd done the things that confident, hyper-attractive adults do. With that, she'd gained an aura of sexual confidence and liberation that made her feel like she was truly an adult now. Living in her innocent bubble with her husband, she was protected in a world where love and happiness, optimism, cheerfulness and friendliness were all that mattered. Now, she had stepped out of that bubble into a world of selfishness, pleasure, sin, and intense, brutal fucking... and to her surprise, she fit right in.

She felt like a changed woman from that day forward, walking with a pep in her step and a confidence in her heart. Her husband, her sweet, kind

husband... she still loved him, of course. But he was still in that bubble, and she had moved well beyond that now. She didn't want to hurt him by cheating on him, but after experiencing what she had, after being shown a type of pleasure she never knew possible... there wasn't a chance she was going back into that bubble. There was so much out of the bubble to explore, and she'd just touched the surface. Derrick was so kind and supportive... deep down, if he could have experienced that same epiphany that she had, then she just knew he would support her exploring it some more. He wasn't capable of giving that type of pleasure to her or experiencing that type of pleasure period. But she was, and his kindness and trust were going to allow her to experience this new world. So in his own way, he was supporting her.

It took a couple weeks for her to sort out her true feelings on what had happened, but once she made her peace with it, she couldn't ignore the desires burning from deep inside her. Desires implanted deep inside her by her encounter with Bruce. She couldn't stop thinking about it... fantasizing about it... till one fact became undeniable: she wanted to do it again, she needed to experience that pleasure again, and she knew just where to get it.

She was practically gleeful a few weeks after Christmas when she bundled up and flounced down the street, ready to take action. Her husband was gone for the day, she'd kept one eye out the window all day, and her nipples tightened when she saw Bruce pull into his driveway. Excitedly, she walked quickly towards his house. Her day with Bruce was the most monumental day of her life, and she just knew that old man would be over the moon to see her come back to him despite his rough treatment of her previously. Knocking at his door, she was practically bouncing with excitement. Finally, the door was pulled open and there stood the old man, looking down at her, standing tall, dressed in a pair of jeans and a flannel shirt which highlighted his tall, imposing, muscular frame. Her pussy dripped at the sight of the man who'd so rocked her world, and she beamed up at him.

"Hi!" she gushed, giggling. "I'm, uh... I'm back!" she effused. She was surprised to see his expression, as he looked almost unaffected by her presence. "Can, uh... can I come in?" she said, smiling.

"Ugh..." he grunted, rolling his eyes, and before she could react, he stepped back quickly and slammed the door in her face. She jumped at the loud

noise of the door slamming shut, and she took a step back, red-faced, almost embarrassed at being rejected. What? Why would he turn her down? Their encounter was the most impactful day of her life, and to him, it was seemingly nothing. Something that was easy to turn down a repeat experience of. Was she just another slut to him? Did she mean that little? No... he was not gonna turn her down. She was not just another slut! Screwing up her courage, she turned on her heel and headed back home, a plan in mind.

Lacey learned an important lesson right then. No more cute, smiley, friendly shit. If she was gonna be in the game, if she wanted to experience these very adult things, she needed to act like an adult. She needed to own it. She needed to make her intentions clear.

Less than an hour later, she marched back towards the older man's house. Instead of her heavier, poofy winter coat, she wore a thinner, longer overcoat. It didn't protect against the cold as much as the other one did, so she was shivering as she walked, but she was focused on the goal. This time, she knocked at the door a lot more insistently than before, and she was greeted by the same unimpressed face as Bruce opened the door again, looking down at the young woman standing in front of him. This time, no giggles and cute greeting. She looked up at him, her face wearing a hardened tone, one unusual for her. Making sure she had his attention, she pulled open her overcoat, revealing what she was wearing underneath.

Beneath her coat, she was wearing that fateful lingerie set he'd made her wear the first time, the red, lacy bra and the tiny thong. The red bra struggled to contain her massive jiggling tits, and the thong barely covered up anything. The rest of her was left exposed. Her fit belly. Her sexy navel. Her long legs. The only other thing she had on were the pair of tall, fluffy boots on her feet, the one safeguard she had against the cold. She stood there facing him, coat pulled open, giving this old man a primo view of her hot body again. She stared into his eyes as she exposed herself for him like this, and she could see a flash of heat and the smallest hint of a smile cross his lips.

This time, she was granted re-entrance into Bruce's house.

This was the beginning of the new and improved Lacey. It started with Bruce. Living in close proximity, and knowing what it took to gain his

attention, it didn't take long before the young wife and the evil old man were fucking on a regular basis. She still didn't even like the guy. He was a gruff, unpleasant, unlikeable asshole. But god damn, she was probably more attracted to him than she was to any other man. Knowing what he was capable of... what he could do... the pleasure he could bring her... even the thought of him would make her pussy wet and her nipples hard. They weren't friends, and there certainly wasn't any emotional bond between them.

They just had sex. Lots and lots of sex.

Submitting to the older man's mercy, stripping off her clothes and letting him have his way with her, he took her to new depths of lust. That first time, she was completely overwhelmed by the dominant older man. But as she gained experience and knowledge, she learned to give it back to him a bit. The young, blonde wife quickly got used to the rough, intense, hardcore fucking, and her pussy began to need more, needing it even harder and faster to get the pleasure she needed. The sensation of his massive weapon filling her up was almost dreamlike. Her tight throat got used to swallowing his large dick, to the point where she could easily inhale his thick, lengthy meat up to the balls every time. And her tight asshole learned to crave being stuffed with cock, allowing her to enjoy getting ass-fucked harder and harder.

As her body got used to taking his dick, she got better at pleasuring him, acting like the nasty slut he treated her as. She would ride him like a total whore, using her tight cunt to drive the older man crazy. She would slam her ass back into him as he fucked her tight asshole, screaming out in pleasure, screaming out every curse word she could think of. She would use her talented mouth to drive him crazy, teasing him, taking him to the edge, making his balls swell with need. And she would use her massive, double-F tits to drive him crazy.

Bruce loved her big tits. His hands would always be on them every chance he got, squeezing them roughly with his big masculine hands. And she began to use them as the weapons they were. She would press them into his face every chance she could, drowning the evil old man between her soft, immaculate tits. And she could now expertly titty-fuck the old man's big cock, using the crevasse between her soft, succulent tits to make even this hardened, experienced man beg for release. But she got used to teasing him, drawing out his pleasure, using her hot body to drive him into

an almost berserk, lust-crazed state. Fucking this old man had turned her from a sweet, sunny, kind young woman into a confident, sexy, cock-teasing minx.

And the men of Deerberg would thank the old Bruce for this most important service he'd provided.

Lacey and Bruce would fuck often. When she was in need, which was getting more and more often, she would make her way over as soon as she had the chance. And very occasionally, he would summon her, either through a non-verbal look shared between neighbors, or even a demanding text. But as stated before, they weren't really friends. But due to the regular sex they shared, a bond between them to begin to grow, a small affection from him for her, and a grudging, sexual respect from her to him. They were fundamentally rivals in a lot of ways because he stood for so many things she was against. But they were rivals who fucked, as filthy, brutal sex was the one thing those two had in common.

Lacey was under no illusion that she was the only girl he was fucking. He'd literally bragged about that fact the same day they'd first hooked up. And now that she knew to look, she would see other cars at his house, other girls showing up at his place, looking for the nasty action Bruce could provide. Lacey's competitive juices would show through at these points, as the next time she fucked Bruce after knowing he'd fucked someone else, she would always try to out fuck the girls that he'd just been with. In fact, she got pretty good at performing for the cameras as well. He'd gotten a more impressive camera setup since the first time they met. Learning where the cameras were, she would put her best foot forward, making sure the cameras got her best angle, highlighting her perfectly formed ass and massive tits. She knew he re-watched his previous conquests, and she wanted the footage of them hooking up to be his favorite.

That being said, she had to confront the fact that she would never get his full attention. He was too much of a stud not to share that big cock with every woman he could get in his grasp. She couldn't blame him for that, knowing how good of a fuck he was. But her appetite began to get too great, greater than she could get from Bruce. Not that he was incapable of satisfying her, far from it. It was just that he was too busy with all his other conquests that she couldn't get enough of him. She remembered promising him during that first fateful encounter that he owned her tits, that his hands would be the only ones that get to squeeze her giant boobs. And in

a certain sense, he did own her tits and her body, and the stake he had in her body would never go away. But now, after being so fundamentally changed by Bruce, she realized she had a body that was meant to be savored by men, and if he couldn't give her his complete attention, she would have to find that attention elsewhere.

Her time with Bruce had changed her outwardly. She dressed better, wearing tighter, more expensive clothing that better highlighted her hot ass and giant, double-F tits. She also got really into the buying slutty underwear, sexy bras, tiny thongs, and wicked g-strings. Thanks to Bruce's recommendation, she got really into the 'Mrs. Claus' branded lingerie, as it seemed best suited to accentuate her assets. Bruce, in many ways, had taught her how to best highlight her body, and she had taken to his lessons well. On top of her evolved wardrobe, her confidence had been taken to the next level, which added to her sexiness and appeal. She was clearly a woman who knew how to handle herself now, who knew what she liked and what she wanted. She now knew how to flirt and tease without being over the top about it. Derrick was all over her, loving these changes in her despite not knowing the source. He wasn't about to question a good thing. But unfortunately for him, she was getting a lot more attention from other men as well.

Lacey, even before Bruce, was so incredibly gorgeous and sexy, with a crazy hot body and an infectious personality, that she always attracted attention. Most of the times, it was unwanted attention, with meathead jocks or dirty old men hitting on her in very crass, obvious ways, making it easy to object. But now, with the brand new her, she was getting attention from even more men, and this time, it wasn't so unwanted. Luckily for her, her time with Bruce had given her a sixth sense at being able to separate the men who had normal lustful thoughts for her and the type of men who could absolutely demolish her tight cunt in the way she so desperately needed.

She worked full time for a decently sized charity to help the underprivileged and to ensure that low-income families always had food on their plates. Sometimes, her work would entail doing some physical work, packing up boxes full of goods, setting up tables for events. She wasn't that delicate as to fear getting her hands dirty. Other times, she would meet up with major local businesses to request partnerships, sponsorships, and future events. This is what Lacey ended up doing a lot of the time, because, just... just look at her. She was so stupidly attractive that she could get just about anyone on board to whatever cause she was selling. She wasn't blind to this fact, but she had always figured that it was all for a good cause, so

she would work her charms for the sake of charity, at least to certain limits. And she had done a really good job at it so far. But now, in her fully evolved form, she was downright dangerous.

Her first encounter beyond Bruce was with a man she met with at a nearby company. He was a well-dressed smooth operator, in his mid-thirties, very slick and corporate but not too much to be off-putting. He was very polite and professional, but she could feel his eyes taking the occasional glance at her huge breasts, hidden behind a nice button up top. She could tell he thought she was hot, and that allowed her to win him over with her seasoned sales pitch.

She'd dealt with guys like him, and they always thought their good looks were enough to win any girl over. She appreciated that he wasn't spitting out lame, obvious pickup lines, expecting his looks to pick up the slack. She didn't just want some brainless meathead driven by his dick. She didn't just want some guy to come up to her and grunt out that he wanted to fuck her. She wanted a man that had the confidence and skills where he could convince her to fuck him. She thought at first that Bruce was that first type of man, a thickheaded old perv, but she didn't realize he was of the latter type till it was too late, at least for her fidelity.

But this guy, the one she was meeting with... he was smooth. He wasn't obvious about it, but their silent communication made his desires clear. She'd been hit on by this type of guy before, and she'd always easily rejected them, but now, she'd gained a new appreciation for this type of guy. She enjoyed his slow seduction, and she appreciated the fact that he was able to do it while carrying out their meeting, making little comments here and there, making his desires known without being too forward about it. They did business, worked things out, and it was only when they were finished when he became more upfront about it.

"So... do you want to do it here, or do you want to get a hotel room?" he asked with a confident grin. If he had led with this she would have soundly rejected him. But he'd shown a discipline and patience that she very much approved of, putting in the work. So, exhaling, coming to grips with the fact that she was about to cheat on her husband with a second man, she replied with that warm, sunny smile of hers.

"We can do it here!"

So, they did it right there in his office. She rode his big cock on the couch, moaning like a slut as he fucked up into her hard. And in doing so, they cemented not only their business relationship, but the occasional, bi-monthly 'check-in', just to affirm everything between them was going well. Or, to affirm that she could take his big dick just as well as the first time. Luckily for him, she was only getting better and better.

She also met with the business exec from a pro football team. She wasn't a sports fan in the slightest, but these teams had deep pockets, and getting in with them would be huge for her charity. There wasn't a team particularly close to Deerberg, so she had to make a multiple hour drive to meet him at his offices. He was an older man, closer to Bruce's age, but where Bruce was rough and blue collar, this guy was slick and corporate. And where Bruce was this giant of a man, this guy was slimmer and not quite as tall as old Brucey. But he was very fit, as he no doubt had some personal trainer keeping him in good shape.

This guy was all confidence though, and as he showed her through the facility, detailing all the success he and the team had, he had almost made her a fan of the team. He just had a way about him, a way of telling stories with passion, using his deep, self-assured voice... she realized then he could probably talk a girl into anything. That was further evidenced at the point where the cheerleaders walked by them, fresh off practice. A bunch of them waved at the man she was meeting with excitedly, but a few of them gave the stink-eye to Lacey, as if jealous. When they were done, he commented on that.

"Sorry about that..." he stated. "I can't lie, I've, uh... dated... quite a few of those girls," he said casually, as if this older exec dating these super-hot cheerleaders was a normal thing. And Lacey suspected, they probably weren't exactly 'dating'. "I was the one who usually ended up breaking it off with them, but... some of them still text me, you know? Wanting to restart things. They probably think you're my new girlfriend. Sorry," he stated. God, this guy was bagging cheerleaders, and he was the one breaking it off with them? And he had them so enraptured with him that he was the one fighting off their advances? This guy must be something special to create that level of obsession.

The longer they conversed, the more she was thinking about him. And he could sense that as well, so he tested the waters, putting his hand on her

lower back as he guided her along. This was a move she normally couldn't stand, as she had gotten very tired of guys doing that with her in her college days. But this, she didn't say a word, giving the confident older man an excited smile when they glanced at each other next, letting him know he was in with a chance. And yeah, he was definitely in.

They fucked roughly over his desk as soon as they got back to his office. They went at it hard, that smooth charm of his replaced by pure animal need. He had her screaming in pleasure as they did it, proving why all those cheerleaders had it bad for him.

Cause he was something special.

Months later, when the team event with their charity actually took place, she had another memorable encounter. They had members of the team helping out, packing away goods and donations to be taken to the needy. And one of the players could not take his eyes off her. Apparently, he was a pretty popular player, but she didn't know that. Even though she didn't need help, he was always there, willing to be the big strong man who lifts heavy things. He wasn't much for words, lacking the charm she typically looked for. Instead, he was purely a physical being, a tall, gorgeous, well-built stud of a man, maybe five or so years older than her. He was very unsubtle with his desire for her, looking at her huge tits through her simple t-shirt, letting his eyes stay glued to her ass, even brushing against her round ass as they worked. She saw him readjusting a very prominent bulge a few times.

She normally chose her affairs selectively, picking a certain type of guy. And while this guy was more of a meathead brute than she normally liked... he was, like, SO hot. Like unfair hot. And she had no doubt that he could handle himself in the bedroom, and handle her in the process. So, breaking her rules a tiny bit, she indulged, allowing him to talk her into heading back to his place.

And wow... just wow.

Sure, he was a textbook definition of a dumb, meathead jock, but damn could he ever fuck. All that athleticism concentrated on one thing, to pleasure her body... it was incredible. He fucked her like a marathon

runner who could sprint the entire time. He barely spoke during the whole thing, other than grunts of pleasure and urging for more, so he couldn't work over her mind in the same way those other guys could. But damn, did he ever handle himself with all the other stuff involved. Just wow. It was an experience, to say the least.

Lacey would always excitedly share her work stories with Derrick. He, unlike a lot of husbands, was always excited to hear them. Sure, she left out all the parts that involved her having sex with other men. But even without that stuff, the stories were interesting enough to hold anyone's attention. It was funny though, when she mentioned meeting this famous football player, her husband mentioned that he was on his fantasy team. She laughed to herself at this, thinking that after what he did to her, he'd be on her permanent fantasy team as well.

She was always happy to explain all the good things her and her organization had done, all these good deeds and impressive events. And Derrick was always happy to hear her out, as were others. She always spoke with such passion about her work that it was infectious.

This was especially evident one time when her and Derrick were out on a date at a restaurant. She was telling one of her work stories, about all the good they were doing, and it caught the attention of an older couple next to them. The man wasn't especially good looking, but he seemed friendly enough, as did his wife. They'd overheard her talking about her charity, and they couldn't help but ask more about it. Lacey was always happy to chat up anyone about her work and make new friends, and while the man she was talking to kept things totally above board, she suspected something else. He gave the occasional glance at her immense cleavage, which sent signals to her that maybe he was simply trying to chat up a sexy woman more than anything else, even in front of his wife. But he participated and seemed interested in her charity. He claimed he own a business that would love to help out. She took his card and promised to meet.

His tone was far different the second time they met. Turns out, their business was very small, a mom and pop owned place that repaired appliances. There wasn't really any crossover with what they did and her work, and judging by the size of the business, they weren't exactly swimming in cash either. And with his wife not around as she visited the back office of their business after they'd closed, the man was far different. His friendly, fatherly veneer was gone, and he would let himself look at the young wife's body without restraint. His cool, unflinching glare reminded

her of Bruce, and it sent shivers through her. She tried to keep things about work, but it became clear he had nothing to offer her there, a fact he admitted. When, mildly annoyed, she asked about why she was even there, he sat back with a confident, evil grin on his face and replied.

"Well," he began. "You were sitting with your husband on a date, and I was sitting next to my wife. I tried to focus on her, but I had this 10 out of 10 babe with tits as big as volleyballs next to me. And now, I've gotten both of our spouses out of the picture, and I've gotten myself alone with you. So... what do you think I want?" he asked, a wolfish smile on his face.

She didn't exactly like being lied to in regard to him helping out with her charity. That being said, she couldn't help but admire the hustle and swagger it took on his part to get her to this spot. He was right... he'd taken a situation where she was with her husband in a private moment and had turned it so it had benefited him. He'd deftly gotten their spouses out of the way so he could be alone with her and her hot body, so he had an impressive arrogance to him. And deep down, she'd suspected something with this guy, even from the start.

So, yes, she was a little annoyed with him. But she did still have sex with him, riding his big, mature cock in his office. And he was a mean one too, being truly rough and demanding with the young wife. The fatherly veneer he'd once had was completely gone thanks to her, and that only drove her wilder with pleasure.

For a woman who'd been so dedicated to her husband before the previous Christmas, she was really good at cheating on him. Being slutty and sharing her hot body with random men really ended up being a natural fit for her. As time went on, she got more and more confident with the new her. When her and Derrick would go out to a social event, and she would wear a form-fitting dress that would highlight her luscious body, she could feel the attention from all the men in the room. And her sixth sense for men who could handle her only grew stronger. Her first time with Bruce and her experiences afterwards had injected with a level of sexiness that made her mouthwatering to those around her. Even without going all the way with all these men, she had what it took to make just about any of them weak in the knees.

She had developed a type, probably formed by her experience with Bruce. Her tastes quickly veered towards older men, as the majority of her experiences had been with them. Some five, some ten, some twenty, some even over thirty years older than her. Experienced, confident older men who knew what they wanted and how to get it just did it for her. And when that thing they wanted was her hot ass, and they had the nuts to back it up, she was typically happy to oblige them. They were so different than her kind, nice, loving husband that it almost made the betrayal feel less potent. If these men were similar to her husband, that would make the betrayal sear more, wouldn't it?

She still hooked up with Bruce whenever she could, and she had all these other encounters with other men too. That's not counting all the flirtatious moments she'd had with other men behind Derrick's back, teasing them with her hot body. But it was surprising to learn that despite all these fantastic encounters she'd had with older men , that maybe her most memorable experience, other than Bruce, was with a younger man.

Derrick worked as a teacher at a pretty nice high school a few towns over from Deerberg. It was a pretty prestigious place, which made it all the more notable that he was able to get a job there teaching physics. He was a really smart guy, and he really deserved this kind of shot. He was the youngest among the faculty, and the new guy, so he was nervous about fitting in at first. But he needn't have worried. He was incredibly friendly and likeable, and he knew his stuff, so he was popular right away with both his coworkers and his students.

Near the end of the school year, there was a big event organized for the senior class. Like a cookout, barbeque type thing, with games and a raffle for prizes. The faculty helped organize it, and it was always pretty fun. Since Lacey was a lot better at organizing big events, Derrick enlisted her to help, and like the good wife she was, she was happy to assist. And honestly, she loved this type of thing, putting events together, so it was no work at all really. When the day came, everything started out smoothly. The faculty typically brought spouses, and since his wife had helped put things together, there was no doubt Derrick was bringing Lacey along.

This, in retrospect, was a mistake.

That mistake was pretty obvious looking back. You put an unknown, smoking hot babe in her early twenties around a bunch of horny, arrogant 18-year-old guys, she was bound to get some attention. She wasn't trying to stand out. She wore a simple, yellow, cotton sundress, being a good professional wife for her husband while being dressed comfortably for an outdoor event. But she was just so fucking hot that a lot of eyes inevitably ended up on her.

She looked incredible. The thin yellow dress was cut in such a way where it showcased the size of her incredible breasts without making her look fat. Instead of the material simply draping off her massive, round boobs, it contoured to her shape, emphasizing the size and roundness of her large bust while highlighting her trim waist. The bottom of the dress was very flowy, allowing her freedom to move, but when she was standing still, the thin material highlighted her heart-shaped ass. It didn't show much cleavage, but with boobs her size, showing a little was unavoidable. Her arms were bare as the dress was held on by straps of material around her shoulders. And the lower halves of her legs were bare too, her feet clad in flip flops, completing the ensemble, looking like a sunny, blonde summer goddess.

A lot of the students were very preppy and cliquey, so they ended up hanging out in small groups during this whole event. A lot of the male students would keep glancing over at Lacey, giving her nervous stares, wondering who this hot babe was gracing them with her presence. She kept her head above it, though, keeping things professional. Other than the whole having sex with other men thing, she was a good, supportive wife, and she was trying not to cause Derrick any problems. And besides... she wasn't too many years removed from having to deal with this type of guy, and with those memories still fresh, she wasn't looking forward to dealing with that type of bro-y, jock, douchebag again.

It was amazing with these high school seniors, Lacey realized. Some of them looked like kids, totally unprepared for what comes next. And some of them looked a few years older than they were, way too confident in themselves, way too assured that everything was gonna go their way. That being said, with what she heard about some of the parents of these students, some of them indeed probably didn't have to worry about their futures.

Lacey kept her head down, sticking close to Derrick, helping where she could. Luckily, there was that natural un-coolness that comes from students talking to teachers, so she was mostly kept out of the fray in terms of interacting with the students. Unfortunately for her, Derrick was the cool teacher, so it wasn't long before a student made his way over. Lacey kept her head down, not paying attention the moment he approached her husband.

"Hey Mr. M..." the student said, coming up to them.

"Hey, Devin!" Derrick said with a warm greeting. "Having fun?"

They chatted amiably for a few minutes about the event, and summer plans, and about class memories, stuff like that. Clearly, this was one of Derrick's students, and they had a friendly relationship. Lacey kept herself busy during this conversation, at least until she was addressed personally.

"So, is this your wife, Mr. M?" he asked with a seemingly friendly smile, and seeing no more avoiding it, she turned to look at the new presence. And almost immediately, she was taken aback.

You know how she was thinking how some of the students look like children, and some of them looked older and more mature than their 18 years? Yeah... this guy, Devin... he was of the latter type.

Lacey was wowed. This young man, this student... he was shockingly hot. Just... wow. Taller, a head taller than Derrick. Lean, fit, and athletic, a Lacrosse player, he seemed to have grown up well, filling out in a way most of his peers hadn't. He dressed very well to highlight his fit, attractive body. On top of that, he was extremely good looking, with a nice tan, deep eyes and a cute smile. He had light brown hair, well-coiffed, showing he put work into his image. He seemed the type, too, kinda having the preppy, semi-douchey air about him. However, the work he put into himself clearly paid off.

So, he was this young, handsome, good looking young man, an 18-year-old, one of her husband's students. She'd dealt with so many guys just like this him when she was that age, not so long ago, but something about him

was different. Something made him stand out from his peers. After taking one look at this young man, she realized something.

She was going to have sex with him.

She tried to shake this thought from her mind immediately. No... no! She couldn't do it with him. He was young, younger than her! Sure, he was 18, but no, she couldn't. She couldn't jeopardize her husband's place in the school by having sex with one of his students! No, maybe she was wrong. Maybe that was a disruptive thought or something. But looking at him, looking into his eyes for the first time, she got those same vibes she got from all those other men she ended up having sex with. The powerful, dominant, alpha men who could fuck her fucking brains out. This preening young douchebag? No... it couldn't be.

She was nothing but polite as her husband introduced them, ignoring all these alarm bells. And Devin was nothing but polite as well. He was definitely a charmer, telling Derrick what a great life he had. He was a great teacher, friendly, and he had this gorgeous wife to go home to. She smiled and thanked him, but those alarms were getting louder. He wasn't too obvious about it, but he was a sweet talker for sure, injecting little innocent comments which communicated that he thought Lacey was a total babe, comments that went by Derrick but sent up flags for the now experienced young wife. He said things to Derrick like "you're a lucky man," and "I bet all the other guys here are envious of you," stuff like that, mixing it into the conversation without being too obvious about it. And when Derrick got called away by the principal, leaving Devin and Lacey alone, that fact became clearer. When they looked at each other again, she spoke up.

"You're a troublemaker..." she said, trying to make her tone firm but ending up coming across more like a flirtatious purr. He grinned at her but acted innocent.

"People say I'm charming," he replied.

"Well, some 'people' might need to get out more," she replied. At this, he held up his hands, smiling.

"No offense, meant, ma'am," he said, sounding full of shit.

"I'm not a 'ma'am'," she replied, smiling, trying to keep things friendly, again probably sounding a bit more flirtatious than intended. "I'm not that much older than you."

"I can tell," he replied. "Makes a guy like me think he has a chance with you..." he teased with a big grin. At this, she rolled her eyes.

"Well guys like you need to realize I'm a married woman, and they wouldn't have a chance," she replied sweetly but decisively, finally getting a hold of herself.

"Hey... I'm better than those other guys," he replied, smirking, looking back at his friends. "They're all conspiring to get one of them to come over here and ask you if your boobs are real. Me..." he said, putting his hand over his heart. "I'm above that sort of thing. I just wanted to warn you in case one of those assholes does something like that."

"Well, it's appreciated," she replied curtly, some of the humor gone from her voice. Sensing that any chance he might have had was gone, he simply nodded and stepped away. She watched him go, about to head back towards his group of friends before getting pulled into a conversation with another teacher.

Lacey had to clear her head. What was wrong with her? She'd dealt with guys like that all the time back in high school and college, easily shooing them away. Yet this cocky prick makes her blood rush? Was this a misfire inside her? Had to be. Devin was SO not her type. Not by a long shot. He was cute, though...

If she had any doubts about his intentions for her, they were answered a little later that day. She was cleaning up in one of the tents when she heard the familiar voice of Devin, finally reconvening with his group of friends behind the tent she was in.

"So, did you ask her?" one his friends asked.

"No! You think I'm fucking stupid?" Devin replied, his tone less polished and slick around his buddies.

"It was your fucking idea, bro!" another friend defended.

"Dude, I'm gonna do one better! I'm not gonna ask her if her tits are fake... I'm gonna get my hands on them and find out for myself!" Devin boasted.

"Yeah... sure," one of his friends said sarcastically.

"Trust me! That bitch knows what she's doing. She's a little tease. Mr. M doesn't know it, but I can tell. She wanted it! She was practically dying to choke on my cock!" Devin stated, but some of his friends seemed unconvinced. "Look at me... these hands are gonna end up on those tits! Trust me... I have a plan. It's gonna happen."

"How'd they look up close?"

"Dude... there are even bigger up close!" Devin said. "Jesus, they're fucking watermelons! I could barely stop staring! And when she talks... they jiggle in just the right way. I mean, God damn... I can't wait to hose down those knockers with jizz. Fuck..." he said to himself.

They soon turned the conversation to other topics before walking away, but Lacey listened to the whole thing. And if there were any questions of her attraction to the smug, arrogant young man, her gushing pussy and rock hard nipples said otherwise.

She really did try to fight against this strange pull towards this cocky young man. She knew it was bad news to do anything with a student at her husband's school. She could just imagine a guy like him bragging to all his buddies about banging his teacher's wife. Sure, she'd had her own fun at her husband's expense, but she did a good job at keeping that stuff removed from her life with Derrick. This would be too much of a risk. Yet, why couldn't she shake this attraction towards him?

She was well cared for in the days and weeks after this meeting, of course, finding satisfaction from her dalliances with Bruce and a couple other guys. But her attraction to that cocky prick was still there, and it was affecting her decision making.

Not long after they first met, he reached out to her online, friending her on Facebook. It would be rude to deny him that, right? And rejecting something like that could raise questions, couldn't it? He was already friends with Derrick on Facebook... it would be weird if she rejected him. So she allowed it, vowing not to engage with him, planning only to be friendly. But he was not on the same page. As soon as they became friends, he would start sending private messages, being flirtatious but not overdoing it, hoping not to push her away. He only turned it up a bit in an effort to get her to reply back, and even her curt urging for him to cut it out was a victory in his mind.

The ice broken, she would talk back to him every so often, often telling him to stop, but he was so damn persistent that her tone softened. He was working so hard to get in her pants that she couldn't help but allow him a grudging respect. It didn't take long for their tone to turn more conversational, despite her previous efforts. At some point, he got ahold of her phone number, but she swore she didn't give it to him. So, their conversation soon went solely to texting. And despite still telling herself that she wasn't gonna do anything with him, that it would be too huge a risk to hook up with him and that she didn't even like him, she was texting with him back and forth all the time, far more than she did with Derrick.

They were texting so often that it became impossible to fully hide her attraction towards him, despite her best efforts. Even her dismissals of him were tinged with flirtation, and she couldn't say that she wasn't enjoying herself. The subtle teasing and flirting soon became more overt. They started sending pictures to each other, fully clothed but still teasing. This evolved into more revealing pictures, him in swim trunks, her in a very revealing bikini she'd never worn for Derrick. This was a slippery slope, she told herself, knowing where this was going. But she couldn't slow things down. Eventually, they were just sending full-on nudes to each other, him exposing his big hard cock and giant swollen balls to her. And her exposing her perfectly formed, heart-shaped ass and her giant, bare tits for him. Despite all her efforts at trying to stop this early on, they were on a one way track to one thing, and nothing could stop that now. Lacey's

first thought after seeing Devin that very first time was that she was going to have sex with him. And her premonition had been proven accurate.

Lacey and Devin finally had sex.

Lacey didn't want to like it. She really didn't. She told herself it was all about getting him out of her system. But unfortunately for her, he was really, REALLY good in bed. Like... holy shit, how could a guy his age be so fucking incredible? He had this long, smooth, deeply-veined dick that seemed like it got extra hard when it got ready to go. And that made it all the more fun to take down her throat and deep inside her tightest of holes. He showed a ferocity and experience that more than matched up with some of the older men she'd hooked up with. And in the same way that she knew upon meeting them that she knew they were gonna end up having sex, she knew after their first time that they would be doing it again.

There was something about fucking a man who was supposed to be, in a way, a subordinate of her husband's. Derrick taught this guy from his position as teacher, not knowing that he'd gotten a lot further with his wife than Derrick ever had. Derrick had never fucked Lacey up the ass. Derrick had never slid his cock into her cleavage. Derrick had never even cum on his wife's tits. But Devin had.

There was something just so funny about talking to her husband on the phone while in one of his student's bedroom. Her husband on the other end of the phone, unable to see her, asking her when she'd be home, thinking she was at an event with some friends. Alone with her, Devin could see her exposed for what she really was, walking around as she put herself back together, wearing only a tiny thong and a matching lacy bra. He was getting a view that most men would kill for, a better view than her husband ever got. It only turned her on more.

Devin had done everything he'd boasted he'd do. He'd fucked Lacey. He'd gotten his hands on her massive tits, squeezing them to his heart's content. He'd made her scream at the end of his cock. And he'd done it so well that she wouldn't even care if he bragged about it to all his friends. She didn't care if he told them that he stuck it to Mr. M's smoke-show of a wife. Devin was that good.

Remember, this was the woman who mere months prior was damn near saintly. But that first encounter with Bruce had injected her with

something. Not just heaping amounts of big, thick, cock. Not just heaping amounts of hot cum. This kind, angelic young lady had had a bit of evil injected into her veins. And for a woman who was practically angelic, it was shocking to see how much evil suited her. How much she relished being a dirty, cheating, thong-wearing slut, who got off on betraying her own loving husband in increasingly risky ways. She enjoyed spending money, so she could dress up increasingly revealing, looking like the teasing minx she was. And she acted the part as well, perfecting her skills of teasing and flirting.

As time went on, she was screwing more and more men on the side. But most of them were spur of the moment, one-time hook-ups. The men she fucked most often were Devin and Bruce. With Devin, she probably had the most fun, but there was nothing like fucking Bruce. The older man took her to her limits like no one else could, and as time went on, she got better and better at pleasuring that evil old bastard. She had become a nasty, wicked little slut, and anyone that thought they knew her would be shocked at what she was getting up to in her free time. But despite this slow corruption of her person, one thing about her was still true. There was one thing that would never change.

She still loved Christmas!

It was only during Christmas where she behaved like the Lacey of old, acting sweet and kind and angelic. It was ironic that this holiday that brought out the best in her was also what led to her corruption. She acted all sweet and bouncy and friendly when discussing Christmas plans with her friends or with Derrick, but none of them saw the 'Mrs. Claus' branded thong threading between the cheeks of her perfect ass. None of them saw the tiny lace 'Mrs. Claus' branded bra struggling to contain her massive udders. None of them realized that she was very much on the naughty list this year.

Her reputation for loving Christmas gained some attention, as did some of the things she did with her free time, to the point that 'North Pole' reached out to her. For years, Lacey did not like this company, thinking them as being shady and corrupt and not good for their community. But a rep from 'North Pole' came out to meet with her, and she shocked Lacey by offering her a high paying job as a 'Christmas Ambassador', spreading the good word. The rep said that word of her Christmas spirit was out there, and that she heard Lacey had gotten through to people who hated Christmas,

like Bruce, and they hoped that she would be able to do it again. The implication was that this was told to her by Bruce himself, but the rep had heard this from... other sources. Sources higher up the ladder at 'North Pole.'

It seemed crazy, but Lacey was actually considering it. This would obviously would take her from her current job, but Christmas was almost the best good she could do. Christmas was her favorite thing in the whole world, and embracing that as her job did sound like a dream come true. She had gotten through to a guy like Bruce, and there were probably plenty of men like Bruce that needed to be taught the spirit of Christmas too. Plenty of big, strong, hard men like him. That experience with Bruce was the most important one of her life, and the thought of repeating it, doing everything she could to spread the good word of Christmas... that felt like her true calling.

Suddenly inspired, Lacey accepted the job.

And with that... sweet, kind, angelic Lacey Allen no longer worked for a charity. She now worked for the bloated, corrupt 'North Pole' company she'd once sworn herself against. She was now on board with the people spreading their corruption through their Christmas spirit. Her hot body was about to be put to a far greater use than it ever had before. This Christmas angel had become a Christmas slut, spreading her legs to spread Christmas cheer.

And she was only going to get naughtier...

Old Brucey had already long cemented his place on the naughty list, and that wasn't gonna change.

Bruce hadn't changed one iota since the previous Christmas. If anything, he had gotten worse. He still fucked as many women as he could, whichever ones were foolish enough to fall into his orbit and into his grasp, close enough for him to seduce.

Lacey... she was more fun than most, he had to admit that. It was fun breaking her down and changing her, making her into the slut she was born to be. And with her living so close by, it made it easy to hook up with her regularly. He normally preferred not to return to the same girl again, always looking for a new slut to pleasure his cock with. They were always better the first time, and he always enjoyed that... transformation... that comes the first time a girl truly gets her brains fucked out. But Lacey was close by, and whenever he didn't have a girl on the docket, or if he was frankly feeling lazy, he'd shoot her a text and wait for the little minx to come bouncing over and drain his nuts in just the way she knew how. But he kept at it, fucking other girls every chance we could, which for an old bastard like him was shockingly often.

The big change for him was in how he recorded his misadventures. The previous Christmas, he'd been gifted a ton of really excellent recording equipment, far better than the older stuff he'd been using. He didn't know who gave it to him, and part of him even wondered if there was actually some sort of Christmas entity out there who'd provided this to him. It seemed silly and stupid to actually think Santa was real, but these gifts, suddenly paired with him giving in and putting up some decorations for the first time, made him think that this silly theory was actually possible. Nevertheless, he was gonna reap the benefits of this windfall.

Suddenly, he was able to record in HD quality, with perfect sound and different angles. Now, he had shockingly clear footage of all these gorgeous, huge-breasted women surrendering to his unyielding, masculine charms. He was so excited by this brand new footage that he even came to calling up old hookups, just to get their hot naked bodies in HD. Most of them would do anything for another fuck with old Brucey, not caring that they were being recorded. Some women, like Lacey, took to the camera like a natural, acting like little porn stars for his benefit.

He took a strange sense of pride in the footage he recorded, to the point he started releasing some of the footage online, where he started to gain a bit of a following. There was clearly a market for an old brute like him fucking the living daylights out of model-hot sluts, and the hungry masses ate up the footage, begging for more.

He didn't really bother getting permission from the women involved. They knew they were getting recorded, and he imagined that even if he did ask,

they would say yes. They would agree to anything to get to his cock again. That was the type of hold he had over them.

But he was mistaken in one case. Or, at least... one specific case did end up blowing back on him a bit. He'd fucked this young chick, the daughter of some prominent city official. His daughter had had the time of her life, but that didn't matter to the official. If it got out that this was his daughter fucking some old guy online like a total whore, it would go against the image he had cultivated. They tried to get Bruce to take the video down, but he ignored them. Sure, he would make one guy happy taking it down, but they were plenty of men and women online that would be very disappointed if one of his videos ceased to exist. Eventually, the officials did some sleuthing, and found out that Bruce was the one in the footage. And they found out where he lived.

That's how that man's wife came to his doorstep.

The father was too prominent to deal with this kind of business himself, so he sent his wife. His wife was just as snotty as he was, religious and moralistic and all that boring shit. So, Bruce had to listen to this woman preach and yell about the sinning being committed here, how he took advantage of her daughter, etc. Bruce smiled inwardly... he did not take advantage of that young woman. Not in the slightest. She was more aggressive than he was, even.

The only plus was that the mom was as smoking hot as the daughter was. The mom couldn't have been over forty, and if so, just barely. Meaning despite all religiousness, this bitch had gotten pregnant young to have a legal-aged daughter. She looked just like the daughter too, long black hair, tanned skin, huge tits, a perfect ass, a naturally bitchy look on her face. She was dressed well, in a feminine business suit, and an expensive one by the looks of it and how it flattered her figure. Bruce couldn't help but wonder if she'd take to his cock just as much as her daughter had.

Bruce barely paid attention, watching some of his newest footage on screen. Lacey was the one there, riding his big cock furiously, moaning like a total slut. Damn, she'd really become something special.

"Listen, can you turn that off??" the mom said angrily, trying not to look at the screen. "I don't need to see you fucking some blonde whore!" Bruce smiled inwardly again. A few months prior, Lacey had been so uppity and kind and sweet, and she'd been in that same position, judging the girls on screen, thinking they were sluts and that she was above that kinda thing. But now, Lacey was the whore on screen being judged by this one, this uptight bitch who was clearly dying for some good dick.

"Why did you come here?" Bruce asked calmly.

"I want you to take down that disgusting footage of my daughter!" she demanded. "I don't know how you talked her into such sinning... we go to church. We're pillars of the community. She's not that type of girl!" At this, Bruce shook his head.

"That's not why you came here," he began, staring her down. "I know women like you. I bet, under all that church-shit, beyond all those morals and ethics... I think you're a huge fan of my work..."

"What!? No..." she said, completely taken aback.

"What... you didn't let your eyes drift to my other videos when you saw what me and your daughter did together?" he asked. "You didn't become a fan of how I can make little sluts scream in pleasure? You didn't become of a fan of seeing my big dick plowing into hot women?"

"No... no..." she replied, shaking her head.

"Oh... you were already a fan of my videos?" he asked, arrogantly.

"What? No..." she defended herself, nervously.

"You didn't leave comments on my videos, telling me to give it to those bitches harder? You weren't drooling over my cock, burning with jealousy that it wasn't you? Is that why you sought me out, instead of one of your

hubby's interns? Was this too big of a job for them. Hahaha..." he said, laughing to himself.

"No... you're... you're disgusting! Your whole channel is disgusting!" she said, nipples hard through her dress shirt. He smirked and stood up.

"I tell you what..." he began. "I can prove it..."

Calmly, he began to unbutton his pants, lowering them to expose his underwear-clad bulge. This was the point where most women, the ones who were trying to pretend they weren't after his cock, would stop him. Lacey stopped him at this point. A lot of other girls stopped him at this point.

This one didn't.

The city official was furious a few days later as his advisors brought him news of the new video Bruce had just posted. One of him fucking the official's wife. His wife was screaming and moaning as she took his huge cock in her married pussy, screaming out about how much she was loving it, how he was so much bigger than her husband.

This video caught more attention in local circles, to the point where the official had to resign from office in shame and move away, the women of his life betraying him by fucking the same old bastard. He had never felt so low.

Bruce didn't pay his plight much mind. His wife was far more interesting. She was even better in bed than the daughter was. Sure, she was a bit older than most of his conquests, but she was well worth it, acting like a complete slut for him, taking to his cock well, to the point where she earned a repeat invitation back for multiple rounds of fucking. And if she wasn't a fan of his videos before, she certainly was after, openly commenting on his videos, publicly making it known that she was a huge fan of what he did with all those other sluts. And she wasn't alone. More and more people were becoming a fan of this evil old man's life's work.

Unbeknownst to him, his activities had caught some attention from some of the higher ups at 'North Pole'. Without him knowing why, he'd been suddenly promoted to a better position, one that put him in closer proximity to more gorgeous women, not only from his own work, but more importantly, women visiting from other companies, ones 'North Pole' was working out deals with. He'd reaped the benefits a few times, fucking a lot of the women from these other companies, to the point where he wondered if the higher ups at the 'North Pole' plant would catch on and put a stop to it. When they didn't have these visitors coming in, he kept fucking these hot young things that he worked with. Part of him wondered if maybe he had affected any business deals with his actions. Some part of him even wondered if he was maybe even helping facilitate these deals, and that's why he was put in the position he was. To turn these gorgeous, professional young women into cum sluts, allowing 'North Pole' to reap the benefits. If they knew what he was doing, all professional decency would require they fire him on the spot. But funnily enough, the 'North Pole' higher ups turned a blind eye. It was as if someone up there liked him...

So, a year later, you might wonder what Bruce was doing for Christmas. Sure, he would put up decorations, hoping to get rewarded in the same way he had been the year prior. (He would.) But beyond that, he'd probably be doing the same thing he did during the last one.

Fucking some gorgeous slut.

He was really beginning to enjoy Christmastime.

Chapter Twelve

Epilogue 2: The fate of the Calvorson's

For some, like old Bruce, the changes that were emanating from this evolved version of Christmas encouraged their already existing bad behaviour, strengthening their place on the naughty list for good. But for some, the events of the previous Christmas were the beginning of something, the beginning of their descent towards the naughty. For some, who'd lived their life on the nice list for so long, this caused major upheaval. And if you want to see an example of how this new Christmas can completely upend people's lives and completely change the trajectory of not only one destiny, but many destinies, all you have to do is look at the Calvorsons.

Dale Calvorson tried his best to make up for the huge mistake he'd made last Christmas. He'd always been a loyal, truthful, honest type of guy, so he was still in disbelief that he'd actually done what he'd done. He'd cheated on his wife! He'd betrayed their marriage! And it wasn't like he'd fallen for someone, caught feelings for her, and slowly fallen in love with her. There was nothing emotional about it. No, two gorgeous teasing young minxes showed up at his mother's house while everyone else was out, and he'd fucked them both. He could still barely understand how it had happened.

It all just went so fast. One minute, those girls were standing in front of him, singing in the cold. The next, he was up in his old bedroom, having sex with the both of them! How did things go so far? He remembered how they looked so stunningly gorgeous in their winter wear, their good looks standing out in the cold, as did their perfect bodies. They were singing with their pretty, sexy voices. Then, they changed the words in the Christmas songs they were singing, warping them to fit their needs. Then, they got closer and closer, too close for comfort, close enough for their words to affect him. Close enough for them to flash their massive breasts at him, weakening his defenses. They closed in around him before he knew it, and by the time he regathered himself, it was too late. He had fucked both of these evil little minxes, and they had video evidence of the indecent act. They had him by the balls, and because of that, they'd extorted money out of him, both for themselves and the Church who sent them. It was only then that they left, leaving their numbers behind in case he wanted to make contact again.

Obviously, he would never be doing that. It was insane for them to even think he would do so. He wasn't a foolish man. What he'd done with them... it was an aberration. A weak moment. Nothing more. He would not be making the same mistake again.

Dale gave no outward sign of his inner conflict. He carried on as if all was normal, and since he wasn't exactly an emotive individual, no one suspected that anything was off. He carried on as if all was normal, and for the most part it was. He did his best to push the memories of that day away, trying not to dwell on it and drive himself crazy. But sometimes, late in the evening when he was tired and worn down, at home with his wife, another night in the doldrums of his dull domestic existence, his attention would be drawn elsewhere, images from that fateful morning flashing across his mind's eye. The things those girls did... the things they said... their faces... their bodies. Their perfect asses... their massive breasts. In these moments, despite his anguish, his cock would lurch in his pants, and the events of that day would just for a minute not seem so bad. And for a split second, he would almost consider calling them up, the thought of reliving that day too tempting to resist. But then Dale would catch himself, stamping these thoughts down, refocusing on the task at hand, reminding himself that no matter how pleasurable that all seemed in the moment, it was not worth all this guilt.

He recommitted himself to his family, hoping to make up for the betrayal he had taken part of. He tried to push himself out of his comfort zone and do things that his wife and daughter would enjoy. Dale wasn't known to be the most gregarious guy in the world, so being forced to be a bit more outgoing was a good thing. He typically didn't have a lot of patience for things that he wasn't super interested in, so it took a bit of effort for him, but considering what he'd done, he knew he had to try.

With his wife Paula, he volunteered to go along with her to this big crafting convention she'd always wanted to go to. He'd always begged off or found some reason to say no. But he tagged along, pretending to be interested, and despite his earlier protests to it, he actually ended up having a good time, gaining some knowledge he knew he'd never use but was nonetheless somewhat interesting.

With his daughter Tricia, it took a bit more work. Their relationship had been a bit more fraught than it used to be, as she had grown up and gotten a little more difficult. Sure, she didn't have the best time with school and

fitting in with her peers, he understood that. And she blamed a lot of that on Dale's cheapness and not giving her the childhood she could have had. And to be honest, it was probably fair. He'd devoted his time his and his funds into growing his business and making it even better, and his family at times may have taken a backseat. Considering that he'd rewarded the two sluts who'd made his daughter's teenage life hell by giving them more money in one go than he'd ever given to Tricia... he realized he had a debt to pay.

So, he made a special trip up to visit his daughter at her college. As not to embarrass her by just showing up, he called her and let her know he was coming. They met for lunch, and there he talked to her like the adult she was now. For the first time, he opened up, admitted to his failings with Tricia. Not all his failings, of course. He was taking the Lucy and Kenzie thing to his grave if he could. But, he admitted he hadn't always done the best job with her, but he thought he was doing his best at the time. It was an emotional lunch. Tricia, normally sour and combative, actually cried, and he did too. At the end, he cut her a sizable check, telling her to have fun, but not too much fun, and hopefully they could have a new beginning. She was very happy with this gesture, beyond just the monetary gain, and strangely enough, they were in a better place now than they were before his Christmas mistake.

Beyond that, he threw himself into his work, taking his mind off his guilt and regret. He hoped against hope that the threat that Lucy and Kenzie made, holding the evidence of his infidelity against him going forward and using it to bleed him dry, was just that. A threat. That it was all some big game for them, and once they had their fun, they would just move on. And for a while, he felt vindicated in this thinking. He never heard from them, and he certainly never reached out to them. For a minute, he thought he was in the clear.

Then Lucy showed up at his office.

His offices were pretty nice while not being some overly modern, fancy place. His contracting business was pretty successful, so they wanted to use that to their advantage. They had some decently nice offices and computers for the designers to do their work, and they had a good group of folks in the shop to get stuff ready for whatever jobs they were working on. Dale had his own office, but he usually split his time between it and whatever worksite he was focusing on. He was a hard worker, and often,

he'd be the last one in the offices to leave. This work ethic had served him well for a long time, but in this case, it worked against him.

Usually, he would take this last, quiet hour or so, catching up on emails, planning out schedules, stuff that was easier done with few distractions. He was enjoying the peace and quiet, always being one to savor the quiet moments in life, especially with so much chaos in his life recently. And that was why he was caught completely off guard when there was a knock at his open office door. He looked up, and he was almost in disbelief as he saw Lucy, one of the girls who'd been haunting his nightmares ever since Christmas.

"Wha..." Dale stammered, not believing what he was seeing.

"Hi!" the brunette said with a big grin, smiling and waving at the married man as she stepped into his office cautiously. She was dressed nicely, a lime green button up top and some slim dark jeans. The top struggled against the young woman's massive jugs, the material stretching around them, the buttons straining not to burst free. She was showing off a healthy amount of skin from her chest, including a hint of her juicy cleavage. The small cross hanging around her neck just coincidentally was lodged between her massive, perky breasts, pulling even more attention down to her cleavage.

A bunch of sensations went through Dale at once upon seeing her. Initially, a rush of excitement at seeing this young woman who'd brought him such pleasure. Just seeing her hot, clothed body in front of him again reminded him that he'd actually done the dirty deed with her, that he'd experienced the type of pleasure a body like that could provide.

Then, all the other emotions hit him like a freight train. The anger, the resentment, the boiling fury at what this little bitch and her friend had done to him and his marriage. The things they had said about his family, his wife and his daughter, the things they had pulled him into... he was quickly filled with anger at seeing her in his presence again.

"What are you doing here?" he said to her angrily, but she was undeterred as she stepped into his office and closed the door.

"Well, we hadn't heard from you for a while, so my boss wanted me to check in..." Lucy said. Dale shook his head.

"What are you talking about?" he said, baffled. "Why would I talk to you again?" At this, Lucy smiled, amused by his confusion.

"Well... we did make a deal," Lucy stated, as if the answer was obvious. "You did agree that you would be showing up to the church regularly, and making donations, and really devoting yourself to our cause. And hon... we haven't seen your handsome face anywhere!" she said in a friendly, teasing tone.

"I'm..." he began, looking at this young woman nervously. "I didn't think..."

"You didn't think we were serious?" she finished. "Yeah... afraid we are." She looked at him for a few moments, studying him, before laughing. "What, you think we're just two sluts wandering around, fucking married men for no reason?" Yeah, he did kind of think that. "Well, I mean, we probably would be doing that anyways, to be honest... but we do have a job to do..."

Casually, she stepped forward and sat down in the chair opposite his on the other side of his desk. He just watched her as she got comfortable in a place she didn't belong.

"My boss... she's an amazing woman. Like... she's so brilliant, and beautiful... she's the best. But... she does have a temper, and when she gets impatient... she gets upset. And I tell you, she has been on our ass lately about you. I keep trying to tell her that it's gonna take a while for you to accept how things have changed, that you love Kenzie and me more than your wife and daughter now, but... she just wouldn't listen!" she said, grinning, the arrogance in her untrue assertion making his blood boil. "So, I told her I'd come down here and make sure you show up this Sunday for services."

"What does it matter? Who cares if I show up to the fucking church?" he asked, crossly.

"You're an influential man, Dale, and our church LOVES influential men." she said, smiling. "You're a rich, successful, handsome man with this big nice office! You're one of the most notable men in Deerberg! Any group would love to have you on board, I'm sure. Our branch of the Church is new, so getting you on board would be huge for us," she stated. "And besides... if you're planning on donating large amounts of cash to our great Church going forward, I'd imagine you'd start wanting to do that in person, wouldn't you?" she said, a veiled threat behind a smile, letting him know that she expected his 'donations' to continue.

"I'm not gonna..." he began, stammering. "You shouldn't be here!" he said, angry at being confronted with the sins of his past. "Someone could see you!"

"All the more reason for you to show up to Church!" she stated. "If you did show up, I wouldn't have to come here to your place of business to get your head in the game." He stewed in his fury, unable to get his mind together. He was normally so in control, but with her and her friend, that went out the window. "And babe... you NEED to get your head in the game. My boss? She's brilliant, like I said, but she can be a real merciless cunt sometimes. She has the video of you... of us..." she said, looking into his eyes, letting the married man know that someone else had the footage of him cheating on his wife with Lucy and Kenzie. He boiled in his chair. "And she is not above blowing your life up if you don't play ball. So... I suggest you do..." the brunette urged him firmly.

His fingers curled into fists reflexively as he tried to process his fury. He was beyond angry at this little whore and her friend for injecting such chaos into his life. Jeopardizing his marriage... his family... everything he'd built himself to be. He could barely contain himself.

"How can you do this?" he asked, looking straight into her eyes, boiling with rage without raising his voice. "How could this be so easy for you, threatening my marriage like this?" Lucy looked back at him, unaffected by his anger. She simply grinned brilliantly.

"Why are you so upset?" she asked, as if the answer wasn't clear. "You had such a good time with us! Babe... you fucked the living daylights out of both of us! We could barely walk straight after that. Baby... you couldn't have asked for better pussy than ours. Two hot young sluts with perfect

asses and huge tits. Two little whores who know exactly how to pleasure that big, hard cock of yours. When you're getting that... what can you be mad about? Looking at your wife, compared to us... I mean, c'mon!" she began, smiling.

At this, she stood up, and began walking around the desk. Despite his fury, he could only watch her approach, and despite himself, his eyes noticed her huge boobs jiggling beneath her top. Before he could react, she pushed his chair back and spun it slightly. Before he could do anything, she planted her ass in his lap, wrapping her arms around his neck, her knees to the side, sitting on him like she was sitting on Santa's lap.

"Oooooo..." she moaned softly, feeling his bulge pressing against her ass. He was only semi-hard, but he wouldn't stay in this halfway state for long.

"You need to leave..." he said, tempering his anger as best as he could, keeping his hands down, away from this teasing minx.

"Why are you upset?" she asked quietly, smiling, undeterred. She puffed her chest out, drawing his eyes to her smooth cleavage, the light glimmering off the cross nestled there. The flesh of her mammoth breasts... they looked so massive. So smooth. So soft. He couldn't believe he'd gotten his hands on such perfection. And being so close to her... he could smell her. God, she smelled good, that unmistakable girlish scent. His mind flooded with memories from their previous encounter. "You had such a good time before. Like... you fucked me balls deep and came inside of me! I think that means you like me, babe. A lot! And, like... you did rim my ass! Haha! You don't just do that for any girl, do you? Haha! I doubt it!" she paused for a minute, grinding her ass against the married man's crotch. Seeing that he was remaining silent, she continued. "Why can't we be friends? Why can't we just hook up every chance we get? Babe... you've got two horny teenage sluts gagging for it! If you did it so eagerly before... why not indulge again? And again... and again?" His anger didn't dissipate in the slightest. But... maybe it was her words... maybe it was being in such close proximity to her mouthwatering body... maybe it was her perfect ass grinding into his lap... but his cock had engorged to full hardness, a fact she was very much aware of. But his anger still prevented him from speaking up.

"What's wrong?" she asked. "Are you still mad? Do you want to punish me? Do you want to spank me, Daddy?" she teased, raising her eyebrows. Lucy had done so much already. Not only had she disrupted his marriage, but she had so much history with his daughter, too. This bitch, and her friend Kenzie, had made Tricia's life a living hell in high school, and the fact that he'd done so much with these evil sluts was about as deep of a betrayal as possible. If Tricia found out that her father had sex with her two biggest enemies... she'd never forgive him. But if that was true, why was he so hard? Why was he letting himself fall under her sway again? Upon seeing her, he'd demanded she leave, but now, she was sitting on his lap, grinding against his married cock, letting her make him rock hard again. What could he do when his cock seemed to be working against him? His mind was working to get rid of her, but his cock was allowing her closer.

He had to focus. He did his best to regather himself and stand up for his wife, his daughter, his family and his marriage. He had to not allow his cock to control things. He had to reject Lucy, reassert himself, and take hold of proceedings. He had to show this little minx that she wasn't in control here. Yet she was the one driving the action, being in so close to him, her girly scent filling his nose as she ground her perfect ass against his cock, her boobs swaying ever so slightly as she teased him. Looking into her teasing eyes, seeing her confidence, he knew what he had to do.

Five minutes later, Dale and Lucy were having rough sex on his desk.

Despite all the things he told himself he'd do if he confronted her again, in the moment of truth, the married man had crumbled, falling under her sexy sway once more. Her close proximity, her sexy perfume filling his nose, her ass driving him crazy, her huge boobs drawing his gaze despite his best efforts. She had him so upset... so on edge. His blood was boiling. His cock was throbbing. The line between hate and lust was razor thin, and her hot body was enough to erase that barrier.

Her ass on the edge of the desk, legs bare, save for the quickly disrobed jeans hanging from her ankle. Her thong was pulled to the side as the married man stood between her legs and drilled her, his cock scooped out of his pants and buried in her tight cunt. His hands had scooped her huge tits out of her top to squeeze and slurp on them, and her arms were wrapped around his neck as she moaned in his ear. This only spurred him onwards.

He didn't say anything a few minutes later as he sat on his chair again defeated, watching the brunette slut saunter out of his office, her cunt filled with his thick cum again, a deal made for him to show up to the Church the following Sunday. How had this happened again? He couldn't believe he fell under her power again! He wanted to stand up for himself after the deed was done, but after giving her his best once more, he didn't have a leg to stand on. As she walked out of his otherwise quiet office, she began singing, her beautiful voice echoing through the halls and sending a jolt to his now deflated cock.

He couldn't believe he'd done it again. He knew better. He did. But there was something about her that just got to him. Somehow... this little slut had him by the balls. He couldn't believe it. Maybe... maybe he still had a chance. Maybe if he just played along, he could head off these little meetings. Make them unnecessary. Maybe that could... minimize their contact. It's not like giving them what they wanted would draw him in deeper... right?

No, of course not.

Angry, and upset, he nevertheless made his way to the Church the following Sunday. Not being the church-going type, he had to lie to his wife about where he was going, saying he had some work stuff to do. Lying to go to church seemed counterintuitive, but it seemed like the way to go considering the circumstances.

The service had already started when he slipped into one of the rear pews of the large church, sitting in an otherwise unoccupied section. Not being overly familiar with all this church stuff, he nevertheless did his best to pay attention and not draw any eyes to him. He didn't know what was expected of him showing up here.

But he was about to.

A familiar scent hit his nose, causing him to look up. Near him stood both Lucy and Kenzie, grinning victoriously, both wearing their Sunday best. Lucy was wearing a relatively tasteful dress, a slim, black, short-sleeved number, flattering her luscious frame. It went down to her knees, leaving her lower legs bare, save for her high heels. And up top, it would have been

decent if she didn't have such massive tits, the church-dress showing off a nice amount of juicy cleavage. And as always, that dangly cross necklace of hers was hanging between her boobs, drawing anyone's gaze.

This was his first time seeing Kenzie since Christmas, and she made her presence known. She was also wearing a black dress, but hers really stood out. It was a very slim, figure-hugging dress. No sleeves, showcasing her taut arms. A lot of her firm legs were exposed as her dress ended a good few inches above her knees. The dress itself seemed glued to her, molded to her fit, round, juicy ass, her flat, trim belly, and her huge, round, firm breasts. Just like Lucy, a good amount of cleavage was exposed, and just like her friend, a similar cross necklace was hanging from her neck, nestled between her big tits.

Dale's blood was pumping as Kenzie crossed in front of him, sitting to his left while Lucy moved in and sat on his right. Nervously, he looked between them, and saw they were both grinning.

"Hi there!" Lucy said proudly but quietly, not wanting to interrupt the sermon.

"Glad you could come!" Kenzie added, looking the handsome older man up and down.

"Uh... yeah," he said gruffly. They sat in silence for a few minutes, listening to the sermon. Both Lucy and Kenzie were sitting uncomfortably close, their thighs brushing against him, and he felt trapped by their closeness, focusing on them more than the sermon. Finally, Lucy spoke up.

"Look around..." she urged him, and he did so. The crowd was impressive, and it wasn't what he imagined. There weren't a lot of families or little kids or anything like that. It seemed like a good amount of them were pairs. They were...

"You see all the couples..." Lucy said, her voice guiding him around. Yeah... there did appear to be a lot of couples. Men and women paired off. And it seemed to be a good make-up. The men seemed good looking, well-dressed and successful, and so many of the women were stunningly beautiful. "Our

sect of the Church started out small, but our recruitment levels are out of this world!" she whispered, grinning.

"Look at all these beautiful, successful people, Dale," Kenzie continued. "You belong here with them. This is the crowd you fit in with. This is the life you should have..."

"What are you talking about?" he asked. The girls smiled.

"So many of these men were just like you," Kenzie said. "Skeptical... unsure... married..." she said, trailing off slightly with that last word. "But our girls... we worked hard. Girls just like me and Lucy... girls who are dedicated to the message. We converted these men. We got them all on board. And they are all dedicated to the cause. One day... you will be too..." she said, smirking.

"Doubt it..." he said gruffly.

"I mean... just pick somebody out..." Kenzie said, looking around. She pointed forward at a handsome man a few years older than him. Dale thought he looked familiar. "Oh, like him! He's this big philanthropist guy, married with kids, this perfect life. And unlike most, he wanted to give back. He started this charity to build homes for the needy..." That's how Dale recognized him. Dale's company had dealt with some of his guys in the construction/contracting business. Dale had heard nothing but good things about him. "The church sent some girls to help out, and well... he took a shine to one of them."

"Took a shine?" Lucy questioned, looking at her friend. She then looked to Dale. "Listen, he banged our friend Inez up the ass, and he kinda became obsessed with her. That's her right next to him..." It was true. Seated next to him was a much younger Latina woman. "He realized that his wife wasn't giving him the fulfilment he needed, but he found salvation in the open arms of the Church..."

"And between the legs of that fucking slut..." Kenzie added, grinning wickedly. Wow... this couldn't be real. "Oh... and that guy..." he said, pointing to a tall, handsome younger guy, maybe thirty or so.

"Oh yeah, that one's good," Lucy began, smirking. "So, that guy, Oliver, he had this pretty nice life, and he thought he was satisfied. And the thing was, he was totally 'gay'," she said, doing the finger quotes. "He'd been living with a man for a long time, I think they might have even been gay married."

"I think it's just married," Dale said, for the first time probably ever feeling more woke than the young people next to him.

"The point is..." Lucy resumed. "He was this proud, successful gay man. Very successful. He stood out in a lot of ways, so our church reached out to him, sending one of our girls to meet him. Seemed like a longshot, but..." she trailed off, her eyes glancing to the stunning, large breasted brunette seated next to Oliver.

"He's addicted to pussy now," Kenzie stated simply to Dale. "And he's never been happier..." With them watching, they were able to see Oliver staring into the brunette's cleavage. Dale shook his head. Was this really true? Couldn't be...

"And it goes both ways. Look over there," Lucy said, pointing towards a young, hot-bodied blonde seated at the end of the pews. Next to her wasn't a man, but an older woman. "There was this woman that the Church really wanted on board. She was married, but the Church took a shot and sent one of our girls anyway. Our friend, the blonde? She's not a lesbian. Not really. But she's so dedicated to the Church that she'll do whatever's asked of her. And she's the type of girl that a lot of older straight women get hot for, so she was the perfect girl to send. And yeah... she got the job done too."

"Just think Dale..." Kenzie began. "One of these days, very soon, you're gonna be just like them. You will love the Church as much as they do. You'll be here every Sunday, just like they are. And that starts today..."

No. Dale wasn't about to be brainwashed and indoctrinated into this life. He was just trying to escape the predicament he'd found himself in. He wasn't gonna hope on board with a smile. No. Not ever.

The sermon ended shortly after, and the chapel was filled with voices of people rising, talking to each other, socializing. Dale stayed in place, flanked by the two busty young women, remaining silent.

"Did you bring your checkbook?" Lucy asked, suddenly all business. Dale glanced at her and nodded. "Well, before we take you up to meet our boss, we need you to cut us a check first." Angrily, he began quickly writing a check for the young girls. "Same amount as last time, baby," Lucy added, and Dale shook his head. Quickly, he finished writing the check, pulling it from his checkbook and handing it to Lucy. Smiling, satisfied, she folded the check in half crisply and slid it into her cleavage. When she was done, she pushed her boobs together, making sure the check was completely hidden. When he was done with that, Kenzie asked him to write out the check to donate to the Church, insisting that he make his donation 'A big one'. When that was done, he pocketed the check and looked up at the girls.

"Okay..." Kenzie said. "Let's go meet the boss."

Nervously, Dale rose, flanked by the two girls. Walking down the aisle, the girls moved up to him and hooked his arms with theirs, escorting him forwards. Marching through the masses, Dale felt like a stranger. All the men here seemed to be rich, handsome, and successful, and the women seemed uncommonly beautiful. They all seemed so happy, so pleased, so satisfied. It was almost like he had stumbled into a meeting of the elite, and he felt like he didn't belong. Plus, there was something beneath the surface of this whole Church, something he couldn't quite put his finger on. Something dark. Something evil, hidden beyond the façade of the holy.

And it was reaching out to him.

Led up to the front of the chapel, he found himself moving closer to what looked to be an uncommonly beautiful nun. Maybe ten years younger than him, clad in a habit that seemed shockingly slim and form-fitting, highlighting her incredible body, more specifically her huge firm breasts, she stood out from the crowd. The two girls excitedly brought the married man up to her as she turned to face them.

"Dale... this is Sister Justine," Lucy said, excited. The woman calmly and confidently studied the married man for a moment before smiling.

"Hello Dale..." she purred. "I've heard so much about you..." she said, holding his gaze. Damn, her eyes were hypnotic.

"Dale wanted to make another donation," Kenzie said. Nervously, Dale handed over the check to this nun. Taking it from him, letting her finger glide softly against his palm, she glanced at it confidently and smiled.

"Very generous," Justine said. "I trust the girls must have treated you well to warrant such a generous donation..." she said, looking at him, giving him a small smile. And in that moment, he realized she was letting him know without saying that she had seen the tape of him in action with the two girls. It felt strange, knowing that this nun had watched him having sex, but that was one of the many strange things about this whole fucking series of events. Her gaze was confident and intelligent, but like the church, he felt like there was an evil just below the surface. Suddenly, he felt the urge to run, to escape the evil all around him. But in the moment, all he could do was nod silently. Justine didn't push him on it anymore, and after a quick, polite discussion about whether he enjoyed the service, and her hope that he would return, he was finally dismissed.

Dale marched out quickly, head down, trying to get out of there quickly. He had just reached his car when the girls ran up to him, moving quickly despite their high heels.

"Hey!" Lucy said as they caught up.

"What?" Dale said impatiently, eager to leave.

"It was just..." Kenzie began, suddenly looking nervous. "Do you want, like... a blowjob before you go?" She asked, raising her eyebrows. But at this point, Dale finally had enough, and he was ready to go.

"No," he said, ignoring the straining coming from his crotch at this offer, leaving the girls in the dust as he drove off.

Dale didn't want to return to the Church. Something about that place scared the hell out of him. There was a darkness about that place that made him feel like he was getting a glimpse of another world. A worse one. The whole thing was like it was from another world, where the rules were different, where all that mattered was sex, money, and pleasure. That wasn't what he was about deep down. Not at all. Even including the affair he'd had with those two girls, he knew himself. And he knew that this was all an outlier on the path of his life, not a detour.

He did his best to refocus on his wife, but he couldn't deny, as the weeks went by, that his cock would yearn for the pleasure only those two evil sluts could provide. Despite his outward rejection of those two, he couldn't shake those wicked fantasies from rising up more and more often. The more he tried to run from it, the more those memories and fantasies would rise.

The darkness already had a grip on him, despite his best efforts. And the more he tried to reject it, the more it reached out to him.

After a few weeks of avoiding the Church, not showing up, not reaching out in any way, his sole thoughts about the whole thing being kept to fantasies, the Church reached out to him. He had to know it was coming eventually, but he was nevertheless undeterred, trying his damndest to stay on the straight and narrow despite his past mistakes. But in a sense, him avoiding the Church was only courting them to reach out more, so you had to wonder if deep down he knew that and was almost... asking for it.

He had gone out to pick up lunch, driving to pick up some stuff from his favorite place before driving back to the office. As he got back into his car and put the keys in the ignition, he was shocked when the passenger door opened and, out of nowhere, Kenzie appeared, taking a seat next to him. With the warm spring weather in bloom, it appeared she'd been out jogging, wearing a tight, stretchy purple sports bra type top, straining to contain her huge jugs. Down below, she had tight black running shorts, glued to her immaculate rear end. And other than her fashionable running shoes, the rest of her taut, fit body was left completely exposed, her tanned skin glowing, glistening with perspiration.

"Hi!" she said brightly. He was momentarily taken aback by her sudden appearance.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, baffled.

"Well, I was out jogging, and I happened to see you, so I thought I'd say hi," she replied. He gave her a look, skeptical that this was a coincidence. "Plus, we haven't heard from you in a while, so I figured it might be a good chance to, uh... catch up." Dale stayed silent, not knowing what to do. One part of him wanted to kick her out of his car, the other... the other was reliving his first encounter with this evil blonde slut. Despite wanting to yell at her to stay away from him, all he could do was look at her boobs. God, the purple stretchy top was clinging to them. He could see her hard nipples indenting the thin material.

His mind went through all the fantasies that had been running through his mind lately, and being in her presence only brought them more strongly to the forefront. His blood boiled, and his cock throbbed. Dale stayed silent, not knowing what to do for a few moments. Finally, Kenzie spoke up.

"Just drive," she said confidently, with a knowing grin. Not knowing what else to do, he complied.

They didn't even talk. She couldn't even keep up that pretense for very long. Within minutes, as he drove, she was bent over, face in his lap as she inhaled his big cock. He tried to keep himself under control, but there was some part of him that didn't want to fight her off. There was part of him that just wanted to cut loose and just fuck her tight throat as hard as possible. He didn't have the will to fight her off, and within moments of getting started, all he could think about was the pleasure she could bring him. Despite knowing better, he was quickly on the verge of cumming in her mouth, and in that moment, he wasn't feeling any regret. Only pleasure. But even in this state, he wanted more. If he was gonna cheat again, he was gonna get his money's worth. Pulling off the road and into an abandoned parking lot behind an old building, he did just that.

Getting out of the car, his cock still hanging out of his pants, he pulled her out of the car, ripped off her top, roughly yanked her shorts down, then

banged her roughly from behind. He was standing just outside the passenger side door, and she was bent over, her upper half inside the car, her arms on the seat as he fucked her well-presented ass. He did it like this for a while, fucking this slut out in the open, unashamed. And it felt great. He was taking out his lustful fury on this blonde babe roughly, making her moan, at least until he heard a voice from somewhere far behind him call out.

"Get it, Daddy!" a female voice called out, laughing. He looked around, looking for the woman who said this, but he couldn't see anyone. This allowed Kenzie the chance to rise, pushing herself back, standing up, and pushing the married man to the side. Opening the back door of the car, she pushed him back inside, climbing on board the married man, soon riding him for all he was worth, testing the shocks with the older man.

When they were done, when Dale had blown another huge load into one of these evil sluts, they peeled themselves off each other.

"So... are you gonna show up this Sunday?" Kenzie asked, pulling on her top and stuffing her boobs back into it as she looked at him firmly.

"Uh..." he groaned, his mind in another place. "I can't. I have plans with my wife this Sunday," he replied truthfully.

"I don't care what your fat wife or your gross daughter expect from you," Kenzie replied snottily, her tone suddenly firm. "You need to start showing up, regularly," she warned him. "Listen, you need to take this seriously. If you think me and Lucy are cunts... you don't know Sister Justine. I mean, she's the best, but she can be super cunty when she wants to. It's best to just keep her happy, and keeping her happy involves you showing up at services. Trust me, it's for the best. And believe me, the more you show up, the more you'll love it."

Dale shook his head. He didn't want to go, but he registered her warning. Figuring that he didn't want to push his luck any further, he relented, figuring he could beg off from his Sunday plans. Finally, he nodded, saying he would go, which made the evil blonde grin. Collecting her donation check early, which she tucked into her sweaty sports bra, she had the married man drive her home, forcing a kiss on him before leaving.

A cycle began in his relationship with those two girls. He'd try to pull away and reject the path they were taking him down, pushing his luck until they were forced to reach out. Only then would he show up to church on Sunday. And they mixed up when and where they'd meet him, never letting him feel safe.

One time, he was out having dinner with Paula when he looked over her shoulder and saw Kenzie and Lucy, sitting in a booth across the restaurant, smiling at him. He wasn't able to enjoy his meal in the slightest, nervous that those two would say or do something to blow his spot. They kept looking over at him, waiting for him to act. They would make kissy faces, or jiggle their tits at him, or even touch each other ever so slightly, teasing him from afar. Finally, seeing how this was going, he acted, standing up to head towards the restroom. As he did so, he watched the girls play a quick game of rock paper scissors. Kenzie won this round, and as Dale passed by, she stood up and followed him.

He returned to his wife moments later, his balls a little emptier, strawberry lip-gloss smeared across his cock, and an appointment for Sunday.

A few weeks later, he was at a worksite for a job, when suddenly, out of nowhere, Lucy was just there, walking around, looking for him and drawing attention. Angrily, he grabbed her and pulled her away towards the trailer he used as an onsite office. He stashed her there till the day was over, as to not draw any questions. But before he let her go, he bent her over his desk and fucked her roughly up the ass. He showed up that following Sunday for services again.

The girls kept at it, circling closer and closer to his real life the more he tried to stay away from the church. One time, he saw them sitting in a car just outside his house, and that was enough to send their message that he needed to show up again. And soon, they started texting him. He wasn't much of a texter in general, but to keep things easy, he began texting back. They texted far more than he ever did, so they had the experience advantage, but he kept up as best as he could. That being said, he kept things conversational, at least he tried to, while theirs relied on overt flirting and outright sexting him. Each was sending him pictures of their bodies, some in sexy clothing, some in their underwear. But most of them were nudes, showcasing their huge tits and perfect asses to the married man. His eyes quickly knew every fucking inch of their hot bodies.

For a guy who wanted to outright reject these girls ever since their first encounter, he'd gone further than he'd ever imagined possible since. He'd had sex with each of these girls multiple times in increasingly risky scenarios. He was conversing with them more than he ever thought he would. And it was all for one very simple reason.

He was starting to like it.

Not necessarily liking the girls, per se, although he found himself not hating them as much as he should. He recognized that they were still pure sinful evil but having so much sex with them lessened that dislike somewhat. But what he was enjoying was the excitement... the thrill of sneaking around. The delights of cheating and betrayal. It was a livewire of excitement and pleasure that he'd never known possible. His normal, regular life seemed so dull in comparison. Living his usual, day-to-day existence used to fulfill him, but what he had begun looking forward to were those sporadic moments of nasty sex with these young sluts. He still loved his wife and daughter, of course, but he felt himself being pulled both directions in a way he wasn't at the start. This scared him slightly, as he wasn't about to do anything to jeopardize the life he'd built, but he was having trouble turning away those two whores.

That was why he still kept his church visits sporadic. He was afraid of giving in to his worst impulses, of letting himself enjoy things too much. Whenever he was there, and he looked around, he saw those people who were so excited, sitting near the front. Those people... those were the ones who'd succumbed. Who'd indulged their darkest desires. Who'd left behind their lives to follow the girls of the church down this darker, sinful path of pleasure. Dale was afraid of that. Each time he visited, he found himself sitting a little closer to the front, trying to understand the message they were spreading. Sister Justine mentioned then as he handed over his donation the last time he was there that she really wished he could be more on board with their message. She also added that she hoped he could find time to attend more often and really... commit.

That was the struggle he was going through as time went by. Committing. This cycle kept continuing, him trying to pull back, the girls seeking him out, and him getting dragged back to the church. Again and again and again. Over and over and over. It felt like he was fucking these two girls every chance he got. And the longer this went on, the more difficult it was getting for him to deny his attraction to these girls. As wicked and sinful

as they were, the more time he spent with them, the more he began actually... liking them. Not just the sex, but the girls themselves. Enjoying their presence. Cracking a smile at their mean jokes despite knowing better, even if they were at his wife or daughter's expense. As strange as it might sound, it turned him on. Each wicked slur that would pass across their lips going straight to his cock, making it throb in pleasure. Although he kept trying to push back against all this, he couldn't deny that it was slowly changing him. He was quickly becoming addicted to them, and he didn't know if he had it in him to pull away.

Dale was beginning to wonder if he even wanted to.

He had begun looking forward to their encounters far more than heading home to his wife. He was even beginning to get annoyed when some family obligation would get in the way of his plans with the girls. He still loved his wife and daughter, and he knew it was unfair of him to be annoyed with them getting in the way of his affair, but when compared to the excitement he was feeling with the girls, the drudgery of domestic life was only being highlighted. Part of him really did want to explore what life would be like with these girls, and they knew it, so they played into it, the idea of them stealing him for good and icing his wife and daughter out of his life became the subject of dirty talk between them.

"Fuck! Fuck!" Dale groaned, fucking Lucy roughly from behind. Her hair was wrapped around his hand as she was on all fours, and he used it to roughly yank her back as he drilled her. Kenzie was pressed behind him, her huge boobs pressing into his bare back, hands lovingly touching his flexed biceps as she sucked on his neck. Moving her lips to his ear she spoke.

"How could you go back to your wife after all this?" the blonde whispered lustily into his ear, scrubbing her tits against him.

"Ugh! Fuck! Yes! Yes! Fuck me, Daddy! Fuck me hard!" Lucy screamed out, her luscious body shaking with excitement.

"Don't you like us so much more than your wife and daughter?" Kenzie asked, punctuating her poisonously sweet question by licking his ear. Dale fucked into Lucy even harder at this.

"Ugh! Yes! Yes!" Dale growled as he savagely fucked the brunette, her body shaking as he pumped his mature cock into her. "I like you two fucking sluts more than my loser wife and fucking bull-dyke daughter!"

Lucy's body shuddered at this admission from the married man, and within seconds, her pussy spasmed around his swollen meat as she came. And he followed her there, cumming gallons into her eager cunt. When he collapsed onto the bed, Kenzie moved on top of him, slipping her tongue into his mouth.

"God, it's so hot to hear you talk like that!" Kenzie said, lips twisting into a wicked grin at this before kissing him hungrily. And this only made his cock come back to life, these girls knowing exactly how to turn his crank. And apparently, he was learning how to turn theirs, his level of filth having almost matched their own.

Minutes later, as Kenzie rode his cock reverse cowgirl, his large married meat stuffed in her ass, she continued the dirty talk.

"Don't you just dream about divorcing your wife?" Kenzie asked, leaning back, her silky hair falling back against his chest, her large fleshy breasts jiggling as she bounced on him. "We do. We talk about it all the time. Why would you want to go back to that ugly bitch when you could have us instead? Why would you want to go home to her when you love both of us so much more?"

"Yes!" he groaned, the pleasure bringing his naughtiest fantasies to the surface. "Fuck! I want to divorce her so bad! Fuck! I'd choose you two every time! Yes! Yes! UGH!" Lucy, who was watching them going at it as she recovered, glanced at Kenzie, the girls sharing a knowing look. Minutes later, Dale filled up the blonde's ass with cum, fantasies of a lifetime with these girls filling his brain. But that's all those ideas could ever be. Fantasies.

After they all had recovered the girls curled up next to him in the bed, their nude bodies pressed against his sides. They rested for a few moments before Lucy raised her head from his chest and looked at him, resting on her elbows.

"You know... this would all be so much easier if you just sucked it up and pulled the trigger on a divorce," Lucy said with a pout, her boobs pressing softly into the smooth bedsheets as she looked up at him. "The church has amazing divorce lawyers..." Dale shook his head.

"I..." he paused, those fantasies of a life with these girls returning to his head, an oasis almost too good to be true. "I can't. You know I can't actually do that. I know it's, uh... fun to talk about, but... I can't." Lucy looked at her friend, the girls exchanging another knowing stare. Seeing that his resolve was slowly weakening, they both smiled, knowing he would be theirs soon.

Dale couldn't help himself. It was too good. The handsome older married man kept spending more and more time with these young sluts, unable to resist availing himself in their hot bodies. He was taking more time away from work and away from his family to spend time with these two minxes. And his attraction to the girls only grew as he became more and more addicted.

And things had quickly moved beyond the point where he was just tentatively beginning to like them. He was starting to like them a lot. He was spending more and more time around them, adjusting to being around them more and more, their wicked ways now infecting him to the point of consuming him. Changing him for real. He was now unashamedly laughing at the mean-spirited, cutting comments they'd make about others, and he would sometimes find himself joining in. Not to the same degree as the venom that would pass by their lips, but mean in his own way.

He was still trying to stand strong against their wicked ways, telling himself that he was trying to pull away, trying to resist them, but this resistance was only pulling him in deeper. Despite everything he did, he was going to the church more than he used to, sitting closer to the front each time. He was texting with them a lot more in his day-to-day life. And he had spent so much time at their apartment that he practically had a key. He knew that indulging them so much was wrong, but... just being around them was intoxicating.

Having these two smoking hot young sluts so eager for his cock was indescribably exciting. They were so willing to do anything, to satisfy his every fantasy, even creating ones he never knew he had just so they could satisfy them. It was like he had fallen into another world, one of lust and sin. Sex whenever he wanted. The tease of nasty fucking awaiting at all moments of the day. Just being around these two little sluts, sitting in their apartment and watching them casually walk around wearing a thong and nothing else, their massive boobs jiggling with every step... it was bliss. He never knew life could be like this. They knew how to tease him just right. Getting his attention from across the room by making out in front of him in this half-dressed state, rubbing their massive bare boobs together as they made out sloppily, tongues in each other's mouths, their gooey spit leaking past their plump lips... it was enough to drive even the sanest man crazy. At displays like this, he'd march their perfect asses to the bedroom and give them the proper screwing they were dying for. And every time he did, every time those girl's hungry mouths, tight asses, or nasty cunts coaxed a load from his married cock, he fell more and more under their spell.

He was loving this. He really was. But despite that, he wasn't at the point where he could just leave his wife and family behind. For sex? For the church? No. As tempting as it was, as exciting as that life would be, as amazing as the hot nasty fucking was... he just couldn't do that. But it was even harder for him to consider the idea of breaking things off with Lucy and Kenzie. Even ignoring their blackmail, they had tapped into something with him that he couldn't get enough of, and now that he knew what he could be having, the thought of giving it up sounded even more difficult.

He was playing with fire. Trying to have the perfect, domestic life on one hand, and filthy, nasty fucking in the other. This was going to end poorly, and indulging himself at the rate he was going was only accelerating that breaking point.

The moment of truth would come soon after.

The girls had kept warning him. Either in person, or in text, they said that Justine was not one to mess around with, and that he really should start attending services every week. Sure, he was attending more and more services, but nothing would satisfy their boss other than his complete, undivided attention. But he could not do that, not fully give in, not fully

commit to that side of him. Keeping up the obligations of his normal life meant he couldn't find the time to attend the church as often as she'd like.

The decision ended up being made for him.

Lucy and Kenzie both showed up to his office not much later, unannounced, past closing hours when they were practically empty. He never quite knew how they got past the locked doors, but in the end, it didn't really matter. He was initially mad when they made their presence known in his office, but he couldn't help but notice that they looked kinda... nervous. Nervous and... something else. Something they were trying to hide, something that almost look like a deep, soul-level excitement. They normally looked so confident and self-assured, but this time... something was different.

"What is it?" he couldn't help but ask. They paused before Lucy spoke.

"Dale... we told you that you should really start showing up to services..." she said with a small, almost sad smile. But at the same time, there was almost a mischievous glint that she could barely contain.

"What do you mean?" he asked, confused.

"Sister Justine... she's... like I've said, she is a brilliant woman. She's the best! But she is ruthless," Lucy stated. "And I can't tell you how furious she is that you haven't been showing up every week. We tried to warn you, but you just... couldn't commit. So... she gave us an order. She wants use to make sure you'll be at the church every week from here on out, or it's our asses. And the way she wants that to happen is for you to get married to one of us..."

"What?" Dale said, shaking his head.

"It's the only way you can fully commit to us..." Kenzie said. "If you get married in one of our churches to one of our members... then that proves that you're ready to get fully on board."

"I'm already married," he said, this point obvious. At this, the girls looked at each other. That same, hard to decipher look, simultaneously nervous but excited.

"Yeah, we know, but..." Lucy said slowly. Finally, Kenzie bucked up the courage.

"Dale, we sent the footage of us all fucking to your wife and daughter a couple hours ago..." Kenzie stated, eyes flashing as she almost licked her lips.

A silence filled the room. Dale's heart practically stopped, and his mind went blank. They... they couldn't be serious. No. Wouldn't he have...

Quickly, he pulled open the drawer in his desk to pull out his phone. Unlike most, he didn't live off his cell phone, so he often just stuffed it in a drawer when he didn't need it. Looking at it, he saw it alight with missed calls and messages. Dozens of missed texts, and glancing over them quickly, he saw phrases like 'How dare you, Dale', and 'Dad... you cheated on Mom?', and 'How could you do this to our family Dale?' and 'Dad, you fucked Lucy and Kenzie! What the fuck!'.

"I know it seems cruel and messed up for Sister Justine to make us do this," Lucy said, tentatively taking a step towards him as he looked at his phone, frozen, not listening. "I mean, it was our idea, to be honest. Cause it's, like, super-hot to think about your ugly wife watching you fucking these hot, young, big-boobed women. And it's even hotter knowing your fat, lezzy daughter watched you fucking the living daylights out of her worst bullies...."

"Like, we sent all the worst, nastiest shit we all did together," Kenzie added, as if this helped. "All the wicked things me and Lucy and you all said about them... they've seen. Your wife knows you think she's ugly and fat. Your daughter knows that her dad thinks she's a nasty bull-dyke. And they both know you love each of us more than both of them put together!" She explained all this as if him knowing it would calm him down instead of inflaming his anger further. And it would have added to his fury if he heard them, but he was still so frozen with shock that he was more focused on the fallout of it.

Dale brought his phone to his ear to listen to the messages, and the pained wailing of his heartbroken wife made him stop listening after mere seconds. Dale tossed the phone onto his desk, feeling completely empty.

Then, he looked up. Looked up at these two girls who had upended his life. Who'd pulled him away from his marriage and severed those connections behind him. His life was over. His wife and daughter... they knew now. They knew what he'd done. Everything he built... his reputation... it had been cruelly severed by these two fucking evil whores. He had been starting to enjoy these two, but them doing this only reminded him of the pure evil in their hearts. The capacity for sin in these two overrode any positive feelings he might have developed. They had torn him down completely. Everything was gone, and everyone would know. He had nothing left. His mind was blank. His eyes were seeing red. He felt a fiery, bestial rage igniting inside him. Even these confident girls looked nervous at the sight of him in this state.

What proceeded was a couple hours of pure, unadulterated hate-fucking. Dale was completely unleashed, using his talents to the fullest, fucking these girls without mercy. Their moans and screams filled the halls of his office, but he didn't care. He was too far gone to care. He was rough with them. He was merciless. He was brutal. Needless to say, he was magnificent. These two girls had some truly disgusting, nasty tastes, and they'd only scratched the surface in their time with Dale. But this... this was way closer to what they wanted. Being treated rough, like the little sluts they were. Feeling his hand on their throats as he fucked the hell out of them, doing it in just the right way to make their whole bodies explode with pleasure. Seeing this normally composed older man slapping their tits, groping them roughly, pinching their nipples hard. Lucy and Kenzie were screaming at the tops of their lungs, about as unladylike as possible, grunting and moaning like lust-crazed animals. The two girls had never cum harder, and neither had he.

When night had set in, and they had fucked into near exhaustion, they sat in his office, recovering. The girls were both a total mess, panting, blissed out, covered in sweat, cum, and red marks, the telltale signs of rough sex. And the scratches and sweat on him indicated that they'd held up their end of the bargain.

Dale felt... strange. On one hand, these girls had destroyed his life completely. On the other... they had shown him so much. Taken him so far into the depths of sin, allowing him to experience things he never knew possible. And after what he'd just done with these two, he realized he'd never felt so free. So unrestrained. For the first time, he was allowed to let go and unleash himself in a way he never knew he could. Without these girls, he never would have been able to experience that. He'd seen the world now, and nothing could change that.

In truth, all the girls did was expose the truth to his family. He was the one trying to have it both ways. He was the one betraying his wife and daughter. They just brought it to light. And in doing so, they freed him of the one last thing holding him back from reaching his rawest, truest form. The one thing he would never be able to give up, no matter how tempting the other side was. But they'd cut that last tie, allowing the sin and wickedness within to consume him completely. And in doing so, he'd had sex so fundamentally earth-shattering, travelling to a new high of pleasure and bliss with these two sluts... it could only be described as a religious experience.

Finally, he understood.

He put his head in his hands as he felt true understanding for the first time, understanding of his place in the world. It wasn't easy, but he'd been dragged kicking and screaming into an epiphany. He would never be able to find that living his life as he was. All he had to look forward to was a few more decades of the same. But thanks to these girls... he was born anew. He'd seen the other side. He'd seen the light. And the only way for him to see it was for these girls to so cruelly and effectively tear apart his life. He'd fantasized about this outcome for so long because, in all honesty... this is what he truly wanted. What he truly needed.

He heard soft footsteps approaching. He looked up to see the girls stepping towards him tentatively, still nude, their lust-inspiring bodies still covered in sweat, cum leaking from their pussies. Seeing the wide-eyed look on his face, they knew they'd won the married man over. Looking up at them, Dale said two words he'd never thought he'd have said an hour prior.

"Thank you."

The girls approached him and wrapped their arms around his head, both clutching him tightly, smothering him against their sweat-covered tits, drowning him in softness. There was nothing stopping him from enjoying this act completely, and he scrubbed his face against their bare breasts eagerly. Looking up past their round boobs and into their gorgeous, perspiration-coated faces, their hair falling over their facial features, their makeup smeared, he couldn't help but thank them again.

"I..." he croaked out, his words practically echoing in their cleavage. "I forgive you."

With that, the girls wicked, indecent acts were handwaved away by the married man. When compared to the religious experience he'd achieved through that dark, filthy fucking, he couldn't help but absolve them of their sins in his eyes. He'd seen the light and was now eternally grateful.

The girls backed away, satisfied, and his eyes followed them, breathing deep, excited about the future. Dale had nothing left. Nothing behind him to hold him back. He felt freed, almost born anew. He'd lived up to this moment in his own little bubble, sticking around Deerberg his entire life, living by the rules. But now? There was nothing holding him back in any way.

"Let's get away from here..." he said into the darkness to the nearly orgasm-drunk young women.

So, Dale, this notoriously cheap married man, this proud husband and father, went and spent an exorbitant amount of money on a trip to a really nice resort in the Caribbean with both Lucy and Kenzie. He'd never done anything this nice for his family, but for these two young women, these two fucking whores, these two evil girls who had bullied his daughter for years and destroyed his marriage... Dale did it for them. He rewarded them for all their bad behavior with the trip of the lifetime.

For as gruff as he could be, even Dale had a good time. Feeling fully unleashed, there was nothing holding him back anymore. He could follow these new desires and feelings to their natural ends. And it didn't hurt that he had good company. Lucy and Kenzie, being gorgeous, evil, young women, naturally provided excellent company to him. They were of course

a blast for a man like him to be around, especially one they liked and wanted to prove themselves too. And now that they weren't trying to win him over and they could be truly comfortable around each other, he got to know really them as people, and not through the lens of wicked sex. And while they clearly weren't the nicest girls in the world, he couldn't deny that there was just something about them that was intoxicating to be around. Their bratty, evil charms worked wonders on him, energizing him the more he was around them.

This group drew a lot of attention at their resort, this dad-looking dude with these smoking hot young sluts in tiny thong bikinis, parading up and down the beach, sipping drinks. All the men around them wished they could be Dale, a fact that filled him with a masculine pride he'd rarely let himself feel before. And yeah, they had a lot of sex during this trip. Spending a lot of time in their room, working up a sweat, going at it like animals, taking each other to their limits. They could barely keep their hands off each other in public, barely able to contain themselves. They even did it in public a couple times, which only added to the lust they shared. He couldn't believe he was doing this. He never imagined taking apart of such filth. But he had to admit... it was incredibly exciting. He couldn't get enough, and he only fell deeper into sin with these two girls.

Dale had chosen them. Even though the final choice was forced upon him, in truth, he'd chosen them from the second their first affair started. And it took a cruel event like the one inflicted upon him, these girls exposing his affair to his family, for him to fully make peace with that. He'd tempted fate for too long, trying to have it both ways, and the girls wisely severed his connections with his family, leaving him with nowhere to go but with them. Choosing not to completely isolate himself, he followed them deeper into sin. Into the world of pleasure. Into the world of their church.

Like many souls in flux, he found help and comfort in the Church. Not in the way that most do, certainly, but they provided help for him in this time of change. They had lawyers that helped him in his divorce proceedings, winning a very generous settlement in his favor. With no one else holding him back, and knowing it would make the girls happy, he began attending their church every Sunday. He had been a bit skeptical of the whole thing before, but his entire life was changing, and after the religious experience he had endured with the girls, he figured it was time to take his first tentative steps into this new world. The first time he saw Sister Justine, he was reminded that this was the woman who had spearheaded his fall from grace, who had spurred on the destruction of his marriage. But in

this moment, seeing that he had been completely broken down and rebuilt, that he had been born anew, she welcomed him to the Church with open arms. And despite the fact that he should hate or resent her, all he could feel was a certain sense of gratefulness to her for showing him the light. Showing him, despite his protests, what his life could be.

Dale lived with the two girls now, his money allowing them to live in a newer, much nicer place than the one they had before. He was technically married to Lucy now, but they kinda had a permanent, three-way thing going. And now that Lucy had access to his hefty bank accounts, she not only used these new funds to improve her state of life, but she, with his permission, put a lot of money into the Church, to benefit their growth potential and rise in power.

Dale understood now. He understood the message these girls were trying to impart. The teachings this church, the Church of Light, was providing. Showing men like him the ways of the world, the life they could have. After experiencing it like he had, he understood now that this was a message worth spreading. He now sat closer to the front of the church, avidly listening in to the message being preached.

The year before, he'd dodged Christmas services in favor of helping out his mom at her house. This year, he was at the Church, eagerly listening to the sermon, flanked by two young, gorgeous, and now pregnant young women, their growing bellies being highlighted by their slim church-dresses, proof of the sinning they'd taken part in together. Dale glanced back and saw a man in the back row, seated next to a beautiful woman. The man looked nervous, but the woman looked confident as she whispered in his ear. Dale had been in that spot before, and he just knew that that man, just like him, would eventually be moving closer to the front, just like he had.

Dale turned to look forward to the front of the church to pay attention to the message being conveyed to the crowd.

He would never look back again.

Dale wasn't the only one to undergo major life changes thanks to the events of the previous Christmas.

Almost a year removed from that fateful holiday, Colin returned home to his nice apartment after a busy day at work, setting his things down, he looked around at his place. He'd only moved in to this new apartment a few months prior, and he took pride in it. It was a really nice place, far nicer than his previous dwelling. This time, he spent a little more money than he had with the previous home, spoiling himself a bit and getting rid of some pragmatic concessions he'd made in his last home.

'The people that get rewarded are the ones who reward themselves,' was a lesson he was once taught, and he'd taken that to heart. He did well. He worked hard. He deserved to reward himself, filling his apartment with nice furniture, some really fancy tech gadgets, and some other just really cool shit. He'd earned it. He'd earned this kind of life. And in rewarding himself, he had been rewarded in kind. Moments after stepping into his apartment, he heard the approaching footsteps of his wife, and she emerged to his sight. Seeing her always sent a thrill through him.

"Hey babe," Rachel said, standing in front of him in a silky black robe.

"Hey..." he said with a crooked grin, always taken aback by how truly gorgeous she was.

"The baby's asleep, so..." she began with a teasing smile before reaching down to untie her robe. With him watching, she peeled it open and let it fall to the floor, revealing her hot, nearly naked body.

She was wearing the 'Man-Eater'.

She only busted this sucker out on special occasions, and each time sent Colin's mind reeling with memories of his first time seeing her this way. Although, he had to say, she looked even better now. Post baby, her tits had gone up a cup size, at least one, maybe even two, so needless to say

they were practically spilling out of this sucker, barely contained, the soft, succulent flesh oozing out. And she had gotten the rest of her body back post baby, as the weight simply melted off her in a way it often didn't for most other women. Her waist was trim, her long legs were lean, and her ass was perky, firm, and juicy. But she was able to retain her mammoth boobs post-pregnancy, a fact both she and Colin were very happy about. Of course, she looked amazing. His cock throbbed in his pants.

"So, what do you say we work on baby number 2?" she purred, grinning wickedly, eyes flashing with heat. He could barely contain his wolfish grin as he approached his wife. She leapt into his arms, their lips meeting in a nasty, open-mouthed kiss. Her legs wrapped around his waist as he palmed her nearly bare, thong-clad ass, supporting her as he carried her to the bedroom, closing the door behind them, locking them away for a few hours of hot and nasty, down and dirty baby making.

So, yeah, clearly, this wasn't the woman he was married to a year prior. Juliet, his ex, was completely out of the picture now, and Rachel had taken her place. Rachel was a slut, a gold digger, and an evil little bitch. But despite all these negative qualities, Rachel was a far better match for Colin than kind-hearted Juliet ever was.

It wasn't his intent at first for it to be this way. Yes, he had fucked Rachel, but his initial urge was to write it off as a mistake. A very fun mistake, but a mistake nonetheless. He had a history with a certain type of girl, and that was a history he wasn't looking to relive. Juliet was such an incredible person, the exact type of girl any guy would be lucky to marry. He didn't want to jeopardize that. After Christmas, he refocused on his marriage and promised himself that he would not to make such a major mistake again. He looked forward to their future together.

Rachel had other ideas.

Energized by the wicked fuck session she'd had at work with Colin, she had no such scruples about continuing things with him. He was rich, handsome, and successful, the exact type of guy it would pay for her to sink her claws into. The type of guy who could give her the lifestyle she deserved.

She had acquired his phone number at the end of their first encounter, so she started there, texting him, reaching out to him that way. She sent teasing, flirty texts to start, but wisely, he never replied. At this point, she turned it up a bit, sending pictures of herself, teasing glimpses of her hot body in the garments his money had bought for her, a fact she was happy to remind him of. Shots of her massive breasts, barely contained by the myriad of fancy bras he'd bought for her. Images of her perfect, firm ass, clad in the thongs and g-strings his money had purchased. And while Colin did get a certain thrill at seeing her hot body exposed like this, he never engaged in any conversations with her, trying still to keep his hands clean.

This changed near Valentine's day.

As the holiday approached, and the displays in her department changed, seeing all the new Valentine's themed garments way out of her price range gave her an idea. Grabbing a tiny red bra with heart-shaped cups, and a tiny matching thong with hearts where the triangles of material would be, she arranged them on the counter nicely. Price tag visible, she texted Colin a picture.

"Buy me these!" she texted. "I want to feel that thong between my ass cheeks, and I want to feel that smooth, sexy material against my big tits!"

"Rachel, please don't..." he texted back. Yes, this seemed like him telling her to cut it out, but this was the first time he'd responded to any of her texts, so this was a victory for her. She wondered if she'd struck a nerve.

"C'mon babe! You seemed to love spending money on me before! If you don't want to spend it yourself, you can take some of your wife's hard earned cash out of her account... spend it on me instead!" she texted back.

"Rachel..." he texted back, but she could practically hear him groaning in pleasure at this suggestion.

"What?" she began. "I'm sure your wife wouldn't mind. Just think... all that work she does to bring in cash for you two, and you just spend it on super slutty lingerie for some slut you barely know. Doesn't that sound exciting?"

There was a long pause in his response, and Rachel knew she struck pay dirt.

She was right.

Colin had done a good job up to this point of not engaging with her, trying to ignore all her overtures. Sure, for a split-second, when she'd send some sexy picture along, he'd have a momentary thrill before suppressing it quickly. But for reasons he didn't fully understand, this message got him to engage. This text, out of the blue, asking him to spend money on her... that spurred him into responding. Even though he didn't immediately know why, something about this bold, shameless attempt at gold digging sent a deep-seeded thrill through him that he couldn't quite shake.

"I'm not using my wife's money to buy you underwear!" Colin texted back, rejecting her, despite the thought of taking money from his sweet, kind, generous wife that she got working at a non-profit and using that cash to adorn a slut's hot, shapely body, clinging to her massive tits and threading the cheeks of her perfect, juicy ass... uh, yeah, anyways, it resonated with him in a way that caught him off guard.

"C'mon baby... we both know you want to..." she texted back. "We both know it'll get you off even more!"

"What are you talking about? Of course not!" he replied, trying to play the part of the good husband while ignoring the throbbing in his pants.

"Well... you liked it so much last time..." she texted. "I mean, you came so HARD in my nasty cunt while spending more on me for Christmas than your little wife..."

"No!" he texted. "It's not true!" He affirmed as her assertion sent a pang of sinful lust coursing through him. Why was this conversation affecting him so strongly? He'd always enjoyed spending money, especially in his younger days. Back then, he wasn't the most mature guy, and he wasn't above flashing his wealth to get a girl's attention. And there was a certain type of girl that would always respond to this kind of thing, a type Rachel very much fit in with. He'd always enjoyed doing it, spending money on

girls. Even with Juliet, he always enjoyed buying her stuff and spoiling her whenever he could, despite the fact that she wasn't really that type of person and never really responded with the gushing praise that those other girls used to. Like Rachel did. And even though he'd by all accounts left that life behind, did Rachel sense this part of him? Did his one... indiscretion... accidentally give her enough information to sink her claws into him?

"Listen, if you don't want to STEAL money from your wife and buy me some super SLUTTY underwear that would make my huge TITS and perfect ASS look amazing... that's fine," she texted, her emphasis making his cock throb. "But if you change your mind..." she followed this up by sending a link to the items in the 'North Pole' online store, and her address.

Colin couldn't think straight the rest of the day. His mind kept returning to his text conversation with Rachel. He couldn't quite shake her offer. When he was a younger man, the best sex he would have was after he spent a lot of money on a girl for her benefit. It was as if they would try to prove themselves as worthy of continuing to be spoiled. These relationships, of course, would always prove too hollow to last.

But the sex was always so damn good.

And with Rachel... he knew the sex was fucking amazing! Maybe the best he'd ever had. So, despite the fact that he was married, her offer lined up with something inside him that he could never fully shake free of, even now. He still tried to spoil his wife. That's what got him into this mess in the first place, him trying to buy that fucking blender.

And that was a whole other thing, too. He'd searched out fruitlessly for that blender on Christmas Eve, only to come up empty-handed and cum inside a woman he was not married to. He did all that for nothing. Yet, when he woke up on Christmas morning, he had come to find out that there had been a package sitting on the doorstep, from the same guy he'd ordered that first blender from. His mother let him know that this had arrived for him at some point overnight. Opening it up, it was the fucking Neptune Blender. After all that work, there was one right fucking there! There had been a letter inside saying from the guy who sent it that the fake one he'd gotten before was miss-sent to him, and he sent along a second, correct one as soon as he realized his mistake.

Something about it seemed off to Colin. First, in retrospect, it had seemed obvious that his original source was fake. Second, he thought it was a guy who had sent it, but the writing in the note seemed distinctly feminine, plus it seemed to be written on 'North Pole' branded, Christmas themed stationary. But, after all that had happened, he didn't question it too much. He got the gift he wanted for his wife, and accepting that, he wrapped it quickly and put it under the tree for his wife before she woke up. After all that turmoil, he was ready for his wife to be super excited about the present he worked so hard to get for her.

He was left disappointed.

Sure, Juliet was happy about the gift, but she wasn't exactly over the moon, especially considering what he had to do to get it. Now, to be clear, he didn't buy it for her just to, like, get better sex from his wife or anything like that. He got it for her because he loved her and he wanted to make her happy. But she treated it like just another gift, which made the fact that he had committed adultery in an attempt to get it even more infuriating.

But Rachel... she responded exactly the way he craved for the amount he spent on her. She loved it. She was over the moon for what he'd bought for her. And on top of that, in response to him spending all that money on her, she got super slutty and super nasty in just the right way that scratched the itch deep inside him. And he knew that if he responded to her again, spending more money on her, she would step it up. She would act lethally nasty and slutty. He had no doubt he'd see her in that teeny, tiny, sexy set of Valentine's underwear if he bought them for her. No doubt.

He thought about it even when he got home. Being around his wife, it distracted him for a while. But when he was making dinner, he noticed that blender on the counter, gathering dust, barely used. He knew Rachel was probably wearing something he bought her every day. A tiny, sexy thong threading between her ass cheeks. Her monumental tits being contained, barely, by one of the fantastic bras he got for her. It was clear she loved being spoiled, and clearly, Colin loved to spoil.

He knew better, but he just couldn't let it go. He was on his tablet that night, looking at the link to the garments she had sent over. He knew better, but he just couldn't stop thinking about this slutty underwear. God, the bra cups were heart-shaped and so, so tiny. Just these little red lace

hearts, like a little patch, held on by a few small strings. Fuck! Rachel's massive tits would look incredible in this, the hearts barely covering her perfect, suckable nipples, straining to contain her massive rack, exposing so much incredible titty flesh. And the thong... wow! Her ass would look spectacular in this, a tiny heart above her ass crack, the red string disappearing between the cheeks... his mouth was watering.

Before he knew it, these slutty garments ended up in his cart, without him even realizing it. He didn't know her sizes for sure, but his hands and eyes did, allowing him to pick out the perfect fit for someone of Rachel's luscious proportions. These tiny little things were expensive, very much so... but God they looked good. But no, he couldn't actually buy it for this slut. He was married! What was he thinking? He just wanted to see how much it would cost with shipping. Sure, he could afford it. Money wasn't the issue. It was the principal of the matter. But what was Rachel's address again? No, he couldn't do this... wait, Rachel's boobs were seriously that big! Wow! Tits that huge deserve to be spoiled, right! Wait! No, what was he thinking?

Through this all, the lingerie was still in his cart, and he didn't have it in him to remove them just yet. Putting them in was easy... taking them back out was a harder pill to swallow. The shipping wouldn't be that bad, would it? No, stop! No! Stop being stupid! He'd just remove this stuff from his cart and head up to bed.

Five minutes later, he placed the order, buying that Valentine's day lingerie set for Rachel. Five minutes after that, he was jacking off in the bathroom to thoughts of Rachel wearing it. And he came... hard! God, it felt great, and in the back of his head, he kinda thought that pleasure that good made the whole expenditure worth it.

After he was done, he cleaned up and went to bed, where Juliet was waiting. She attempted to curl up to him, trying to initiate a little hanky-panky, as she often put it. But he deferred, saying he was too exhausted for it. His wife hadn't sensed any of his conflict all day. And she certainly didn't suspect that all of her husband's sexual energy had been intercepted by a slut hundreds of miles away, his attention stolen completely. With just a few simple texts, Colin's wallet had been made lighter, Rachel's life had been made better, and Juliet's night had been made worse. With just a few simple texts, Rachel had kept Colin's hands off his wife, and Juliet had been left unsatisfied. Rachel had been made victorious again, and

despite him draining his nuts mere minutes prior, Colin's cock jumped at this thought.

A few days later, when Valentine's Day hit, Colin received a whirlwind of texts.

'Babe, I fucking knew you wanted to get me in that lingerie!'

'I love it!'

'Fuck, it barely covers up anything...'

'God, this is fucking perfect!'

'You're the best boyfriend ever!'

Each subsequent text made his cock throb in his pants. Even her possessive overstatement of their relationship, calling him her boyfriend, only excited him further. Then she sent the pictures.

First, a teasing shot of her barely covered pussy, the tiny lace, heart-shaped patch of material clinging to her, showing off the puffy lips of her pussy, while the slightly see-through material allowed him to see her landing strip.

Next, a picture of her perfect ass, the heart-shaped patch of material tucked just above her ass crack, the band of her thong splitting her perfect cheeks. God, her ass was perfect, the smooth, round cheeks just hanging out, dying to be gazed upon... damn, it was so firm. Her amazing ass was perfectly shaped, jutting out from her slim frame in a mouthwatering way.

Then, she sent a picture of her big tits.

Wow! The tiny patches of heart-shaped lace were straining against the massive weight her giant boobs were exerting, almost digging into the skin. Her titty-flesh oozed out against the material, straining to be free. The hearts barely covered anything, allowing most of her enormous breasts to be exposed. It was perfect! So much skin. So fucking soft. And her nipples were as hard as diamonds beneath the material. Fuck! His mouth watered at the sight. On top of all that, this bra allowed pretty much the full expanse of her cleavage to be visible. God, it looked endless. To traverse there again, to dive headfirst between her tits and drown in such immaculate softness...

She then sent along some full body pictures. The red lace matched with her dark red hair, which cascaded in waves down her back. And she had made herself up to really look beautiful. Her smooth, plump lips were adorned with fiery red lipstick, curled into a knowing, teasing smirk. Her eyes, still hidden behind her black, stylish glasses, looked dark and smoky, almost staring into his soul through the picture.

These full body shots let the married man admire... everything. Her luscious, perfect tits, vaulting out from her slim, fit frame. Her smooth, tanned skin, so exposed like this, the only interruptions on her smooth flesh were her multiple tattoos, adding to her sexy, wicked image. Her long, firm legs, her slim fit arms... that perfect ass in a thong. God damn, she was a smoke-show.

She then progressed to sending more straight up lewd photos. Lying on her back, legs spread, her thong pulled to the side, her fingers spreading open her pussy for the camera. She followed this up with a text.

'I want you inside my vagina again.'

She also sent along a picture of her on all fours, her thong-clad ass facing the camera. She was pulling her cheeks apart, exposing the full expanse of her ass crack and her asshole, the string of her thong only slightly obscuring this mouthwatering sight.

Rachel was willing to show off so much, but she never gave him a good view of her huge, bare tits, the sight he was probably hungriest for. At some point, she ditched her bra, but she pressed her arm into her tits,

pressing it into the soft flesh, not even giving him the slightest hint of nipple. That being said, this only made him want to see them again even more.

She knew exactly what she was doing.

This was the beginning of the next stage of their relationship. Their journey had begun with a bout of wicked, spontaneous fucking upon their first meeting, and the last step was marriage. Now, they had progressed that first meeting to the next phase. Teasing and flirting and getting to actually know each other slightly through this whole thing. Even though they had gotten to know each other in a very base, instinctual way, gaining a core understanding of each other, they barely knew each other as people. In Colin's defense, he wasn't being as participatory as she was. She was the one teasing and flirting aggressively. He was just conversing with her, which is more than what he'd done at the start. And through their conversations, they were both able to glean info from each other.

Rachel knew that she had tapped into something deep inside him, an instinctual need to spend money on women. So, she milked that for all it was worth. In the weeks following Valentine's Day, she pushed at him, asking him to spend money on her again, each gift increasingly expensive. One week, a new laptop. The next, a new flat screen, one nearly double the size of the one she had. He always tried to say no, he always tried to act like that stuff was in the past. But when it came to crunch time, he always came through for her, sending her these expensive new gifts. And every time, he was spending his wife's money to do so. He knew it was wrong, he really did, but there was something about it that made him almost blindingly hard. He came buckets afterwards every time, something about spending his wife's money on this evil slut just driving him crazy.

Not being able to fully define this newly discovered fetish, he did his best to nonetheless keep it in check. Whenever Rachel asked to meet up again, he always said no, not wanting to fully go through with it and cheat on his wife again. He was using this whole thing as an outlet for this newfound fetish, expressing it in the only way he knew how. No one was getting hurt. Yes, it was a slight betrayal of his wife, keeping this thing going with this other woman. Sure, he was taking advantage of his wife by reducing all her hard work into a way for another woman to get spoiled rotten. But this was certainly not worse than his initial betrayal. He was satisfied keeping things where they were at.

But it was not meant to be.

About a month after Valentine's Day, Rachel reached out to him again, texting him a picture, one that would completely upend his life.

It was a simple picture, to be honest. She was dressed comfortably, wearing a shirt with a football team's logo on the front. It was a thin shirt, straining against her huge boobs, the indents of her nipples showing through the material. It was also low cut enough to show a good amount of cleavage. The picture was centered on her upper half, not showing anything below her waist. Above her chest, all he could see was the lower half of her face, namely her smiling lips. But there was one other thing in the picture. Something held between her fingers, displayed in line with her tits, like the exclamation mark on a breasty sentence. And when Colin realized what it was, his jaw dropped.

It was a positive pregnancy test.

'Guess you'll be spending a lot of money on me from here on out, honey! Me and our baby...'

He couldn't believe it. Was this true? It couldn't be, but... well, he did fire off a giant wad of cum deep inside of her. It... it was possible.

This did force him into making an in person meeting between the two. If... if this was true, they needed to talk, to deal with this. To figure out where they were gonna go from here.

Taking the day off work, without telling his wife, he made the hike to Deerberg, driving hundreds of miles back to his home town to meet Rachel for lunch. Going to a nice, expensive Italian place he used to take his dates to, he met Rachel there, seeing her for the first time since their first fateful meeting. Making sure to sit in a back table, in case anyone recognized him, he paused for a moment to take her in.

God, she was gorgeous. Dressed nicely in a slim red top and tight black pants, he was again reminded of what drew him to her in the first place. She was so fucking hot, and not in a nice way either. There was that dark side to her that was indescribably attractive. But because there was that dark, wicked side to her, he had to make sure this wasn't some big deception on her part. He'd heard from some guys that had a girl lie to them about things like this, either by not actually not being pregnant, or lying about them being the father. He knew it was a dick move, but he had to ask. Luckily, she was able to laugh this off.

"Okay, I get it... I mean, I am pretty slutty," she admitted with a laugh. "Okay, so one, I am definitely pregnant. I did, like, five different tests to prove it. We can get another one if you want? Plus, I had a doctor confirm it. And two, you are definitely the dad. The doctor told me the date of conception, and yeah, you're the only guy I barebacked around that time." She said this loud enough for the approaching waitress to hear, making her blush. After placing their drink orders, Rachel turned to Colin and grinned. "So... you're gonna be a daddy!"

He had a good bullshit detector, and it didn't seem like she was lying. Holy shit! He was gonna be a father! He'd impregnated the sexy creature sitting across from him. The problem was... he was married. How was he gonna deal with this? How was he gonna balance this without upending his life? After treating Rachel to this expensive meal, she made it clear what she wanted from him.

Money. Lots and lots of money.

It was to be expected. He had knocked her up. He had to do his part to support her and his child. But she was asking for a lot. This was beyond what he could get away with slipping funds from his wife's bank account. It was his responsibility, and he was fine with that, and giving her what she wanted was the only way to preserve the delicate balance he'd fallen into. There was only one way to have his cake and eat it too, to maintain his marriage while keeping Rachel happy, and that meant giving the slut lots of his own hard-earned cash on a regular basis. It was a lot of money, but the thought of giving it all to this evil slut made his cock throb in his pants.

A lot made his cock throb during this lunch. Just being in her presence again made all those memories flood back into his mind. Her tits looked even more massive than he remembered, and he could barely stop staring into her cleavage all throughout their meal. She was oozing sex from her pores, and his body was responding. It didn't hurt that her foot was beneath the table, massaging his cock, making him squirm as she got him to full hardness. He told himself that this was just gonna be a lunch. No funny business, no matter what she said and did. But being around this hotter than hot slut, combined with handing over some of his money to her in person... he wasn't exactly thinking straight. So, when she invited him back to her place, she already knew what the answer would be.

This was the point where Colin and Rachel began having sex on a regular basis.

Either with him making the drive back to Deerberg, or them meeting halfway, they began hooking up as often as they could. They were texting back and forth all the time, him not holding back anymore. And neither did she, turning up the heat, maintaining her hold over him and forcing him back to her every time she wanted. The only thing that held them back from being more open about it was the whole him being married thing. Luckily, Juliet completely trusted him, so he was able to get away with a lot behind her back. But he wasn't stupid, which is why he wasn't letting Rachel meet him where he lived, wanting to keep her as separate as possible from his normal life.

Unfortunately for him, he was quickly becoming addicted to Rachel. She was even better in bed than he had initially remembered. Every time they hooked up, he only got deeper under her spell. She was so good at fucking, so fucking filthy. She was happy to model all the outfits he'd purchased for her in person, and each time only drove him crazy with lust, turning him into an animal, creating an indescribable, all-consuming need to fill her up with cum again and again and again. He couldn't get enough. Soon, driving his cock into her hot body was his number one priority in life. He knew it was bad news, that it was nothing but trouble, but he couldn't stop himself.

He and Rachel were starting to feel like a serious thing, despite his best efforts. She indulged all his worst impulses, which naturally made them a very well-matched couple. She gave him everything he ever craved, slotting perfectly in line with his deepest, darkest cravings. In bed, she was

disgusting in all the best ways, up for just about anything. And as her belly grew with pregnancy, it almost felt like she got even nastier, and he was right up there with her. And the fact that he was fully aware she was milking him for cash and he was still going along with it only energized him further. He couldn't get enough.

The more he got into it, the more risks he began taking. He would visit her more often, taking more and more time away from work, lying to his wife with increasing regularity. She even started coming to visit him, driving in the car he bought for her, meeting up for a midday fuck session at a hotel before proceeding on to the rest of the day. And, when his wife was gone for a weekend work trip, he finally invited her to his apartment.

Juliet kept him humble in terms of living, but he still had a nice place. And a very nice bed, as Rachel soon discovered, spending the whole night riding Colin, his hands on her big, swollen tits, her pregnant belly glistening with sweat as they went at it, her fucking him into the bed, with him in absolute bliss as he blasted off inside of her.

She would return to his place with increasing regularity, them fucking in his apartment every chance they got. It was risky, and it was only increasing their chances of getting caught, but he couldn't stop. He was getting off on it by this point, and it was inevitable that they were gonna get caught. Deep down, he kinda wanted it.

And get caught they did.

Juliet left from work early one day, feeling sick. And that feeling only got worse when she got home. Hearing loud slapping, moaning, and extremely wicked cursing, she went to the source of the noises, her bedroom. There, she found her handsome, loving husband being ridden by a pregnant, redhaired slut with massive tits, belly swollen, her golden skin covered with sweat, and some tattoos adorning her smooth flesh. When the redhead saw Juliet standing at the door, mouth gaping open, heartbreak in her eyes, Rachel smiled wide and came on Colin's big, thick cock. And as he saw his wife absolutely crushed in betrayal, he followed right alongside Rachel, cumming in her tight cunt as she came on him.

The divorce wasn't pretty. Juliet, despite being kind and sweet normally, was understandably furious. But Colin, despite feeling bad about the hurt he'd caused his wife, was far wealthier and more connected. On top of that, 'North Pole', strangely enough, offered a service for their employees specializing in divorces, offering very experienced lawyers to ensure their clients the most beneficial divorce arrangements possible. This all allowed Colin to win out in the divorce as much as he could, holding on to most of their money and assets. Juliet marched out of his life angrily, but Rachel was eager to take her place. Not long after, they were married.

As much as he loved Juliet, Rachel was truly a better fit for him. Not that she made him a better person, far from it. In fact, she encouraged all his worst habits, and he didn't have the control to stop himself once unleashed. Now that she had access to his bank accounts, she encouraged him to treat himself, to spend some of that hard-earned cash and give himself and her a nicer life. With her encouragement, they moved to a nicer apartment, bought nicer furnishings, and lived the life both he and she deserved.

Even outwardly, she was a better fit. Him and Juliet had been kind of an odd match, as she was this kind, genuine sweetheart, and he was this kinda slick, corporate type guy. But Rachel, with her body, and her demeanor, could be very corporate. His co-workers didn't know the whole story about his new wife, but being around Rachel and getting stare into her cleavage at every work function she attended with Colin... needless to say, they weren't complaining.

A few months later, Rachel gave birth to their first child, a girl, and only a couple months after that, they were at present day, Rachel in the 'Man Eater', in Colin's arms as they headed to their bedroom, set to work on baby number two. About a year after first meeting, right back in the Christmas season, it just felt like the right moment to plant that seed again.

A year earlier, Colin was holding himself back, not indulging his true desires and needs, all under the façade of being mature. But thanks to the power of Christmas, and Rachel's perfectly massive tits, he was unleashed. He was living his best life. Sleeping next to Rachel every night, fucking her brains out every chance he could, he had no regrets. None.

Rachel had told him when they first met that the people that get rewarded are the ones who reward themselves. Colin had finally chosen to reward himself.

And he was being rewarded in kind.

For Connor Calvorson and his grandmother, Polly, Christmas was a turning point.

Now, their illicit Christmas fuck session wasn't the start of some long term affair. Sure, both of them had a very good time, and neither felt the slightest bit of regret. And sure, they did fool around a little bit more during the remainder of his stay. But this, by its very nature, wasn't built to be a long-lasting thing. Geographically, the fact that he didn't live nearby, plus the whole incest thing... it just wasn't built to last. He went back home and picked things back up with his girlfriend, and she resumed her normal, day-to-day activities.

They did have another adventure together a few months later, after school ended. He was meeting some buddies for a camping trip, and the drive would take him by Deerberg. When she heard this through the grapevine, Polly texted him, saying he should stop by his place for a day or two, and that maybe they could 'cook up something like last time...' Obviously, he knew what she was offering, and all the memories of their Christmas Eve adventure came flooding back, as they often had in the months since. It was legit the best sex he'd ever had, and it was his own grandmother that had given it to him. He had tried to write off him hooking up with his grandmother as a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity he couldn't help but partake in, not letting that take anything away from his relationship with Lucia. So, despite the temptation for more, regardless of the fact that he really wanted to swing by, he reluctantly informed Polly that he did have some plans with his buddies for when he got back home that this would interfere with.

But when she texted back, 'Just tell them you've got some guaranteed pussy on the table that you just can't turn down,' her forwardness was enough to change his mind.

So, that once-in-a-lifetime encounter with his grandmother became a twice-in-a-lifetime thing. Blowing off his plans in exchange of getting blown by Polly, him and her spent a couple days together, just going at it like animals. This time, they had full freedom, unafraid of getting caught, so they really just let go and just FUCKED! Fucking loud and hard, they couldn't get enough of each other. Polly took his big young cock in every hole she could, using it for all sorts of wicked pleasure she thought she'd left behind. There was just something about whoring out on a big young dick that was almost addictive for her. And he was happy to relive his nasty memories of their first encounter again. He was able to run his hands along the big, mature tits and perfect, round ass that had lived in his fantasies for months now. And he was happy to go along as things went far further than they did the first time, traversing to new depths. It felt like they spent almost all two days he was there in bed, fully naked, skin-on-skin, coated with sweat, a grandmother and grandson having delightfully nasty sex with each other. They only really stopped to eat, and with him being at his grandmother's house, her cooking was almost as good as the fucking. Almost.

Both knew that they were probably on divergent paths, with him having a girlfriend and about to head off to college, and she being his grandmother living her own life, so they wanted to get their money's worth while they had the opportunity. And they certainly did just that, and by the time he left to head back home, both were very satisfied with each other and their second illicit encounter together. They both left the door open in the future for some more fun if the opportunity presented itself, but they both understood that this was just a bit of fun on the side. It couldn't be anything more than that.

Having this kind of sex with such a studly, virile young man, it really renewed Polly's confidence. Not that she was one ever lacking in confidence, but she just kinda thought this kind of sexual encounter had passed her by. But with her time spent in the bedroom with Connor, she now knew she could keep up with the young guys of this generation just as well as she could when she was a younger woman. Maybe even more so. Sure, she was never one lacking for attention from men, but that was always from men near her own age, and at best men who were a little older than her own kids. But after her time with Connor, she knew she could

aim a little higher. She could keep with younger men, men in their primes, and she was about to test that out. And besides, being a widow, she was tired of being alone in this big house all alone. She was up for some fun.

Wearing her best and strutting her stuff, she used her connections to get her way into some of the better social events of Deerberg. Really putting herself out there, she was shocked at how warm the reception was. Attending various events, using her gift of gab and hot, perfectly aged body, she was getting a lot of attention from younger men, to the point where she almost had her pick of suitors. And it didn't take long for the older woman to make her choice.

Attending a pretty ritzy party downtown, she was dressed to the nines, wearing a sleek black cocktail dress that hugged her luscious mature form. It had a circular 'window' in the front, giving everyone around her a mouthwatering view of her deep, tanned, mature cleavage. It was a bold outfit for a woman her age to be wearing, but she was rocking it. Compared to her rich, older, stodgy peers, she easily seemed the most vibrant and fun to the younger people in attendance. The women her own age seemed old and frumpy in comparison, and a lot of the younger women attending rolled their eyes at this old lady flaunting her body so.

But the younger men certainly didn't mind.

This party was pretty posh, taking place in an old, fancy ballroom filled with the members of the upper crust of Deerberg. The wealthy, the talented and successful, old money and new rich. Polly didn't really consider herself one of these upper crust people, as she was invited by one of her old pageant friends to this fancy get-together. But with her captivating looks and hot body, she fit right in among the best of the best.

That's when she met... him.

He was relatively new in town; the local hospital having hired him a few months prior. He was this hot, rich, successful young surgeon who'd just gotten poached from his previous hospital to this one, being paid exorbitantly in the process. He was young, if he was over 30 it was barely so. And despite being a young hotshot surgeon, he didn't seem overly arrogant, as surgeons could often be. He was actually quite approachable

and easy to talk to. He was warm and friendly, but he emanated a confidence in his talents and a love of his work.

While coming across very humble and down-to-earth, it was also clear that he wasn't one to object to the nicer things. He dressed very well. He spoke to the other guys about his nice car, and he talked glowingly about the big, fancy apartment he'd just moved into just outside of town. But he talked about these things in such a low-key, humble way that you couldn't be annoyed with him. It was very endearing, and you couldn't help but feel he deserved every success he had.

It was not shocking to find out that, on top of all his jealousy-inducing expenditures, he also had a beautiful wife. A thin, pretty model-type, she used to be a ballerina. This was clear both by the pride he took in her former work and by her long legs and firm butt. But she was exceptionally flat-chested, a fact that was emphasized when Polly made conversation with the young couple. Her mature tits were being highlighted by her black cocktail dress, while the young dancer's long, expensive red dress couldn't distract from her lack of substance up top. Although the blonde dancer was very kind and friendly to everyone else, she seemed immediately impatient with Polly thanks to her display of tanned, succulent cleavage. But the older woman's infectious personality kept the younger man engaged for long enough that he couldn't help but notice the difference between them up top, unable to resist taking a little peek at her massive, mature boobs. As soon he stole a glimpse, Polly couldn't contain her grin.

Polly felt a rush of excitement upon meeting him. He was fucking hot! Rich, talented, and successful. Tall and fit, with a cute butt and a great head of brown hair, she was attracted to him immediately. She felt wicked for thinking it, knowing he was married, but considering she and her grandson had indulged in some truly wicked incest just a short time prior, she probably shouldn't be feeling any scruples about wanting a married man. And not only was he hot, he was easy to talk to, and her and him developed an easy rapport almost immediately, a fact that made the young wife grit her teeth and eventually pull her man away. But the connection was forged, and it wouldn't take long to bear fruit. Feeling his gaze falling to her cleavage felt like a good start.

Now, she knew it wasn't entirely a coincidence that the surgeon looked a lot like Connor. An older, more mature, richer, more professional version

of Connor. But unlike Connor, the surgeon wasn't her grandson, so to her, they actually had a chance for a long-term, permanent thing.

Most others would call her crazy for thinking she had a chance with him. He was this young, hot, successful doctor. The type of guy that girls his age would dream of landing. And one girl had landed him, putting a ring on his finger, binding him to a lifetime of boring sex with the willowy blonde he called his wife. Polly tried to deny it, but the married man had quickly entered her nastiest fantasies, and in them, he was very impressive. She knew the real thing would be even better.

Cashing in a few favors and getting in touch with a friend of a friend of a friend who knew him, she was able to find out the name of the restaurant where he takes his lunch when he's on call. And from there, Polly was off to the races.

Within two weeks, Polly and the handsome young doctor were having sex.

Using the same ability to tease that she'd used so effectively with Connor, it didn't take long for her to get the handsome stud of a doctor wrapped around her finger. A 'coincidental' run-in at the restaurant while wearing a very cleavagey top got his attention, and it was enough for him to accept her offer for a seat at her table. This turned into a meal, where their easy conversation resumed with his wife not in the picture. And the handsome young man just could not keep his eyes out of her cleavage, as hard as he tried.

"You seem to like my boobs a lot, haha!" she couldn't help but comment. At this, his face reddened, embarrassed at being caught. This young man, this confident, successful surgeon being completely flummoxed by this hot older woman sent a pang of lust coursing through her. She was having such a strong effect on him already. She loved it! Slightly panicking, he apologized, paid his bill and left quickly, but despite this, she knew she had him on the hook.

She made sure to run into him a few days later, and this confident doctor was soon stammering over his words again, mentioning his wife's name, nervous at the sight of the hot-bodied older woman, eager to get away. But she was showing even more cleavage this time, and his eyes couldn't help

but look. Stare. Any further complaints he might have had echoed into nothingness in the valley between her tits as he sucked on her nipples eagerly in the back of his sports car a mere few minutes later. Pressing her advantage, she rode his cock right then and there, fucking any resistance out of him, sending him back to work with a clear head and well-drained balls.

He tried to write it off as a one-time thing, but when she texted him a picture of her standing in front a mirror, wearing nothing but a pink thong, her massive, mature tits completely exposed for him to see, his mind changed.

He didn't resist so much after that.

It didn't take long for his gorgeous, ballerina wife to catch her stud of a husband getting ridden by an old slut in his marital bed. They were doing it so often at this point that this outcome was inevitable. And after being caught, the wife was succinctly pushed out of the picture by the older woman who'd so quickly replaced her. Now, there was nothing stopping them from becoming an official, real-deal couple. And couple up they did.

And that's how she ended up paired off with a hot, rich, successful young surgeon. He was a guy that all the girls his own age would want, but Polly was the one to get him into her bed. Polly was the one to get him beneath her every night, riding his big young cock, fucking him so well he'd have no shame in calling this older woman his girlfriend. They'd go out to more of those fancy parties, and instead of having the beautiful, willowy blonde dancer on his arm, he was joined by this confident, hot-bodied older woman. Her female peers were jealous of the stud she'd landed. Younger women fumed in anger at seeing a 10/10 guy like him pairing off with an old lady instead of someone his own age. They just couldn't understand. But younger men... they understood. Oh, they understood.

The surgeon was probably the most eligible bachelor in Deerberg. He could have any girl he wanted, he really could. But this handsome, rich doctor would spend the rest of his days having Polly's massive tits shoved in his face night after night, and he couldn't be happier about that outcome.

Polly would never have made this move before her Christmas Eve adventure with her grandson. But through that illicit act of incest, and a little bit of Christmas magic, her life was on an upwards trajectory.

Connor's path was a bit rockier. Not that it was bad or anything, just not the smooth upwards trajectory like his grandmother. He kept his encounters with Polly in their place, as a crazy adventure he just had to indulge in. For a guy who'd done it all, both fucking a much older woman, and that woman being a relative... that was pretty much the last things on the checklist of sexual adventures. And now, he had experience in them. Another notch in his belt.

After that, he recommitted to Lucia, and things went well for a while. She was a fucking minx, so she more than kept up with him in bed. Only Polly exceeded her in that sense. The rest of the school year through graduation, things went pretty smoothly. The only hiccup was his mother, Penelope.

Her standard temperament level was permanently set at 'bitch', but it seemed like these last few months, she'd taken it up a level. She'd been an absolute nightmare the prior few months, and Connor was getting really tired of it.

They'd always had an antagonistic relationship, at least since he'd gotten somewhat older and a bit more independent. That being said, she was not exactly the warmest mom when he was a kid either, so it's not like there was a sudden change in demeanor in her. But as he got older and developed the confidence and attitude to give it back to her, their relationship only got more fraught.

The bad thing was, from the outside, people thought it would be great to have Penelope as a mom, cause she was stunningly gorgeous. She was objectively great looking, with icy blue eyes, plump, sneering lips, and a creamy pale complexion. She had long, shiny blonde hair down to her mid-back, always looking immaculate and stylish. She always sought to dress well, wearing expensive, figure-accentuating clothing, always trying to not be pigeonholed as a neighborhood mom. And what a figure she had.

Tall, with long firm, smooth legs. A thin waist, with prominent hips and a large, round, juicy, perfectly formed heart-shaped ass. Her fit, trim belly

showed her dedication to fitness, but her greatest features were her absolutely massive tits. Much like her mother, Polly, she was blessed in the titty department, having mammoth, smooth, round tits that vaulted off her chest like a shelf. They were incredible. Even Connor could admit that.

But she was such a stone cold bitch. It seemed like, by nature, she'd go against anything Connor would want. A few years prior, when he and his dad got excited to go out and get him a nice car of his own, a plan she was very much aware of, she suddenly put her foot down, saying it was too soon for him to have a car. He'd want to go out with some friends, and she'd say no. He'd want to get Mexican food, she'd get Chinese. He didn't know why she seemed so oppositional to him on all things. It reached the point where he just didn't bother asking her for permission on things, willing to take any punishment afterwards. And yeah, he'd get grounded, or scolded, but after a while, he just let it roll off his back, paying it little mind. And this disobedience only increased her frustration with him.

He didn't know what he did to piss her off. Why his very existence seemed to annoy her. His charms seemed to work on everyone else, but with her, she seemed not to be able to stand him. But he got along with just about everyone he came across. And he didn't take it personally. His mom seemed to be oppositional to everyone. She had friends, sure, but she would even trash-talk them behind their backs too.

It really made her blood boil on Christmas when Polly and him got along so easily. He seemed to be able to charm his way into anyone's good graces, a fact that made his mother even more annoyed with him. She was the only one immune to his charms. She could see through him in a way no one else seemed to. And when he got to work charming someone over, she was filled with annoyance at how easily these people could be worked over. Couldn't they see what he was doing?

Needless to say, she hated all his friends, and she couldn't stand any of his girlfriends. Little dumb hussies that could be won over by her son's heavy-handed charms were not worth her time. And someone like Lucia, who was enough of a spitfire to give it back to her... Penelope and her couldn't be in the same room anymore.

Connor didn't know how his dad dealt with her for so long. He realized his dad may have just become numb to it after a while, completely broken by

her constant henpecking. He was a successful, wealthy guy, which is probably why she chose him to wed. It certainly wasn't out of any love or emotional bond.

As the summer went on, and the deadline for when he was gonna leave for college got closer, she reached a new level, constantly on his ass on every little thing. It wasn't helped that they were kinda forced into each other's orbits more than usual. She didn't work, so barring errands or shopping, she was always around the house. His dad had a major case he was working long hours on, and his little sister was at camp. Meaning that when he was at the house, there were no distractions preventing his mother from getting on his case every chance she got. He'd gotten good at letting her complaints roll off his back, but it just got so draining after a while. He'd try to ignore her and do something as simple as drink some orange juice in the kitchen, but she'd find him there and bitch about whatever new issue she'd invented.

Finally, as she bitched him out on some stupid thing, a bolt of inspiration hit him. His experiences during this past Christmas with his grandmother had given him a new tool in his toolbox. A new play in his playbook. Instead of arguing with his mother, fighting back against her at the lack of logic in her argument, he tried a new tact.

Flirting.

As she finished bitching about him not having all his supplies for the dorms, he simply walked to the sink and washed out his glass.

"Are you even listening to me?" she said, scowling, unamused at him being so unconcerned with all the legitimate issues she was bringing up. Smirking as he turned to walk past her and out of the kitchen, feeling a boldness that only come from having so thoroughly fucked his own grandmother, he spoke up.

"No, I wasn't, Mom," he began, smiling wide. "I got too distracted by your boobs! They look amazing in that top!" he said, glancing down at her chest. The comment was mostly made for shock value, as her top was pretty standard. A cool grey cotton shirt which couldn't help but cling to her massive tits, they did look fantastic, but they looked good in pretty much whatever she wore. But the fact that he would even think to respond in

this way was due to his previous ventures into the waters of incest during the previous Christmas season.

"Whuh... wh... what?" his mother stammered, shaking her head, completely flabbergasted in a way she rarely was. The fight in her voice was completely absent thanks to this bold maneuver.

"I'm a red-blooded male, Mom. It'd be hard not to notice," he said, turning back to say this before turning back around to continue walking away boldly. Usually, she would call after him if he tried to walk away like this, but this time, she was stunned into silence.

She didn't say anything when he came downstairs a few hours later after a nap. Usually, she didn't let him nap when he had chores to do, but he got away with it this time. Probably even she didn't want to deal with the awkwardness his shocking comment had caused. And when they had to converse, she mostly ignored that he'd said anything earlier, acting as if all was normal, so she was back to being a bitch. But Connor was enough of a shit-stirrer to not let this stand. As she bent over to retrieve something from a cabinet in the living room, this put her in position to bend over near him, causing her round, juicy ass to press out against her beige pants, the material molding to each of the perky cheeks. At this, he couldn't help himself.

"Damn Mom... your ass is incredible! Whatever you're doing, keep it up!" he said, laughing as he looked at her from the couch. At this, she stood up straight and turned to face him quickly.

"What are you doing?" she asked, confused, blushing slightly.

"Just stating the facts, Mom," he said with a smirk on his face. She made her way out of the room after this, and the fun was over when Dad got home a little later.

Honestly, this was done mostly just to mess with her. He knew that his mother was objectively attractive, but she was just such a bitch that he never felt any sort of attraction to her in that way. But his flirtatious charm had always worked him wonders, and he was curious how his mom would

react finally being on the receiving end of that flirtatiousness. Her reactions so far had been hard to read. She wasn't mad, but she certainly wasn't happy about it either. She was confused and caught off guard, almost in disbelief, but she was not necessarily upset. But it seemed to completely put her on her heels in a way that few things ever did. He was interested to see how she would respond as he kept running game.

He wasn't aggressive about it, but he'd make the occasional comment or wolf whistle. Curiously, she never directly told him to stop, or cut it out. She would say that he probably shouldn't be talking like this, or continue on saying the bitchy things she always said towards him, but she never once asked him to stop. These comments he made would always make her freeze up slightly and stop her in her tracks. He'd wished he'd known this trick years earlier. It would have saved him a lot of aggravation.

Then, a funny thing happened.

She started dressing up a bit. Not to an insane degree, mind you. She probably didn't know she was doing it. But suddenly, her outfits would be a bit nicer. And tighter, more form-fitting. She busted out a few skirts, and some tops that were lower cut. It was as if she was asking for more of these teasing comments. It was as if she was asking to be objectified by her flirt of a son.

It was almost as if she liked it.

Was this it? Was this the root of everything? Was this why she always seemed to be constantly annoyed with him? Did she see him spitting his charm and flirtatiousness with all these girls, and was on some level jealous that it wasn't coming to her instead? Sure, he'd always had that smoothness and a way with words, which he handed out to everybody, his mother included. But he'd never flirted with her in the same way he did with all those other girls. She was his mother, why would he? But things had changed for him thanks to the events of the previous Christmas, and now that he was unleashing that play from his playbook, she was responding.

It was slow going at first. She would wear a tighter pair of pants, or a skirt that would really showcase her upturned ass. She would wear tops that

were a bit lower cut than usual, highlighting her magnificent boobs. And she would keep engaging him, needling him, as if trying to induce a response out of him. And most of the time, she would get her wish.

"Get your ass moving! You can't just lay around all day..." she would call out to him angrily as he laid on the couch.

"Sorry Mom, I was too busy watching your ass move. Damn, it looks good today..." he responded with a smirk, after spending most of the morning watching her perfect, full rear end bouncing around in these tight-fitted beige pants. It was difficult not to notice. They really looked amazing on her. At this, slightly blushing, she threw the dust towel in her hands at his face.

"Cut it out..." she said, lacking the bite her commands would normally have, as if she was saying it only to keep up appearances. As if she didn't mind at all...

And if she didn't on some level enjoy this kinda talk, she certainly wouldn't have worn a pair of pants that were even tighter than that pair a short time later. A thin, silvery pair of pants that were practically painted on, hugging the firm, meaty cheeks, showcasing their firm shape completely and even showcasing the slight crevasse in between, giving anyone who happened to be behind her a good look at her perfectly formed ass. When she was out, she wore a sweater around her waist to prevent causing car accidents when she crossed the street, but as soon as she got home, the sweater was tossed aside. This gave Connor, her own son, the only other person around, the one who'd been making all these supposedly annoying comments about her body, a primo view of her first class rear end.

She had to know what she was doing.

Connor moved to come inside after swimming laps in the pool and tanning. She had called out to him about something he had to get done in the house, and he disobediently waited a few minutes after this before entering, wearing only his swim trunks, carrying a towel. He came in to find her in the kitchen, leaning up to put away some groceries on the top shelf. This allowed him to just look at her perfect ass for a few moments

uninterrupted, the ripe, firm cheeks jiggling ever so slightly as she put stuff away. Connor couldn't help but let out a wolf whistle, making her jump.

"Damn..." Connor began. "I think you have an even better ass than Lucia..." He said this without thinking, as he wasn't one to really trash his girlfriend behind her back. But in this unguarded moment, he spoke the truth. His mom did have the superior ass, better than his girlfriend's. And for the first time, his mom's expression changed, looking back at him, eyes flashing for just a split-second, almost acknowledging that she took pleasure in hearing this. Took pleasure in hearing that she had his girlfriend beat, in at least one specific way. She shook this expression off her face quickly, but not quick enough for him not to notice.

"Just..." she began, stammering, looking his exposed body up and down. "Go cool off..." she said quietly, shooing him away, but as she turned away, he could almost see her smiling.

His comments about her ass aside, he far more preferred boobs to butts. And honestly, it always seemed like his mother was far prouder of her giant, firm breasts than her rear end. Maybe she was using her ass to test the waters in a subtle way, to get his attention without being too obvious about it. But it would be hard for her to be subtle with those oversized tits of hers. She had pushed things about as far as she needed to with her ass. And once she got confirmation that he appreciated her ass the way he was meant to, and that he could admit her ass was superior to his girlfriend's, she pivoted, trying to divert attention upwards to her big breasts, hoping for the same effusive commentary.

She had started with slightly lower cut tops once this whole thing started, nothing too crazy though. But after the day with the tight silver pants, she took it to a new level. She started wearing very low cut tops, showing off a healthy amount of chest, and the round, bare, smooth slopes of her massive breasts. She also began wearing very tight, form-fitting tops, which hugged her slim torso, really emphasizing the size and shape of her big breasts. And, although he had no confirmation, he could swear she was wearing push-up bras, really pushing her tits out, making sure they were getting his attention.

But, in a brilliant bit of improvisation that he himself was proud about, he started to just flat out ignore these overtures on her part. She suddenly

started showing more cleavage than usual, and he stopped making comments. This, at the time when he had the most ammunition. Like, seriously, she was showing a stupid amount of cleavage while working around the house. He was the only one around! It was so obvious she was trying to bait him into talking about her tits, but he wisely said nothing, not acknowledging this very obvious change in her outfits. She'd show a sizable amount of cleavage, and he didn't say a word, acting at his normal level of disobedience, not making any comments about the display she was making.

She had a choice to make. Either she could back off this little thing going on between them, or she could push harder and make him talk.

She chose the latter.

Like when she marched up to him, wearing a slim, lime colored top, showing about six inches of good, healthy cleavage, demanding to know why he hadn't mowed the lawn yet. Judging by the way her tits shook as she did this, it was clear she had chosen an extra jiggle bra for this outfit, trying to make sure that she got Connor's attention. But he chose not to indulge her, simply apologizing for his mistake before marching right outside to take care of the lawn. Or the time, while he lied on the couch watching TV lazily, when she screamed at him about him being out later than he promised the night before, wearing high heels, a short, flowy black skirt, and a silver, figure hugging top with no bra, sporting even more cleavage than the last time. He apologized again and promised to be a better son in the future. Her anger was completely muted by this, and she didn't know what to say. He had replied to the argument in the way a mother would hope, and he hadn't ogled her body either. She didn't know what was going on. Why wasn't he getting more upset?

Then there was the time she came back from yoga. Usually, she would change there, but this time, she came home in her tight yoga pants and sports bra. It wasn't like she secretly knew her son would be at home. It wasn't as if she was ready to yell at him for not working enough at his job and supporting of himself, even though she knew he had a job and just had a day off from work after working six straight days. She didn't try to cover herself up when she yelled at him, letting him look at her hot, fit body. She didn't seem to mind that her tits were pouring over the edges of her stylish sports bra top as she screamed at him. What she did mind, without saying it, is that he didn't even look. And when he said he'd ask

his boss for more hours, seemingly giving her what she was asking for, she got even madder.

Because in truth, he wasn't giving her what she was asking for.

Then there was that time when she was working out in the yard. Damn, she looked good that day. She was wearing some old, but still nice jeans, slim and figure hugging. And up top she was wearing an old, button up blue shirt. But instead of using the buttons at all, she simply tied it up at the front, showing off literally all her cleavage, her black bra underneath, and the full expanse of her slim belly. She came into the house, skin coated with sweat, and screamed at him as to why he wasn't doing anything around the house to help out. This was an obscene sight really. She had to know what she was doing. Her tits were straining to escape her tied-up top, and she was showing so much skin that he could see her huge boobs jiggle and ripple with each word and move she made. She had to know what she was doing. She was BEGGING for him to make one disobedient comment about her big tits. Keeping his cool despite there being so many lewd comments on the tip of his tongue, he said he would vacuum the carpets. She practically stamped her feet in an almost impotent anger as she watched her son get right to work, doing as she asked while not giving her what she wanted.

It was funny to Connor to have his gorgeous, bitchy mother in the palm of his hand. He was teasing her, drawing things out, extending the game. He didn't quite know what he would do when he was ready to end the tease, as this was so much fun driving her crazy. And plus... he got his own pleasure out of it. His mother always dressed well but seeing her show a lot more skin than usual was... thrilling. He was the guy that had banged his smoking hot grandmother. So despite his mother being a complete bitch, he wasn't above acknowledging how hot she was, and he did so by jacking off with her in mind. He felt like it was a small victory in their lifelong conflict to cum vigorous, creamy loads to the thought of all the skin she was so deliberately showing him.

He could have drawn things out longer, probably for the rest of the summer, till the point where she'd be walking around every day in her bra and panties for him. He had control and he didn't mind pressing that advantage. But then, a couple things happened. First, Lucia went on vacation with her folks as a graduation gift in the middle of summer, so she was gone for a few weeks, eliminating an outlet for all the sex a growing

young man like him needed, which was a lot. Secondly, he got in a lot of trouble, so emergency plans were required.

Connor wrecked his car pretty good. It wasn't a nice car, a crappy old used car that his mom had eventually relented him having. His family had money, so that wasn't an issue. She just wanted to stick it to him and have a crappier car than his friends. Anyways, he'd been hanging out with his friends the night prior, smoking a little weed, another thing his parents couldn't stand, even though it was pretty much legal where he lived. But anyways, he got a little high, and on his way home, while dodging a squirrel that might not have actually been there, he veered off the road and ran into a tree. He wasn't going that fast, so while the accident crushed the headlight area in pretty good, he was able to drive home. He was a bit groggy, for multiple reasons, so he ended up carrying himself up to bed, hoping to figure out something in the morning. He fell into a deep, heavy sleep, hoping that everything would just work itself out.

"CONNOR!" Penelope screamed out that next morning from downstairs, waking him up. She marched upstairs loudly, and as she did so, he started to wake himself up, prepping for a big fight as he remembered the events of the night prior. Pushing himself up onto his feet, wearing only his boxers, trying to hide his morning wood as best he could, he was ready and waiting when his mom slammed his door open.

"Hey Mom..." he said, still groggy, one eye closed as he looked at his mother, smiling wide. She stood there, hands on her hips, looking stone cold furious with him. Dressed in high heels, a thin, thigh-hugging grey skirt, which molded to her ass, and a dark red top that showed off a lot of cleavage and hugged her huge tits, she looked extra hot. And the furious expression on her face made her look even foxier.

"You crashed your FUCKING CAR!?" she screamed at him, taking a step towards him. "And I can smell the fucking weed on you. Fuck. Connor... how could you be that fucking stupid? I told it to your father! I just knew if we got you a car, you'd fuck it up somehow! He said I was wrong, but... look who's fucking right now?!"

Okay, this was an emergency. Zero hour. It was time to pull the ripcord. To make his move. Smirking, unaffected by his mother's screaming at him, he let his eyes drift down to her jutting tits.

"Damn Mom..." he stated. "I swear your tits get bigger every day." He gawked openly at her boobs, and she crossed her arms beneath them and looked at him.

"No, no, no, you're not talking your way out of this one," she replied angrily, unwittingly acknowledging that her compliments of her body had gotten him out of some trouble spots with her before. "You're gonna explain to me how you could be so stupid and reckless!" she demanded, pointing at him, the motion making her boobs jiggle.

"I'm sorry, Mom..." he replied calmly, smirking, talking as if he were referring to the car. "It's just... they're so freaking big! And I feel like I've seen so much of them lately," he teased, looking up at her, her eyes narrowing ever so slightly as he dared bring up the unspoken thing going on between them. "I swear... they might even be better than Lucia's... maybe the best I've ever seen." Again, just like the last time he'd given this type of compliment comparing her to his girlfriend, her eyes flashed with heat before returning to her standard, icy glare.

"No!" she said, putting her foot down, not letting him get to her despite it clearly getting to her. "You are not getting away with this, Connor! If you have a magnificent goddamn explanation for why your car is practically totaled and reeks of weed, I'd like to hear it!" she stated, hands on her hips.

Despite his reputation for having a silver tongue, at the moment he couldn't think of any convincing lie. There was none. He'd gotten high and crashed his car. But he had to come up with something. Some clever explanation. Suddenly, the perfect words came to his mind.

"I got high and crashed my car..." he found himself saying, shrugging his shoulders. Even he was surprised by his lack of creativity. That was all he could come up with at a moment's notice. But this honesty didn't win him any favor with his mother. Her nose flared. Her eyes lit alight with fury. Her lips twisted into a poisonous scowl.

She was ready to let him have it.

At first, she was just laying into him, screaming out every curse word she could come up with for how stupid and reckless he'd been to get in such an accident. About how she always knew he was an arrogant idiot, and that he couldn't charm his way out of all his problems. He wasn't the type to scream back at her, staying calm and unaffected as she laid into him, which only made her madder. She got louder, holding nothing back, approaching him slowly as she did so. She tended to use her arms a lot, gesticulating wildly, and all he could focus on were her giant boobs jiggling as she did all this.

"Oh! What's that? You like staring at my TITS!?" she screamed out, looking almost crazed. Before he could react, she reached down and grabbed the hem of her top and pulled it up fast, exposing her bare stomach and, after a forceful tug, her pink lacy bra, struggling to contain her mammoth melons. At this, Connor was slightly taken aback, as he didn't expect this maneuver. "And you don't think I saw you staring at my ass!?" she screamed out, kicking off her heels and reaching down to tug down her nice, slim skirt, exposing her long, bare legs and her tiny pink g-string. He had a mirror hanging next to his door, so by looking at it, he could see her ass just hanging out, the tiny pink string bisecting the round, firm, juicy cheeks, meeting with the thong bands in a small knot on her lower back, just above her ass crack. Kicking her skirt away, she stood in front of him, hands on her hips, panting with anger, looking almost insane with fury.

There was a pause in the yelling as she stopped seeing red for just a moment. This moment was long enough for both of them to realize that all she had accomplished in her anger was her stripping down to her underwear for his enjoyment. Her blazing eyes looked into his calm eyes, and those emotions rose to the surface.

Penelope could scream so loud that the neighbors could typically hear when her whenever her son or husband found a way to really piss her off. And Connor had done the job here, as she absolutely laid into him. Her yelling echoed through the rest of the house, and her voice could carry all the way to the street. People walking by could hear, no doubt. And the neighbors, who knew Penelope and knew what kind of woman she was, weren't surprised to be hearing this. They'd almost become numb to her attitude, and unsurprised to hear her bitching to somebody in her house. So, they were barely listening to the screaming match next door.

But if they were, they might have noticed a slight pivot in the tone of the screaming match she was having with her son. At first, she was screaming like a banshee, furious and upset with her son, yelling and cursing, the fury evident in her voice even when you couldn't hear the words she was screaming. And after a short pause, she was screaming like a banshee again, but judging by the tone of her screaming, those feelings towards her son were slightly different.

"YES! YES! YES! YES!" Penelope screamed out at the top of her lungs. Now completely naked, she was furiously riding her own son's huge dick on his bed. Below her, with a huge grin on his face, was Connor, driving up into her as hard as he could, his big hands palming his mom's giant bare tits as she did so.

Yeah, her feelings towards Connor had certainly changed. Or, to be more accurate, they'd been exposed.

A fit, well-muscled, handsome young man, wearing only his boxers, his sizable bulge evident. And a hot bodied mature woman, exposed in much the same way, standing in only a sexy bra and g-string. The tension between such people was bound to boil over, incest or not. The passion of her anger allowed the passion of her deep-seeded lust for her son to take control. Before either of them even knew what was happening, lips were on lips, tongues were sliding against tongues, and hands were on each other's bodies, ripping off what little the other had on. In less than a minute, she was shoving him back onto the bed, both completely naked, ready to take what she wanted.

"UGGGHHHH! FFFFUUUCCCKKKK! FFFFUUUCCCKKKK! YYYEEESSSSSSSS!" the mom moaned gutturally, driving down her immaculate ass into her son's hard body, taking his full length on every bounce. The slow simmering tension between them had finally bubbled over into explicit, unbridled incestuous fucking, and she was getting her money's worth, taking his thick, rock hard cock deep inside her tight, eager cunt. "Fuck me! Fuck that nasty cunt!" she screamed out to her son.

"Fuck, Mom! Jesus..." he groaned, his hands digging into her massive, creamy tits. He couldn't believe he was taking part in incest again, but just like the first time, the sex was incredible. His mother was like a whirlwind,

her anger and fury now translated to pleasuring his big, fat dick, and it was working. God damn, this was incredible!

"Give me that big dick you piece of fucking shit! You smug fucker! Yes! Yes! Give your mom that huge fucking cock! Yes!" Penelope screamed out. Knowing she would like it, he grabbed her pink nipples between his fingers and twisted them. Hard.

"AHHHHHHH! FUCK! FUCK! You fucking asshole! Yes! YES!" she screamed out loudly, her pussy spasming around his big bare cock. At this, she looked down at her son and smirked wickedly. "You like this better than your slut girlfriend? You like fucking your own MOM more than your disgusting, piece of trash little girlfriend?"

Connor looked up at her, angry at hearing this trash-talk against Lucia. He probably didn't have a leg to stand on being upset, considering this wasn't the first time he'd cheated on her with one of his own relatives.

"You're a fucking bitch, you know that?" he sneered as he kept driving up into her.

"And you love it!" she said, smiling. "Fucking your own mom! Haha! Fuck! You love having me scream at you! You love hearing me trash your whore girlfriend! Yes! You just like staring at my hot body, don't you? UGHH! You fuck all those fucking whores you go to school with, but you ended up buried inside your own mother's cunt in the end! Hahaha! YES! Keep fucking me! Yes!"

He looked up at her. Her gorgeous, sneering face. Her long, shimmering blonde hair. Her hot, pale-skinned body. Completely naked. Coated with sweat. Her mammoth, bulbous melons, ballooning outwards between her arms as she rode him. Looking down, where their genitals were conjoined, the puffy lips of her shaved pussy were clinging to the circumference of his thick teenage cock.

He hated her, but God damn this was the best fucking sex he'd ever had. Her cunt, her body, her mouth... it was amazing. He hated this bitch, but

he was gonna make her scream. Squeezing her tits roughly, he used them for leverage as he drove up into her hard.

Proving that he truly was his mother's son, a raging fury filled the normally cool young man, using his talented hips to drive up into her at a near blinding speed. The venom leaving her lips was replaced by moaning. She soon collapsed forwards, her huge tits pressing into his fit chest. Her lips near his ear, she screamed out loudly as her son wrapped his strong arms around her slim body and kept driving into her like an animal, drilling his own bitch mother, making her squeal. She was soon beyond words from his unrelenting, unflinching fucking, proving his mettle by fucking the living daylights of her. As her cunt began spasming around his throbbing post, the toll of the fucking began to hit him too, his cock tingling with pleasure as he approached his own climax. Heaving himself up into her, giving her his full length, she began screaming at the top of her lungs, her cunt gushing around him. And that was enough for him to go over the edge, seeing light behind his eyes as his cock exploded inside his own mother, pumping her full of cum in the same way he had with his grandmother.

When Connor regained his composure, his mother was splayed out next to him, still naked, legs spread lewdly, eyes half-open, totally blissed out. Still covered with sweat, he pulled his sticky body out of bed. Standing up and pulling on his boxers, and grabbing a joint from his bedside table, he made his way downstairs.

The game of teasing he'd been putting his mother through had reached its inevitable conclusion. They'd fucked. Hard. And in doing so, he'd proved his hypothesis true. Her constant anger with him was due to a deep-seeded lust she had for him, and by judging by how eager she'd been to rip off her clothes in front of him, he'd done a good job bringing it to the surface. The question was... where do they go from here? The tension between them had reached its tipping point. They'd finally have sex. What would be the consequences?

Sitting disobediently on the living room couch, putting his feet on the coffee table and sitting back, he lit up his joint and brought it to his mouth, taking a nice, relaxing puff into his lungs. Blowing the smoke into the air, he sat back and relaxed, waiting for the furious aftermath of his incestuous fuck session.

He felt a certain manly pride in being so talented he could convince his own mother to slip between the sheets with him. He thought banging his grandmother was the ultimate, but no... this was the ultimate. There was no greater checkmark a stud like him could hope to achieve than to seduce and bed his own mother, fucking her into oblivion. He'd never felt such a thrill. Such pleasure. He loved Lucia, he did, but he couldn't be blamed for this, right? He saw an opportunity, and he took it. He had a chance to do something few could, and he pulled the trick. And, fuck... it was worth it. God damn... he might hate that bitch upstairs, but she was dynamite in bed. Her pussy... her ass... those tits. They were the best he'd ever gotten his hands on. Could he move on knowing what he'd had? Could he be satisfied with Lucia now that he'd experienced the ultimate of the ultimate?

He heard a noise of movement coming from behind him, down the stairs. He didn't stop smoking the joint, so he was readying himself to be reamed out by his mother for not only smoking weed but doing it in the house.

Instead, he was surprised when she emerged next to him, not saying a word. His eyes went wide at the realization that she was barely dressed, as she'd only pulled on her tiny pink g-string before coming downstairs. That meant he got to watch her massive, bare tits jiggling and swaying as she moved towards him. They were just so massive and round, jutting out from her frame, smooth and heavy and fleshy, nipples still hard, dancing in the cool air. She never made eye contact as she walked around the couch towards him, her nearly bare ass exposed, her firm, perfectly formed cheeks just stranding out, drawing his attention. Wordlessly, she sat down next to him, sitting back on the couch. For a few seconds, they just sat there, him smoking his joint, her just sitting there, staring forward. Finally, after a few wordless moments, she turned to look at him, her face expressionless.

"I gotta admit..." she began, her voice slightly hoarse. She then turned to face her son, her face expressionless, before her lips curled up in a warm, motherly grin, which was fucking odd coming from her. "That was the best sex I've ever had! God damn..." she sat back again and exhaled, before glancing at the joint between his lips.

"Can I?" she asked, nodding at the joint. A little surprised, since she'd always been so against anything like this, he nonetheless complied, passing the joint to his mother. Sitting back, she put it between her lips

and inhaled, filling her lungs. Exhaling and coughing, she couldn't help but laugh slightly. "Sorry... it's been awhile..."

"Dad doesn't get the job done?" Connor asked, returning to her earlier point. She gave him a withering look.

"Please..." she said, rolling her eyes and taking the joint between her lips again. "Your father is good for some things, but... sex is not one of them."

"I guess I inherit my talents from your side of the family, then," he said, smiling inwardly, knowing even more than she did.

"I guess..." she said, agreeing, studying him for a few seconds, as if thinking something over. Unable to resist the temptation, she had to bring up the question that suddenly stirred to the forefront of her mind by his too-cute reply. "Okay, this might be crazy, but after what we just did, I have to ask. Did you fuck your grandmother at Christmas?"

Connor was shocked at her pulling this fact out of thin air, and in his befuddlement, he didn't have the opportunity to lie convincingly. He just stammered a bit, grinned, and gave his mom a look that confirmed his answer to her.

"I FUCKING KNEW IT!" she announced, slapping him on the arm and grinning. "I knew there was something up between you two back then! I could... feel it in the air! My mind went there back then, but... I thought it was too crazy to be true! Fuck... I can't believe you two actually did it..." She didn't seem mad at him, giving him the boldness to speak his mind.

"Multiple times..." he said under his breath. She gave him a mildly annoyed look.

"I can't believe my mom's capable of... that," she said, still gripping with the idea that her mother and her son had fucked. Then, she perked up again as a new revelation hit her. "Although I should have suspected considering her new boyfriend looks exactly like you!"

"I know, that's crazy, right!" Connor said, finally having someone to share this fact with. Connor had definitely noticed the resemblance between him and Polly's young surgeon boyfriend, and this knowledge stroked his ego for sure, knowing that he'd clearly left his mark with her.

"Damn," Penelope said, shaking her head before bringing the joint back to her lips. They sat back in silence, trading the joint back and forth. Finally, she spoke up again. "Don't worry about the car..."

"Really?" he asked, surprised. She shook her head.

"No... it's probably time we got you a new one, anyway. Your dad will be pleased, I'm sure," she said.

"Wow... I didn't realize I was that good in the bed to get a new car..." he said. "I'm lucky to get dinner most of the time," he said, making both laugh. This was the nicest he'd ever seen his mother act, and he was kinda waiting for her to become the bitch he'd always known her as. Yet she remained silent, and after they finished the joint, they simply sat in silence next to each other. The only movement he saw was her strumming her fingers on the armrest of the couch, at least until she finally had enough and turned to face him again.

"You ready to go again?" she asked calmly and confidently, smirking and reaching down to grab his clothed bulge.

Connor and his mother had sex three times that day. The first time, in his room. The second, right there on the couch, her thong pulled to the side, her tits in his face as she rode him until he came inside her. And later, after going out for a swim to cool down, him in his swim trunks and her in a maroon thong bikini he never knew she had, they went at it again, this time in her bedroom, him finishing their encounter by cumming in her ass. After that, they cleaned up, and by the time his dad got home, she was dressed normally, and her attitude shifted back to normal, putting up a front in front of Dad, as her and Connor shared this secret together.

This was the start of something. Every chance they could from there on out, they got it on. On days he went to work, they'd go at it early in the

morning before he had to head out. Sometimes at night, she'd sneak into his room so they could fuck again. On the days he didn't work, they went at it all fucking day. And eventually, she was all but encouraging him to blow off work and all other responsibilities he had, just to bang her. She couldn't get enough, and neither could he. And each time was better than the first. It was the hottest, filthiest, nastiest sex he'd ever had, and he only wanted more. His mom did everything. Tit-fucking. Blowjob. Anal. And she was really fucking good at it. While Lucia and his grandmother were both really good in bed, there was just something about fucking his own mom that added to the lusty appeal of the whole thing.

She was almost more into it than he was, and that was saying something considering how much he was enjoying himself. All his mother's parental lessons about work ethic and responsibility seemed to go out the window if it impeded on her getting the dick. Now that this side of her had been unleashed, it couldn't be put away. She was on Connor's cock like no one before.

And for her, there was clearly some added appeal to the competitive aspect of it, of trying to outfuck all the other girls he'd ever been with. But she took especially great delight in outfucking both his girlfriend and her mother, trash talking both as they went at it, making him say over and over again that she was the best fuck he ever had. And honestly, she was. And whenever he told her she was the best, she would cum like crazy, her cunt gushing around him, her moaning like a total whore.

It was fucking great!

And the funny thing was, his mom was way cooler from the point they started hooking up. Not just around him, but in general. So, that was the root cause of her bitchiness, not getting laid enough, and now that she was getting properly seen to, she was a lot more chill.

When he went off to school, after years of wanting to leave, he left with apprehension. He'd just finally gotten to the bottom of his issues with his mother, solving all their conflict with hot, nasty sex, and now he had to move on. Lucia was going to a school close enough for them to still date, but it wasn't the same. For a stud like him, it was hard to come back from the mountaintop, and after checking off just about all the checkmarks for any sexually active young man, it was hard to leave it all behind. Fucking

his mom was the best sex of his life, and he just couldn't get past it. His mother, despite her being way more chill now, still had that bitchy side to her. But whereas before he hated it, now, it added to her appeal. During the whole thing with her, he'd felt like he was the one driving, yet, as it went on, it almost felt like she'd slowly gained full control over his big dick. He just couldn't move on from her, despite his best efforts. Every time he and Lucia hooked up, it was thoughts of his mother that made him blow his load. Every time. He loved Lucia, he did, but it felt like the relationship was sliding from his grasp, to be replaced by something darker and nastier.

That was all but confirmed when he returned home for Christmas. His dad was away for the first few days of break, and if there were any hopes of his mother having thought twice about what they'd done the last summer, they were erased by the unholy screwing they took part in within minutes of his arrival. They did it again and again and again, getting nastier and nastier. She hardly gave him any free time, keeping his big young cock very busy. Each time he did it, each time he cheated on his girlfriend by fucking his own mother, his loyalty was being pulled away from Lucia and towards Penelope. He knew where this was going, and he couldn't pull it back now. He'd played these games for so long. It was about time he'd run into someone who was more than a match for him. Lucia was not that woman.

His mother was.

Each fuck they took part in cemented this feeling of him drifting away from his girlfriend. So, when he and Lucia met up a couple days after Christmas, she was expecting them to have a great day together. Instead, she got dumped, and hard. And within an hour of that, Connor was back home, fucking his mother's big tits.

But even that wasn't the most monumental event of that Christmas break. A mere couple days after breaking up with Lucia, after having a few hours away from his horny mom to have lunch with friends, he returned to the house. His dad was at work, so he knew exactly what was gonna happen as soon he opened the door. And he was proven right. Practically as soon as he got home, his mother's hands were on his pants, pulling them open, wanting to get her hands on his meat again. As she did this, her lips met his, their tongues sliding against each other as she pushed her luscious body up against him, her nimble fingers curling around his stiffening meat, bringing it to life. But after only a couple minutes of this, they were interrupted by a knock at the door, and the sudden presence of Polly, who

just happened to be in the area, as her boyfriend was attending a conference nearby. With all their clothes in place, and doing their best not to look like they were just making out, Penelope and Connor stepped aside and let Polly in.

This was the first time they were all in the same room since a year prior, and it was the first time Penelope was in the same room as her mother after finding out what Connor and Polly had gotten up to the previous Christmas. So, Pen knew more than she was letting on, and she was watching her mother with a keen eye. As soon as Polly offered to take Connor out for lunch, a thin excuse at best for her true intentions, not even bothering to try to include her own daughter in this hypothetical lunch, Penelope's claws came out, telling her mother he wasn't interested. Everyone in the room knew what 'lunch' actually meant in this case, hardcore incestuous fucking between grandmother and grandson, and Penelope was trying to cut that off at the pass. Polly was a loyal woman with her men, but Connor... he was an exception. Every opportunity she had, even knowing she had this amazing boyfriend, she would indulge herself with her handsome young grandson and his amazing dick. He was too good at fucking! But Penelope was trying to put an end to that right then and there.

But Penelope underestimated her mom. In the same way that she sensed something in the air between her mother and Connor the Christmas before, Polly could sense that same strange energy in the air now. The three chatted amiably. Polly being friendly and polite to her daughter, Penelope being icy towards her mother, and the silver-tongued Connor staying silent, knowing it was best to let the women talk in a tense situation like this one. The ever-sharp Polly was studying both her daughter and grandson, suspicions entering her mind. Looking into her daughter's eyes, she searched for the truth in her narrow gaze. The two women tangoed, talking around the big secret lying between the three of them but never directly addressing it. They kept talking and talking and talking, until finally, looking straight at her daughter, Polly addressed the elephant in the room.

"You found out me and him had sex, didn't you?" she asked with a teasing glint in her eye. Penelope was stunned that her mom had figured it out, and Connor's breath caught in his throat, not knowing what was gonna happen next.

Well, a lot happened next.

And it all culminated with Connor's cock sandwiched between Polly and Penelope's bare tits, him lying on his back on his mother's big bed, the two women working together to tandem titty-fuck the hunky young man. And when Connor looked up to see his mother and grandmother lock lips for his benefit, tongues in each other's mouths as they tit-fucked him, he came like a cannon. Screaming out loud, his body covered in sweat, all his beefy young muscles were flexing as what felt like a gallon of cum fired out of his pulsing weapon, firing off into the air, raining down on both his mother and grandmother lewdly.

And that was just the start.

Connor thought he had ticked off all the checkmarks on his sexual bucket list. But during this encounter, he ticked off even more. A mother-daughter three-way. A three-generational threesome. Fucking two mature women at once. Fucking his smoking hot, horny grandmother and his equally hot and even more horny mother at the same time. It was absolute insanity. Thanks to his experience with the two insatiable older women, he kept up with them, fucking each slutty older woman in every hole, cumming multiple times. And they were equally incredible, and they were using Connor as a point of competition, each trying to outfuck the other. Who could swallow more of his beefy cock. Who could really fuck his cock like a true slut. Who could take more of his cock up the ass. And on that day, they were all on the same page, each fucking at a level rarely seen, fucking equally well. And after cumming several times already, Connor came one last time, hosing down their mountainous racks with semen as they kneeled together, right next to each other, holding their mammoth fleshy tits up, awaiting their creamy reward from his cum cannon. It was at this the young stud had to tap out, and the two confident older women laughed as they finally wore out the cocky young man.

When Connor regained consciousness and made his way downstairs, he found his mother and grandmother laughing and sipping drinks in the dining room, loosely wearing thin robes, their massive boobs half hanging out of them. These two women, the only two who could really match Connor in the bedroom, spent a lot of time talking about the young stud, going over their past experiences with him like two shameless young sluts sharing their various misadventures with their bestie. These two older women, these two older relatives of his, his mother and grandmother, had taken him beyond his limits already. Every time he thought he'd seen it all, these two took him even further down into the depths of lust. Even if

he was only able to hook up with his grandmother every so often, even if he was sexually beholden to his own mother, he would follow along gladly, wondering what new depths of sin these two could show him.

And as they sipped their coffee and chatted, it was clear they were getting along in a way they hadn't in years. All it took was a spot of incest and a big fat young dick to work out all their differences. And taking part in what they just had together, an understanding had been found.

Peace on Earth, and peace for the Calvorsons.

This was the power of Christmas. Christmas brings people together. For years, Connor and Penelope had been at odds. And the relationship between Penelope and her mother was fraught even at the best of times. But through a little bit of Christmas magic from the year before, where Connor had learned some very important skills, a mother and son had been brought together, stronger than they ever had before. And not only had this mother-son relationship been healed, the rift between that woman and her mother had been closed as well. Lifelong conflicts among family... solved by the power of Christmas. Sure, these bonds had been forged through the sinful, seductive fires of incest, but that was secondary. A family had been brought together, a near miracle if you knew the people involved.

And isn't that what Christmas was all about?

Chapter Thirteen

Epilogue 3: old flames, ice sirens, and evil criminal sluts

It took a long time for Tim Carroll to truly come to terms what he'd gone through the previous Christmas. But quite frankly, he still didn't fully believe it.

He'd gotten lured into the middle of the woods by a naked, busty Ice Siren, tricked into sex in the middle of a winter wonderland, believing her to be an angel. God, it sounded so silly looking back. How could he have been so stupid to buy into that story? And after arriving in that winter wonderland, and talking to the 'angel', he had been lured into what he thought would be innocent sex, at her urging. He thought it would be okay since she was an angel, and that she had a divine purpose, only for it to be revealed that she was not in fact an angel. And that he was surrounded by a pack of these naked sirens, and that the innocent sex he was taking part of was not quite so innocent after all. What proceeded from there was some truly nasty fucking as he was ridden in the snow by that evil, blue-skinned, massively breasted creature. And despite his best efforts to resist the pleasure this wicked being was bringing him, he couldn't hold back from firing off a massive wad of cum deep inside her nasty cunt, possibly impregnating her in the process.

And that was just the beginning. It wasn't just the one Ice Siren that wanted him. They ALL wanted him. And they weren't gonna let him go till they all got a piece.

Throughout the rest of the night, he was tossed between all those sirens, fucking all of them, one after another after another, used like a piece of prime-cut meat. Sometimes one at a time, sometimes two at a time, in different positions. It never stopped. He didn't know how he was able to keep going, maybe that was part of their dark magic, but he was able to match their pace as best as he could. But they never slowed down. They never let up. Not till they got their prize. Not till he came deep inside their nasty cunts and filled them up with his potent, baby-making sperm. And when they were done with him, he was left truly demolished, his will broken by the voracious, nasty sex he'd just taken part in.

And then the Ice Siren Queen stepped down from her throne, ready to enter the action.

What happened then was harder to believe. Pulled under the icy water by her, his face pressed against her mammoth, firm, blue tits, mouth stuffed with her hard nipple, sucking at it as if his life depended on it, which in the moment it did. Gliding through the crystal-clear water, clutched together, sucking at the hardened nub was the only thing that prevented his lungs from burning, screaming out for air. In that moment, sucking on her huge tits was the only thing that mattered. Completely enveloped by cold water, ice began to form around their bodies, not stopping until they were completely encased in a shell of ice. He was in an icy prison beneath the water, a small capsule of ice resting on the deep floor of the pond, lit alight by an unholy glow, somehow filled with air. And he was trapped in this slippery, icy prison beneath the water with this evil, blue-skinned, large-breasted, snarling ice queen.

Alone, bodies pressed together in this world of their own, what happened next between Tim and the Ice Siren Queen was beyond words. Trapped in a hellmouth of lust and sin with one of its most evil of denizens, he was taken to depths of lust and sin that he didn't know possible. Her body was everywhere, coiling around him like a serpent, filling any empty space in their ice prison with her luscious form. He was taken beyond his limits, beyond comprehension, beyond just hardcore fucking. The brutal, nasty, fucked-up shit he did with that creature... it was like a tornado of sin. A whirlwind of blue skin, big tits, and indescribable pleasure. Fucking to the rhythm of the devil's heartbeat, Tim couldn't believe he survived without being fucked into oblivion, but it was damn close. By the end, he was fucking in overdrive, past thought, past logic and reason. It was all base instincts, all fucking. And when he came, it felt like part of his soul was leaving his body as he filled up the ice queen's nasty cunt with what felt like a gallon of his thick, creamy sperm, leaving almost zero doubt that a baby had just been made.

When she was done with him, when she cast him back into the snow and into the clutches of her fellow sirens, he had been completely broken down. No thoughts. No agency. The true him had been crushed down inside of him for the moment, leaving him a walking husk of a man, led by his still hard cock into action. Led around by whoever grabbed hold of him and led him into his next bout of sinning.

The rest of the night was a total blur. All blue skin and sin. Hot and cold. Pleasure past the point of what he thought possible. Nothing but wicked,

nasty, unholy fucking. He had no idea how long it lasted. It felt like forever. It never stopped. It never slowed down.

And then he woke up, back in the house, as if nothing had happened. But the snow in his hair said otherwise.

In the immediate aftermath, he still didn't fully comprehend if what had happened to him was actually real. It all just seemed so insane, so far removed from reality. But the memories... they were so potent. The sights and sounds and sensations... they all certainly felt real. Deep down, he knew... he did. He knew what had happened to him had all been real. But the story was so ridiculous that he had to question his own memories and sanity.

So, he did what anyone would do when looking for answers. He googled it. Googling some of the key words of what he went through, he found stuff. Some art that matched the sirens he'd seen. The blue skin. The dark hair. Their sharp teeth. Their shining, blue gaze. Their lust inspiring bodies. Their tits! Like holy crap, the tits these sirens were sporting would seem ridiculously huge on their slim frames if it didn't match his memories of them perfectly. One last detail jumped out to him: their dark, forked tongues. He still remembered the way they curled around his cock in an inhuman, indescribable way. For a moment, he lost himself in his memories before shaking himself free.

He looked beyond pictures, looking for stories similar to his. And yeah, he found that too. Stories that matched his to almost a T. Men like him lured into the darkness of the woods. Some came back. Some didn't. They even described the song, that same song that had led him into the darkness.

Before Christmas, he would have seen all this as just a ghost story, a twisted piece of fiction cooked up by some overly wordy writer with far too much time on his hands. Now?

He was forced to admit that it was all real.

The more time went on, the dumber he felt. There was a naked woman standing in the snow, singing a song, and his thought was to follow her

into the darkness? What the hell was he thinking? How could he be so dumb? Of course, it was something bad! If there were a horror movie in which he was the star, he'd be the first to die. No doubt.

All his worst insecurities flared up in the fallout of this whole thing. His life was dotted with the instances of him fucking up. Things couldn't go too well for long before he'd be brought back down to Earth, embarrassed and humiliated by the various mistakes he'd made. This thing, with the sirens, and the whole Esmerelda debacle, and various other fuck-ups... it just kept happening. And now, he was married. Married to a woman way out of his league. He couldn't blow this! He loved Viv more than anything! He couldn't afford to ruin this good thing.

He had a natural confidence, at least outwardly, but inside, he was struggling. He put up a good front for Viv, acting like all was normal, hiding his shame and embarrassment. It wasn't like he was traumatized or anything like that, like he'd done something he didn't want to. In each moment, he had gone along with everything, and even when the truth was revealed, he didn't try to escape nearly as much as he probably could have. He couldn't deny that.

Part of him realized that the whole situation was so crazy that he probably couldn't be blamed for falling into that trap. It was just... despite the insanity of the situation, it was a familiar sensation he was left with. The same one he'd felt after getting tricked out of his money by his ex-girlfriend, Esmerelda. He felt colossally stupid for being tricked and deceived yet again. And the fact that he'd cheated on his wife in the process added a whole other layer of regret. This whole thing had shredded his confidence, and part of him was just waiting for the next situation to arise where he'd fuck something up and embarrass himself again.

The situation was so insane that he just couldn't easily forget about what had happened. It certainly left its mark, and as much as he tried to move on, his mind wouldn't let him. He had nightmares multiple times a week. Those Ice Sirens, surrounding him. Eyes glowing in the darkness, their inhuman blue making a chill pass through him. Their tongues extended. Their teeth bared. Their tits exposed. And they were coming for him. Just when he thought he was safe, they were coming for him again.

He dreamt the most about the Ice Siren Queen. He was dreaming he was trapped in that icy prison again, underwater, separated from the rest of the world, enduring an unholy eternity of nasty, brutal fucking, used for pleasure by the dominant, evil creature. Weighed down by her giant tits. Her wicked cunt squeezing the life out of his bloated, lengthy cock. Her perfect, juicy round ass, driving down into him, fucking him into oblivion. Her eyes... always looking at him. Her sharp teeth, bared. Her screams... making the ice crack. The fucking would never end. He could never escape.

Then he'd wake up, his skin ice cold. It felt like a nightmare, but every damn time, his cock would be as hard as steel.

He was struggling more than he let on, to be honest, but distance from the event did help a bit, slowly boosting him back up. His embarrassment about the whole thing faded as time went on. Looking back on it, he came to peace with the fact that these were beings of great power. He didn't stand a chance against them. In that sense, he couldn't be blamed for succumbing to their otherworldly temptations. And the fact that the whole situation was so crazy and otherworldly eventually allowed him to quarantine those memories to the back of his mind, almost as if they weren't real. As if it was some insane story that he'd watched someone else take part in, as opposed to experiencing it himself. And slowly but surely, these memories began to fade away from the front of his mind. Because of this, he was now on the upswing, almost the normal him again.

On top of that... alright, it might sound corny, but he started listening to some self-help stuff. Hey, it might seem silly to some, but he needed help, and this all did help him. He wanted to live a better life, one where he wouldn't make such stupid mistakes, and the woman that did these recordings did make him feel better. He slowly would feel more confident with his decisions as time went on, more decisive as well. Slowly, he was feeling better.

There were some good distractions in his personal life. Viv's place of work had just closed a massive deal with this legit huge company, meaning that his wife and her team had just brought in a massive windfall of cash. This deal was legit huge, so big it made local headlines. Viv even got interviewed for the local news. So, obviously, she was pretty pumped about the whole thing, and they were living it up a bit, going on a couple of nice dinners to celebrate, as well as taking a mini vacation. Seriously, her and her team got bonuses for this deal, like... six-figure bonuses. Tim and Viv could

afford to savor things for a bit. Time away from the norm, away from home, having fun with his wife, it was just what the doctor ordered. Tim was starting to feel normal again. He'd learned his lesson and recognized his mistakes. His encounter with the Ice Sirens was now in the rearview mirror, and nothing but blue skies were ahead. He felt good. At the sporting goods store where he worked as a manager, he had a pep in his step. Things were looking up.

Then SHE walked in.

He was near the shoe section at the time. It was mostly empty, and the only people nearby were a mother and her little girl. Tim was straightening up some of the boxes on the shelves, as the shoe section often got messy. It was a relatively quiet summer evening, the orange sun glowing through the storefront windows as it hovered over the horizon. Tim looked towards the front of the large store, eyes narrowing against the light. He blinked as he looked around, taking one step to the left to put one of the support poles between him and the blazing sun, giving him some temporary relief. At least until he glanced to the side, seeing a new presence near him, a woman standing in the aisle between the shoe section and the exercise equipment. He looked over at her at the same moment she looked up at him. Tim's eyes went wide, as if he was seeing something that wasn't real. Something out of a dream... or a nightmare.

It wasn't the Ice Sirens. No, it was someone far worse. Someone who had upended his life more than they did.

Esmerelda.

She was standing mere feet away from him, grinning happily as their eyes met.

Esmerelda... his evil ex. That evil, twisted, crazy-hot fucking succubus that had fucked him into submission and tricked him out seventy-five grand of his hard-earned cash. Well, it wasn't exactly hard-earned, as he'd won that money in a raffle at a casino, but it was his, and she'd walked off with it, walking out of his life and never looking back. The woman who had haunted him for years, at least until last Christmas. But this one... she was the biggest speedbump in his life. The first major time he'd been torn

down and humbled. This evil slut had driven him mad with desire, making him near obsessed as they went on, rendering him completely in over his head as she milked him dry of his recent winnings. He'd sought her out for so long, searching for answers, searching for an explanation after they had such a good time together in the months they'd spent together.

And now she was standing in front of him.

And fuck... she looked as good as ever. Long curly hair. Sharp, penetrating eyes. Plump smooth lips. And that smirk, that trademark smirk of hers that always made him melt. And her body... Jesus, her body looked even better now than he remembered, and that was saying something. Clad in a blue and white checkered sundress, she looked incredible. He couldn't help but glance at her absolutely massive breasts, double-F cups that pressed out against the thin material of her sundress, highlighting their perfect size and shape. The dress was designed to highlight her curves, clinging to her mammoth breasts while also showcasing her slim, fit waist. The dress draped down over her incredible ass, the firm round cheeks evident even through the flowy dress. It went down to a good few inches above her knees, exposing her long, taut legs and bare feet, clad in flip-flops. And the thing that jumped out most of all in this moment, despite all her incredible features, was her skin. She always had the best skin. Her caramel flesh seemed to be glowing, looking so smooth you could barely resist running your hands across it. She was sex in a blue sundress. She looked incredible.

"Hi Tim..." she purred, smiling warmly at him.

What was she doing here? Why now? Of all times, why now?

A few years ago, he would have yelled and screamed at her. But now, months after his latest mistake, when he was trying to do better and not fuck up again, his reaction was a little different.

"No..." he said to himself, backing away. "No!" he said, pointing at her, wanting her to stay away.

"Tim, wait..." she called out, moving towards him, her flip-flops clacking as she moved.

"No! I don't want anything to do with you!" he said, still moving away from her. Her presence was the last thing he needed right now.

"Just stop. Listen..." she said, still chasing after him. He couldn't help but notice her massive boobs jiggling as she quickly followed him, making him avert his eyes.

"Esmerelda... leave..." he tried to say firmly, but as he said this he backed into a mid-aisle display, getting tangled in some cheap shirts. This impeded his escape, allowing Esmerelda to catch up to him, slowing down as she got within arm's reach.

"I come in peace..." she said, holding her hands up. "I just want to talk."

"You just want to talk?" Tim asked, his burning resentment for her rising from within his normally easy-going demeanor. "I want my money back!" he said, a little louder than he intended.

"That's... that's what I'm here about..." she replied pointedly. "So... can we just talk? In peace?"

Tim still wanted to yell and scream at her, but he was still at work, and there were a few people around. Feeling backed into a corner, he had no other choice.

"Fine..." he relented angrily. Untangling himself from the display and stepping aside to let a customer pass, Esmerelda followed him, staying right in front of him as they took one step back into the shoe section. Taking a moment and looking at her nervously, she paused and looked back at him, smiling warmly.

"You look good, Tim," she said, seemingly a friendly compliment, but coming from her, he was skeptical. She looked him over. "Oh, and you're

married too! Congratulations!" she said, grinning brilliantly as she saw the ring on his finger.

"What do you want, Esmerelda?" he asked firmly, unaffected by her words. But he was affected by her proximity. Her body, like... radiated sexual energy. Heat, pheromones, whatever you want to call it, it cascaded off of her in waves, and he could feel it. And being this close again... he could smell her natural, sexy scent. God, that took him back, conjuring memories of them together. He tried to shake his head clear of these thoughts, but her scent remained. She always smelled so fucking good, without even trying. He still hated her, but his body reacted, his cock jumping in his dress slacks.

"I..." she began, looking down, nervous in a way she never ever was. Finally, she raised her eyes and looked up at him. "I wanted to apologize."

"Apologize?" he questioned skeptically. This girl was pure sin. It was natural to doubt her.

"Listen..." she began, looking away "I haven't always been the best person in the world."

"You think so?" he replied sarcastically. She shrugged her shoulders, making her boobs jiggle, causing him to shake his head, trying again to clear these disobedient thoughts.

"You're right. I've done a lot of bad things to a lot of people, including you," she stated. She looked away for a bit, pausing, a tear in her eye. "I... I kinda had an epiphany lately. I thought about the things I've done... the people I've wronged. And I felt really, really bad about it. I started thinking... hoping... that I can try to make things right."

"Excuse me if I'm skeptical," he said, an angry tinge to his voice. She nodded.

"Listen, I get it," she began. "You have every right to be upset with me. Furious. And... I want to apologize. And I want to make it up to you."

"Make it up to me?" he replied. "You can do that by giving me my money back..." he replied.

"That's what I want to do..." she replied. "I want to repay you. It probably doesn't make up for everything, but... I think it would be a start."

Tim thought about it. Getting that money back would be nice. But, at this point? He did okay at work. And Viv... she was cleaning up. The money, while nice, wasn't an essential for him right now.

"You know what?" he began. "I don't need this! I don't need to get involved with anything involving you. I'm doing fine. I'm over it! Just... leave me alone," he urged her. At this, she smiled sadly and nodded, her eyes tearing up again. This was strange from her, because she was not the crying type. Not in the slightest. She was a cold-blooded bitch, to be honest.

"I get it..." she said, taking a step back. "It's just... I have bad instincts. For the longest time, I just had this need to mess things up. To take things... take money from people. I just... I loved it. I got off on it..." she stated, looking him dead in the eyes. "It's hard to fight your instincts, you know? I'm just... I'm just trying to be a better person. I'm trying to shake myself free of all those bad habits. I'm even going to Church..." she said, smiling proudly. At this, she reached down to her neck and hooked her finger around the chain of her thin necklace, lifting it up, exposing the tiny little cross that had been lodged in her cleavage. "I mean, I know it's not much, but I am trying. I go to a Bible group a few times a week. It's really working for me. I was just hoping to make it up to some of the guys I've wronged. If you don't want that, I get it..." she said, nodding.

He wanted to happily kick her out of his store, but for a moment, he allowed himself to take her words in. On some level, he identified with her. He was going through the same thing. Trying to shake himself free of his nature. Of his worst habits. His was fucking up royally. Hers was stealing money from people. Like she had with him. He was in the middle of trying to self-improve, and it was almost serendipitous that she was too. So, in the slightest sense, he empathized.

They were suddenly interrupted by a new presence. A little girl, maybe five or six, was standing near him, wearing some shoes she was trying on, the

laces loose. She paused as she saw these two grownups where she needed to be. Tim realized they were standing near a support beam that had a mirror on one side. The girl was coming up to look at her shoes in the mirror, only they were in the way. Seeing this little girl standing near them, Esmerelda looked down at her and grinned.

"Hi sweetie," Esmerelda said, grinning warmly. She kneeled down in front of her. "Those are some nice shoes! Here, let me help you out..." Esmerelda leaned over and began tying up the girl's shoes. The girl smiled at this out-of-character friendliness from Esmerelda. Tim was still skeptical, and he looked away, still annoyed by Esmerelda's presence. This made him realize that her position had caused her dress to raise up, and with her butt pointed at the mirror, it gave Tim a perfect glimpse as her perfect, round, juicy ass revealed itself, exposed from under her dress. The bottom halves of her smooth, firm ass-cheeks were exposed to his sight, completely bare, just as sexy as he remembered. This position also allowed him to see the tiny black g-string threading between the cheeks.

Tim ripped his eyes away just in time, Esmerelda finishing helping the girl out before standing back up, straightening her dress and stepping aside, allowing the girl to look at her shoes in the mirror as Esmerelda smiled at her. The girl soon ran off, back towards her watching mom at the far side of the department, Esmerelda giving her a friendly nod. Finally, with them gone, Esmerelda turned to face him again, smiling sadly.

"Okay, I get it," she relented. "Again, I am sorry. And, well... I'm between phones at the moment, but if you change your mind," she began, pulling a small piece of scrap of paper from her purse, as well as a pen, writing on it fast "If your change your mind, this is the Church group I go to. I go at six every Tuesday and Thursday. I... I hope I see you Tim," she said, handing the paper over to him. Finally, she began walking away, her flowy skirt bouncing in the air in the same rhythm as her ass, shaking side-to-side hypnotically as she walked, the way it always did. God, years prior, after spending an entire day following behind her, he could barely stop himself from bending her over, pulling those perfect cheeks apart, and using his tongue to worship the immaculate, tight hole in between. Uh... no. No! He had to stop thinking like this. Finally, she turned a corner and was out of his sight.

He could breathe again.

His mind was awash with memories of their past. Those lusty, nasty memories of their time together. God, things ended badly, but their time together had made it almost worth it. No! He had to stop thinking like this, looking back at their past warmly. No. That bitch was poisonous. There was evil at her core. He knew that now, and looking back, it was easy to see how much she'd been guiding things to that end from the start. She had him wrapped around her fingers fast. She probably could have gotten the money out of him a month in, so enraptured he was, but she struck around for six. Maybe she liked him more than most. Or at the very least, she liked fucking him enough to stick around.

He couldn't quite shake these flashes of lust that kept cropping up. Like a really bad addiction, having her addictive body under his nose, even at arm's reach, was enough to give him cravings. Enough to make him dream of relapsing. He tried to distract himself with Viv, but she was busy with work stuff, the fallout of the big deal that had been struck.

In the days following, in quiet moments, his thoughts kept drifting to Esmerelda. God, her body was as sexy as ever. That shapely, firm ass. Just seeing a hint of it again, the firm, perfect meaty cheeks, adorned with that g-string. God, that sight was incredible. He didn't know if that move was deliberate. It seemed accidental, but knowing her, he couldn't be sure.

And that wasn't all of it. How could he forget about her tits! Those huge boobs! God, they looked even bigger than ever. So big and round, the way they quivered with every move she made. He couldn't deny they were the best he'd ever seen, easily. Way better than Viv's far smaller pair. He remembered spending, like, hours just squeezing away at them, squeezing and sucking and fucking them. He could never get enough. Her body was pure, concentrated lust. And again, that caramel skin was just arresting. So smooth, almost shiny. It was as if she bathed her body in smooth, silky lotion, making it as lust-inspiring as possible.

He didn't know why he couldn't quite shake her. Maybe being in her presence again, being close enough to feel her heat and pheromones bathing him, maybe that had put part of her into his bloodstream, and he was now going through withdrawals again.

That being said, he did open up the smallest possibility that she was being honest. That she was telling the truth about wanting to change. He could

empathize. He was literally going through the exact same turmoil himself. She did seem to be acting way out-of-character. Maybe... maybe she had changed. Sure, before, she was a clever, scheming bitch, so her faking it would be right up her alley. But maybe she wasn't. Maybe she was being straight-up. Maybe he should give her a chance. It would be nice to get that money back and get some closure on the whole ordeal. And plus, it would give him a chance to be around her and that juicy body of hers... no. No! He had to stop thinking that way. He was a married man! He could not go down that road not again. He had to just forget about her and move on. He had Viv. He didn't need anything else.

But as time passed, and more distance grew after that encounter with Esmerelda, his stance began to soften. Maybe she was telling the truth. If she had shown up again in his store, he would have questioned her, but she had lived up to her word, backing off and leaving him be. Maybe she was trying to reform. Maybe his thoughts kept coming back to her because some part of him believed her, and that he should give her a chance. What if... what if he checked her out? No, not in that way. What if he scoped her out? Checked out this church group and see if maybe she was living up to her word. If she wasn't, he would walk away. Cut her out right away. But maybe he should give her the chance, at the very least. Besides, he knew her games. He knew what she was capable of. He wasn't gonna be caught off guard again.

He knew the risks. He knew to be especially careful. This was dangerous waters. Not even just for what she had done before, but... she was a sexy ex-girlfriend, and he was a married man. He certainly hadn't told Viv about any of this, but in all honesty, this was his problem to deal with.

He was still listening to those self-help things, and one of the things the lady said was not to run from your problems, but to confront them. Don't let them simmer and fester into something worse. And he was gonna do that. He wasn't gonna mess it up. He wasn't gonna misbehave. He could handle this. And besides, the church was on his way home from work.

He hung in the back of the room when he went into the church, hiding out, scoping it out, watching from afar. In the little side event room, a circle of people were seated, looking at open bibles, talking and discussing things, a friendly looking preacher in the center, leading the conversation. Tim scanned the people and... yep. There she was. Seated in the circle, clad in a simple pair of tight jeans and a nice, flattering maroon top, Esmerelda

seemed to be actively involved in the discussion. It was only after a few minutes of watching that she began looking around the room lazily, her eyes brightening as she saw Tim. She smiled and waved and invited him to the group.

Everyone was very friendly and welcoming as he Esmerelda introduced him as a friend. Even though he wasn't very churchy, he was polite and paid attention during the rest of their meeting. Finally, it ended, and standing outside the church, Esmerelda pulled him to the side.

"I'm so happy you came!" she said effusively to him, and some part of him registered that she may have said that to him before in an entirely different context.

"I was just... scoping it out," he relented.

"Well, I'm happy you're giving me a chance," she said. Her top was tasteful, but his eyes were drawn to the small hint of cleavage left exposed, a small peek at a DEEP valley.

"Just... a chance..." he relented, pulling his eyes away from her cleavage without her noticing his stare. Finally, he turned and walked away.

He attended a few more of these classes, sporadically, never letting her know he was coming, never announcing his presence, just making sure. She seemed to be living as she said, improving herself through these lessons. She'd given him nothing that made him doubt her story. He was starting to believe her.

Esmerelda explained how she tracked him down. She said, after deciding to make amends with those she'd wronged, that she had sought him out, and looking at social media allowed her to locate him quickly. She said that she was happy to see he'd made something out of himself, and that he'd found happiness. She seemed very friendly throughout this whole thing, and he was waiting for the other shoe to drop. Fortunately, that moment didn't come.

The only thing that gave him pause was her body. Not that she could fully control that, and she'd been dressing demurely, at least for her, but just being around her made his blood flow and his body react. That being said, he could have sworn she was showing a bit more skin than she was at the start, giving him more teasing glimpses at her long legs, well-formed ass and deep succulent cleavage. Not to an insane degree, but enough for him to notice. Although, again with her, it was impossible not to.

His body had been trained to be aroused in her presence, and clearly, he'd never shaken that. He still got hard for her, and she slowly began returning to his dreams... his fantasies. She hadn't made a move, but... just being around her was intoxicating. Her... those perfect tits... that mouthwatering ass... it was impossible not to be aroused by her. She wasn't being overly flirtatious, but some flirtation was just in her nature. But she seemed to be on the up and up, mentioning how much the church had helped her curb her darker desires. Plus, she always drew attention to the little cross hanging around her neck, mentioning that it used to be her mom's, and seeing it was what spurred this change in her. Sure, drawing attention to it also invited his eyes to stare directly into her cleavage. But after spending hours trying not to stare, he almost welcomed the permission.

He could feel himself getting too comfortable with her. Being in her presence. Talking to her like a friend. Staring at her perfect body. He knew he was swimming in dangerous waters, so he knew he had to end this fast, return his focus to Viv and just get closure on things with Esmerelda. He even intimated this to her. They had too much history to truly be friends long term, especially with him being married, so she understood his apprehension with her. So, after another one of these Church meetings, after talking with her, she finally brought up the initial goal of meeting up with him again.

"So," she began, exhaling. "Are you ready to get your money back?" she asked, smiling.

Last time, he had simply handed over a check to her, trusting her, but this time, he wasn't taking any chances. They were going to the bank together, and he would be involved with the whole transaction from the start. He had the day off work, and Viv was out of town at a work retreat, a celebration of their massive windfall, so there was nothing preventing him from seeing this thing through. They agreed to meet at the bank in the morning.

He showed up there early, making sure there was no funny business going on here. Although, even if there was, he wouldn't really know it, so he didn't really know what he was looking for. But he got there before Esmerelda did, and he watched her pull up in her sporty, expensive looking car. He felt good that things were going as planned. Then she stepped out of her car, and he was momentarily taken aback.

She looked incredible. Up to now, since she'd returned to his life, she'd been dressing conservatively... well, as conservative as a girl with that body could. But this morning... she was dressed to kill. Up top, she was wearing a very tight black top, which clung to her upper-half, showcasing her slim, fit belly and her absolutely mammoth boobs. This fucking top clung to every square inch of tit-flesh, molded to them, showcasing their immense size and perfect shape and giving a hint of her hard nipples. And it was very low cut, really going to town and showcasing some serious cleavage for the first time since he'd met up with her again. God damn, there was like a mile of cleavage. It was endless. Her boobs, stuffed together in her top, looked so round... so smooth. His mouth was watering. Not only did it showcase her huge boobs, it exposed a bit of her midriff as well, the golden skin of her fit belly glowing as her navel was left exposed, doing its best to pull his attention away from her chest.

Her lower-half held up its end of the bargain. Clad in some dark denim booty shorts, she left most of her slim, taut legs exposed, her skin almost shiny it looked so smooth. Her feet were clad in flip-flops, looking comfortable yet sexy. But the booty shorts really worked their magic for her ass, clinging to it, molding to the round, firm, meaty cheeks as they vaulted from her slim frame. The denim was so tight the material was getting pulled into the crevasse of her ass-crack, getting swallowed between the perfect cheeks. None of the bare flesh of her juicy ass was exposed by the short shorts, but just fucking barely.

"Hi!" she greeted him, grinning wide, a pair of gaudy sunglasses perched on her nose.

"Uh... hi," he replied, caught off guard by her outfit. But she seemed unbothered by his obvious surprise.

"Let's get this done," she said eagerly, and he followed, following her perfect ass as it shook side-to-side almost hypnotically. He could see her thong emerging from beneath the hem of her shorts.

Tim was happy to be able to hide his erection behind the counter at the bank. Shaking himself clear, he handed over his banking info to the teller. The teller, an African-American dude about his age, looked slightly nervous for some reason, but with how much perfect cleavage Esmerelda was exposing, Tim figured he couldn't be blamed. Tim paid close attention, making sure what he wanted to happen was what actually happened, not leaving room for any funny business. The guy didn't seem to be bothered by Tim being interested in every step of the process. Esmerelda seemed very calm and unbothered, a self-assured smile on her gorgeous face. Their teller was a manager, so he didn't need any special permissions to make a cash transfer of this size. He gave his signatures, signing off a couple times, as did Esmerelda, and Tim watched as \$75,000 of his lost cash was returned to the bank account he shared with his wife. He had the receipt to prove it, and the teller handed one to Esmerelda as well, making her grin brilliantly. Looking down at Esmerelda, she looked up and smiled warmly at him, and for the first time, he felt like he could relax around her. She'd lived up to her promise. She had reformed.

They walked out of the bank side-by-side. As she looked away, glancing back at the teller, his eyes couldn't help but slide down to her mouthwatering cleavage, his cock stirring again. Shaking his head to clear these thoughts away, they walked out of the bank together.

He couldn't help but feel a slight pep in his step, a renewed energy that he'd finally got some closure. She could see his happiness, and she couldn't help but grin. Coming to a stop near their cars, she spoke up

"I'm glad you feel so good," she purred, looking up at him. He smiled and nodded.

"I'm glad you lived up to your word," he replied, holding up the receipt. She grinned at him, before pausing and looking him over again.

"I know this is probably the end of us hanging out," she said. "And I know there's a lot of bad history between us, but... I really am glad you're doing

so well. I mean... you're married! I never would have taken you as the marrying type. But you have an attractive, successful wife, so I can't blame you. Although, I must admit... I am a bit jealous of her..."

At this, she took a step forward, softly pressing her mammoth boobs into his chest. He backed up slightly, only for his back to press against his car, leaving him trapped.

"Wait..." he said, trying to ignore how good her boobs felt against him.

"We had such a good time, didn't we?" she purred, that sexy voice of hers making him shiver. "I know I did. I mean, I pulled the same trick on a lot of guys, cozing up to them and eventually stealing their money. But I didn't stick around with any of them as long as I did with you, because you were such a good fuck!" she sighed, pressing herself into him even more firmly.

"Esmerelda..." he panted, looking down at her, feeling his now straining cock pressing against her midriff. Looking down at her, his eyes went straight into her cleavage. The soft flesh pressed together, her massively round breasts, so perfectly shaped, arresting his vision. And in between them, shining in the morning light, was the sparkly little cross hanging from her necklace.

"How lucky your wife is..." she sighed, biting her smooth lower lip, looking up at him. "To get full access to this big tasty dick every day," she said, her voice heavy with lust as she reached forward and grabbed his bone hard erection through his pants, squeezing at it lightly. "If I were her, I wouldn't let you leave the bed..."

"Ohhh..." he sighed, his body energized with lust. Pressed so close together, feeling her body against his, her fit belly against his cock, her huge, soft boobs against his chest, awash in her pheromones, her natural scent of pure sex filling his nose... he couldn't think straight.

"I know this is it, but..." she began, squeezing his cock between her fingers through his pants. "Just being around you again... I can't help but imagine us sneaking off, ripping off our clothes, and just going at it one more time! And I think..." she began, squeezing his cock firmly. "You're thinking..."

she paused, squeezing his cock again. "The exact same thing." She squeezed his cock even more firmly at this, putting the pressure on him.

"Esmerelda..." he panted, unable to think straight. "We can't... I'm married..." he panted weakly as she slid her huge tits against his chest ever so softly. His body was screaming out for her. The drug that was Esmerelda was in right in front of him again. He'd had a taste, and he didn't know if he had the will to prevent a full on relapse.

"C'mon..." she urged him, her voice filled with sex. "You used to be so fun. You said your wife's not home... right? Let's just go back to your place and spend the rest of the day fucking! Don't pretend you haven't been dreaming of this for years..." she urged, grinding up against him, practically dry-humping his thigh. This whole thing kinda went against the reformed churchgoing girl image, but he didn't have the time to think of things like that.

"I... I can't. Please... I'm married," he panted, unconsciously humping his cock into her trim belly. He held up his hand to show her the ring on his finger. At this, she acted, grabbing his wrist and pulling his hand towards her mouth, effortlessly taking one of his fingers into her mouth, sliding her lips and tongue along it like she would a cock. This effort practically made his eyes roll into the back of his head. "Please... married. Can't... can't..." he panted, eyes heavy with the weight of lust, his blood pumping, cock throbbing against her. He couldn't. He couldn't...

Fifteen minutes later, Tim kicked open the door of his bedroom. Esmerelda's legs were wrapped around his waist, humping against him with her tongue down his throat. They fell to the bed, him on top. Almost berserk with lust, he pulled up her tight black top, exposing her mammoth double-F tits to his eyes for the first time in years. He literally groaned at seeking her hard, brown nipples once again, and he couldn't stop himself from feasting, slurping at those nipples while his hands dug into the luscious, soft titty-flesh. He couldn't get enough. As he lost himself against her tits, rubbing his face against the succulent, smooth skin, her scent filling his nose. She eagerly tugged down her shorts and kicked them off. At this, she pushed his head down. He was always very talented with his tongue, and she wanted to feel it again.

Peeling down her thong with his teeth and tossing it aside, exposing her gushing cunt, adorned with a tiny, closely shorn landing strip, he growled like a starving man before getting to work, diving in mouth-first. His tongue slid right in to Esmerelda's dripping cunt, gathering her flavor on his tongue as his mouth formed a seal around her pussy. She groaned in pleasure as his tongue worked her over, licking her inside and out, nibbling at her clit, making her squirm in delight. He grabbed her behind her knees, lifting them up, tilting her ass up in the process. Mouth watering at the sight, he leaned forward and eagerly slid his tongue against her now exposed asshole, rimming the delectable hole. She sighed in pleasure at this as he worshipped both holes with his mouth and tongue, switching up between them, licking up and down, making her gush in delight.

Finally, his own lust too feverish to hold back, he pulled away, her mouth coated with her juices as he ripped off his own clothing, tossing aside his shirt and tugging off his pants and boxers, revealing his thick, throbbing cock to her eager eyes. Getting on top of her, he couldn't hold back, quickly sliding it into her waiting pussy, squeezing him in just the right way, just like it always did. It was, quite simply... perfection. The best he'd ever had. Way better than his wife. Even better than the sirens. That's how good she was.

Tim pumped down into her for a bit, controlling the pace, but both knew it wouldn't be for long. Esmerelda was not the type of girl to lie back and take it. She was the type to fuck you into oblivion. To fuck you till you can't think straight, and still, she'd need more. So, it was no surprise when she forced herself on top of him, pinning him down between her and the bed. This was where she shined. This is where she took control.

She proceeded to ride him like the bull he was, taking his full length as she drove her luscious body down into him roughly, her ass slamming into his thighs hard. As she rode him, her massive knockers were bouncing like crazy, and his big strong hands did their best to contain them, gripping them roughly and pinching her nipples. Her stamina was insane. She never slowed down. She never let up. It was as if she was a marathon runner sprinting the entire time. It was incredible to see, and while he did his best to keep up with her, he just couldn't. Her hot, tight, silky cunt was driving him mad with need, and her hot body had had him on edge all morning. He was ready to pop. Screaming out like an animal, his cock exploded, firing off thick rockets of cum deep into the Latina's hungry cunt, blasting off again and again, his back arching off the bed. She came right alongside him, her pussy locking around his swollen pole as he emptied

his nuts inside of her. She screamed out loudly, cursing like a cheap fucking whore as she came. But she never slowed down, riding him roughly throughout their shared orgasms and beyond, keeping his motors running for what was to come next.

When she finally pulled herself off his swollen pole, his bare cock shined in the morning light, coated with her broiling juices and globs of his own jizz. As she watched him come back down to reality and focus on her, she bent over on all fours, reached back with one hand to pull her ass-cheek to the side to reveal her tight, ready asshole to his eyes again. Meeting his eyes with hers, she gave him a raised eyebrow, daring him to act.

Minutes later, he was pounding her tight ass as hard as he could, giving her his full, rock hard length on every stroke, his swollen balls slapping against her cunt. God, her body was always able to keep his cock hard, even minutes after cumming. It was insane how hot she was, and how turned on she had made him. He kept at it, fucking the smoking hot temptress up the ass. Muscles flexing, his hand in her hair, yanking her back as he drilled her.

"Fuck that fucking ass!" Esmerelda moaned out, her asshole spasming in pleasure around his swollen dick as he filled her up. Her huge boobs were bouncing everywhere as he fucked her hard, and as he yanked her up from all fours so he could reach around and grope her big tits, he moved his mouth to her ear.

"You like that you fucking slut!?" he growled, a lust-crazed animal taking over.

"Hahaha! Yes! YES! I love it! I love that cock in my ass!" she groaned, her luscious body coated with perspiration as Tim's eager hands squeezed at her bouncing jugs. "You love that ass, don't you? A deep, romantic, all-consuming love for my fucking ass! Haha! You might even love it more than your fucking wife! Hahaha! Yes! YES! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck that fucking ass! Is it true, Tim? Do you love my fucking ass more than your wife!?"

"Fuck you!" he growled, his hips a blur as he drove his cock into her asshole as hard as he could.

"Haha! Fuck! I don't hear a no!" she announced, laughing. He squeezed her big boobs roughly between his fingers. "I know you love my tits more than her! Haha! That's not even up for debate!"

"Oh..." he groaned, her words hitting home.

"Babe, you stared at my boobs every chance you got! Fuck..." she sighed, driving her ass back into him. "Trust me, I noticed it every time! Yes! At your work. At the bank. Even at the church! It was obvious you were way more interested in my cleavage than the good word!"

"Oh!" he groaned again, her bold claims sending a shiver through him. "Fuck!"

"It's true, isn't it?" she said into his ear before nipping at his ear lobe, reaching up and using her hands to keep his face close to hers. As she did this, he kept driving his cock into her ass and using now both hands to grope her massive tits, digging into the squeezable flesh with his fingers. "You love my tits... ugh... FUCK! You love my tits... you love my ass! You... oh... you love me! Fuck! You love me more than anything, don't you? You've always loved me! More than any other girl! Fuck! More than your wife! Ugh! Fuck! FUCK! Tell me! TELL ME!"

"UGH! FUCK!" he groaned, fucking her harder as his balls churned, taken right to the edge. "Yes! YES! I fucking love you! UGH! I always have! I love you more than anything! I love your tits! Fuck! I love your fucking ass! Yes! I love you more than Vivian! FUCK!"

"Oh my God!" she groaned, asshole spasming.

"Fuck, fuck, FUCK! AHHHHH!" he groaned as another rocket of cum fired out of him, deep into the Latina's waiting ass. At the same time, another orgasm coursed through her, its epicenter deep in her ass as the married man fucked her tightest hole in just the right way. They both fell forward as they each came, him humping into her as he kept firing off more and more semen deep into her slutty ass. She groaned and squirmed beneath him until both of them collapsed, nearly blissed out. He rolled onto his back, panting.

But she wasn't done yet.

When he returned to consciousness, she was right back to work. Fresh out of her ass, she curled her fingers around the root of his cock and smoothly took his softening dick into her mouth, and within minutes, he was back to full hardness. She knew Tim at his core. She knew what he was capable of, and she knew that he had more cum in there to give her.

Even Tim thought he was done for, but her talented mouth worked him over quickly, keeping that lust inside him flowing. He normally didn't have this kinda stamina with Viv, but Esmerelda was his Viagra. Anything she did would get him to full hardness quickly. She used to take advantage of that, and she was doing it now. His cock was soon as hard as iron again.

She used to shamelessly brag that she had no gag reflex, and she put that to the test. Before long, she was on her knees on the hardwood floor of his bedroom. Standing in front of her, one hand on the back of her head, he was roughly fucking her eager mouth, driving his cock in and out of her throat smoothly, giving her the full length. The head of his cock would start on her tongue and end down her throat. His hanging balls would start below him and end up resting on her chin. He worked up into a good, rough pace, just the way she always liked it, driving his cock into her mouth. This throat fuck was so nasty her chin and cheeks were soon covered with spit. Her eyes were looking up at him, swimming with tears, but the expression in her eyes was so lustful he didn't dream of showing her any mercy. Besides, she would never ask for any.

Somehow, this load was his biggest yet. His body shook as he came, sending thick creamy streams of married semen directly down her hungry throat. His balls flexed against her chin as he pumped hot, thick cum down her throat, and her lips and tongue felt his cock flexing as the cum passed through his length. Near the end of his orgasm he slid his cock from her panting mouth, just in time to fire a few thick, globby streams of married cum onto the gorgeous slut's face. Her cheeks were painted. A thick pool of cum weighed down one of her eyelids. Bands of cum were stretched across her open, panting mouth. And she was grinning. She loved it. She fucking loved it.

As he fell back down onto the bed, sitting for a moment before falling back, she was already using her fingers to gather cum and bring it to her tongue, savoring its flavor as she gulped down even more of it. She watched with wild eyes as the married man fell back, her eyes staying on his cock.

Still, she wasn't done.

And again, Tim thought he was finished. He thought he was ready to tap out. But when he opened his eyes and looked up, there she was, poised above him, face cleaned of semen, lips curled into a smile. One hand around the root of his now diminished weapon, her tits swaying in the air just above it. With her other hand, she palmed one of her own massive breasts and pulled it to the side, revealing the full length of her smooth, soft, cavernous cleavage. And then, with him watching, she leaned in, allowing her massive cleavage to completely encase his half-solid penis.

"Wait. Wait... ah!" he panted. "I think I'm done." He felt like he was done. Like he had nothing left in the tank. But that wasn't a good enough answer for her.

"Uh, uh, uh, baby," she purred, grinning. "I think you have more to give me, hon. You might need to dig deep, but I know there's more in there. A lot more!" She then used her hands to push her tits together, completely swallowing up his big married cock in her cleavage.

"Es..." he panted, trying to dissuade her. "Please!" he groaned, trying to fight off the pleasure her tits were bringing him. They were so fucking soft!

"But baby, it would make me so happy if you came just one more time!" she said, smiling wickedly, pumping her tits up along his dick. "Don't you want to make me happy, babe? You always used to love making me happy... didn't you? I think you always liked making me happy, even more than making yourself happy! You always made sure I came even more than you did whenever we fucked. Sometimes you even just went down on me for hours, it seemed. You were the best boyfriend..."

"Oh..." he groaned. His cock was ensconced in the silkiest, smoothest fuck channel imaginable. His cock was smothered between two warm, soft,

smooth fucking titties, his half-hard length completely disappearing in between. He always noticed her silky smooth flesh, but her cleavage seemed even softer and even smoother. His cock was in heaven, and somehow, despite cumming three times, his cock began coming back to life again.

"There it is, hahaha!" she laughed, feeling him get harder between her massive titties. "I knew it! I knew you wanted to make me happy!" She pumped her tits up and down as he slowly got harder and harder. She looked down at her big breasts, waiting for the head of his lengthy weapon to show itself. "I bet..." she began, jiggling her tits against his lengthening rod. "I bet that even when you gave me all that money, when I took that seventy-five grand from you, I think part of you enjoyed it. Part of you liked that I took that money from you, because you knew all that cash would make me happy. And trust me, babe, that cash made me VERY happy!" she said, laughing.

"Fuck..." he groaned, humping in into her tits as his cock lengthened at this assertion, getting harder and harder.

"You always knew that I was a greedy little slut," Esmerelda began, grinning. "So deep down, you were happy that I took that money from you. Because you knew it would make me happy! You knew I would love it! And frankly..." she paused, looking up at him. "I think you knew that it made more sense for me to have all that money and for you to have none of it. Because you knew I deserved it! It was meant for me! Oh! Wait... there it is!" she called out happily as the angry head of his married cock emerged at the top of her cleavage.

"Oh!" he groaned, now fully hard between her big, silky smooth tits. Fuck... she certainly didn't sound so repentant about her past misdeeds at this point.

"Haha! Yes!" she effused happily, bouncing her boobs along his full length. "I have my answer! Yes! I knew it! Fuck... you loved giving up all that cash to me, didn't you? I know you did! I bet you jacked off all the time thinking about how I stole all that money from you! About how I was probably spoiling myself with all the cash that you had won! Haha! Yes!"

Tim was near drunk with pleasure, barely able to think straight. But her words were getting to him in a way he never knew possible. Her words had his cock as hard as concrete, and despite having cum three times already, he felt close to losing it again. God damn, her tits felt like heaven around him.

"I want you to do it, babe!" she urged him, pressing her boobs into his shaft firmly. "I don't want you to hold back! I bet you've been dreaming of this. I really want you to just let go and cum all over my big tits! It would make me so happy if you came on my tits, if you painted them with all that married cum! Yes! Fuck! All that cum that was meant for your wife... I want you to give it to me! Instead of going in your wife's pussy, where it belongs, I want you to just spray it all over my big tits!"

"Oh my God!" he groaned. He was so lust-crazed he could barely think. Her words were hitting home in ways he couldn't fully comprehend, strengthening his cock beyond what he thought he was capable of, beyond the presence of magical ice sluts empowering him. This was all natural desire, and it was caused by the filthy tease above him, fucking him into submission using only her giant boobs.

"Is that right, babe? Would you rather cum inside your wife, or cum on my big, round, perfect boobs?" she asked, biting her lower lip as she slid her silky cavern of cleavage up and down his throbbing shaft.

"UGHH! FUCK!" he groaned, his ass leaving the bed as he humped into her cleavage. "Yes! Fuck! I want to cum on your fucking tits! It's all I ever wanted!"

"Then do it!" she spat out. "Cum on my boobs, Tim! It would make me so happy knowing you gave me every drop of cum in your balls and saved none of it for the wife you love so much! Do you want to make me happy, Tim? Would you do anything to make me happy?!"

"Yes! YES! YES! AHHHHH!" he screamed out. His cock exploded with thick, creamy jizz like a geyser, firing out of her cleavage and into the heated air of the bedroom before cascading down and landing on the Latina's jutting rack. His cock fired out from the top like a volcano, spewing jets of cum again and again, all of which landed on her jugs. She finally slid his swollen

shaft from between her tits, stroking it masterfully, pointing it at her boobs and jacking the cum out. His ass leaving the bed, his balls kept flexing as jets of thick cream blasted from his swollen penis forcefully, splashing against the smooth flesh of her breasts. Adorning her jugs like a Jackson Pollock, bands of his thick, white married jizz landed on her rack, coating her caramel skin like icing. His whole system was in upheaval as he kept spewing broiling semen onto the slut above him. Thick beads of it ended up dangling from her nipples as he kept shooting away, amazed at how much seed he was firing off. Finally, his system fully drained of both semen and energy, he collapsed into the bed, fully unconscious.

Smirking and releasing her hold of him, Esmerelda looked down at the passed out married man with pride. Her job was now done.

Now, it was time to clean up the evidence.

Helping herself to a shower, she cleaned up before getting dressed, pulling her clothes, well... most of her clothes... back on, leaving one little thing behind as a surprise. Then, she reached in her purse to grab a few things, leaving them behind for him on his dresser. Finally, she approached the married man, first silencing his phone before putting it back where he had left it. Standing over the passed out Tim, she smiled at him warmly.

"Bye Tim..." she said, bending over and kissing his forehead. "I'm sure I'll see you again..."

That was the last thing Esmerelda said to Tim before walking out of his house.

Tim stayed in place, in a deep sleep that lasted well into the afternoon. He was finally awoken by the sound of the rarely used landline phone ringing. Groggy, he stood up and stumbled naked over to the phone, barely remembering all the sinning he'd just gotten up to.

"Hello..." he croaked out.

"Tim! Where have you been!?" Viv called out loudly to him on the other end angrily.

"What?" he asked. "What's wrong?"

"Did you go to the bank today?" she asked quickly.

"Why?" he asked, his heart dropping. What... what happened?

"Well, I got a call from the bank. You know our plan for things we had set up with the bonus I just got in? Well, the lady at the bank called me to say that she went to take care of it, but the money had been moved...? That it was out of our savings... Did you do something with it?"

"No. I mean, I went to the bank, but I didn't..." he paused. No... she couldn't have. He was right there the whole time. "Let me call you back!" he said quickly, hanging up.

Going to grab his phone, he saw a dozen missed calls from Viv, but his phone was silenced for some reason. Pulling up his banking app and signing in, he checked his savings transactions. He saw the \$75,000 grand being added to his account. Then, almost immediately after that, there was another money transfer. \$200,000. Out of his account, and into another. That amount? Was that a coincidence? Cause that was the same amount as the sum of the \$75,000 of his money and the \$125,000 bonus Viv and her group at work had received for securing a deal with that big company. And it was gone. Transferred away. How could...

Esmerelda.

How was this possible? He had been next to her the whole time. They walked out together. What if... the teller! The teller had seemed nervous! And Esmerelda had looked back at him as they were leaving! He'd been too busy staring into her cleavage at the time, but he had registered it in his periphery. Maybe she and him were in cahoots.

Before he knew it, he was breaking the speed limit trying to get to the bank. Maybe... maybe there was still time. He pulled into the same parking spot he had before, and he was about to march in when he heard a voice.

"Where are you?" a panicked voice said into a phone. Looking, he turned and saw him. The teller! Standing outside.

"Hey!" he called out aggressively. When the teller saw him, he backed up nervously.

"Wait! Wait! Wait!" the guy said, panicking.

"Did you do something?" Tim asked. "Did you do another transaction with my money? Did you give it to Esmerelda?" Tim looked like he was ready to beat the shit of this guy, making him panic.

"Wait!" he said, holding his hands up. "Okay. Just... wait!" Tim grabbed by the neck of his dress shirt, furious. "Okay! Okay! Okay! Look... she... I met her, like a month ago. She said... she said... if I helped her out, she would, uh... she would do things. With me..."

"Help her out with what?" Tim said aggressively.

"If I... if when she came in with a... with you... that if I did an extra money transfer after the one you came in about... then she would make it worth my while," he said.

"So... you stole my money!? You gave it to her??" Tim said, looking crazed.

"I... yes. But... I've been trying to get a hold of her, but she's not answering," the sweaty teller said. At this, Tim's mind swirled. Finally, he released the teller and pushed him back slightly.

"She's not coming back..." Tim said in an almost haunted tone as he felt the weight of his mistake hitting him. "She used you... in the same way she used me."

"What?" the teller said.

"That's what she does. She uses people. She used you because you could help her, and now she's done with you. The same thing she did with me. She wanted my money... and you gave it to her. She got what she wanted. Now she's gone..." Tim said, looking at the teller. Finally, angrily, he grabbed the teller by the shirt collar and pulled him inside.

Causing a small commotion by this display, roughly handing the teller over to his boss as he approached Tim.

"Your teller stole my money!" Tim screamed out, tossing the teller forward roughly.

"What?" the boss asked. "Alan... is this true?"

The teller, Alan, pulled himself up and straightened himself. Finally, after having a few seconds to think, Alan responded.

"No," Alan said. "This customer came in with his girlfriend. He signed off on a transfer of money to her, and she ran off. Now... he's taking it out on me." The guy had realized he'd been screwed over. Now he was covering his own butt.

"You son of a..." Tim said, almost jumping the guy. The boss stopped him, holding him back as a guard approached. Sensing this was getting out of hand, and feeling his world collapsing, Tim left the bank without further incident. Freaking out, he got into his car and zoomed away, seeking out the one place Esmerelda could be.

He pulled up to the church where her support group took place, and talked to the reverend there, asking if he'd seen her. He said no. He then asked if he knew where she lived, or if he had any contact info.

"No, no," the reverend said. "She'd only started showing up just before you did. You probably know as much as me," he said, smiling.

She was gone. And there was no way for him to find her.

Tim got back into his car but didn't leave right away. Breathing deep, he began panting, his anger boiling.

"No, no, no, NOOOOO!" he roared, beating the steering wheel angrily, causing the horn to honk a few times lamely.

He returned home in a daze. Maybe... maybe she had left something behind. Some clue. He looked around, searching for something, until something caught his eye on the dresser.

Her necklace.

The small necklace with a cross on it, the one she claimed belonged to her mom. But looking at it, he realized how cheap it was. She probably spent five dollars on this in a gift shop somewhere. Looking below the necklace, he saw two small receipts from the bank. Evidence of the \$75,000 transfer into his account... and the \$200,000 transfer into hers. Both had his signature, and hers looked illegible. Barely comprehensible as her name.

She'd played him. Played him from the start. It was all a lie. There had been no great epiphany. No church group that helped her reform. She never wanted forgiveness. She wanted money. Not his... but Vivian's. She... she must have seen the reports of Viv's company getting all that money. Maybe she even saw her last name, and put the pieces together. She knew that Tim was a mark she could milk out of all his cash. She'd certainly done it before. She bought a cheap cross necklace, and attended a couple church gatherings, enough for her story to play. She came in, and in an Oscar-winning performance, played the part of the reformed slut, trying to make things right. She'd played him like a fiddle, stringing him along, playing her part to perfection. When he pulled back, she would give him a flash of her hot body. Her g-string clad ass. Her cleavage. Eventually, stupidly, he finally trusted her. He felt like he could believe her, and he thought he could control things in the bank transfer. But she was ahead of him, having gotten to the teller, working him up enough to get him to do whatever she wanted him to, using him up for her own needs. And when that first money transfer was done, he'd secretly done a second one right

in front of him, moving the money to her account without him knowing, giving her a receipt to prove it. That's why Esmerelda looked back at him, confirming that everything had gone to plan. And as a capper, she convinced Tim to quench her other vice. Hot nasty sex. She'd played him to perfection. He'd fucked up again. His biggest one yet.

And all he could do was sit down on the edge of his bed as his world crumbled around him.

Six months later, the snow was falling outside as Christmas approached, and Tim Carroll sat alone in his old seat at the bar, drinking heavily.

Bearded up, hair slightly unkempt, the normally handsome man didn't look his best. But considering what he'd been through, he supposed that couldn't be held against him.

After the Esmerelda event of the previous summer, a lot of stuff happened at once. Viv returned home early from her retreat to sort out what the fuck happened. Tim was catatonic over the phone, and she needed to get back to him to get answers.

He admitted to everything. Well... almost everything. She'd heard bits and pieces about his previous incident with Esmerelda, and he explained how she came back into his life. How he initially pushed her away, but he gave her a chance. How she'd worked him over and convinced him to go to the bank to get his money back. How she had the bank teller in her pocket, and done a second, secret transaction behind his back. The only thing he left out was the sex. Although, that wasn't for long, as the very deliberately placed thong under his wife's pillow took away any chance of hiding that too.

The police were brought in to talk to the guy at the bank. He stuck to his story, to the fury of Tim, and Viv knew enough that Tim was right about him. The video surveillance showed him and Esmerelda coming in and handling their transactions without incident and leaving. The signatures and stuff backed him up, but there was enough smoke that the bank

looked deeper, following the money. The account that the Esmerelda was using wasn't even hers, belonging to some other guy, and by the time that account had been found it had been emptied as well, to some overseas account that was untraceable. Clearly, she knew what she was doing, or at least she had someone who could help her hide her money. So, they never found the money, and as last he knew, the bank wasn't gonna be replacing anything, as they had no evidence that anything illegal had been done.

Needless to say, Tim and Viv were very much divorced now.

Not only for being stupid enough to be bilked out of the biggest windfall of his wife's life by his evil ex-girlfriend, but for cheating on Viv with her on top of it. And honestly... Tim couldn't blame her. A woman like her deserved someone better than a fuck-up like him...

He'd done it. He'd gone and blown it with the best girl he could ever ask for, thanks to the same girl who'd destroyed him the first time.

There was really no hope for him. No chance of self-improvement. Every time he felt good. Every time he felt like he'd gotten over his past mistakes, he'd make another even worse one. No matter how hard he'd try to play it safe and protect himself, it'd turn out even worse for him. So... why fight it? Why fight his fate?

He moved out to a much smaller place than the one he shared with Viv, about in line with what he had in his single days. His days were going to work, coming home and drinking, or watching TV for hours on end. He was clearly depressed, barely speaking to anyone outside of work. He would go back to the casino, playing cards, or playing the slots, or entering raffles, doing anything he could to get some of his lost money back. It never paid off. It was as if his fate was to lose everything, over and over again.

As his depression fully consumed him, he would often head to the bar, drinking himself stupid, drinking as much as he could handle without having to drive drunk. He was in a bad place.

He'd never heard from Esmerelda. He honestly didn't expect to. It was just... how could anyone be that fully evil? Not only to take advantage of him once... but twice. How could anyone be so cruel and callous? She probably wasn't even thinking about him anymore, she was that sociopathic. She was probably on to her next mark, some guy as foolish as he'd been. He told himself all the things he'd do if he saw her again, but he knew what he'd actually do if he saw her one more time.

He'd fuck her again and give her even more of his money.

That succubus was pure evil, but he just couldn't say no to her. He even knew better last time, and she still knew what buttons to press to win him over. He hated her more than anyone, but every time he thought about her, or the thefts she'd committed, all he did was get rock hard. God, she was so fucking hot... why did she have to be so hot? There was some part of him that was still absolutely enraptured by her. If during their first relationship, she had wanted to get to his money, they could have just, like, gotten married. He would have done it. He would have given everything to her. He could have given her everything she ever wanted, but... clearly the thrill for her was the hunt.

The one question he had, the one part of her plan that didn't make sense... why did she fuck him? Her theft was complete, yet she stuck around with the guy she'd stolen from, just to have sex with him? Why take that risk? Was it as she said? That he was actually just really good in bed? Sure, he took some sort of pride in that, but it definitely wasn't worth all he'd lost, despite the erections he would get thinking of their time together.

Was that all he was good for? Sex? Was that the one place where he could get the job done? Esmerelda... she'd used sex to get in close enough to bleed him dry. And the Ice Sirens had lured him into the middle of the woods solely for sex. Was that his lot in life? To give pleasure to evil, scheming women? Was that the only thing that gave him value in the world? Was that the only avenue where he didn't fuck up? Sure, he'd fucked up in other ways because of the sex he had, but in the actual nitty gritty, he always handled himself. Maybe he should stop trying to make something of himself and just give in to his fate, to devote himself fully to fucking, damn the consequences. But at this, he rolled his eyes. It was too silly to even consider.

Christmas was coming, but he wasn't going home. He wasn't showing his face around anyone, so ashamed was he. Plus, for all the damage he'd caused, he didn't deserve anything good.

Paying his tab, he stamped out through the snow, the falling flakes blanketing the world, adding an eerie silence to everything. He moved to grab his keys when he stopped and looked around. Did he hear something? It almost sounded like a...

Like a song.

A very familiar song.

It was the song. The same song the sirens had sung! Stamping quickly through the snow, he looked around the corner of the building towards the woods behind him. His breath then caught in his throat as he looked at the edge of the woods.

There she was.

It was Isabelle. The Ice Siren. The one who'd led him into the darkness last time. This time, she didn't hide from him. She didn't walk away. She stood in place, staring at him and smiling, her massive tits hanging out, exposed to him again as she sang into the darkness. She was in the same form that she was the first time he saw her. Blonde... pale-skinned... beautiful.

He had almost forgotten this crazy chapter of his life in the wake of Esmerelda returning. But seeing her again, all those memories came flooding back.

He knew he should run, to get far away, not let her song call to him, but he stayed frozen in place. He remembered the last time he fell into their clutches. In his daze lying in the snow, passing in and out of awareness, he thought he overheard them talking about whether to let him go, or to keep him. Keep him among their tribe, using him for sex. For constant, unending breeding, using him to grow their tribe of evil ice sluts. And now

Isabelle was here again, seeking him out. And deep down, he knew this time, they weren't gonna let him go.

It was weird how this lined up with what he was just thinking about. The only thing he was good for was sex. That was the one place where he never let anyone down. Where he never fucked up. Maybe... maybe it would be good if he stopped trying to guide his own life, as he kept fucking that up worse and worse. But being kept by a woman, a group of women, not being asked to make any decisions... just to have sex. Lots and lots of sex. That was the only thing he was good at. The only service he could provide to the world.

He knew he should turn away, but... he had nothing to go back to. No wife. No life. No prospects. Just shame and depression. Maybe... maybe this was a sign. Maybe this was his fate. Maybe... this was his destiny.

Tim Carroll let his keys slide from his hands into the snow. He began marching out into the woods, fighting the snow, the wind, and the bitter cold as he moved closer and closer to the edge of the woods, where Isabelle was patiently waiting, smiling. The blowing winds made his footprints disappear, and by the time he reached the edge of the woods, they were damn near gone.

Tim never came back.

Investigators sought him out in the woods when the storm let up, only finding a trail of his personal items. His phone. His home keys. His clothing. But not him.

He was listed as a missing person.

But if you looked through his eyes, and you saw what he did, you would know he was not lost. He was found. Tim Carroll had found his true purpose now.

Isabelle didn't even bother keeping up her façade as they re-entered the forest. As soon as they were both out of sight, her true form emerged. Blue

skin. Black hair. Those glowing blue eyes. It was as if she was reminding him of the evil creature he was following into the darkness. As if she was so confident in her victory that she didn't bother hiding the evil within as she led him towards a life of servitude, a dark pact with some truly evil women.

She disappeared from his sight for a moment, but it was only a moment. She did not even wait till they reached her tribe before jumping his bones, landing on top of him in the snow, jamming her forked tongue down his throat. She then pulled his cock out of his pants and rode his big cock right then and there. And after they both came, she wasn't done yet, standing up and resting her hands on a big tree as she commanded him to fuck her up the ass. It was only after he'd filled her ass with sperm that they continued their journey.

She made sure he kept his big, thick cock hanging out of his pants, keeping her fingers curled around it as she led him deeper into the forest. Bursting with excitement, she updated him on what had happened in the past year.

She explained that her and her sisters would seek out men for breeding, but most of the time, they ended up being duds, maybe only getting one or two of them pregnant before passing out. But not Tim. He'd exceeded her wildest expectations. Tim had gotten every single one of the sirens pregnant, even the Queen. Being reminded of her made his cock jump in Isabelle's palm, and this made her possessive side bloom. She told him that since he was her recruit, he belonged to her now. He was joining the tribe, but he was her property. As they walked deeper into the forest, she slowly commanded him to remove his clothing, one article at a time, every few minutes, until he was completely nude. All signs of the society he left behind was gone from him, leaving him fully stripped down as they approached the edge of her tribe's current settlement. Despite not being within the protections that kept him warm last time, he felt at ease.

The sisters greeted his return with a hungry gaze at the fine piece of meat Isabelle had brought back to them. When he looked upon the Queen again, standing on the cliffside above them, even she looked at him with heat in her cold eyes.

He was immediately put to work.

While not as organized and ceremonial as his first encounter, there was still a fury to the fucking he quickly found himself taking part in. He was passed around the women of the tribe like the stud he was, fucking them all roughly. He didn't know how long this lasted, as it was more drawn out than the furious pace of his previous experience. And despite their delight at seeing him again, they were merciless in their brutal fucking of the once married man, now a mindless fuck slave for the entire tribe of evil ice sluts.

The only one that didn't partake was the Queen. She watched the action, but she never sampled the goods again. It was clear she was a fan of Tim's efforts, enjoying what she was seeing, but she kept her distance, allowing her followers to have their fun. But every time he looked back at her; she was watching.

And Tim was watching her too.

She looked better than he remembered. Her long shimmering white hair. Her smooth blue skin. Her absolutely massive, perfect tits. Despite her being this evil demon creature, he could recognize now that there was an intense beauty to her. Her beauty was far from pure, but her dark beauty combined with the evil emanating off of her in waves only added to her appeal. Tim could never forget the things he and her had done together. How far into the depths of lust they'd gone together. Every time he was in her presence, he couldn't suppress the shudder of bone-deep lust that would run through him. It seemed like whenever he'd look up, she'd be watching. Whenever he was fucking one of the sirens, she was studying him. He didn't want to know what thoughts were running across her evil mind in these moments.

Even though he was passed around the women of the tribe, used for sex by each of them sans the Queen, when they retreated into their caves for rest, it was Isabelle who he slept next to. Isabelle's luscious body that curled around him possessively. Isabelle's big tits that he sucked on every night. It was as if she wanted to stake her claim, making it clear that he was her property.

This didn't last long.

But for a little while, this was Tim's life. Being passed around the tribe, used for nasty sex, pleasuring these evil sluts day after day. He lived among them, under their protection, following them as they retreated northwards,

following the cold weather. He had no say in the proceedings, as they didn't keep him around for him to give his opinion on tribal proceedings. He was there to look pretty, stay quiet, and provide generous helpings of that thick, meaty baby-maker to whichever among them needed it. He was the only man in the tribe, and with this pack of evil sluts, he was kept very busy. From the sidelines, he was witness to some awful things. Battles with rival tribes and other enemies, bloodshed and violence. But Tim kept his head down and kept pleasuring these evil sirens as they continued down their warpath, just hoping to do his work and impregnate them all again.

They convened with other tribes they were on good terms with, and in these occasions, he was temporarily traded to them, providing the same service to these other tribes that he did to his own. There were no men among their kind, only women. He occasionally saw other human men in passing, kept slaves to their respective tribes, in the same boat as he, but he didn't know if any of them joined their respective tribes anywhere close to the same way he had. But there were not many other men that they had held on to, so any they kept in their clutches were being used as hard as possible, fucked into oblivion almost every day, hoping to use his potent seed to create more of their kind.

Other than these occasional flings, he spent every night with Isabelle. And while she was just as evil as the rest, it did feel like she had an affection for him. As they traversed out of the sight of society, she was always there by his side. When things got tense, she would come to his defense. When he was nervous, she'd be there to quell his worries. It was a far cry from love, but around her, he felt as protected as he could considering the situation.

He was woefully unequipped to have a voice among this tribe of evil, wicked creatures, being passed along between the sirens without any input from him. Not that he would have objected, as any objections he might have had had long since been fucked out of him. But he wasn't completely without agency, as his mind was still there, adapting to his surroundings, learning what he could. He knew which of the sirens were meaner and more cruel than the rest, the ones who scared him, the ones who would leave him extra sore in the morning. He knew which of them were kinder, showing him some affection even though they were beings of sin and evil.

He even learned some information about the queen. Tim learned that her name was Demetria, but few of the sirens would speak that name to her

face. And while they never called her 'Queen', instead using a word from a language he couldn't even begin to recognize, her title seemed equivalent to a queen, so he kept internally calling her that. Not all the sirens liked Queen Demetria, many of them questioning her choices behind her back. But they all respected her power and ability, making her an ideal queen for this tribe of sluts, even if not all of them liked her.

He did eventually meet the children he had created with the sirens the previous year. They didn't live among the tribe as they traveled. All of them were kept in one area, far north, away from civilization with a group of elders who cared for them. Tim's eyes went wide as he looked upon the pack of ice siren babies he'd fathered, their number exceeding the amount of sirens he'd fucked. Some of the sirens carried one baby. A few, like Isabelle, birthed twins. But, most astonishing was finding out that the Queen had carried four of his babies in her belly. Four! And apparently, those four were all showing sides of impressive magical ability already. And with the intensity of their conception, there was almost a twisted logic to it. It was amazing, though. Four babies at once! His seed had been that potent, and her womb that fertile... damn. It was amazing that none of the sirens looked like they had carried a baby anytime recently, their bodies tight, fit, and luscious. It was as if they were designed for this, to tempt... to fuck... to breed. And then do it all over again...

This visit seemed to awaken something in Queen Demetria. Seeing the results of their efforts the previous year stirred a fire inside of her. In the short time he'd been back among the tribe, she was the only one he hadn't had sex with again. But she always kept one eye on him, watching him hungrily as he fucked the other sirens, sizing him up. It was as if she was evaluating him, seeing if he was capable of something else she had in mind for him, and she was still trying to decide if he was up to the task. If she was wrong, she wouldn't waste her time with him. If she was right...

Seeing her babies again was a reminder of the connection between them. An unholy bond forged in the ice during that wicked, sinful, hellish breeding ceremony they'd taken part in together. The fact that this resulted in four babies, at least double the number of children birthed by any of the other sirens, only cemented their bond further. Clearly, his cock and her cunt were made for each other...

So, one night, as Tim was tit-fucking one of the sirens, he heard an argument spring up between Isabelle and the Queen.

"He's mine!" Isabelle shouted. "I found him!"

"You brought him to me, making him mine to claim," the Queen replied confidently.

"No! He belongs to me!" Isabelle replied.

"No... I'm afraid he's been mine since that first night..." the older siren stated knowingly. "Even though he hasn't laid one finger on me since that night, I'm the one that owns his soul. It's my body that he's obsessed with, not your... inferior form," she replied, eyeing up Isabelle's impressive body and finding it lacking compared to her own. "I've let you have your fun for long enough. I've got some big plans for him, and you need to step aside."

"I'll make you step aside!" Isabelle growled, baring her teeth. "I'll slit your throat in the night!"

Queen Demetria regarded this threat like one a petulant child would make.

"Let's have him choose," the older woman said confidently, and at this, she stared straight at Tim, wordlessly beckoning him over. Stepping away from the siren he was with, he obeyed, moving towards them. Demetria and Isabelle stood side-by-side as he approached until he stood in front of them, standing in the closest proximity to the queen than he had since their first and only time together. His bare cock throbbed in the air.

"Boy," Queen Demetria stated, regarding him sneeringly, staring down her nose at him. "I've decided to take you as my own. My property. But... I suppose if you choose so, you can stay with Isabelle. The one who found you. The one you've lain with every night. I suppose she loves you, in her own way, and perhaps you have feelings for her, too. Or... you could choose me," she paused, looking at him, her cold, shining blue gaze staring through his eyes into his soul. "I won't be kind. I won't be caring. I will take you to your limits as a man. I will make you feel the chill of fear and the fires of hell, but the pleasure you'll feel at the other end... it will be worth it. You will love it. I will show you things you can't experience with any other. You won't be able to get enough. My body will be your sole reason

for living. And any hope you ever had of returning to the life you had before this will be vanquished, as it will be nothing compared to a life of complete sexual servitude to me and my body. So... decide now..."

Isabelle had been as kind to him as any of them. The only port in a chaotic winter storm. She'd been there for him, protecting him, guiding him into this new life of his while also fucking his brains out every chance she had. As much as one of these beings could care about a man, she cared for him. She was clearly a far more pleasant creature than the Queen.

Standing next to each other, the differences between the two sirens were obvious. Isabelle was gorgeous in a dark, sinful, otherworldly way. Long legs. Flat belly. Round, juicy ass. Massively huge, perky boobs, hard black nipples standing out against her silky blue skin. But the Queen, the older woman... she stood taller. Longer legs. A flat belly. A larger, shapelier, more mouthwatering ass. Darker, more sinfully sexy looks. And while Isabelle had huge tits, Demetria... she had oversized, absolutely mammoth, big fat fucking watermelon-sized tits! She had Isabelle beat in every way.

But there were no illusions with her. The life she promised sounded like an ordeal. A tough, brutal, taxing existence, taken to his limits by this truly evil creature. Taken to hell and back as he took part in the filthiest, roughest sex imaginable. A lifetime of being her sex slave, as opposed to living his days with Isabelle, the sexy, hot-bodied siren, having incredible sex with her while still having some sort of hope for redemption. With her, maybe he could find himself. Maybe eventually, he could see the light and find a strength he didn't know he had. Maybe with Isabelle, he had a sliver of a chance at returning home to his friends and family. But with Queen Demetria... there was no hope of that. None. The choice seemed obvious. He should choose Isabelle. It was the safer bet.

Yet, Tim Carroll's mouth attached itself to one of the Queen's nipples mere seconds after being asked to choose.

Demetria laughed as Tim dove in face-first to her mammoth tits, sucking at her nipple hungrily, his hands palming her massive breasts. Digging her fingers into his scalp, she looked down at the younger siren.

"Told you..." the Queen boasted as Isabelle stewed in fury. As Tim sucked at her big tits, Demetria continued. "Until you have a pair of tits like these, you'll never control a man like I can. Now... feel free to try again and go out and find another one, darling. A man more your level," she stated, treating the younger, gorgeous, massively-busted siren like she was a small-breasted, mousy, pathetic wife. "While you do that... he'll be with me." Stepping back, smirking, she snaked her fingers around his rock hard, throbbing weapon. "Come with me," she commanded.

"Yes, my Queen," he said, surrendering completely to her without a fight.

Queen Demetria was not shy about enjoying her prize. Her and him fucked loudly in her large cave-side dwelling, their moans echoing in her followers' ears. In Isabelle's ears. Where the first time, it was about breeding, this time... it was just raunchy, hardcore fucking. Before, all the things they did seemed to be part of some dark, magical ceremony. But now that that was done, she could now shed all decorum and do all the bad things they couldn't before. Titty-fucking. Ass-fucking. Sloppy, nasty blowjobs. The works. Tim kept up his end, giving this evil, wicked, hell-spawned creature an untold amount of lusty sexual pleasure. Isabelle stewed in anger, struggling to listen to her prize with her tribe leader, her superior. But Demetria seemed to be extra loud with Tim, announcing to her sisters why she was the queen, moaning like a true slut, making the young, ambitious siren boil with fury, plans of coups and mutiny in her mind.

But Isabelle was no wilting flower, and she had no plans to wallow in her fury like so many women did when they'd had their men poached from them. She already had her eyes on a new prize, a new man she'd recently scouted out. A young, freshly married man. Tall... strong... handsome. And he had heroic tendencies, as he was a firefighter. He saved lives for a living, and as her and her sisters knew, that kind of nobility and heroism left him far riper for corruption. He made the world a better place with his work, and his corruption would help in its downfall. Isabelle had already witnessed him fucking, studying the married man from outside his house. And yeah... he definitely had potential. He might even prove to be just as good as Tim...

As Isabelle sought a replacement for Tim, Demetria was availing herself with the genuine article, so happy with her prize that she wanted to the rest of the tribe to know what she was getting every night. The Queen was happy to share him with her followers, as growing their tribe with his

prized seed was paramount, and her pack of hungry sluts were happy to partake. But with the older woman staking her claim, the sirens mostly kept their distance, ceding him to their queen whenever she wanted him to herself.

Tim was practically broken now, a willing, eager sex-slave for this evil queen. He just fucked and fucked and fucked, her hot body his whole world now. She dragged him through fire and ice, and he experienced an untold level of pleasure. He had traveled so far away from the life he had that it was almost all forgotten. And this was only cemented weeks later.

Queen Demetria lead him out of their encampment in the middle of the night, him following her round, meaty blue ass as she led him towards a snow-covered cliffside overlooking what seemed like an ocean. She turned to him, and in an instant, he knew what was about to happen next. And this time, he stepped into it. Moving towards her, their lips locked, her tongue down his throat as their nude bodies pressed into each other. Then, with her back to the cliff, she jumped up and wrapped herself around him, leaning back. This time, he didn't fight back, willingly falling forward, both of them falling through the air and into the icy water, falling to the seabed together, encased in ice by the time they hit the bottom.

For days... weeks... months... they were down there together, locked in ice. And when they broke out of their shell, after having spent all this time dredging his balls for every drop of thick, potent cum housed inside, she emerged into the light, knowing she was pregnant with even more babies than she was the last time. And Tim?

He was completely conquered now. And he'd never felt more at peace.

He lived a life surrounded by evil, wicked creatures. Naked blue skin. Black hair. Blue eyes. Long, black, forked tongues. Massive tits. He lived a life of pure, lusty, pleasure-seeking sex. A life of nasty fucking. And in doing so, he'd found the life a man like him needed. Finally being treated with respect as he stamped out his role in the tribe. Never being asked questions. Never having any responsibility. Just fucking and fucking and fucking. Getting fucked so well he always wanted more. Being so empowered by their magic that he could fuck and fuck and fuck till he forgot about everything in his past. His previous shame and humiliation. His mistakes and fuckups. All that mattered was pleasure. All that

mattered was fucking. All that mattered was making these evil women very happy.

Tim Carroll had found his true purpose now.

It was only fitting that his real purpose was to help grow these tribes of evil Ice Sirens by breeding with them endlessly, expanding their growth and reach till they had enough power to launch an attack on their enemies in the Church. It was fitting that Tim reaching his full potential would lead to war and conflict and the spread of more evil.

But it's Tim Carroll. That's just what you get.

In the weeks following his very eventful previous Christmas, Frank Carroll could feel that there was something different inside of him, that some switch inside him had been flipped, but for the life of him he couldn't figure out what. It felt like something had happened, something big, but it was just out of reach of his memory. He felt like it was right there... but he just couldn't quite remember.

He had no memory of confronting two scantily clad Christmas elves in the middle of the night before Christmas. He had no memory of their massive boobs and perfect asses. He had no memory of them using their hot bodies to pull him into some truly filthy, messed up sex. He didn't remember how they badmouthed and humiliated his wife until he just had to cum. He didn't remember how he'd permanently stamped out his place on the naughty list thanks to his actions with those two whores. His righteous soul had been forever tainted, and he had no idea any of it had happened.

But that didn't mean there weren't any lasting effects of these events.

He could sense there was something different inside him, but he couldn't quite place what. He didn't know that the switch at his moral center, which was formally as honest and true as could be, had been flipped. He was a good, honest and loyal man, with a now corrupted soul. His moral center had been forever poisoned, and that poison was slowly spreading.

It didn't crop up immediately. He'd always prided himself on his good, honest police work, and initially that didn't really change. Sure, he had a few strange flare-ups. Like, when he was driving around in his cruiser, he would find his eyes drifting to beautiful women nearby, something he was always so careful never to do. He was a good, loyal husband like that. But he was having more and more moments like this. Like the time when he and a fellow cop went to pick up a quick lunch, and he found himself stumbling over his words as the waitress began flirting with him. And then there was the thing at work.

They had a new officer that had just transferred in, a black woman, Porsche, and they had brought her in because she had 'behavioral issues' at her previous precinct. And for some reason, Frank found himself unable to look away from her. Sure, she was quite stunning, and even wearing her uniform, you could tell she had a good body. Trim waist. Fit. With a perfect, large, juicy ass and huge boobs. He had never been terribly attracted to a black woman before, but it seemed like something had changed inside him to suddenly be able to appreciate a gorgeous black woman like her. The strange thing was, her 'behavioral problems' continued here, as she wasn't exactly easy to get along with, but her being so confrontational and unpleasant to be around only made him even hotter for her. He had to remind himself that he was married, and she was a coworker, but these thoughts kept cropping up. He tried to shake his head and clear these disobedient thoughts, but it came at great struggle sometimes. He was a married man. He had to get himself together.

At first, things at work went smoothly, despite these occasional weak moments. He did his job to the best of his ability. He went after the bad guys and protected the good. But it was in those tricky grey areas where he had to make a judgment call when it really cropped up in a major way.

The first big event was when he responded to a case of a fight out near the edge of town. Apparently, the wife of a married couple got into a disagreement with a nearby neighbor, or the friend of the neighbor who was always around, to be more exact. The wife was confused by the whole thing, but the neighbor's friend was known to be very combative, and an

altercation ensued. The wife got punched a few times before the police were called, and Frank was one of the officers who showed up.

The friend, the one who incited the fight, was a real piece of work. Her name was Celia. A young Latina woman, she was cursing in Spanish when Frank showed up, his colleague trying to hold her back. She was a full foot shorter than the other officer, but he could barely keep her restrained. She was beautiful, with golden skin, and long brown hair that had been dyed blonde, cascading in waves past her shoulders. She had a great body, as well. She was wearing a pair of white jeans that had stylized rips and tears all up and down, highlighting her firm legs and round, full, upturned ass. Up top, she had a pair of delightfully large breasts, stuffed into a thin tank top, leaving her arms bare. She was fit, but her body had smooth curves all over, adding to her appeal. And she was strikingly good looking, but her stunning eyes had that combativeness in them, and her smooth lips were in a permanent sneer. And plus, she would just not stop yelling, at the wife, at the other officer, at everyone. She was a handful to say the least, and the other officer was happy to hand her over to Frank to take in to the station. Frank put her in the backseat, wrists in handcuffs, and she was still screaming at the wife and calling out to the husband, who seemed like he wanted to be far away from here. Clearly, something had happened that had pissed Celia off, but Frank slammed the door in her face, uninterested in hearing any more of it.

She started to calm down as Frank began driving her away, but it was obvious her blood was still boiling. Finally, after driving for a little bit, her attention was finally pulled away from the people she'd left behind and towards the officer in front of her, Frank. She looked at him through the divider between them, and she finally spoke up.

"You're hot..." she called out to him, smirking, looking into his eyes through the rearview mirror.

"Be quiet," he replied.

"Listen..." she began. "If you just let me go, and forget about everything you just saw, I'll let you fuck me in the ass..."

"What?" he asked, a strange thrill going through him at this offer. "Uh... be quiet," he repeated, annoyed, regathering himself.

"What's wrong?" she asked, smiling. "Why would you turn down free ass?" she asked, incredulous. "Officer... that bitch back there? I've been fucking her husband for months now! That fat bitch has no fucking idea! I can't stand the dumb bitch. It's not my problem if she can't take care of her man!"

"I don't care," Frank replied, trying to deny the spark that coursed through him at this revelation.

"But the thing is... I do all the shit that bitch and all those little boring white wives never do. I know what I'm doing. Men leave their marriage for my ass..."

"Be quiet!" he said again, getting a little angrier as his cock got a little stiffer.

"Why would you turn this down?" she asked again. "You're hot! You work hard, probably go home to some bitch who doesn't give you what you want. Why don't you park off the road, bend me over, and get your rocks off with me? You can get me off too. I always get so fucking horny when I fight some bitch. I'll probably scream like a fucking whore if you do it with me..."

"Cut it out..." he said, his tone less firm. Why was he so hard at this suggestion? What was going on here?

"You don't need to act all noble and shit..." she replied, smirking. "You wouldn't be the first cop I've banged. Your buddies are probably doing it all the time with other girls. Why not just join in the fun?"

He had been propositioned before, and he had always easily turned them all down. It never even registered as something he would ever even conceive of doing. Yet, for some reason, this time, he asked himself... why not? Why not do this? Celia was hot. No one would know. His wife would never find out. And yeah... he'd known of other cops who did this sort of thing. Did

he think he was being noble not indulging himself in girls like this? He was a guy with a wife and a young daughter... he would never be getting dirty, nasty sex again. Ever. At least, not at home. Why not indulge his basest urges discreetly?

There used to be a mental barrier preventing him from thinking like this for so, so long. From considering anything like this. But suddenly, he was asking himself why not just have a taste? Why not have a little fun? No one would know. That barrier had seemingly disappeared without him even knowing it. He'd felt weird ever since Christmas. Was this why? With the barrier gone now, was he only now realizing it? He... he couldn't actually do this... right? It would be crazy. Insanity. But... no one else would know...

He stayed silent as he drove, and Celia seemed to have given up hope of winning over the upstanding officer. It was only when they pulled off the road, in the corner of some massive, abandoned parking lot, that her gorgeous face lit up in a wicked grin.

Frank proceeded to fuck Celia's brain's out.

Behind her in the backseat, he'd forced her face down, ass up as he drilled her roughly. Her tight jeans and g-string were yanked down, and her tank top was pulled up over her big tits, her sweaty jugs sliding against the leather seat as he roughly fucked her up the ass. He was almost unrecognizable in the rough treatment he was giving the young slut, fucking her tight asshole brutally. He was still in his uniform, with his cock scooped out of it, working up a healthy sweat as he fucked her. She was screaming and moaning like a whore, her hands still cuffed behind her as he pumped his thick married cock into her tight, clutching asshole. God damn, her ass was incredible! This was definitely worth it.

He didn't know where this lust inside him was coming from, but this slut was definitely on the receiving end of some pent up stuff, him drilling her angrily and forcefully. God, this was so much better than it ever was with his wife. And there was nothing more thrilling than cumming in this little slut's asshole, filling her up, and then sliding his cock out from her tightest of holes and admiring the gaping, conquered hole he'd left behind. Even she laughed at the filth of the situation.

He drove her home and released her that night, never even taking her into the station, and she purred "Thanks Officer," as she left, shaking her ass as she walked away.

He was shocked to not feel any guilt or regret afterwards. He felt... great. He felt satisfied. No guilt. Only excitement. It... it felt good being a little bad. And no one got hurt. His wife never found out. No one suspected a thing.

It was almost too easy.

Knowing he could get away with it, Frank began to indulge himself more in a bit of fun. As time went on, and the opportunity struck, he would say yes to offers that he would have easily said no to before. It was a whole new world for him, and he was sampling the buffet.

This one time, working near a club, he saw a drunk girl in her late twenties get into her car and start to drive. He pulled her over before she left the parking lot and arrested her. She was a gorgeous, dark-haired babe, dolled up for a night on the town. She wore a super sexy long red dress, with a deep v-shaped cutout in the front, all the way down to her navel, showcasing the full expanse of her massive cleavage, the inner halves of her massive globes completely exposed by the skimpy dress. Seated in the backseat of her cruiser, knowing she was in for it, she made a Hail Mary offer.

"Officer..." she said, sounding clear in her words, as if the arrest had sobered her up slightly. Staring into his eyes in the rearview mirror, she continued "If you just forget this ever happened and take me home, I'll let you rip off my clothes and do whatever you want to me..."

The wolf inside Frank rose to the surface again at this offer. Before, he would have been disgusted. But now, she was speaking his language, his cock turning to concrete in his pants. Looking back into her eyes before looking down into her cleavage, she could see the intent in his wolfish gaze.

Frank did exactly as she offered. He took her to her apartment, followed her inside to her bedroom, ripped off her slinky dress, and feasted on her

juicy body, fucking her like an animal and filling her up with hot married cum. Her crime was forgotten, and the wolf inside him only got hungrier.

This wasn't the only time he had fun with girls who had a bit too much fun already. Another night, he pulled over a car with a pair of college girls who looked stoned out of their gourds. Both were gorgeous, one a brunette, one a blonde, dressed down in college hoodies and loose pajama pants. A night in lockup would sober them up for sure. That was his full intent, to teach them this lesson, until one of them, the blonde, made an offer.

"Hey!" she called out to him hazily, with a dazed smile on her face. "Why don't, like... instead of going to jail, or whatever, we just, like... go to a hotel room or something, take off our clothes, and like... do shit to each other? Hahaha!"

"Yeah!" the brunette followed up. "You have the rest of our shit, right? Why don't we just, like, smoke the rest all together, and just, like... fuck! I LOVE fucking when I'm high! Haha! Do you like getting high and fucking, Officer?" she asked.

He had never been high in his life, to be honest. But, this new Frank, whose appetite for filth was only growing... he could experiment.

Frank was still slightly stoned the next morning, but no one noticed. But the memories of what he'd done with those girls, and the effort they'd put into draining his large nuts over and over again... yeah, it was totally worth it. If that was the fun people got up to when high... he could sign up for that.

He'd had an experience with another pair of girls, but it was a bit different. These two girls were very clear headed when he arrested them at a bar. They'd gotten into a bar fight with some other girls, and the cops had been called. These girls were young, both blonde, and dressed to kill, wearing slim skanky dresses, showing off lots of leg, clinging to their firm, juicy asses, and showing off lots of their big titties. He intimated that these girls had money, and were somewhat well-known, so he wasn't surprised when they made a proposition.

"Hey," one of them said through the divider in his cruiser. "We can't afford for it to get out that we got arrested."

"You should have thought of that before throwing your drink at that other girl," Frank replied firmly.

"Well, Officer, if you just pull over, me and my friend will get on our knees and give you a blowjob sandwich. You know what that is? It's two girls on either side of your big cock, going up and down, worshipping your dick with their mouths. We'll suck you dry. We'll suck you so well your toes will fucking curl. We'll suck you so good you won't even remember why you arrested us, and you'll just have to let us go..." the girl said, looking at him firmly in the eyes through the mirror.

Frank looked her into their eyes for a few moments, holding her gaze as he looked back through the mirror. But when she saw his eyes slide down to glance at her lips, she couldn't help but smirk.

There wasn't a drop of cum left in his balls by the end of the night. And she had been right... by the time they were done with their incredible cock worship... he didn't remember a god damn thing they'd done wrong to earn their spot in his cruiser. All he could remember was how they'd earned their way out of his cruiser...

It got easier for him to cheat as time went on. Denise never caught on to anything, and he had so much accrued trust that he was easily able to evade any questions and get away with his bad behavior. His coworkers respected him so much that no one questioned him on anything, although they were starting to notice how he was slowly changing. Loosening up. So, he kept pushing at the limits of what he could get away with, pushing his luck.

He was letting girls who had committed small crimes get away with it. Drinking, drugs, minor fights. But then he started coming across girls who'd been involved in slightly bigger crimes, a new challenge for the new, wolfish Frank.

One involved a minor car accident. A woman had been driving home when a car side swiped her, pulling out to make a turn as she was turning. The woman who was hit was a little bit older than Frank, in her late thirties, a mom by the looks of it. Luckily, none of her kids were in the car. She'd called the cops to file a report. The other driver was a girl a few years younger than Frank, in her mid-twenties. And she was a stone-cold babe. Long, firm, tan legs. A juicy, mouthwatering ass, clad in olive-colored booty shorts. Up top, she had some absolutely mammoth ripe titties, exploding from her slim frame, barely contained in a slim, figure hugging white tank top. She had long, wavy brunette hair, a nice tan, and a wicked smile. Even though it was easy to tell that the brunette was the one that caused the accident, Frank suddenly had the urge to be vague about what happened. The mom kept trying to clearly explain what had gone down, but Frank kept being obstinate about it. Maybe he was trying to be a good cop and evaluate things on his own terms. Maybe it was the fact that the brunette was smirking, giving him the once-over as he stood there, looking all hot in his uniform. Maybe it was the fact that she was getting his attention by raising her eyebrows then making the blowjob motion with her tongue and her cheek.

Frank's police report split the blame for the accident between both parties. Meaning, the brunette would have to spend a lot less money because of it, and the mom would have to spend more.

When things finally got settled up, after the mom had left with her car and the brunette's had been towed away, Frank drove the busty brunette home, where she obviously invited him inside. And she more than made up for her implied promise, and way, way beyond that!

The next big event was when a girl tried to swipe an expensive necklace from a jewelry store. She'd been caught before she got out of the store, and the guard held her in place until Frank showed up. The thief was in her early twenties, a brunette with tan skin. She was dressed comfortably, wearing tight, stylish jeans and a hoodie, but it was clear she had a good body, or to be more specific, she had really excellent breasts, evident even with her hoodie. Frank noted this fact as he did his job in the same way he would note the other facts at the scene of a crime. His first impression of her was that she was a girl from a good family who took a naughty thrill from cheating and breaking the rules, but that was just an assumption at this point. He led her away in cuffs, putting her in the back of his cruiser, and if she had any regrets about her actions, she didn't show it with the smug smile adorning her beautiful face. She'd tried to steal a high priced

item from that store, and she didn't have the slightest bit of regret. Finally, he began driving her away, and it was only as they got moving that she spoke up.

"Is it weird that I always get, like, crazy turned on whenever I'm in handcuffs?" she asked, smiling. "I swear, I'm fucking gushing right now! I think I'm gonna be slip and sliding on these seats back here pretty soon, haha..."

Frank gave her an annoyed look as he tried to focus on the job at hand. It was an expensive item she was trying to steal, which made this crime somewhat more serious than some of the others he'd dealt with recently with girls like her. Sure, some of them involved physical alterations, which are obviously not great, but sometimes, the lawbook really kicks in when money gets involved.

"I gotta know..." she asked, a wicked smile on her gorgeous face. "Have you ever used these handcuffs for, like... fun stuff? Like... 'cuffing a girl up and having your way with her' kinda fun?" she asked, raising her eyebrows conspiratorially.

"No," he replied firmly, although the idea did send a thrill through him now that she mentioned it.

"Really?" she said, amused. "I'm surprised... a big, strong man like you... I'd imagine you'd have all sorts of girls wanting to be cuffed to a bed and have you do all sorts of bad things to them..."

Frank gave her a long look in the mirror, keeping silent. But she wasn't done yet.

"I have pretty talented hands, you know?" she brought up. "The bitch at that store... she just thought I stole the necklace. But... maybe I stole something else? Something even more expensive. Maybe I hid it REALLY well. Maybe you'll have to frisk me. Maybe you should cuff me down to the bed in a hotel room... so I don't resist arrest. Maybe you'll have to run your hands all over my body just to make sure I didn't steal anything else.

Maybe you start by taking those big hands of yours and slide them inside my bra..." she said, looking straight at him, the intent in her gaze clear.

Turns out, she wasn't lying. Half an hour later, in a hotel room, when Frank slid his hands into her bra while she was cuffed to the bedpost, he found a very nice-looking diamond ring. But this expensive bauble was secondary compared to the remaining contents of her bra, namely her massive, round titties. Turns out, she really did like being handcuffed, and with her tied down, her calves resting on Frank's shoulders as he roughly drilled her, she came so hard that she squirmed.

Frank let her keep the stolen ring.

The thing that excited him was the fact that he was so easily getting away with this. Denise loved and trusted him completely, so she never questioned him once whenever he had to work long hours or be out of contact for a while. He used to cherish the level of love and trust they shared. Now, all he could think about was how to take advantage of that trust, and how far he could push it. There was just something intoxicating about fucking other women behind her back, and part of him wondered if he could get away with all this screwing around even if it was right under her nose.

He was also getting away with it professionally. For years, he'd been a straight arrow, a by the book do-gooder. Some of his contemporaries were far less so, so they never included him in their maybe less-than-legal misdeeds, kickbacks and the like. And his bosses trusted him as well, often assigning him to cases where they needed honest, open, clean policework. None of these people had seen the corruption slowly taking him over. No one, not his coworkers, not his bosses, not his wife, suspected that he was fucking evil criminal girls behind their backs. They all still believed that he was a good cop through and through.

So, when his boss asked him to partner up with Porshe, that new black cop in their precinct that still had trouble fitting in even after all these months, mainly due to her bad attitude, Frank was trusted to get her in line. To do his job professionally and fairly. What he didn't know was that Frank wasn't that fine upstanding guy anymore. He didn't yet realize that, ever since the previous Christmas, for reasons he couldn't put his finger on yet, he'd had a growing hunger for black women. And Porshe, despite

her bad attitude, fit his fantasies to a T. She was gorgeous and fit. She had a round, full, juicy ass, and breasts the size of cantaloupes. His boss had thought that the boy scout Frank would get this younger officer in line.

Instead, within a couple weeks, Frank and Porshe were fucking, and Porshe didn't learn a damn thing.

The black woman was every bit as good as he fantasized about. Her round, juicy ass. Her massive, dark, fleshy tits. Her tight, wicked cunt. It was incredible. Some of the best sex he'd ever had. It reminded him of something... some experience, some woman from his past, but... that was impossible. He'd never fucked a black woman before...

The married man who was supposed to get her in line ended up rewarding all her bad behavior by sexing her up every chance they got. Porshe didn't change in the slightest, but a bond did grow between the two partners through all the nasty fucking. And, funnily enough, making this bond with Frank did gain her a bit of respect with the other officers. If Frank, the ultimate straight arrow, could vouch for her, then maybe she wasn't so bad. So, without changing anything, her fellow officers began to warm to her. The answer for her wasn't any great lesson imparted upon her, nor changing her behavior. No, ripping off her clothes, spreading her legs, and fucking the best officer in the precinct, taking her white partner's married cock on a regular basis, was all she needed to do.

Still, no one suspected anything untoward with Frank. But that was about to change.

Frank had been assigned to do some work near a strip club. Now, this wasn't an issue for Frank, even before this change in his demeanor. As a cop, it wasn't unusual to have to interact with sex workers somewhat regularly, and despite their work being immoral to some, Frank had always tried to be respectful. There had been some gang activity and altercations in or around the strip club, so they wanted Frank to work overnights. Most of the night, he'd spend stationed in his cruiser outside, alone, keeping an eye on things. He'd step inside to take a look around and make sure things were going smoothly there too. Nothing too complex.

Despite his recent behavior, he was trying to focus on the task at hand and do his job. There were serious safety concerns with some of the clientele, so he didn't want to put anyone at risk under his watch. But, he wasn't above the occasional glance, at the round, juicy butts shaking on stage. Or the huge pairs of tits being paraded all around him, completely bare. There was eye candy all around him, but he resisted the urge to taste.

If the strippers seemed nervous having a cop around, they didn't show it. In fact, they seemed more than pleased to have the handsome married man around, protecting them. Even though, for the first week or two, he didn't really do anything of note, the girls seemed very interested in rewarding him, offering him private dances whenever they had the chance. But he always said no, despite the temptations they offered.

Eventually, the work paid off. After a few small altercations between rival gangs at the club, one of the lower tier gang leaders showed up. Not the big bad leaders, but a guy those bosses trusted. And apparently, this guy was the one who had kicked off a lot of this back and forth fighting near the club, all spurred on by a couple of them wanting the same girl, of course. The leader came in and slugged his rival in the chin, knocking him out. And when he went over smugly, grabbing the girl's wrist roughly, Frank was right behind him, treating him even more roughly.

After calling a few more officers in to help clean up things with the gang leader and his buddies, and the other guy on the floor, recovering from being slugged, things finally settled down. The other customers had all left, and once the ambulance and most of the other officers were gone, it was just Frank, a couple of his fellow officers finishing things up, the female manager of the strip club, and a few of the remaining girls. Frank was about to leave when the manager stopped him.

"Frank..." she said, giving him a knowing look. "We are not letting you leave until we repay you!"

Before he could say anything, two strippers marched up on either side of him and hooked his arms in theirs, leading him back.

"Uh, I don't think..." he tried to demur, but he couldn't hide the excited grin on his face. His fellow officers saw him being led away, smiling and

almost impressed as they left him behind. Now, that the job was done, and the girls were safe... Frank had no reason to deny them anymore. The loud music was turned back on, and the tall, handsome married man was led away by two small, scantily clad women.

Led to one of the private booths, the girls pushed him back into it. The two girls, one a sexy, hot-bodied Asian woman, the other, a brunette, tanned white girl looked down at him, smiling hungrily, clad in their slutty stripper-wear. Tiny bikinis, slutty heels, fishnet stockings, their warm, smooth flesh covered in glitter... they both looked incredibly sexy.

They made their intentions on how they planned to pay him back abundantly clear. Both girls were quickly all over him, completely naked, grinding all up on him. The brunette was scrubbing her large breasts on his face, while the Asian stripper was grinding her ass against his bulging crotch. Even though the rule was no touching, they were very ready to let the rules slide with Frank. The brunette, Staci, invited his hands up to squeeze at her massive jugs, and the Asian woman, Diya-mond, had scooped his throbbing cock out of his pants and was teasingly stroking him with her hand. Soon, they were taking things even further, working in unison, pressing their asses together, with his throbbing cock jammed between them, leaking pre-cum across their warm flesh as they ground against him. And when Diya-mond was poised on top of him, facing away from, teasing his big married cock against the outside of her pussy, a voice came over the speakers.

"And can we bring on stage Officer Carroll?"

Smiling, the girls stopped. Diya-mond held him by the cock and Staci hooked her arm in his as they led him up towards the stage, where a metal chair was placed near the pole. The two strippers led him on stage and pushed him down into the seat. Joined by a few other girls, the party really turned up. Girls dancing on poles while some ground on his lap. Expensive champagne bottles opened as they poured the chilled fluid into his waiting mouth and on their massive tits as they were pressed up against him, dousing each other in the expensive drink. Eventually, the tease became too much to bear, and Diya-mond soon sat down on the officer's big cock, fully encasing it in the warm, tight pussy it needed.

The rest of the night was a blur. He'd have girls pressed in on him, feeding him booze, keeping him on edge. In front of him, there'd be one girl working the stripper pole, and on top of him, another girl would be working the other pole, driving him crazy. They traded off and kept him on edge. Even the manager, an older woman, a former stripper herself who still had the body for it, ended up joining, shaking her ass in his face, stuffing her nipples in his mouth, and a whole lot more.

The night was a haze of debauchery, and word got out to his fellow officers about what boy scout Frank had taken part in. Suddenly, the golden boy was a bit tarnished, and instead of losing respect, he almost gained it, seeing that even he wasn't so pure after all. Suddenly, there was reason to believe that Frank Carroll could be included in things they never would have considered bringing him into before.

This paid off later as December closed in. The guy Frank had arrested at the strip club ended up giving up juicy intel in exchange for leniency. So, Frank and his fellow officers, including Porshe, ended up making a massive drug bust, upending one of the biggest gang's in the city's operations. They obtained millions of dollars' worth of illegal drugs, and most importantly, a literal stack of money. They had kept it in a big safe, but in the hustle and bustle of the bust, they had opened it to get stuff out. So, when Frank and his fellow officers completed this bust and found this stack of bills, they all got quiet until another cop spoke up.

"So..." he began, glancing at his buddies and then to Frank, wondering if the golden boy should be included. Finally getting a silent answer, he continued. "How much we skimming on this one?"

"What?" Frank asked, still a bit naïve, as this was his first bust like this

"Listen..." the other cop began, one who'd done this kind of thing before. "With stuff like this, we usually... take a little off the top. These idiots don't know how much they got. They're not gonna miss it. And if this ends up in evidence... the government comes in, and they use it for God knows what. We're the guys putting our lives on the line here. We deserve a, uh... bonus. Frank, you got a family. A kid. I certainly do. All of us have someone. Why not use this money to do some good? Let's make a good thing out of their messed-up, ill-gotten shit. This is money that could do some good. Money that could send our kids to college. Let's... let's treat ourselves..."

Frank would have found this idea abhorrent a year prior. But that moral center inside him, that barrier between good and greed... it had been obliterated. When Frank nodded and smiled, his fellow cops almost seemed proud, cementing a lifelong respect for him. They made the paper, this drug bust. Frank and his fellow officers were on the front page, standing next to a pile of bills and stacks of drugs and guns. They were pictured as a point of pride, as an example of the benefit good, honest policework could do. But for Frank Carroll, it was a monument to him fully embracing the darkness. Of leaving his naïve ideals of justice in the dust.

Of becoming a corrupt cop.

Frank was basking in the afterglow of the big bust. With it nearing Christmas, he helped himself to a few well-deserved days off for the holiday. Despite all his various misdeeds, he was looking forward to spending a little time with his family. Obviously, his daughter was the light of his life, and Denise was the woman he loved. Sure, he had other hungers now, but Denise and Christiana fed the purer side of him, and in all the hustle and bustle, that side of him had been slightly underserved.

He and his family were staying home this time, hoping for a smaller Christmas this year, not wanting to make the hike to Deerberg. Plus, there was the whole thing going on with his mom and the house that he didn't get too involved with. Frank would have loved to help more there, but the whole thing with the drug bust and the lead up to it ended up absorbing his time. But after everything that had happened, a quiet, humble, white Christmas was just what the doctor ordered.

He was looking forward to a little peace and quiet. That's it. Going to sleep on Christmas night, his daughter sound asleep in her room, his wife sleeping peacefully next to him, he closed his eyes, looking for some rest.

Haha. He had no idea what he was in for.

Frank was stirred from his sleep in the middle of the night by a noise nearby. Going into cop mode, he sat up fast, fully alert, eyes wide.

But in all his experience as a cop, he couldn't possibly be prepared for what he saw.

His room had been transformed into a Christmas wonderland. The walls were decorated with Christmas lights, boughs and holly, all things that hadn't been there when he went to sleep. The colorful strands of Christmas lights cast an artificial glow in the room and onto its occupants. And in regards to that, Frank quickly realized that him and his wife weren't the only two in the room.

"Hey Frank!" said a black woman, standing in front of him at the end of the bed, wearing a very slutty looking Santa's elf costume. The outfit was shockingly obscene, made of what looked to be latex, colored a festive Christmas red and green. The top was green with red trim, and it seemed to be barely able to contain her undeniably mammoth tits. The soft, dark flesh was pouring over the edges of the skimpy, stretchy material as the massive breasts were stuffed together, forming a mile long valley of cleavage that arrested his vision. So much of her delectable black titty-flesh was exposed, as it was very low cut, the only thing holding the voluminous weight of her massive jugs was a single, large button, practically straining with the force being exerted upon it. The garment was short sleeved, showcasing her lithe arms, while also showcasing her perfectly fit, sexy midriff.

Down lower, she was wearing a tiny latex skirt, red in color with green trim, clinging to her firm thighs and her full, round, perfectly shaped ass, the meaty cheeks pressed out against the stretchy material. Her legs were exposed below that, at least until you view her tall, knee-high boots, both high heeled, one red, one green.

Frank looked up to her face. She was stunning, with striking, mesmerizing eyes, large, smooth lips, and long black hair. On top of her head was a red Santa hat with a green poof on top. On her face, she was wearing a brilliant grin as she looked at the married man. She looked like a sexy Christmas elf, and she even went as far as to have pointed ears, like an elf would. They almost looked real.

Behind her was another woman, clad in a matching outfit. A blonde, with tanned skin, she looked gorgeous. Her tits were almost as big as the black woman's, and her ass was nearly as shapely. She was leaning back against the dresser, seemingly eager to watch the action unfold.

"Who are you?" Frank asked, eyes wide, almost panting in shock. For a guy who had good instincts as a cop, this was one of the few times he'd ever been frozen on the spot. He didn't necessarily feel in danger, but... he didn't know what to make of this. Why were they dressed like this? Who were these women?

"Oh, yeah. I forgot," the black woman said. She then peeled her top forward, away from one of her fleshy tits, holding it away from her long enough to retrieve a small, cloth bag from within. She emptied its contents onto her palm, the powder there a strange blue color. Looking up at the confused married man, she smiled, lulling him into a momentary pause. Before he could react, she blew onto her palm, sending the blue powder into the married man's face.

Frank began coughing as the powder entered his system, rolling over onto his hands and knees on the bed, coughing violently, the powder entering into his lungs and into his bloodstream. And its effects were almost immediate. In his head, it felt like a furious wave of water was washing over him, washing across his mind like the waves slamming onto a beach, pulling sand away from it and into the ocean. And in his case, it was washing away the sand that had been covering up a treasure chest, slowly revealing more and more of it, bringing it to the surface. And that treasure?

Knowledge. A memory. A memory that had been buried and obscured within him. He could never recall it, but its presence... its lingering effects... this buried memory had been driving his actions over the past year without him realizing it. He'd been searching for it, trying to recall that certain something that had been just out of reach, and it was now being brought to the surface.

Suddenly, with an almost physical sensation of being struck, the memory revealed itself. Like putting in the last puzzle piece the memory returned to his mind, and for a few moments he examined it. Filled with excitement at finally having this elusive memory back at the surface, his eyes were wide as he finally had so many answers to the questions that had been left

unsolved. He rolled back onto his butt on the mattress and looked up at the black woman standing there at the end of his bed.

"Patrice?" he said, the memories of what had happened the previous Christmas fully remembered again. He knew who these Christmas Elves were. He remembered Patrice and Morgan, and the things he'd done with them. Looking up at them, Patrice smiled, looking at him with pride in her eyes.

"Look at we made of you," she stated admiringly. "It's amazing what getting a bit of that nasty cunt will do to a man. A year ago, you were Mr. Loyal and Virtuous. But ever since we first met... boy, you've been fucking some real trash bag whores! Haha! I love it!" Frank was still recovering from the buried memory in his mind being uncovered. It was a hard sensation to describe, his thoughts rushing in overdrive.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, still confused.

"We're here to check out our handiwork..." Patrice replied. "Me and Morgan took a fine, upstanding, married police officer, and turned him into an agent of sin. We made your blood run naughty! We've been keeping an eye on you, and wow! You're really dirty now! It... it might be the best work I've ever done. Mrs. Claus definitely noticed, and she was very impressed." Behind her, the blonde nodded.

"What do you want?" Frank asked, feeling a little more composed as he looked up at the black woman standing in front of him. His eyes couldn't resist the gravitational pull downwards, and his gaze landed straight in her cavernous cleavage.

"Haha..." Patrice laughed knowingly. "We want the same thing you do, babe. Our encounter left a mark on you. You've been chasing the level of true, nasty pleasure we brought you for a year now. But none of them ever compared to us, and you know that now. Don't you?"

"Yes..." he gasped, eyes lost in the valley between her massive black melons. It was true. All his memories in place, he now realized that yes, he had been seeking out something close to the pleasure he'd experienced

with these two the year prior. And as good as all the fucking he'd taken part in over the past year, nothing compared to what he'd taken part in with these two Christmas sluts.

"And I can't lie, hon... you left your mark with us, too. In more ways than one, haha..." she said, smirking as she glanced back at Morgan and shared a knowing look. "And frankly, we've both been counting down the days till we could relive last year with you. We had to jump through hoops to get this route. And Morgan isn't a trainee anymore. She could have run her own route, but no. We both wanted another gift from you in our stockings, and the boss understood. So, Frank... you up for having another Merry Christmas with us?"

Frank was rock hard again at being in the presence of these two goddesses that had been the root cause of all his naughtiest fantasies. But he was reminded of his surroundings. He was in his bedroom, with his wife slumbering next to him, and his daughter sleeping down the hall. He glanced next to him, with his wife curled up, facing away from him, on her side, still sleeping. How did none of this wake her up?

"Oh, don't worry about her," Patrice said dismissively. "We put down a charm to keep her asleep as long we like. We also put down our silence charms to ensure all the noise made in this room doesn't leave it. Plus... we laid down one of our time charms, a strong one. It'll slow down the passing of time down to a crawl. That gives us all the time in the world to do whatever we like." This all sounded so out of his realm of understanding that he couldn't one hundred percent believe it, despite being keenly aware of their magical abilities. "But there is one more thing we can do to really get our money's worth out of tonight." At this, Patrice glanced back at Morgan, just in time for the blonde to toss her a small box, maybe the size of a small jewelry box. Opening the small package and dumping its contents onto her palm, she reached forward and opened her hand, revealing something surprising.

Candy.

It looked like bits of candy cane, only chopped up into small, easy to consume segments. The colors were vibrant, with yellow, brown, blue, and a bit of orange added in. Frank looked up at her, confused.

"Take two of these, and you'll be rock hard for the rest of the night," Patrice stated, smirking. "You can just fuck and fuck and FUCK! You won't have to stop, and you won't want to. You can keep fucking till you pass out. Your balls will be refilling with sperm as fast as you can empty them, and trust me baby, with us, the sperm will be flowing."

Each word she said sent a jolt through his already hard cock. But he couldn't ignore the proximity of his sleeping wife. He glanced over to her again.

"Hey!" Patrice called out, getting his attention. "Don't focus on her. Focus on these..." With him watching, she arched her chest forward, and this added exertion against her already straining top was enough to send the single button holding it together flying, speeding outwards, colliding with Denise's sleeping form. And with nothing holding her top closed, her massive black tits thundered outwards, exposed to Frank's vision again.

"Oh my God!" he sighed, staring. Somehow, they appeared to be even bigger than he remembered, and considering the fact that he just remembered them and these memories were top of mind, he was certain they were even more huge and perfect than before. They were the size of volleyballs before, and now, they were they were like overinflated volleyballs, extra-huge and extra-bouncy. The smooth, soft, dark black flesh looked mouthwatering, each massive udder capped with a hard, black nipple, calling out to him, eager to be sucked on. They were so huge that the outsides of them could be seen from behind her, and in front, where they pressed together, they formed a massive cavern of endless cleavage that arrested his gaze.

"I know you, Frank," she said. "You were all over my big tits the last time we were together. I think you love a big pair of tits more than anything, even your... little wife over there..." she said dismissively as she turned up her nose at the mere mention of Denise. She then reached up and cupped her own massive, fleshy tits, jiggling them in her palms. "And I think you love my big tits most of all! They've been haunting you for a year now. You've been chasing a pair of boobs this perfect since the moment we met. All those nameless sluts were good, and they had great tits... but none as amazing as mine."

He gulped, but he never looked away from Patrice's perfect black jugs, silently confirming her assertion.

"We've been watching you, Frank," Patrice began, her tits jiggling as she spoke. "Watching you as you fucked your way through all those other girls. We've seen you at your most exposed. Most raw. We've seen a side of you that you would never show your wife. We've seen your true needs. Your true desires. And we all know that that flat-chested wife of yours can never fulfill them. So... you can say we know you better than your wife ever did. We can see your nastiest fantasies. And we both know that nothing would drive you crazier than fucking me and my girl, Morgan, here right next to that sleeping, passed out, pathetic little wife of yours. Right?" she asked, smirking evilly.

Frank wanted to deny her. He wanted to call her crazy. He wanted to defend his wife, and the love they shared. But her words, and her hot body, had him as hard as a brick, absolutely throbbing in his pajama pants. And the mere mention of the fantasy scenario she mentioned sent an electric bolt of lust coursing through him.

Twenty minutes later, Patrice was vigorously riding Frank's married cock as his wife remained passed out next to them. Now completely naked, her black skin was glistening with sweat from the athletic fucking she was taking part in. Below her, Frank was just holding on for dear life, his fit body tensed with pleasure, his white skin coated in the sweat of exertion. And as she kept fucking him, he was maintaining a firm grip on the black elf's massive tits as she rode him, squeezing the succulent flesh as if his life depended on it. As much fun as he had with those other girls in the interim, none of them had ever fucked him into the bed in quite the same way as Patrice could. His cock was throbbing with delight in her immaculate, clutching pussy.

Patrice's magical protections were working as well as she had boasted. As Patrice and Frank made the bed shake, Denise remained asleep, not stirring in the slightest even as the fucking next to her got louder and more vigorous. Her husband was cursing and rutting right next to her, and she didn't react. And that wasn't all. Morgan was watching the fucking with great interest as she remained seated on a chair next to the bed, boots off as her feet rested on the sleeping wife's ass. As she sat back, she was topless, her massive tanned tits exposed as she pinched a nipple with one hand, and with the other, she was fingering herself, her legs spread lewdly

as she did so. Normally, she would have hopped on board right away, but Patrice made it clear she wanted first dibs with him, one on one.

For Frank, there was an extra added thrill having his wife so close while he cheated on her. It was amazing what these elves could do, and his cock was throbbing in delight as he took part in such incredible sex. It certainly didn't hurt that Patrice's pussy was insanely tight, and her boobs were probably the biggest he'd ever seen, let alone gotten his hands on. And it also didn't hurt that she was riding him like a total whore, cursing and moaning as she rode him, her ass slamming into his thighs harder and harder as it went on and on. Both were so hot for each other that this first fuck wasn't gonna last too long.

"Fuck! Fuck! Cum in me, baby!" Patrice moaned out. "Cum in my nasty pussy again! Yes! Cum deep inside that nasty whore cunt! Knock me up, baby! Give me another white baby!"

He couldn't help but slow down and give her a confused look at this revelation. Wait... another baby? Did she mean...

"That's right baby," she moaned, smiling wickedly. "You knocked me up last year... you knocked us both up!" she said. Frank glance at Morgan, and she smiled and nodded as she kept pumping two fingers into her gushing pussy. "Both me and Morgan had your babies... oh... I can't wait for you to meet them! They're so cute! We'll have to take you up North sometime! Ughhh!"

She kept riding him throughout this explanation, and she watched his face light up at this revelation. He had more kids? With these two women, these slutty Christmas Elves? He couldn't believe it! He should be dismayed that he'd had children behind his wife's back, but it was quite the opposite. Something about him knocking up these two evil, wicked sluts without his wife knowing was insanely hot to him. A baby born out of an encounter centered on broiling hot sin. Amazing! He began pumping up into her even harder.

"That's it, baby! Fuck!" Patrice groaned, her tightly-stretched pussy spasming around him. "You knocked us up before... fuck... and you're gonna do it again! Yes! You're gonna cum inside my wicked cunt again and

make another baby! Fuck! You're gonna impregnate me... Fuck! You're gonna fill my womb all up with that thick, creamy cum of yours! Yes! And you're gonna put another baby deep inside me! Yes! YES! And you're gonna do it right next to your fucking wife!"

At this, Frank glanced at the woman he loved. The woman he was married to. She was still facing away from him, passed out, doing nothing to interrupt the betrayal occurring right next to her.

"God! Fuck!" Patrice sighed. "I can't imagine being a woman like that. A loser-girl who lets her hunky husband get stolen from her right under her nose! What kind of woman allows herself to end up like that... just letting her husband get ridden right next to her and doing nothing! Ugh! Fuck! How can you respect or love a woman like that..."

Frank knew that it was unfair to criticize his wife for not being able to stand up against these magical, evil Christmas elves. But, to be honest... her just lying there and not doing anything as he fucked this busty, evil slut... it was impossible for him not to think a little less of her for being so unable to stand up for herself or her husband. She'd been completely shown up by these powerful alpha women, proving to be no match as Patrice was currently running circles around her, fucking her husband right next to her. When compared to Patrice and Morgan, the woman he married had been proven to be a complete loser.

This revelation made his cock throb in excitement.

Some of the respect and love Frank felt for her began to dim in this moment. If he could betray her so easily and get away with it, how could he possibly respect her? How could he possibly love her if she would cower so easily when confronted with the ultimate obstacle a marriage could? If a woman could do nothing while her husband impregnated another woman right next to her... how could he still love her? How could he respect her as a wife, as an independent woman who should be able to stand up for herself? How could he resist loving these true women, these superior alpha women, even more than he loved his wife? How could he possibly resist the idea of impregnating them every chance he could? His instincts told him to make the strongest progeny he could, and with these women proving themselves superior in every way, what was to stop him from following

their every wicked whim? From doing everything they wanted, even if it meant humiliating his own wife in the process?

His body lit up with deep animal lust, he and Patrice really bared down on each other. Her big, shapely ass was slamming into his strong thighs. His large strong hands were digging into the soft flesh of her luscious black tits. His ass was lifting off the bed as they slammed into each other, his cock hard as steel and never bigger as he fucked into her horny cunt. And as they got closer to their mutual climax, his nuts were churning some extra potent cum to fill up this slut's evil pussy to guarantee impregnation.

The fucking got harder and harder. They got louder and louder. The bed was rocking more and more. A fuck this vigorous and lustful almost deserved a pregnancy to spawn out of it, and they were doing everything they could to assure that. Bodies dripping with sweat as they went to town on each other, his nuts swollen to the brim, ready to fire, the black whore screaming out every curse she could, they were both very close. And when the moment came, it was like time froze.

Patrice's luscious black body glistened in the unnatural colored Christmas light filling the room. Her eyes closed, mouth open as she screamed out to the heavens. Frank, his face screwed up in lustful fury. His big white hands digging into her massive black tits, the soft flesh pouring through his fingers. His feet were pressing into the mattress, giving him more leverage as he readied himself to pump his sperm into the evil black slut on top of them. And next to them, passed out, snoozing away, was Denise, her face serene and clueless to the sinning going on around her. To the side of the bed, on the chair, Morgan was climaxing as well. Her legs were spread, heels pressing into Denise's sleeping form, as she furiously fingered herself. Her juices were leaking down her ass and onto the floor, and when the moment of climax hit, her juices squirted out of her like a geyser, raining her hot juices down onto the three occupants on the bed, some of it even landing on Denise's face.

And through it all, the wife did nothing.

As her husband moaned in pleasure, his nuts flexing as he came into the black woman's wicked cunt, Denise did nothing. As Patrice came on Frank's big cock, her ass flexing as she came, grinding onto his pole as her pussy orgasmed on his big cock, Denise didn't wake. As her husband

bathed the black elf's fertile pussy with his thick, potent sperm again, she didn't come to her marriage's defense.

Denise did nothing.

As they came down from their high, Patrice's body lying on top of Frank's, both covered in sweat, recovering but far from being spent, the black woman looked at the slumbering wife. This was incredible, the best sex of Patrice's life, but it could have been even better. A plan forming in her head, Patrice glanced at Morgan before moving her lips to Frank's ear.

"I have an idea..."

Denise Carroll stirred to life, rising from a deep slumber, a deeper one than normal. She struggled to get her bearings together as she rose from this rest, and from the second consciousness returned to her, she could sense something was off. She wasn't in her bed. Her mind felt weird. Sluggish. Slow. Yet at the same time, thoughts were cascading away from her before she could grasp them. And as her eyes opened, and her vision cleared, she awoke into a nightmare.

Denise was sitting in a chair at the end of her marital bed. And in front of her, on the bed, was her husband Frank, completely naked.

And he was with a woman.

A blonde woman. A bimbo looking slut, with perfect, skanky platinum blonde hair, a perfect tan, plump lips, and a sneering attitude. And her body fit with her image, sporting just massive tits and an ass that was damn near perfect.

And she was naked too.

Frank and this woman were joined on the bed. Lips locked. Limbs wrapped around each other. Bodies pressed into each other. They were locked in a furious kiss, hands sliding along each other's bodies as they made out.

"Frank?" Denise called out sluggishly, but her husband didn't reply. Denise watched as the blonde got herself on top of Frank. Reaching down, the blonde grasped his hard cock, which had never looked bigger, and stroked it a few times. Then, poising herself above him, she pointed his cock upwards, eager for penetration.

"Frank!" Denise called out again, but this cry was as impotent as the last one. With Denise watching, the blonde lowered her waiting pussy onto him, her tight little cunt spreading to contain his immense size.

"Oh! Fuck!" The blonde moaned.

"Jesus..." Frank sighed in pleasure as his cock sank into her silky cunt.

"What are you doing?" Denise cried out, but there was no reply again as the blonde began bouncing.

What was going on? Was this a nightmare? It was only then that she realized she was tied down in this chair, her wrists bound together by what felt like vines or something behind the back of the chair behind her. She looked down at legs, and they were tied to the chair in the same way, what looked like vines tied tightly around her ankles, each adorned with clusters of shining red berries. It was like... holly.

Boughs of Holly.

She was tied down tight, so tight she could barely move her limbs. There was nothing she could do to escape her predicament. All she could do was watch. Watch her husband and this woman... having sex.

"Damn... your cunt feels incredible! Holy shit!" Frank groaned effusively, looking up at the hot-bodied blonde hungrily.

"Frank!" she called out again, but her husband's attention was completely on this other woman. Denise felt like she had fallen out of reality. Was this a nightmare? Could her husband not hear her? Was she not even here? If Frank could hear her, he would stop. She knew it. She must be separated from him somehow. Where was she? Was she in an alternate reality, looking at her husband in another life?

Then, she was brought back to reality.

"Denise!" a voice said from behind her, followed by a pair of nimble black hands grabbing her shoulder. The wife nearly jumped out of her skin at this contact, and she looked up as a new figure emerged from behind her. A tall, hot-bodied, completely naked black woman, her tits vaulting out in front of her, her pussy completely exposed. Gorgeous and sexy, with her face wearing an evil smirk. She looked down at Denise, amused.

"What is this?" Denise asked. She was again reminded of her rushing thoughts. It was like her mind wasn't working right, unable to retain her thoughts as they slipped through her fingers. "What's wrong with me?"

"Oh honey..." Patrice said, shaking her head. "You poor fool."

"What?" Denise asked, confused.

"I'm about to break a whole lot of bad news, bitch," Patrice said with a smirk. "First," she said, glancing back to the bed, where Morgan was riding Frank's big, meaty married cock, their bodies slapping together in the background. "Your husband? He really likes women! And I'm not talking about pathetic, bony, flat-chested things like you. No... I'm talking about real women. Sexy women like me, and that bitch, and so many more."

"No... it can't be true," Denise said, tears in her eyes as she tried to deny the black woman's words and the sights in front of her.

"Fuck! Yes! Your pussy's amazing! Yes!" Frank moaned. Patrice looked down at the young wife and grinned as his words proved her point.

"Fraid it is, hon," Patrice said dismissively. "I mean... just look at him," she said. Frank was currently palming the blonde's massive jugs as she rode him. And with them watching, he pulled her down onto the bed and repositioned himself, getting her on all fours before he moved up behind her, grabbing her hips and beginning to fuck her doggy style. "And I can vouch for him personally. I mean..." she began, before reaching down and sliding a finger into her own pussy. When she removed it, there was a thick dollop of cum covering the tip of her finger. "You see that? That's your husband's jizz! He just came inside me, and he's about to do that with Morgan, too."

"No," Denise sighed, a tear rolling down her cheek.

"It's true," Patrice said, licking the cum off her finger before stepping back behind Denise and putting her hands on her shoulders. Patrice knelt behind her, putting her lips near her ear. "You have no idea what your husband's been up to since we first met him. Damn... that boy loves pussy! You had to have noticed that he never touches you anymore..."

"No, it's... no," she stammered, unable to get her thoughts straight. Yeah, her and Frank hadn't had sex in a bit, but with the holidays and work and taking care of their daughter, they just didn't have time. Right?

"Haha... you're starting to realize the man you married isn't who you thought he was," Patrice said victoriously. "Well... he was that man... until we got to him..."

"Who are you?" Denise asked.

"We're Christmas elves sent from the North Pole to recruit good men to the naughty list," Patrice said with a laugh, giving the young wife such an unbelievable answer that she couldn't comprehend it. "And as you can see, we are both very, VERY good at our job. Thanks to us, your husband is repulsed by you..."

"Frank!" Denise cried out, her voice weak. He gave her a glance as he drilled the busty blonde, but as soon as he did, he began fucking the tanned slut even harder, as if the sight of his wife watching turned him on even more.

Why wouldn't he even speak to her? How could he do this? Could what he was doing with that slut feel so good that he would ignore his wife so cruelly?

"Frank! Please!" Denise begged. Frank looked at her again, his face a mask of lust. Finally, he spoke to her directly for the first time.

"You have no idea how good this feels..." Frank told his wife. He slid his cock out from the blonde's grasping cunt, revealing his full, impressive length, his meat coated in the blonde's sex juices. Denise could practically see it throbbing in the air. Her husband's meaty dick looked harder than it ever had, harder than Denise had ever gotten it. The blonde shook her ass, unable to deal with being teased like this. With his wife watching, he drove himself back into the blonde again, making her scream out.

"Better than your wife?" Patrice called out.

"Yes!" Frank announced without shame, drilling the blonde harder. "Fuck, Denise... it's so much better than yours! Honey... ugh... if you could feel what I do... you would realize how bad your pussy feels in comparison. Oh... it's not even close!"

"Frank!" Denise sobbed. But Patrice was beaming with pride.

"Damn! I love it!" Patrice said loudly clapping.

"I... I... no... this can't be happening..." Denise said, shaking her head. Patrice rolled her eyes at the dreary wife.

"Shit..." Patrice sighed, watching the action. "It is happening, bitch. Better get used to it. A fine man like him, you have to know he'd be getting propositioned all the time. Thanks to us... he's begun saying yes. It's not even funny how much ass he's getting now. Turns out, he really likes bad girls..."

"No... he wouldn't..." Denise replied.

"He wouldn't?" Patrice asked sarcastically to the restrained wife. "He's fucking that dumb slut right in front of you! Are you that stupid, Denise?"

"Fuck you, Patrice," Morgan called out in response to the slight, her huge tits jiggling as the married man drilled her from behind. Patrice smirked.

"You're gonna watch that hubby of yours cum in her skanky cunt! Will you believe it then?" Patrice asked the pathetic wife as she tried to deny what she was seeing.

"Fuck! I want his cum in all my holes!" Morgan moaned out.

"He's gonna cum in all her holes, Denise," Patrice explained. "Her cunt... her mouth... her ass. Your husband LOVES fucking girls up the ass. He's fucked me up the ass, Denise... and you're gonna watch him do it again."

"No..." the restrained wife said, struggling against the ties that bound her. The idea of such a thing seemed so foreign. The man she knew, the man she loved... would never behave this way. What had he experienced to be changed in such a way?

"What would you choose, babe," Patrice called out. "Do you want to stop and repair your marriage with this sad little bitch over here and live happily ever after... or would you rather buttfuck the both of us!"

"FUCK!" Frank groaned out, fucking the blonde harder "I can't wait to fuck you both up the ass! God damn." He paid zero mind to the idea of repairing his marriage, so swept up in lust was he.

For a few minutes, both Patrice and Denise watched the action occurring in front of them. Frank was unrecognizable from the man Patrice met the year prior, unrestrained and animalistic as he drilled the slutty blonde elf.

"Did you ever think you'd see your husband doing this?" Patrice asked, still behind her. "Did you ever think you'd see him fucking another woman? With a hunk like him, it was inevitable. You knew that. You always knew that. Fuck... this is so hot! And this isn't even the best part. Denise... you're about to witness a conception! You're about to see your husband knock up another woman right in front of you!"

"NO! Frank! Don't!" Denise called out firmly, struggling against her restraints. This all felt so unreal. So out of this world. Like a nightmare sprung from the darkest corners of her psyche. But she was trying to fight against it as best as she could. Unfortunately, her husband had a different reaction.

"Oh my God..." he sighed, his body shuddering at the idea of impregnating this slut right in front of his wife. It was so wrong... so nasty... so hot! His fucking slowed as he tried to maintain his control, and this allowed Morgan to act, pushing him down onto his back and mounting him again. She began riding him rapidly, as eager to reach her climax as he was.

"It's too late, bitch," Patrice said knowingly, mocking the wife as she spoke right into her ear. "He knocked us both up last year! Gave us each a beautiful baby!"

"No..." Denise said, shaking her head. He wouldn't...

"He likes fucking nasty, hot-bodied sluts like us bareback... of course he wants to knock us up," Patrice asserted. "He already got the job done with me and Morgan..." she said, before leaning a little closer and whispering. "And I think he's knocked up a couple other girls too, but he doesn't know that yet..." she shared, crushing the wife even more. She looked up to try to catch her husband's eye, to try and somehow dissuade him from doing this. But at the mere mention of impregnation, he stopped paying his wife even the slightest bit of attention, focusing solely on the blonde in bed with him.

"Oh fuck..." Morgan sighed, her body shivering, slowing down as the pleasure became too much. Frank regained control, rolling on top of her and pumping down into her.

"Fuck! Haha! Just look at that... that's fucking breeding right there!" Patrice laughed, leaning forwards over the wife, her heavy breasts pressing into the back of the restrained wife's head. Denise watched her husband's fit, cute butt flexing as he pumped his large cock down into the eager slut beneath him. Her long legs and fit arms were wrapped around him as he fucked her. They were humping into each other, sighing, groaning and moaning in pleasure as they held each other close. His ass kept flexing as he drove his hips forward, filling the hot-bodied slut with his full length. It was true, what Patrice said. This wasn't just fucking. This was something different. Something that, at least for Denise, was far worse.

This was mating.

This was breeding.

"Oh!" Frank groaned, his fit body shuddering in pleasure. He was getting close. Denise had to do something.

"Frank!" she called out to her wayward husband. "Please don't!" she begged.

"He can't hear you, bitch," Patrice whispered. "Oh... look! Look!" she said, excitedly.

"Oh! Fuck! Ugh! Here it comes!" the married man groaned.

"Fuck! Cum in me, baby! Please do it! I want it so bad! Yes! Yes! YES!" Morgan squealed.

Denise saw everything. She heard her husband moan in unrivaled pleasure. She saw his ass flex as he forced his full length all the way up into the blonde slut. She saw his balls spasm as they fired off deep into the blonde's eager pussy. She saw his balls flex again... and again... and again... she eventually lost count. He just kept pumping thick cum into the blonde's nasty cunt, humping down into her as she clung to him, riding out the wave of pleasure together. Her eager cunt swallowed up every drop

of his seed, her mouth screaming out in pleasure as she felt it firing off deep inside of her, filling her womb. This went on and on, Denise watching her husband pumping cum into another woman. It couldn't be real! None of this. He would never do this to her, but she couldn't escape this nightmare. Finally, after minutes of riding this climax clutched together, both of their bodies finally relaxed, their shared orgasms ending at the same time.

"And that..." Patrice whispered huskily. "That's how babies are made."

Denise felt woozy watching this horror show playing out right in front of her. She watched as her husband pushed himself up, and she watched his still rock hard weapon slide out of the blonde's grasp, her tight cunt fighting to keep the big cock stuffed inside her. It was only when the head of his cock was revealed, the head shiny with their juices, the tip of his cock connected to her pink cunt by a thin strand of his cum, that Denise got respite, passing out, unable to handle any more of this. She hoped she could just wake up from this nightmare and be back to how things were before.

She would not be so lucky.

Denise's mind was a blur. She kept waking up, woozy, not remembering where she was, those memories already too far gone. And each time, she was confronted with the horrible sight of her husband in sexual congress with another woman. Her husband on the bed, furiously fucking Morgan's huge tits, his cock buried in her cleavage. The next time she awoke, they were at the end of the bed, her on all fours as he pumped his big swollen cock up her ass. And through it all, the black woman's lips were near her ear, whispering poison to the cute wife, humiliating her in every way. She kept passing back out, but eventually, she was awoken by the black woman slapping her lightly on the cheek, never letting her stay out.

"You think your husband is still the same man?" Patrice asked, standing in front of her, her huge boobs hanging down as she stared at the wife. "Well, watch this!" Patrice stepped aside, revealing the fucking couple still going at it, Frank still fucking her up the ass, fucking her in a fury. Finally, his body shivered, and the blonde sprang into the action. Both of them climbed off the bed quickly. Frank stood in front of her, within feet of her, his cock in profile to her gaze. Morgan dutifully got on her knees in front

of the married man and made a big show of parting her plump lips, opening her mouth mere inches from his angry, ready-to-explode cock. Patrice then slid behind Frank, pressing her giant black tits into his bare back as she reached around him, taking his swollen, juice-coated cock and nimbly began stroking it.

"Do it! Do it! Cum, baby!" Patrice urged into his ear. With one hand jacking him off, she reached around him with the other, lightly running her hand across his stomach possessively. Intimately. His head fell back onto her shoulder, his cock almost vibrating, ready to blow. At last, with an unholy groan, his cock exploded. And with Patrice's hand controlling the action, she aimed it directly at the blonde's parted lips, the angry head firing off jet after jet of thick, creamy jizz into Morgan's mouth. Patrice was jacking him off perfectly, drawing the maximum amount of cum out of his swollen balls, sending it flying onto the blonde's tongue. Morgan's eyes flashed with lust as she stayed in place, mouth open, accepting his precious cum, not missing a drop, but also not swallowing a drop.

Denise watched this like a disgusting horror show she couldn't look away from. Eyes twisted, barely able to watch, she witnessed cum flying out of her husband's swollen cock, thanks to the efforts of a slim black hand stroking him, the thick, creamy bands of cum firing off between the blonde's open lips, landing on her tongue, forming an unholy pool of stolen married cum in her open mouth. After what felt like an eternity of watching her own husband cumming in another woman's mouth, the stream of jizz finally ceased, Morgan catching the last few drops in her waiting mouth. Morgan dutifully closed her lips and looked up, waiting for her next order. Above her, Patrice held the dazed married man up, keeping him on his two feet as she looked down over Frank's shoulder at the restrained wife.

"You watching?" Patrice asked the bound wife. Seeing that she was, Patrice spoke to her friend. "Morgan... swallow."

With Denise watching, the blonde eagerly gulped the giant load of thick, married cum down her eager throat, swallowing it all. The wife finally looked away from this unholy sight. This couldn't be real!

Denise heard some laughter and movement above her. When she glanced up next, her husband was on his back on the bed, and Morgan was with

him, inhaling his still hard shaft. And Patrice was kneeling in front of the wife, studying her.

"Why are you doing this?" Denise asked, tears flowing down her cheeks. Her mind was so addled at this point that she could barely remember who these two were and why they were here, or if they'd already answered this. At this question, Patrice smiled.

"We're doing this cause it's really fucking fun," Patrice said with a laugh. "Humiliating little nice list wives like you and stealing your men... it's... fuck! It's addicting! But here's the thing, Denise... you're not gonna remember any of this..."

"What?" Denise asked.

"When you wake up in the morning, all these memories, everything you've seen here... it'll be gone. That's great, right!" Patrice asked. Denise was waiting for the other shoe to drop. "But... they will still be in there. Etched into your subconsciousness, just out of reach. They will still leave a mark, but when you try to remember, they will remain elusive. Nevertheless, those memories will still leave an impression, and they will affect you, in ways you don't even know. Your husband? He didn't remember what we did with him last year... and look at him now. It'll be fun seeing what happens to you..."

"What's gonna happen?" Denise asked. Patrice smiled.

"Well," she began, thinking. "Considering you're bearing witness to your handsome hubby fucking beautiful women, women hotter and sexier than you could ever be, I'd imagine you have a lifetime of feeling like you're not enough woman for him. Which you aren't," she said, smirking. "Some part of you deep inside will know that your husband needs more than you could ever give him. So, when you see your husband's eyes straying... you'll accept it. You know he has needs. If you suspect that he might be cheating on you, you won't fight it. You know he deserves it. Hell... you might even feel proud of him for taking what he needs. You know your husband deserves to get as much pussy as he can handle, and you don't want to stand in the way of that. When he knocks another woman up, you will be happy that your husband is so studly and virile!"

"No..." Denise said weakly. "It's not true!" Patrice smiled sadly.

"Fraid so," the black elf replied. "You're gonna see all the signs. The back of your mind will know what type of man he is now. He's gonna remember all of this shit, everything we've done with him. And after this, he's gonna be really unleashed in his lust for other women. He might even be up front about it. He might let you know how much he prefers women with big breasts, way bigger than yours. He might flirt with other women right in front of you. Fuck, he might even call you when he's balls deep in some nasty ass slut, fucking her hard, making her scream, and you won't raise a fuss. You're gonna enable all his naughtiness, and you'll stay the innocent, stupid, boring nice list wife at home. You're gonna let your husband have so much fun, more than any self-respecting wife would. Him and other women could be all over each other right in front of you, humiliating you in public, around your friends, and you still won't raise a fuss. You're gonna allow your husband more pleasure than most men could ever dream of. Sure, it'll be at your expense, but if you love your hubby, you'll let him have as much joy as possible. Isn't that great?"

"Fuck you!" Denise called out impotently as the last gasp of her normal life faded away, lashing out at this superior slut in front of her. Patrice could only smirk.

"Okay, I'm done with you," Patrice said, standing up straight, her massive black breasts swaying in the air. "I've let this bitch hog Frank's cock for too long. I want what's mine!" Denise watched this black woman join Frank and Morgan on the bed, sliding up against his hard, fit body.

The rest of the night was a blur as Denise faded in and out. Just when she thought she had fallen asleep for good, she re-awoke in this nightmare. She saw Frank, Morgan, and Patrice on the bed, their bodies sliding against each other. Morgan's tanned flesh, Patrice's smooth, dark black skin, and her husband's white body formed an alluring sight. The two women were all over him, coiling around him like serpents, a tangle of limbs. Their glistening naked bodies shown in the dimly lit bedroom as they went at it for hours.

She saw the two women fighting for turns sucking Frank's big cock. She saw Patrice mount Frank, riding him on the bed, her huge black tits

pressed into his face. Morgan was grabbing the black woman's hips, assisting her in slamming down into him. Denise watched as Patrice spun around, facing the bound wife as she rode her husband. Patrice had the smuggest look on her face as she rode Frank's swollen cock, and as she did so, she was showcasing her superior body to the defeated wife, her huge, bouncing black tits looking like something of pure sin. Even in the heat of passion, Frank had to comment.

"Jesus, hon. Look at these fucking tits!" he said from on his back, his hands digging into the lush black flesh of her oversized black titties, his palms holding up her boobs for his wife to see as she bounced on him. "You want to know why I cheated on you?! Ugh! This is why!" he announced, shaking Patrice's heavy black tits with his hands. "Once I got my hands on tits this fucking big... ugh... once I got my hands on these, our marriage was done! Oh! Yes! These breasts are why we're never gonna have sex again. Yes! These are so much better than yours... fuck! It's not even close! I should have never married a woman with such tiny tits, even if I did love you. I'd marry the worst woman in the world if she had breasts this huge! Ahhh! Yes! Patrice... ah... I love your tits so much! Yes! I love them more than I ever loved my wife!" Patrice went crazy at this, bouncing on him even harder, and he responded in kind, fucking the black elf as hard as he could.

This all felt so unreal to poor Denise, and seeing it all unfold in front of her made her dizzy. In her daze, her eyes settled on the black woman's heavy, bouncing boobs, the dark black flesh bouncing hypnotically. It lulled her into a deep, fretful sleep, but it didn't last long.

When she woke up again, Patrice was on all fours as Frank fucked her up the ass. He would remove his greased-up cock from the black woman's ass and slide it into Morgan's mouth, her eagerly accepting it as it slid down her tight throat. He would pull out and slide his swollen member back up Patrice's ass, making her scream in pleasure. It was only getting worse and worse for the married woman as her husband fell deeper into sin.

Denise passed out again.

The rest were flashes. Images. Moments.

Her husband, fucking Patrice's massive black tits, his cock buried in her cleavage, him looking overjoyed with excitement.

Frank, his face smothered between the two sets of massive breasts, a huge grin on his face as both women stroked his swollen weapon.

Morgan, rolled up on her back, her calves on Frank's shoulders as he fucked her like an animal.

Patrice, in Frank's arms as she rode him standing up, her ass bouncing in the air as her big black boobs slid against his chest. Through it all, she was laughing and moaning with excitement.

The only time they regarded the poor wife was when Patrice was riding him on the bed again, her ass pointed at the wife. Poised to the side, watching the action, Morgan turned to Denise and spat out.

"Get used to the sight bitch!" Morgan stated. "The only thing you can bring to the bedroom is watching from afar! You're gonna catch Frank like this with some slut... I guarantee it. And the only use you'll have is to stand there and watch. To be humiliated as he finds better pleasure with better women. To accept that he doesn't want to touch you again ever. All you can do is make the sex he's having better, even if it means being humiliated for his pleasure! And the only thing you'd be worthy of doing is sticking your face in the other woman's ass and rim her sweaty asshole! Show her that she's better than you by proving what a pathetic little bitch you are. So..." Morgan then reached down and pulled the black woman's ass cheeks apart, exposing her asshole to the wife's view. "Your tongue ready yet?"

Denise couldn't handle this. It couldn't be real. What did she do to deserve this? She was a good person! She passed out again.

There was one more image that came to mind. Frank, resting back on the bed. Curled up on either side of him were the two sluts, their huge naked breasts pressed into his sides. Patrice was holding up what looked to be a tablet, swiping through pictures, as if showing him photos of something, maybe pictures of the babies they'd claimed he'd given them. Before Denise could consider it more, she passed out again, this time for good.

Denise woke up with a start. As she sat up, it felt like some thoughts in her mind seemed to slip away, like a forgotten dream, unable to be retained. She looked around. Everything seemed right, but... something felt off. What was it? She looked next to her, at her husband's sleeping form, a slight grin on his sleeping face. This was a sight that usually filled her with happiness. What was going on? Did something happen last night?

No. Of course not.

Christmas morning was good. Frank seemed to be in a great mood, all smiles and excitement. He was keeping an eye on her, as if waiting to see if she was going to do or say something, but she simply smiled at him, not letting him know of the strange sensations going on in her head. This pleased him, seemingly, but there was still a weird feeling inside Denise that she couldn't quite shake. Did something happen that she'd forgotten about? It felt like there was a memory right there, but she couldn't quite reach it.

Denise tried to quiet these odd feelings and enjoy the day. Their daughter was overjoyed, as she always loved Christmas. And again, Frank seemed to be in a great mood, and Denise couldn't help but admire him.

He was so handsome. Such a good husband and father. How did he ever end up choosing her? He could have any girl, many far more gorgeous than her. He should have ended up with one of them, those more beautiful, sexy women, ones with really big tits. She didn't deserve him. He was worthy of so much better...

Whoa. Wait. Where did these thoughts come from? She never ever let herself think this way.

Thus, the effect of the previous night took hold. And hence, a lifetime of sexual inadequacy took hold within the young married woman, a feeling that she would never, ever shake.

And that was something Frank would take great advantage of.

A couple days after Christmas, Frank was at the bar with some buddies, having a few drinks.

He remembered everything now. The inciting incident the year prior, the thing that set him along the path he was on now. He remembered everything from a couple days prior too, the complete and utter humiliation Patrice and Morgan had put his wife through. As wrong as it was, the memories still made his cock lurch with excitement. He still loved his wife, but... she had her place in his life. And these women, these other women... they had their place too.

Remembering everything, Frank fully came to terms with what he was now. He was on the naughty list, through and through. He'd done so much, taken part in so much. There was no going back now. His place on the naughty list was set in stone.

And it had paid off in spades.

His naughtiness had gotten him more pleasure than he'd never known possible. More excitement. More joy. He had seen the other side of life, and he had quickly become addicted.

And it had paid off literally as well. Thanks to that recent drug bust, where he and his fellow officers had skimmed a fair amount off the top, something he never would have done before, he was getting financially set in a way he never had before. His family would be well supported for the foreseeable future, and in his mind, that more than made up for all the things he'd done on the side at his wife's expense.

Naughtiness was a good look on him.

But in the same way people who get sudden windfalls of cash are new-money, he was new-naughty. Sure, he was on the naughty list now, but he was new to this life. And as he was about to learn, this left him totally unprepared for someone who'd lived and breathed being naughty her entire life.

As a couple of buddies played pool, Frank sat at the bar, sipping his craft beer, watching a football game on the TV. He suddenly felt a new presence next to him, and his eyes turned to the side before bugging out.

Standing next to him was one of the sexiest women he'd ever seen. She was a gorgeous Latina woman, with long, dark, curly hair, sharp eyes, plump lips, and the softest looking caramel skin he'd ever seen. She was dressed to kill, wearing a short skirt, leaving a lot of leg exposed, as well as red high heels. Up top, she was wearing a tight, very flattering red top, showcasing her fit form and absolutely massive breasts. The top was low cut, showcasing the tops of her breasts and a fair amount of the mouthwatering cleft of juicy cleavage in between. This outfit didn't seem the wisest considering the cold, but he wasn't complaining.

"Hello Officer," she purred, looking up at him.

"Do I know you?" Frank replied calmly.

"Not yet," she began teasingly. "But I find it useful to be able to spot a cop when I see one," she said, a knowing smirk adorning her fucking gorgeous face. Shrugging to himself, no longer nervous around women like her, he engaged her.

"Officer Frank Carroll," he said, holding out his hand. For a split-second, her eyes twinkled in amusement upon hearing his surname, and after studying his face for a moment, she extended her own hand.

"I'm Esmerelda..." she replied, in almost a purr as her hand slid into his, her soft skin sliding against him, making him shiver. That name... it set off alarm bells deep in his mind, but he didn't recall why. But as he looked at the smoking hot woman next to him, and as his eyes couldn't help but

drift back down to her juicy cleavage, unable to look away, those alarm bells just sorta stopped mattering.

Frank didn't know what he was dealing with in Esmerelda. As confident as he was now, he had never met someone as naughty as her. And that money that he was so proud of gaining for himself and his family?

Well, it wasn't going to be his for much longer.

Chapter Fourteen – The Finale

By every lesson Dan Carroll had been taught his entire life, he figured he should feel terrible. A nervous, guilty wreck, addled with regret and shame. Ever since his father ran off with the preacher's daughter so many years ago, he'd always believed that cheating on one's spouse was among the worst things a man could do. He'd experienced the fallout firsthand, and he figured that if anyone who thought about cheating knew what his dad did, they would never go through with it.

But now Dan had cheated on his wife.

And not only had he cheated, he did it by fucking his own smoking hot, huge-breasted daughter. It was incest, one of the worst sins out there, right? Seeing her perfect ass in a thong sent him down a slippery slope into incest. His daughter had used her hot body, her perfect ass and massive boobs, to wear down and seduce her own father into some truly filthy sex. In the immediate aftermath of his illicit, Christmas day fuck with Gwen, the guilt hadn't hit him just yet, but he expected it to hit him in waves eventually.

That guilt never came.

It was amazing how little this whole thing bothered him. He'd fucked his busty, fit, sexy daughter hard, making her scream in pleasure, cumming both in her tight pussy and on her big tits, and honestly... he felt great about it. Every time he thought about it, a rush of excitement and manly pride coursed through him. The same thing happened each time he glimpsed at Gwen, or passed her when walking through the house, or even got a whiff of her natural girly smell. After spending so much time rejecting any thought of getting turned on by his sexy daughter, just being in her presence made him horny now.

Their spontaneous affair had forever changed their relationship, and he wondered if things could ever go back to normal. Could he ever look at her and not be reminded of their lusty Christmas day encounter? Could he ever be around her and not be reminded that he'd been balls deep inside her tight pussy? Could he ever be in her presence and forget about seeing her massive, juicy tits bare? Could he ever hope to have parental authority

over her knowing that she had convinced him to abandon all fatherly instincts and fuck her senseless? He couldn't say for sure.

Things were so busy in the aftermath of that furious Christmas day fuck that they didn't really have a moment alone afterwards to see where things stood. Sure, there were shared moments in the hours after that wicked fuck, basking in the glow of what they had just done together. But beyond those immediate few hours afterwards, when maybe the weight of what they had done might hit them, things got more hectic and busier as the rest of the family got back home, preventing them from having any moments of privacy. Sure, there were shared knowing looks and fleeting smiles passed between them, but nothing beyond that. And as the days went on, and Gwen gave no outward sign either way about her true feelings of what had happened that day, Dan began to worry that maybe she was having second thoughts. He would of course understand if she did. Seriously, it was stranger that he didn't. But... it just felt like they had discovered something together. Something incredible. For the first time in his life, he'd found something that truly excited him, something he didn't know existed, and he didn't want to be alone with this knowledge.

He didn't even know what he even wanted. If he was hoping she'd make another move on him, or communicating how amazing their encounter was... anything, really. He wanted some sign that she was okay with what they had done with each other. Even if she wanted what they did to be a one-time thing, that was fine. He just wanted to know.

Leaving Deerberg, making the long drive back home, with Connie next to him, Max in the back seat behind him, and Gwen on the opposite side of the back seat, it felt like any other drive. Connie talking about some of the Church things she'd taken part of while in Deerberg. Max, silent, in his own head, thinking about God knows what. But Dan's eyes kept drifting up to the rearview mirror, just so he could glance at Gwen again. And eventually, she began looking at him, eyes meeting his in the mirror, his unsure, hers twinkling with amusement. At this, he was filled with renewed excitement.

In that moment, he was filled with hope that he wasn't alone.

They got home, celebrated New Years together, but things never fully got back to normal. Which is to say, he never got the chance to be alone with

Gwen. When Connie was gone doing her thing at the church, Max was still around. And after Max left to head back to college, Gwen had another week off before resuming school, which was good. But both Dan and Connie both had to go back to work, which was bad. By the time he left to head back to work after his Christmas vacation, and with Gwen never clarifying her feelings either way, things still seemed kinda up in the air.

Sure, he had reason to be optimistic, very optimistic actually, but nothing had been set in stone. Gwen seemed as bubbly and as excited as ever. And sure, she was happy to march that perfect body of hers around him every chance she got, giving him knowing smiles, teasing him in lieu of never getting a chance to be alone. He was slowly becoming obsessed. He felt like things were gonna happen between them again, he did, but the timing just never worked out. That made it worse. The best pussy he'd ever gotten was down the fucking hall, and he just couldn't get there. It was maddening.

He thought about it all day. He thought at the very least she'd be texting him, as she was always on that phone of hers, but no, she wasn't engaging him in the slightest. Maybe he was wrong. Maybe she was feeling regret. But she sure didn't act ashamed or regretful, not in the least. Maybe... maybe she was waiting for him to make the first move.

A plan crystallized in his mind, and as soon as he thought it up, he couldn't stop himself. A plan that left him strumming his fingers, desperate to leave work. Finally, when the day was done, he had to stop himself from running to his car, trying to walk normal as to not attract attention.

Once in his car, he zoomed out of the parking lot, driving with purpose. Pulling in to the mall, he found his way to the new 'Mrs. Claus' store. Normally, he always looked away when passing by this type of place, not wanting to be caught leering like a perv. This time, though, he marched in shamelessly. He had a purpose. Skimming the shelves of tiny, lacy underthings, he was looking for something that really jumped out to him.

He was greeted by a worker at the store, an attractive, young brunette woman who seemed happy to help. When she had him describe what he was looking for, a matching bra and thong, and the proportions of the woman who he was buying this for, slim waist, perfect ass, and huge boobs, she gave him a knowing grin.

"Hot young girlfriend then, huh?" she said, smirking. Clearly, she had noticed the ring on his finger, and she knew that giving the garments he described to a woman with those measurements meant it was unlikely he was shopping for his wife.

"Uh... something like that..." he mumbled, slightly embarrassed at being caught so easily.

"Don't worry..." she replied, smiling. "Your secret's safe with me."

She led him past the racks and racks of tiny little underthings. As she did, she asked him a few questions about the woman he was buying this for, like what was her hair color, did she have a tan, stuff like that. His eyes drifted across the items she showed to him, until finally, it settled on a pair of garments that immediately jumped out to him.

"Ah... the hot pink one?" she asked, noting his gaze. He was looking at a tiny, thin, lacy bra and thong set, slightly transparent. The thong was miniscule, a tiny little triangle of pink material covering the front, and the tiny string in the back covering nothing, as intended. As she looked at this, she nodded. "Yep, yep, that color would look great. Tanned skin. Dark hair. A nice firm butt and tits out to here..." she mentioned holding out her hands in front of her already pretty large breasts. "It's expensive, but... perfect," she said, nodding.

That night, as Dan and Connie made dinner, he made it a point to step out into the living room, where Gwen was watching TV. As he walked by her, he leaned down and whispered into her ear.

"Look under your pillow."

She looked at him, confused at first, but when she realized what he was saying, her face lit up excitedly.

The next morning, as Dan and Connie readied for work, they were surprised when Gwen emerged, dressed in her typical laze-about-the-house clothing, some thin sweatpants and a tight t-shirt. She typically took

every opportunity to sleep in till late in the morning, so seeing her up this early was unusual.

Dan's alarms were immediately raised.

Gwen looked groggy as she joined her folks in the kitchen, but as soon as her mother stepped out to brush her teeth, she snapped into action.

"Hey..." she called out to him from near the fridge once the coast was clear. Once she had his attention, she reached down and lifted up her shirt, revealing her trim, bare midriff, and the hot pink bands of her brand spanking new thong rising above the hem of her sweats, a whale-tail so sexy it made his mouth water. She shook her butt at him after making this reveal, and she only pulled her shirt back down when she heard her mother approaching.

Connie and Gwen chatted for a few minutes while Dan sat at the table, eating his breakfast, his mind arrested by the image that had just been presented to him. As Connie began pouring her bowl of cereal, Gwen traipsed out of the room, but not before whispering into her father's ear.

"If you don't go to work today, I'll let you see a lot more."

She smiled at him as she walked away, and once she was out of sight of her mother, she began really shaking her ass as she walked. Glancing back to make sure he was looking, she lifted her top up slightly again, allowing him to see the hypnotic sight of the hot-pink triangle of her thong above her ass crack shaking side to side.

Needless to say, Dan didn't go into work that morning.

He told his boss that he needed bedrest. And yes, he did spend all day in bed, but he was certainly not getting any rest.

Gwen was almost shaking with excitement as she heard a set of footsteps walking up the stairs and moving towards her room, well past the time her

dad would normally head to work. Her father always had a really good work ethic, showing up on time, leaving on time, doing the job that was expected of him. But the appeal of seeing her juicy body in next to nothing again overrode all of that.

She'd been waiting for this moment ever since the day before when she found the gift he had bought for her, the tiny pink thong and matching bra. She loved it, and she didn't hesitate to throw it on and try it out. God, it fit her perfectly, and it drove her crazy, the idea of her father already knowing her exact sizes. And damn she looked good, the miniscule pink thong framing her ass, showing it off, each of the perfect, firm cheeks immaculately displayed, the way it was meant to. And her bra hugged her massive boobs perfectly, clinging to her huge jugs, straining to contain them, her boob-flesh pouring over the edges, the hot-pink lace digging into her flesh in just the right way. And the lace provided the perfect level of transparency, giving anyone who happened to be looking a hint of her hard nipples and eager, ready cunt. And the person who was going to be looking at her was her own father, who bought these for her, who had just pushed open the door behind her, stepping into her room.

Sitting on her bed, Dan was provided an up close view of his daughter's juicy body again. Posing for him, showcasing her perfect form, even dancing a bit for him, slowly driving him crazy. She gave him every view that he could ask for, bending over to showcase her deep, perfect cleavage right in front of his eyes before dragging her tits across his face as she stood up straight. She pulled the front of her thong away from her, giving him a peek at the goods underneath. She even bent over in front of him, pointing her thong-clad ass right at him, showcasing the firm, round, mouthwatering cheeks, just exposed for his eyes to see. She even bent over and pulled her ass cheeks apart to allow him to see every bit of the thong threading between her ass cheeks, and a primo view beyond it. She drew out the tease as long as she could, ratcheting up the tension between them, until that tension finally snapped.

Lips met lips. Tongues slid into mouths. His hands slid immediately into her bra, squeezing her huge, perky tits, and hers went straight into his pants, taking hold of his rock hard shaft and vigorously stroking it. Soon, her pink bra was on the floor, joined quickly by her thong. She didn't bother taking his clothes off all the way she was so horny for him. She tugged down his pants and boxers to his thighs, ripped open his work shirt, and hopped on board.

These two were both so hungry for each other that they almost immediately started going at it... hard. Her ass bounced on his body like a trampoline, riding him savagely, her headboard slamming into the wall as they fucked. With no one else in the house, and with no chance of being caught any time soon, Dan and Gwen really went to town on each other, yelling out, moaning and cursing and screaming in pleasure. It had been only less than two weeks since their first encounter, but it felt like an eternity. And these two were so overcharged that as soon as he came for the first time, blasting off a huge load from his swollen nuts deep into her eager, waiting snatch, they were ready to go for the next round. His cock stayed rock hard, and her body was still eager for more, smoothly taking her dad's cock up her ass before resuming bouncing on his massive weapon.

When they were done, both were exhausted, barely able to move, sticky with sweat. His nuts had been drained in a way they never had before, and she had been satisfied in a way she never knew possible. All Dan had wanted to do ever since their first encounter was to talk to her and figure out where things stood between them. But honestly... they barely even talked, other than dirty, nasty sex talk. They let their bodies do the talking instead, and clearly, they each had a lot to say to the other.

By the time Connie got home, they were all cleaned up and presentable, but she couldn't see the dirty looks her husband and daughter were sharing. She didn't know that Gwen was basking in the glow of having each of her holes filled up with cum. When Connie saw her daughter gulping down a bottle of water, she didn't know that Gwen had been gulping down her own father's cum just as eagerly. Connie trusted them both completely and would never once even consider the idea of what they were getting up to, a fact that they would eagerly take advantage of going forward.

The funny thing was, not too long later after this, Connie approached Dan and they had a real conversation about their marriage. At first, his heart dropped, concerned that she'd caught on to something. But no, it was her apologizing to him, admitting that she'd spent so much time on the church stuff, that she'd fallen behind on being a good wife. She promised him that she would take less activities at the church, so they could spend more time together. This was exactly what he would have wanted to hear weeks prior, before Christmas. But now, instead of being relieved and stepping back so they could repair the holes in their marriage, all he could think was... it was too late. He'd found something better, far more exciting and fulfilling than anything his wife had ever provided. So, instead of encouraging this

change in Connie, this overture to repair their marriage, he dissuaded her from it, insisting that she did such good work that he didn't want her to feel the need to stop that for his sake. Instead, he encouraged her to keep at it, to do more if she wanted. She kissed him then, thinking he was the most generous, selfless husband she could ever hope for. Little did she know that he was deliberately increasing the distance between him and his wife, allowing him and Gwen to get away with all sorts of nastiness under her nose.

Dan and Gwen settled into a regular schedule. Every couple weeks or so, he'd buy her something nice, something skimpy and slutty, nice bras, thongs, and g-strings, stuff that really showcased her hot body. In exchange, she'd give him a private show, letting him see her wearing these indecent garments, which would inevitably lead to bouts of rough, nasty fucking.

He was starting to become a regular at the 'Mrs. Claus' place at the mall, to the point where that same woman there recognized him and gave him recommendations based on his past purchases. Knowing he was probably giving this woman too much of a window into his sex life, he began mixing it up, sometimes ordering things online to be delivered discreetly to his office or going to a different boutique to buy something. And each time, the reward was the same. Even with the money he was spending, the rewards were totally worth it.

One time, him, Connie and Gwen took a trip to a nearby city and were walking the mall together. They ended up stopping in a spot to discuss what they were gonna get for lunch, and the spot they were standing in happened to be near a 'Mrs. Claus' store, a fact Connie didn't seem to notice. As he and Connie talked, Gwen's eyes were on the lingerie so brazenly being displayed nearby. And when they finally decided what to get for lunch, Dan glanced back at Gwen, only to see her silently using her eyes to draw his attention to a pastel blue matching bra and g-string on display near the front of store.

That g-string was the one lodged between Gwen's ass cheeks that night just past midnight while Dan was drilling Gwen in her bed, her trying her best to stifle her moans of pleasure as Connie snored down the hall.

With Dan working, Gwen in school, and Connie on the same schedule as Dan, it was difficult for Dan and Gwen to have as much one on one time as both would have liked. That being said, they got creative. They used every private moment they had as best as they could. When Gwen was washing her dishes as Connie was in the other room, Dan reached around her and took both of her massive jugs in his hands, just stealing a moment to squeeze his daughter's perfect tits. As she collapsed back against him in pleasure, grinding her ass against him, about to lose control, he was forced to pull his hands away as they heard Connie approaching.

Another time, they were watching a movie in the living room, with Connie in her own seat and Dan and Gwen on the couch, sharing a blanket. This allowed Gwen to give her father a sneaky hand job right under Connie's nose.

Sometimes, Gwen would surprise Dan in the shower, allowing him to give her hot body the slippery rubdown it deserved, before or after they got dirty together. This was often great fun for them both, although one time, it nearly spelled disaster. Gwen and Max used to share the downstairs bathroom, and now that Max was gone, it was just Gwen's. But these shower affairs would always be in Dan and Connie's bathroom. One morning, Connie had to leave early and needed to brush her teeth, but Dan was in the shower... with Gwen... having sex. Dan didn't usually lock the door when showering, but when Gwen came in, she would, for obvious reasons. Since Connie needed to get out, Dan had to let her in, and unfortunately for him, she was very insistent. So, forced to interrupt the sex he was having, he stepped out of the shower, dried off quickly, wrapped a towel around his waist, hiding his throbbing erection, before tugging the shower curtain shut, his daughter nervously waiting inside. Then, he stepped out to allow Connie to get in and brush her teeth and comb her hair. That meant, as Connie did these things, she was mere feet away from her glistening, naked daughter, hiding behind the thin shower curtain, in a spot where she could be so easily caught and this whole thing would be over. Connie would know that Gwen and Dan had been in there together. The game would be up.

But of course, Connie didn't catch her.

And it was practically while Connie was pulling out of the driveway that her husband was pulling his cock out from beneath his towel, and practically moments later, he was blasting a giant wad of cum out of his thick, meaty weapon onto his daughter's massive tits. Which, of course, necessitated another shower.

You would think this close call might cause them to slow it down, but it ended up being quite the opposite. They were energized even more by this, by the chance of getting caught. They'd never felt more alive, and they pushed their luck even more. They fucked in his car, Gwen riding him in the backseat. She gave him a hand job under the table at a restaurant. They would even fuck when Connie called Dan while he was at home, balls deep in Gwen's pussy. He could barely stifle his moans, but Connie didn't catch on.

She never caught on.

Gwen was far more adventurous than Dan was, but he was more than happy to follow her into further depths of sin. While this indecent affair was something he thought he needed to keep under wraps, Gwen didn't care. While she wasn't quite open enough to let it be known that she was banging her dad, she wasn't afraid to let people know she was getting regularly screwed. She would send snapchats, or whatever they were, to her friends of her and Dan doing... things. Sexy things. In one, she was waving to her friends while slurping on Dan's thick, mature cock. In another, she was dancing in front of the camera, shaking her bare ass for the camera, bumping against her father's throbbing dick. She made sure to keep his face out of these videos, but she was clearly happy to share with her friends that she was getting fucked by some well-equipped older man. Her friends were all crazy curious as to who he was, but she wasn't at the point where she was ready to share that kind of information.

Not yet, anyways.

They kept going at it, never slowing down, never stopping. Luckily, Connie had all those church events going on, which gave them plenty of opportunities for some fun. And when summer hit, they really started going at it. The garments he'd buy for her got even crazier, veering beyond slutty underwear, moving closer to, like... fetish stuff. Sling bikinis. Latex outfits. Truly nasty stuff that both took quite a lot of pleasure in. They had worked out a system to keep all this stuff in the house, hidden from Connie where she would never look, packed away where Gwen could get at it while not arousing suspicion, and where Dan could get it through the wash without Connie discovering them, but it wasn't worth getting into the details of it. The whole thing worked out for them, and they were able to keep it going all through the summer.

Their relationship didn't really have any emotional aspect to it. Well, sure, taking part in so much raw, nasty fucking would bond two people, even more so in their case. But to both of them, it was about the excitement. The thrill. The sex. The fucking was just incredible. He couldn't get enough of fucking his hot daughter, drilling out her tight cunt with his throbbing hard weapon. She couldn't get enough of the way her own father would treat her like a complete fucking whore, delighting himself in her luscious body, unable to get enough. She had changed him as a man, a fact she took great pleasure in. Despite the intensity of their fucking, though, neither had any intention of taking it anywhere beyond that. The thrill was in the sneaking around, of getting away with it behind Connie's back. They would keep at it as long as they could, but she wasn't exactly looking to push Connie out of the picture, even though she knew she could. She wasn't looking to get knocked up with her father's baby, even though every fiber in her being was dying for it. There was still a shred of a good hearted person in there, despite the fact that she regularly had nasty, fucked up sex with her own father. Plus, she kinda wasn't ready to settle down yet.

Going off to college was a pretty big day for Gwen, and a very sad one for her parents, as their youngest was out of the house. But Dan was sad for a whole different reason than Connie was. His outlet for awesome, crazy sex was now hundreds of miles away, and he still had an appetite that needed to be fed.

Dan kept the game going with Gwen as best as he could. He would buy some more slutty garments for her to wear and have them sent to her dorm room. After it arrived, she would send along pictures of her in these slutty garments for his benefit. She would often send videos for him too, teasing him as they settled into this new arrangement. They texted and sexted all the time, and while it was good, nothing beat the real thing. Dan had become addicted to the kinda crazy, filthy sex his daughter could give him, and he was going crazy without it. He was so starved for it that he even made a few road trips up to the college where she was at for a few midday encounters. But those provided only temporary relief. Plus, he just couldn't make that hike too often without attracting suspicion from his wife, or Gwen's friends at school.

He needn't have worried about that latter part.

Gwen's roommate Lana was a feisty young Puerto Rican woman. Connie thought she looked like trouble, like she might be a bad influence on Gwen. Haha, if she had any idea what type of girl her daughter truly was! But, anyways, one of the times Gwen was video calling with her dad, wearing a red thong and bra that looked spectacular on her. She had her phone pointed at her ass when Lana walked into their room, just as Gwen was saying, "Dad, you really know how to make my ass look amazing!" At this point, she noticed Lana's presence, and quickly ended the call, covering herself up. Needless to say, Lana had some questions.

"Wait... were you talking to your dad?" Lana asked with a small, confused smile. Gwen was caught off guard at being confronted about her illicit affair, and she had to pause before replying.

"Uh... yeah," she began, exhaling. "Me and my dad kinda have this arrangement we worked out together. He buys me slutty underwear, and I... I show him what I look like in them..." she said, looking at her roommate. "Tease him a bit..." she said, leaving out the dirtiest details, not knowing how Lana would react to that. Frankly, this abbreviated version was pretty insane already. Gwen looked at Lana, nervous at how'd she react.

"Oh my God..." the Puerto Rican sighed, pausing for a moment. "That's so hot!" she effused, eyes flashing as an impressed grin crossed her gorgeous face. At this, Gwen smiled, happy that she was so understanding. "Like, I admit, I thought your dad was really hot, and I was planning on hooking up with him the next time he visited, but... wow. Do you two, like..." she began, giving her roommate a pointed look, knowing what she was saying without saying it.

"Uh..." she began, before shrugging. "Yeah. A lot!"

"Oh my God, this is the greatest thing I've ever heard!" Lana said excitedly, getting on her knees on the bed and grabbing Gwen's arm excitedly. "I always thought you were stuck-up, but God damn!" Lana wanted to hear more, and luckily for her, Gwen had a lot to share. They gushed over stories of what Gwen and her father had been up to, all the fucked up nastiness they'd done in this past year, sharing dirty details right and left until Lana finally had to ask. "Do you think your dad would like to buy something for me?" At this, Gwen smiled.

The next time Dan ordered lingerie to be delivered to Gwen's dorm, he was ordering for two. He was excited when Gwen texted back pictures of these new garments, and this time, there were two girls pictured. Both Gwen and Lana, posing for the camera, dressed in truly nasty lingerie, a black lace bra clinging to Lana's large, perky breasts, the golden flesh pouring over the edges, her hard nipples evident beneath the material. And when pictured from behind, the tiny thong disappeared between the cheeks of her full, shapely ass.

A thrill passed through Dan at someone else being brought into their nasty game. Lana seemed to take to it swimmingly, which shocked him. Young women these days were truly filthy in all the best ways to take to Gwen's story about her affair with her father without flinching, jumping right into the filth along with them. Lana took to it very well, even texting with Dan on her own time without involving Gwen, being as upfront with her flirting as Gwen was.

Needless to say, the next time Dan visited Gwen at school, he didn't have to take Gwen off campus for some fooling around. He stayed right in Gwen's dorm, with his daughter... and Lana. A year ago, Dan was living a boring, unexciting domestic existence, now... he was having a threesome with two college girls, one of whom was his own daughter! It was insanity, and he might feel some regret if it wasn't the absolute best sex of his life. He'd never felt like more of a man than he did then, having two young sexy women drooling over his cock, sucking it at the same time. Fucking them both hard, making them both scream out loudly like total fucking whores. Lana was just as capable as Gwen was in the art of fucking, screaming for his cock, taking it in all her holes like the little, hot-bodied slut she was. She was incredible! But nothing beat Gwen, and even Lana had to watch in awe as she watched a father fucking his college-aged daughter roughly. It was the most beautiful thing she'd ever seen. They were such a perfect fit for each other.

Unfortunately for them both, they lived so far apart, and these sporadic hookups weren't enough for him anymore. Gwen was still young, and free spirited, and very, very promiscuous. So, surrounded by horny college guys, it was easy for her to find temporary relief nearby. But her father didn't have that kinda outlet. And after seeing him fucking her roommate, it gave her an idea.

"You know..." she began, getting dressed one morning a few weeks later in her dorm, mere hours after her father folded her in half, put her legs on his shoulders, and fucked her roughly like the total slut she was. Dan watched her pull on one of her thongs, tugging it between her ass cheeks, before sliding her big boobs into a bra that he bought for her. "If you, like... want to get a girlfriend or something, someone closer to home... that's fine. I won't be, like... offended or anything," she said, shrugging.

"Really?" he asked, sitting on the edge of the bed. He'd never considered screwing around beyond just Gwen, strangely enough.

"Yeah. Like... trust me, I love you coming up here as often as you do, but it can't be easy for you. It's just... like, I know what kinda appetite you have now. And when I'm not around it might be easier for you to have a girlfriend close by," Gwen stated.

"You think so?" he asked, baffled at how crazy this whole thing was. His half-nude daughter was telling her father, who'd she'd just had sex with shortly before, to date other girls whenever they couldn't hookup, encouraging him to cheat on his wife more. It was madness!

"Yeah! Trust me, Dad... you're hot!" she said, grinning wickedly. "There are plenty of girls out there that would happily fuck the shit out of a guy like you." She then stepped forward so her bra-clad boobs were pressing into his chin. She leaned forward and kissed her dad on the forehead. "And besides, you still have me! Whenever I'm around, I can ride your big fat cock as much as you need. A man like you deserves all the sex he can handle." He looked up into her eyes, grinning wolfishly before pulling her on top of him, her grinding into his lap as his hands slid around to squeeze her perfect ass again.

Her words stuck with him. When he was back home, around his wife, living his normal life, he wished he did have someone nearby to slake this newfound hunger inside of him. It felt like a huge risk for him to get out there and hookup with someone beyond just Gwen, an unknown entity. Sure, there was Lana, but she was in the game by the time he met her. She knew the score, making it easy to hookup. He didn't know if he had the ability to seek someone out.

Whenever he wasn't hooking up with Gwen, he played the part of the good husband and father. He would help out Connie when he could if she asked, and sometimes, that meant going with her to one of her many church events. He wasn't opposed to doing this, as he wasn't that staunchly against the church, he usually just preferred not to go.

He went along to an event with Connie, to help welcome a new preacher. It was apparently a big deal to Connie and her church friends, but to him, it seemed like an excuse to throw a social event. But hey, the food was pretty good, and they were serving drinks, so he wasn't complaining much. After chatting with some friends for a bit as Connie worked the event, his wife came over, pulling him forward to greet the new hire.

The new preacher seemed like an okay guy. About his age, friendly enough without being creepy. He seemed like a normal dude who happened to be a preacher. His wife seemed very nice as well as she greeted him.

Then Dan met the preacher's daughter.

He was taken aback at this sight. The 18-year-old was stunning. Absolutely stunning. Smooth dark hair, full and lustrous as it hung down her back. She had a smooth, even olive complexion which looked great on her. Her eyes were big and friendly, and she had a very kind, welcoming smile. And Dan couldn't help but notice... she had a great body. Clad in a slim black formal dress, she looked spectacular. Tall and fit, with a slim waist and long legs. Large, round, smooth double-D breasts, and a firm, juicy mouthwatering ass. She was a babe.

Dan felt bad at looking at this girl this way. By all accounts, she was a perfectly kind, sweet-hearted young woman. She was a preacher's daughter, for God's sake. But the phrase 'preacher's daughter' set off alarm bells. His father left his mom for a preacher's daughter, and here he was, leering at one in the same way his father no doubt did.

He tried to shake these disobedient thoughts and act like all was normal, trying to stifle his needy cock and be a good husband and man. But the funny thing was... this girl, Kirsten, he kept catching her looking at him. Glancing at him. Smiling at him. Engaging him in conversation. She didn't

say anything inappropriate in the slightest, but Dan couldn't help but sense there was something going on here.

The preacher and his family had a busy night, so they worked the room, introducing themselves to the other people there. But Dan's eyes kept drifting back to Kirsten, unable to get over her. She was so fucking hot! She was absolutely jaw-droppingly attractive. On top of that, she possessed a confidence and self-assurance that belied her age and an infectious personality. Plus, she had really big breasts. Like, seriously, her boobs would jiggle in just the right way in her slim church dress. How could he be the only one noticing this? And her ass... fuck, her ass was out of this world. She probably worked out every day to keep her ass looking that damn good. Dan found himself unconsciously staring as his wife chatted up one of her friend's next to him. The slim, smooth material of her dress was glued to her perfect rear end, each perfect cheek pressing outwards against the fabric, firm and smooth and mouthwatering. And the material hugged her so tightly there that he came to a sudden realization. If she was wearing normal panties, he would be able to tell. There were no panty-lines there, so either she wasn't wearing anything, or perhaps... she was wearing a thong.

"What do you think of her?" Connie asked, noticing his gaze but not reading his dirty thoughts.

"Uh... what?" he said, caught off guard.

"The preacher's daughter... Kirsten," she replied, looking at her husband. "She seems like such a sweetheart."

As she said this, Kirsten glanced back at Dan, noticing his gaze and smiling at him. He didn't know if she could see his thoughts, if she knew he was thinking about the tiny, slutty thong no doubt wedged between her perfect ass cheeks. But if she could, she was clearly unbothered by it.

A million thoughts ran through his head. This was the preacher's daughter, the same exact trap his father fell into. His father was in this spot once, and he went down the wrong path, leaving chaos in his wake. After years of decrying his father's bad decision... could Dan end up making the exact same choice? Was Dan right about her? Could Dan

actually pursue this? Gwen was encouraging to hook up with someone close by... was Kirsten the one he was looking for?

"Dan!" Connie said, getting his attention.

"I'm sorry," he replied, shaken from his thoughts.

"I asked what you thought of Kirsten," Connie repeated. "So friendly and kind... and so dedicated to the church. She reminds me so much of Gwen!"

Dan's mind flashed to his recent experiences with Gwen. Then, in his mind's eye, Kirsten replaced Gwen in these memories, at least for an instant. And in these fantasies of pure unadulterated filth... she fit right in.

"Yeah," Dan replied, a decision made. "She reminds me of Gwen too..." he said, his cock throbbing in his pants.

As Dan was soon to learn, Kirsten and Gwen had A LOT in common.

A few minutes later, the preacher's wife and daughter led along a little group to walk through the church, where they would explain all the spruce-ups and changes they had planned. Seeing his wife was chatting with friends, Dan hopped along with this group and followed them out of the banquet room. His eyes followed Kirsten's bouncing ass as she walked ahead of him.

The wife handled the tour for a few minutes before being called away. Kirsten effortlessly stepped in and took over, talking with a friendly confidence that displayed a maturity beyond her years, easily answering people's questions and explaining their plans for the church. Dan didn't want to appear lecherous, so he didn't ask any questions or participate beyond following along at the tail end of the group, only occasionally stealing glances at her big boobs. But as she spoke to the group, she would look past the others and give a small glance to Dan, smiling at him. Dan didn't know if he was reading too much into things, but he couldn't quite shake the feeling that something actually was going on here between them.

People peeled away occasionally as the tour went on, and when the last call for drinks came out, most of the others headed back to get one more for the road. It took a few moments to realize that he and Kirsten were alone in the empty chapel. Nervously glancing at the young woman, she smiled back at him. She was so professional and mature that, when alone in close proximity with her, he felt bad about his dirty thoughts about her... and her perfect ass... and her firm tits...

"We should probably head back..." he replied, trying to play it safe.

"Yeah..." she said, smiling cutely, looking a little nervous as she spoke to the older married man. They took a few steps, her heels clicking on the floor as she led him back. His eyes fell to her rear end again as she walked, shaking her butt as she did so. They chatted amiably as they headed back to the party, about nothing of importance really, his eyes remaining glued to her ass every chance he got, imagining it bare. It was only as they reached the entrance of the banquet room that she paused and turned back to face him, smiling warmly.

"Oh, by the way, I thought I should tell you... it's pink..." she stated in that same professional tone.

"What?" he said, smiling, shaking his head.

"My thong... it's pink..." she admitted, smiling. Dan's breath caught in his throat as he looked at her, not believing what he was hearing. How did she read his mind like this? "You've been staring at my ass all night... just thought you should know..."

At this, she walked back into the banquet room, continuing to work the room in that same mature, friendly way. Dan stayed frozen in place, shocked, watching her walking away, gazing at her ass again, his cock throbbing in his pants. She glanced back at him and smiled again, knowingly shaking her butt for his benefit.

And at this, Dan was officially obsessed with Kirsten.

Over the next few days, Kirsten occupied Dan's fantasies. He couldn't stop thinking about her. That confident smile. Those tits! That ass! Just knowing a girl like her, a preacher's daughter, wore tiny, slutty thongs just like Gwen... it drove him insane. She even temporarily supplanted his daughter in his fantasies.

Both fortunately and unfortunately, he didn't have any reasons to interact with her, as he normally didn't go to the church. But his slow obsession with her was driving him crazy to the point where he was even considering become a religious man, just to see her. Luckily, it didn't have to go that far.

The church was running a toy drive as Christmas approached, and Connie did her part, getting people at work to buy toys to donate. When she mentioned that she didn't have time to drop them off, and that Kirsten was the one handling this stuff at the church, Dan immediately offered to help deliver them. Connie beamed with affection at her husband for this offer, knowing what a sacrifice this was for him because of how much he didn't like church.

If only she knew the truth.

When he pulled up to the church and carried the boxes of toys inside, he was excited to be greeted by Kirsten herself.

"Hi!" she said excitedly, grinning at the sight of him. Even dressed down, in a t-shirt and jeans, she looked spectacular. "My folks are out for lunch, so it's just me here..." she made sure to let him know this as she led him inside to where they were compiling the gifts. He couldn't resist gazing at her ass as she led him deeper. She could have led him to hell itself with an ass like that. Finally, he dropped off the last of the boxes, and they stood close to each other near the entrance of the chapel, a moment of heavy silence between them as they looked at one another.

"So, uh..." Dan said nervously, but her confidence allowed her to take the bull by the horns.

"Do you want to have sex in the church?" she offered with a grin, jutting out her big boobs, her nipples stiffening beneath her top. "You can peel my thong down with your teeth..." she added, an offer so lustful it made his cock jump. This was so wrong. So... messed up.

And it was exactly what he wanted.

The preacher's daughter's moans filled the church as her and the married man had rough, nasty sex right there in the chapel. She rode him on one of the pews, in full view of anyone who happened to walk by, but no one did. No one saw her riding the married man, her tight cunt stuffed with his lengthy, swollen cock. No one saw her smothering his face with her giant boobs. No one saw the married man slurping on her tasty nipples. No one saw his hands all over her juicy naked body, groping her ass and squeezing her fleshy tits.

It was so wrong to be doing this in the church, especially with the preacher's daughter, but that made it so much better. Her loud, sinful, lust-filled moans of pleasure echoed throughout the chapel, betraying the life lessons both her parents and her religion had tried to impart upon her. The young woman was bringing sin into the church, eagerly turning against everything she was supposed to hold dear, all thanks to her brazen pursuit of big married dick. It was as if she got off on making this fuck as nasty as possible, swearing like a sailor, the sweet, mature 18-year-old preacher's daughter screaming out 'FUCK' and 'CUNT' and 'SHIT' and 'GOD DAMN'.

It was awesome.

The beautiful preacher's daughter screamed like a total whore as she gushed over and over again on Dan's big, hard married cock, cumming over and over again, the pew slick with her juices, her voice getting hoarse from the unending pleasure. But this didn't slow down her wicked mouth. She'd been so kind and sweet and polite with Connie whenever they talked, to the point where Connie was so impressed by the mature, well-spoken young woman. But now alone with her husband, Kirsten let her true feelings rise to the surface.

"Fuck me!" Kirsten groaned. "Fuck me better than you ever fucked your ugly bitch wife! UGHH! FUCK! Fuck that nasty cunt! UGH! Make me your woman, baby! Oh! Shit! God dammit! Oh! Give me that deep fucking, baby! Give me that dick deep! AHHH! YES! YES! You feel that! Oh! That pussy loves you! Fuck! That pussy squeezes that cock better than that nasty old bitch you're married to, doesn't it? UGH! Doesn't it?"

"Yes! YES!" Dan cried, lost in the sin of the moment. "So much better!"

"UGH! YES! I took one look at that nasty bitch and I just knew that she didn't know the first thing about satisfying a dick! Fuck! Oh fuck! Dammit!" Kirsten moaned loudly. "But I do! Hahaha! Yes! I know how to treat a big fat cock right! Don't I? Don't I?! Yes! Yes! Fuck me, baby! Fuck me just like that! And you knew it too! AH! Yes! You wanted to tap my ass from the second you met me! Yes! Yes! Even though I'm so much younger than her, you knew I could drain your balls better than your own wife ever could! Haha! Yes! I'm a better woman than her in every way! Yes! Yes! That's why you're fucking me now! UGH! That's why you're cheating on your wife in the middle of the church with a little slut like me! Sinning in the middle of the church and betraying your nasty fucking wife! UGH! YES! She's probably thinking about what a good husband she has, helping out at the church! Haha! Poor thing has no idea her husband is balls deep inside a slutty young cunt like mine! Oh! Fuck! Yes! Faster! Faster! Yes! Just like that! Just like that..."

Dan fucked her faster and faster at her wicked words, savoring the sin just like she was. Her words were music to his ears, and her sinful mouth combined with her tight clutching cunt had his cock firing off sperm within minutes. But they were so full of lust for each other that it wasn't long after cumming the first time that he was sliding his still rock-hard dick up inside her tight, eager asshole. Neither of them wanted to slow down. Both of the illicit lovers wanted to take this fuck to the limits.

And they did just that.

Dan was so full of lust by the filth of this encounter that even after filling both her cunt and her ass with cum, he was still charged up for one more. He was so charged up that when Kirsten, completely nude, knelt on the floor in front of him and begged the married man to cum on her face right in the middle of the chapel, he was able to cum like a cannon, painting her

face with his biggest load yet. She was forced back onto her butt thanks to the force of his load, her bare ass resting on the church floor as the married man covered her beautiful face with his sperm. A lot of girls didn't like this porn-like act, but she reveled in it, wearing his seed like a badge of honor, fully embracing this baptism by semen right in the middle of her parent's church. Looking up at him, her eyelids weighed down with cum, his seed coating her lips, she spoke up.

"So, uh..." she stammered, all maturity gone as thin bands of semen stretched between her lips as she spoke, his seed falling onto her tongue. "Do you wanna, like... go out sometime?" she asked, looking up at him with a blissed-out smile on her face.

And that's how the married Dan got a girlfriend close by, just in time for Christmas.

They were completely cleaned up by the time her folks returned from lunch, and her parents were naïvely trusting of Kirsten being alone with this handsome older married man, clueless to what they had just done together. They left no sign of the evil sinning they'd taken part in together, other than Kirsten's discarded thong left under the pew, a mark of the wickedness this church had born witness to. But she needn't worry about losing such a prized garment, as Dan would eagerly gift her another very soon. Dan left soon after, and the shared look between him and Kirsten let him know that this was the beginning of something special, and that these two were about to explore the real depths of sin together.

And he couldn't be more excited.

Thanks to a simple thong gifted to his daughter on his behalf the year prior, he'd followed a similar course as his father had so many years ago, cheating with the daughter of a preacher. And now Dan fully understood why his father did what he did. But Dan's path was even more sinful, as he had included his own slutty daughter in his wicked journey. And his father had not only cheated on his wife with the preacher's daughter, he'd run off with her, marrying his mistress. Betraying his religious wife with a member of the very same church she'd been so devoted to. Betraying her at every level possible. Dan had done the very same thing, only his betrayal hadn't been exposed yet. But what if it did? What if Connie walked in on Dan fucking the absolute shit out of the slutty preacher's daughter?

Fuck... that would be so fucking hot. The only thing that could make it better, to make the betrayal even more complete, is if Gwen was there too...

Dan's eyes flashed as he considered an idea so tempting that there was no doubt he'd make it a reality sometime soon. Him, Gwen, and Kirsten, all together, in bed, totally naked, just going at it. Wait... no... not totally naked. What if the girls were only wearing thongs? Thongs he'd picked out for them for just such an occasion. Ugh... fuck... that just felt right. After his adventures with Gwen, and his seduction by Kirsten. Thongs had just played such an integral part of his downfall that they had to be included. Both to make them look even hotter, but to announce how far both formerly religious young woman had fallen to be proudly wearing such wicked items. And damn... the thongs he'd pick out for them would be fucking sinful...

Dan had fallen so far in just a year. Just imagine how much further he'd fall in another...

In the immediate aftermath of that faithful Christmas, Janet Winston didn't have some major life epiphany, or fall into some long lasting, permanent relationship. With the sudden blessing of her looking and feeling twenty years younger, with her hotter, more youthful body, and the additional energy that went along with it, she didn't travel the world or do anything spiritually fulfilling.

No, she just had sex. Lots and lots of sex.

There was a new slut queen of Deerberg, and it was Janet fucking Winston. With her new and improved body, her keen, aged, experienced mind, and a hunger for sex that could be matched by no other, she quickly cut a wide swath through the eligible men of Deerberg. Even though she'd had plenty of encounters with younger men years ago, this was a time where mature women were fetishized and idolized like never before. Before this past Christmas, Janet had aged out of that kind of fun, her body too worn out

with age to keep up with her nasty mind. But now, with her suddenly hot, fit, luscious body, she fit right in. She could be the mature sex goddess that guys these days dreamed about.

Her mind had never left her even as her body aged, so now that her body matched her own view of herself, she was able to live out her most twisted of fantasies with the men of Deerberg. College guys, young professionals, single, married, any handsome young stud she could get her hands on, she did so. The best of the best among the younger men of Deerberg all ended up plowing her hot ass at some point in the months after Christmas. It seemed like everywhere she went, she would see some handsome young man who'd recently dug his hands into her huge, bare tits. Before Christmas, it had been a long time since she'd gotten laid, and she had a lot of lost time to make up for.

This was all she needed, honestly. Rough, nasty, sweaty sex with well-built, impressionable young men. She loved using her body to corrupt and seduce younger men, permanently impacting their lives, their sexual needs and desires. Her encounter with Max was exactly what she was looking for, breaking these younger guys in, showing them how a real woman fucks before sending them out into the world, forced to confront these new desires and needs. And just like with Max, she just knew they would all end up with a woman just like her. The thought of affecting all these younger men so thoroughly drove her crazy. She loved it, and she couldn't get enough of it.

With all the new styles in fashion, she took great pleasure in shopping, buying new, sexy clothes to adorn her sexy new body. Stuff that was low cut and tight, flattering her luscious body. She also went to one of those 'Mrs. Claus' boutiques, buying slutty lingerie, some truly filthy stuff. The item she had gotten on Christmas was branded 'Mrs. Claus', so the product line was able to handle her impressive curves, but none of the garments were as good as the premium items she'd been gifted. But they got the job done, driving the younger men insane with how good she looked wearing them.

This was her existence for a time. Using her new, hot, mature body as the weapon it was, fucking young, handsome men, getting laid multiple times a week, sampling all these men who'd been out of her grasp for too long. And she could have gone the rest of her life doing this, making up for lost time, but alas, it was not meant to be.

She was destined for bigger things.

Near the end of the summer, a very well dressed professional woman approached Janet's doorstep. Her SUV parked in the street, driver waiting in the car, her heels clicked on the sidewalk as she moved closer to the older woman's house. Her brunette hair blew in the morning wind, and her eyes drifted to the Morris house a few doors down, her lips turning up into a smirk. Finally reaching the door, she knocked at it, straightening her suit coat over her slim torso. Hearing some noise announcing that someone was home, it took a few moments before Janet pulled open the door, looking at the brunette with an unsure look on her face.

"Can I help you?" Janet asked, pushing her slightly unkempt hair back, clearly unprepared for a guest at her door, pulling her silky black robe tight in the front over her glowing tan skin. It seemed pretty clear she was wearing little beneath it.

"Hi, Janet, my name is Hannah Steinberg," she replied, putting on a warm smile. "I work for 'North Pole'. I'm actually the president of the plant here."

"Oh..." Janet said, still confused, this explanation not clearing anything up. "Can I help you?" she asked, clearly not interested in talking to this woman.

"I was hoping we could talk about an opportunity for you," Hannah said, still the utmost professional.

"This isn't really a good time for me, maybe you come back later?" Janet said, eager to get this woman out of here. It didn't even really register that she said that she was the president of the 'North Pole' plant. It felt like she was some solicitor.

"Actually, this is gonna be a conversation you want to have," Hannah stated, a little firmer in her tone.

"Listen, Hannah..." she said, looking at the younger woman condescendingly. "I mean it when I said this isn't exactly the best time, so if you could just leave, come back at a better time..." she said, about to shut the door in the younger woman's face.

"Well, Janet, at the rate you're getting laid, I don't know if there's gonna be a time when you're not busy," Hannah said knowingly, raising her eyebrows. This gave Janet pause.

"Excuse me?" Janet asked, confused and a little mad. How did this woman know about what she did with her free time? Hannah didn't seem bothered by this harder tone.

"Janet, at 'North Pole', we invest in certain people," Hannah began. "People we want on the team. We keep tabs on them, see what they get up to in their free time, etcetera. And this is especially the case when we gift someone an item off our premium black label..." she finished, raising her eyebrows.

"Wait... you know about that?" Janet asked, suddenly intrigued.

"Like I said, I think this is a conversation you want to have..." Hannah said firmly. Still mildly annoyed, Janet was intrigued enough to bite, tying up her robe more firmly and stepping back, letting the young woman into her house. As Hannah stepped in, she looked back at the older woman and smiled. "I assume we're not alone?"

"No," Janet admitted. "Just... just give me a second." At this, Janet marched off barefoot towards her bedroom. As she did so, Hannah took a seat on the couch, resting her arm on the back of it, waiting patiently. A few minutes later, a shaggy-haired college looking guy emerged, his clothes clearly just thrown on, looking slightly embarrassed at the sight of Hannah.

"Hi, stud," Hannah said, smiling, twinkling her fingers as she waved at him. He looked away, blushing before leaving the house. A few seconds later, Janet emerged, still in her robe. "He was cute," Hannah said, clearly

unbothered by catching the older woman in an intimate moment. Seeing that this young woman was not easily bothered, she spoke openly.

"Yeah. He wasn't bad at all," Janet admitted. "I kept him up half the night, and he was right there keeping up with me. I was about to get him up for another go when you showed up."

"Sorry," Hannah said. "It is never my intention to cockblock." Janet smiled at Hannah. This young woman was not what she expected based on her first impression.

"So... wait. You're the president of that big fucking plant?" Janet asked, that fact finally registering as she re-examined their earlier conversation, standing across from the seated young woman. Janet was skeptical, as Hannah seemed far younger than she expected for a woman in that position. But Hannah didn't back down, nodding confidently. Janet studied the young woman for a moment. She seemed to be telling the truth. "So... so you know about this?"

At this, Janet pulled open her robe, showing off the perfect, lacy black bra and tiny thong that had been gifted to her on Christmas. She was exposing her hot mature body to this young woman doing this, but Hannah seemed unbothered by this display, smiling and nodding.

"So, you did this? You got this for me?" Janet asked. Robe still open, she sat down in her leather chair across from the young brunette, crossing her bare legs as she did so.

"Not me, personally, no," Hannah admitted. "Premium black label shit is above even my paygrade. That shit doesn't show up often. It's like, confidential, classified stuff. Consider yourself lucky. Stuff like that... it's all controlled my boss. The big boss. The boss lady herself. Mrs. Claus." She let this hang, as if it wasn't completely ridiculous to assert that Mrs. Claus was real.

"So... she's real?" Janet questioned. "Mrs. Claus? Santa Claus? All that shit is actually real?"

"Indeed," Hannah said. "Although, as you might have guessed, Nick himself upgraded his wife recently. And, clearly... she's taken an interest in you."

"Why?" Janet asked. Hannah shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't know," Hannah admitted. "She's a very brilliant woman, and she has a keen eye for talent. And clearly, she had a reason to notice you. Maybe she's sees a bit of herself in you..."

Janet paused. It was a lot to take in, and she had so many questions.

"So... how does this work?" Janet asked, glancing down at her bra and thong, the garments that rejuvenated her body to what it was now.

"Christmas magic, of course!" Hannah said, but not in a mocking tone. It was kinda the truth. "I imagine that my boss saw you as someone who was unfairly born out of time. The type of woman who was penalized under the previous administration. I imagine she saw you as a test case. An opportunity to right some wrongs. The system had unjustly persecuted you for so long, so unfairly... that I imagine she thought that she needed to put her thumb on the scale a bit. To turn the tables in your favor. To give you what you truly deserved, to give you the existence and pleasure you deserve..."

"Well..." Janet said, taking this all in. "I guess it's nice to have a friend in high places!" she said, laughing.

"Indeed, it is," Hannah affirmed.

Janet had never experienced having someone be so generous to her. She certainly was not that type of person that people typically helped out, as she usually helped herself. And she had many likeminded friends, but she'd never known anything like this.

"Do... do the affects wear off?" Janet asked. Admittedly, this was something that worried her. That she'd wake up one day and her luscious, mouthwatering body would be gone, replaced by that old, saggy form again. She'd worn these garments a lot, hoping to prolong these affects as long as possible, not taking any chances. But her worries were unfounded.

"Nope," Hannah said. "This is your body now. Think of it as a reset. Your body is refreshed, rejuvenated... better than ever. From now on, you'll age at a normal rate, but it's this body that's aging, So... you've got so much more time for fun." This was certainly a relief for the older woman, and there was a long pause as she took this all in.

"So..." Janet began. "Why are you here?"

"Oh, that's right," Hannah said, reminded of her purpose. "Like I said earlier, we wanted to offer you an opportunity."

"What sort of opportunity?" she asked. If this was a job thing, she wasn't that interested. She wasn't looking for work, especially with all the fun she could be having.

"Mrs. Claus's pet project is her lingerie line," Hannah explained. "She has put a lot of money and time into it, and it's paying off. I'm sure you've seen it too..." It was true. All the places that sold lingerie were selling 'Mrs. Claus' shit now. And admittedly, all the garments were pretty fantastic, even if they were a bit pricey. "And the fastest growing market for lingerie sales is with older women. Housewives, moms, grandmothers, mature professional women. The world is changing. Older women are being sexualized and desired in a way they never were before. I mean, to me, it's kinda weird, but guys just go insane for older women now. You see it on TV all the time now. There are crazy popular movies about guys getting seduced by older women. And there's metric tons of porn about older women. So, now, in real life, older women are being empowered to be sexy, be slutty. They want to look hot. They wanna seduce. They wanna fuck!"

Janet nodded. She couldn't disagree.

"So, Mrs. Claus is about to start an ad campaign and a product line centered exclusively on older women," Hannah continued. "We want to show these women that our products are best equipped to highlight their bodies. And maybe, in some cases... make their bodies look young again..." she added, giving the older woman a pointed look.

"So, you're selling this to the public?" Janet asked. Hannah had said these premium garments were rare, not widely available.

"Not to that degree, no. Not the 'Premium' line" Hannah replied, nodding at Janet's outfits. "If every woman that wore our lingerie got as lucky as you... it'd attract attention. But to a lesser degree, yes. Our products will have some more subtle effects. Their boobs will suddenly feel a little bigger, and a little more perky. Their asses will feel firmer than they have in years. And it will be thanks to us. Our products fly off the shelves, and our new line will empower women like you to new heights."

"So... what does this have to do with me?" Janet asked.

"Well, what better example of the wonders our products can prove than you?" Hannah stated. Janet was still unsure what she was getting at, so Hannah got to the root of the matter. "My boss requested that I meet with you to ask if you wanted to be our centerpiece, our model for our upcoming lingerie line? To really show off our wares and show what they can do."

"Are you serious?" Janet asked. Anorexic teenagers were the ones getting offered modeling deals. Not women like her, real women.

"Of course," Hannah said. "There'd be no one better. Just imagine... your body in print. On the internet. Everywhere. Your hot mature body, wearing next to nothing, showing off so much skin. Showing off your firm, juicy ass and your big tits to the world. Women will see you and want to be as hot as you. And guys all over the world will go crazy looking at your hot fucking body, wanting to see more. You seem like the type of woman who would like this kinda thing."

Janet took in this offer for a minute. Was this really happening?

"Wow," she said, sitting back, her bra-clad tits jiggling as she did so. "I'm not gonna lie, when you first came in, I thought you were angling for some girl-on-girl shit with me. And it was like, I'm not normally into chicks, but sure, I'd be game for anything."

"Not today," Hannah said, smiling warmly.

"But, uh... yeah. Wow. Not what I expected," Janet said. The thought did appeal to her. Her body, modeling slutty lingerie. Her massive, luscious tits, nearly exposed. Her full, round ass showcased for the world to see. It did tick some boxes for her. This couldn't be real. This couldn't actually be happening.

"So, here's the deal," Hannah continued. "We are offering you a job. To lead our new ad campaign. Like I said, it would be you in very skimpy lingerie. You don't strike me as shy, so I don't imagine you'd have a problem showing some skin. You'd work for us, for 'North Pole'. Taking this job would involve us moving you out of Deerberg and out to the city, where most of the modeling stuff happens. You'd be getting paid a stupid amount of money for, frankly, pretty straightforward work."

Janet took this pitch in.

"And like I said... we've been keeping an eye on you," Hannah stated, smirking. "We are very aware of the swath you've cut through the eligible men of Deerberg. But... this is Deerberg, and while there are certainly some winners here... your choices are a bit more limited in a town like this. But imagine... you, in the big city, working modeling gigs, your hot body plastered everywhere. You'll be getting A LOT of attention. And the best part is... you'll be surrounded by studs. 10 out of 10 beefcakes. The best of the best. Janet, you'd be getting some premium dick just about every damn night. You think you do well here? Just imagine the damage you could do in the city."

It sounded great. The offer was almost too good to be true. Money... fame... men. It would be everything she could ever ask for, an offer just dropped into her lap.

"What's the catch?" Janet asked, a natural skeptical woman. Hannah shook her head.

"No real catch," Hannah stated honestly. "The only thing we'd ask for in return is for you to sell your house to 'North Pole'."

"Why would you want this place?" Janet asked. She liked her house just fine, but there was nothing special that would make a billion dollar company want it.

"Well... I'll be honest with you," the young brunette began, standing up and walking towards the window. "Our company very much covets Fourth Street. I'd never heard of this place, but looking at the pictures, and seeing the kind of Christmas displays you guys do... I get it. It's beautiful. So, it's natural our company would want to get involved. We make Christmas wishes come true, right? We've been looking to make some arrangements to get ourselves in here. And we've already made good progress..."

"Well, you can try, but old Doris ain't going anywhere, that's for sure," Janet said, laughing.

"We've got ways of getting people to do what we want them to..." she said vaguely, looking out the window. Turning back to face Janet, she was all smiles. "So, what do you think? How does our offer sound to you?"

"Is this your way of getting me to do what you want?" Janet said, a little skeptically. Hannah grinned.

"There's a naughty and a nice list, Janet," Hannah began. "Mrs. Claus... she rewards those on the naughty list now. Those are the ones who get rewarded, those who reward themselves," she said, repeating one of the company mottos. "But the boring old people on the nice list... they're the ones that are getting left behind. Those are the ones that don't get rewarded. Those are the ones that need to get knocked on their ass a bit. For too long, people like that have gotten all the breaks, but no longer. It's a lot more fun being naughty... and us naughty girls need to help each other out. And this is us helping you out, Janet. What do you say?"

Janet had to think long and hard about this. It all sounded so crazy, yet... it was everything she could ever ask for. She would love to put her hot body on display for the world. She would love to be the object of lust worldwide. She would love to be an object of envy. She would love to be rich and successful. She always felt she was destined for big things... but she never imagined it would actually happen. This felt so right... what was the negative here? Leaving behind Deerberg? Was that all that was holding her back from the life she always wanted?

Janet looked up at Hannah, and a wicked smirk crossed her lips.

Her decision was made.

As Christmas approached, if you happened to be looking through the 'Mrs. Claus' brand catalogue, or on their website, you would see Janet Winston's hot body displayed as it was meant to be displayed. Her perfect, full, mature ass, framed immaculately in various, teeny tiny thongs, disappearing between the meaty cheeks, her perfect ass now an object of lust and envy for people across the world.

And you would see her tits. Her big, fat fucking tits. Wow. They had never looked so huge, stuffed into various lacy, sexy bras, the succulent flesh oozing over the edges, her nipples visible through the thin material. The viewer would wonder how such massive blimps could fit into a garment. Then they would realize how amazing the bra looked adorning such mammoth boobs and want to buy one just like it. Her giant rack would catch anyone's attention.

Needless to say, sales of 'North Pole's' mature lingerie line were through the roof.

Being a lingerie model was even better than Hannah said it would be. The fame. The fortune. The popularity. It was incredible. A year prior, Janet was almost forgotten. And now, she was the centerpiece at parties. She had these young, handsome super-studs seeking her out, wanting to be in

her presence, wanting to see her body in person. And a lot of these guys very much got to see her body in person.

Hannah was so right. These big city guys were so much more fun than most of the guys in Deerberg. The guys in Deerberg were more innocent, sure, but the worldly, city guys were game for just about anything. And for a nasty old slut like her, that was saying something.

A year ago, she was nothing. And now, she was a queen. A mature sex goddess being displayed to the world. After living a life of sin and bad behavior, she was being rewarded beyond her wildest dreams. And she had 'North Pole', and the lady up North, to thank.

Christmas was most certainly her favorite holiday now.

Compared to Janet, Max didn't handle the events of the past Christmas quite as smoothly.

For him, he wrote it all off as a mistake. The equivalent of a drunken hookup. It didn't mean anything. She was just some older woman who struck at just the right time. When he wasn't at his best. Sure, the sex was objectively good... amazing, actually... and sure, she was hotter than any woman her age had any right to be, but it was a mistake. And because of it being a mistake, he would learn from it. He would never make that same mistake, not ever. And because it was a meaningless, loveless sexual encounter, it wouldn't stick with him. He wouldn't let it cast a pall over the good thing he had going.

He returned to Lizzy, and it felt like all was right again. He hugged and kissed her, and they spent their first few days back together hanging out for practically the entire time. Just being around her, cuddling with her, hearing her laugh, seeing her smile... it was all the reminder he needed as to why they belonged together, and why their relationship was something he couldn't jeopardize. Things returned to normal, with them going to classes, attending their church group. Everything was as it should be.

He tried his best to forget about Janet. It was such an insane encounter that it was hard to forget, sure. He just couldn't expunge those memories. The good thing was that it was a tornado of such insane moments that it was all almost a blur. There was so much to think about that it was easy to forget the specifics.

There was one thing, though. One stray line from Janet that stuck with him. She had explained to him that he was built to please older women like her, and that he would make someone like her very happy someday. This line stuck with him, but every time he remembered it, he always rejected it. He knew a lot of guys went down that road. The 'MILF Hunt' was still as popular as ever at school, and he was still being invited to take part. Despite what he'd done with Janet, he still had no issue turning them down. He was not going to be one of those guys. Sure, his first encounter was with an older woman, but he rejected any notion that he was gonna end up fucking older women for the rest of his life. No. Not gonna happen. He was meant for more than that. He wasn't gonna descend to that level. And he didn't want to be the type of guy that cheated on his girlfriend. It was all one giant, insane mistake. And he wouldn't let it happen again.

But the problem for him was the lie at the center of his being. He prided himself on his devotion to his ideals and to the tenets of the church. But the thing was... he was a fraud now. A dirty, rotten lie was at the center of him, and no one could see it. He wasn't a virgin anymore. He'd had sex. He'd betrayed everything he held dear, and no one could see it. No one could see he was a liar, because they trusted him. They believed in him without question, and they should be questioning him now. He was in fact a liar. While they all talked about saving themselves for someone truly special, something truly meaningful, instead of selling themselves out for temporary pleasure, he had already betrayed that belief. He'd not only had sex with a woman he did not love, he'd cheated on his girlfriend in the process. This lie ate away at him, but despite that, he kept up appearances as if all was normal. But inside, this lie led to a lot of turmoil.

He would look around his group of friends, and he felt a strange feeling. As if... as if he was an outsider. As if he was beyond them. More mature, as strange as that may seem. He was the one who'd experienced sex. None of these other people did. He knew more than they did. He'd done things that they hadn't. He'd seen the other side. None of them did. As much as he wanted to be among them, he almost felt pity for them. Like... they had no idea what they were talking about. They were so naïve to the dark delights that sex could bring.

That was the thing he couldn't quite shake. Morally, he was against such reckless, meaningless sex, but he remembered the pleasure. The complete and total lust. His mind wanted to reject that sinful lust and focus on the light, but his big cock had sampled the sinful sensations of sex, and it wanted more. And now that he'd had a taste, that hunger was stronger than ever.

Before, it had always been so easy for him to reject the advances of the girls who were after him, wanting him for not so upstanding reasons. But now, after sampling a bit of the forbidden... the temptation was a little stronger. He was still able to stay loyal to Lizzy and stay on the path. The problem was that he was so fucking horny! It was crazy! On Christmas morning, the pressure coming from his cock had clouded his judgment and filled his veins with dark desires. And it now felt like that if he didn't take care of business himself, it would only take a couple days or so before it felt like he was back at that place again. The place he was at when he ended up at that old slut's doorstep. And this time, it wasn't like he was glancing past windows and seeing sex all around him. A couple of normal, regular days would pass, and he'd be as hard as steel, almost crazed with lust. In the months after his Christmas day encounter, he'd beat his dick more often than he had in the whole previous year.

Despite his best efforts, his encounter with Janet Winston had changed him, and he didn't fully know how deeply yet. But the fact of the matter was... he'd gotten pussy, and that was something he just couldn't forget about. That was something he just couldn't ignore. A hunger had been awakened, and it could never truly be stifled. As much as he tried to take care of business himself, it was never enough. Just a temporary relief, and as time went on, that relief was lasting less and less. He needed an outlet beyond his right hand. That was the only way he could be truly satisfied.

God, there were times he wished Lizzy was a lesser girl, just so he could get some satisfaction. He wished she were less strong and steadfast in her beliefs, because god, he needed sex. He needed an outlet. The longer time went on, the more the hunger grew. The hunger was just as bad as it had been on Christmas. How do people deal with this? Once people make the plunge, how do they not spend their entire days in bed, fucking themselves into oblivion? How could anything feel that good? After sampling the other side, he finally understood why all his peers would go to parties and have sex as often as possible. It felt so good! How could anyone not indulge every chance they could?

He kept a cool face, but he was on edge. His eyes would drift to pretty girls on campus as he walked by. His dreams would be filled with hot sex. His thoughts would drift to memories of that one day of passion he'd spent in bed with Janet, and he would always try to stamp them down, but when one of his buddies would mention going on a 'MILF Hunt', those memories would flare up again. Him and Lizzy would cuddle and kiss, but that wasn't enough for him anymore. It never gave him what he needed. He really wanted to have sex, and he wanted it to be with Lizzy. But he didn't want to push her for it like some type of asshole, because she would think less of him. That being said, he was going crazy with need. Something had to happen.

In truth, no man could handle such needs. No man was meant to be able to. The biological need for fucking was strong in young men like him, and to reject it was to reject their true nature. Resisting these needs for as long as he had proved how strong his will was, but torturing himself by withholding the pleasure he so needed was weakening his foundation, clouding his judgment. He was on a slippery slope, and he was bound for a crash.

He was in a weakened state as he trudged back to his dorm one quiet Friday night. A lot of people on his floor were either out somewhere with friends, or gone for the weekend, so it was pretty quiet. Lizzy was gone for the weekend, and no amount of distractions would pull him away from the all-consuming needs of his cock. All he had planned was to head back to his dorm, so he could masturbate and get some temporary relief.

It was in this state that one of his floormates emerged. A pretty, dark-haired girl named Jennifer saw him walking by and called out to him. She was smoking hot, standing there in short little booty-shorts and a tight tank top, clinging to her big boobs. Max was so distracted by his own driving needs that he let himself fall into conversation with the hot girl who lived down the hall from him. He barely knew her, but he would always say hi as they passed by each other, out of politeness, at least on his part. But she seemed excited to actually have a chat with him, wanting to get to know him better. He knew better, he did. He knew she was flirting with him. Smiling as she looked up at him adoringly, curling her dark hair around her finger, making come-ons that were very obvious. Like the fact that her roommate was gone, and that she was bored, and she was looking for something fun to do. Max knew better, and he knew exactly what she wanted, but he was so desperate... so in need. He just wanted to think

straight. He just wanted relief. He'd already cheated once on Lizzy... would a little more be any worse?

So anyways, Jennifer sucked him off that night.

He barely even fought back against her. Allowing her to sit him on her bed, she got between his legs, scooped out his big, throbbing cock, and inhaled his shaft down her tight throat. She didn't stop, taking his big cock smoothly down her throat, not slowing down till he was filling her mouth with cum. Looking up at him, she smiled and gulped him down, not missing a drop. She had touched herself as she sucked him off, cumming as she swallowed his load. And once his head was clear and his balls were blessedly empty, he was able to escape her clutches before going any further.

For a few days, he felt really good. He felt relief. Finally indulging in a bit of sexy times, he felt normal again. But eventually, the hunger returned. It always did. He realized that what he needed wasn't just to cum. What he was hungry for was sex. If he came, within a few hours, the need would return. If he did something like this, like letting that pretty girl down the hall suck his dick... that relief would last much longer.

It wasn't sex. No... he wouldn't go that far to actually slide his big dick into another girl's pussy. That was too far. That was actually cheating. Getting sucked off... that was more of a grey area, wasn't it? Sure, deep down, he knew that this was still pretty much cheating, but in the state he was in, it was what he allowed himself to get away with. As long as he didn't do anything as substantial as actually having his dick inside another woman's cunt, he would get by. There would still be hope for him and Lizzy to last.

This was the beginning of a steady cycle for him. At first, when his head was clear, he would devote himself to his classes, his Church stuff, and his girlfriend. He never exposed his betrayals to Lizzy, obviously. He acted like all was normal as his hunger for more grew. Then, when it became too much to bear, when he just couldn't take it anymore, he would take care of his own, personal needs in a very quiet, discrete manner. He'd sneak off to a place no one knew him and take care of business. Luckily for him, most of his social group weren't the partying type, so he had free reign to do so with little fear of discovery.

One time, he'd ended up at a party just off campus. For the first time, he drank and danced with girls, and acted reckless, feeling like an honest-to-God college student. And it was kinda freeing, acting like this, not being such a stick in the mud. He'd ended up having this skankily-dressed, tanned drunk girl grinding up on him very lewdly, grinding her ass against his hard, throbbing cock. This was done under the auspices of dancing, at least at first. But it eventually devolved into foreplay, grinding on him like a stripper, looking over her shoulder, eyes heavy with lust, the heat in them matching his own. He had enough self-control to hold back from having sex with this girl he didn't know, but he didn't have enough will to resist as she pulled him through the throngs of partiers and pulled him to the bathroom, where she gave him a blowjob so good it made his toes curl.

Another time, he'd ended up at the dorms that had a reputation for partying. A bitchy blonde in a tight, thin, pink top literally marched up to him from across the hall, having never spoken a word to him before, stood right in front of him, and asked, "Do you want to come back to my room and titty-fuck me?" So, yeah, Max went to her room and titty-fucked her, cumming all over her massive orbs.

One other time, he got to talking to a girl that always sat near him in the back of a big lecture hall for his three-hour night class. For the first time, they sat next to each other, him taking a seat next to her. They were flirting slightly, paying attention to each other more than the lecture. When they returned from a mid-lecture break, and he actually decided to start paying attention, she, while not looking at him, suddenly reached down under the desk and put her palm on his crotch. Using her nimble fingers, she undid his fly, lowered the zipper, scooped out his big cock. Then she gave him a friendly, vigorous hand job till he unloaded all over her hand. She glanced at him as she pulled her hand back and licked his seed off her fingers.

He knew it was wrong, which is why he wanted to keep these encounters as one-offs and as meaningless as possible. And again, he hadn't actually had sex with any of these girls. Just... sex-adjacent things. He kept things private, keeping things separate from the social circles he normally lived in. He kept those worlds detached. He made sure this wouldn't affect anything with Lizzy. He loved Lizzy, and he didn't want to hurt her, but he needed to satisfy the dark desires that had been awakened inside him somehow. He certainly didn't feel like a good guy for doing this, but it was the pragmatic choice that allowed him to get by.

These college girls, while not exactly the most well-rounded women, got the job done, taking care of his needs as he allowed them to do what they wanted to him. These were the meaningless encounters he had in mind, simply to slake his hunger for at least a little while. And for a while, this arrangement worked for him.

He kept this arrangement going for the rest of the school year until, finally, a miracle happened. Lizzy and him had a long talk, and she finally admitted that she was ready. She was ready to have sex. She loved him so much, and she couldn't wait another day. He was overjoyed, and yeah, near the end of the semester, they ended up doing it. For her, this was a beautiful moment she'd been waiting her whole life for. Losing her virginity along with the man she loved. It was glorious... for her.

But for him, it was different. She still thought he was virgin, but at this point, he obviously wasn't. Behind her back, he'd gained experience, and he couldn't help but compare her to the other girls. Or more specifically, to Janet. He'd fooled around with those other girls, but the only one he'd actually had intercourse with was Janet, that old slut. As much as he loved Lizzy, in bed... she just didn't compare to Janet. Sure, it was Lizzy's first time, and Janet had a lifetime of experience. Like, seriously, despite her crazy hot body and shockingly sexy good looks, she had to be close to his grandmother's age. But, for an encounter that was supposed to be so monumental, his first time with Lizzy, the girl he loved, he ended up feeling... disappointed. Let down. Sure, it felt good, better than the temporary bits of fooling around he'd done with other girls. But as much as it pained him to admit, it didn't compare to that first encounter with Janet. That old slut was so much better in bed than his young, cute girlfriend... it wasn't even close. If only Max had gotten with Lizzy first, she'd be the one he'd compare all other girls to. But Janet had gotten there instead, and she had set the mark. And that mark hadn't been eclipsed. Not yet. Lizzy provided the relief he needed in the moment, but he'd experienced such boiling, all-consuming lust and pleasure with someone else. And he realized Lizzy simply wasn't capable of that.

This was supposed to be the ultimate. The type of sex that was supposed to be better than anything, but... it just wasn't. He'd had sex with the woman he loved more than anything, and it didn't feel nearly as good as the nasty, lust filled encounter he'd shared with that old slut. The fact that this was the girl he loved didn't mean a damn compared to the overwhelming lust Janet had inspired. He would never be able to get that kind of pleasure with Lizzy. She just wasn't that type of girl. If he married

her, he'd have to resign himself to the fact that he would never experience that type of pleasure again. Could he settle for that?

It felt like a change began here for young Max. Lizzy and him began hooking up on a regular basis all the way through the summer, and sure, it was fun. And yes, it was enough to give him temporary relief, but he knew there was better out there. He couldn't let that fact go. He couldn't forget about that heated lust he'd experienced last Christmas with that old bitch. And it was a sad realization when he realized he was starting to consider the idea that maybe Lizzy wasn't who he was meant to be with. That maybe he was actually meant for something different, since every fiber in his being other than his mind was saying so. From this point on, when he realized that Lizzy might not be the one he was meant to be with, his eyes had begun to drift.

Then a funny thing happened.

Despite his rejection of such notions, his eyes began to drift towards older women. Real women. Women like Janet. She'd set the bar, and after experiencing such disappointing sex with the girl he loved, he began looking for women that might be able to match up to that all-important first time. When he imagined experiencing that type of pleasure again, all he could imagine were women like Janet. Women with the experience and the bodies and the tits to get the job done. He tried to focus on girls his own age, but inevitably, his fantasies kept drifting to older women. Those thoughts always made him cum the hardest.

His mind still tried to resist any notion he might actually hookup with an older woman again, hoping to keep it to just fantasy. While he could admit that Lizzy might not be the girl for him, he hoped to direct his attention to some of the pretty young women all around him. But unfortunately for him, other parts of him felt differently. And as time went on, his deepest, nastiest fantasies would get brought to the surface. In his experience, the only person who had ever got the job done was an older woman, so it wasn't too shocking that his eyes would drift towards older women who he knew could slake his hunger.

And the funny thing was, he noticed them looking back at him too.

One time, when he was home for the summer, he was walking behind some buddies downtown. As he did so, a well-dressed, middle aged woman walked by him. She was good looking enough, without being model-hot or anything like that. But what was most eye catching to him was her body. She had this big, round, meaty ass, and huge, full breasts, hidden behind a nice dress suit. His eyes couldn't help but check her out, and as he did, he realized he'd been beaten to the punch, as she was looking back and checking him out too. To be lusted for by a woman like her, an older, professional woman... it was undoubtedly thrilling. He shook his head to try to clear these thoughts as his cock jumped in his pants.

Another time, he was out at dinner with his folks, and the waitress was this older woman, clad in dark pants and a black, button-up top. She was very attractive, with dark hair, striking eyes, and an olive complexion, and he couldn't help but discretely check her out when she wasn't looking. She was shockingly good looking for a woman her age, and he couldn't stop staring. And when no one was looking at her as she walked past them, she gave him a smile and winked at him, letting him know she was fully aware of his attention and enjoyed it.

One other time, while visiting Lizzy and going to the beach, instead of looking at his cute young girlfriend in her modest bikini, his eyes drifted to a pair of older women strutting their stuff in shockingly skimpy bikinis, especially for women their age, drawing attention from everyone they walked passed. Lizzy turned up her nose at this display, but Max was thinking about their mammoth, practically exposed tits as he pumped into his girlfriend that night, clearly proving that those old sluts turned his crank way more than his sweet loving girlfriend.

Even when he got back to school that fall, he would be tempted. He was heading back to class one time, and an older female professor walked past him. He tried to look straight forward as he moved past her, but he heard her purr approvingly as she walked past him. When he turned back to look at her, she was looking back at him, shaking her ass as she looked back at him and gave the fit young college student an air kiss. With all these older women hitting on him, his mind kept flashing to Janet. Her body. Her tits. Her ass. The crazy, insane sex they'd had. After every one of these encounters, those memories kept coming closer to the front of his mind, and he wasn't rejecting them nearly as much anymore.

For all Lizzy knew, all was well. Better than ever. She was over the moon for Max, and she just knew that he felt the same way. She couldn't stop talking about him to her friends, and she was even wondering if the time would come soon where he'd propose.

But in truth, she hadn't seen the true Max. Only Janet had. She was the only one who'd seen him at his most raw and exposed. Lizzy couldn't even see beneath the surface. She couldn't see the poisonous sin flowing in his veins. She couldn't see his true desires and needs. She was too naïve and in love to realize they were drifting apart, heading in separate directions.

He kept up appearances, acting like all was well, hiding his inner conflict from his girlfriend. Him and Lizzy kept hooking up, but it never got any better for him. If anything, it got less satisfying. Was this what he'd committed himself to for the rest of his life? Did he not want better? Did he not deserve better? A guy like him could have any woman he wanted... right?

He kept up the act that all was well, but his desires were changing and evolving. His needs were becoming more and more clear. His desires and hungers were getting very, VERY specific now, more than they ever had been before. He knew what he wanted now, and it was getting harder to deny it. If anyone were to look at him, they wouldn't see the conflict inside him. They couldn't see how on edge he was. They didn't realize that all it would take would be one push to take him over.

That moment came not too much later, on a day like any other. It happened when his buddies invited him out for another 'MILF Hunt'. They knew he would say no, but they loved teasing the religious young man with this forbidden thing, making him uncomfortably nervous.

They were shocked when he said yes.

He'd heard the stories. He knew the risks. But he also knew the pleasures that could be found, and he wouldn't deny himself that pleasure any longer. He knew the rumors that some guys never returned from the hunt, being sucked into a world they couldn't possibly handle, getting in over their heads before they knew it, at the hands of some truly dominant, evil older women. He'd even known guys who'd done just that, lost in this new

world they thought they could handle. But for Max, it was worth the risk. So, for the first time, Max took part in the 'MILF Hunt', being dragged to one of the MILF hotspots in town, looking for some action. His buddies admitted that a lot of the time, they struck out in actually hooking up with these women, a lot of times having to just settle for some making out and some filthy dancing with them, but the hunt was still fun even if they went home alone. They told him just to manage his expectations, that he might not actually be successful in his first attempt at the 'Hunt'.

But Max did meet a MILF that night.

Oh, did he ever meet a MILF that night. He struck gold, and he didn't realize once he had her in his crosshairs that she already had him in hers. The hunter had become the hunted, and in the state Max was in, he was very easy prey. Needless to say, she took Max home that night.

After leaving his friends behind and experiencing the 'MILF Hunt' for himself, Max did not come back. He stopped coming to class. He was never at his dorm room. His buddies couldn't get a hold of him, either.

The 'MILF Hunt' had claimed another victim, but to be honest, Max couldn't imagine himself being anywhere else.

Lizzy never saw him again. She heard rumors about what he'd done, and what he was last seen doing. She was completely heartbroken, and in disbelief, and even a little worried. This was so not the guy she knew. Did he get tricked into something? Was he okay? She just wanted to talk to him, just once, to see if this whole thing was some big mistake. Some colossal misunderstanding. But the fact that he never returned her calls was probably all the answer she needed.

She needn't worry. Max was more than okay. He had returned to something he'd vowed he'd never do again, and it was even better than the first time. Better even than Janet. He couldn't get enough.

Max didn't come home for Christmas, giving his family a vague explanation to his whereabouts, just enough where they wouldn't ask questions. But they did ask questions, and this caused the older woman he was with to

get on the phone and state, in her calm, confident, firm voice, that Max will be well cared for from now on, and that they didn't need to call back again... ever. Family, which meant so much to him... cut out from his life in one calm stroke. And when Christmas day hit, he didn't even go to church. He was that far gone now.

He'd spent the previous Christmas fucking an older woman, and he spent this one doing the same thing. And he just knew he'd be doing the same thing the next year. And the next. And the next. For eternity. This handsome, fit young man that all the girls liked would never once have sex with a girl his own age. Janet had said he'd spend the rest of his life making an older woman like her very happy, and she'd been proven right.

She was SO right.

That was what Christmas had done to Max. He was this bright light. This paragon of virtue. A guy who everyone thought was going places. A leader of people, who some thought could lead a whole country. Just a great human being, an example to others that people could still be good in such trying times.

That destiny had been subverted and perverted. That bright light of an individual, this kind, sweet, gentle young man who was seemingly destined for such great things... his destiny was now to spend the rest of his life devoted to fucking older women.

And he wouldn't have it any other way.

That's what Christmas had turned him into.

Doris Carroll had been proud of herself and her neighbors on Fourth Street for another great Christmas. She knew the world was becoming more and more jaded, but she was happy to see her street act like a beacon for the greatness of Christmas. Even if the rest of the world was slowly

deteriorating, if there could still be an example for all that is good and true, there was still hope yet.

But as she was about to learn, the great show their street put on for Christmas was a façade. A fake. A glitzy event hiding the corruption emanating from within Fourth Street. And as time went on during the next year, the rot at the core of this little hamlet began to finally show through. This was all revealed to the naïve Doris in slow, steady drips.

The first sign that something was off was the first time Doris saw her old rival Janet post-Christmas. She looked like a whole new woman. Janet looked younger, skinnier, more fit, and, uh... perkier where it counted. Had she gotten surgery or something? No... she'd never been out of sight, and if she'd gotten work done, there would have had to be some recovery time. This sudden change, her rival looking 20 years younger... it was impossible to explain. When Doris asked Janet about it when they ran into each other in the neighborhood, Janet got snotty about it.

"Clean living and a well-balanced diet, dear," Janet said with an arrogant smile. No diet in the world could have this affect, but Doris preferred to not deal with Janet any more than she had to, so she let the subject drop.

"So, how's the family?" Janet asked.

"Oh, uh, they are well," Doris replied politely.

"Yeah, I had a long, hard conversation with that grandson of yours, Max," Janet said, barely able to hide her smirk. "He's... grown up quite a lot, hasn't he? He is certainly something..." Doris knew that her grandson had grown up quite a bit, and while she appreciated the compliment, she didn't appreciate hearing these things from Janet, knowing her reputation. Doris wanted to put her foot down and clear out boundaries.

"Yes, he's grown up quite a bit. And he's a good, church going young man, and he has a girlfriend he loves very much," she said very pointedly. At this, Janet grinned.

"Yes, yes, I'm sure," she said, laughing to herself before parting ways with her old rival. Doris didn't like the sound of that laugh, or her fascination with her grandson, but she chose not to pay it too much mind, continuing on as normal. Janet was often strange to Doris, and she didn't allow her old rival to get her down about the positive state of Fourth Street.

But this was just the start.

Thanks to her new body and vivacious appearance, Janet was suddenly a lot more popular. She and Polly were suddenly closer than usual, as if they had more to identify with each other now. Sylvia was right there with them, becoming very friendly and cliquy. Doris didn't know if Janet was sharing her secret about her sudden physical changes with them, but she certainly wasn't with her. These three formed a very tight group, and they were just getting started. They even brought Lacey into the fold, forming a cool girls' group, even within this friendly neighborhood. And Doris... she was suddenly the uncool one on the outside.

It seemed like those four had all become closer, hanging out even outside of the neighborhood meetings. Sans Janet, Doris considered them all friends. She was at least on good terms with all of them. But now, it suddenly felt like she was being excluded from something. Even Lacey, who was so kind and sweet, was now simply polite towards her, and it was only with the others that she seemed to really come alive. Sharing stories about God knows what. Doris couldn't believe that someone as sweet and kind as Lacey would befriend someone like Janet.

Doris remembered when this had first started. As she walked into Sylvia's house for the first neighborhood meeting of the new year, she overheard Lacey talking with Polly and Janet.

"You're kidding me? That's what Bruce does with his free time?" Polly asked.

"I swear! I saw proof," Lacey said, giggling.

"Is that how you convinced him then?" Janet said, smiling wickedly. Lacey blushed slightly and shrugged, making the older women laugh. They'd all

seen Janet in passing, each remarking about her new body in shock, which the older attention whore welcomed. So that part of this meet-up wasn't a shock. But this was their first causal get-together since that eventful previous Christmas, and they were all catching up on what they'd been up to.

"If you saw what he's got, you would too," Lacey said. "I swear, it was like this..." she said, holding her hands a foot apart.

"You're kidding?" Polly said incredulously. Lacey shook her head, smiling. At this, the three women looked up to see Doris approaching.

"Hello," the old woman said to her neighbors. "Talking about Bruce? I saw you got him to put up decorations. I was surprised," she said. At this, the other women laughed slightly, and Doris seemed like she was missing out on a joke.

"Uh, yeah. I was too," Lacey said, looking away, smiling.

"Lacey here was telling us all about the long, hard work she had to do to get him on board," Janet said, making all the other women laugh. Doris shook her head, thinking this was one of Janet's patented crass, inappropriate jokes, and she scowled at her rival. This only spurred on Janet.

"I should tell you girls about the conversation I had with Doris's grandson, Max," Janet began, grinning.

"Janet!" Doris warned her rival, not wanting her to spread any vicious lies about her grandson. Doris began setting down the dish she brought along, and with her back turned, Janet nodded at the other women and promised them the details later.

When the meeting wrapped up, Doris bundled up and grabbed her dish and was the first to leave, expecting the others to leave shortly behind her. But none of them did follow her, and glancing out from her house towards Sylvia's place a few hours later, she saw all the other women still there,

laughing and talking and having more drinks. Sylvia's husband was upstairs, long asleep, not wanting any part of this meeting nonsense, so the girls let loose, trading stories of their misadventures.

Janet, explaining in great detail her seduction and bedding of Doris's grandson Max, and all the glorious details. Sylvia and Polly were both very impressed, and even sweetheart Lacey felt a building admiration for the bawdy older woman.

Lacey, going into even more detail about the thorough fucking she'd received from Bruce, feeling more validated in her actions by the abject approval of the woman surrounding her.

Sylvia, explaining how her and her son-in-law finally consummated their long brewing relationship. She'd gone on for years about how her and Jon had this unspoken thing going on. None of them ever believed it, at least until Sylvia went into the gory details about their Christmas Eve misadventures. She explained this all loudly and shamelessly, even with her husband upstairs. Rog always slept like a rock. He wasn't gonna hear anything.

But Polly topped them all. After much prodding, and a few glasses of wine, she finally admitted to fucking her handsome grandson Connor. The other girls were all shocked by this, especially the young, naïve Lacey. But the others understood. Janet even admitted that she'd scouted him out a few weeks prior, and if she hadn't gotten lucky with Max, she would have gone for Connor. Janet even asked Polly to send Connor her way next time he was around, inciting a laugh and teasing slap from Polly.

The beating heart of sin lying beneath Fourth Street had been exposed, and instead of these four women being horrified by it, they reveled in it. Festered in it. Allowed it to grow. Allowed it to spread. These four women had found something in common, specifically filthy, nasty sex, and after exposing this side of themselves to each other, they were thick as thieves.

And Doris... that poor old bitty would never understand.

That was kinda how it went from that point onwards. It seemed like these other women were bonding behind her back about something beyond her, and she felt increasingly distant from the pulse of the neighborhood.

This feeling only grew.

Rumors and secrets began spreading soon after that first meeting of the year. Nasty rumors getting spread about her neighbors. And it seemed like the source of most of them were those four women. They were all very social and well-connected within the neighborhood, and through them, some secrets began getting out, getting passed around enough that even Doris heard whispers of them. Like the rumor Kevin Burkhouse from down the street apparently hooking up with a college girl, at least from a rumor that Lacey heard. Kevin was a good man, thought Doris. He would never cheat on his wife. She was the mother of his children. That just wasn't how things worked.

These four women loved sharing gossip, trading off the newest chatter over drinks quite often. But as tight as they seemed to be, as soon as one of the four of them was gone, the others would spread rumors about them as well. These women loved gossip, and they shared it like teenagers, and these rumors too reached Doris's ears.

Lacey having sex with that animal Bruce? No... never. Lacey was such a sweetheart. Never. Although, Doris did see her going over to his place a few times. But no... it wasn't possible. She was just being neighborly.

Sylvia seducing her son-in-law? No. She wouldn't do that. Sure, she always did speak so highly of Jon, so effusively about what a handsome man her daughter had married, but no. She knew better.

And then there were the nasty rumors about Polly, about her fooling around with her own... no. Doris couldn't even speak of such a thing.

And then there was the rumor, no doubt spread by Janet, that her and Doris's kind-hearted, pure grandson had, uh... fooled around. No... NO! Every time she heard someone whispering such a vicious, untrue rumor about her proudly virginal grandson, Doris would shut it down and shame

them for spreading such nasty untruths. And it filled her with even more dislike for Janet. The church had taught Doris not to carry hate in her heart, but Janet tested that.

These weren't the only rumors being spread. There were stories going around not just about the women in the neighborhood, but about their families. To Doris, this seemed over the line, but that didn't stop the rumors from spreading and gaining steam.

Sylvia had chatted with this saleswoman at the Capital-Mart, who claimed she had hooked up with a married man named Colin, who sounded a hell of a lot like Polly's son. And that wasn't all the rumors about Polly's sons. Janet heard that her oldest had been seen across town coming out of a church with two sexy young women. Polly dismissed both of these claims upon hearing them, as did Doris. She knew those two. They were good men, just like her own sons.

Another rumor that Lacey had heard was that Sylvia's son had banged one of the company execs during his interview at 'North Pole'. Sylvia, upon hearing this, dismissed it outright, but even she had to admit that his articles about that company seemed bizarrely glowing.

Doris didn't enjoy seeing her neighbors consumed in such rumor mongering, but she did take pride that her family seemed to have avoided such nasty stories. The only one that the girls seemed to be aware of was the Max thing from Janet, but Doris dismissed that immediately.

She dismissed a lot of things about Janet outright. Her behavior lately, the things she'd been saying, the way she'd been dressing, the fact that she seemed to have young men coming through her house all the time... all this allowed Doris to dismiss her and any of the crazy claims she made.

It was at one of the neighborhood meetings that Janet made her craziest claim yet, that the 'Mrs. Claus' lingerie brand had offered her a modeling contract. This was enough for Doris. She'd had enough of her crazy fibs and claims. She'd had enough of the nasty lies and rumors she'd been starting. And she finally said so, laying into Janet during this meeting, letting loose at her rival in a very cathartic way. But Janet simply seemed amused by the old bitty's anger, grinning at her rival.

"I'm not lying, Doris, I can prove it," Janet said. She'd begun looking around, as if trying to locate something. Finally, she looked down at her chest, her low-cut top exposing her expansive cleavage. Reaching down between her breasts with her long, nimble fingers, she pantomimed finding something nestled there. Finally, she grabbed this imaginary thing and removed it, holding up an imaginary card for her rival. "Oh, what's this... oh, it's Max's v-card!" she announced with a grin.

"JANET!" Doris called out angrily. At this point, Janet began grabbing her things and stood up.

"Doris," Janet began. "I'll put an end to the rumors right now. I fucked your grandson! That young man that you speak so highly of, that you said's gonna change the world? I fucked his brains out! And it was really fucking good," she announced, grinning. Doris blanched at this. Janet pulled her stylish purse over her shoulder and approached Doris. "You're gonna have to face facts. Max ain't a virgin anymore, I'm the one that fucked him, and he's into older women now." She then paused before taking one last look at her lifelong rival. "I win."

She walked out proudly at this, and even though Doris was still on good terms with the others at this point, Lacey, Sylvia, and Polly, they all struggled to suppress their laughter. Doris burned with embarrassment and marched home.

That was the last time things even resembled normal on Fourth Street. Doris stopped attending the meetings out of embarrassment, but the others kept meeting, though it probably had less to do with neighborhood business than it did with gossip and rumors. But this didn't last long either, as a series of events occurred that both forever altered the course of Fourth Street and introduced a new threat. And most distressingly for Doris, some of these events gave a bit more evidence to all those vicious rumors that had been swirling across the neighborhood.

First, Polly announced that she was selling the house moving away. Apparently, she was moving in with her young surgeon boyfriend. It was a slightly inappropriate relationship, if you asked Doris. And if she was trying to dismiss those nasty rumors about her and her grandson, the fact that her new boyfriend looked like an older version of Connor certainly

didn't help. For a second, Doris considered that that rumor, as insane as it was, might be true, but she did her to dismiss this thinking, wanting to trust her friend. However, despite these rumors being given more weight, Doris was still sad that Polly was leaving the neighborhood. She'd been here for a long time, and now she was moving outside of town to live with her boyfriend in what was apparently a pretty nice modern place. Polly said the house was too big for her now. Plus, someone had come along and made an offer for her place before it even hit the market, and she couldn't turn that much money down.

And the identity of that buyer was surprising.

'North Pole'.

For some reason, they sudden had taken a great interest in this area, and as soon as Polly was out of there, they were in, working on the house, modifying it, modernizing it. To Doris, it was a bit of an eyesore having all those people working on the house.

But this was just the start of 'North Pole' infiltrating Fourth Street.

Dr. Wen 'suddenly' got an offer from another hospital a few states away, one that 'North Pole' liked to donate to. So, he packed up and headed out, and 'North Pole' bought his house as well.

The Burkhouse's then got a straight-up offer for their house from 'North Pole', an obscene amount of cash. Doris couldn't blame them for taking the offer of selling their house and moving across town to a far nicer place. They had a young family to take care of. That being said, Kevin's wife did mention to Doris that it seemed like their marriage had been strained lately, as Kevin seemed busy at work, and she was hoping this move would help close that distance. At this, Doris remembered the rumors of Kevin cheating on her. But no... it couldn't be. A man like him would never cheat on the mother of his children. Any rumors saying otherwise were crazy. And they seemed happy enough when they moved away, but upon moving, the 'North Pole' people swooped in to upgrade their house.

It seemed like they had announced their intention to sink their claws into Fourth Street, and some of the biggest chips had fallen. Doris was concerned about this, and she got a bit paranoid. Was there something going on here? Was North Pole wanting to take over this humble little street she called home? It seemed so.

Fourth Street was a bastion of Christmas spirit. A little street that came alive at Christmas, going all out to celebrate the greatest holiday in the world. They might have had their best showing the previous year. Now, it seemed like 'North Pole' wanted a piece of the action, and Doris's alarms were up.

They would work on these houses, adding on to some of them fast, modernizing all of them. And once that was done, more people would move in. Young people. Young couples. Each gorgeous and successful. Doris realized that a lot of them worked at the plant, some of them young executives, some of them the heads of various departments. And they were all practically off the pages of some magazine, the men handsome but bland, the women beautiful but soulless, like out of that Stepford movie.

Something definitely was off here.

She expected cooler heads to rise, that someone would say no, but it never came. Bruce already worked there, and he clearly made some arrangement with them. He stuck around the neighborhood, and he even had 'North Pole' people come around to update his house a bit.

And they even got to Lacey. Sweet, kind Lacey. She had always spoke out against 'North Pole', and suddenly, she was on board, a peppy, card-carrying member for this corrupt, billion-dollar corporation. It was like she wasn't the same person anymore. That something had changed inside of her at a root level. She was even dressing differently, in outfits far more revealing. Doris tried to be friendly to her despite all these changes, but at this point, Lacey was practically ignoring Doris at times in favor of her new young friends. How could someone so kind and idealistic change so quickly? Doris recalled the nasty rumors from earlier in the year about her and Bruce. No, Lacey wouldn't do that, but... she'd done so many things lately that seemed out of character. So maybe... maybe there was some truth to it, as awful as that sounded. Nevertheless, something had changed her. Something powerful. It was only then that Doris realized that

something was happening here far bigger than her. Something wrong... something dark that was affecting even the best of them.

'North Pole' never once talked to Doris as they encroached on Fourth Street, but it seemed like she was slowly being surrounded. Her neighbors were falling to them one by one, and bigger dominoes were falling. Despite living here most of her life, even Janet left, leaving quite suddenly, eagerly selling her house to North Pole, disappearing seemingly overnight. And while Doris was happy to see that old whore leave, her heart almost stopped a month later when a catalog was left on her doorstep. A 'Mrs. Claus' lingerie catalog, advertising their new mature lingerie line. And there on the cover, smirking, dressed only in indecent lingerie, highlighting her indecent, impossibly attractive body, was Janet, modeling the slutty garments. She HAD been telling the truth. But... if she wasn't lying about this, did that mean she wasn't lying about Max? No... never!

There was no doubt now. Something WAS happening here. Something dark and evil encroaching her. Doris could feel it, and seeing Janet modeling for a billion-dollar company only cemented this feeling. What had Janet done to suddenly appear so youthful and attractive? Nothing good, no doubt. For changes like that... it felt otherworldly. She truly considered the idea that she had made a deal with the devil, or some dark force. And it felt like 'North Pole' was somehow affiliated with that same darkness.

Luckily, it seemed like the Morris's were holding out. Rog was a stubborn man, and Doris couldn't imagine him selling his house and upending his own life. He was not the type of guy to change the status quo unless absolutely necessary. Doris was relieved, knowing they would never sellout.

She would not be so lucky.

Out-of-nowhere, seemingly, Sylvia just up and left her husband, leaving the area. And the truth was too salacious to hide. Sylvia was caught in bed with her daughter's husband Jon. And not only that, she was caught in the act by her daughter, his wife. The rumors were true. Sylvia and Jon were screwing around. Doris couldn't believe something so scandalous could actually have happened in this neighborhood. All those other things were rumors too, but after having this rumor be confirmed, Doris couldn't help but give more weight to the others.

But in the here and now, Sylvia had absconded with Jon, tearing apart her family in the process, dredging up bad memories for Doris. Sylvia's husband Roger had never seemed so old in the aftermath, and realizing that his home was far too much house for him, he put it up for sale.

'North Pole' bought it before the ink on his divorce papers was dry, and they had him moved out completely within days, ready to get to work and get new people living there.

It was only then, after all her neighbors had been either replaced or absorbed by the oozing slime of 'North Pole', that one of them showed up at Doris's doorstep. A smug little bitch, Hannah something, came to her doorstep, smiling, as if so proud of herself, and made a large money offer to buy her house. She said they would put her up in a nice place across town, but this only angered Doris more. This house had been hers for decades. It would be hers and her family's for decades more. So, Doris, unlike all her neighbors, put her foot down, saying no. She would not be selling her house. But surprisingly enough, Hannah seemed amused by this outcome. She seemed almost excited to have an obstacle in her way.

She would find no help from her neighbors, as they were all seemingly on the side of 'North Pole'. Suddenly, Doris was surrounded by so many new faces. Surrounded by the oozing slime of big business and its dark influence. And those people she knew either had been seemingly absorbed by that darkness, like sweet Lacey, or had joined along with it, like Bruce. It scared her when she went to Lacey for help in all this, only for the sweet young woman to urge her to sell the house. She wasn't even the same person anymore. She had fallen, and that same evil was knocking at Doris's door. But Doris prided herself on being a beacon for honesty and goodness. A beacon for the values of Christmas. And as far as she was aware, her and her family had escaped the dark influence that was spreading across this world so far. But as she was about to learn, the Carrolls had not been so lucky.

First, her son Tim got divorced. She'd heard about it a month or so prior, but it was only later that she discovered the truth. That he had cheated on Viv with his ex, the same one who'd stolen money from him before. And in cheating on her, she'd stolen money from him again. How could Tim have been so foolish? But worse than that, what kind of woman could be so evil as to steal from the same person over and over again? To Doris, this was just another sign of the spreading evil going over not just Fourth Street but

the world. Sin and corruption, it was on the news. The movies. Pop culture. And now, it had reached it her family.

To Doris's knowledge, her Frank hadn't taken part in any cheating, but according to Denise, he'd been extremely busy at work, to the point where she sometimes barely saw him. But based on everything Doris had been seeing around her lately, with people succumbing to lust, some details raised her alarms. The fact that he had a new partner, a woman, who he spent a lot of time with. Plus, he'd taken part in an operation where he was stationed at a strip club for weeks on end. She trusted Frank, but this seemed like a risky situation to put himself into. Plus, there were articles being posted about the police force he worked for, it being called one of the most corrupt in the country, specifically with its officers stealing money and doing inappropriate things with women. Her Frank would never do anything like that. Maybe some of fellow officers did, but not him. He was a good man, a just man, and he would never take part in such corruption. But it did give her pause.

Her oldest, Dan, had seemingly been well-behaved as well, but his children gave Doris a bit of distress. Now at college, Gwen seemed to take the opportunity to dress like a harlot, posting pictures of herself on social media in short shorts and tight tops, hugging her desirable body and showing far too much skin. She even wore clothes that exposed her underwear, doing that thing that girls did where the straps of her underwear rose above the hem of her shorts or pants. Doris didn't want to look too closely, but it appeared that her underwear was inappropriately small. How could someone who used to be so kind and virtuous dress like this? She was raised going to church! How could she behave in such a way? How could Dan let her get away with this? In pictures that showed Dan visiting Gwen at college, he didn't seem to mind at all, standing next to his daughter as she wore such revealing clothes, beaming with fatherly pride. Something seemed off to Doris, but as it was when she heard the rumors about Polly and her own grandson, she found these thoughts so impossible that she immediately pushed them away.

But it was Max who gave her the greatest level of distress. Max, this handsome virtuous young man, was both his mother's pride and joy and Doris's greatest hope for the future. In an ever-changing world, if a man like him could still come around, there was hope. Even as the world around her got worse, even as her friends abandoned her, her neighbors left her, and the evil 'North Pole' spread closer to her, she held out hope for good,

because of him. She dismissed all of Janet's nasty rumors. She had faith in him. She believed in her grandson.

Then his mother called and broke the news.

Max had dumped his girlfriend, dropped out of school, and was now in a relationship with a much older woman.

Apparently, Max had called her, and had explained this all very vaguely. And when his mother demanded answers, the mystery woman, a voice she didn't recognize, got on the phone. She coolly told her that he would be well cared for, and with a cold dominance in her voice, told Connie to never call this number back. Needless to say, Connie was flipping out about this, and Dan was certainly concerned as well. But Doris... her reaction was almost greater than either of them.

Janet was right. Max... Max liked older women. He preferred older women. He'd... lain with older women. And if this was true, that also all but confirmed Janet's other boast.

Janet and Max had sex.

Doris was crushed by this revelation. Shattered. Max was so kind and optimistic and good-hearted, and he too had fallen to the sins of the flesh. And not just to anyone, but to Janet, the woman Doris hated more than anything. An old, nasty, evil whore! That woman had won over this kind, generous, intelligent young man and corrupted him. And if he could fall, anyone could.

This was when Doris's optimism about the world died.

If Janet was right about this, it probably meant she was telling the truth about all of it. Maybe Doris had been too blind to see. Too old-fashioned to understand the way the world worked now. She'd ignored all those nagging doubts, all those nasty rumors, even as evidence amounted. But if she could be so wrong... maybe she was wrong about all of it. Maybe Fourth Street, its families, and the world at large had been corrupted to the core.

Maybe Polly did have sex with her own grandson. Maybe Polly's son cheated on his wife with a slut who sold lingerie. Maybe her oldest son was palling around with two young whores. Doris already knew about Sylvia's dirty dealings. But maybe her son Liam had been absorbed into the evil of 'North Pole' as so many others had, getting seduced into submission by one of their execs. Maybe Kevin Burkhouse did cheat on his wife. Maybe Lacey did have sex with that brutish beast Bruce.

And maybe... maybe her family was just as poisoned as the rest. Maybe Frank had become a corrupt cop and fooled around and caroused with all sorts of nasty women. Maybe Dan was having sex with his own daughter. And she already knew Tim had cheated, but if she knew that, she could only imagine the bad stuff she didn't know with him.

Maybe the world was corrupt. Forever broken. Maybe Doris had been the last holdout.

But now she was surrounded. Enemies all around her, no friends in her neighbors' houses, only those who'd surrendered to the evil of 'North Pole', excluding Doris from all neighborhood events in the process. Her neighborhood wasn't the same anymore. A shining veneer to the artificiality of 'North Pole'. It looked brighter, fancier, and more expensive.

It didn't look like home.

Doris suddenly hated being at home. Hated that she had no more friends. Hated that her family had been touched by the sins of the world. Hated that the little street she'd nurtured for her whole life had been destroyed in such a short amount of time. The world was poisoned, Fourth Street had rotted, and the Carrolls had been broken.

She'd failed. Her life's work, a failure.

It certainly didn't help that 'North Pole' was hammering at her in every legal way it could, trying to drive her out. Almost the next day after that bitch came to her door asking Doris to sell her house, she began getting lots of robocalls on behalf of 'North Pole', speaking of all their successes,

to the point where Doris had to unplug her landline to escape it. She began getting stuff in the mail, both catalogs from 'North Pole', and mailers about retirement homes for the old and enfeebled.

It all took its toll on the old woman. Her whole world had collapsed around her, and she didn't have the strength anymore to stand up to all this. How could one woman hope to stand against a billion-dollar organization? It was time to cut her losses.

Doris called up that bitch Hannah and offered to sell the house. Ever smug, Hannah offered her less than her initial offer, less than what she'd offered any of her neighbors. But at this point, Doris simply took the deal.

By the time Christmas hit, Doris had been moved to a far smaller house on the other side of Deerberg. She brought up maybe living with Dan and Connie for a bit, but Dan, while sympathetic, was not really keen on this idea, not voicing his true reasoning on how it would impact his own personal business. So, as Christmas approached, with so much going on, Doris was alone. Dan and Connie were back home with Gwen, still reeling from the fallout of Max's choice. Frank had been so busy with work that he wanted to stay home with Denise and his daughter. Tim... God knows what he was up to. He'd been in a drunken stupor since his divorce. The world had upended all of them, and that left Doris alone with her failures. She couldn't stop thinking about the house she lost, the life she'd lost. She had to see what had become of it.

She had to see Fourth Street one more time.

That night, she drove across town, driving down towards Fourth Street for the first time since leaving. Snow was falling, but the roads weren't bad yet. Despite her history living there, she kinda hoped Fourth Street would be desolate as the world rejected them and their corporate ways. But when she made the turn on the street leading to Fourth Street, she had to come to a stop quickly.

There were cars backed up the entire road, just hoping for a glimpse of Fourth Street. She'd never seen it so packed. Doris couldn't even get close. She had to park her car on a side road and walk the rest of the way.

The street was lit up, not just by Christmas lights, but with spotlights, beams of light swirling in the air. Each of the houses were covered in Christmas lights, blinking in some pattern controlled by computers, all in sync with Christmas music. The lawns were adorned with all sorts of decorations, as were the streetlamps, and the archway at the head of the street was now permanent. Families young and old were driving by or walking along the sidewalks, just in awe of this incredible Christmas display. Doris swore she could even see some actual reindeer in one of the lawns at the end of the street.

Doris was overwhelmed by what she saw as she got to the entrance to Fourth Street. What had they done to her Fourth Street? It was all so flashy and garish. Gone was the cozy, humble little hamlet that she'd lived her life on. Here now was this flashy modern display. And she could see merchandise stands set up, with workers selling things to the people enjoying the sights. It seemed tragic to Doris, but to everyone else, they were in awe. The Christmas display on Fourth Street was more popular than ever.

Standing at the end of the street, she looked towards her old house, now adorned like crazy with Christmas decorations to an almost overwhelming degree. It was all so tacky. Doris watched the front door open, only to see that bitch Hannah step out, dressed in an ugly Christmas sweater, with decorative reindeer horns on her head, dancing with the Christmas music. Did she live there now? Did that bitch live in her house? Hannah scanned the crowd happily, savoring the fruits of her labor. And as she did, she caught sight of Doris at the end of the street, the old woman looking at this garish display on her former home with disgust.

Hannah waved at her.

A sickeningly sweet, knowing wave, the mask of friendliness hiding a true evil behind it. Doris turned away, sighing, a spark leaving her at this. That final bit of hope and positivity left her forever. It was officially over. She had lost. She had lost her home to this evil corporation. To that evil bitch.

Fourth Street always felt like the last holdout of the old Christmas traditions. The old Christmas ways. But there was a war happening between that old, traditional Christmas, and the new one. The modern one.

This evil, soulless holiday. This warped version of the greatest holiday in the world.

And the worst thing was that this new Christmas was winning.

If you want evidence of it, if you want evidence that the world was falling victim of to the avarice of sin and flash this holiday now represented, you only had to do one thing.

Just look at Fourth Street, and what it had become.

(In another place...)

The elder community of 'Silent Valley' was not the type of place where much of interest ever happened. Located not terribly far from Deerberg, it was an apartment complex that housed old folks. It was not the kind of place with people that needed constant care, but a dwelling where the elderly would settle and still be able to live a normal life, but with a staff that would be able to help them out if needed. Located in the middle of a decently sized city, nothing of great importance ever really happened there.

Until today.

One occupant, an occupant who had been there for a few years now, had a pretty incredible history, one she never shared with anyone. After what had happened to her, she was looking for some peace and quiet to live out the rest of her years, and this place ended up providing her what she needed, an escape from her past. Unfortunately for her, that past was coming back to meet her.

A pair of heavily armored SUVs pulled up to the front door of this quiet apartment complex. From the rear vehicle, two beefy bodyguards emerged, tall and intimidating looking, dressed in suits. With them was a woman, a pretty blonde woman in glasses, although at the moment, she looked a bit tired and worn out. But she shook it off as she and the two large men entered the apartment building, meeting with the front desk, looking for quiet, discrete entrance into the building with no interruptions. The woman negotiated with the large woman at the front desk, the blonde using her boss's high standing to gain permission to enter the building and the info on the person they were looking for. Once this was secured, one of the bodyguards headed back to the front door, waving the occupants of the other SUV inside. Two more large bodyguards emerged from that SUV, one of them opening the back door, waiting for his boss to emerge.

And emerge she did.

From the SUV emerged an amazingly stunning woman. A brunette with long lustrous hair and truly gorgeous features, sharp hazel eyes, a thin nose, and plump, smooth sneering lips. She looked to be maybe 30 or so. Her body was clad smartly in a form-fitting red business suit. A thin red blazer with white trim around the pockets, worn over a silky white, button-up top, each doing their best to contain her absolutely mammoth breasts, while also highlighting her slim waist. Down below, a slim, red pencil skirt, clinging to her firm thighs and perfect, upturned ass. Her calves were left exposed by the knee-length skirt, and her feet were adorned in expensive looking red stiletto heels.

Carrying a small, fashionable purse and flanked by two beefy bodyguards, she began walking towards the apartment building, heels clicking on the sidewalk. Once inside, they were joined by the other two bodyguards and the blonde assistant as they made their way into the building. They gained attention as they moved, catching the stares from the old folks as they walked by.

The woman in red... was she famous? Was she a star of some sort? Was someone here related to her? People tried to recognize her, but they couldn't quite place her. She was wearing these big, gaudy sunglasses that obscured her face somewhat. It looked like the thing celebrities would wear when they were out in public and didn't want to be recognized. And it seemed to be working, because no one could figure her out. And that... that was by design. She made it a goal not to be recognized. Even though

she was uncommonly gorgeous, she was too important and too prominent to put her face out there. She had too many enemies to do that. That being said, she was a bit of an exhibitionist by nature, so keeping a low profile went against every fiber of her being. But she found an outlet for that. Even though she kept her identity hidden from the public, let's just say she wasn't shy about showing off other parts of herself to the world.

The group packed themselves into an elevator with the woman in red at the center, surrounded by her entourage. As soon as they reached their floor, they marched out of the elevator and down the hall, towards room 823. As soon as they reached that door, one of the bodyguards knocked on the door loudly. The group waited impatiently as they heard footsteps from behind the door. Finally, the door was pulled open, and from within emerged an old woman. A head shorter than the woman in red, with shoulder-length white hair, she had a friendly face, with a warm smile and these small glasses that old ladies always seemed to have. She also had puffy cheeks, and a fair number of wrinkles. She was an old lady... that usually comes with the territory. She was a stout, short woman, a bit thick around the waist, a victim of the weight gain that always seems to come with aging. She was dressed conservatively, with a green sweater and a long, ankle length dress. She had a smile on her face as she greeted her guests, but when she saw the woman in red, her smile collapsed.

"Hello, Agatha," the woman in red said to the old lady, smiling confidently.

"Beatrice..." the old woman, Agatha, replied.

In the apartment was Agatha, or as she used to be known as, Mrs. Claus. Or, at least, the old Mrs. Claus, ex-wife of Santa Claus himself. And clad in red and white in front of her was the new hotness, Nick's new main squeeze, the new Mrs. Claus, Beatrice.

Upon seeing her, the old woman couldn't help but immediately judge the younger woman's wardrobe. Agatha used to wear a big red and white poofy coat and a long, ankle-length dress up at the North Pole, in solidarity with her husband. Even though her husband didn't actually wear the stereotypical Christmas garb while handing out presents, or in his day-to-day life, Agatha welcomed being a warm, friendly beacon of traditional Christmas values. But this woman... she felt differently. Instead of something more traditional and conservative, she wore a sluttified version of a Mrs. Claus outfit. Slim. Figure-hugging. Sexy. Highlighting her body was its primary function, and its red and white Christmas coloring

secondary. It was a symbol of her perverse take on this most important of holidays.

"Can we come in?" Beatrice asked, pulling Agatha from her thoughts. There was no question this group wasn't going anywhere before they could enter. Sensing this, Agatha relented.

"Fine..." the old lady said, stepping back. While two of the bodyguards and the assistant remained outside, Beatrice and two bodyguards stepped inside the old woman's apartment, walking past her quickly.

Beatrice pulled off her sunglasses and pocketed them before looking around, studying her surroundings. The apartment was... small. And cozy. And kind of narrow. Other than the living room, it was a little cramped getting around. And it wasn't even that nice either. It had a bunch of old-lady-style decorations, fabrics and old dolls and figurines. She also had a big heavy looking bookshelf filled with thick, old looking books. Beatrice turned up her nose at all this, finding this humble little existence disgusting. The only bits of technology she had were her kitchen appliances, an old wall-phone, and a boxy TV. Everything was scented as if she always seemed to have scented candles lit, and there was a small Christmas tree in the corner.

One bodyguard remained at the door while the other stood at the edge of the kitchen. Agatha approached slowly, unsure as to what was going on.

"Why are you here?" Agatha said, her firm tone unusual for a woman so normally friendly. At this, Beatrice stared down at the old woman. She couldn't help but upturn her nose at the sight of her.

"Agatha... you look like dogshit," the young woman said, making the old woman look down, ashamed. The last time Beatrice saw her, Agatha didn't look like this. Sure, Beatrice had her beat back then too, but the difference in Agatha was striking. "The aging charm wears off that fast, huh?"

Nick was a very special man. He didn't look like the Santa you see in stories. He wasn't some old fat guy with a bushy white beard. No, he was a young hunk, who was gifted with an almost eternal youth, leaving him

looking like a young stud of thirty for hundreds of years now. And because of this gift, the woman he chose as his spouse shared the same gift. When he was with Agatha, she never aged. She looked the same age as him, about thirty. When she was with him, she was this friendly, sweet, kind young woman. She gave off a very matronly vibe. And being Mrs. Claus, that helped with the job. Sure, she was a bit soft around the edges, even then, but her and Nick had a pure love that seemed to be endless.

And then, just a few years prior, he showed up with Beatrice, this huge-breasted, hot-bodied seductress on his arm, and before she could even greet her husband, he and Beatrice were locked behind closed doors, doing god knows what together. Agatha still remembered the screaming they could all hear behind the closed doors. The cursing. The moaning. It was... it was a nightmare. Just like that, Agatha had been replaced. He had a new love, and the years and years he spent with Agatha suddenly meant nothing. After days of crying as her true love and soulmate kicked her out of her home and replaced her with a hotter model, she barely had time to fill a couple trunks with her things before being shipped away, forced to make her way on her own.

With their marriage ended, Agatha was no longer under the protection against aging that she once had. And now that that was gone, it seemed like she was aging at a rapid rate, as if she had to catch up to her actual age, which was not a good thing for her as she had been around far longer than any normal person had ever lived. Each year felt like she aged 7-10 years. Just a few years prior, she was a young 30. Now, she looked like she was in her 70's. And unfortunately for her, Beatrice had gained that protection against aging, so standing in front of this woman who used to be the same age as her made Beatrice look even better.

"What are you doing here?" Agatha asked, trying to ignore the younger woman's slights.

"Well," Beatrice again, not even looking at the old woman. "I think it's time we talked." As she said this, her eyes studied the bookshelf, before letting her thin fingers grab one of the thick, heavy books and slide it out, opening it up. Inside it of it were all her old notes. Handwritten notes on old thick paper. It looked to be her old lists that she'd done when she was in control of the naughty/nice lists. Name after name listed in these notes, some on the good list, some naughty. Lists dating back years, all the way up to her last year at the North Pole. God knows why she'd want to hold on to this

stuff after years and years, especially when she had such little time to grab her things before leaving. But Beatrice paid this little mind before putting the book back on the shelf.

"What do you want to talk about?" Agatha said. At this, Beatrice turned to look at her again.

"Take a seat," Beatrice said, gesturing towards the old woman's poofy couch. Agatha nervously obliged. As she did so, one of Beatrice's men pulled out an old, cushioned metal chair from the edge of the kitchen table and brought it over so that it was facing Agatha. Before Beatrice sat down, she waited expectantly. Moving quickly to act, the man grabbed a nearby hand towel and brushed the dust off the chair, as if her perfect ass couldn't sit on anything less than ideal. Finally, the red clad woman sat down facing Agatha. Then, she looked straight at the older woman.

"Well, since leaving the North Pole, it seems like you have an issue keeping your mouth shut!" Beatrice said harshly.

"What?" the older woman said, confused as she was dressed down by this younger woman.

"Oh, I hear that you've been talking to reporters. A reporter named Liam Morris," Beatrice said, and this revelation caused Agatha to look away.

"That's right, we know about that," Beatrice said, crossing her legs and smoothing out her skirt. "We got to him, and now... he's on our side. He sold you out pretty quickly too." Agatha looked up at the brunette, scared. "So, I guess I have to ask... what are you trying to do, Agatha? Are you trying to ruin Christmas? Are you trying to ruin Nick and I? Is this some half-assed form of revenge against me?" At this, all the anger and resentment that had built up inside Agatha for years since being shunned from the North Pole was brought to the surface.

"It's obscene what you've turned Christmas into!" Agatha said angrily. Beatrice simply smirked.

"Obscene?" Beatrice questioned. "Christmas is more popular than ever!" It was true. After years of falling numbers, Christmas spirit seemed to be more far-reaching than it ever had been before.

"Popular because you've made a mockery of its true spirit!" Agatha replied. "You've warped it and twisted it into something amoral and disgusting." Beatrice smiled and rolled her eyes pityingly.

"Well, Agatha, people these days don't want little shitty figurines and wooden building blocks," Beatrice replied. "It's no wonder people stopped giving a shit about Christmas with the shit you were supplying them. People's tastes have... evolved. Christmas has to evolve to match them."

"Is that your excuse for plastering your boobs and your butt everywhere like a... trollop?" Agatha said. Agatha recognized that body in all the ads for the 'Mrs. Claus' lingerie. "Christmas branded lingerie? Seriously?" At this, Beatrice smiled proudly.

"If showing off my tits and ass gets more people on board with the spirit of Christmas... isn't it my responsibility to do so? Isn't that the job?" Beatrice asked. "And clearly, it works! My body saved Christmas! My big boobs saved Christmas! Christmas is more popular than ever! More popular than it ever was under your reign."

"It's... it's... it's not right!" Agatha said judgmentally. "You... you... you broke the rules! You started rewarding the people on the naughty list and penalizing those on the good unless they jumped ship!"

"Christmas had to change, Agatha. It's not, like, the 1840's or whatever anymore," Beatrice began. "It was either fade away into obscurity, clinging to your morals like you would have done, or evolve, inject some tits and ass into the proceedings, and help Christmas rise again! I made the smart choice. The natural state of all men and women is sin. Why not reward people for giving themselves what they truly need?"

"It's disgusting!" Agatha replied. "Christmas is a time for peace and love and tranquility. You're encouraging women to act like whores! You're rewarding men who indulge such... perversions!"

"We're doing a lot more than that," Beatrice said with a laugh, wearing this accusation with pride. "We're modernizing everything about Christmas! The outfits! The decorations! Mistletoe! Candy Canes! All the old standbys of Christmas, new and improved. Sprinkled with sin and lust. And Agatha... the sales are off the charts! Haha! People are loving the results! Soon, our products will be in every home. Every happy home, Agatha, will be bathed in the rightful sin of modern-day Christmas! It's... beautiful." Agatha looked at the younger woman, horrified.

"You're tipping the scales," Agatha said. "You're not proving anything! You're drugging people with your sin and wickedness, and when they fall victim, you act like this proves the heart of man is impure. You're making the choice for them!"

"No, no, no," Beatrice replied, shaking her head. "What fun would that be? Sure... during the beta stages of testing our products, there were some minor snafus. Yes, some men and women became so dangerously consumed by the sudden lust and sin our products caused that they lost all self-control. But our products are finely tuned now. All they do is give the gentlest of pushes. They merely crack open a door that might have been fully closed before. It's up to them to go all the way. If a person's spirit is truly pure, if their will is strong enough... they will never be corrupted. I can't change that. But even I didn't expect these results. It's amazing, really. If there is some shred of lust buried deep inside the purest man's heart, our products will expose it. Even the smallest bit of poison in a man's veins works wonders. You'd be amazed at how many kind, honest, well-adjusted men on the good list will give up everything just to spend every night porno-fucking a whore with massive tits! How many women who act all demure and mature and confident will go crazy when exposed to a big, thick, meaty cock, no matter the man it's attached to! The results are clear. People don't want true love. In the end, it doesn't really matter to them. What they want is sinful lust! We're not creating something that's not there. We're giving the people what they want. What they truly want. The world's sliding down that way anyways. We're just... expediting the process. And so far... our work is going better than even I expected."

Agatha was shocked and terrified, and she couldn't find the words to deny such sin. But finally, she spoke up.

"It's wrong," Agatha affirmed, not backing down. "The foundation of what you've built is hollow. It will collapse eventually!" Beatrice smirked.

"Christmas is stronger than ever, hon," Beatrice stated. "Sure, we have had a few hiccups in our operation. Nosy reporters, loudmouth, disgruntled former workers. And we have those Ice Siren pests poking around the North Pole. But all that's nothing we can't handle. And trust me... we're gonna handle them. Honey... we're only getting stronger. You trying to get your little revenge on me for stealing your man is the only threat to Christmas. All you would accomplish is taking the joy out of all those people's hearts because the Christmas I give them is gone. Do you want to be the one to ruin Christmas for everyone, Agatha?" Beatrice asked coldly.

"Can... if I could just talk to Nick for just a little bit..." Agatha began. Ever since that night Beatrice came back with Nick, she had never gotten a good conversation with him. She wanted to talk to him just once, to understand what had happened, to try to make him understand his grave mistake in choosing this harlot over her. But as soon as she brought this up, the brunette shook her head.

"No..." Beatrice said simply, then she smiled evilly. "Hon, you don't understand... I'm not just some lone dictator. No... Nick fully supports me. He is on my side completely! As is everyone else. They fucking love me up there! Way more than they ever liked you. Because... I give them all what they really want!"

"No..." Agatha sighed. It wasn't just Nick she missed. Agatha had friends, longtime friends up there. They couldn't have all sold her out so quickly for Beatrice. No... not possible.

"This... pivot... in how we do business... I have the full support of Nick, your ex-husband. You might think he's some delicate little flower like you, but... he gets it. He understands now," Beatrice explained. "So... you trying to undermine us... all you are doing is undermining him. I know you still love him, Agatha. I know that love still burns inside you for him, even though he loves me now, not you. If you still love him and want to make him happy, the best thing you can do is stay out of the way. If you truly love him, let him grow. Let him evolve. Let him flourish."

This tact surprised the older woman, and she couldn't find any words.

"Listen..." Beatrice began. "He's happy now! So happy! Happier than he's ever been!" she said, and her words stung Agatha. "We've had five babies, Agatha! Five! They're a handful for sure, especially the twins, but Nick is absolutely crazy for them. He loves them so much! I know he wants more, like a whole gaggle of them, but we might need to take a break. The lingerie line's really taking off, and I need to look my best. But yeah, he's a great dad!" Each of these words, these intimate moments they were sharing that Agatha couldn't take part in, stung even more. "Do you want to get in the way of his happiness? Do you want to be the one to end his fun, cause I don't think that will win him back, honey..."

Agatha kind of felt frozen. Beatrice was right. Bringing down Beatrice would also bring down Nick. Agatha still loved Nick, and despite everything, she wanted him to be happy. She didn't want to be the one to get in the way of that.

"Let him go, Agatha," Beatrice said. "He's out of your reach now." She was right. Nick was on a new path. It was too late for them, and she had to admit that fact. There was no talking him back now.

"So, I'm going to ask you to stop running your mouth," Beatrice said, her tone harsher again. "All you're doing is getting innocent people caught in the crossfire. That reporter you talked to, Liam? He was in a great relationship to a girl he loved. But then we got to him. He's on our side now, and he's cheating on his girl like crazy now! That guy loves that nasty pussy, and without you bringing him into the game, he would have never been made to realize that."

Was this true? That young man seemed so kind and earnest and sweet. Had that been changed? Was Agatha the one responsible?

Finally, Beatrice stood up and smoothed out her skirt.

"I don't want to have to do this, again," Beatrice stated. "What I want, and what Nick wants, is for you to simply accept that what's happened has happened, that what Christmas has become is out of your hands. Stay out

of the way, be quiet, and live out the rest of your life in peace. Don't make me do this again. I won't be so nice next time." At this, she put her sunglasses back on. Glancing at her bodyguard poised in the kitchen, he joined her at her side and made her way out, heels clicking on the floor as her butt shook side-to-side. Minutes later, she was back in her SUV, being driven away from this shit-hole town.

Agatha was left in silence. The future of Christmas was hers for years and years, but now, it was in the hands of the twisted little slut. And she had so much power and control over it that she was running their operation like a mob, handing out threats and sending out messages. And when someone moved against them, like that reporter Liam had, they were 'convinced' to join the fold. And by being forced into silence, Agatha had been convinced also.

Christmas had changed, and it was due to one irrefutable fact. The fate of Christmas was on the shoulders of that evil slut Beatrice, and she was taking the holiday into the future. She had the looks, the mind, and the body to do the job, and her work would go as far as those attributes would take her. So, needless to say, this bitch was going places. Christmas was going to reach new heights under her guidance, not just their operation, but their 'North Pole' company. Their reach and their influence would spread out as far as Christmas could reach.

Beatrice was going to change the world. And she was only getting started.

THE END