

The Haunting of Palmer Mansion

Chapter 14



DARK STONE STORIES

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“What happened to you?” Maxamed eyed his naked wife. She was in the middle of seducing him, which was an oddity, and now her body had clearly changed. Sometime in the last few days, her breasts had expanded dramatically. Maxamed crossed his arms over his naked chest as he sat on the edge of the bed.

“I’ve been eating more.” Khadra didn’t know how she had hoped it would go the first time he saw her naked after she’d taken that accursed deal, but it wasn’t this. “That is all.”

“Do not lie to me, woman.” Maxamed squinted his dark eyes.

“Sorry.” Khadra put her arm over her large breasts. Those boobs felt so out of place on her chest. “I believe it was the house. The Anderson boy is possessed by a demon.”

“Who?”

“Daniel,” Khadra squeaked.

“Did he touch you?” Maxamed raised his voice.

“No, no.” Khadra stepped over to her closet and pulled out a long robe. She wrapped herself. There was no way she’d tell Maxamed the real situation. That she was trying to seduce her own husband to give his seed a fighting chance against that eighteen-year-old’s sperm inside her. “But the last time we were there he looked at me in an unnatural way, and then this.” She waved her hands at the slope of her robe over her round breasts.

“Are you sure it’s him?”

“Yes, husband.” Khadra nodded with solemnity.

“Then something must be done.” Maxamed got off the bed and put on his own robe.

“Maybe we should leave it be.” Khadra was glad he’d put something on. She used to think his manhood a mighty rod, but now she mostly felt sorry for her husband.

“And leave you like this?” Maxamed shook his head. “I will not have demons playing with my wife’s body. Who knows what else they would do to you? No, we will drive the demon from that boy. And from our lives.”

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“Morning, Mom,” Brittney mumbled when she found Julie making breakfast in the kitchen.

“Goodness, Brit, you startled me.” Julie stopped what she was doing, turned her head, and stared at her slender daughter. “Look, we have to talk about last night.”

“Can I get another bowl of cereal?” Daniel yelled in from the dining room.

“I don’t want to talk, Mom.” Brittney looked down at her socks. The thought of having a heart to heart about what happened mortified her. Even worse, all she could think about now that she was near Julie again was how much she wanted to squeeze her mom’s breasts. Good God, she really wanted to devour Julie’s sweet milk. Brittney wondered if Julie’s boobs were leaking milk right then. She winced at the thought. She needed to have purer thoughts.

“We’re going to talk, young lady.” Julie grabbed Brittney’s hand and led her out through the dining room. “Can you serve yourself, Danny? I can’t get you more breakfast right now,” Julie said.



“Well, yeah.” Daniel eyed them as they raced by.

“Where’s the fire?”

“Brit and I just need to have a talk about boy troubles.” Julie flashed a stiff smile at Daniel and led Brittney out of the room and down the hall. She turned into the library and closed the door behind them. A dim, cool light filled the room as the sun worked its way over the horizon.

“Look, I thought I was dreaming. Okay?” Brittney tried to strike a defiant tone, but she found her gaze glued to Julie’s enormous boobs.

Even under the ridiculously large sweatshirt her mother wore, her boobs stood out proudly. “I ... I ... just ...”

“Eyes up here.” Julie pointed to her own eyes. Had she ever been ogled like this by another woman? She certainly didn’t remember it. And her own daughter, too.

“Mom ... I ... can’t ...” Brittney’s eyes didn’t leave her mom’s chest. She took a step toward her mother and tugged nervously at the hem of her dress. “... stop thinking ... about ...”

“Stop it this instant, Brit.” Julie tried to look stern. “Listen to me, young lady.”

“It wasn’t like anything else I’ve ever tasted.” Brittney’s gaze flitted up to her mom’s face for an instant and then dropped back down. “Could I have one more taste, Mom? I mean, you used to feed me all the time when I was a baby. You probably had Danny and me one on each boob, right?”

“No. I mean, yes I did, but no. Let’s just talk about what happened. We can’t –” Julie sucked in her breath as her lithe, eighteen-year-old daughter deftly lifted Julie’s oversized sweatshirt and slid her head under. Julie felt a line of soft, little kisses work their way up her belly. Warm fingers grabbed her bra cups and pulled them down. Then she felt her daughter’s lips lock on her left boob. “Oooooohhhhhhhh, sweetie.” Her hands involuntarily moved behind Brittney and pressed her warmth into her. “Wait ... your father will be down in a minute. He’ll come looking for me.” But the gentle rhythmic sucking felt too good to stop. So, Julie just held her and let her drink. They stood like

that for several minutes in the brightening room.

“Mmmppphhhhhh.”

Brittney, under the sweatshirt, guzzled the milk that flowed freely from the nipple in her mouth. She snaked her hands farther under Julie’s shirt and grabbed each tit. She squeezed the soft, heavy flesh in time with each gulp. She could get used to this. What would it be like to have this for breakfast every day? So sweet and filling. She felt her mom move backwards, and Brittney moved with her.

Julie sat down on the sofa and let Brittney snuggle up in her lap, with her legs curled and tucked by Julie’s right thigh.

“Jules?” George’s voice came muffled through the door as he walked down the hall. “Where are you, Jules?”

With a good deal of reluctance, Julie pulled Brittney off her boob and moved her from under the sweatshirt.

“That was ...” Julie sighed. “... really nice. But we have to stop. Your father is looking for me.”

“Right.” Brittney nodded, her face lit by a satisfied half-smile. She had milk on her small chin. “You’re the best mom in the whole world. I love you so much.”

“I love you too, pumpkin.” Julie didn’t know whether to reprimand her daughter, or promise her more milk at a later time. So, she did neither. Julie pulled them to their feet, straightened out her bra, and walked to the door. She opened it and stuck her head out. “What is it, George?”

“There you are.” George turned to them, standing at the foot of the stairs. He looked lost. “I’m going to need your help in the spare bedroom upstairs. What were you two doing?”



“Just having a heart to heart with Brit.” Julie cleared her throat and walked down the hallway with Brittney by her side. “Girl stuff.”

Brittney kept her eyes cast down. Seeing her father hammered home just how wrong it was to suckle her mother. And what they’d done last night with their hands? Had she made her mom cheat on her dad? She was pretty sure having another person’s fingers in your pussy was cheating.

“Oh, cool.” George looked at his daughter. He could tell she was in one of her teenage moods. “You have a little milk on your chin, Brit. You’re always rushing through breakfast.” He took a rag from his pocket and wiped off Brittney’s chin. His daughter glared at him. “What?” George shrugged. “Don’t look at me like that. I’ve been cleaning milk off that pretty face of yours since you were a baby.”

“Just stop it, Dad.” Tears welled in Brittney’s eyes and she rushed past her father.

George watched her go, mystified. “What’s with her?”

“Um ... boyfriend troubles.” Julie patted George’s shoulder. She’d cheated on her poor, unsuspecting husband with both twins now. She really hoped church was wrong about the whole hell thing. “She’ll be alright.” She kissed him on the cheek and moved back toward the kitchen. “Let me get the kids off to school, and then I’ll join you in the spare bedroom.”

“Sounds good.” George scratched his head and then wandered off toward the basement to collect some tools.

“Wow, Mom, your tits look great.” Daniel gazed lovingly down at his mom as she kneeled on the bathroom floor and stroked his dick between her boobs. With a hand under each tit, she pressed them together and moved them up and down.

“Language, Danny.” Julie looked up at her son and smiled when she saw the blissful expression on his face. Like any mother, she just wanted her children to be happy. “And keep it quiet.” She didn’t think Daniel had

noticed the milk slowly dribbling from her nipples. At least, he hadn’t said anything about it. Julie considered that her breasts, now rubbing against that magnificent penis, had been in her daughter’s hands and mouth just minutes ago. And the night before, when Brittney and had sucked her and they’d played with each other’s privates, Daniel’s semen had been deep in her butt. How had it come to this? “Hurry up now, Danny. You need to leave for the bus soon.”

“Almost ... there ... Mom.”

“That’s what you said five minutes ago.” Julie could see Daniel start to tremble. “Oh. Good boy. Let it all out.” She let go of her breasts and sucked



his penis into her mouth. She gulped down spurt after forceful spurt of hot, salty seed. Goodness, the Andersons had been drinking a lot of each other lately.

When his orgasm subsided, Daniel wiped some sweaty hair off Julie's forehead. "You're the best mom in the whole world." He sighed, stood, and dressed.

Julie stayed on her knees looking up at him. Her daughter had said the same thing to her not long ago. Maybe all this crazy sex wasn't so bad for the family. Maybe she could navigate it and forge a better relationship with her children. The salty taste of Daniel's sperm was still strong on her tongue when she dressed, splashed some water on her face, and kissed Daniel on the cheek. "Do good in school today."

"I will."

"Good boy." Julie opened the door and checked down the hall both ways. "The coast is clear. Off you go." She slapped him on his skinny butt and sent him on his way. She followed him down the hall, readjusting her bra and dress. Daniel grabbed his backpack and raced out the front door.

"Bye, Mom." Brittney walked with her eyes down. She shot past Julie and grabbed her own backpack.

"Bye, pumpkin. Be good." Julie called after her daughter.

Brittney gave her mother a half-wave and closed the front door on her way out.

"We'll figure this out." Julie sighed. She turned and walked up the stairs. She needed to help her husband.

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One of Daniel's bedroom windows stood open. Khadra thought that odd as she looked up at the evil house in the starlight. She shivered and zipped her jacket up all the way. The autumn night was too cold for open windows. She squeezed the pebble in her hand and aimed for one of his closed windows. She leaned back and tossed it overhand. On the third try, a pebble clanked off his window. On the seventh try, Daniel looked out to see who was throwing rocks at his room.

"Mrs. Samatar? I —" Daniel stared out into the dark in confusion.

"Don't talk," Khadra whispered up at him. She adjusted her hijab, which had moved with all her throwing. "I have a warning. Meet me at the front door."

Daniel nodded and left the window. He thought about dressing but figured pajamas were good enough. He closed the damn window and shivered. He'd have to talk to Eloise about the constantly open window. The house was drafty enough without it. He padded across the chilly hardwood floor, out of his room, through the hall, down the stairs, and across the entry room. He opened the front door silently. "What?" Daniel's eyes went wide when he saw the large, black man waiting for him.

"Only dreams now." Maxamed clamped the chloroform-soaked rag on the boy's mouth and embraced him with his other arm. "Sshhhhhhh." Daniel went limp in his arms and Maxamed looked around the darkened house. In the dim light, he could just see that the locked room across the way stood open. Just inside the doorway lay a coil of rope.

"Is he hurt?" Khadra stepped up next to her husband.

"No. He sleeps." Maxamed looked over at her. "But there has been a change of plans. Rather than risk a car ride, we'll do the ceremony in that room." Maxamed pointed to the formerly locked room. "It seems Mr. Anderson has finally unlocked that pesky door. Our instruments found soundproofing in those walls. It will be perfect for our purposes. And it even comes with rope."

"Would it not be wiser, dear husband, to stay with our original plan?" Khadra wasn't as sure about the strength of their discipline after what had happened to the dreamstone. And, well, what had happened to her.

"Do not sow discord, woman." Maxamed's eyes were very dark in the dim light. He picked up the frail boy and carried him toward the room. "Go fetch some salt from the kitchen."

"Yes." Khadra closed the front door behind them and quietly moved over to the kitchen. She found a box of salt in the pantry and hurried back to her husband. When she arrived in the unlocked room, she found that Maxamed had already tied Daniel to an armchair on the far side of the room.

"We need some light before you close the door." Maxamed pulled his lighter from his pocket and stepped over to an end table with an old lamp. He lit the oil lamp and a cheery, warm glow spread through the room. "It still works."

Khadra gasped. Looming above Maxamed stood the most horrendous bear. It had to be ten feet high and its arms were outstretched, a snarl on its face.

"What?" Maxamed followed her gaze. "This thing?" He thumped his hand on the taxidermied animal. "Long since dead. Close the door and let's get started."

"As you wish." Khadra closed and locked the door behind them. She moved across the room and handed Maxamed the salt. To her left, a sofa sat along the wall, the oil lamp flickering on an end table at the far end. To

her right, someone had covered a sideboard with beautifully detailed, multi-colored bottles. A lush, Persian rug cushioned her feet. "What is this place?" The walls were covered with odd portraiture.

"Some sort of receiving room." Maxamed gave the bear another pat and then took the salt over to Daniel.

"Is he waking up?" Khadra stared at her secret lover. She hoped Maxamed wouldn't notice the hard manhood straining at Daniel's pajama bottoms. "He shouldn't be. Right?"

"No. He should not." Maxamed watched as Daniel blinked his eyes open. "Let's work fast." Maxamed poured the salt carefully, beginning a circle around Daniel's armchair. Once he completed the circle, he would then make the sign of the wayward eagle. Then they could safely remove the demon.

"What?" Daniel felt groggy, and ... he felt terrible. "What are you doing?" As he looked around the room, he realized his predicament. "Where am I?" He flexed his skinny arms against the ropes and there was a groan as the hemp fibers held him in place. The rope was too strong for his new strength. "Don't do this. She's going to be mad. She gets really scary when she's mad. You should let me go."

"Who, little man?" Maxamed poured the salt. He moved as quickly as he could, but his line needed precision. He was about halfway done.

"Mrs. Palmer," Daniel whispered. "Mrs. Palmer," he said in a raised voice. "Eloise?" he shouted. He desperately needed rescue.

"No one can hear you." Maxamed was three-fourths of the way done with the circle. He moved slowly around the chair, perched on his knees. Maxamed didn't look up from his work. "This room is sealed. You cannot —" Something heavy fell on Maxamed's shoulder. He froze.

"Husband, look out." But Khadra's warning came too late. She watched as the dead, stuffed bear lifted her husband like he weighed nothing and hoisted him into the air. The bear turned the struggling man around so that he faced the room and then wrapped two fearsome arms around him.

"Release me, beast." Maxamed kicked and flailed his legs, but the creature was too strong. "Help me, woman." Khadra trembled, but she stepped toward the bear. It turned its savage head to stare at her and let out a hideous snarl that shook her very insides. Khadra stopped in her tracks.

"Oh, man. Oh, man." Daniel looked around. He was genuinely frightened for the Samatars. And, increasingly, for himself. "I tried to warn you." He looked up at the giant bear and shuddered. "Don't hurt them, Mrs. Palmer." A sudden heat spread through him. He struggled against the ropes but they still held. "What's happening?"

"Allah preserve us." Khadra watched Daniel with wide eyes and a slack jaw. A brief flash of red light covered him, and then she could see his penis pushing harder and harder against his pajamas. There was a ripping sound in the room and Daniel's penis sprung up, tearing its way through his clothes.

"Run, Khadra." Maxamed was frantic as he twisted and pushed against the fur that surrounded him. "The demon means to mate you. You cannot let it take you. Anything but —"

"Maxamed?" Khadra looked up to see that the bear had placed its massive right paw on Maxamed's mouth to silence him. He looked out at her with frightened eyes. She couldn't ever remember seeing her husband frightened before. Khadra turned and fled to the door. She tried the knob, but it wouldn't turn. She slammed on the door with her fists and screamed. When nothing worked, she slumped against the door and pressed her forehead to its cool surface. A sudden calm seeped into her.

"I think it's locked." Daniel tried not to look at the giant bear to his right. "Could you, maybe, untie me, Mrs. Samatar?" His legs shook, his palms sweat, and he still felt groggy from whatever they'd given him. To make matters worse, his dick wouldn't deflate. "Please get me out of here. I think this is Mr. Palmer's room. I don't want to make him angry either."

"You said to me that I should draw out the poison." Khadra turned and stared across the room, her vacant eyes drawn to that massive tool. Something had changed in her demeanor since she'd given up beating the door. She took an unsteady step toward Daniel. "But by drawing the poison, I only succeeded in poisoning myself." She shrugged out of her jacket and pulled her long dress over her head. She was only dressed in panties, socks, shoes, and her hijab. She gestured to her enormous breasts. "I can't even wear a bra anymore. None of mine fit."

"Well ... um ..." Daniel licked his lips. He wasn't sure how to talk his way out of this. He glanced over at Maxamed and saw the man's eyes darting between the two of them. The bear's glassy eyes stared at Khadra. "I think you look really pretty now. I ... I ..." he stuttered. "I mean you were pretty before, too. But now ... like ... wow."

"Well, thank you. I guess." She took another couple steps. Her feet rested on the Persian carpet. "You wanted me to draw the poison. But that was wrong. The wrong metaphor. I get the sense now that your tool is a key I could use. You are not friends with Mr. Palmer, yes?"

“No. I mean yes. We’re not friends.” Daniel had the ghastly image in his mind of Khadra shoving his dick in the lock and turning and turning.

“And your magic countervails his.” Khadra nodded. “Yes, this room is special. I see the truth of these things. It was built for a dark purpose.” She walked the rest of the way toward Daniel and stood over him. “I’m sorry, Maxamed,” Khadra said without looking at her husband. She took hold of her panties and wiggled them off her hips and down to the floor.

“I don’t know anything about that.” Daniel looked up at her. Despite the situation, her soft brown skin, curves, and black nipples weren’t helping his dick deflate. “Can you just let me go?” His eyes fell to the dark triangle between her legs.

“It is you who will let us go.” She reached down and touched the head of his penis with the tip of her index finger and wiped away a little pre-seminal fluid. “Key,” she said and then took her finger and placed it between



her legs. “Lock,” she said. “Allah preserve me, it is such a mighty key.” She heard her husband struggle against the bear more fiercely, but she couldn’t bring herself to look at him.

“Um ... I don’t think this is such a good idea.” Daniel tried not to glance over at her helpless husband. He could see the man in his peripheral vision give one more fit of effort to free himself from the bear and then slump, defeated in its arms. “Your usbandhay is right erethay.” Daniel watched her closely, but Khadra gave no indication she’d heard him. “With an earbay.” She had a dreamy look on her face.

“Deep down, I guess I knew this would happen.” A sly smile crept over her face as she mounted his lap. She reached down, grabbed Daniel’s monster, and guided him in. “I tried to tell myself otherwise, but I missed this. I really did miss your ... ahhhhhh ... monster. You ... uh ... uh ... fill me like nothing else.”



“Ugh ... Mrs. Samatar.” Daniel squirmed but could do nothing else. He heard her husband’s muffled cries through the bear’s paw, but Daniel put that out of his mind. Her pussy felt fantastically tight and her boobs wobbled beautifully as she bounced on him. He focused on that. “Maybe we ...” But he lost his train of thought as his eyes followed her bouncing, brown boobs. “Dear ... ah ... ah ...

Daniel.” Khadra put her hands on his shoulders and grunted as he dug her out. His tool was truly magical. She leaned in and whispered in his ear, “Unleash a deluge inside me ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... and free us from this dark place.” She leaned her head back, arching her back, and felt the young penis grind inside her. It felt like it wanted to punch through her belly. Khadra let out a long cry. She loved it. An orgasm swept through her. It carried with it such pleasure that it let her touch paradise itself.

The couple mated for a long time, with the dead bear and Maxamed bearing witness. Poor Khadra bounced her small body up and down like riding a horse to the point of exhaustion. That massive penis racked her with ecstasy. She had orgasms, one on top of the other, and by the time Daniel grunted out his own climax inside her, Khadra’s muscles were all quiver and burn.

“Yes, yes. Stake your ... claim.” Khadra’s vagina clenched on the erupting thing inside her. She grimaced and closed her eyes, pushing down to plant him as deep inside her as possible. “Turn ... ugh... the lock inside me.” “Aaaahhhhhh.” Daniel wanted to reach out and grab her, to feel her curves. But he was still tied tight. Neither of them even heard the thump as the bear unceremoniously dropped Maxamed’s limp body to the floor.

Penelope woke with a start. Something needed protecting. She climbed out of bed and threw on a dress. "Where are you going?" Brad's sleepy voice called from the darkness of their bed. "I need a glass of water." Penelope moved to the bedroom door. "I'll be right back." "Okay." Brad rolled over and was already snoring by the time Penelope exited the room. Keys, jacket, purse. Penelope's body moved almost on autopilot. By the she'd backed her car out of the driveway, she knew where she was going. The Palmer Mansion. She put the car in drive and sped away.

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Still breathing hard, Khadra lifted herself off Daniel. She looked down and could see semen dripping from between her legs in large, white droplets. She looked over at the bear and saw her husband laying on the floor in front of it. The creature no longer moved and had gone back to its original, devilish pose. "Maxamed." Khadra stumbled over to him and kneeled down. She caressed his face with her sweaty hand while sperm continued to fall to the floor below her. "Are you hurt?" It seemed that Maxamed was in a semiconscious state. Khadra quickly dressed and then helped her husband to his feet. "Can you speak?" But he could only mumble incoherencies.

"Could you untie me now?" Daniel strained against the ropes but they held firm. He saw that the door to their room stood open and he very much wanted to leave. "I don't want to stay here." He watched husband and wife stumble toward the exit. "Mrs. Samatar? Khadra?"

"I'm sorry, Daniel." Khadra looked over her shoulder. "I don't know what would happen if I untied you. Your thing is still hard. I must take care of my husband." She then guided the helpless man out of the house and back to their car.

"Well, shit." Daniel looked around the room. "Mrs. Palmer?" Nothing. He didn't want his mom to find him like this. Or worse, his sister. Or even worse, his father. Or, the truly frightening option was Frederick Palmer waltzing in that door while Daniel sat tied to a chair. Footsteps sounded on the floor outside the room. Daniel struggled again. He stared out into the dark hall and prayed.

"Daniel?" Penelope rushed into the room with a look of worry on her face. "You poor kid. Who did this to you?" She couldn't help but notice his dick had torn right through his pajama bottoms and still pulsed out in the open air, hard as can be. The room smelled like sex. She kissed him on the cheek and set about untying him.

"The Samatars did this." Daniel felt relief wash through him. "Just hurry, we shouldn't be in this room."

"I know." Penelope stopped what she was doing and looked up at the frightful ursine taxidermy gazing down at her with its glass eyes. "This is a bad room, Daniel. Bad things happened here. But we need to keep the house's secrets." She went back to working on the knots.

"What?" Daniel flexed his wrists as the ropes fell away.

She pulled him upright and put her right arm around his shoulders. "Can you walk?"

"Yeah, I think." Daniel took an unsteady step. "They drugged me with something. The Samatars."

"Really? Jesus, Danny." She helped him out of the room and up the stairs. She couldn't keep her eyes off his long dick sticking straight out in front of him. "Um ... Why are you so hard?"

"I don't know."

"Can you do something about it?" Penelope was afraid of running into one of the Andersons out for a midnight snack. How would she explain helping her brother-in-law up the stairs with his giant dick swaying in front of them?

"My underwear are torn. I don't know what I can do." They got to the top of the stairs.

"You can think of baseball or ... shh." Penelope put a finger to Daniel's lips. "Did you see that?"

"No, what?"

"I thought I saw a glimpse of your mother climbing the stairs to your sister's room." Penelope moved again and helped Daniel into his room. She closed the door behind them.

"Well, maybe she's checking on Brittney." Daniel sighed as she laid him down on his bed. "Or maybe you saw a ghost." He looked up at Penelope and smiled. "Thank you for saving me." She looked so pretty smiling down at him, with her blonde hair a mess, and her dress on crooked. She really had left Brad in the middle of the night to come to him. "Wait. How'd you know to come get me?"

"I'm ..." She twirled her wedding ring on her finger as she thought about it. "I just knew I needed to go to that room. There are secrets ..." Her voice trailed off.

"What secrets?" It was odd talking casually with her while his dick stuck straight up in the air.

Penelope shrugged her shoulders. "What else can I do for you? You look so bedraggled." She climbed onto the bed and curled up next to him.

"What time is it?" Daniel didn't want to move to look over at his bedside clock.

"Around three, I think." Penelope placed her head on the flannel that covered Daniel's flat belly. She looked up at his cock with wide eyes.

"So, Brad won't miss you for a while? Can you keep me company?" Daniel put his hand on her messy hair.

"Afraid of the dark?" Her hand crept over his hip and gently held his right ball. She massaged it.

"I didn't used to be." He felt her head moving toward his dick. "Wait, another woman was ... aaahhhhh ... that feels good."



Penelope licked up the shaft and nibbled at the head. She could taste the sex on him. The Penelope of a few weeks ago would have been disgusted, but now the taste thrilled her. "Another woman what, Danny?" She said between nibbles.

"I had sex tonight."

"I can tell." She sucked him into her mouth and swirled her tongue around the head. She popped him back out.

"Let me clean you up. I'll take care of you, Danny." She licked her way down his dick and slurped at his balls, cleaning them off too.

"Thank you, Pen." Daniel pressed his head into the pillow and let her go to work. "Thank you, thank you, thank you."

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With her belly full of cum, Penelope rose from Daniel's bed where she'd been cuddling the teenager. She sighed. He looked so peaceful sleeping with his blond hair pressed into the pillow. Thank goodness she'd woken when she had. She turned off his light, stole out of his room, and walked down the stairs. No surprise, the door to the locked room was closed and locked again. She checked it just to be sure. Better it stay that way. In that whole house, the locked room was the only place that still upset Penelope. Taking a deep breath, she turned to the front door, collected her jacket and purse, and left the Anderson home. On her drive home, she wondered at how her in-laws' move had uprooted her life. Given how much it had changed her and Daniel, she considered whether it might have had an effect on the other Andersons. Penelope smiled. Julie was too

concerned with God's path to wander down the lust-filled trail Penelope had discovered. And Brittney was too much of a goody-goody.

Little did Penelope know, at that very moment, her mother-in-law and sister-in-law were up in Brittney's east tower room, grinding their pussies together and crying out in rapture.

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"Mom, wake up." Brittney shook the lump that was her mom's sleeping form under the blanket. "Mom?"

"Brit?" George rolled over and rubbed his eyes. "What time is it?"

"Around three." Brittney stopped shaking Julie. She frowned. Her dad wasn't supposed to wake up.

"What are you doing in our room?" George blinked, his vision blurry from sleep. He didn't want to get up to deal with this.

"I ... um ... just wanted a tuck-in."

"What? Are you five again?" George sighed. "Okay, I'll do it."

Julie's eyes opened. "No, it's okay, George. I'll tuck her in. You can sleep."

"Great." George watched his wife's naked form slip from the covers and pull on one of his oversized sweaters. She really did look good these days. He made a mental note to have more sex with his wife. "Thanks, Jules."

George rolled over and closed his eyes. "I could use the sleep."

"I'll be back in a little while." Julie patted the lump that was her husband under the covers and walked out of the room just behind her daughter. Brittney's slender legs appeared quite thin in the dim light of the hall.

Brittney wore only a pajama top that hung down over her butt. And panties. Julie figured her daughter had to have panties on, too.

A clock ticked somewhere in the cold house. A steady, inexorable sound.

"What's going on?" Julie whispered as they passed the open living room. Moonlight fell through the windows.

"If this is about before, I'll let you have more later. But you can't wake me up in the middle of the night for a feeding. You're not a baby." Had she just promised to feed her daughter from her breasts again? She'd passed another Rubicon. It seemed she'd reached a point where the Rubicons just flew by.

"I couldn't wait, Mom." Brittney took Julie's hand and pulled her faster toward her room. "I promise I won't wake you again. Just for tonight." The teenager had butterflies in her stomach. The anticipation felt like Christmas morning on steroids.

"Just for tonight," Julie grumbled, but she squeezed her daughter's soft, warm hand. They passed Daniel's room and Julie followed Brittney up the stairs to her bedroom. Another sound played at the periphery of Julie's hearing. It seemed that soft footsteps beat in time with the clock. And maybe a gentle female voice. Julie shivered and didn't look back as she closed Brittney's door behind them. She locked it and looked down at the sachet by the wall. The thought of pulling that incredibly heavy thing was not appealing. They were fine, whatever danger had roamed the house had long since passed. The current sounds were very different than the night before. She tried to put the memory of those heavy footsteps, and that awful, deep voice from before out of her mind.

"Can I touch them?" Brittney didn't wait for a response. She stepped up behind her mother and ran her hands up her dad's sweater, cupping and squeezing Julie's massive boobs through the wool. A thrill ran through Brittney.

"Yes." Julie sighed and relaxed. She felt Brittney's flat tummy resting against her butt as the teenager reached around her mother. "Not so grabby, pumpkin. Would you want someone to clutch at you like that?" But Julie found she liked the insistent way her daughter's hands massaged her breasts. It seemed she was more desirable to her children than she was to her own husband.

"I would like it. I think." Brittney's legs shook, she was so excited. "Do you want to try on me?" She reluctantly moved her hands away from Julie's boobs and turned her mother to face her. Brittney then reached down to the hem of her top and pulled it over her head, exposing her small, pale boobs. The moonlight flooded in through the circle of windows and Brittney could see the startled look in Julie's eyes.

"I ... I don't know if I should." With some hesitancy, Julie lifted her hands toward Brittney's chest. "They're so beautiful. I can't believe your father and I made these." Julie cupped her daughter's breasts and gently squeezed. They were perfect handfuls.

"I hope I get boobs like yours someday." Brittney let out a long exhale. Julie's hands felt nothing like Ted's awkward groping. Julie's touch was gentle and firm. "That feels really good. Can you kiss them?" Brittney said.

"I don't know," Julie whispered, mesmerized by the moment. She'd never held another woman's breasts before. Heck, she'd barely seen boobs other than her own. Just a few in the gym over the years, and she'd barely paid attention at the time. She now wished she'd paid more attention. They were wonderful.

"Please?" Brittney resisted the urge to pull her mother's lips to her tits. She let her arms hang by her sides. This was a precarious moment.

"Okay." Julie bent at the waist and planted a trail of kisses along the upper slopes of Brittney's breasts. She then kissed her way lower and lower until her lips closed around Brittney's puffy nipple.

"Oh, Mom!" Brittney gasped as Julie rolled her tongue around the nipple. She let her mother suck one nipple, then the other. After a while, Brittney pulled Julie into bed, placed her mother on her back, and straddled her hips. "Sweater off?"

Julie bit her lower lip and nodded. The sweater came off and dropped to the floor. Julie had the urge to hide her breasts, or at least push them up so they didn't hang to her sides.

"Jesus, Mom. They're so beautiful. I love the way they hang like that. They look so heavy." Brittney knew she was talking fast, but she couldn't hide her excitement. "You're perfect. You're the perfect woman." She bent her face down to Julie's left breast.

"Language, young lady. Don't use the Lord's name in ... oooooohhhhhh ... oh, my ... my, my, my ... my sweet girl." Julie cradled Brittney's head as her daughter latched onto the nipple and began drinking.



"Mmmmmpppphhhhhhh." Brittney never wanted the feeling to end. She wondered what other undiscovered highs awaited her. She drank like that for a long time, straddling her mom's stomach and alternating between boobs, squeezing them, licking them, and sucking to her heart's content. Eventually, she lifted her face away and wiped her lips with the back of her hand. "Panties?"

Julie nodded and both women removed their panties.

Brittney went back to drinking sweet milk, but she shifted her hips lower and interwove her legs with her mom's. It felt right. Soon enough, her hips rocked ever so slightly. Both women moaned at this new sensation. One of Brittney's friends had once said that when a woman really liked sex, she made her "oh face." Brittney was pretty sure she'd never made that face with Ted, but she thought if her mouth wasn't on her mom's nipple, she'd be making it at that moment. Her hips sped up, and her wet pussy rubbed on Julie's supple thigh. She wondered what Julie's face looked like, so she stopped drinking, placed her hands on her mom's tits, and pushed herself up as her hips made grinding circles. "Wow ... uh ... uh ... Mom. You're ... ugh ... making your ... oh face."

"Gosh ... Brittney ... I'm going to ..." Julie didn't know what her daughter was talking about and she didn't care. She reached down with both hands and grabbed Brittney's narrow hips. She moved Brittney slightly so that their vaginas rubbed directly against each other.

“Oh ... God ...” Brittney watched Julie’s eyes roll back and her body shake. Brittney’s own orgasm wasn’t far behind her mother’s. “I think ... I think ... I might ... Oooooohhhhhhhh.”

Brittney’s brain stopped completely as she came, her fingers digging into Julie’s soft boobs.

When the women recovered, Brittney’s hips started back up again. Her small boobs rose and fell as she sucked in oxygen. “I’m so lucky ... you came to my ... bedroom ... last night. This is magical.” She humped her mother to several more climaxes for both women.

Later, with Brittney sleeping peacefully in bed next to her, Julie roused the energy to make the long trip back to her own bedroom. She pulled on her husband’s sweater and slipped out into the cold hallway. How would she juggle both twins? She placed a hand on her breast. And her own desires certainly showed no signs

of abating. She had gone from trying to rebuff the twins, to now actively wondering how she’d schedule intimate time with both of them. Motherhood was never what one expected.

