

The Cursed House of Crow

October, 1692

"My wife is not a witch!" Samuel Crow cried as the jailors drug him away. Reverend Phillips followed him at a hurried pace.

"I'm sorry, Sam, but the evidence is... I'm afraid... damning." the reverend replied. "We received word that there was witchcraft going on in your home. The city's patrol's investigated, and found three accused witches in your basement. And not only did we find the witches, we found suspicious paraphernalia as well."

"Samuel, I had no idea about any accused witches in my home." Sam pleaded.

"For what it's worth, I believe you. But as the owner of the home, I'm afraid the blame will fall on you." Phillips replied.

The jailors tossed Samuel into a dirty jail cell and locked him inside. The reverend stuck by him as the jailors left. Sam got to his feet and grabbed the bars of the cell and spoke quickly to the reverend.

"Listen, John." Samuel began, appealing to his friend. "This witchcraft business is nonsense! You know that right? There are no such things as witches or ghosts in the night."

"Sam, I... I... it's just, bad things have been happening in town. Things I can't possibly explain. People doing things that I believed they'd never do. People committing sins in the eyes of the lord. People I trusted. I believe in the best in people, so the only explanation can be that there is evil afoot."

"If you believe in the best in people, believe in me, believe in Madeline! We traveled to the colonies together! You knew my wife as a child. You know her. She is a woman of the church! She teaches the children. She is no witch. How could you of all people believe that?" Sam cried. The reverend looked pensive.

"Then explain how three accused witches ended up in your home without you knowing. If you had no idea about this, then why would Madeline do this? Why would she house the accused?" John asked.

"Because she knows, just like I do, that there are no witches. There is no witchcraft out there, and the only true evil is the distrust invading this city." Samuel stated, pleading for his friend to listen to reason. "My wife is a good person. She housed the accused because they are wrongfully accused! There is no such thing as witchcraft. This hunt is madness!"

"I'm sorry, Samuel. God knows I believe you. I believe in you... and Madeline. I believe that you both believe what you say. But there are powers greater than mine that I cannot change. Once word has spread, there is not much I can do to change their minds. The accused women, the women found in your house, they have been accused of terrible things. Many of the men in town have admitted feeling something very... dark... about them. And, I hate to tell you, Samuel, I have heard similar rumors from men when they are around Madeline." the reverend admitted.

"What?!" Samuel cried.

"Yes, I have heard the whispers for some time. It is, of course, not my place to spread rumors." John stated.

"These whispers are born out of jealousy and envy. My wife is what others aspire to be. What men wish of their own wives. My wife is not one of those cursed women. She is no witch. I have loved her, I have lain with her. I have had children with her. I know more than anyone who she is. And she is not a witch, the devil's minion. She is good. She is pure! People are just spreading vicious rumors! That is the problem. People are afraid! They are scared and are seeing any little thing as witchcraft! Or demonry! You know my wife! You know she is a good, church-going woman! She would never even think about anything as ridiculous as witchcraft! Anything she did she did out of the goodness of her heart! She was protecting the wrongfully prosecuted, not encouraging witchcraft!" Samuel pleaded.

"I know, Samuel. I trust Madeline, just like you do." John stated. "But, I don't know what I can do. Sam, this doesn't look good. I don't know if I can stop this."

"Is there anything you can do?" Samuel begged. "Not about me, but about Madeline. Whatever happens to me is irrelevant. I will go to the gallows before I let anything happen to Madeline. All I care about is her. Is there anything that can be done to save her? To protect her?"

"Well." John began. "There is something."

"What? Anything!" Sam begged.

"The church has some... abilities as well. Things not publicized, but things we have been forced to use more and more as this witchcraft, this devil's work, has increased. Unfortunately, the truth is, your wife will never be fully trusted again. That's just the way it is. Once an accusation has been made, you know as well as I do that it can never be the same again. We can't go back to how it used to be. But, we can use these... special abilities... to save Madeline. It will come at a cost. You will of course have to fully admit to the

crime, admit to helping these witches, and absolve Madeline of responsibility. You will hang for this, unfortunately. And Madeline will pay a terrible price, but she will live." the reverend said cryptically.

"The children?" Samuel asked, afraid.

"They will be fine. I will see to it. Unfortunately, the devil's influence has found its way into your home. You and your wife will pay the consequences, but she will live." John assured.

Sam stepped back, contemplating his suddenly approaching demise.

"I'm sorry, Sam." John said to his old friend. Samuel looked fiercely at the reverend.

"Just make sure you save her. Give me your word she will live. Save my wife, save my kids!" Sam demanded.

"You have my word." John replied. Sam nodded.

"Innocence must be protected." Sam stated.

October 4, 2012

"Samuel Crow was hung to death shortly after admitting guilt. Even though he was beloved in the town, and no one ever had a bad thing to say about him, he was still put to death! In exchange for admitting his guilt, Madeline Crow was spared. She was imprisoned in her home by the church. How they imprisoned her has been lost to time. Some said the church used their own brand of magic to imprison her. To bind her within her home. Others say they simply posted guards and posted fences to protect the townspeople from the darkness within. Her children were ripped from her, raised by others. She was practically tortured for the crime of protecting the innocent. Supposedly, her screams, her pleas of innocence were so constant that people couldn't stand to hear it. They say those cries drove people away from the town. And when these people put it together

that this supposed witchcraft was nonsense, it was too late. The cries had stopped. When they finally opened the house and granted her freedom, the House of Crow was empty. The church claimed there was no way for her to escape, so even though they never found her body, she was marked as dead. Madeline Crow, an innocent woman, was dead, as was her husband, for no crime whatsoever. And those responsible for spreading this idea of witchcraft were never held responsible. The reverend John Phillips was the one claimed as being responsible for spreading the paranoia, but he was supposedly promoted within the church. But he eventually left the church mysteriously and was never heard from again."

"Well, thanks for the summary, narrator." Nadine said from the passenger seat to her best friend, who just finished her speech.

"I'm sorry." Sally replied, "It's just a tragedy what happened to her, and now, how she's built up and treated as guilty, treated as if she was actually a witch, that's just rubbing salt on the wound. You know? It's just twisting the knife."

"Alright, hun, jeez! " Nadine began, "Sorry to insult your girlfriend you fucking dyke!" she replied quickly, before realizing it wasn't just her and Sally in the car, so she got quiet, blushed a bit, and mumbled an apology.

Sally Samson was driving her parent's minivan as she drove her group of friends towards their goal. She looked at the rearview mirror at her gaggle of friends and smiled. It was definitely an eclectic group. They had some things in common. All of them were classmates, all in their senior year of high school, and all 18. But they had little in common other than that.

Her eyes first fell onto her boyfriend, Alex. She always felt a little warmer when looking at him. A lot of people had told her that her and him were meant to be together. They were seemingly just set aside for each other. They were the top two students in the class, and it often felt like they were the only two that understood the ways of the world. They both felt set apart from everyone else, as if they were working on a different level. They both had been called old souls. So it was almost by default that they ended up liking each other. It felt like fate was pushing them together.

As soon as they started dating, it just felt right. To both, it felt like they had met the person they were gonna spend the rest of their lives together. They could literally talk for hours about anything. Politics. History. Television. They had the same tastes in movies, in TV shows. They even had the sense of humor. The only subject she ever couldn't give lip service to him about was sports, but his buddies could talk football with him. And if there was ever any lull in their conversation, Sally would provide another type of lip service.

Alex was the first and only guy she had ever gotten physical with. She couldn't resist him, but it wasn't like he was forcing the issue. It was just... he was so hot! Sally couldn't control herself around him. He drove her crazy whenever they were around each other. On top of being the smartest guy into school, he was also widely considered the school hunk.

He played running back for the high school football team. Even though football was a foreign language to her, she loved watching Alex on the field. She loved watching him

move so confidently on the field, bowling over the opposition. She loved watching the way his muscles flexed and shined with sweat as the game went on. She loved watching the way his tight football pants clung to his cute butt. She loved watching him drive his way on, using his manly strength to push forward, his hips and legs thrusting, his tight butt flexing... it always got Sally hot under the collar.

Despite being a football player, he wasn't a typical jock. He was very soft-spoken, but when he did speak, it carried a lot of weight. Alex was one of those guys that just kinda commanded respect. He wasn't the super popular guy, but if you asked anyone, they would say they liked him. He never sought popularity, but it kinda came to him anyway.

Part of that was due to his looks. He was tall and fit, but he was lean and not overly muscular. He had striking eyes, a boyish face, prominent jawbones, and shaggy, brown, unkempt in just the right way hair. He had the cutest, sly smile, and his dimples were enough to make any girl melt. But no girl could crack his code. He was an old soul, so he would not easily be lured in typical high school girl tricks.

No, Sally was his first and only girlfriend, as far as she knew, and knowing that filled her with pride.

In the far back seats were Tony and Timmy. Tony was a big guy. He was on the football team, and you could have figured that out just by looking at him. He was well over six feet tall and built like an ox. Just tall and thick and bulging with muscles. You would look at him and think he was a typical jock. But shockingly, he and Sally were longtime friends, since childhood. They had been neighbors most of their lives, and while him and Sally had little in common, they were still friends. He was like Sally's unofficial big brother. He was always around to protect her and have her back. He was not the brightest guy, and he would go as far as his body would take him career wise. But, he was a great, loyal friend, and he would be a friend to Sally for life.

Timmy was sitting next to him. He was one of the few black students to go to their school. Sally and him had been lab partners in chemistry their sophomore year, and it was there they became friends. And they remained friendly, but admittedly, he was closer with Tony and Alex than he was with Sally, since they were all on the football team. He was a wide receiver. He was about six foot, lean and muscular.

He was a handsome guy, and he had no shortage of romantic success.

In the middle seat, next to Alex, was Dom, Alex's best friend. They were an odd pair, as while Alex was quiet and laid back, Dom was outgoing and the life of the party. Dom was just fun to be around, and was as quick-witted as they came. And not only that, he was exceedingly worldly. His parents were rich, so he had traveled all over the world. He also was always the first guy to discover new bands, and in general, he was ahead of the curve on all things cool. He was one of the most popular guys in school.

Sally glanced at Nadine next to her. Nadine was her absolute best friend in the world. They had known each other since pre-school, and had stayed friends all through school up to now, their senior year of high school. Nadine was a fiery Latina. She was always very loud and opinionated, and definitely not someone you wanted to get on your bad side. This was all in contrast to Sally, who was always very studious, quiet and humble. They were very much opposites, but they had always been best friends and that had never wavered once. Nadine had a tough exterior,

but underneath her loud mouth and confrontational personality, she was fiercely loyal and a great friend.

She was always that friend that grew up a bit faster than the others. She was the first girl to ditch the dolls and start becoming interested in boys. She was the first friend who started dating. So, even though Sally was more of book-smart girl, her best friend was always more street smart, to put it simply. Nadine had always been there to guide her less worldly best friend without worry of embarrassment.

Although she could be a bit intimidating and tightly wound, Nadine was smoking hot. She was definitely curvy. She wasn't skinny as a rail like some of her female peers, but she was still quite fit and an athlete. The extra few pounds she did carry went to all the right places, making her curvy body extra juicy and sexy. She had a very large set of breasts, a pair of perky, firm DD's, and her consistently tight wardrobe always highlighted them. She had a round, shelf-like ass, heart-shaped and ripe like an unpicked fruit. Her skin was caramel colored, silky and smooth all over. She was a bit short, but her attitude more than made up for that shortcoming. And her face was very pretty. She wasn't the type to be too girly and wear tons of make-up, and the truth

was, she didn't need it. She was naturally very pretty. Her chestnut eyes, long eyelashes, and thin eyebrows were striking, drawing any man's attention. Her curly brunette hair was typically in a pony-tail, feminine but not girly. Her lips were very plump even though her natural expression came across as a bit of a sneer, the look worked for her.

Nadine had a major crush on Dom. She had had feelings for him for a while now. She was not very subtle, so she had done all she could to make it clear she liked him. He probably knew that, but he never pursued it. She was not his type. He was interested more in the cute, dressed down, hipster chick kinda girl. Nadine was more up front and brash than he was used to. Dom was always polite to Nadine, but he never returned her feelings. Plus, he had started seeing another girl at school. But that never stopped Nadine. She was too stubborn to give up. She kept pursuing him, even though he might be a lost cause.

Whenever she was around Dom, she tried to cool her jets and be on her best behavior. She had a brash, kinda mean sense of humor, and she always thought it might a bit much for him. So, she tried to tone it down, but it was hard for her.

While she was not much in the ways of school work, she always had an opinion, and she was accustomed to getting her way. In classes she would often get into loud disagreements. The only person who could keep her calm was Sally.

Sally and Nadine were always looked at as an odd pair. While Nadine was not much of a student, Sally was literally the top student in the class, and she was always responsible and respectful. She had already locked up a full-ride scholarship, but she was not the type to sit back and relax. She was always driven for certain causes, and she always strived to give everything her best. And even though she was the perfect student, she definitely could get a fire under her for certain causes, and when she got worked up, very few could hold her back. She was very stubborn and headstrong. Nadine and her were more common than you would think.

Sally was always an overachiever, and it didn't hurt matters that she was also classically beautiful. She was a stunning blonde, with crystal blue eyes, perfectly formed

cheekbones, thin, sinewy lips, and a nice, tan complexion. Her smile could light a room, and it often did. And her body was nothing to sneeze at. She was fit and thin, thanks to years of running track. She was fairly tall, and her legs were nice and firm. Her belly was relatively flat, and she had a nice pair of B-cups. She was the type of girl who made other parents jealous that she wasn't their daughter. She was everything you could ever want in a daughter. And plus, she was always responsible, always professional, and always courteous. She was quite nearly perfect.

The only time she ever got mad or worked up for were her causes, as her friends would refer to them. Every so often, she would dive in on different causes, and she would dive in hard. The economy, the poor, the genocides in Africa, and alternative energy were all among the causes Sally was involved with. And now, her new cause was to clear Madeline Crow's name.

The story of Madeline Crow had become something of a local legend. As time moved on, what began as a tragedy became something of a ghost story. Over time, flourishes and embellishments had been added to Madeline's story. Suddenly, in these stories, she had been caught in the act,

caught cursing people in town. She was apparently practicing dark magic and the occult, and they found her secret room full of occult imagery. None of this was true, of course. The actual story was far more tragic. There was never any proof of anything connecting Madeline to dark magic. But society had already made its mind up. In the eye of the world, Madeline was guilty.

Madeline Crow was now synonymous with witchcraft. People told ghost stories claiming to have seen her. Kids played tag, and the tagged person was told that they were "Maddy Crow." Kids thought that if you said her name three times, she would appear and curse them. Every time some aspiring teenage filmmaker made a movie in town, it would be a poorly made ghost story involving Madeline Crow. There was the Week of Crow, a festival the week before Halloween with the theme of witchcraft, with Madeline as sort of a mascot. There was even a local metal band whose imagery was themed around Madeline Crow. They even had their van painted up, showing both a witch version of Madeline and a devilish version of her, both images sexed up to draw people in, both images based on the one existing image of Madeline. And during their concerts, they had imagery of her hung up that was practically pornographic.

This image was a painting of Madeline. It was almost like a family portrait. It had Madeline standing with her husband and her two children. Most of the time, the women in these types of paintings seemed very dour and plain, but Madeline was not. She was strikingly beautiful, especially compared to the paintings of other women from around that time. Some people theorized that her uncommon, mature beauty was part of the reason she was accused of being a witch. No woman could be that beautiful in that day and time. She no doubt inspired jealousy in others, no doubt causing them to make baseless accusations.

Copies of this painting were hung up around town, in various buildings, schools, the town hall, the mayor's office, and even local bars. For some, this picture was a haunting reminder of the town's dark past, and a reminder to not let a mob mentality rule. But some took these reminders as some sort of proof of how witchcraft had permeated throughout the town. A lot of people were freaked out by these paintings. They got a vibe from them. A lot of people walked by them and felt as if they were being watched.

And people of course thought that Madeline's still standing house was haunted. People through the years had tried to sneak into the Crow house, to the point where the city was forced to have a cop present around the house to prevent any reckless youths from breaking in. But apparently, some people had broken in and claimed the house was haunted by Madeline's vengeful spirit.

All of this was hogwash, obviously. People had gotten so interested in the fantastical that they had kind of lost the plot. It was a much more interesting, sexier story if Madeline Crow was actually a witch. There was a lot more meat to that story. But the truth was that what happened was simply a tragedy. Madeline Crow was wrongly persecuted and subjected to a punishment she did not deserve.

No fate sounded worse to Sally.

So Sally took it upon herself to vindicate her. None of the people who had broken into the house were ever there for education reasons. Some historians had tried to get permission from the city a few years ago, but the rumor was

that the church had intervened and forced the city's hand in not allowing anyone to enter the house. This pissed Sally off. She was already interested in Madeline's story, but this pushed her over the edge and inspired her new mission. To prove Madeline innocent and show the entire town that she was someone whose fate should not be taken so lightly. She was someone to be honored and respected.

"So Sal..." Tony began from the back seat, "What's your plan exactly?"

"Okay," Sally started. "I spied out the house a few days ago. I know usually around this time, they have a cop car near the house, so we'll have to be careful. But, I noticed that they don't usually end up there until around seven or so, so we have time to get there before the cops would notice. Now, there is a fence there, and it is chained shut, but I did kinda borrow my Dad's bolt cutters."

"Jeez, Sal, this is going to be full on breaking and entering." Dom said.

"Are you sure this is a good idea, Sally?" Alex asked responsibly.

"Guys, people have gotten caught there before. They just get sent away with a warning. If they catch us, we can just act like a bunch of rambunctious teens and they won't think twice." Sally replied.

"We are a bunch of rambunctious teens... right?" Dom asked.

"I mean, yeah, this will be fun and kind of a thrill, but this is a mission with a purpose. I want to find something to validate Madeline Crow's innocence. I've asked town historians, city hall, even the church if they have fully investigated this place..." she began.

"Whoa, you went to the church and didn't tell me?" Timmy asked.

"Yeah. So?" Sally asked, confused.

"You should have told me. I would have come with you. I love those nuns there." Timmy joked, holding his hands in front of his chest as if holding a pair of melons.

"Ewww, Timmy. Don't be gross." Sally said. "Anyway, everyone I asked all kinda dodged answering me. So, if no one wants to give me answers, I'll just get them myself." Sally said. Alex smiled. He loved her drive to do what was right. Sally saw him smile, and blushed in response.

Sally was happy. Surrounded by her loving boyfriend and her loyal friends, all working together to allow her to do this research. Warmth filled her heart.

This couldn't be going any better.

Sally placed the car into park and switched off the ignition. They had done it. They had arrived.

They had reached the Cursed House of Crow.

All of her friends piled out of the car and into the cool autumn air. They all took a moment to take in the fabled house in front of them. It was definitely impressively large. And despite how ridiculous Sally found these ghost stories about Madeline, even she had to admit the house was definitely foreboding and a bit spooky. If you imagined a spooky, haunted house, you would imagine the Crow house.

It must have been well designed to be still so well intact after all these years. It was two stories with a raised point in the middle. It was built out of dark wood with black formed steel around the windows and the roof. Nothing could be seen through the dark windows. Even Sally felt a chill go through her while looking at the Crow estate. Sally wrote that off as being from the sharp, biting October wind.

"Even though I don't believe the ghost stories..." Alex started, "I will admit this place is actually pretty creepy." This caused the others to laugh nervously, because they were all feeling the same thing. Even though they all knew

better, none of them were exactly excited to go inside. This house could be a haunted house in a movie and it wouldn't feel out of place.

"Do you think this house has wi-fi?" Dom asked, phone in hand, causing the others to laugh, breaking the tension. Nadine laughed a little harder than the rest, causing Dom to smile uncomfortably. She was a cool girl, Dom thought, but it was obvious she liked him, and she wasn't exactly subtle about it. He would put up with her in social gatherings, but he didn't particularly care for her obvious come-ons and unsubtle flirting. He liked girls with a bit more substance. He had never once had a conversation with her that stimulated him in the least. He couldn't imagine ever dating her. Sure, she was good looking, but he was positive the conversations would dry up quickly. He couldn't imagine anything that they had in common, any common interests that could make a relationship with such a shallow, self-centered girl worth it.

He glanced at Nadine and played with his phone. He put it to his ear as the others chatted a bit.

"Hey, Rach, it's me." Dom said to his girlfriend. The others chatted, but Nadine stared bullets at him. "Yeah, I'm just hanging with some friends. I might get a bit delayed, but I should only be a few hours... yeah, definitely, I'll be there. Okay, talk you soon. Bye."

Dom hung up and rejoined the group. He glanced at Nadine, and she looked at him angrily.

"That was mean." Alex whispered as Dom stepped up next to him. Dom just sorta shrugged his shoulders. Alex rolled his eyes and spoke up.

"So, what's the plan?" Alex said as the group walked slowly towards the house.

"Well, uh, we go in and look around. Try to find something, some record of what happened. Maybe like a journal or document. Anything to find out what she was thinking after her incarceration. It shouldn't take too long. Only a couple hours." Sally said.

"So, here's a question." Alex began. "How are we getting in?" he finished, staring at the door as they walked up the front steps and reached the front stoop. The other's looked at the door and realized it was padlocked shut.

"Um, you think those bolt cutters will get the job done?" Tony asked.

"Worth a shot." Sally replied. Tony lumbered back to the car to retrieve the bolt cutters. He returned to the front stoop of house. He put them in place and used his strength to once again use the cutters for nefarious purposes, sending the padlock to the ground as he snipped the lock. He set down the tool and waited. Sally smiled at him and reached to the door handle. She twisted it and pushed at it, but she walked into the door slightly as the door didn't budge. She tried again, shaking at the door, but it wasn't moving.

"Is it locked or something?" Nadine asked.

"If it's locked, what are we gonna do? Break in?" Alex asked.

"I don't want to, like, destroy the place. I just want to get in."
Sally replied.

"Timmy..." Dom started. "You're black. You should know the best way to break into a house."

"Fuck you." Timmy replied with a laugh. Being one of the only black students at his high school gave him a good sense of humor about his race.

"You know, I don't see a lock." Sally said, bending over.

"Step back." Tony said. Moving forward, he grabbed the door handle as the others stepped back. He reared back and slammed his shoulder into the door violently. The door budged a bit as Tony flexed his shoulder.

"That must have hurt." Sally said. Tony grimaced a bit, but before anyone could react, he grabbed the handle, reared back, and slammed his shoulder into the door again. The

door flew open with a crack and Tony slightly fell into the doorway.

The House of Crow was now open.

Tony nursed his sore shoulder as he stepped aside to allow an unafraid Sally to enter. Even though the others were a bit more nervous than they let on, they slowly followed behind her.

The first thing they all noticed was the smell. The stale, musty air within smelled like wet, rotted wood and dust. All of them covered their noses as they adjusted to the scent.

"Don't worry guys. You'll get used to it." Sally said.

"I hope I never get used to this." Nadine replied.

Sally reached into her bag and grabbed some flashlights. She passed them out among her friends.

"Okay guys, be careful." Sally began, "Watch your step. There might be like, rats, or something."

"Rats?" Nadine replied nervously, trying to act unafraid in front of Dom.

"Don't worry, Nadine. We won't be here too long, hopefully." Sally replied.

SLAM!

All of them jumped as the door slammed shut.

"Sorry guys." Tony said. "I don't know my strength sometimes."

The room was dark now that the door was shut. They all lit up their flashlights and looked around, studying their surroundings for the first time.

The house looked unlivable, obviously. Weeds and mushrooms were growing through the floorboards. Dust covered everything. The room itself was rather plain. They were in a large living area. The room had a few small tables and chairs. The walls were only lightly decorated. Everything was made out of darkened wood. There were shelves with plates along the walls. The main feature in the room was a large fireplace, made of rock. And above it, hanging on the stone, was the famous painting of Madeline Crow.

Looking up at it, the painting of Madeline standing behind her family, adorned with her pilgrim-like clothing and a Mona Lisa smile, it captured each one of their visions. It was one of those paintings that when you looked at it made you feel as if the eyes were watching you. All of them looked away, eager to look away from the creepy painting.

"So, uh, what's the plan?" Alex asked.

"Well, we either go around as a group, go through each room one by one, or we split up and tackle everything quicker." Sally suggested.

"Split up? That never ends well." Timmy replied.

"Timmy, this isn't a horror movie." Sally stated.

"Good, cause if this becomes one, we all know who goes out first." Timmy said, causing them all to laugh nervously.

"Let's split up." Alex said firmly. "Three groups of two. I don't believe the horror stories, but I don't want to stick around too long."

"Sounds good." Dom said.

"I'll go with Dom." Nadine jumped in, excited to take advantage of the situation.

"Uhhhhhhh... ohhhh-kay. I guess." Dom said slowly, unable to find a reason to say no. Nadine noticed his hesitation and winced a bit.

"I'm guessing you two aren't splitting anytime soon?" Timmy asked Alex and Sally.

"Uh, we'll probably stick together, yeah." Alex replied.

"That's fine. Cause when all the ghosts appear, you're gonna want to be with us." Timmy replied, standing next to Tony.

"Okay, Tony and Timmy, you guys take the first floor, me and Alex and Dom and Nadine will split the upstairs." Sally planned out quickly.

"Okay, let's get going." Alex stated. Everyone nodded in assent. "Dom, let me talk to you a sec."

"Don't keep me waiting." Nadine purred to Dom. Dom rolled his eyes and stepped aside with his best friend.

"Hey," Alex began. "I know you're not into Nadine, but she's a good person, so try not to, like, hurt her feelings."

"Alex, she is such, a..." Dom began, not knowing how to describe.

"Listen, I know she's a bit much. But please be... polite." Alex said. Dom rolled his eyes.

"Fine." Dom conceded, stifling his inner smart-ass in effort to appease his friend.

"Good." Alex said, patting Dom on the shoulder and heading back over to Sally, Dom close behind. Once they reached the group, Sally spoke up.

"Okay, guys, let's get to it." she said perkily. And just as she finished that sentence, a long, whining creak came from the floor above them. Once the creak ended, Sally looked around and noticed the apprehension in their eyes.

"Oh, c'mon, it was just the wind." Sally said fearlessly. They all kinda laughed off the noise, but all of them were still a bit nervous. Unafraid, Sally marched up the stairs.

Shrugging, Alex followed behind her, Dom and Nadine close behind.

As they reached the second floor, Sally used the flashlight to light their way through the dark hallway. She swept away the cobwebs and led the way towards the first door. Approaching it, she grabbed the handle and pushed it. It was stuck, like the front door had been. She shook at it a bit, but before she could do any more, Alex stepped in front of her and used his shoulder to force the door open.

Sally shined the flashlight inside the room, eager to appraise its contents. Her light shone on walls of heavy bookshelves, each loaded to the brim with books.

"Ha Ha!" Sally laughed out. "Okay... I think we just found the motherload."

Sally stepped inside, admiring the room filled with books and texts. There was a thick table and a sitting desk, with an inkwell and a feather.

"Okay, I think I will spend, like, all of my time here." Sally said excitedly. She walked towards one of the bookshelves and ran her fingers over the heavy books. "This is awesome." she whispered to herself.

"Okay, Dom, Nadine, you guys take the rest of the floor. I think Sal is gonna hunker down here for awhile." Alex suggested. Dom nodded and Nadine smiled at this. They walked away, leaving the two lovebirds alone.

Alex looked over at his girlfriend, who already had her nose buried in a book. Alex was admittedly not as obsessed with this adventure as Sally was, but he was always up for anything. Even though the house was pretty creepy, Alex didn't think this house could have anything inside that could truly surprise him. Alex was very even-keeled, and it took a lot to make him truly uncomfortable. It would take a lot more than a creepy old house to freak him out.

He kept his eyes on Sally and admired her for a few moments. A lot of people would kinda be overwhelmed by the fervor Sally got into when she was on the case in one of her missions. But Alex, well, he kinda liked it. He liked

seeing her so worked up... so passionate. It kinda turned him on.

Even though Alex and Sally were both kinda straight arrows, they actually had a pretty active sex life. Both of them had healthy sexual appetites and they enjoyed indulging those appetites with each other. People looked at them as being the type of couple who spent their time studying or talking about intellectual things, but they knew how to get down. Some of Alex's friends were surprised to hear that Sally was willing to put out, but she definitely did. Alex and Sally were definitely very active and very attracted to each other, and sometimes, Alex had trouble maintaining his cool demeanor around her.

And when she got like this, almost in a fanatic fervor over new knowledge, he liked it. He couldn't explain it. Maybe it had to do with the fact that whenever she got like this, it always made her extra playful and passionate in the bedroom. But Sally just did something to Alex. He was always cool and in control, however there was something about Sally that just drove him nuts.

She was everything he ever wanted in a girl. She was pretty. She was fit and thin but she still had good curves in the right places. A nice pair of B-cups and a cute, petite butt. Even though he was not the type of guy to be so shallow, he did still have his preferences, and luckily Sally met them. And fortunately, she was a blonde. Alex always had a soft spot for blondes. Blondes always seemed so bright and perky and full of life.

Alex watched as she bent over to grab a book, pointing her cute, jean clad butt at him. And, despite his spooky surroundings, Alex realized that Sally's passion and body had left him painfully erect. So he couldn't stop himself from approaching his girlfriend's bent over form and pressing his crotch against her jean clad butt, putting his hands on her hips.

"What are you doing?" Sally purred, feeling her boyfriend's sizable meat pressed between her butt cheeks. Alex had many qualities that attracted her to him. His great body. His scruffy, wild hair. His piercing eyes. His cute smile. His soft spoken personality. His fierce intelligence. Any of those things could get him a girlfriend, and that was what attracted Sally to him. So, later finding out that this

seemingly perfect guy also happened to have a wrist-thick, nine inch dick was just icing on the cake.

"I love you, hon." Alex whispered.

"Well, I love you too, babe. But what are you doing?" she asked with a laugh.

"I like seeing you so worked up." Alex whispered as Sally straightened up and pressed herself against him.

"You seem to always be worked up." Sally countered with a sly smile. Despite his cool appearance, Sally's boyfriend always seemed to be ready for some action. Sally was shocked by how ready he was to get down all the time, and how surprisingly intimate and affectionate he was ready to be at all times, even in public. Sally didn't anticipate this wild side to him, but instead of turning herself away from him, it really turned her on and made her feel good. She loved how attracted he was to her, and plus, she loved seeing a bit of his darker, naughtier side.

"I think I have good reason to be worked up." Alex whispered, kissing her neck.

"Hey, this isn't the time." Sally said, reluctantly pulling away from his soft lips.

"What, you don't know about my haunted house fetish?" Alex joked.

"Oh, yeah, this place is so hot." Sally laughed out. She finally pulled away and turned to face him. Stepping close to him, she gave him a soft kiss and firmly grabbed his jean-clad shaft in her palm.

"Save it for later, babe." Sally said, squeezing his dick softly, causing him to groan, "Don't worry, for helping me out, for bringing me here, I've got something extra special ready for you tonight."

"Mmm, I can't wait." Alex purred, kissing his girlfriend.

"Well..." she began, kissing him back, "You'll have to." she finished, stepping back, all business again as she went back to searching the books, leaving him high and dry. He had no expectations that she would want to get it on in the haunted house, but it was worth a shot. Unfortunately, that left his dick uncomfortably swollen in his pants.

He didn't need to worry about it, though. He wouldn't have to wait that long. By the time he would leave this house, his balls would be completely drained. He just didn't know it yet.

And he also didn't know that he wasn't the only person in this house who had sex on their mind.

Nadine trailed behind Dom, watching his hot body as they walked, barely able to stop herself from jumping his bones and forcing herself on him. He was just so hot to her. He had the deep, brooding attitude that could drive any girl nuts, and the sense of humor to make anyone like him. He had close cropped brown hair and a bit of stubble that made him look rough and mature. He had deep, dark eyes that pulled you in. And his body was fit and sexy. And his

demeanor made him even more sexy. He was surprisingly quiet for such a joker, but when he spoke out and made a joke it made his jokes even funnier. His words carried weight, and his ability to not have to force his humor on people made him even more appealing.

Nadine wanted him bad. She racked her head over what to do to make it clear she was his for the taking. She had flirted and preened around him, but he had never made a move. He always came across like he was above the social games of high school stuff, and even though he had his choice of girls, he never seemed to date any of the girls in school. That was until recently, until he started palling around with that skinny bitch Rachel, who dressed in that stupid, ironic, hipster clothing. She didn't dress the part of a girly girl like Nadine did. Nadine dressed like a woman. Rachel dressed like a member of a lesbian indie band! But somehow Dom preferred her. Somehow, she landed the hottest single guy in school! Nadine was baffled by this. Didn't Dom know he could have her instead! And he could definitely have her in any way he wanted.

"So, this is fun." Nadine said, following Dom, eyes on his cute butt.

"Uh yeah, it's alright." he replied, never turning to face her as he kept walking. They came to a door and Dom pushed it open. He walked inside cautiously, with Nadine right behind. They emerged into a bedroom, with a large bed and a light shining through the dirty window.

Both of them stepped into the room and Dom shone the flashlight through the room. There were a few pieces of furniture, like shelves and desks and a few other odds and ends. The bed looked simple, a wood frame and a thin padding that acted like a mattress.

"That bed looks mighty comfy." Nadine suggested, walking towards it.

"No it doesn't." Dom replied, not giving her an inch in her obvious come-ons and double-entendres.

"It looks big enough for two." Nadine replied, moving in front of him, raising her eyebrows coyly.

"Of course it does. It was for Madeline and her husband."
Dom replied.

"Oh, come-on, Dom. Loosen up." she said, stepping up to him, rubbing his shoulder. He backed away quickly.

"Let's keep looking." Dom said, turning away from her. Nadine scrunched her eyebrows in annoyance.

Dom thumbed through the furniture, looking for anything interesting. Nadine racked her brain for anything she could say to Dom. She looked around listlessly and glanced at the window. And when she did...

"AHH!" Nadine squealed, jumping back, backing into Dom.

"What is it?" Dom asked, looking around, unconsciously having grabbed her as she nearly fell back into him.

"I saw... I saw a face! In the window!" Nadine said, legitimately upset.

"What?" Dom asked skeptically.

She wasn't kidding. When she glanced into the window, she saw the reflection of a face, as if someone was behind her. It wasn't Dom's face. It was a woman's face. An older woman, a woman who looked shockingly similar to...

"It was Madeline! Madeline Crow! I swear!" Nadine cried out. She was breathing deep, clearly scared.

"What do you mean? You saw her in the window?" Dom asked.

"She... she... I saw her in the window. Her face. Reflected. It was like she was behind me. When I looked behind me she wasn't. It was only... you." Nadine said, looking up at him. It was only then she realized she was in Dom's strong arms. Dom's firm hands were on her body, around her waist. A shiver ran through her. Her nipples turned hard and her pussy moistened. Before she could think twice, she bent her

knees, lowering herself until his hands slid up her sides until they were against the sides of her breasts.

"Okay!" Dom said, leaping away from her. "You know, Nadine, I've tried to be nice. But, seriously, I should have fucking known."

"I'm sorry, Dom, but I seriously did see something." Nadine cried out.

"Bullshit, Nadine. Alright, I will make this very clear. I don't like you. I have a girlfriend. And I like her a lot. Face the facts that me and you will never happen!" Dom said firmly.

"Dom, I..." Nadine began.

"Stop! Just stop!" Dom cut her off. "I don't want to hear it! I am tired of your shameless flirting and your pathetic come-ons."

"You can cum on me anytime." Nadine said quietly.

"Nadine!" Dom said.

"Sorry." she said quietly, tearing up.

"Nadine..." Dom began, his tone softening. "I don't want to make you cry. But, it's just you come on so strong. You are so blatant to the point of being rude. You disrespect me and Rachel by hitting on me. I can't go along with that. That just doesn't work for me. I think you've just got to grow up a bit and face facts. You can't always get what you want."

Nadine looked away, not wanting to make eye contact with him as he dressed her down. And not in the way she wanted him to dress her down.

"Listen, Nadine, in the end, when it all comes down to it, you're just not my type. You'll make someone really happy, but it's not me. I know you like me, but it's just not gonna happen."

"You're wrong." Nadine said quietly.

"I'm not." Dom said. "I don't want to make this awkward, but I hope we can at least be civil."

"I'm not wrong." Nadine said, a tear falling down her cheek as she turned and stomped out of the room down the hall.

Dom sighed and rolled his eyes. He felt bad about making her cry, but she had made him so uncomfortable. She needed a taste of her own medicine. She needed the rough truth.

Nadine needed a rough something else as well.

Even though Dom had shut her down, even though her crush was farther from happening than ever before, she didn't know the truth. She didn't see the future. She didn't know how this day would end. She didn't know how happy she would be at the end of the night.

The occupant of this house had big plans for Nadine.

"This is dumb." Timmy said. He and Tony were checking out the first floor, and they had progressed to the kitchen.

"Yeah, but, I owe it to Sal." Tony said.

"Owe it to her? Only one thing a girl could give me that would want to make me want to come here." Timmy said. Tony looked at him dully. "Sex. I'm talking about sex." Timmy explained. He wasn't the sharpest guy around.

"Dude, shut up." Tony replied.

"You like her or something?" Timmy asked.

"No. It's not like that. She's like a sister." Tony said.

"Yikes. I'm surprised you'd want to do those things to your sister." Timmy said.

"Yo, shut the fuck up." Tony called out, stepping up towards him. Timmy backed away from the larger Tony, hands up.

"Just messing with you man, just messing with you." Timmy said.

"Whatever man." Tony muttered. "Why you even here?"

"Well, unlike you, it's not cause I want to bang Sally." Timmy joked. Tony tensed up and began breathing deep like a bull. "Just playing man. Listen, me and Sal were lab partners, so we worked a bit together. She's a cool girl. I don't blame you for liking her."

"Say one more thing and I'll fucking beat the shit out of you." Tony threatened the smart-ass in front of him.

"I don't like her, but I do want to be friends with her. I want her to be able to invite me over to her house like we did when we were lab partners." Timmy said.

"What? Why?" Tony asked.

"Her mom is the hottest piece of ass I've ever seen." Timmy said with a sly smile.

"What? You want to bang Sally's mom? That's fucked up!" Tony replied.

"Sure is. But it would be fucking worth it. Have you seen her tits? That ass? She's gagging for it." Timmy said.

"Dude, I can't fucking deal with you." Tony said, turning away as Timmy smiled and went back to looking.

Tony wasn't the brightest guy. He'd been nicknamed the Ox by his teammates. He was big and strong but no one had any respect for him intellectually. Sure, he didn't get the best grades, but he didn't feel dumb. That was until he was around people like Sally, and Alex, smart people, which made him feel like he was missing out on things, a whole other world. He just knew things in his spectrum, like

football, and gym stuff. But his peers could talk about politics and issues and not sound out of place. It was only then that Tony felt like an idiot. Despite his size, it was those moments that he felt like the smallest guy in the world. He just wanted someone to respect him. Respect what he could do.

He thought he had that in Sally. She treated him different. Like a friend. Tony thought it could be something more, that is until she started dating Alex. Alex was a cool dude, but Tony couldn't help but resent him a little bit for being with the girl he liked. Tony soon realized she would never see him that way and he had no choice but to dive in to his other pursuits. Like football. Or weightlifting.

So there Tony was, the biggest guy in school, respected by no one. Despite his large size, he didn't garner that respect from his peers. He was not a leader, he was a follower. A coach's dream, cause he was the type to be told to do something and be able to do it. He didn't like to think of himself as dumb, but deep down he was afraid he was just a big, dumb ox. No girl would want a dumb ox like him. He just wanted to find someone who appreciated his set of skills. But he hadn't found that. Not yet.

"Dude, there ain't nothing here." Timmy called out, examining the stove.

"Just keep looking." Tony replied, shining his flashlight at the wall.

Timmy rolled his eyes and sauntered away. He looked away and noticed a door. It must have been a pantry or something. He walked over to it and popped open the door. He stepped inside and looked around. The room was windowless, so the only light came from his flashlight and the ambient light from the open door behind him. His flashlight shined through the cobwebs, examining the room. This pantry had no food in it. Any food that was once there was now gone, obviously. There were some shelves, but they were mostly empty. His flashlight did shine on a pair of large, white milk jugs, sitting on a shelf, but there wasn't much else. There were a few blankets and tattered cloth, but for the most part, this small room was mostly empty. Timmy was about to turn back and leave this room when...

SLAM!

The door behind him slammed shut, leaving the room mostly dark, other than the light coming from his flashlight. Timmy jumped at the sound of this and spun around and shone his light at the door. It was then he realized he wasn't alone.

"AAHHH! HOLY FUCK!" Timmy screamed out.

Some knocks came in from the now closed door.

"Timmy, you alright." Tony's muffled voice came from beyond the door.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!

Tony knocked again, beating at the door with the back of his fist.

"You alright?" Tony called out.

Timmy couldn't reply. He was in shock. Cause standing in front of him was another person. A person who shouldn't be here. But it was no witch.

"Mrs. Samson? What are you doing here?" Timmy asked.

Standing in front of Timmy was Sally's mom, Mrs. Jane Samson. A bodacious blonde if there ever was one. Jane stood in front of Timmy wearing a pair of skin tight, low-waisted jeans and a tiny white tank top. Her flat belly was exposed, showing off her perfect golden tan. Her top clung to her enormous, juicy, bouncy breasts. And by the way her hard nipples showed through the top, she was not wearing a bra. Her perfect blonde hair was done up on her head, and her piercing eyes and puffy lips were made her look like the sex bomb she was.

Timmy didn't understand what he was seeing. She couldn't be here, but she was here. She looked fantastic, but something was off. She seemed to glow with some otherworldly light, highlighting her beauty in this dark atmosphere.

"Mmm, so nice to see you here, Timmy." Jane gasped out, her voice breathy and airy, so unlike the seemingly reserved mature mother she always was around him.

"How... How?" Timmy asked, the arrogant young man backing up in confusion.

"I came here to check up on Sal. I found out she was coming here, and I wanted to make sure she was okay. If I had known a big, strapping young man like you was here, I wouldn't have worried." Jane said, rubbing her palm along his fit bicep.

"Uh, yeah, Mrs. S. I got this shit under control." Timmy said, his confusion being overwhelmed by his attraction to the mature, hot blonde with the massive tits in front of him. She got in close to him and pushed out her tits, exposing her cleavage to the black young man in front of her.

Timmy couldn't help but stare. As his eyes got lost in the cavern between her massive jugs, he just couldn't look

away. He was transfixed by the succulent flesh in front of him. If he could look up he would have seen the evil smile curl across her face. She stepped forward, entering the young man's personal space, and he had no way to stop her.

"Timmy, are you okay, dude?" Tony said, slamming on the door. Tony looked around the room, hoping to find something to jar the door loose. He used all his strength to pull on the knob, but something was holding this door shut. Tony stood up and looked around, gathering his thoughts. He looked around and his eyes settled on the fireplace. Next to it was a cast iron poker that was built to stir up the wood in the fireplace. Tony ran over and grabbed it. He ran back to the door and jammed the poker between the door and the door frame, hoping to pry it open. He used all the strength in his body to try to force this door open and find out what happened to Timmy and to make sure he was alright. He didn't really like the guy, but he didn't want him hurt or anything.

Timmy was not hurt. In fact, he couldn't be happier. He was lying on his back, pants around his knees, as Mrs. Jane Samson furiously rode his thick black cock. Timmy had his hands under her top, filling his hands with her gigantic

tanned breasts. He pinched her hard nipples as she rode him.

"Mmm, Timmy, I've wanted this for so long." Jane moaned out.

"Mrs. S! You're incredible!" he gasped out. This woman was incredible. He just knew under her typical professional exterior she was a slut trying to get out. And holy fuck, this bitch could fuck! She was swiveling her hips as she rode him, and her cunt was the tightest fucking hole he had ever experienced, and he had fucked some girls in the ass. But Jane Sampson, this mature slut, had them all beat.

"I'm better than all those teenage sluts, aren't I?" Jane asked.

"Yes! Fuck yes!" Timmy praised, his eyes closing, the pleasure was so great.

"OH! FUCK ME! You fuck me so much better than my husband! I love it! Timmy! Pledge yourself to me, and you will get everything you ever wanted." Mrs. S moaned out.

"I'm gonna need this pleasure. I'm gonna need a strong young man satisfying my needs every day."

"Whatever you want, baby. Whatever you want!" Timmy grunted out. He opened his eyes and tried to take in her voluptuous body, but he just couldn't get a good look at her. His vision was fuzzy, but he didn't really care. The pleasure of her tight, squeezing cunt was consuming his world.

Tony was still at it, trying to force the door open. Finally, the wood could take no more, and the doorframe splintered, allowing the door to be opened. He dropped the fire poker and ripped the door open.

He was staring into the darkness, unable to see anything. But he heard something, like some sort animal grunting. He pointed his flashlight within, until he saw movement. He saw what appeared to be something under a layer of dusty black fabric, writhing. Tony thought it was an animal or something. The noises coming from it were savage grunts, almost feral sounding. He moved the light around, and as he did, he saw Timmy on the floor, his pants around his ankles, and a huge smile on his face. The thing under the

black fabric was on top of him, on top of his crotch. And then Tony saw the motion of limbs under the cloth, and his flashlight reflected off some long black hair, Tony suddenly realized the truth. A woman was on top of Timmy, wearing a dusty black covering. The savage grunting was coming from her, as she... as she... Holy shit. Tony realized the truth. This woman, whoever she was, was fucking Timmy. Tony didn't know who she was, this wild woman, he couldn't get a good look at her face. But she was just savagely riding Timmy, and he didn't appear to have any complaints.

"Timmy! What are you doing!" Tony called out. Suddenly, the woman stopped writhing, and Tony could suddenly feel her turn her head and look at him. Before he could react, an unseen force shoved him from behind, sending him flying into the pantry, until he roughly hit the far wall face-first. He was knocked loopy, and the last thing he heard was the door slamming shut behind him, rendering the room pitch black. And now, he was trapped in this room, trapped with Timmy and this mystery woman.

Tony was knocked silly and into a daze. He fell to his ass and leaned back against the wall he ran into it. As he began to regain his bearings, he heard footsteps approaching him,

till he felt a presence directly in front of him. He didn't know who it was moving around, but he hoped it was Timmy. From within the darkness, a rustle of fabric was heard, and an almost ghostly pale, firm, bare female leg emerged. And it was a long leg... a smooth leg. So smooth... Tony shook his head and looked away, trying to escape the presence in front of him. But that was impossible. He felt the figure kneel in front of him, and he felt the presence move closer. He felt a breath at his ear.

"We've got work to do." A ghostly female voice whispered into his ear.

"AAAHH!" Tony screamed out, knowing he was in the presence of something deeply evil.

He was not wrong.

Unfortunately for the other people there, in the Cursed House of Crow, sound just seemed to die, so the noise made

in the pantry was heard by none of the others. They just carried on blissfully unaware of the fact that they were under attack. Someone in the House was awake, and that person was not happy.

Neither was Nadine. She had stomped away from Dom in a huff. She tried to just check out other rooms upstairs, but eventually, she just made her way back downstairs. She had settled into an uncomfortable chair in the living room and put her head in her hands, trying to hold back the tears.

This just felt so wrong! She just knew her and Dom were supposed to be together. Whenever she thought of her and him as a couple, it just felt so right. It felt so meant to be. They would be so cute together! But no, he turned her away, just because she did a bit of light flirting with him. He got so mean with her, when the only crime she committed was liking him. Maybe he was afraid. Afraid of how much he actually did like her. That must be it. He pretends to like his dorky little girlfriend, but he still likes Nadine and wants to be with her. He didn't have to be so mean about it though.

Nadine wiped away the tears. She didn't want anyone to see her like this. She didn't cry much in general. She wasn't that type of girl. She was the type to make other girl's cry, cause she was so much better than them in every way. She wasn't a girly girl, she was a tough chick. And as she wiped away the tears, she had to remind herself that tough chicks don't cry.

As she got back to her feet, she thought about what Dom had said. Was he right? Did she come on too strong? Were him and her not truly meant to happen? No, it couldn't be. Dom just had to like her deep down. She knew it. And he would realize that when he saw her flirting with Timmy. That would make him jealous. She would hang off Timmy and show Dom what he was missing out on.

Nadine sauntered forward towards the kitchen area, looking for Tony and Timmy. Her eyes scanned the room, noting the shelves and the cast iron stove. But what she didn't see was Tony and Timmy. She scrunched her eyes in confusion. Where the hell did they go? They didn't puss out, did they?

Nadine was about to walk towards the front door and see if they had chickened out and went outside. She was stopped when she heard a noise. It was faint and muffled, but she could hear it. It sounded like... sucking. Vigorous, wet sucking.

She followed the noise till she found herself in front of a door leading off from the kitchen. It looked like a pantry or something. Even though she thought this whole ghost thing was bullshit, she would admit she was a bit nervous by what she had seen so far. That face she saw in the window. This almost animal like sucking she was hearing. Something just felt... off.

So, with trembling fingers, Nadine grabbed the door and pulled it open.

She heard the sucking first. Now that the door was open, the sound was clear. But the room was still pitch-black, so she couldn't see the source of the noise. Flicking on her flashlight, she pointed it into the room.

The light traveled along the dusty wooden floor, seeing nothing of note. That was until she saw a pair of shoes. She followed these shoes and used the light to travel up the legs of the shoe's owners. She saw a pair of bunched up jeans around his ankles, leaving his black legs bare. Nadine shined her light upward, to realize that on the floor was Timmy, his large dick out in the open, throbbing as he vigorously stroked it. His eyes were closed and he seemed blind to the world, lost in his own pleasure.

Nadine was beyond confused. What the hell was he doing? Why was he stroking his impressively large cock, and in here of all places?

"Timmy." Nadine called out. "What are you doing?"

Timmy's eyes flashed open, revealing that they were glowing, in an inhuman red glow. Before she could really take this in, Nadine heard movement from the other end of the room. On instinct, she flashed her light towards the other side of the room, and what she saw stunned her.

She saw a person, draped in a dusty black cloak, facing the wall, slightly bent over. This figure was moving slightly, shifting in place. The cloak was bulky, but judging by the figure's seemingly trim figure and long black hair, it appeared to be a woman. And that wet, sucking noise was coming from her direction.

Nadine let the light trail to the ground, and it was only then she realized that this woman was standing over the large seated figure of Tony. Tony was seated against the wall, but everything above his waist was obscured by the woman in front of him and her bulky black cloak. The woman was bent over in front of him and pressed in close, her chest near his face, as if forcing something upon him. Tony was not fighting this invasion of his personal space. In fact, he was barely moving at all.

And continuously, unstopping, was that same, sucking noise. It seemed to get louder, as if reverberating in Nadine's ears. In her head. In her mind.

"Tony!?" Nadine called out. At this noise, the woman came to life, like a cockroach when the lights turned on. As quick

as a flash, she ran to the side, disappearing behind some shelves, never once looking back.

"Jesus!" Nadine screamed out, startled by her sudden motion. She was gone from sight in an instant, and Nadine watched as Tony, eyes glowing red, fell over onto his side. As if exhausted, his eyes lidded over as he fell into an instantaneous deep rest, his chest slowly rising and falling, creamy milk leaking from his open mouth.

"Uh, jeez, uh..." Nadine gasped, backing away. She wanted to help, but she didn't want to go in there, with whoever that woman was. It couldn't be... no, it wasn't possible. Ghosts aren't real. But Nadine had to admit, that didn't look like a ghost. She looked very real. Then, who was she?

Nadine didn't care to ask. She needed to get help. She needed to find Dom. He would know what to do.

Leave it to an intrepid slut like Nadine to use even this attack on her friends as a way to get close to the man she wanted.

Sally ran her finger along the spine of a book she pulled from the bookshelf. She opened the first page and saw it was titled "The Mirror" in handwritten ink. She fanned through the pages until one page seemed to appear as the book fell open. The words on the page caught her eyes and she read through them.

"You are not enough for him. You've always known that. You always knew his eyes would wander. You acted as if that weren't true, but deep down, you know you're not good enough. And you are not. The world will evolve, society will exist and grow whether you're a part of it or not. And he will move on, to someone more capable. And you will be forgotten. A faded memory, trapped within the sins of others. "

Sally scrunched her eyebrows. It must be a diary or journal or something. Well, she would have more time for that later. She added this book to her stack of books next to her backpack.

"What are you doing with all of these?" Alex asked, sauntering over next to her, eyeing the stack of books. He grabbed "The Mirror" from the top and fanned through it.

"I'm uh, I'll take them home for a bit of light reading." Sally replied coyly.

"You're taking them?" Alex asked.

"Well, no one is gonna be looking for them." Sally justified.

"Man, you're a bit more lawless than I thought." Alex said with a wry smile. "You're lucky I love you, or I'd call the cops on you." he added with a laugh. She giggled in response.

The book he was holding slipped from his grasp as he only maintained a grip on one side of the book. The book was peeled open, one page pried apart. Alex regained his grip and he was to shut it when the words caught his eyes. He couldn't help but read them over.

"All the wild women, the whores of the world, are yours for the taking. They will welcome you gladly, with open legs, ready rear ends, and magnificent breasts. The dark pleasures they can provide are the only things that can quench your desires. Your betrothed isn't enough. You know that. You say you love her. She's who you want, not what you need. You will betray her trust, in a manner vicious and true, and you will revel in her heartbreak. Her heart shattering will bring you pleasure. Cause your heart belongs to another. It's already too late. Your love has already began to fade from her and grow towards another. As you read these words, they invade your soul, making you mine. As I say your desire fades, your desire fades. As I say it rises, it rises. Your thirst for more grows as I put it to words, but the truth is these desires have always been there. Below the skin. All it required was for one as magnificent as myself to bring them to the surface. And I'm about to. I'll see you soon, my love, my future mate.

M. C. October 3, 2012"

"Hey, uh, Sally..." Alex began. She looked up at him, expectantly. Before he could finish...

"Hey guys." Dom said, "Have you seen Nadine?"

"What did you do, Dom?" Sally asked.

"We, uh, we had a bit of a disagreement." Dom said.

"Dom, I told you man, I told you to be nice to her." Alex said, distracted from his latest findings.

"Yeah, dude, I know. She was just... you know how she gets. She was just pushing at me." Dom said, stepping inside.

"Well, you'd better apologize." Sally said. "Don't bad mouth my best friend. Trust me, she'll make you regret it."

"I know, I'll just let her cool off, then I'll talk to her." Dom said. "You guys find anything in here?"

"Oh, yeah, lots of stuff." Sally began. "Lots of books. I don't have the chance to look at all of them now, but it looks like there's lots of good stuff here."

"Hey, Sal, I was just gonna tell you..." Alex began, holding up "The Mirror."

"DOM!" Nadine screamed out, running up the stairs. All of them turned their heads in confusion. They turned to look through the doorway, just in time for...

"DOM!" Nadine screamed out again. Nadine ran past the study, not even taking a moment to look inside the room as she ran past. Sally, Alex and Dom watched her run past, and started to follow her.

"Dom!" Nadine called out as she entered the bedroom. She stopped when she realized Dom wasn't in the room. She turned to exit the room, only for the door to slam shut in her face. Nadine grabbed the nob and tried to pull the door open, but it wasn't budging. She started pounding on the door.

"Hey! Dom! Sally! Alex! Can you hear me?" she called out.

Dom, Alex and Sally heard Nadine pounding on the stuck door.

"Hey! Nadine! Can you hear me?" Alex called out.

"Nadine!" Sally called out. Dom moved to grab the doorknob. He tried to pull it open, but it was stuck good. It wasn't moving.

"Nadine!" Dom called out. "Are you okay? Can you hear us?" He didn't particularly like Nadine, but he didn't want her hurt.

Unfortunately for Nadine, she couldn't hear them, even though they were about a foot away. Cause sound had a way of dying in the Cursed House of Crow, especially at the worst possible times.

But even though Nadine couldn't hear her friends on the other side of the door, she did hear another noise. A very ominous noise. The long, whining groan of wood creaking from across the room. Nadine's eyes widened as she heard this. The door was stuck, and she had no choice but to turn around and face the source of this noise head on. Slowly, she spun to meet her fate.

On the opposite corner of the room, seated in a chair, was the same cloaked figure as before. The top of her was bathed in shadow, but her legs and waist were visible. Nadine stared, wide-eyed at this cloaked figure.

"Who are you?" Nadine asked, her voice shaking with fear. The seated woman didn't answer. For a few moments, she didn't even move. Then, without any words, she responded.

The seated woman's legs began to spread. Nadine watched as the woman's ghostly white hand pulled up the bottom of her black covering, exposing her bare, pale white legs. She exposed more and more pale flesh, and finally, she pulled the cloak over her waist, exposing herself to Nadine. Nadine stared at her, wide-eyed. She should be horrified, but she

couldn't look away. She just kept staring at the seated woman, and the flesh she was exposing. She was the last girl who would ever be into chicks, but something about the sight of this exposed woman was mesmerizing. Something about this sight made her lick her lips. Something about this sight made her drool with lust.

"Why isn't this door opening?" Alex grunted out, pushing at the door with all of his strength, but it wasn't budging at all. He pulled away and let Dom try, but he didn't have any luck.

"Nadine, if you're okay, let me know!" Sally called out through the door, but there was no response.

"Hey..." Alex began, "Let's go get Tony and Timmy. They can get this door open, I bet." he suggested.

"Yeah, good thinking." Sally replied, "Dom, you keep trying, we'll get the guys." Sally grabbed Alex's arm as she led him downstairs. Dom watched them walk away, and as soon as they were out of sight, he turned to focus on the door. He

stretched out his arms, cracked his knuckles, and readied himself to use all of his strength to get the door open.

He put his hand on the nob, turned the handle, and reared back to drive his shoulder into the door.

The door popped right open.

He wasn't expecting this outcome, so he kinda fell through the doorway as his driving shoulder missed the now open door. He stumbled in to the bedroom but regained his bearings quickly.

"Nadine." he called out, looking around the room. The doorknob slipped from his fingers and the door slowly slid back into place, closing itself. Dom looked around, searching the dark room for Nadine. But he didn't see her, at first.

What caught his attention at first were the whispers. He heard whispers carry through the darkness, audible enough to be noticed, but just quiet enough to be unintelligible. His

ears followed the noise, and his eyes were drawn into the corner. It was there that he saw her.

The light from outside shone through the dusky window, illuminating Nadine. She was on her hands and knees, facing the corner. She was locked in place, not moving from her position, but she was moving a bit. Her butt was swaying , and her head was moving around actively. Dom looked into the corner, and it was then he realized there was someone else in this room.

She blended into the shadows. The corner itself in front of Nadine was black, as the light from the window didn't reach that far. It was there that this figure sat, in a chair in front of Nadine. This figure was dressed in a dusty black coat, which helped her blend into the darkness. And it became clear to Dom that that this figure was a woman when he realized what Nadine was up to.

Nadine was on all fours, between the woman's legs. And this woman had lifted up her cloak, so even though her legs were bathed in shadow, their ghostly paleness allowed the trim, clearly feminine legs to be seen in the darkness. And

Nadine, she was between the woman's spread legs, her face nestled in this mystery woman's crotch, her tongue lapping at the vagina in front of her.

"Nadine!" Dom called out, in shock. What was she doing? Why was she licking this woman's vagina? What the fuck was going on?

But Nadine was undeterred. She ignored Dom, for the first time ever. She just kept on lovingly licking the plump, bare mature pussy in front of her. She lapped at it like a cat, giving the full length of the cunt the pleasure of her wet tongue. Nadine nibbled, licked, and sucked at the cunt, completely enthralled by the act. Which was strange for a girl who always used the word lesbo or dyke as a vicious insult when girls showed even the slightest bit of affection towards each other. But now there she was, lapping at a woman's pussy and seemingly loving every minute of it.

"What are you doing?" Dom called out. But again, Nadine ignored him. Dom watched, frozen to the spot, as a hand emerged from the shadows, equally pale as her legs. Her fingers curled out and patted Nadine's head appreciatively.

And the whispering persisted. Dom tried to listen, but he couldn't make out the words. And the whispers got louder, like waves crashing into his ears. He could hear the noise but he just couldn't make out the words. He looked at Nadine, and the woman she was pleasuring. Nadine was looking up at the woman, worshipfully, and it seemed like something was being shared between them. That maybe these whispers were meant for Nadine to hear and not Dom. Nadine went on, pleasuring the woman in front of her. And the whispers got louder... and louder.

And then they stopped.

Nadine pulled away from the woman with a warm pop. Saliva and sexual juices connected Nadine's open mouth to the pussy of the woman in front of her. Nadine's body moved for the first time, rising into a kneeling position. Then, in one smooth motion, like a serpent, she turned to stare at Dom.

And her eyes glowed a burning red.

"Nadine?" Dom asked. She was staring at him hungrily. It was a look he had gotten more than once from her. But something about this was different. It was more confident. Not that she wasn't confident normally, but as she got to her feet, something about her seemed more... self-assured.

She got to her feet, and slowly, confidently, she began to walk forward, towards him. Like a hunter circling her prey. It was as if she knew she had him wrapped around her finger. He couldn't rip his eyes from her growing gaze.

"What are you doing? Are you okay?" Dom asked, stepping back. Something was wrong with her. Dom looked over her shoulder at the woman in the corner, and she just sat in place, as if watching the proceedings in front of her. What was up with her? Was she possessed or something? Was the woman in the corner controlling her? Wait, this was ridiculous!

"I'm fine, Dom." she said assuredly.

"Who is that?" Dom asked, nodding at the woman, still unable to break her eyeline.

"Don't worry about her. Focus on me." Nadine said, glancing at her own body, guiding his eyes down to the only thing that could pull his eyes away from her otherworldly gaze. His eyes fell to her giant tits, which is where she obviously wanted him to look. Despite his dislike of her, he had to admit her body was spectacular. She had curves where they mattered. Nice, firm legs. A juicy rear-end. And perfectly ripe, succulent big tits.

Typically, these things didn't matter to him. He wasn't that type of guy. He wasn't that shallow. To him, it was a point of pride that his girlfriend wasn't conventionally beautiful. He was the type of guy who kind of liked the fact that his girl-friend had a flat-chest and no ass to speak of. He liked the fact that she dressed down, and downplayed her looks. She was a pretty girl, but she had such character and personality. He thought about her. All the good times they had. And how much he loved her.

But why was he suddenly having trouble remembering her name?

And had Nadine's tits always been that big?

Dom couldn't look away. They just looked huge in that top, which clung to her chest. Her hard nipples were apparent from under it, and they looked like they were positively throbbing. Dom tried to look away, but all he could think was... were those DD's?

Dom shook his head, meeting her gaze again. Her glowing, red gaze. He had to not let himself be taken in by her abundant charms. He had to fight for what's-her-name.

"What's wrong, baby? Having trouble focusing?" Nadine asked, her voice filled with lust.

"What are you doing?" Dom asked. Something was wrong. In his head. She was doing something to him. He never thought like this? He never thought of girl's cup sizes? He never wondered about just how nasty Nadine was in the sack. He never wondered if she could take all of his thick cock down her throat. He never wondered if she would let him fuck her massive tits. He never wondered if she had one of those extra tight cunts he had heard so much about.

He never wondered how much of his cock Nadine would take up her extra-tight asshole. Probably the whole thing. She would probably spread her cheeks like an eager slut and beg for the whole fucking length. Then suck it right after like a nasty whore would. And she would swallow his creamy load and beg for more. And she would get it. She would fucking get it... wait, what?

Dom shook his head. What the fuck was happening? He had to get out of here. He turned for the door and attempted to escape. But, of course, the door wouldn't budge. He turned to face Nadine, who was slowly approaching. She seemed to be dripping with darkness. Dom was starting to think she truly was possessed.

"What happened to you? What are you doing?" Dom asked. "What did you do to her?" Dom called out to the woman in the corner. This couldn't be happening. There was no way the myths could be true. But what other explanation could there be.

"I told you to focus on me." Nadine said, drawing his attention to her. As he looked, she produced an old looking

knife from her pocket. Dom stepped back. Nadine, her confident smile never wavering, took the knife and brought it to her neck.

"No!" Dom called out, afraid she was gonna hurt herself. But before he could do anything, she brought the knife to the neck of her top and proceeded to cut at her shirt. The shirt peeled apart like the knife was cutting through butter. She slid the knife down her front, and as she did, her massive breasts began to try to force their way out. As she reached the hem of her top, her bra-covered breasts practically exploded out of them, forcing the ruined shirt to fall to the floor in tatters.

Nadine's upper half was now only covered in a lacy black bra, and her tits were so ripe and juicy they were practically falling out of it. The smooth, caramel flesh was literally pouring from her bra, yearning to be free.

Again, his view of her glowing eyes was broken as his eyes were drawn to her deep cleavage. So deep, deep enough to make him wish he could fall into it face first and never escape.

"Nadine!" Dom called out. "Wake up!" Dom knew she was a slut, but he knew that this wasn't her. She wouldn't be this brazen. This was something else. A new force entirely.

"Dom, don't you realize this is what we both want?" Nadine asked, getting closer. She stopped, unzipped her jeans, and slowly pulled them off. She stepped out of them and continued slowly approaching, now clad only in her underwear.

Her panties matched her bra, black lace and tiny. Dom had to guess she was wearing a thong, knowing her like he did.

"You want me, Dom. You want my body." Nadine whispered huskily, her lust-filled voice like a serpent, weaving around his mind. "You've wanted me all along. I know it. You've run from it for so long, but I know the truth. You love me. You have been in love with me for years. And deep down, you want to make our love official. You want to ditch the girlfriend, that pathetic excuse for a girl, and be with me, a real woman. A slut who will take care of you like

you need. Who will give you everything you ever needed. Who will do anything you want."

"Nadine. I love her. I can't do this. This is wrong! Even you know that, deep down. This isn't you. This is her work, isn't it?" he asked, nodding at the woman in the corner.

"Don't worry about her. She just wants to watch us have our fun." Nadine purred. Dom backed against the door. Nadine approached her prey, knowing she had him trapped. She stepped in close, pressing her large rack into his chest.

"Mmm, that's nice. Here's what's gonna happen. Here's what you want to happen. Here's what you've always wanted to happen. You are gonna make me yours. You are going to be betray your little girlfriend and choose me. Forever. After tonight, you will know which girl you belong to. Who owns your heart. Your soul. It has to happen this way. Cause betrayal is just so yummy. You have to know what I'm capable of. Just imagine, seeing what I'm capable of, combined with the vicious betrayal against your girlfriend, that will make the sex so much better. We were destined to

do this. Destined to become lovers. We were made for each other." Nadine whispered.

She pressed herself in tight, pressing her large breasts against him. She pressed her belly against him, feeling his desire for her. Without a fight, Nadine took his hands and placed them against her ass-cheeks, exposed by the teeny tiny thong she had tucked snugly between her cheeks of her hot Latina ass. Nadine felt him reflexively squeeze her ass-cheeks.

"Just look into my eyes, Dom. I will make all your troubles go away." she whispered. She looked up, and his eyes locked onto hers. Her glowing eyes held his stare, as her lips slowly approached his.

As soon as Alex and Sally hit the ground floor, they went searching for their two friends.

"Hey guys!" Alex called out urgently. They looked around, but saw no sign of their two friends.

"They better not have wussed out." Sally said to Alex. "Timmy! Tony!" she called out.

Suddenly, footsteps were heard from the kitchen. Down the hallway in the kitchen emerged the two young men.

"There you are." Sally said, relieved. Neither of them reacted as they approached the couple.

"Guys, the door is jammed upstairs and Nadine is stuck inside!" Alex explained quickly. Again, neither of them reacted as they confidently approached. Alex noticed small smiles on both of their faces.

"Guys, what's wrong?" he asked. As he looked at them, something seemed off. Then he saw their eyes.

They glowed red.

"Hey..." he began. Before he could finish, Tony reared back and took a swing at Alex.

"Aaaah!" Sally squealed out. Alex ducked, dodging Tony's fist.

"Hey!" Alex called out. Timmy jumped forward, trying to grab Alex.

"Timmy!" Alex grunted out as Timmy grabbed the collar of his shirt. Alex grabbed his forearms to pull them away, but as he did, Tony jumped forward, drilling Alex with a punch to the gut.

"What are you doing?" Sally squealed out, jumping away. Alex fell to the ground, gasping for air. Timmy tried to grab his wrists, but Alex reacted, swinging back, hitting the side of Timmy's head with his elbow. The force knocked Timmy back, but he didn't react at all to the pain. Alex tried to get to his feet. Tony ran forward to punch him again. Alex was able to duck, rear back, and punch back at him,

cracking Tony in the jaw. That punch should have had him down for the count, but he merely recoiled before going on the attack again.

"Sally, get out of here!" Alex called out, trying to protect her.

"No!" Sally said. She grabbed a vase from near the chimney, and moved to hit Tony on the head with it. As if seeing behind himself, Tony turned and shoved Sally into the wall roughly, knocking her into a daze as her head drilled into the wall.

She was seeing double, and in her daze, she saw Tony and Timmy overwhelm Alex, grabbing his legs and arms, dragging him towards the kitchen.

"Sally!" Alex called out, but by the time Sally's head cleared, Alex was gone and his voice had disappeared. Sally got to her feet and chased after Tony and Timmy.

She had no time to think about what had happened. She just had to find Alex. She ran to the kitchen, and saw no signs of

life. She checked the side rooms, the pantry, out the windows, but saw nothing. She heard a bang from upstairs. Fuck, she forgot! Nadine! And Dom! They could help! They just have to get that door open. Sally sprinted upstairs.

She reached the landing, and as soon as she did she saw the door was open. Relieved, she ran towards it, pushing it open. She came to a stop when she saw what was inside.

"OOOHHHHH! FUCK YES! FUCK YES! FUCK ME!" Nadine screamed out.

Sally was frozen. In front of her was Dom and Nadine, both completely naked, and they were fucking. Hard. Dom was standing in the middle of the room and was holding up Nadine, the backs of her knees in the crooks of his arms, her arms around his neck as she furiously rode him. Both were covered with sweat, which appeared to be literally dripping onto the floor. Sally couldn't help but notice Nadine's huge breasts against Dom's rock hard chest. Her perfect ass flexing as she bounced. Dom's muscles straining as he held the slut in his arms. And what appeared to be a very large cock driving into Nadine.

"What are you doing?" Sally asked, not understanding what she was seeing. But of course, they ignored her.

"FUCK ME, BABY! FUCK ME! GIVE ME THAT FAT FUCKING COCK! DRIVE IT IN ME! GIVE ME THAT CUM! KNOCK UP YOUR LITTLE SLUT!" Nadine moaned out in pleasure.

"FUCK I LOVE IT!" Dom grunted out.

"I knew it! I FUCKING knew it! I knew you loved me!" Nadine squealed out. "Forget about your stupid, ugly fucking girlfriend! You belong to me now!"

"YES! FUCK YES!" Dom grunted, more beast than man.

"What the fuck is going on?" Sally screamed out. Both Dom and Nadine turned to look at Sally. Both smirked, and their eyes blazed red.

"What's wrong Sally?" Dom asked, smiling wide.

"What's wrong, hun?" Nadine asked, kissing Dom on the cheek over and over again.

"What the fuck? What the fuck?" Sally asked herself, backing away as the two lovers laughed and resumed their vicious copulation. Sally turned and ran back downstairs.

"Is this what you wanted to see?" Dom asked, turning to face the corner, where the woman in black was still seated, watching the action. Dom could practically feel her smile.

Sally stumbled away from the action. What the fuck was happening? Something had happened to everyone! But what? What happened? It couldn't be the so-called witch? No, that wasn't possible! That whole thing was a myth. But what could be happening? Were they poisoned or drugged or something? But their eyes? What could explain that?

Sally ran downstairs and hit the ground floor. The room was still and silent, which sent a cold chill through her

bones. Sally looked behind her, at the front door. It was cracked open, some light spilling in.

She could just leave. Leave and go get some help, because something was happening here that was more than she could understand. She should go. Alex told her to. Alex... no, she had to stay. She had to find Alex. She wasn't leaving without him.

But where could he be? She looked through all the rooms in the first floor. She racked her brain, trying to think of anything she had learned in her research. The living room. The bedroom. The study. There was the kitchen, the pantry, the basement... wait, the basement! The room where Madeline was found. Where she was captured. Of course! The basement! She hadn't found the basement. That's where they were. They had to be.

Sally ran away from the front door, towards the kitchen. She looked around, looking for any secret door. She ripped open the pantry door. She was about to look inside when...

"Aaah!" she squealed out. Tony and Timmy emerged from the darkness in front of her. She turned to run away. She ran back towards the front when...

"Shit!" Sally called out. In front of her where Dom and Nadine, both nude. Both were still sweaty. Dom's large dick was hanging between his legs, and cum was leaking from Sally's best friend's pussy.

"Don't worry, Sally." Nadine purred. "We won't hurt you."

Before she could move, Tony grabbed her arms roughly from behind. Timmy slipped a black hood over her head.

"No! No!" Sally called out as the cloth covered her vision. She tried to fight back from the strong arms holding her, but it was of no use. She tried to keep fighting, but something on the cloth was making her woozy. Within moments, she was being dragged along the floor, her heels dragging on the floor as Tony dragged her in his arms to the basement.

Where the woman in black awaited.

The smell was the thing that woke up Sally. It smelled hot, like a source of heat was nearby. There was also a burning smell, which led her to think something was cooking nearby.

She started to stir a bit, and it was only then that the black hood was ripped off her head, revealing to her where she was.

The room she was in, no doubt the basement of the house of Crow, looked to be made of dark stone. This room looked alien in relation to the house above. Torches hung from the wall, casting an orange hue throughout the room. Strange artifacts and decorations filled the room, as if tools for some mystic or something.

In front of her was a large, cast iron cauldron, gurgling due to the fire beneath it. Behind the cauldron stood Timmy,

looking back at her. Behind them, on a bed on the other side of the room, were Nadine and Dom, fucking roughly, doggy-style, dripping with sweat. Sally turned away from them, and it was then that she noticed, lying on a bed to the left of the cauldron, was Alex, a black hood over his face as well. He wasn't awake, but his chest rose with his breathing.

"Alex?" Sally called out, moving to stand from the wooden chair she was in. Before she could, Tony's large hands reached down from behind her and forced her to stay seated. Breathing deeply in fear and confusion, she looked around some more, only to notice that to the right of the cauldron, bathed in shadow, was the woman in black.

Her upper half was bathed in shadow, but her lower half was visible, wearing a dusty black cloak. She sat in her chair, facing Sally, as if watching her... appraising her.

"Who are you?" Sally gasped, having an idea of who she might be, but afraid to admit it, and what that might mean.

For a few seconds, the only sound heard was the gurgling of the cauldron. Finally, the woman moved, her hands

grabbing the armrests on the chair, her ghostly pale hands visible. The woman rose from the seat, and something about this motion frightened Sally, as if this was final proof that this mystery woman was indeed real.

She stepped forward, approaching Sally. Her shoes clicked menacingly on the wooden floor. As she walked forward, more of her emerged from the darkness. She slowly approached, walking almost menacingly slow, like a hunter approaching wounded prey. More of her cloaked body emerged into the light, until only her head was still hidden from Sally.

"So nice to finally meet you, Sally." the mystery woman said, her calm, British accent reaching Sally's ears. The woman stepped forward, emerging from the shadows. Sally moved back in her seat and gasped in fear and shock, her chin quivering. She was seeing what could only be a ghost. She couldn't explain what she was seeing. Because standing in front of her was a person who couldn't be there. A person who supposedly died 300 years ago.

Madeline Crow.

Her face looked the same as it did in the paintings. She looked like a 40-something woman, and she had maintained the good looks she appeared to have in all the art of her. Her skin was pale, but a nice, creamy pale. Her face looked to be very elegant and classy, not like a crazed woman like most visualized witches being. Her eyes were a cool grey, and she had very thin eyebrows. Her mouth seemed very tightly drawn, but her lips were plump. She had very few wrinkles, as someone should if they were born over 300 years ago. Her hair was long and black past her shoulders, shiny in the firelight. A streak of light blonde, almost grey hair interrupted her liquid black hair, providing the only interruption in the waves of black falling from her head.

"I've been keeping an eye on you for some time now, Miss Samson." Madeline said, her voice cool and unaffected by the fear she was causing.

"How... how are you here? Are you a gh... a ghost?" Sally said, not believing what she was asking.

"Sally, you know there is no such thing as ghosts." Sally said with a small smile, removing her black cloak. Underneath, she was wearing colonial clothing, clothing fit for a pilgrim from her day. She wore a gray vest over a black shirt and a long black dress down to her ankles. She handed her dusty cloak to Timmy, and he moved to hang it up. Once he did, he ran back and moved Madeline's chair forward, out of the darkness, closer to Sally.

Madeline was quite tall, so it felt like she towered over the seated girl. Once her chair was in place, she sat back down, straightening her dress as she did so.

"My journey here was a long and winding one." Madeline began. "The product of a corrupt church and how that corruption can spread among even the best of people. How they attacked and persecuted people without evidence. How they persecute and condemn the innocent to protect their own agenda. Me and my friends fell victim to this... betrayal. A culture of fear created by a corrupt church to trick people into accepting their attempts for power. My peers and I were persecuted unjustly. My life destroyed. My husband killed. My children ripped from my breast. All to further the church's grip on society."

"But... how are you still alive?" Sally asked. Even in her fear, she was ever inquisitive.

"The church, in their infinite wisdom, decided to place a curse on me." Madeline replied.

"A curse?" Sally asked.

"Yes, despite of their attitude on witchcraft, the church had more knowledge of the dark arts than any of their accused witches. They cursed me, bound me to this house, waiting for me to die, so they could, in their words, 'protect the innocent'." Madeline explained.

"But, how is that possible? There is no such thing as witchcraft, or magic." Sally said. Madeline smiled as she looked at the girl as if she were simple.

"Dear, I thought much higher of you. I think all the proof of magic is the person staring you in the face. A woman who was born more than 300 years ago is standing in front of

you, and you wonder if magic is possible." Madeline said. Sally didn't know how to reply, so Madeline continued. "They cursed me to this house, so I could not escape. Trapped from the outside world, so they were protected from me."

"Why couldn't you escape?" Sally asked.

"Because I COULDN'T!" Madeline said, a crazed look in her eyes. "Because the house wouldn't let me! I would approach the door, stare out at the outside world, but a force greater than me blocked me from taking that step outside. It was hell. It was torture to see the world moving and be stuck in here, in this prison. I'm afraid I went slightly mad." Madeline said with a crazed giggle.

"But how are you still alive?" Sally asked.

"Can you really be considered alive if you can't die?" Madeline proposed, confusing Sally. "I outsmarted them. Out-thought their plan. But it cost me my soul. I sold my soul to maintain my life. To outlive those who placed the

curse on me, so that one day I would get my freedom. And my revenge."

"What do you mean, you sold your soul? Sold to who?" Sally wondered. Madeline smiled.

"It's not about who, dear." Madeline said mysteriously. "You'll realize that selling your soul is not a simple transaction. It means sacrificing any purity in a desperate maneuver to preserve life." she added vaguely.

"Wait, what are you talking about?" Sally asked.

"Dear, do you truly not understand yet?" Madeline asked, looking at the teenager like she was simple, again. "Do you not know yet...?"

"Sally..." Madeline began, "I am a witch."

"Ha!" Sally barked, "No way."

"I am a witch." Madeline reaffirmed. "I have been all my life. From my youth, I felt... different. I had this power I couldn't explain. I could do things I wasn't able to do. I tried to hide it. Tried to suppress it. But the more I did, the more it came out in unexpected ways. It wasn't until I came to this country and we settled here that I came across a book. A book which explained how to harness my power. I couldn't resist the temptation."

"No. This isn't right. You weren't a witch. You were just providing protection, a safe haven to the accused. Protecting them from the church's witch hunt." Sally said.

"I was protecting them. Cause they were my students. My apprentices. I taught them everything they knew. Before me, they were just whores. But with me, they were something more." Madeline explained. Sally looked on, in disbelief. Madeline slightly rolled her eyes, before holding out her palm. Sally watched in shock as a goblet flew from across the room, landing in her palm. Sally sat wide-eyed at this seeming proof of Madeline's talents.

"But then, it's your fault. Your housing these apprentices put your family in danger. Put them at risk." Sally questioned.

"NO!" Madeline said angrily, setting down the goblet. "I did not put my family in danger. The church did that. The church made this a war. My family was taken from me because of their fear of what they don't understand. The church attacked me out of fear of what I could do. Fear that I would threaten their grip on society. The church operates on fear! They cursed me and believed they had me defeated. But alas, they did not. I found a spell on my own, a spell no sane witch would normally even touch. I had to make terrible sacrifices, terrible sacrifices..." she repeated, staring off in silence, "I made these sacrifices, and it bought me time. Bought me time to watch from here, and figure out how to escape from this prison. I paid for immortality with my very soul, and I intend not only to escape, but to get my humanity back as well." she said.

"I have watched for years from here. Watched society get more and more corrupted, watched darkness overtake this society. In my time, they saw me as evil. Now, I would fit right in." Madeline added.

"How did you watch society from here?" Sally asked.

"Oh, I have my eyes all over this city." Madeline replied coyly. Sally suddenly recalled the paintings of Madeline all over town, and the way their eyes seemed to follow you. "That was how I kept myself sane. Focused. I was able to learn, to adapt my language to match yours. I watched from afar as every facet of society was corrupted. The church. The government. The schools. All of them are now corrupt bodies, destroying society, infecting it from the inside. That's how I saw you. Asking around, pleading for my case to be heard. I admire your integrity and your drive. You would have been a perfect student for someone like me. Too bad it was not meant to be. The influence of the coven has been snuffed out, buried in their corruptions, yearning to be free. My influence must be made, my words must be heard, my talents must be taught. And I will thank you, because you have bought me my ticket out of here."

Sally looked around, studying her friends. Dom and Nadine were still fucking the shit out of each other. Timmy was standing in place, awaiting others. Tony was still behind

her, standing guard. And Alex was still unconscious on the bed.

"What did you do to my friends?" Sally asked.

"It's been so long since I've had the chance to test my powers. And I am heartened to see your friends took to it so, so quickly. They were dying to have my influence in their lives. Nice to know my skills are still strong." Madeline said.

"Your skills?" Sally asked.

"Your friends belong to me now." Madeline explained to her. "I used some of my favorite spells on them, and they took to them like they were born to serve. And now, your friends care for me more than they ever cared about you. They now live to make me happy and make sure my wishes come true. They no longer care about their relationship with you. They don't like you anymore, but now, they love me."

"What?" Sally declared. Without saying a word, the others spoke up.

"I love you, Madeline." Tony said from behind Sally.

"Love ya, baby." Timmy said.

"I love you, Ms. Crow." Dom called out.

"I fucking love you, Madeline." Nadine screamed out, still getting roughly fucked.

"I attacked these four, but neither you nor your boyfriend. You both are still clear headed. I need you two for the last part of my plan." Madeline said. "This cloth keeps him frozen in place. He can hear everything we have said. He knows exactly what I am. He knows exactly what I've done. I'm gonna want you to remember that after what happens next." With that she stood up and strode over to the prone Alex. She reached down and ripped off the black fabric covering his face, and as soon as the fabric was gone, Alex woke up.

"What the fuck... what's going on?" he called out, lifting himself up onto his elbows. He didn't know how to explain what had just happened to him.

"Alex!" Sally called out. "Are you okay?"

"Sal, are you okay?" Alex asked.

"I'm fine." Sally said, moving to stand, but Tony held her by the shoulders in a seated position.

"What happened to me?" Alex asked, looking around for the first time, studying his surroundings. He thought he was in one of those nightmares where you are paralyzed, but once he awoke and noticed his strange surroundings, he began to realize he wasn't dreaming. He was truly in the nightmare.

"What is this?" he moved to look back at Sally, but just as he did, Madeline stepped between them.

"Hello Alex." Madeline said.

"This can't be real." Alex said, studying her. Beginning to recognize her, he pulled back. "Is this... are you... are you really...?"

"Madeline Crow. Nice to finally meet you." Madeline said. Alex backed up, not believing what he was seeing.

"What's going on?" he asked.

"Let me explain what's about to happen, dear." Madeline began, sitting on the end of the bed. She reached forward to grab his hand but he pulled away. Timmy stepped forward and grabbed him by the wrist, forcing him to hold his hand out so she could take it. Once she did, she gripped his hand roughly, not wanting to let it go. Her palm was cold to the touch. Despite the fact that he was a strong young man and her, by all appearances at least, a normal, mature woman, he couldn't free his hand from her grip.

"Listen!" Madeline said firmly, moving in closer. Unable to get away from her, she moved closer till she was sitting right next to him. He pushed himself against the wall, but she pushed herself close to him, so he was trapped. She moved her mouth to his ear and spoke.

"Let me tell you what's about to happen," Madeline repeated, her voice silky smooth. "I put a spell your friends, but I would never do that to someone like you. They're all my subjects, but that is because someone like me can entrance weak minds in my sleep. All of them are weak, driven by insecurity. Tony... he's afraid he's too dumb to be loved. Timmy... he so desperately wants to be seen as a man and to be taken seriously as one. Nadine... she's afraid she'll end up alone, so she pushes too hard on those she desires. And Dom... you're best friend, even he is just like the rest. He wants to be mysterious, so he places these facile layers on to distract people from the fact that he is just like everyone else."

"But you two... you and Sally, you two are more than that. You two have substance. You two are very interesting. Your girlfriend there, she is wise beyond her years. An old soul. A brilliant mind. A spirit for knowledge that is unmatched.

And so untouched by the corruption of society. She is pure. Innocent. You couldn't ask for more from a girl. And you, my dear. You are something special. A natural leader. A wise mind. An old soul, like your girlfriend. Someone who has substance. A person who always thinks of others before himself. A person who would rather have everyone else be happy even if it means a sacrifice on his part. A person who has found true love at a young age and never wavered from that. Your parents must be so proud of you. As her parents are of her, no doubt. You both are model citizens and wonderful people." Madeline paused.

Alex looked at her, confused. Where was she going with this? Unfortunately, he was about to find out. Madeline spoke up again.

"That's why it'll be so much fun to break you."

She moved in even closer, really invading his personal space, making him shiver. She began to whisper into his ear, loud enough for both him and Sally to hear.

"I'm going to convince you to betray your girlfriend. I'm going to lay out my case, logically. You're a smart young man, so I will lay out the facts, a finely-tuned argument 300 years in the making, and you will have no choice but to take my side, because it is the correct one. And, in doing so, you will betray your true love, viciously and brutally. You will choose me instead of her. Your heart will lie with me after tonight, and you will disregard the love of your life for something so... much... better."

"You will betray your cute, young, bright girlfriend in favor of a witch, frozen in the body of a 45-year old, but so much older in spirit. A woman who practices the dark arts. An admitted witch of the highest order. A woman who's power in witchcraft is unparralled. A woman who has converted countless numbers into her followers. A woman who trained many in her talents. A woman's whose power was so great it threatened the influence of the church. A woman who the church and society has classified as 'evil', someone bathing in the waters of sin. They call me 'The Devil's Mistress'. Someone dark of spirit and mind. Someone too dangerous to be allowed to even interact with others. My influence is too great. My skills are too powerful. A woman who has enslaved your friends. I'm telling you all of this so

you both know exactly who you're dealing with. So that despite these so-called negative qualities, this is the woman who you are starting to fall for."

"What? What are you talking about?" Alex asked, confused.

"You're going to betray your girlfriend and choose me. No magic. No spells. Just you and me. Two people. And, in committing this betrayal, you will provide me with the final ingredient which will allow me to escape from my prison." Madeline said.

Alex looked away from this woman near him. Sally had led him here to prove this woman was innocent, but not only was this woman proven to be a witch, she was still alive and on the attack. She wasn't bombastic like a movie villain. She was sinewy and velvety, like a serpent, uncomfortably intimate. She seemed relatively clear-headed, but every so often, her eyes would flash with insanity, exposing the madness within. Alex was rarely flustered, but here and now, he had to admit he was afraid. He glanced over at Sally, and she was just as nervous and fearful.

"And now it's time to show you my most powerful weapon. The thing that made the church so terrified of me." Madeline said. Madeline released his hand, and he pulled away and sat against the wall, not wanting to look at her but not knowing what else to do. Despite his hopes otherwise, it felt like an unseen force was forcing him to stare at the witch stood near the cauldron.

Sally and Alex were both watching as Madeline stood before them, light from the torches flickering across her colonial clothing. For a few moments there was a tense silence. The only sounds heard was the wet squelching of Dom's dick as Nadine rode him on the far side of the basement. Madeline looked at Alex and Sally, watching them, making sure their eyes were on her. Then, she acted.

She brought her hands to her chest and brought her fingers to the buttoned up seam in the middle of the shirt. She reached inside of her top, slipping her fingers between the buttons, giving her a grip on each side of her top. Then, in one fluid motion, she ripped her top apart, sending the buttons flying. She stretched her arms back so the tattered clothing could fall from her arms, onto the floor. As it did, her skirt, seemingly on its own accord, followed it, leaving

Madeline Crow standing in a pool of clothing, completely naked.

Madeline stood resplendent, standing nude before the teenagers in front of her. Sally and Alex couldn't help but take her body in. And they were taking it in, as it was a body built to be taken in.

Madeline's flesh shined in the darkness, her skin as pale as snow. Her skin was so creamy and pale she could truly be mistaken for a ghost. She had not been in the sun for hundreds of years, so of course she would be pale. But on her, this paleness was not a negative. She worked this look to perfection.

A lot of colonial clothing was made for full coverage in order to prevent indecent thoughts in others. Clothes made to hide the body, to prevent people from indulging in the sins of the flesh. And it became clear to both Alex and Sally that this bulky colonial clothing did its job, because neither of them had any idea, until now, that Madeline Crow had a hot fucking body.

It wasn't until they saw Madeline in the flesh how incredibly sexy she was. Sure, they had noticed that she was a beautiful, elegant, classy looking woman, but her body didn't scream class. It screamed sex. It screamed of the dark delights she could offer.

Madeline had long, firm legs, lightly muscled in just the right way. Her firm thighs were evident even in the darkness. Between her legs was her pussy, completely devoid of hair, so they could clearly see the puffy lips of her sexy, mature cunt. She had wide, child bearing hips, and her belly as flat and fit, the only interruption in the pale expanse of sexy belly being her small, sexy belly button. But none of these aspects of her body were as eye catching as what came next.

Madeline Crow had gigantic breasts. They were monster tits. Just terrifyingly large. They appeared to be incredibly soft. And perfectly round, and cleavage formed naturally in just the right way. And they just stood magically firm, standing proud on her chest, defying her age. They almost looked swollen, pulsing with desire. And her round, rubbery nipples looked they were throbbing, just begging for a mouth to bite, chew, suck, and worship them. The

flesh of her chest looked unblemished, just a perfect set of massive, firm, mature breasts.

Madeline spun slowly and bent over, leaning both hands on the bubbling cauldron, pointing her ass at both Alex and Sally. And it held up its end of the bargain. It was full and round and firm, two perfect cheeks. Her ass was a masterpiece, a heart-shaped piece of perfection.

The long expanse of her back was exposed, and it was as firm and sexy as the rest of her. The only interruption of this pale expanse was her silky black hair, which hung past her shoulders.

Madeline spun back around and faced the young lovers again and saw the awe in their eyes as they realized the truth. That Madeline Crow was fucking stacked. And in this context, her classy, mature looks became even more impressive. Her piercing eyes. Her plump lips. And almost no wrinkles. Just seeing her face, you would view her as a beautiful, mature woman. But now, seeing her body, there was no other way to think of her other than a gorgeous, hot-bodied, sexy older woman.

"Now, you see why I had intimidated the church. I suppose I can't blame them. My body is built for sin." Madeline said.

"What are you doing? Why are you naked?" Alex asked. But Madeline didn't reply. She was looking at Sally. She was such a smart girl. She knew what was about to happen. She was starting to suspect what Madeline had planned.

"Sally knows." Madeline replied. "Don't you?"

"You can't do this! This isn't right!" Sally said.

"What?" Alex asked. Madeline turned to face him.

"Alex..." she began, walking toward him, her huge breasts jiggling. "Tonight, I'm taking you for my own needs. Tonight is the night you unleash me upon the world. Tonight is the night you and I become lovers."

"You're kidding me?" Alex said, incredulously.

"Why would he want to do it with you?" Sally asked snottily. At this point, she figured there was no point in being polite. At this point, despite the ridiculousness of the situation, being confronted by a 300-year-old, hot bodied witch who was trying to seduce her boyfriend in a haunted house, at its core this was really no different than if the school slut was trying to steal Alex from her. Pleasantries were useless. The claws had to come out.

"Just look at me, dear. That's all the answer you need." Madeline said, opening her arms, showing off her lush form to Sally. Sally gritted her teeth. Even though this old woman was evil, and a witch, and a nut, Sally had to admit her naked body was not one you wanted your boyfriend seeing.

"You're just an evil old lady. Alex is a good guy. He would never be interested in an old skank like you!" Sally called out.

"Is that right?" Madeline said, raising one of her thin eyebrows. Madeline turned to face Alex. Sally looked over

at him as the old witch turned, and she couldn't help but notice his eyes flick upward. It wasn't possible that he was checking out this old lady's butt... no, not possible.

Madeline approached Alex's seated form.

"This is what you want, isn't it Alex?" Madeline asked, her large breasts quivering with each step. "I know it is. It has been foretold. I know you and I are destined to be together. Meant to be lovers. Fated to be mates. Not only will your heart lie with me tonight, but your body will as well."

Alex was still forced to be seated by Timmy, but he tried backing away from the approaching witch.

"Tonight is a night for furious breeding. And your girlfriend will bear witness to our inevitable copulation. So accept your place, and by the end of the night, you will have taken part of a sacred rite: the conception of a child." Madeline offered.

Alex gulped as she got closer. This crazed older woman was offering to have a child with him. This was crazy! Madness! He was only 18. He wasn't ready to have a kid, especially with this crazy old witch who had captured him and his girlfriend. Madeline approached and as she got close, he felt Timmy's grip on his shoulder's lessen. Alex didn't think. He acted.

Quick as a flash, Alex grabbed Timmy's wrist and tossed him forward, his head smacking into the heavy cauldron. Finally free, Alex got to his feet. Tony stepped from behind Sally and ran towards Alex. Madeline stepped back and gestured towards Sally. Suddenly, Sally's hands and legs were stuck to the chair, as if glued on. She couldn't move!

Tony ran forward and took a swing at Alex. Alex ducked under the punch and kneed Tony in the gut, knocking him to the floor. Dom got up and approached his best friend, completely naked. Dom smiled evilly and jumped at Alex. Reacting fast, Alex punched in front of him, connecting with Dom's jaw, knocking him to the ground.

As Dom fell to the floor, his falling body revealed Nadine, standing nude behind her recent fuck partner.

"Hello, Alex." she purred. "Do you like my body?"

"What? Nadine! What are you doing?" Alex asked.

"I'm just giving you a peek of what you always wanted to see." she began, approaching him calmly, her eyes glowing red. "I've seen you eyeing me up. No one would blame you. My body is hotter than Sally's. And besides, all guys want to fuck their girlfriend's hotter best friend."

"No." Alex said quietly. He had three large guys on the floor, but it was Nadine that had him frozen. He couldn't help but notice her large breasts jiggle with each step. He couldn't help but notice her firm body and exposed pussy, on display for him, her best friend's boyfriend.

Alex was frozen momentarily, but that was all that was needed. As he stepped back from Nadine, he felt a hand dig into his scalp. He opened his mouth in surprise as he felt his

head being guided. As he turned to look back at who had a hold of him, Madeline used her grip on Alex to force his head against her breast, forcing her hard nipple into his open mouth.

Alex was stunned. One second, he was fighting for his freedom from this woman, the next he had her nipple forced into his mouth. He obviously didn't want this and tried to pull away, but somehow the strong young man was unable to break the witch's grip. He couldn't pull away. Alex's face was being smothered in the soft flesh of Madeline Crow's breast. And there was seemingly nothing he could do about it.

He tried to close his mouth, but Madeline had stuffed as much nipple into his mouth as she could, rendering his efforts useless. He had no choice but to take the cap of her giant breast into his mouth. Her hard nipple scraped against his tongue, aching for pleasure. Madeline gripped his head roughly, holding him in place. With her other hand, she reached up to cup her swollen breast. As soon as she cupped her giant tit, she gave it a firm squeeze, forcing milk to squirt from her hard nipple into his open mouth.

Alex felt liquid squirt into his mouth, and still unable to pull away, he had no choice but to swallow the sweet fluid, barely registering it was milk. Madeline squeezed her swollen, spongy, swollen-to-the-brim with-milk breast, filling his mouth with her mother's milk.

Alex didn't realize that he wasn't fighting quite as hard to pull away. He was being force fed milk from Madeline's giant breast, and he couldn't do anything to stop it. And this unholy tableau of sex was taking in place directly in front of Sally.

Madeline maintained her firm grip on Alex, forcing him to drink her milk. As she did, she looked down at Sally and raised an eyebrow pointedly, as if she believed she was proving her point to be correct. That Alex and her were meant to be lovers. Madeline showed off, pointing her breasts outward, making them look even bigger on her slim frame as the young man's mouth stayed attached to her hard nipple.

"Aaaahhh, that's it! Take my milk!" Madeline groaned out loudly, closing her eyes.

It was sweet, agonizing bliss for Madeline. Her breasts had been eternally swollen with milk since her capture. She had been producing milk for her second child at the time, and when she found the spell to escape death and maintain her youth for hundreds of years, her body at that point was frozen in place, meaning her breasts had been filled to the max with milk since her capture, perpetually full, no matter what she did, without a mouth to take her milk. So, as the young man took her nipple and she could literally feel the milk being drain from her swollen udder, she shuddered in a long awaited bliss. She knew the relief would be temporary, as her jugs always refilled quickly, but the pleasure of having her tits drained was worth the wait.

She opened her eyes and looked down at young man attached to her tit. She smiled down at him, knowing that despite his earlier pleas, he was enjoying this. Probably due that there was nothing quite like sucking on a massive breast. And also, Madeline knew her breast-milk was something special.

Madeline had said that she wouldn't use any of her magic against the young man to get him on her side, but that wasn't entirely true. Sure, she wouldn't just put him under a spell like she did the others. But, that didn't mean she couldn't grease the wheels a bit. Madeline knew her breast milk could be quite addictive. She knew that one taste could drive a man wild with lust and dark thoughts. So although at first it was simply Madeline forcing her milk upon him, she could now feel his mouth lightly sucking at her nipple.

Alex couldn't explain it. He shouldn't be in any way enjoying this. He was being forced into this! He shouldn't take any pleasure in this, this was just so, so wrong. But God her milk tasted good. As soon as it hit his tongue, he felt like a man dying of thirst being given a drop of water. He had to have more. So, despite this predicament, he found himself not fighting back as strongly. He found his hands resting on her full hips. He was letting her fill his mouth with the sweet substance. And once the pressure of the milk within her full breast was lessened, and the flow of milk slowed a bit, Alex couldn't stop himself from sucking ever so lightly as to help pull more milk into his mouth. He pressed himself into her just a bit and made sure his mouth

completely surrounded her nipple, making sure none of the precious fluid escaped his mouth. And he let his tongue circle around her nipple, soaking it with his spit, cause that probably made the milk come out easier, right? And he found himself biting lightly at the rubber nipple, making her moan in satisfaction, cause making her moan probably made her milk really flow.

"Ohhhh, that's it!" Madeline moaned out. She turned to look at Sally. "Your boyfriend is really enjoying this."

"Bullshit!" Sally replied, "You're making him do this!"

Madeline smiled and removed her hand from the back of his head, essentially freeing him from his soft prison. Sally waited to see her boyfriend pull away from the crazy witch, but she was shocked when he did not pull away. He didn't move. His mouth stayed firmly attached to the nipple. Sally looked closely, and only then did she notice his cheeks hollowed as he fervently sucked at Madeline Crow's nipple.

And he was sucking away. Alex's mind was being clouded, and all he could think about was the soft breast in front of

him. All he could think about doing was sucking on Madeline's breast and swallowing all of her milk. So now, he was aggressively sucking on Madeline's giant breast, hard, trying to inhale the milk she was producing. It was just so good! He couldn't stop himself. He would happily drown in the sweet fluid.

He felt the flow of her milk slowing down. Sally watched as Alex let his hands run up Madeline's sides and before she bat an eye, he slid his hands up and cupped both of her massive breasts.

"Alex?" Sally called out, but he couldn't hear her. He was too busy squeezing the witch's breasts hard, enveloping his hands in softness while trying to draw the rest of the milk out. Madeline's other bared breast was bursting with milk as Alex squeezed it, coating his palm.

"Switch breasts, baby. It needs your mouth." Madeline whispered to the young man.

"So good!" Alex grunted as he popped his mouth off her wet nipple, his mouth and her swollen nipple connected by

strands of saliva and milk. Quick as a flash, he dove for her other breast, so swollen with her milk, so aching for his mouth.

Alex was now brazenly squeezing at the older woman's rack, lost to the world. Sally could only watch in silence. She was in shock. Her boyfriend wouldn't do this to her. Madeline, this bitch, was doing something to him.

"You bitch!" Sally screamed out, sensing that Madeline might have succeeded in tricking her boyfriend into letting this go way farther than it should. "You fucking bitch!"

Madeline turned and stepped back towards her bed. Alex followed, unable to stop feeding on her prodigious rack. Over Alex's shoulder, Madeline looked at Sally smugly, sensing victory was soon at hand. She guided the young man till his back was facing the bed. Cradling his head, she forced him back onto the bed, keeping her nipple in his sucking mouth. She forced him back till his head hit the bed. Under his head, was the soft cushioning of the bed. And smothering his face, the softness of Madeline's massive breast. His mouth kept sucking at her breast, swallowing her

milk, letting her do whatever she wanted. And she was about to take advantage of that.

Sally watched as the crazed woman leaned over her boyfriend's face, her massive udders hanging over his face, one of her nipples jammed in his mouth. Madeline swiveled so she could look at Sally and continue her seduction.

"Stop! Alex! Snap out of it! She's using her magic on you!" Sally called out.

"Afraid not." Madeline replied. "I think he just really likes me."

"Bullshit!" Sally called out. "You're a witch! An old lady! Why would he like you?"

"You think he isn't in love with me?" Madeline asked. Smiling smugly, she ran her hand down Alex's fit belly. Meeting Sally's gaze, Madeline slid her hand under Alex's

jeans, snaking her hand around his dick. "Oh... what's this?" she asked.

With a flick of her fingers, Alex's pants flew down to his ankles as if being forcefully pulled down, exposing his lower half. Sally was now confronted with the sight of this crazy, old witch with her fingers snaked around her boyfriend's cock. Sally's secret prize on her perfect boyfriend. Sally's favorite toy. Alex's throbbing, pulsing, dripping nine-inch shaft, now in the hands of this ungodly witch.

"You think you understand him, but apparently, you do not." Madeline stated. "It looks like I know your boyfriend more than you do. I know what he truly wants. Truly needs."

Madeline bent over, bringing her mouth to his ear. "Let me give you something even better to taste." She whispered. With that, she pulled her nipple from his mouth with a pop, getting up on her knees. Alex was dazed under her, allowing Madeline to straddle his face without a bit of fight. Smiling at Sally from across the room, she bent over and pointed

Alex's huge dick at her face. Opening her mouth, she lowered her head.

"NO!" Sally called out, but there was no stopping this.

Madeline opened her lips wide and allowed Alex's throbbing dick into her open mouth. Looking up at Sally, she closed her lips around Alex's thick shaft, her plump lips wrapped around the young's man massive meat.

Her mouth was like velvet, enveloping the young man's beefy dick in softness. She dove in, practically swallowing his large meat. Her plump lips were stretched around the pulsing shaft, and as she choked on his dick, her lips reached the root of his cock, feeling the pulses of pleasure running through him.

Alex grunted in pleasure. He was still in a haze from her magic milk, so he wasn't thinking clearly. All he knew was that there was a hot, wet, tight mouth smothering his cock in pleasure, deep-throating him, and at that moment, nothing could stop him from enjoying the pleasure. Even though the woman bringing him that pleasure was an over

300-year old witch, in a body that stopped aging in her forties, a witch who had attacked him, his girlfriend, and his friends. A witch who had enslaved his friends, captured and used them for her twisted plans. A woman who trapped his girlfriend to a chair and forced her to watch as she took advantage of her boyfriend. A woman who proudly advertised her status as an evil witch and intended to get revenge on society for her years of capture. None of that mattered. What did matter was the following: her breasts were huge, and the milk she produced was quite nearly the tastiest liquid he had ever drank. And her mouth just inhaled his dick in just the right way, swallowing it to the root, her tongue laving his shaft in firm licks, her saliva soaking his cock, her throat trying to coax the cum from his balls.

It didn't matter to Alex at that moment that this woman had attacked his friends. She could suck dick like she was built for it, sucking far more deeply and sensuously than Sally ever did. Sally was always energetic but tentative when sucking his dick. She wanted to bring him pleasure, but she was not able to handle his larger than average size. But Madeline clearly was, and despite his altered state, he noted this. Despite his image as a perfect boyfriend, there was

some still some things he craved that Sally wasn't giving him. Like, a full-on, knob to root blowjob, like what Madeline could give him.

His back arched off the bed as Madeline sucked on his shaft hard, making him wince in pleasure. He grunted out loud, loud enough for Sally to hear his pleasure. And as he did, a drop of nectar from Madeline's dripping, mature cunt hit his tongue. And although he found her breast-milk nearly addictingly good, he wasn't ready for her cunt juices. Her juices hit his tongue and it was like a shock to his system. The juice was like a catalyst, inciting a jolt of energy to hit Alex, jerking his body shockingly. But Madeline was unaffected, attacking his dick from the tip to the balls like a wild woman, sucking on his dick ferociously, her black hair falling on his things as she made his cock throb. As Alex began to jerk around, Madeline simply lowered her lower half, forcing her cunt to consume his vision, his mind, and his soul.

Alex's eyes flew open as the scent of her cunt hit his nose. He had a taste, and almost as if his body demanded more, he couldn't stop himself from diving upward, mouth open, surrounding her cunt with his mouth.

Sally watched as her loving boyfriend and this crazy witch fell into a deep, wet 69 with each other. She watched as Madeline choked on her boyfriend's dick. She watched the line of spit get past her lips and soak Alex's heavy balls. She watched Madeline cup his balls and play with them lightly like a good slut would. And even though her view of Alex was obstructed, she noticed sadly that her boyfriend was diving into Madeline's cunt.

Alex was baffled. Madeline's cunt tasted incredible! Her juices tasted amazing! His tongue was already tired as he ferociously attacked her mature pussy with his eager tongue. His tongue dove into her cunt, lapping her pussy walls, desperate to gather as much of her magical juices as he could. They tasted so good, and fogged his mind in the same wonderful way her milk did. He lightly nibbled at her clit, for no other purpose than to pleasure the deranged slut on top of him. Alex scrubbed his face against her cunt, wanting her juices to coat him, wanting that smell to cover his face.

Sally watched Madeline as she sucked off Alex, and she had to admit that Madeline knew what she was doing. Her lips formed a tight seal around his shaft, allowing her to really hollow her cheeks, as if trying to suck the cum out from deep in his large, reluctant balls. Cause no matter what Madeline was doing to him, Sally knew Alex didn't really want this. He didn't want to enjoy this. He didn't want to give that crazy slut his cum. Sally clung to that belief.

Alex had to cum. He was right on the edge of cumming down this witch's throat, but she knew just the right way to keep him on edge. He tried to dive into her cunt harder with his tongue, hoping he could convince her to take him over the edge. But nothing could bend her will. She didn't want him to cum. At least not yet.

Finally, she popped her mouth from his thick shaft, her spit literally covering it, bands of saliva and pre-cum connecting her mouth to it, as if trying to pull them back together. She ground her cunt against his mouth roughly before pulling herself away. She rotated on the bed, straddling his crotch, ready to make their inevitable love official. She knew the effect her breast-milk and cunt-juice could have on a man, and she also knew those effects were

unfortunately momentary. She knew she had to move this along. She knew she needed his fat cock in her tight cunt when the fog in his mind lifted, and when it lifted, and with a clear mind he experienced what her pussy could do, he would be hers for good.

"Are you ready for this, dear?" Madeline asked Sally as the girl watched the older woman straddle her boyfriend and readied herself to fuck him. She grabbed his cock and held it against her pussy, drawing out the moment. "Are you ready to watch your boyfriend fuck me! Are you ready to watch your boyfriend fuck the shit out of my tight cunt and fill me up with his cum! Are you ready to watch your boyfriend's final betrayal?"

Madeline's eyes around the city had seen a lot, and so she was able to adapt her dirty talk to keep up with the times, and now, she could keep up with the best of sluts everywhere.

"Alex! Wake up! Do something!" Sally begged. But the witch had done something to him. He looked dazed, almost drugged, his lips swollen and soaked with the witch's evil

juices. She knew he wasn't in the right mind to stop this. And she was right, because Madeline quickly force herself down, slowly forcing Alex's huge dick into her tight, mature cunt.

Sally was forced to watch as the wide, round tip of her boyfriend's dick entered the confines of this evil woman's tight pussy, splaying her puffy lips apart until his thick cock sunk into her welcoming hole.

"Aaaaahh!" Alex grunted out.

"AWWW FUCK! FINALLY!" Madeline moaned as she sunk onto Alex's huge dick, ready to have the long elusive orgasm she had needed since her imprisonment. Over 300 years of sexual desire, built up, bottled up till this slut was ready to burst with lust. And all that energy was about to be focused on the young man beneath her.

He didn't stand a chance.

Alex's balls pressed against Madeline's ass as she buried the entire shaft inside her. She gasped softly as she felt his sack against her ass, knowing she took the entirety of the young man's huge dick in her tight cunt.

For a few moments, she just sat in place, adjusting to the young man's size. She had never been with a man that large. They didn't make them this big back in her day. She swiveled her hips, gently moving around the pole inside her, soaking it with her dripping juices, letting it marinate.

Her pussy had some magical qualities as well. Her cunt and her juices could drive a man wild, and any cock inside her seemed to suddenly get filled to bursting with cum, more cum than the man knew what to do with it. Cum that needed to go somewhere, specifically, the warmest, tightest hole he could find. Whether this effect was due to her magical abilities or her tighter than tight cunt didn't matter. All that mattered was that once inside her, there was no escape, and there would be none for Alex. Now that he was inside her, he would have to cum. And that, in the end, was the whole point.

So, even though the effects of her addicting milk and cunt-juices were wearing off, the effects of her tight cunt were just taking shape. While the young man's head would soon be clear of her magical juices, his balls would soon be full of cum. So any decisions he made from that point on would be made with his dick, not his head.

Just what Madeline wanted.

With a few flicks of her fingers, Alex's pants flew off his ankles and his shirt flew upward and off, leaving the young man nude below her. She reached down and scratched his pecs lovingly... almost intimately. She still only slightly rotated her hips, waiting for the young man to come to. Sally watched this woman's perfect, pale, mature ass swiveling and flexing. Sally watched the witch's cunt spread around her boyfriend's thick cock. She watched as the witch looked back at her smugly, as if knowing victory was at hand.

Madeline looked down at Alex. She could practically see the fog lift from his eyes, until he realized where he was. He realized he was on a bed, in the basement of a haunted

house, in the lair of a deranged witch, surrounded by his enslaved friends, and his captured girlfriend, and a naked, voluptuous, sexy, evil witch on top of him, as naked as he was. Her huge tits hanging down. And he was balls deep inside her.

What was he doing? What possessed him to do what he had done? Why had he sucked those massive, fleshy tits? Why had he swallowed her tantalizing milk? Why had he allowed her to suck him off? Why had he so eagerly swallowed her delicious pussy juices?

Alex looked over at Sally, and saw the hurt on her face, and his heart dropped. What had he done? He had betrayed his girlfriend! He didn't mean to! He didn't want to, but she did something to him! That had to be it. He had been entranced by her somehow. He had to get away! He had to let Sally know what had happened.

"No!" Alex called out. He raised his hands to fight off the older woman. But she was quick. She grabbed his wrists to deflect his attempts at freedom. Sally's heart rose at this, seeing her boyfriend had not been completely enchanted.

Alex was strong. He tried to push Madeline off of him, but she was able to maintain her grip and keep his hands off of her.

"Sally!" he called out, still wrestling with the witch. "She did something to me!"

"I know, baby, I know!" Sally said, relieved. Her boyfriend's love was too strong for Madeline. The only chance she had was to use magic on him, and even then, the effects seemed to be temporary. Their love was winning out.

But then Madeline slapped Alex's hands onto her boobs.

All that fight, all that desire to escape seemed to just... fade away. For the first time, Alex had Madeline's huge boobs in his hands with a clear head. Now, there was nothing to stop him from admiring them. Admiring their softness. Their massive size. Their round shape. Their incredible firmness. Her deep, deep cleavage. The way her hard nipples dug into his palms. The way milk would leak out under even the slightest pressure. So basically, all things considered, they had everything a man could ask for.

Madeline took advantage of this sudden change. She squeezed his palms, forcing him to squeeze her tits and really embracing their size and softness. He had quickly gone from fighting her to feeling her up.

"It's okay." Madeline said softly, "Just feel my great, big breasts. You don't need to fight this. You need to embrace this."

For a few seconds, Alex was again entranced by her. He hated and despised this evil woman, but her breasts were just huge. He had never seen breasts so big, let alone felt any. He had never felt anything so soft, so firm, so fleshy and big. They were so big it felt like they could swallow him up in softness. The warm breast milk dripped down his palms, making her flesh wet and smooth. He hated this woman, but God what he wouldn't give to lick that milk off her tits. That delicious milk...

He shook his head and tried to pull away from her. And although his grip on her tits was temporarily gone, she gave

him a squeeze with her cunt to remind him that she still had a very tight grip on him.

So lost was Alex in Madeline's prodigious rack he had forgotten he was balls deep in this bitch. Her tight, squeezing mature cunt was gripping his young, thick, pulsing cock. And although Alex was disgusted by this woman's evil, manipulative ways, her cunt was driving him fucking wild. The way it squeezed him tighter than any pussy he had ever felt, even Sally's. Alex couldn't believe this old, colonial, deranged witch had such a tight, wet, vice-like hole. His cock was tingling, the cum set to burst forth, ready to explode from his ready ball sack.

How could he both detest this woman and enjoy her cunt? How could he be attracted to her and also disgusted by her evilness? How could he love his girlfriend and also be under this woman with his cock buried inside her extra-tight cunt? How could he both hate this woman and be so close to cumming inside of her? This woman had his mind split in two.

"Listen dear..." Madeline began, leaning forward, forcing her breasts into his still outstretched palms, filling his manly hands up again. "I could make you cum at any point, and my plan would probably work. But I haven't waited 300 years for probably. For this to work, I need not only your cum... I need your heart. I need your loyalty. And I will get it, whether you want it or not. By the end of this night, you will belong to me."

Alex was in conflict. Her cunt had him so on edge that he could barely move without cumming inside her and filling her cunt with what felt like the biggest wad of cum he ever shot. He tried to pull his hands from her rack, but he had little room to maneuver, and his hands had minds of their own. Despite hating this woman, he loved squeezing her huge, soft tits. He couldn't stop himself. He was so on edge by the never-ending squeezing and tightening of her silky cunt that he couldn't control himself. Madeline looked over her shoulder.

"Look at me Sally!" Madeline called out, looking at the scared girl. She was confused about her boyfriend and terrified on many levels by what Madeline was doing. Madeline was destroying her world. "Sally!" Madeline said

more firmly, getting the scared girls attention. Sally looked up at the witch.

"I want you to look at me." Madeline purred. "Look at my ass! Look at how firm it is. How round and juicy it is. And look at your boyfriend's cock. Look where your boyfriend's cock goes inside my cunt. Look at how wet it is. Look how swollen it is. Look how it's throbbing with need. Look at how much my pussy is stretching around it. Imagine how good my cunt must feel. Imagine what your boyfriend must be feeling. My tight cunt... my hot body... my huge tits... any normal man would have cum by now. Even Alex. But, I put a bit of a spell on his cock and balls. He can't cum until he has permission... from you."

"What?" Sally asked, beyond confused.

"I've been waiting 300 years for one good orgasm. And I'm going to get it. I'm going to fuck your boyfriend until he can't take it anymore. Until he is begging for it. Until the sweet pain is too much to bear. He will need to cum, but he will not be able to until you tell him it's okay. He can molest my hot body, put his hands all over me, and it won't be

enough. He needs you. He needs your permission. He will need you to ease his pain. He will need you to be complicit in your own downfall, complicit in your boyfriend's betrayal. That is the only way he can cum. Got it?" Madeline said.

"What?" Sally repeated.

"Sally, don't do it! I can take it! I love you!" Alex pled while using Madeline's squishy breasts to relieve his stress.

Madeline laughed to herself.

"That's good, because I have a lot of orgasms I need to get out of my system, and your dick is clearly big enough for the job." Madeline said, turning to face him. Alex swallowed deep. He knew he was in for something he was unsure if he was ready for.

He had no idea.

Smiling arrogantly, Madeline dug into his chest with her nails as he dug into hers. She slowly lifted herself, exposing Alex's soaked dick to the air once more. Madeline had been right. It was literally pulsing with need.

"Ugh!" Madeline grunted out, driving her hips into him. She repeated this motion, up and down, up and down, up and down. While it was an effort to drive his thick shaft into her small, tight pussy, as his dick became more soaked with her cunt-juices, the journey became easier. Madeline sped up till her ass was slamming into his thighs loudly.

"Uh, UGH, you like that baby!?" Madeline said, cackling as she rode the young man like she was riding a bull.

"No... NO! I don't!" Alex gasped desperately, gripping her breasts, easing his pain by squeezing their softness. And as he did, milk squirted from her nipples, soaking his hands and chest.

"You want to feed again, my love?" Madeline asked, not losing her focus as she fucked his cock roughly into submission. The pleasure he felt was so great his cock was

almost numb. There was too much sensation for any one man to deal with. He could barely move. His eyes were closed to blind himself from the feelings of bliss, and his mouth was gaping open in pained pleasure.

Madeline swept his hands from her tits and leaned forward till her udders hung over the young man. Reaching up with one hand, she squeezed one massive breast, milk firing from her hard nipple, crossing the gap and into his open mouth. Madeline watched the milk pool there for a moment before the milk hit his tongue and he realized what was there. He swallowed quickly as the milk kept coming. Unconsciously, his mouth leapt forward and reattached to her hard nipple.

"There you go, Alex. Feed." Madeline cooed, as the young man fed himself on her mother's milk. "You know how good that milk makes you feel. You know how badly it fills you with desire. You know that milk makes you just want to explode." she whispered.

Sally watched this intimate looking conversation from afar. This was torture. This witch was torturing her boyfriend

with pleasure. He could barely move. She was forcing himself on him, and he was in too much pleasure to stop her. Alex was furiously sucking on the older woman's breast, finding a small comfort in the storm. Both of the two lovers were working up a sweat as Madeline never stopped bouncing.

Sally watched her boyfriend's swollen cock go in and out of this deranged woman's cunt. Her boyfriend didn't want this, but his body was being deceived. Used and abused by this evil woman. She couldn't be mad at him. This was Madeline's fault. She was doing this.

"You bitch!" Sally called out, "You evil bitch! I can't believe I ever believed in you!"

She looked around at her friends, hoping for help. But Tony and Timmy were simply looking at Madeline lustfully. On the other side of the room, Dom was spooned up behind Nadine, sucking at her neck as Nadine looked at the scene before her with an evil glint in her eye.

"Oh Madeline! Your body is so hot! I'm gonna cum!" Nadine squealed, cumming on Dom's cock.

There was no help to be found for Sally.

"I'm not so bad, Sally. I just want to bring your boyfriend pleasure. That's not so bad, right?" Madeline asked, smiling evilly.

Madeline bounced on the young man's dick. Sweat was now dripping down their bodies. Madeline had her breast ballooning against his face, smothering him as he sucked away. His hands had fallen to her hips, gripping her lightly as she rode him. She ripped her nipple from his mouth.

"Alex!" Sally called out, "Can you hear me? Are you okay?"

Alex was grimacing in pain. His eyes were still closed, and his mouth was still open.

"Alex! It's okay! Listen, I love you! We can get through this! We can escape!" Sally plead. The thwumping of Madeline and Alex's skin colliding echoed through the room.

"Talk to your girlfriend, dear. Tell her what your feeling." Madeline commanded softly, hands on his chest as she bounced on his dick.

"Sally..." Alex grunted out.

"Alex!" Sally called to him. "This will be okay. We can get through this.

"Sal, you don't understand... I can't." Alex said, his voice pained.

"Alex, I love you! We can do this!" Sally replied.

"OH FUCK, THAT COCK'S GOOD!" Madeline screamed out.

"We?" Alex asked.

"Yes, me and you. Together. We are stronger together."
Sally said. "You can resist."

"I LOVE IT! I LOVE THAT FAT COCK!" Madeline
screamed.

"Sal, I can't." Alex said. "I need to do it!"

"What?" Sally said.

"Sally, I need to cum!" Alex begged.

"FUCKING SHIT FUCK!" Madeline squealed out, her
mastery of modern dirty talk shining through.

He was trying to resist, but the pleasure was overwhelming
his mind. He couldn't think. He couldn't focus. The need in
his balls was overwhelming rational thought.

"Alex, stay strong!" Sally said. "You can get through this!"

"I can't do it! I'm not strong enough!" Alex replied. Madeline kept bouncing, her huge, pale tits jiggling with each bounce and her juicy ass flexing. Madeline was gripping his cock with her cunt, driving him insane. Sally saw every bit of Madeline's body trying to coax the cum out from her boyfriend's balls.

"Alex, you can't! I can't tell you to... I can't do that!" Sally begged. Suddenly, Madeline lifted herself from the young man, his soaked, swollen cock slapping against his belly once it left her cunt. Madeline spun and gripped his cock, stroking it furiously as she looked at Sally.

"Look at it! Look at how swollen it is!" Madeline seethed out, looking insane with lust. She was right, Sally realized. Alex's dick had never looked that big. It looked like it had grown an inch since she last saw it. It was pulsing with his heartbeat, leaking pre-cum like a faucet. It was the type of cock a girl looks at and can just tell is brimming with cum, right on the edge of a huge explosion. "Do you even understand what he is going through? He needs this, Sally.

He needs to cum! Don't you want your boyfriend to feel good? Don't you want him to be happy? To feel no pain at all?"

Sally looked conflicted. She didn't want him to give another woman, this witch, his cum. But she didn't want her boyfriend to be struggling like this. Seeing her indecision, Madeline straddled Sally's boyfriend again, sitting on his cock until he was balls deep in her cunt again. Madeline shook her hair and grabbed Alex's wrists, slapping his hands on her boobs again. Alex immediately started squeezing them again. Madeline dug in and began to bounce again.

"Ughh! UHHHH! FUCK!" Alex called out. He was squeezing Madeline's tits roughly, the milk squirting onto his hands and his chest, so both of them were now soaked in sweat and breast-milk. Alex's eyes opened wide and looked at Sally.

"Sally! Please!" Alex begged, his eyes looking more intense than she had ever seen. Madeline's black hair hung down, dancing over the young man's neck.

"I, I, I, I.... I can't!" Sally stammered.

"C'mon Sally! Please!" Alex called out. Sally shook her head. She couldn't do it.

"Fuck her, Alex! Fuck her hard!" Tony said.

"Fuck that hot bitch! Make her cum!" Timmy added.

Madeline smiled gleefully. This was going perfectly. She was so close to victory. And she knew that Alex's imminent betrayal would give her the biggest orgasm ever.

"SAL! C'MON! I NEED IT!" Alex grunted.

"No, Alex! Stay strong!" Sally begged.

Alex started panicking. He was losing control. His sanity was slipping away. The only thing that was stable to him was Madeline. Her soft breasts, so good to the touch. They were just so massive and round and firm. He didn't care about

Sally and his relationship. He didn't care that he was fucking an evil witch! He just had to fucking cum! Was that so much to ask!?

"SALLY!" Alex called out, feeling himself slipping.

"I can't!" Sally sobbed, tears streaming down her cheeks.

Alex looked up at Madeline. Despite her age, and how evil and deranged she was, she was still just fucking gorgeous, and she was fucking him ferociously, like an animal. It didn't matter what she done to him and to his girlfriend and their friends. She was built to fuck, and she was bringing similar instincts out of him. He was losing interest in maintaining this loyalty bullshit. He just needed to drain his fucking balls.

He looked up at Madeline as she roughly bounced on him. He saw her massive bouncing tits, so swollen and firm, leaking milk everywhere. He looked across her pale, creamy skin. So sexy. And he looked up at her gorgeous, mature face, her elegance hiding her true evil.

He looked up at her and she looked down at him. A sexy, evil smirk crossed her lips.

Alex snapped.

Quick as a flash, Alex sat up and wrapped his arms around the older woman's waist. His firm, muscular chest pressed against her massive, robust breasts, sweat and milk mixing between the two. She ground her cunt around his dick as he sat up.

Sally watched from her chair, still stuck in place, as her boyfriend's hands slid down to cup Madeline's ass-cheeks, squeezing her juicy ass lustfully as she ground herself against him. And as Sally looked at her boyfriend's face, time seemed to slow down. With an almost wolfish, evil smirk across his mouth, his face approached the witch on top of him. Slowly, their mouths parted. Tongues appeared from both of them as their mouths moved closer. And finally, as Alex and Madeline's lips met, as their tongues entered each others' mouths, Sally screamed out.

"NOOO!"

Sally watched the older woman's soft lips press against her boyfriends. She saw their mouths moving as they maneuvered their tongues, making this kiss deeper. This was wrong, Sally thought. This was too intimate. What was happening?

Alex and Madeline fell to the bed in each others' arms as they rolled around, furiously making out. This older woman wrestled with her hunky boyfriend, sweat mixing. This looked less like forced sex and more like two completely willing participants.

"Alex!" Sally called out, but there was no response. Alex rolled on top of Madeline and propped himself over her. Alex's strong, muscular back and bare ass were visible to Sally, as were his strong arms as he held himself over the old woman. She released her grip on him and spread her legs, so the only thing connecting them were their conjoined genitalia. Alex was completely free to escape. He could leave the bed and rescue Sally. He could save the day like the hero Sally knew he was.

What would he do?

Not even once looking back at his girlfriend, Alex lowered his hips, driving his large dick balls-deep inside the insane witch.

"Alex!" Sally called out, now more worried than anything. What was he doing? Why wasn't he escaping? Why was he continuing this? Why was he still fucking her when he could escape? Alex didn't respond. Sally looked between his legs as he drove his rock-hard, throbbing prick into this sexy old-lady's evil cunt. It had never looked bigger. Sally could practically see the cum sloshing in his sack.

Alex's hips rolled as he drove himself into her, never slowing down, his muscular frame moving smoothly and undulating like a serpent as he fucked her.

"Alex! What's going on!?" Sally screamed.

"LOOK WHAT YOU DID TO ME!" Alex roared, his voice harsh and strained. All eyes in the room were on Alex. The room was frozen except for him and Madeline.

"What!?" Sally asked.

"JUST LET ME FUCKING CUM!" Alex screamed out, not once slowing down in pleasuring the old bitch under him.

"No! Alex... I can't!" Sally begged.

"GOD FUCKING DAMMIT!" Alex screamed out. He drove into Madeline harder. Madeline wrapped her arms around Alex's neck let her legs rise into the air, pointed towards the ceiling as the young man pounded her into oblivion. She was so close to cumming, but she was holding back. She knew if she held out just a bit more, then this cum might be something special.

"I fucking love you." Alex said quietly, staring down at the deranged witch he was fucking. She smiled knowingly. If Sally would have just let him cum, it wouldn't have come to

this. He wouldn't have had to willingly fuck this evil slut. This could have been done with, but she selfishly made him hold back, just to maintain a loyalty she should know they had. If this evil bitch made him cum, it wasn't his fault. It wasn't a betrayal. It would have been simply a physical reaction. This told Alex she wasn't so sure of his loyalty. That deep down, she was jealous and unsure of him. And that insecurity led him to this, this torture Sally was letting him take. She was selling him out for her own sake.

But not Madeline. She had done nothing but bring him pleasure. Incredible, world-changing pleasure. And her hot fucking body was just so fucking sexy.

Sally was the angel on his shoulder and Madeline was the devil on the other one. And it was becoming clear whose voice mattered to him more at this point.

Alex dove down, his lips meeting Madeline's again. She ran her hands across his muscular back lovingly, tracing his taut muscles with her fingers.

"Alex!" Sally called out, worried. What was he doing? "Alex!" she repeated. Alex picked up the pace, fucking the evil witch harder, his swollen balls slapping against her ass. Alex reached down and cupped one of Madeline's massive breasts, cupping it in his hand, squeezing it, bringing his mouth to it and again attacking it's rubbery cap, forcing more milk into his mouth.

"ALEX! What are you doing?" Sally screamed out. Alex kept driving into the witch, Madeline's legs bouncing in the air as he drove into her. He pulled his mouth from her breast.

"Let me fucking cum!" he growled at his girlfriend.

"Alex?" Sally said, unsure. This wasn't sounding like him.

"LET ME FUCKING CUM IN HER TIGHT FUCKING CUNT! IS THAT TOO MUCH TO FUCKING ASK?" Alex screamed at his girlfriend.

Sally was in silence, taken aback. He had never yelled at her before today. He had never gotten angry. Seeing this part of him was scary.

"Let him fucking cum! FUCK YES, I LOVE THAT DICK!" Madeline screamed.

Sally started sobbing as her boyfriend and this evil old lady fucked the shit out of each other. Alex drove the thick dick that used to belong to Sally into Madeline, this crazy witch. Their sweaty bodies writhed together, his tight muscles against her creamy flesh.

"Aww, FUCK!" Alex screamed out, Madeline's tight pussy driving him mad.

"SHIT! I LOVE YOU!" Madeline told Sally's boyfriend.

"I LOVE YOU TOO!" Alex groaned out. "UGHHH YES!"

"Please stop!" Sally begged. But they didn't bother listening to her. She barely mattered to them. They were too engrossed in each other. Alex, her sweet loving boyfriend, was willingly pleasuring this insane woman. Somehow, someway, he had lost himself. This woman had changed him. In the act of sex, she had somehow spread her poisonous ways to her boyfriend. The longer this went on, the more he would be changed. There was only one way to stop this.

"Alex... you can cum!" Sally cried out. Neither of the two lovers responded. Sally rolled her eyes sadly. "Alex! YOU CAN CUM! Cum inside her and end this!" Sally screamed out, giving permission to her boyfriend to betray her.

"CUM, MY LOVE! CUM INSIDE MY CUNT! UGHHHNNN, FUUUCCCKK! CUM INSIDE ME! GET ME PREGNANT!" Madeline screamed.

"HGNNNN! FUCK, MADELINE!" Alex screamed out, turning the corner, his balls boiling. He drove into her harder, the entire bed bouncing as they rutted. "FUCK, FUCK, FUCK,

FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCCCCCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKK!" Alex grunted.

"UGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! FUCCCKKKKKK!" Madeline screamed, her voice echoing through the Cursed House of Crow, her scream ringing in Sally's ears.

Alex drove into her, burying himself completely in her unbelievably tight cunt. Sally watched as Alex's balls clenched.

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Alex screamed, the pleasure too strong, nearly in tears as he reached his climax.

Sally saw his balls tighten, and could practically see the cum firing from his balls and into Madeline's cunt. She saw Alex ass tightening as he drove himself into her, trying to force the cum inside her as deep as it would go.

"AHHH! THAT'S IT! CUM INSIDE ME! BETRAY YOUR TRUE LOVE! GIVE ME YOUR CHILD! MAKE ME CUM!" Madeline moaned out. Her body quivered as she came,

grinding against Sally's boyfriend as they rode out their violent orgasms. This went on for what seemed like forever, their bodies grinding against each other, drawing out their combined pleasure. Making sure his cock was completely buried within the older woman's tight grasping cunt, making sure his seed got as deep within her as possible. Sally watched her boyfriend's dick, watching it swell and clench, watching it pumping his seed into the 300 year old witch. Sally watched in shock as her boyfriend just kept cumming. He couldn't stop himself. His cock was like a firehouse, firing cum everywhere. Luckily, his cock was inside a pussy, so instead of making a huge mess, he simply filled Madeline's sweet cunt with hot cum. Sally was disturbed to see cum leaking from the deranged witch's cunt, showing that her boyfriend had completely filled her up to the brim.

Finally, they both relaxed, collapsing against each other, gathering their strength and clearing their heads. Both moved only slightly as they came back to reality. Sally watched her boyfriend, hoping that now since his balls were empty, he could now understand what he did and remember his love and loyalty for his girlfriend and stop this evil bitch once and for all.

Alex rolled off of Madeline and laid next to her, as both tried to regain their strength. Both were still covered with sweat, but both his chest and Madeline's mountainous peaks were covered with her milk. And Alex's dick, even though drained of cum, was still swollen and semi-hard. But Sally knew there was no way he would be up for more action after what she just saw. It would take a while for him to recover.

"Alex?" Sally called out tentatively, unsure of what he would say. But it was Madeline who responded, rolling off the bed, getting off her feet and walking towards Sally.

"Sally, don't you understand? Your boyfriend and I are lovers now. He gave me his seed, his heart and his soul. He belongs to me now. You gave him to me. You allowed him to cum inside of me. You gave permission. I would have made him cum anyway, but I just wanted to hear you say it. Ha ha! Now, thanks to you, he's mine now." Madeline said.

"Bullshit! Alex can speak for himself. You tricked him. You forced him into this!" Sally cried out. It was then that a pair

of hands went around Madeline's waist, clearly Alex's strong, manly hands. For a second, Sally's heart rose, seeing her boyfriend about to fight back against this evil bitch. But then, Alex's big, strong hands reached up and cupped Madeline's massive breasts from behind, squeezing them firmly. Alex's face appeared over Madeline's shoulder, no trace of the sweet, articulate young man Sally loved. He looked like some, arrogant, sex-crazed asshole, some idiot jock who thought only with his dick.

"Alex?" Sally called out tentatively. She watched as her boyfriend's hands squeezed Madeline's large rack, the milk squirting forth from her nipples onto Sally's jeans.

"You ready for round two?" Madeline whispered to her young lover as he nuzzled her lips with his mouth.

"I don't think I can get enough of this body." Alex whispered hotly. He pressed himself against her, his belly against her back, his cock wedged between her ass cheeks.

"Mmmm, I know it, dear." Madeline replied. "But what about your girlfriend? She'll see everything, again."

"If she doesn't care about me, then I don't care about her."
Alex whispered again.

"What? Alex! I love you!" Sally cried out.

"It was you who tortured him. Put him through that ordeal!"
Madeline began. "Your selfish loyalty caused him pain. Your weak mind underestimated him. Your soft heart broke his, and made him fall for me instead. I have claimed him as my own now, thanks to you. You were complicit in your boyfriend leaving you, and his betrayal of you is what made me cum. His betrayal made him mine, and will allow me to escape."

"Alex!" Sally called out, desperate to see any part of him she recognized.

"We could leave now..." Madeline offered to Alex. "Or, you can fuck my ass in front of your girlfriend and betray her some more? It's up to you."

This set Alex off. He attacked her neck savagely with his mouth, sucking on it, licking her soft skin. Alex dragged her back and forced her onto the bed. She got on all fours, her ass pointed at Sally.

"Alex! Don't do this! We can escape! We can get out of here!" Sally pleaded. Alex glanced back at Sally, a dark glare across his face as he looked at her, followed by an evil smile. Sally didn't recognize him. Madeline had changed him. Transformed him. Corrupted him. Tainted him with her evil ways. He wasn't Sally's anymore. He was Madeline's now.

With a cocky swagger, Alex joined Madeline on the bed. Madeline's ass-cheeks spread naturally in her position, showcasing her tasty looking asshole to the young man. Without hesitation, and as if knowing what how this act worked, he got behind Madeline, used his hands to spread her cheeks, and worshipfully ran his tongue up along Madeline's ass crack.

"No!" Sally called out as she watched her boyfriend's tongue run across this evil woman's asshole. The same tongue that

had been in her mouth, on her breasts, against her vagina, was now furiously rimming the asshole of this crazy, evil witch. Alex palmed her ass-cheeks as he soaked this older woman's asshole with his saliva, showing no hesitation in performing this sinful act.

"Oh! That's it! Lick my asshole! Stick your tongue inside! Please!" Madeline begged. Sally watched her boyfriend point his tongue and stab at the older woman's ass, desperate to get his tongue inside of her. "UHH! Harder!" Madeline seethed. "Do it! Force it in! Harder! Harder! Harder! HARDER! HARDER! HARDER! HARDER! FUCK YES!" Madeline squealed. Sally watched as her boyfriend's tongue broke through, entering this older woman's asshole.

"Suck my ass, boy! Suck it! Suck it hard! DO IT! FUCCCCCKKKKK!" Madeline squealed as the young man closed his lips around her asshole and sucked at her, circling his tongue against her tight asshole, wetting it with his saliva.

Sally couldn't believe what she was seeing. Part of her was wondering if she was the one who had lost it. What she saw

didn't make sense. Her boyfriend was sucking the asshole of an insane witch, and he was loving it! He had fucked her once, and was about to fuck her again... up the ass!

This went on and on, Sally's boyfriend's face planted between the firm cheeks of Madeline's ass, sucking and rimming her. Sally was silent. Her words couldn't stop him anymore.

Alex pulled away from Madeline's ass and moved up behind her, slapping his now hard dick against her ass-crack. Alex reached down and moved himself into place, his cock poised against this older woman's asshole.

"Do it!" Madeline spat out. "Fuck me! Fuck my ass!"

Grabbing her hips, Alex pulled her back as he pushed forward, flexing his hips, until finally, the older woman's asshole gave way, allowing his thick shaft to enter. Alex pushed himself forward, forcing more of his cock into Madeline's asshole.

"AHHHH! That's it! Take my ass! Make it yours!" Madeline grunted out. Alex looked down at Madeline's asshole, stretched to the brim around his shaft as he forced more of his meat inside of her. He kept pushing his cock into her, her asshole shockingly accepting every inch of his thick shaft until her asshole was wrapped around the root of his dick and his hips met her ass.

"Fuck my ass, boy! FUCK ME!" Madeline screamed. Alex reached forward and grabbed the witch's long, black hair, pulling her head back as he pulled his hips back. Removing everything but the tip from her asshole, Alex pulled back on Madeline's hair, driving his cock back into her ass.

"That's it!" Madeline screamed out. Alex began pumping in and out, driving his cock into the older woman's welcoming ass. Alex drove himself from knob to root inside of her tight ass, feeling her asshole gripping his shaft, smothering it with pleasure with each stroke.

"Your ass is so fucking tight!" Alex cried out, smacking the older woman's juicy ass-cheek.

"Mmmm, your supposedly loving girlfriend never gave you her ass, did she?" Madeline asked.

"No! Of course not!" Alex grunted out.

"Hmmm, denying you pleasure again. Oh fuck yes!" Madeline cried out smugly.

Sally was silent. This wasn't her boyfriend anymore. He had been twisted and warped by this evil woman, so in her mind, none of his words were really him. But, as she looked around at her friends, all now watching the action avidly, she saw all their eyes shining red. But Alex's eyes were the same crystal blue. Whatever spell her friends were under, Alex wasn't. So deep down, she knew that every decision he made was not from any spell. The only spell he was under was the spell of the older woman's hot body. And this was what made Alex betray her. This made Sally's heart break.

"Fuck her ass, Alex! Fuck it hard!" Nadine cheered on, as she curled up in Dom's arms and watched the action avidly.

Alex kept fucking the witch doggy style, driving his thick meat into her tight asshole. He bent over her and reached down, pawing at her breasts, squeezing at them while driving into her.

"Give it to me! Give me that fat cock! Fuck my ass harder! Spank it again!" Madeline cried. Alex slapped her round ass, causing the flesh to jiggle as he drove his thick prick into her as roughly as he could. Both of them were swaying and moving around as they fucked, the force of this fuck rougher than anything Sally had ever seen. This fuck would be too hard for most women, but not Madeline.

"More! MORE! HARDER!" Madeline begged. Alex was more beast than man, fucking this older woman as hard as he fucking could. His hard dick slid in and out of the older woman's ass, pulsing with pleasure. Her ass was even tighter than her tight cunt, which was the tightest hole he had ever fucked, until now. This was tightness. This was what real sex was. Hard cocks and tiny, tight holes, eager to be stretched. Eager to be fucked as hard as possible.

"AHHH, I'M GETTING CLOSE! MAKE MY ASS CUM! FUCK MY ASS TILL YOU MAKE ME CUM!" Madeline grunted out, her voice hoarse.

"Fuck, your ass is so tight! I fucking love it!" Alex cried out.

"Tell me you love it more than your girlfriend! Tell me you love me more than her! Tell me I have your heart now! Betray your girlfriend one last time! Then you can cum!" Madeline ordered.

"Ughhh, I love it! I love your ass! I love your asshole more than my girlfriend! I love your tits more than I love her! I love every bit of you more than the best part of her! I love you, Madeline! I love you more than I love her!" Alex grunted.

"AHHHH! FUCKKKKK! ALMOST THERE! MAKE ME CUM, LOVER! Fuck my ass and MAKE ME CUMMMM!" Madeline screamed.

driving his thick cock into another woman and filling her with cum.

Finally, the two lovers relaxed and Alex's sweaty body slid off of Madeline, falling to her side. He was quite nearly out of energy. Madeline was not. Madeline slid off the bed and got to her feet, her thighs coated with the cum leaking from her cunt, and the rest of her hot body covered with sweat and milk. Madeline faced Sally and walked slowly towards her.

"Followers come forth!" Madeline called out. Tony and Timmy approached, as did Nadine and Dom, hand in hand. Alex was still on the bed, gathering his strength.

"You guys! Wake up! Please! Help Me!" Sally begged, looking at her possessed friends, but they barely acknowledged her. They looked at Madeline adoringly, worshipfully.

"It is time to finish the potion and complete my journey. My escape." Madeline declared. "I am ready for you each to make your donation." Madeline approached Tony and

Timmy, who were standing next to each other. She reached forward and grabbed at the hands of both. Palms facing up, Madeline ran a finger across the hands and fingers of both. Finally, with a quick motion, she used her sharp nails to draw a drop of blood from each. She gathered these drops onto her fingernails, dripping them into the gurgling cauldron.

"Blood of the followers, willingly offered." Madeline said to herself. She approached Nadine and Dom and ran her fingers across their foreheads. She gathered their sweat across her fingers and let it drip into the cauldron.

"Sweat of the followers, eagerly exerted." Madeline said. Madeline leaned over the cauldron and let her breasts hang down over it. She reached up and squeezed her breasts, milk squirting again from her massive breasts and into the mixture.

"Milk of the mother, happily given." she said to herself. Madeline turned to face Sally. She walked forward and approached the young girl. Madeline bent over and ran her fingers along Sally's cheek, gathering a tear on her finger.

Madeline smiled and turned to go back to the cauldron, shaking her ass at the young girl, showing off its perfect shape and her boyfriend's cum leaking from it.

"Tears of the innocent, uncontrollably sacrificed." Madeline said, letting the tears drop into the cauldron. She then reached down to her crotch and gathered some cum onto her fingers. She reached into her ass-crack and scooped some cum from there as well.

"Seed of the betrayer, forcefully taken." she said. The potion lit up, glowing in orange light, as if letting them all know the potion was complete.

"Ahh, cum, truly the most magical substance a man can provide." Madeline began, licking the remaining cum from her fingers. "One fluid, capable of saying so much. Making life. Cementing love. Breaking hearts. Love. Life. Heartbreak. Betrayal. One fluid, capable of so much, depending on how it's used. It's truly a wondrous thing. And it's quite tasty as well."

Madeline hovered over the cauldron and used a large ladle to stir the mixture, the potion thick and heavy. Madeline used the ladle to scoop some of the potion out and poured it into a goblet. Setting down the ladle, the nude witch approached Sally.

"Sally, I'm gonna need you to drink this." Madeline said.

"Uh Uh. No." Sally said, closing her mouth tightly, shaking her head. Tony approached her and grabbed her head and chin, forcing her mouth open. Madeline took advantage, forcing the contents of the goblet into Sally's mouth, filling her mouth with the gross fluid. It had the consistency of cake batter, but the taste of rotted vegetables. It tasted awful, but the fluid seemed to have a mind of its own, sliding to the back of her throat, eager to be swallowed. Before she could think twice, she consumed the fluid.

Sally felt a wave of nausea hit her as the fluid entered her stomach. She got dizzy and fell from the chair as a wave of heat and sickness went through her body. Her vision was fuzzy and she couldn't think straight. The only thing clear was the evil cackle of victory echoing in her ears.

Sally's head was heavy as she began to regain her bearings, hoping that what had happened was simply a nightmare. Her boyfriend had betrayed her. As had her friends. Her boyfriend fucked another woman, an evil insane woman, and had reveled in it. It couldn't be true. It couldn't be real. As her vision cleared up. She looked up at her friends. All of them were now dressed and cleaned up. Tony, Timmy, Dom and Nadine. Then she saw Madeline, clothed in her colonial clothing again, with her arm around Alex, fully clothed again. He looked like he normally did, but there was a certain arrogance across this face to let her know that this nightmare was reality. Sally leaned up against the wall, sitting against it as the older woman approached. Madeline kneeled in front of the 18-year-old. Sally looked at this woman, terrified at the damage she had wrought.

"I thank you for coming here, Sally." Madeline said. "With your help, I am now free. I can leave this house for good. Thanks to you."

"What?" Sally asked, confused.

"It's the house that's the key." Madeline began. "That was the trick they used when they imprisoned me. Instead of simply cursing me, they cursed the house and bound me to it. In a way, it is clever. If they simply cursed me, there are ways to work around that. But to make the curse outside of me was a way to prevent me from breaking it. It took a long time, but I figured it out. And even though they were very clever in their plot, I was more clever. I found a way to escape. The curse lies with the house, and I am not able to break said curse while inside it. But... I can transfer the curse. That is why they blocked this house, prevented anyone from entering it. But you, you ambitious girl, brought you and your friends and your boyfriend here, allowing me to make my escape."

"The world betrayed me. They locked me in here to protect the innocent. Now, I get my revenge. I created a betrayal, and am now protecting the innocent. I recreated what happened to me in a different light. I made your boyfriend betray you for me. Now he is my property and I will take him for my uses. I will take your boyfriend, and your friends, and they will help me get my revenge. I know you

cared deeply for them, and they use to feel the same for you. Not anymore. Now, they care for me more. We will leave this place, now that I am uncursed. The world is corrupted. No place for the innocent. I reversed the curse, Sally. Where as before, what kept me here was that I was the person called corrupt, the world was innocent. Now, the corruption has spread, and the only place locked off from that world is here. In you. You are the innocent being protected from the corruption."

"What are you saying?" Sally asked, scared.

"You have inherited my curse, Sally. Meaning, the house holds you now, and you cannot escape. The world is corrupt, and you are innocent, and that separates you from it. You are trapped here, for eternity, unless you figure out how to break your curse."

"WHAT!" Sally cried out.

"I'm afraid so. It was the only way for me to escape. You have now inherited not only my imprisonment, but my immortality. As long as you are here, you will not age. You

are frozen as is, much like how I was. I am now mortal again, and I have never felt more alive. And your only way to escape is to recreate the circumstances of your imprisonment. Specifically, your only way out is to steal someone's true love, make them a betrayer, and transfer your curse to them. But don't worry. You have all the tools you need to learn to make the correct spells and potions. You have all the books you will need. But the only question is... do you have the body for it? Do you have what it takes to steal another woman's man? Considering you lost your man to an old lady like me. And looking at those feeble breasts, I think your chances are low." Madeline said with a condescending laugh. "So you'd better get settled here. I think you're in for a long stay."

"Wait! You can't do this! I came here to vindicate you! I came here to help! How could you do this to me!" Sally said, panicking. Madeline smiled arrogantly as she stood up straight. "Alex! Please! Listen to me! Don't leave!" Alex matched Madeline's arrogance, uncaring as he looked down at his girlfriend, unaffected by her panic. He truly was corrupted.

"Nadine! Dom! Please!" she begged. Nadine wasn't paying attention. She was making out with Dom, unaware of what Sally was going through. She pulled her lips away and looked at her best friend.

"I can't wait till Madeline lets me fuck Alex! I always thought he was really tasty looking! Maybe I can get Dom and Alex to double team me!" Nadine said with a laugh.

"Dom?" Sally pled.

"Nadine said once we leave, she'll let me fuck her ass. So... I'm gonna go." he said, his eyes glowing like Nadine's were.

"Tony! Timmy! Help me!" she screamed out.

"Give it up, Sal. Madeline's gonna help me fuck your mom. I can't wait. I'm gonna fuck your mom and take your Daddy's place! I'm gonna seduce your mom, make her take my dick, and destroy your parent's perfect marriage! I can't fucking wait! Thanks for bringing me to Madeline. Thanks for making this happen" Timmy replied, unsympathetic.

"What! You can't? They've been in love since they were kids!" Sally cried out, but Timmy just laughed evilly. Seeing there was no hope there, Sally moved on.

"Tony! Please!" she begged.

"You broke my heart. I'll break yours." Tony said succinctly.

"Don't worry, Sally. Your friends will be well cared for. Dom and Nadine here will be together forever and have lots of beautiful babies together. They truly were made for each other. Timmy will have a very important job. Your mother will be quite panicked with you gone. Timmy here will explain what happened, and give her all the comfort she will ever need until she betrays you too and forgets all about you. And judging by what I've heard, she will need a lot of comfort. Tony here will be my bodyguard. I will give him guidance and purpose, and I will fix him up with someone special. One of my followers. And Alex... I will keep him well cared for. I will give him all the children he needs, and he will be my most fervent supporter. He gave me my freedom, the final ingredient for my escape, and that will

not be forgotten. I will give your boyfriend whatever he needs. Anything he's ever wanted, I'll be the one to give it to him." Madeline explained.

"Goodbye Sally." Madeline said. "And remember: Innocence must be protected! Ha Ha!" she added with a lilting laugh. With a nod, she pointed her head at the door, and began walking away, the others following behind her as they headed up the stairs.

"No! You can't do this to me! This can't be happening!" Sally said, trying to stand, but the effects of the potion made her head swim. She couldn't stand up straight. She heard the footsteps above her, but she just couldn't move. Finally, gathering all her focus, she got to her feet and tried to follow the others. She had to get up. She had to fight back. Otherwise, her world was ending. Her boyfriend had been stolen from her. Her best friend's had all betrayed her. Her parent's marriage was on the precipice of destruction. A great evil was about to be unleashed on the world. And she was about to be trapped in this fucking house! Sally had to fight on. She had to fight back.

Madeline approached the front door hopefully. Despite her cool demeanor, her hand was shaking as she reached for the handle. For the first time in over 300 years, she would be leaving this fucking house.

Grabbing the cool handle, she pulled the door open, revealing the cool night air and the full moon in the sky. Madeline stood in the doorframe. This was it. This was the barrier she had never been able to cross. The spell stopped her from being able to cross this entranceway and leave. Part of her wondered if her maneuver had been for naught. The cool night air blew in, making the old witch shiver. She looked around, studied her surroundings a bit, and smiled. Suddenly, she knew the truth.

She was free.

With a sure step, Madeline stepped outside, setting foot outdoors for the first time since her capture. The cool air blew across her, but the sensation was glorious. Her feet hit the ground, crunching the leaves beneath her. The others followed behind her. Madeline turned to face them and smiled.

"Let's go! We have a world to conquer!"

Minutes later, the van was driving away from the Cursed House of Crow. Six people entered, and six people left.

Alex drove the car. He glanced over at the others in the car. Next to him was Madeline, looking forward, never wavering. Alex glanced at his friends. Tony and Timmy were in back, smiling evilly, their eyes glowing red.

In the middle seat was Dom and Nadine. Like their friends, their eyes blazed with red. But they were not sitting tight. Nadine was bent over, fishing Dom's dick from his pants. Dom was fussing with his phone, and as he put it to his ear, Nadine's mouth wrapped around his thickening shaft.

"Hey, Rachel?" Dom said into his phone. "Yeah, it's me. Uh, listen, shut up. I'm breaking up with you." There was a long pause. "Why? Cause you look like a lesbian." Nadine smiled around Dom's cock at this. "And besides, I'm fucking

another girl now, and she's way hotter than you, and that's really all that matters, so..."

Dom hung up and allowed himself to fully enjoy the blowjob he was getting.

"We have a lot of work to do." Madeline began. "But first, I need a new wardrobe. Nadine, you must take me shopping. I need to blend in. I'm afraid these clothes are rather plain by today's standards. And besides, I am desperate to try on some of those thongs I've heard so much about."

All the teens laughed at this, and the witch smiled, satisfied her control was absolute. A new world was ahead of her. And Madeline couldn't wait. She had a church to get revenge on. And a world to conquer. She licked her lips in anticipation.

All the teens were so engrossed by Madeline that none of them cared to look back at the house they just left. If any of them bothered to look back, they would have seen a figure in the doorway, unable to cross that barrier and leave the

house. They would have seen that figure fall to her knees, sobbing.

And if they opened the windows and listened, they would have heard her screams.

(Epilogue)

Mother Superior Catherine stepped into her office. It was Halloween Night, and the church was throwing a Halloween Bash. For the most part, it gave some of the church goers and some of the nuns an excuse to dress slutty and hook up with guys, and Catherine was totally okay with that. Catherine stepped away when she was told someone was waiting for her in her office.

Catherine stepped in and noticed a woman standing by a window. Catherine realized this woman looked familiar. She had seen her seated at the back of the church these last few weeks. She never spoke to anyone and or said anything.

She just sat and watched. But what stood out about her was her looks. She was an older woman, probably in her 40's but she was clearly beautiful and elegant. Also, she dressed like a woman half her age, wearing tight, body hugging clothing and sporting a blatant whale-tail.

But this night, she took advantage of the Halloween theme. She wore a long black dress, like something a witch would wear. It was made of black material, with lacy parts all over, and as the woman turned to face her, Catherine realized the dress was very low-cut, showing off the woman's expansive chest, pouring from her tight dress.

"Can I help you?" Catherine asked.

"It's nice to see you've embraced your corruption." the woman said.

"Excuse me?" Catherine asked.

"Well, just look at yourself." the woman said, indicating the nun's body hugging habit, and the way it showed off her

huge tits. And her heavily pregnant belly. "Nuns typically didn't get knocked up back in my day."

"Times have changed." Catherine replied.

"Is this your first?" the woman asked.

"My second." the nun stated.

"And married as well? How is your man?" the woman asked.

"He's wonderful. Still the mayor, hopefully soon something more than that." Catherine replied hesitantly. "And you are?" she asked, eyebrow raised.

"My name is Madeline, but you already knew that." she said. Catherine walked around her desk as the woman took a seat on the other side.

"I'm sorry. Should I know you?" Catherine asked.

"From what I can tell, this whole town knows me." Madeline replied. She dug out a picture from her clothes and held it out to Catherine. Catherine looked at it. It was a famous picture in this city. A picture of that old witch, Madeline Crow, who died hundreds of years ago. Catherine looked back at the woman, only to realize this woman looked exactly like the woman in the picture.

"You're not saying...?" Catherine asked.

"I am." Madeline replied. "Don't act like you don't know me, bitch! This may be a very different church than the one I knew before, but you still have the same secrets. The same corruption. Trust me, I've seen it. I know you still have your secret files out there about the sins and dark magic the church has committed. Crimes committed against people like me."

"I'm afraid I don't know what you're talking about..." Catherine said. "But if you are who you say you are, how did you escape?"

"I used some very dark magic to keep myself alive these many years. Until a group of teens entered my home, and I was able to transfer my curse onto a girl who had come there to vindicate me. I feel so sorry for that poor girl, trapped due to the magic the church performed. I take no blame for her current predicament. That is on you. The church." Madeline explained.

"So, why are you here?" Catherine asked.

"I am here to deliver a warning to the church. I know who you are. Despite my imprisonment, I kept my eyes on you. I watched you come in and embrace your corruption. I watched you spread your tendrils to the government, to the handsome, successful mayor, seizing control of the city. And I had to admit, even I was impressed at how brazen you were. Your convent has gotten very large. I've seen your girls all over town, beautiful girls, doing some very naughty things to 'help' the church. I had girls like that once, in service to me, but the church murdered them in cold blood. But I'll get them back. My loyal followers used to do whatever I wanted. They tracked down the reverend who imprisoned me, and they made him pay. Oh, they made him pay. But getting my revenge on him does not absolve

the church of its crimes against the innocent. The church has been a corrupt institution for far too long. Unfortunately, my followers could only do so much, and too much time has passed. So sadly, they are all gone now. For years, I was alone in this world. But no longer! I already have gathered followers. And they have been very busy."

Madeline paused, thinking about the group of teens she had acquired, and what they had been up to since her capture of them. Tony had been a loyal bodyguard, as she knew he would be. Madeline was working hard to find her former apprentice's spirit, to bring her back to life, bring her spirit to modern day. And once she was back, she would be Tony's bride. Timmy had taken to her guidance beautifully. Madeline could tell he would be quite talented when under the right leadership. He had already bedded Sally's gorgeous mother, and had flaunted this affair in front of Sally's father, tearing apart their marriage efficiently. Nadine and Dom had spent most of their time in bed, fucking each other's brains out. Nadine had commanded them to breed, and they were more than happy to comply. As was Timmy with Sally's mom. And finally, there was Alex, her most loyal follower. He was there whenever she needed him, doing whatever she asked. That mainly

consisted of fucking her brains out and filling her pussy and asshole with cum, and the young man was always happy to do it. She was taking the same advice she had given to Nadine and Dom. She needed to start breeding as soon as possible. They needed to increase their numbers as quickly as they could. She needed Alex to fill her up with cum and give her lots of babies. Lots of babies.

"My followers will be tenfold than what they were before. And then I'll make you pay. Your church is very different, but the corruption remains the same. Like I said, I know who you are. I know what you are capable of. And it won't happen again. This time, this visit, I'm simply giving you a warning. Next time, I won't be so nice." Madeline warned.

"Are you threatening me?" Catherine asked, "Cause if you are, you don't know who you are dealing with."

This made Madeline smile. She stood up and smoothed out her dress, showing off her massive rack.

"Well then, next time we meet will certainly be a surprise for one of us." Madeline said.

"Yeah, I bet." Catherine said. Madeline smiled arrogantly and walked out of the office, shaking her butt at the nun. Catherine paused, making sure she was gone, and picked up the phone. She dialed the numbers quickly, and waited for a reply. As soon as she heard a voice on the other side, she spoke up.

"We have a problem." Catherine said. "The witch is free."

As the nun listened to the voice on the other end, she knew something big was coming.

If Madeline Crow wanted a war, she would get it.

XXX-Mas Carol

Scott Baker was a good man.

He always tried to do the right thing at all times. He had been born and raised in the city of Parkersboro, and even though the city was well-known for its widespread and deep-seeded corruption, it was his home. He was part of a volunteer board in the city seeking to start change from within, not by seeking outside help but by doing things right and encouraging others to work the right way. Like support local-owned businesses and not be a slave to the big corporations.

That all sounded very good and idealistic, but in practice it wasn't so easy. Scott owned a family-run bookstore that his father had started. They specialized in carrying both the newest releases and antiques and older classics. It was well-known in certain book collecting circles, but that didn't mean they were exactly reeling it in cash-wise. Times had been tough, though business had been steady enough to keep him afloat, but just barely. He didn't know how long

this could last. He had been forced to let some of his employees go, but his few remaining workers were all hard-working and supportive of his choices. His few employees were passionate for the work and passionate about being locally owned.

But being owned locally had its drawbacks. Business had been slow, and they simply couldn't afford to take many days off. So that's why he found himself working on a quiet, sleepy Christmas Eve. Snow was drifting lazily to the ground, dulling all the noise outside. It was just him and Christine, one of his employees. She had been a star for him, easily his favorite. She had gone to the local college and had picked up a job here to pay the bills. She had been working there for about three years and she had been a model employee. Christine worked hard and went out of her way whenever she could. Whenever Scott needed help sorting the books and doing inventory, she volunteered. Scott felt bad for making her have to work on Christmas Eve and sacrifice time with her friends and family, but she gave no indication that she was mad or annoyed or anything. She was happy to help.

Scott just didn't know what to do. He felt like he was backed into a corner, and he wished he could figure out the way to get out of it. He had to increase business, but he didn't want to compromise his ideals. He wasn't stupid enough to pretend that things like the internet and computers were making books and bookstores obsolete, but he wasn't about to throw in the towel when there was a healthy segment of the population out there still used to the old ways. He wished there was a magic wand he could wave that would solve all off the store's issues. But there wasn't, which is why he and his employees had to step in and put in the hard work.

It was at moments like this that he felt bad for his wife, Kate. He knew it probably wasn't easy to be married to a guy like him, a guy who was so passionate about so many issues. But Kate might just be the perfect wife for him. She felt the same way he did about the city's issues and was equally as passionate. Whenever he spoke out about the city's problems, she was eagerly by his side. But in day-to-day life, she fought for the city in a different way, caring for the wounded as a nurse at the hospital. Scott wasn't sure how passionate she was about social change before meeting him, but after spending years in the hospital caring for gang

members who had been shot, or having to care for people in organized crime, or witnessing the corruption that pervades even as deep as the city's hospitals... that was enough to turn even the most blasé citizen into a crusader for social change. So, Kate was on Scott's side, making her the perfect partner for him.

It didn't hurt that she was darn cute. She definitely possessed what was known as 'girl next-door' good looks. She was a natural blonde with a fit body and a bright effervescent smile. What Scott liked best wasn't these cosmetic features, but it was her brain. She could stimulate him on an intellectual level unlike any other woman he had been with, so there was nothing he could talk about with her that was over her head. They had fallen head-over-heels for each other immediately.

Both of them worked heavy hours to get by. Scott often wondered whether his wife resented being the breadwinner of the two, making him again feel down about his store's lack of success. But on the slow days like today, when he began to feel down, as if by magic, she would call to check in with him and brighten his day. She would always be there with a kind word to encourage him in what he was

doing and telling him to stay positive. She was a great wife. So, being in a near empty store, he wouldn't get too down. Kate wouldn't let him.

"Baker's Books" was nestled in downtown, an older looking two-story brick building surrounded by buildings far more modern. Scott was well-aware this was prime real estate. Many real-estate developers and entrepreneurs had walked through those doors, waving lots of money at Scott to buy the property. Then, no doubt, tear it down and replace it with something more sleek and modern. But Scott refused. He held out. He took a certain pride in being this lone hold-out, this little mom-and-pop establishment surrounded by the fast-moving, impersonal modern heart of Parkersboro. Scott liked the idea of his little business being this beacon of hope in the den of corruption that was his hometown.

Business was slow. Like, almost zero foot-traffic the entire day. As Scott began to count-out the money in the register, he looked up at Christine. She kept herself busy, sorting through the new arrivals, getting them ready to be shelved. Scott smiled as he watched her work. She never sighed. She never got bored. She never got annoyed. She just kept at it.

Christine was just a very nice, sweet young woman. Her parents had emigrated from Japan and worked hard to give her a good life, and in doing so they instilled a strong ethic in her. She was a literature major in school, so a job here was one of the things she was qualified to do and utilize her skill-set. Even though she was pretty quiet and could easily almost be forgotten about at times, she was a very warm presence. She was just so nice and so sweet. And plus, it was clear she admired Scott and the way he resisted giving into big business, the way he was devoted to supporting this town and the little guy. Christine was loyal to Scott, and always had his back when he had to make tough choices.

She was also a pretty young woman, and that showed through even as she tended to dress quite homely. She got the best of her parents' genetics, her Japanese heritage showing though proudly. She had striking, hazel eyes, hidden behind her cute, thin glasses. Her black hair was pulled back in a ponytail, which would bob when she worked. She had plump lips and creamy olive skin. And even though she was quite shy, her smile could brighten a room. She typically tended towards sweaters and jeans, dressing less practically than some her age might. She had

a fit body, but she dressed down, not wanting to get attention for that reason.

Scott watched her work and suddenly felt bad. She was loyal to him to a fault. She was missing out on time with her friends, missing out on Christmas parties and times with her friends and family just to work at his little store. He admired her loyalty, but he felt bad for taking advantage of her kindness and good nature. Scott checked his watch. It was 7 PM, one hour till close. The streets were quiet. Christmas was already starting for some. Scott came to a decision.

"Christine?" Scott called out, breaking the stillness. She jumped slightly and looked up.

"Yes?" she said, looking up at him from across the room, her slight accent echoing through the stacks of books.

"I tell you, I don't think anyone else is coming in." he began.

"Oh, you never know. Last minute shopping maybe?" Christine offered, always thinking positive.

"No one else is coming in." Scott affirmed and she nodded, reluctantly agreeing. "Go home, Christine. It's Christmas. I shouldn't keep you here."

"I don't mind." she said. "I can stay here. I didn't have any plans." Scott wasn't shocked by this. Christine seemed so shy and quiet to him, he couldn't possibly imagine her being a party animal. He knew she would just go home, relax and read or something like that, but it would probably be better than wasting her time here.

"It's fine. I can handle it. If we get a huge, last-minute rush, I'll take care of it." Scott affirmed with a smile. Christine smiled slightly. "Merry Christmas, Christine." Scott said warmly.

"Thanks, Scott. Merry Christmas to you too." Christine replied. "I, uh..." she began, about to reach for her bag. Then, the bells above the door rang.

That's when Stacy Robinson sauntered into "Baker's Books."

She was not an unfamiliar presence in this store, but she was not necessarily a welcome one. She was the representative of one of those property developers that had been hounding him. About every six months or so, she would come in and give Scott the sales pitch, trying to get him to sell his business, to sell out.

It wasn't like she was unfriendly or anything like that. She was just very... corporate. She was always dressed in very expensive, designer business outfits. She dressed well, she drove a fancy car and she always carried the most current expensive accessories, like fancy handbags, fancy smart phones and the like. Stacy was perfectly pleasant but she was almost too smooth for his tastes. She was a great saleswoman, and Scott knew it, so he could always sense that she had an ulterior motive when dealing with him.

Stacy was quite a beautiful woman. Gorgeous, even. She had elegant chestnut hair, falling in waves down her back. Her face was perfectly made-up with pillowy lips and

striking green eyes. Her business suit was perfectly tailored for her, highlighting her impressive body. Her suit was a cool gray color and she wore a thin, green blouse beneath it, unbuttoned a bit and spread to show off her bountiful breasts. Her clothing highlighted her impressive breasts, showing off their round, firm shape. Her pants clung to her long, firm legs and round butt. And, as usual, she wore leather high-heels, choosing style over practicality, even in inclement weather. As she came in, she pressed the button on her keychain, locking the doors on her parked BMW. As Scott and Christine looked up at her, Stacy smiled, flashing her brilliant white teeth.

"Scott Baker." Stacy called out. He sighed.

"Hello, Stacy." Scott replied. "You're working late?"

"You know me, burning the midnight oil." Stacy said. "Besides... it's Christmas! I wanted to catch you in a jolly mood." she said smoothly. She looked around, eyeing the stacks of books, the old wooden shelves, and the warm yellow lighting of the old light bulbs above them. "Busy

night?" she asked knowingly, glancing at Scott and his employee.

"Not too bad." Scott replied coolly. He glanced at Christine and she began to back away, not wanting to get in the way of her boss at work with this woman. She moved towards the back room to get her stuff. "What brings you in, Stacy?"

"Wow, you act like I'm not coming in for a purchase? Maybe I want to get a book?" Stacy said with a lilting laugh. Scott rolled his eyes slightly.

"You don't strike me as a reader." Scott replied. She smiled and held up her hands.

"I confess... you got me!" she said with a giggle. Scott eyed her, waiting for the other shoe to drop. "Okay, I guess I'll get to it, then." she began. "My boss wanted me to come by and see where your head's at. How's business?"

"Business is good." Scott said simply.

"But, it can't be that good." Stacy replied. "I've kept an eye on you guys for a while now, and... there's no way this can last. Keeping up the payments on the building and slow business... Scott, this can't keep going. This is a digital world. Brick and mortar stores like this are a thing of the past. If I wanted one of these books, I can download it to my phone in five seconds. I know you're a good man... a loyal man, but in business, you can't be stubborn. When the ship is sinking, it's all nice and noble to say you would go down with the ship, but that's stupid. It's outdated. If you can get out, then get out and save yourself. We are willing to give you \$750,000 dollars for this property. I know you didn't pay that much for this building, and I KNOW you are drowning in bills. Scott... I implore you, take the money. Give you and your wife a nice little nest egg for the future."

"Stacy... nothing's changed. I'm not selling." Scott said simply. Stacy paused for a second, then smiled, like one would smile at someone who was hopelessly naïve.

"I admire your resolve, Scott Baker, but I will break you down someday." she said with a laugh. To be honest, she was incredibly attracted to the man standing in front of her. Sure, they were opposite in many ways. She, a high

powered executive, and he, a local book-store owner. He cared about this town and what was best for the little guy, and she... didn't. They were about the same age, he was 32, and she was 33, but Stacy always felt a bit more mature compared to him. She was experienced in the ways of the world, while he came across almost childishly idealistic. He saw the best in things, and Stacy saw what was actually there. But, Stacy almost admired his naiveté. She admired his strong, unbreaking will. A woman like her, with her beauty, and her body, and her aggressive nature, could mow over most men in both business and pleasure. But someone like him, someone so committed to his ideals, so unbending in his beliefs, it was a refreshing change. He made her competitive juices flow. She wanted to beat him, to conquer him, to break him. And because of that, she wanted to fuck his brains out.

It certainly didn't hurt that he was super hot. Most of the men she dealt with were guys in suits with slicked hair and cheap cologne. Scott was genuine. He tended to dress in jeans and a simple t-shirt, or a flannel shirt, but that worked for him. He was tall... and fit... and friendly... and dreamy. Stacy loved dealing with Scott, even though it was infrequent. He was her white whale, the one so many were

after. She wanted to be the one to conquer him. She admired his friendly manner and his mop of brown hair. She even liked his glasses, those chunky black ones that were in style. Even looking at him now, with his five o'clock shadow and his slightly frazzled hair, she only wanted him more.

"I can tell you're a practical guy, Scott. You're worried about what's next, and you're not the type to just sit around and live off your savings. You love to work. So, if you agree to sell, not only will we purchase this property, we would be happy to put you and your employees in new positions. My boss is very well connected, and she could put you in any industry you can imagine. Plus, a guy like you, with such a strong will, you could fit in wherever you want." Stacy purred, putting her arms on the counter.

"I'm still not budging, Stacy." Scott said, holding up his hands. She simply smiled.

"I tell you what, Scott." she began, looking around at the near empty building and then checking her watch on the underside of her wrist. "There's that bar Harper's, next to

the Grand Hotel. That's where I'm staying. I've heard they've got a really good wine selection there. How about, you close up a bit early, we head over there, and let's talk business over drinks? Get to know each other better." she offered with a light smile, bending over the counter, pressing her huge breasts into her arms, pushing them out. But, like the good, upstanding man he was, his stare didn't waver from her eyes.

"I'll have to pass." Scott said simply. She straightened up and looked at him. She reached into her purse.

"Well, I'm sure you have a whole stack of these from me, but this is my new one." she began, handing him her business card.

"New boss?" Scott asked, recognizing the differences in her card.

"Yes, I was made an offer I couldn't refuse." Stacy said with a light laugh. "She's new in town but she is really amazing. She sold me on her immediately. I was happy to jump ship. Apparently, she's been around awhile, so I'm surprised I'd

never heard of her until recently. But she's amazing. She's capable of things that are... pretty incredible. And, conveniently, she is even more aggressive about this property than my old boss was."

"Conveniently?" Scott questioned. She smiled.

"Of course. I love giving you my pitch, Scott. I wouldn't trade that for anything." she said with a brilliant smile. A heavy, awkward pause fell between them, Scott not fully understanding why she enjoyed being around him, or if this was all simply part of her sales pitch. Before the pause could get too long Stacy spoke up. "So... if you change your mind, make sure you call me first. Anytime."

"Will do." Scott replied.

"Well... I guess I'll have to find someone else to buy me a drink." she teased. "But I'm sure he won't be as much fun as you would be." she said with a flirty lilt.

"Well, uh... good luck." Scott said, not wanting to give an inch to this dangerous creature.

"Alright then... I hope business keeps booming." Stacy teased, backing up towards the entrance. "And Scott..." she began, looking back at him. "Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas." Scott replied warmly, kind even to this woman he didn't care for. As the bell rang and she stepped out, Christine re-entered Scott's sight. Scott turned to her and she smiled at him, happy that he had turned that woman away.

"Your mind hasn't changed, right?" Christine asked. Scott took the card and dropped it into the garbage can next to him. Christine smiled.

"Go home, Christine." Scott said. "Enjoy your Christmas Eve while you can." She nodded.

"Okay. Thanks." she said, bundled up in her warm coat and knit cap. "Um... Merry Christmas, Scott."

"Merry Christmas, Christine."

A couple hours later, Scott found himself walking down the biting cold streets of downtown Parkersboro. He had closed up the store for the night and began his walk home. His wife, Kate, was a nurse, so she had taken the car that day. And even though she had offered to pick him up, he called her off. The roads were terrible and he didn't want to inflict that on his wife. And besides, it wasn't a long walk home.

As Christmas carols echoed through the buildings and snow whistled through the air, a bundled up Scott trudged home. Parties rang throughout as everyone enjoyed their Christmas Eve. It hurt a bit to know that Scott wouldn't be having that level of fun tonight. Neither he nor Kate exactly raked it in, and they both were practical, not living beyond their means. So they had a small Christmas planned, only a few gifts planned for each other as well as a small meal. But, despite that, he was still happy.

Scott smiled as he walked by some carolers and heard voices from the mass of people in the big church. He heard the steady ringing bell of a charity collector, braving the bitter cold for charity, and even though he didn't have lot of money, he was happy to part with a few bucks for a good cause. Because even though he didn't have a ton of wealth, he had a good life. His wife was beautiful, and smart, and intelligent. Kate supported him in all of his choices, even though they might not be for the best financially. She was always there for him and she always believed in him.

Kate was a pretty woman with straight, shoulder length blonde hair. She had a good tan, and even though she was raised near a beach, she didn't complain during the cold Parkersboro winters. She kept herself fit and her lithe body displayed that. Plus, she was on her feet all day, always moving. She had a nice, cute, round butt and perky, B-cup breasts. Also, she was incredibly smart. Obviously, working as a nurse might indicate that, but she was very bright and well-read. Scott was attracted to her in all ways. And that's what kept him warm on nights like this one.

Scott was an optimist, a very positive person. It was never fun to come home to a dark house, but he understood. Kate

worked crazy hard, so Scott understood her urge to pass out as soon as she got home. As Scott got to his dark room and saw her sleeping form on her side in the bed, he still smiled. It was always good to have someone to go home to, you know? As he disrobed and got cleaned up, his wife began moving around.

"Hi baby." she groaned out, half asleep.

"Hey." Scott replied. "Long day?" he asked.

"You have no idea." Kate replied. "People got into the holiday spirit a bit early."

Scott laughed as he slipped into bed behind his wife. He curled up behind her and gave her a kiss on the cheek. She smiled and reached behind her to ruffle his hair.

"I love you." she purred.

"I love you too." Scott replied. He took off his glasses and put them on the bedside table. He didn't know how tired he was, because minutes later, sleep was about to overcome him.

But... before that could happen, he was startled from his reverie as he heard a noise from downstairs. He wanted to ignore it, but he knew this wasn't the best area of town, so slipping into some pajama pants and putting on his glasses again, he went to investigate.

He stepped downstairs and began looking around. He turned on the lights and glanced around, making sure the coast was clear. As he went into the living room, he flicked on the light switch that controlled the Christmas tree. As the white light of the trees shown through the living room, Scott breathed a sigh of relief, realizing the house was empty. Then, suddenly...

"My..." purred an unfamiliar voice from behind him. With a jump, he spun around, and his eyes widened. There was a woman behind him.

"You've grown." the woman finished. At first, he didn't recognize her, but then, a memory popped into his mind. A memory from long ago. He suddenly remembered.

"Little Scotty Baker." The woman said. "Time has been very kind to you." she admired, looking at him.

Scott definitely remembered her. She was Mrs. Thomas, his next door neighbor... from his childhood. She stood before him, and she looked exactly the same as he remembered. Like, exactly the same as she did when he was thirteen. She seemingly hadn't aged a day. Now that she was in front of him, all the memories came flooding back to him.

There was a time when he had all her details memorized. In his younger years, he had had something of an infatuation with her. To put it simply, Mrs. Thomas single-handedly sent Scott into puberty. Even though she was their neighbor, and his parents' friend, young Scott had been obsessed with her. And it was pretty obvious why. She was the type of woman any guy would obsess over.

Mrs. Thomas was a gorgeous blonde with enormous breasts. When he was younger, adults like his parents seemed boring and dull. Adults like Mrs. Thomas seemed way more fun. Whenever there were get-togethers, she was the life of the party. Scott didn't deal with her a lot and he didn't have a doubt that she knew what she was doing to him. Whenever he got the chance, his greedy eyes would gaze at her massive knockers, pouring from whatever revealing top she chose to wear. They always looked so round, and smooth, and perky. Scott remembered the way they would bounce, and the way her nipples would show through her tops. Scott remembered the way she would shake her butt when she walked. He remembered how smooth and shiny her long legs looked whenever she wore tight little shorts. And then there were those lucky days when Scott would catch her sunbathing in her bikini. Those were the good days.

But the thing he remembered most wasn't her big breasts, or her round ass, or her long legs. No, the thing he remembered most was her hair. He remembered how blonde and shiny it was, like golden silk. He remembered the way it curled lightly, and the way it glowed in the sun. To a young man like him, she looked like an angel.

He now had that same feeling as she stood there in his living room. There was something otherworldly about her. She shone in the darkness in an almost unnatural way. She was literally glowing. Scott was just staring at her, mouth slightly open. Scott blinked his eyes rapidly, trying to clear this incomparable image from his mind.

"Do you not remember me?" she asked, toying with her top.

"You can't be here." Scott began. "How are you here?" She simply smiled at his confusion. Scott again noted the unnatural glow about her and the fact that she hadn't aged a day. His eyes suddenly widened. "Are you... are you a... ghost?"

Mrs. Thomas laughed.

"No, Scott... not quite." she said. "I am..." she began, as if choosing her words carefully. "I'm an apparition. A projection based off your mind, your memories, your innermost thoughts. I assure you, the real Mrs. Thomas is

alive and well, and still having a grand old time, although she is not quite as perky as she used to be." she said, running her fingers over her jutting breasts. "I am here at the behest of a very powerful being, a being who recognizes the great tragedy you are playing a part of, and if you don't change now, great tragedy will befall you."

"This... this can't be real!" Scott began. "I've lost my mind!"

"No, I am afraid this is very, very real." Mrs. Thomas purred. She approached him, and the moving air carried her memorable, perfumed scent to his nose, bringing back a slew of sense memories. Scott didn't know what to make of this, and he began to panic.

"I need to go." he began. "I need to go." He ducked around her and tried to walk away.

"Scott, I'm afraid what is about to happen must happen and there is nothing that can be done to change that. You can't just go back to bed. You can't just ignore this. This has to happen. This has to play out." Mrs. Thomas said coolly. Scott stopped and turned to look at her.

"What's about to happen?" he asked. She smiled.

"While I might not be a ghost, tonight... you will be meeting the real thing. You will be meeting three spirits who will show you the error of your ways. Three spirits who will show how badly you are wasting your life, how you are missing out on true, soul-fulfilling happiness." Mrs. Thomas said.

"No, Mrs. Thomas. I am happy. I am fulfilled." Scott replied. Mrs. Thomas laughed.

"Scott, once you see what you are missing out on, you will realize how bad you have it." Mrs. Thomas claimed. "But don't take it from me alone, I am sure the three spirits you are about to meet will convince you."

"Three spirits on Christmas Eve...?" Scott wondered. "Wait, is this like that story?" he asked. She smiled.

"You would be amazed how many things that you might think are fake that are in fact very, very real." she claimed, jutting out her round chest at him. He couldn't help but glance down at them. Even though he knew this was simply an apparition, the fact that this was Mrs. Thomas, and that she was just like he remembered her, and her breasts were just as big and full as ever, and her perfume was hitting his nose... his dick had stiffened to full readiness. Without looking down, Mrs. Thomas smiled knowingly. She knew how she affected Scott. She knew she had him wrapped around her finger. He looked back up at her.

"What are they trying to convince me to do? What are they going to show me?" Scott asked.

"Exactly what you need to see." Mrs. Thomas answered. "And when this is over, you will be brought back here. Back to your home. Back to your wife. It is up to you to decide where to go from there."

"Wait, where am I going?" Scott asked. She smiled brightly. Suddenly, the lights of the Christmas tree glowed brighter and brighter, till the whole room was filled with white light.

And when the light disappeared, Scott was in a whole new place.

When the light dimmed, Scott stood in a familiar place, his childhood home. And it was just like he remembered it. All the decorations were the same, everything was the same. Scott stood frozen until he saw other people run around him, towards the tree. He looked down and his eyes widened.

He saw himself.

He saw the 14-year-old him approach the Christmas tree. Scott was stunned by this. He was looking at himself from the past. And it was strange. He saw the younger him, at that awkward, teenage stage, still young, but growing. Scott couldn't stop studying himself. This was so strange to be seeing himself, reliving this Christmas memory. As he looked, his two older brothers joined him. His oldest

brother Ken was twelve years older than him, and he was married with a little boy. His wife was there too. His other older brother Joe was four years older than him.

As his parents and family entered the room, older Scott simply stood there in the middle. No one seemed to see him or acknowledge him in any way. Scott remembered this day, one of his favorite Christmases. And now, he was re-living it.

"They can't see you, Scott." A posh, slightly-accented voice said from behind him as he felt a hand on his shoulder. Scott jumped and turned around. Behind him was an unfamiliar figure.

This woman was out of place for a lot of reasons. Scott's first thought was that this woman was from an era long past, like she could have been a woman that landed at Plymouth Rock. Like a puritan or something. She looked to be older, maybe in her 40's. She wasn't a bad looking woman, but she wasn't stunning or anything like that. She had a very classical, old fashioned look about her. She was very pale, but still very pretty. Her sunken hazel eyes conveyed a

sense of sadness. Her red-hair was gathered in a long, tight pony-tail, hanging down her back. She wore an old-fashioned dress that was light blue and seemed kinda haggard and dusty. The dress was a bit bulky, but it was clear the older woman had a pretty decent body.

But now was not the time to be checking anyone out. Because Scott had no idea who this woman was, why she was here and why he was here.

"Who are you?" a startled Scott asked as Christmas carried on uninterrupted around him.

"Hello Scott Baker." the woman said before pausing, searching for her words. "I am... the Ghost of Christmas Past."

"What?" Scott asked with almost a laugh at how ridiculous this situation was. This was a ghost? A spirit? What? Was this really happening to him? She looked so real. She looked as real as anyone else, and she could touch him and interact with him. She didn't look like a ghost you see in movies. She

looked like a real person. But despite Scott's confusion, the woman was nonplussed.

"You can call me Emily." the woman said. She walked up next to him and examined the family enjoying the holiday. "What a lovely family... you looked like a strong young man even then."

"What is this? How are we here? Why are we here?" Scott stammered, beyond confused.

"We are here to examine your past Christmas experiences, and show you the error of your ways. Show you what you are missing out on." Emily explained.

"What do you mean?" Scott asked. "I've done everything right. I mean, I've lived alright. I've done right by others. I'm happy and healthy." Emily laughed lightly and turned to look back at the family opening gifts under the tree.

"I had a family like this once. A little boy and a little girl. A beautiful family, before..." she began, trailing off. Scott didn't

push the issue. "Now, this particular experience isn't to show a mistake you made, but to show you the ways of the world. Christmas is a time of joy... of indulgence... of fully embracing the pleasures of the world. The mistake you've made is maintaining the idea that the best holiday gifts are the ones you find under a tree. Observe..." she said, gesturing towards him with her finger and leading him to a window. Outside, the snow was falling lightly. Emily pointed to the house next door, Mrs. Thomas's house. She pointed at a man approaching her front door, a guy that looked about 40 or so.

"Now, who is that?" Emily asked.

"Oh, man, I forgot about him. That's Mr. Dale, he did a lot of work at the Church. Every year, him and his wife would bake cookies, and hand them out on Christmas." Scott said.

"Quite right. Now, your neighbor, Mrs. Thomas... that's a woman who understands Christmas. Who understands how to achieve joy, to indulge in the ways of the world." They watched as Mrs. Thomas answered the door in her thin

Christmas robe. They watched them talk at the doorway before she invited him inside.

"Now... let's go over there, see where things are at maybe... fifteen minutes from now." Emily began. With that, she snapped her fingers, and both Scott and her were suddenly inside the living room of Mrs. Thomas. There was silence for a few moments, before...

"AHHHHHH! FUCK YES!" Mrs. Thomas screamed out from upstairs. Scott could hear the creaking of the bed from above. "Fuck me, Ted. FUCK ME!"

Scott's eyes widened as he realized what he was hearing. He looked at Emily and she smiled lightly.

"Mr. Thomas was not a strong presence around this house. He traveled the world on long business trips and the like, leaving his poor wife unsatisfied. So, she indulges. She takes the pleasure she needs, damn the consequences. As she should." Emily explained firmly.

"Wait, what?" Scott asked incredulous. "You're on her side? She's cheating on her husband. And so is Mr. Dale! He's cheating on his wife! On Christmas!"

"And that's the point, Scott." Emily began. "Too many people go through life not knowing the pleasures that await them. That could be theirs. They deceive themselves with notions of religion or ethics, when in the end, none of that matters. What matters is the living. The experience. Living life to its fullest. Experiencing everything that there is to experience. And that's why this is happening to you, Scott. That is why we are here."

"What do you mean?" Scott asked.

"I'll put it plainly... Scott Baker, you need to start cheating on your wife." Emily said simply.

"What?" he asked with a laugh. "Are you serious?"

"Scott, we have observed your marriage, studied it. To put it bluntly, Kate does not match up to you. She is a waste of

your time and your talents. Especially when there is so much..." she paused, and rolled her eyes slightly, as if hesitant to continue. "Pussy... out there for the taking. A man like you could have it all, but instead you saddle yourself with a woman who you know is beneath you, out of some sense of ingrained obligation. And the fact is you refuse to take what you really want. Now Mrs. Thomas... she took what she wanted. Mr. Dale... he took what he wanted. And they should both be commended for it."

"So, wait a minute... I have a spirit, a ghost... taking me to my past, all just to try to convince me to cheat on my wife?" Scott asked incredulously.

"Oh, we will convince you to cheat on your wife. That is certain. It is vital that you do." she said, facing him. "It is vital for you not only to have a life well-lived, but for your personal success as well. Now, let's move on..."

Emily snapped her fingers, and they were both suddenly in the middle of a bar on Christmas Eve.

"Scott, this is from ten years ago. When..." Emily began.

"When I met Kate." Scott finished. He remembered this night clearly. The party was at a local bar, and he had been invited by a friend of his. He didn't know a lot of people, though he was pretty sociable, so he was not bored.

"Look over there..." Emily pointed, looking even more out of place in her conservative, old-fashioned dress. Scott looked over and saw a younger, slightly slimmer version of himself, chatting at a bar with a buddy of his. "In thirty minutes, you lock eyes with Kate for the first time, and it's true love... for her at least. You can't blame her. You're a fine specimen of a man. And you feel a connection, sure, one you think is love, but that feeling blinds you from that deep, physical connection you need. Observe..."

Emily and Scott watched for a while, watched that moment where Kate and Scott bumped into each other at the bar as she was ordering drinks. She was visiting with friends from out of town, so this was the first time they ever could have met. They watched young Scott make conversation with Kate, a chat that soon became flirting. Kate looked beautiful, in a simple blue dress and looking well-made up. They

watched the couple move closer, becoming more intimate already. After a bit, Kate stepped away to go to the restroom, and they noticed the goofy look on Scott's face as Kate stepped away, a look that indicated the affection he already had for her.

"Now watch..." Emily said pointedly. At this point, someone new entered the picture. A voluptuous blonde in a hot pink dress sidled up next to Scott. Scott listened in on this conversation.

"God, I've been trying to get you alone all night." the blonde said.

"What?" Scott asked.

"Oh yeah, I've had my eye on you since you walked in." she said. She was drop dead gorgeous. Her dress was like silk, clinging to her curves. And she had curves. Massive, round breasts, jutting out in front of her. Her round ass was impressive and firm and perfect. Her slim dress was low-cut, showing off her cavernous cleavage. Her legs were long and sexy, and she wore matching pink high heels. This

outfit was not built for winter weather, but it was doubtful she cared. She would rather look good than be practical.

"Why's that?" Scott asked.

"Cause you looked so good!" she said forcefully, sipping her drink.

"Well, I'm, uh, flattered." Scott stammered.

"So, what do you think of me?" she said, standing back, dropping her arms to her sides, straightening her dress, letting him examine her.

"Well, uh... you look great." Scott said. She smiled.

"You're cute. I like you." she said. "My name's Samantha and I don't like to waste time. I'm hot. You're hot. Why don't we get out of here and go back to my place?" Scott nearly choked on his drink.

"What?" he asked the platinum blonde. "Are you serious?"

"Yeah. I don't mess around. It's Christmas! Let's have some fun. Let's give some gifts to each other. Let's just go back to my place and do some filthy, disgusting things to each other. I guarantee you won't regret it." she said confidently.

"Uh, I don't know about that." he said, not at all experienced with a woman being so aggressive and forward.

"C'mon, baby. This isn't a joke. Look at me. Are you really turning this down?" she said with a perfectly plucked eyebrow raised, her hands on her hips, showcasing her juicy body for him.

"Shouldn't you know my name first?" Scott asked. She smiled.

"That makes it better, doesn't it?" she said. "I don't even know your name and I want to fuck your brains out."

Scott spied Kate emerge from the bathroom. He turned back to Samantha.

"I'll have to pass on that, I think." Scott said. "Sorry, Samantha." She pouted.

"Are you seriously gonna pass on this?" she asked, a little annoyed.

"That's... not how I work." Scott replied. She narrowed her eyes at him.

"Well..." she began. "I guess I'll have to rock someone else's world then." she said, setting her empty glass down firmly and sauntering away.

Older Scott looked away from his younger form to the spirit next to him. Her pale, slim lips curled ever so slightly.

"That is Samantha Blake. She's a social climber... a slut. That is her role, and she is very good at it. That, Scott Baker...

THAT is the woman you were supposed to end up with this dreary Christmas Eve." Emily said.

"What??" he said with a laugh. "No way!"

"Indeed." Emily said. "This is how you spent your night..." she snapped her fingers, and they were suddenly in Scott's living room. Scott and Kate were necking on the couch, their attraction to each other evident. Scott was filled with warmth at seeing this moment relived. "And this is how Samantha spent her evening." she snapped her fingers again. Suddenly, they were in an unfamiliar bedroom. And in the bed...

"YES! YES! YES! FUCK ME!" Samantha screamed. Samantha was furiously riding the cock of the fit man under her. Her entire firm, tan form was on display, her massive bare tits and round ass. The man beneath her was availing himself in her hot body, his hands on her full, round tits, squeezing them roughly.

"Ughhhh! Oh God! Yes!" Samantha groaned out.

"GUggghhh! FUCK! Samantha, you're so God damn good!" the man screamed.

"His name is Patrick Clark. A small-entrepreneur. Thanks to Samantha's aggressive nature, she brought out the best in him. What would have been a failing career turned into a bright and shining future. He is now the CEO of a multi-million dollar company. Scott... that could have been you. You settled with Kate, when you could have aimed higher. Think of what you could have been if you had just made the correct decision."

"I am happy with my choices." Scott affirmed. "Kate makes me happy. And I am not the type that needs money to feel accomplished."

"So you are happy wasting your skill? You are truly fulfilled even though you haven't lived up to your full potential?" Emily said, her tone staying level and never getting too emotionally involved.

"I'm happy." Scott said again, not budging. "And I am not cheating on my wife. Ever."

Emily seemed slightly annoyed that she was having no effect. Finally, as if deciding internally to just say fuck it, she spoke up again.

"What if I offered to show you my breasts?" Emily said. "Would that change things?"

"What?" he replied, shocked. Scott was completely taken aback. He now had this woman from the 1600's, this spirit, this ghost, offering to show him her breasts.

"I said, what if I offered to show you my breasts?" she said, pointing her body at him, facing him completely. "I know this dress might not make you think so, but they are quite big."

For the first time, Scott looked at this ghost's chest. The material of her dress was thick and bulky, but she was right. It was clear she had very big breasts. Really full, round, huge

breasts. Even though the dress was not low cut or anything, it showed a slight sliver of her smooth, pale cleavage.

"Your wife doesn't have very big ones, I've noticed." Emily said. "They are actually unusually small for a woman in this day and age. Would looking upon a great, big pair like mine change your feelings? Would seeing them make you realize how inferior your wife is? Is it possible that you are far more attracted to a ghost than your wife?"

Scott was absolutely flabbergasted. Sex had been the last thing on his mind at this point, especially with this woman. She was a ghost. The spirit of Christmas Past. And ignoring all that, it wasn't like she was some hot babe. She was a normal, regular-looking, pretty older lady. It was really presumptuous to assume that Scott was ready and raring to fuck her. But, despite all that, even Scott couldn't stop himself from glancing at her chest as Emily unbuttoned her top, and more creamy breast flesh was being revealed. Finally, Scott shook himself.

"No. No. NO!" Scott said, turning away, running out of the room. Without turning around, he called back. "Whatever the next step of this is, let's just go to it. Move on!"

Suddenly, there was a flash, and just like that he was somewhere else.

Scott was suddenly in his bookstore again. He looked around, and it looked like he was back to the night this all started, Christmas Eve of the current year. He was all alone in the bookstore, and he didn't know if this was over or what.

Then the door opened.

The bells over the door rang, and as soon as the person entered, it was clear that this was not over. Not by a long shot.

This woman was quite different from Emily. While Emily was an old-fashioned woman, this woman was clearly something more modern.

She was a stacked brunette. She was absolutely gorgeous, with silky hair, perfectly plump lips, striking eyes, and brilliant white teeth. She also had a deep, sexy tan that was even all over. And the way she was dressed? Quite frankly, she was dressed like a porn star.

She was wearing a stretchy, latex Christmas elf outfit and it barely covered her. She looked like a sexy elf, like one of Santa's helpers, but taken to the extreme. She wore tall, high-heeled green boots that went up to her knees. Above that, her sexy thighs were exposed, leading up to a ridiculously small, green latex mini-skirt, which barely went below her ass. I mean barely. Above the hem of her green skirt was her smooth, flat belly and sexy belly button. Dangling from her pierced belly button was a small, silver chain, which ended with a small, colored pin designed in the shape of mistletoe. Her top matched her skirt, a stretched green latex which molded around her absolutely massive breasts. They looked huge on her thin frame, jutting out in front of her, looking so soft and round as they

burst from her slim frame like ripe fruit. Her top was practically molded to her huge chest, basically acting like a miniscule sports-bra, stretching around the sides and covering up just enough at the front to remain decent. But it was shockingly low-cut, showing off an impressive amount of her smooth round tits and deep cleavage. The latex had red trim around the edges, right where the tight material dug into her smooth skin. She wore stretchy, latex gloves, colored red, which went past her elbows. And on top of her head, on top of that perfectly styled head of smooth sensuous brown hair was a red and white Santa's hat, the little puff of material at the end bouncing as she walked. Bouncing the same way her mammoth breasts did.

She sauntered daintily into the store, her high-heels clearly keeping her slightly off-balance, but that didn't stop her from walking as fast as she could towards Scott.

"Hi!" she said excitedly, her teeth flashing brilliantly as she bounced towards him, her jiggly bits barely contained by her skimpy outfit. She came to a stop a few feet in front of Scott and put her hands on her hips, posing cutely.

"Hi, hon. I am, like, the Ghost of Christmas Present." she began, talking like a valley girl. "But you can call me Sophie."

"Oh, uh... you're a lot different from the last spirit." Scott remarked, not knowing what to make of this woman. She did not fit in at all with the stacks of heavily bound books throughout the store.

"Oh, yeah. Emily? Ugh!" Sophie remarked. "That woman is, like, super boring. But not me. I guarantee you will find me much more exciting! And my argument will make far more of an impression than hers did."

"Uh... okay." Scott replied, not knowing what to say.

"Okay, so my job is to show you what happened tonight." Sophie began. "What you missed out on by being the honest, good, frankly boring man you currently are. Scott, there is a whole world out there! And you're missing out. You're denying yourself. You're getting nothing! Your wife works all the time and is too exhausted, too plain, and too dull to give you what you need." she said, making these

slights against his wife with a huge smile on her face, as if making cute and charming conversation.

"Hey, don't say that!" Scott said, annoyed.

"C'mon Scott!" she began with a bright smile. "Don't be shy. It's okay to bash her. Kate's not around. Feel free to speak openly and honestly about how you really feel about her." she said, noting his continued annoyance at this slighting of his wife. "Scott, you need to face facts. Emily might have been tentative about this, but I won't. You are swimming in good pussy. Swimming in it. There is so much ass in this town alone that you could be having if you just gave the slightest bit of effort. And the fact that you chose that bitch is baffling."

"I'll say it again... don't insult Kate that way." Scott said, losing his cool. Sophie's eyes flashed as she watched the married man lose his temper.

"Mmmm, I love seeing you this way, Scott. So sexy." Sophie purred. "I'm sorry to make you upset, but the truth can be

hard to hear. Trust me, all three of us, us three spirits... we've watched you having sex."

"What?" Scott asked.

"What? Did you never feel the chill run up your spine? That sensation of being watched? The hairs on the back of your neck stand on end? Did you ever feel that slight tickle in your balls. That was us, Scott. Watching you in action, and it was pretty obvious that Kate could not keep up. That you fuck like a man who needs and deserves better." Sophie said. At this revelation, Scott felt skeeved out, as if his privacy had been invaded. These three spirits had watched him in action. Watched him during his most private moments. Sophie saw him make this conclusion and she smiled knowingly.

"That's right, Scott. We've seen it all. We've seen the way your wife just lies there and let's you do all the work. We've seen the way your butt flexes when you fuck her. Your butt is very cute, by the way. And... we've seen every inch of your cock at work. We saw how nice and long it is. Nine inches, right? And we saw how juicy and thick it is. God, I don't

think I could get my fingers around that monster! Can I try it and see? No? Okay, I know that's too quick. We barely know each other. That'll come later. But I can't wait to touch it. It's so big! We noticed the way it curves slightly to the right. We noticed how trim you keep your pubic hair, like the good, considerate lover you are. And we saw your wife's nasty bush. And yes, we all agreed, even Emily. It was gross." Sophie said with a giggle.

Everything she said was true. His cock was nine inches and thick. He did keep his pubic hair trimmed, and his wife did not return the favor. And yes, she was usually on her back during their lovemaking sessions. Scott was a bit stunned to hear how Sophie and her brethren had apparently seen all of this. Scott didn't know how to react to that, and Sophie sensed this.

"Don't worry, babe. Trust me, you've got nothing to be ashamed of." she said with a laugh. "Our goal is to get you using all that talent to its fullest potential. To get that big dick of yours inside some real women and let them work their magic. And I am your tour guide, and it is my job to guide that thick cock of yours into some slut's tight asshole. And who knows, it may be mine." she teased with a giggle,

shaking her butt at the married man. Scott couldn't help but marvel at how tight her latex skirt clung to her round ass.

"Um..." Scott began, not knowing what to say to that.

"Like I said before, Scott." she began. "You are literally surrounded by sluts of the highest caliber. The filth that happens in this city has to be seen to be believed. The rivers are practically flowing with cum. There is so much filthy Christmas sex going on tonight, everyone's having the time of their lives... except you. You're at home, sleeping next to wifey. How sweet! Here, let me show you." she said, sidling up next to him and putting her arm round his shoulders. "I will show the type of Christmas magic that happens every year."

With that, she snapped her fingers, and both of them were transported to a dark sidewalk. The snow was blowing and the streets were silent. Despite being in the cold, neither Scott nor the spirit next to him could feel it.

"Look over there... I think you will see a familiar face." Sophie said, looking out of place in her slutty outfit in the

middle of downtown. Scott looked across the street to see one lone figure marching along. And Sophie was right. He did recognize her.

"Christine?" he said questioningly. Sophie nodded. "She's no slut!"

"Christine Kimura is indeed a slut. A slut in the making. Just follow me." Sophie said. Sophie led them across the street, following behind the young woman, who was bundled up in a knit cap and black coat. Since they couldn't be seen, it was relatively easy to follow her. They followed her as she trudged along the snowy sidewalks until she reached her apartment. They followed her inside and stopped in her living room as she took off her coat.

"What?" Scott asked. "She's just gone home, alone. What are you showing me?" Scott asked.

"Just... here. Right here." Sophie indicated, pointing. The shy young Japanese woman hung up her coat and put her hat on a nearby table. She set down her purse and her backpack and poured herself a glass of wine. She simply

stood at the counter, sipping the alcohol for a few seconds, strumming her fingers as if trying to decide on something. Then, she came to a choice.

Setting the wine glass in the sink carelessly, she began sauntering to her room. Scott and Sophie followed. Although Scott felt weird being in this young woman's room, a woman he considered a friend, this was kind of the whole point of this exercise, it seemed. So Scott and Sophie stood in Christine's room, waiting for what was next.

And then, Christine began to remove her sweater. And as she lifted the bulky wool sweater over her head, Scott was shocked by what he saw.

Christine had huge breasts. Huge round, smooth breasts, packed into a smooth, silky black bra, the type that looked very expensive. But it was clear that her boobs were perky as hell. How had Scott not noticed them before? Scott knew he shouldn't notice that type of thing, but with breasts as big as hers, Scott figured he should have noticed something. Christine did always seem to dress down in bulky clothing,

heavy sweaters and hoodies. But he had no idea her bulky clothing was hiding a body that was this hot.

Scott couldn't notice the way the smooth, creamy flesh of his employee's tits rippled as she moved. The material was slightly see-through, so he could see each of her round, smooth nipples through the bra. She bent over to undo her jeans, and as she pulled them down, Scott realized there was a lot more to shy Christine than met the eye. Christine was wearing a lingerie set. She had smooth, black stockings that clung to her firm legs, and they were connected by suspenders to a matching black garter set. And capping off this outfit was the miniscule black see-through thong she was sporting. The transparent material was letting Scott get a glimpse at her perfectly trimmed pussy, and Tom couldn't help but stare at the tiny landing strip of cunt-hair above her pussy.

Christine kicked her discarded clothes away and turned around and pulled open a drawer. As she did, Scott could see her from behind. He could see her smooth, sexy back, and the way her heavy breasts caused the straps of her bra to dig into her smooth skin. But his eyes were drawn down to her practically bare ass, bisected by the tiny thong. Each

round cheek was full and smooth, sitting perkily on her thin frame. She always came across as being meek and small. Scott was surprised to see she had such a sexy, womanly body. As she bent over, her full ass-cheeks parted slightly, letting Scott see the tiny black string running down her ass-crack.

"You see, Scott." Sophie remarked, standing next to him, watching the young woman disrobe along with the married man. "Even a girl as quiet and meek as her likes to feel sexy. To have a sexual side. A slutty side. And she has been right under your nose this whole time. A girl like her... so quiet and passive... just imagine the sexual creature inside her bursting to get out. The lucky man who ends up with her will get a happy surprise. They will have no idea the sexual bombshell that is hidden behind her boring outfits. And knowing how a girl's mind works, I'm guessing she likes wearing outfits like that cause there's a lucky man she has her eye on. A man she probably sees every day." she finished, looking at him pointedly. Scott looked back at her for a second before he realized the point she was making.

"Wait...no, no no." Scott replied. "Christine is not interested in me. Not like that. She's a sweet girl."

"Ha. Sweet girl?" Sophie questioned. "I don't know many sweet girls who can rock a thong like that. I don't know many sweet girls who spend good money to get their lingerie from a specialty boutique. I think the truth is... you don't know her very well at all."

"I know her pretty well." Scott replied. "This is, like... an apparition, or something."

"Really?" Sophie questioned, eyebrow raised. "You think we would do all this and just lie to you? Hardly. We've gone through too much and this is too important to leave this up on the hope of a flimsy lie. Anyone can detect a lie, Scott. And deep down, you know there is truth here. Deep down, you know she has the hots for you in a major way. You know she would do ANYTHING for you!"

"I don't know, Sophie, I..." Scott began. He was interrupted as Christine stood up and shut the drawer in front of her. In her hand, she proudly held up a thick rubber dildo.

"Hmmm, look at that." Sophie began. "Do you think it's a coincidence that this girl you claim doesn't have a crush on you has a dildo that looks to be the exact same size as your thick, married cock? Do you think it might be possible that Christine happily stole a few lusty glances at your married package while you were stacking all those boring books? I know I have. While you stared at her ass, my eyes were elsewhere. But anyway, back to the point. You two have worked together for so long, I'm guessing she has every inch of your dick memorized, even though she's never seen it in the flesh. And honestly, Scott... at this point, you should just show her your dick. When a hot girl and a hot guy work together for that long, it has to get sexual at some point."

"What are you talking about?" Scott asked. "There's nothing between us."

Sophie looked at him with a coy smile then glanced back at the bed. Christine slid onto the silky sheets of her bed and rested her head back on her soft pillow. She slid a hand down her body and began rubbing her pussy through her thong, releasing a soft sigh. Scott blushed, feeling bad about seeing this intimate moment. Christine pulled her thong to

the side, baring her small, cute dripping cunt to the audience watching.

"Aw, look at that!" Sophie said excitedly. "Gosh, her pussy is so cute! It's so small and her lips are so plump. God, with how repressed she is, I bet her cunt is crazy tight!"

Part of Scott didn't want to watch, but part of him couldn't look away. Seeing his cute employee so exposed... seeing this new side of her, it was kinda thrilling. Watching her small fingers rubbing gently at her plump lips and throbbing clit, watching her moisture wet her fingers, it was hard to stop watching. After a few minutes of this, she slid the dildo down and started to force it inside her, releasing a soft moan. Once she got the full length inside her, a single word escaped her lips.

"Scott..."

Sophie's eyes flashed in delight as Scott was taken aback. Was it true? Did Christine really want him? No, this had to be fake, an apparition of some sort. A trick.

"Scott... yeah. Fuck me, Scott." Christine moaned out as she worked up a good pace, forcing nearly the entire length of the dildo inside her. Sophie smiled wide.

"Still think this is fake?" Sophie asked. "It feels too real to be fake, doesn't it? I tell you what... if you still don't believe me, next time you talk to her, tell her what you really think of her. Tell her how hot you find her. Tell her you would love to see her dress a little sluttier. Come up behind her, brush the hair from her neck and whisper in her ear how distracting it is to work with someone so sexy. Do that, and I promise you she will melt. She will do whatever you want her to. I guarantee it! No, wait... I can show you."

Posing cutely, she spun to face Scott and snapped her fingers. Suddenly, the soft moans of Christine masturbating were replaced with guttural moans of pleasure. Scott turned to face the bed and his jaw dropped.

On the bed was... himself. He was watching himself in bed, naked, driving his thick cock into the ready asshole of Christine, who was on all fours in front of him, her bare tits

swinging below her, her thong and bra removed, but the rest of her lingerie remaining on her. Both her and Scott were coated with sweat as he fucked her ass roughly.

"Ahhh, God! YES! Fuck me, Scott! FUCK ME!" Christine moaned out.

"You like this, bitch!?" Scott growled. He brought his hand down and smacked her bare ass.

SPANK!

"I love it! I LOVE IT!" Christine moaned. "Fuck my ass, Scott!"

"Tell me! Tell me how long you've wanted me!" Scott demanded, reaching under her and roughly squeezing her bare tits.

"Oh, GOD! I've wanted you for so fucking long! I've wanted your huge married dick for so God damn long!" she grunted out. "Is my asshole tight enough for you?"

"Yes!" Scott grunted out. "It's so fucking tight!"

"Do you like it more than your wife?" she asked.

"Yes! I love your fucking asshole more than my gross fucking wife!" Scott proclaimed proudly. "Baby, me and you are gonna be fucking every fucking day!"

"Oh God! FUCK YES!" Christine moaned out.

The Scott that was watching this was frozen in shock. Hearing about the possibility was one thing, but watching it happen was another. Watching himself act in such a different way, watching himself be so rough, so raw, watching himself be so different but so clearly enjoying this act of betrayal... it was shocking to say the least. But seeing Christine... nice, sweet Christine... seeing her body in the flesh, seeing her so enjoy the rough sex she was taking a part

of... part of him was disgusted, but as much as he was ashamed to admit, he dick had stiffened watching this.

Sophie suddenly blocked his view, putting her hands on her hips, forcing Scott's eyes to fall on her juicy body again. Her eyes rose from his crotch, seeing how much Scott was enjoying the display in front of him.

"Okay, Scott. We've got a busy night ahead of us... and a lot more to see." Sophie began. "Let's see what Miss Stacy got herself up to tonight." She snapped her fingers, and suddenly, the setting changed to a noisy bar.

The loud music was jarring, causing Scott to jump. He looked around the bar till his eyes fell on Stacy, still wearing the same business suit. Looking at her from behind, her round ass was highlighted by her snug pants, surely done by design to attract male attention. And it had worked, as she was being chatted up by some guy, some business-suit-clad, hair-slicked-back douchebag. Stacy seemed amused at the sight of him, as if she knew exactly what type of guy he was but accepting that he would suit her pressing need. She

was clearly not too engaged with this guy, but she was playing along.

"Jealous?" Sophie asked, sidling up next to her, shaking her shoulders bouncing with the music, causing her huge boobs to ripple and bounce lusciously.

"Uh, no!" Scott affirmed.

"I'm not gonna lie." Sophie began, swiveling her chest, causing her latex-covered breasts to sway seductively. "I love that bitch!" she said, pointing her finger at Stacy. "She is a badass. She deserves to be getting it hard and rough every fucking night! And look at that guy. Sure, he's cute, but he is not the man she wanted to be with tonight." she said, glancing over at Scott. "He'll do though."

Sophie snapped her fingers, and the scene changed to Stacy's hotel room. On the darkened bed were two forms. Stacy, nude, was swiveling her cunt around the man's cock. Her bare ass was as round and juicy nude as it looked clothed. She was grinding herself into the man's cock as he played with her huge boobs, squeezing them. Scott and

Sophie were at the end of the bed and could only see the back of her.

"You see, the sex is good, but it's missing something, that raw animal attraction that exists between certain people. Now... let's just see what would have happened if you took her up on her very generous offer."

She snapped her fingers again, and they returned to the bar. This time, Scott was there, and he stood at a table across from Stacy. She seemed far more engaged this time than she was with the other guy. Scott's attention was fully focused on him and Stacy. Sophie, meanwhile, was again dancing, putting her hands on her knees and shaking her ass, grinding against people who couldn't acknowledge her presence. This was all in Scott's periphery, as his focus was on Stacy.

Stacy was smiling coyly at her table mate. As this conversation went on, things got more intimate. She would touch his hands or his arms and she would laugh at his dumb jokes. And, as time went on, more and more buttons of her thin top would come unbuttoned. Whenever Scott

would look away, she would deftly undo another button. It eventually reached the point where her top was undone past her bra, exposing the lacy black fabric and her round, curved, smooth breasts, bursting to be freed. It was clear she was throwing herself at the married man.

And he was responding. Scott watched as this alternate Scott begin to get more and more comfortable in this interaction with someone he didn't really like. He would open up and become more bold, flirting back with her and checking out her abundant breasts. The couple began smiling at each other, moving in a bit closer as the conversation went on.

"Now..." Sophie began, sidling up to Scott, pushing her big boobs into his side. "That right there... that's attraction. Two people who are sending signals. Two people who are desperate to have sex. Two people who just want to rip off each others' clothes and just get it fucking ON!"

Sophie turned to face Scott. Moving her fingers in close, she snapped her fingers again.

They returned to the hotel room, but this time, the atmosphere in the room was far more jarring.

"FUCK! FUCK! FUCK ME! Fuck me Scott! Fuck my tight cunt!" Stacy screamed out. Scott and Sophie turned to the bed, where they saw Stacy and this version of Scott, and the sex occurring here was far more aggressive than the sex they had seen before. Stacy was literally riding Scott's cock like a bucking bronco, riding its full length over and over again. She was holding the headboard, using it for leverage as she drove into him. Scott's hands were busy, gripping onto her massive smooth breasts as he withstood this barrage from the slut on top of him.

"Holy fuck, Stacy! You're incredible! You're fucking incredible!" Scott screamed out.

"Fuck! I love it!" Stacy screamed out. "It's about god damn time we started doing business together! Long, hot, sweaty fucking business! Fuck yeah!"

"The start of a beautiful fucking relationship!" Scott called out, slapping her huge tits appreciatively.

"Admit it! Admit it you fucker! Admit you've always been more attracted to me than your wife! You've always wanted me!" Stacy moaned out, her sweaty skin slapping against his.

"Yes!" Scott screamed out. "YES! Fuck, you're good! You're so fucking good at this! You're so fucking sexy! I've always wanted to fuck you!"

"I know, baby, I know." Stacy purred out. "Here baby, suck my tits." She grabbed Scott's head and pulled him up till his mouth was smothered with her nipple. "Tell me, Scott. Tell me you love me... already. Tell me you love me more than your plain fucking wife! I know how much you love me. I can feel how hard your dick is!"

"Yes!" Scott moaned out, his mouth slobbering around Stacy's nipple. A shiver went through her and she suddenly pushed Scott back onto the bed and lifted herself off of his dick. She rolled onto her back, revealing her nude form to the audience watching this.

"Damn... those fuckers are like mountains." Sophie said, admiring Stacy's massive breasts as they rolled on her chest as she lied back, jiggling smoothly to a stop, jutting up from her thin form like... mountains, just like Sophie said. Her copious breast flesh was so smooth and perky and tan, and her nipples were throbbing in pleasure.

She lied back and spread her legs, letting one hand slide down her slim belly, down to her naked cunt. She fingered her tight, wet pussy for a few moments as both Scotts watched.

"Scott, I want you to make me cum with your mouth," she panted out, her body pulsing with need. The Scott on the bed didn't hesitate, diving between her legs, attacking her sweet pussy with his mouth. Scott and Sophie both watched as Stacy's head fell back as a huge smile crossed her lips. She mouthed the words 'Oh my God' as her eyes rolled back into her head as her body began to pulse with pleasure.

"HhhhhhhhhhhhhnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnaaaaaaaAAAAAAAAA
AAHHHHHHH!" Stacy screamed out, a hard orgasm hitting

her, grabbing Scott's scalp roughly with both hands, forcing his face against her squirting cunt.

Scott turned away, and as he did, Sophie put his hand on his shoulder and snapped her fingers again. Their location changed and they stood in the kitchen of a house.

Scott was still sweating a bit from witnessing that highly-charged encounter, and his breathing was a bit deep. Sophie still had her hand on his shoulder and she squeezed it lightly.

"I know you're not use to seeing really good sex like that and I know how jarring that can be. But trust me, babe, you'll get used to it. Soon, you won't be able to live without it." Sophie said, giving her twisted form of assurance. Scott pulled away and took in his surroundings.

"Wait, is this..." he began.

"Yes!" she said, prancing forward, walking daintily in her high heels. Scott's eyes fell to her jiggling ass before he

realized what he was doing and looked away. Sophie turned to face him. "This is your brother's house. A place you haven't been to in years. All those years fighting for your causes and devoted to your work and your dull wife... you haven't been able to make it to those family Christmas get-togethers. You haven't fully embraced the Christmas spirit!" she said brightly.

Scott felt a bit guilty. That was true, what she said. His job had prevented him from taking many breaks, as did Kate's job. So he had been scarce at family get-togethers, and he felt bad about that.

"Now me... I've fully embraced the Christmas spirit." Sophie said. "I am a Christmas slut!" she proclaimed proudly. "And I'm not alone. I think you will find someone here who enjoys Christmas nearly as much as I do."

Sophie led him out of the kitchen out into the living room. There, his family was gathered on Christmas Eve evening, sharing stories. His two brothers were there, as were his parents and some cousins. His oldest brother's 19-year-old son was there, as was his new wife.

Scott's nephew, Caleb, was a good kid, and he had just married his high-school sweetheart, Lindsay. Scott had met her at one of these things when her and Caleb had started dating when both just entered high school, and she had seemed a bit shy and around him and almost a bit intimidated for some reason. When Scott saw her next at her and Caleb's wedding, he almost didn't recognize her. Gone was the lanky, awkward, braces-wearing teen. In her place was a beautiful young woman.

Her lankiness was gone. She had filled out in all the right places and now had the body of a woman. She had an athlete's body, slim and lithe. She ran track and was very active, keeping her nice and trim. But just cause she was trim didn't mean she didn't have curves. Lindsay was sporting a nice pair of perky C-cups, and they suited her well, looking very big on her slim frame. Her ass was round and smooth, a little small but definitely perky and squeezable. And she was absolutely beautiful. Her face had been described as angelic, her creamy smooth skin, like porcelain. Her blue eyes were striking and her blonde hair was like golden silk.

And she wasn't described as being angelic based on her looks alone. She was as sweet as can be, a church-going girl, a girl who was nice and friendly and smart. She was active in the community and a good student. She was everything you would want your daughter to be. But, as Scott took sight of her in the living room, surrounded by his family, one thing was apparent.

She was bored.

She was sitting on the couch, running her fingers along the fabric of the arm rest. Whenever Caleb would look at her, she would smile, but when left unattended, her expression would dip back into one that indicated her disinterest at this family gathering.

Caleb and her had met at church when they were younger, and started dating once they hit high school. And, they had been each others' one and only. And now, at 19, freshly married, she should be happy about life. Caleb was a good kid. Very bright and friendly and smart. Him and Lindsay seemed like they were a perfect match. Seemed like...

"You sensed it immediately, didn't you?" Sophie began, leaning in close. "Nice, sweet Lindsay, so pretty and nice, but so... bored. She married way too young... and didn't experience all there is to see. And she is starting to realize it. Sure, she loves her husband, your nephew, but she is starting to realize she married a boy. And what she needs... is a man."

"You're not saying..." Scott began.

"Didn't you notice the gooey eyes she would give you when you first met?" Sophie began. "She was crazy about you. Didn't you think it was strange how much attention she gave you at her wedding?" she asked. She was right. He had talked quite a bit to Lindsay at her wedding, getting to know her and be impressed by her maturity. "She's disappointed her husband's hunky uncle didn't make an appearance. Do you really think Caleb is man enough for her? I don't. Scott, she is horny as fuck, and she needs it bad. She wants to be taken and ravished by a real man. She wants to choke on a fat, adult dick. She is a true Christmas slut in the making. Watch."

She snapped her fingers, and suddenly, Scott and Kate were in attendance. They were surrounded by family and were happy to catch up. And sure enough, Lindsay was suddenly full of life, chatting up the married man. She was bouncing her feet, swaying her hips back and forth, playing with her hair, giving abundant signals that she was flirting with the married man.

"Let's cut to... an hour later." Sophie said, snapping her fingers.

Christmas music was playing, and Lindsay and Scott were dancing. Kate was talking to Scott's brother, and Caleb was talking to his grandparents. Nobody was paying attention to the young woman shimmying in front of her husband's hunky uncle, a dance that might seem playful but deep down was much more. Scott was dancing too, a bit awkwardly, but he had a few drinks in him and he was having a good time.

"Let's go forward another hour." Sophie said, snapping her fingers again, causing her barely contained boobs to ripple. Suddenly, the get-together was a bit quieter, and Kate and

some of the others looked a bit tired, curled up on the furniture. Scott's parents, his brothers, his wife, his nephew, they were all there. But, conspicuously absent, was Scott himself.

And Lindsay.

Scott looked to Sophie and she just winked at him before curling her finger at him, telling him to follow her. He followed her bouncing ass as they neared the bathroom. Scott didn't get too close, but Sophie did. She put her ear to the door and smiled wickedly.

"I can hear her gagging on a big piece of meat... and I don't think it's the Christmas ham." she giggled.

This couldn't be true. Lindsay wanted him too? How was this possible? Was he really surrounded by this many women who wanted him? He should be disgusted, but the feeling of being that desired filled him with a strange sense of manly pride. And it kept his dick hard.

Scott didn't want to get closer and confront the truth, but when the door opened, the truth was confirmed. Lindsay re-entered the living room, wiping her mouth so no one would notice anything amiss. Scott watched this other version of him enter the room, smiling a bit dumbly, as if his head was still lost in the pleasure he just experienced.

Sophie didn't have to say anything. From across the room, she smiled and snapped her fingers again. Suddenly, the room was dark, only lit by the lights of the Christmas tree. Scott watched a nightie clad Lindsay sneak down the stairs and pad across the living room. She walked towards the lit bathroom and pushed the door open. Inside was Scott, smiling, clad only in his pajama pants. Lindsay smiled wickedly, jumped into his arms, and shut the door behind her. Minutes later, her moans broke the silence of this Christmas Eve night.

"So, you see Scott... you are swimming in good pussy, pussy ready for the taking. There are many Christmas sluts out there, just like me. As much as you hate to admit it, anyone who's anyone is having good sex tonight. But you and your wife are tucked away, sleeping the night away while other people have all the fun. Here, let me show you."

She snapped her fingers, and they entered a bedroom. Scott looked at its occupants.

"Oh my God. Is that...?" he began.

"That's right." Sophie began. "Mrs. Thomas might have moved away from you a while ago, but I assure you, she is still very much on the prowl."

Scott was stunned. Mrs. Thomas was getting older, probably in her late fifties. But he had to admit, she still looked good. Sure, she had more wrinkles, and her blonde hair was lined with gray, and her skin was a little too sun-kissed and her heavy breasts had a bit of sag to them but she was still sexy. She was on her bed, nude, her legs around a much younger man as he roughly drilled her needy cunt.

"Mr. Thomas is still a busy man... and unknown to him... so is his wife." Sophie stated, turning to watch the young man drilling this old lady. "You have to admire her, still out on the prowl. But you can't blame her. There is just something

about her that is fucking irresistible to young men. You should catch up with her sometime." They both watched as the young man squeezed at her massive breasts, the mature flesh pouring through his fingers.

"She's not alone in having fun tonight. She's not the only Christmas slut" Sophie began. She snapped her fingers. They were suddenly in an office at a party.

In front of him, a man had a woman pressed into a wall, their lips sucking at each other as they made out. She was very attractive, an attractive, busty brunette, and their lips were locked under the mistletoe. They were hidden in an office, and just around the wall from them the party was going on.

"Ahh, Christmas... the perfect time for a wife to figure out who's who in her husband's office. And, the perfect time for a husband to have an excuse to make out with his busty secretary."

Sophie snapped her fingers again.

They were now outside the window of a house in one of the bad neighborhoods in town. Inside the room, a Latina woman and a black woman were all over a man clad in business wear, practically forcing themselves on him, kissing him, touching him, as he tried to push them away. Scott turned to look at Sophie.

"A man on his way home from work, and his car breaks down on the wrong side of town. But when he goes to get help, he starts to realize he might have ended up in the right side of town." Sophie explained. He looked back inside the house, and the women had forced the man onto the bed, his pants pulled off, and his cock revealed. And, as the two women began to remove their clothes...

SNAP!

The scene changed again.

There were in a study in some pretty nice house. There was a woman passed out on a loveseat, and on the couch next to them, a sexy red-head was riding a man's thick cock.

"A wife has too much to drink at a neighborhood Christmas party but... her slutty neighbor certainly didn't mind having the opportunity to talk to the passed-out woman's husband, alone."

SNAP!

They were now in a Christmas party in a house. This one seemed to have a bunch of families in attendance, as one of the fathers was passing out presents to the kids. His wife and her friends were admiring the good-looking husband at work, admiring the way he was so good with the kids. But on the other side of the room was another woman, a red-headed single mother. She had some extra weight on her, making her entire body consist of soft curves as opposed to firm edges. Other women resented her, called her fat, and judged her for so dressing so aggressively sexual, but she didn't mind. She took pride in not being one of those skinny little bitches. She knew men loved her round curves,

her round ass, her massive, round breasts. And she knew how to prove it.

"This bitch has curves, and she knows how to use them." Sophie stated. "The hubby handing out the gifts may be married, but he can't take his eyes off this fucking slut. He didn't normally like women with some meat on their bones, but this woman's sexuality is so aggressive. So forward. She wears tight clothes and she does it with style. A woman with her generous curves shouldn't wear something that tight. That slutty. She wears that tight, slinky dress and she rocks the fuck out of it. Those other women hate it, but this happy husband can't take his eyes off those blimps on her chest. Scott, do I even need to show you what happens?"

He didn't need to see any more. He didn't need to see this slightly overweight woman fucking the shit out of this married man. He didn't need to see her massive, round tits. Her smooth, round ass. And Scott could only guess the type of filth that that woman could come up with. God, it would be nasty, wouldn't it?

Sophie could see Scott coming up with the illicit imagery on his own, and she smiled. She let this go on for a few seconds, before...

SNAP!

Suddenly, they were back in the bookstore. Scott was much more shaken than he had been when he was last here. Sophie sauntered up to him.

"So, you see Scott..." she began. Scott's eyes drifted down, noting the way her latex covered breasts bounced, before his eyes fell to her jigglings, deep cleavage. He almost lost himself in the softness before he looked up. "There are all sorts of filth going on tonight, and here you are... missing out. Do you want to go through life missing out on all the pleasures you could be having?"

"I'm uh... I'm very happy." Scott said, his dick still hard. As much as he hated to admit it, witnessing all this filthy imagery had gotten to him slightly. He had seen so much he wasn't used to seeing. Filthy sex. People he trusted having these secret, sexual sides he wasn't aware of. He had

seen massive breasts, perfect round asses, and sex so aggressive and nasty he couldn't believe it was real.

"Scott, don't lie." Sophie insisted. "The shit that goes down on nights like tonight is practically pornographic. You could have been fucking Christine, or Stacy, or Lindsay, and no one could have blamed you. You could be having rough, nasty sex with three sluts who are dying for your cock. And those three are just the beginning. I'm sure Mrs. Thomas won't turn you away. And plus, there is a whole world out there, pussies and asses waiting to get stretched around that fat cock of yours."

"What you showed me was pretty..." he began.

"Hot?" Sophie finished.

"Uh, no... pretty shocking." Scott corrected. "But, I'm a married man. I made a promise. I don't want to throw that all away." Sophie looked annoyed, cause she knew he wanted to cheat despite his meagre protestations.

"Scott, you can't tell me you don't want to see this body." Sophie said, posing again in front of him. "I can easily peel off these tight clothes and show you the goods. Show you my huge, round breasts..." she teased, running her fingers over her soft mounds and circling her nipples. "Or, I could pull my tight skirt up and show you my bare cunt!" she said emphatically, letting her fingers trail down to the hem of her skirt. "Or, I could turn around, pull my skirt, and let you see my bare ass." she offered, spinning around and shaking her firm butt at him teasingly. He watched her hot body for a moment.

"No. No, Sophie!" he insisted. "Besides you guys are... ghosts, right? That's not even possible." He said.

"Oh, it is Scott. It really is. Just say the word, and you could be balls deep inside my tight cunt in seconds! God, I've wanted to spread my legs for you for so long!" she purred.

"Sophie... I can't." he said. "It's not gonna happen."

Seeing the married man was not close to breaking yet, she pushed her lower lip out in a pout.

"Okay." she began, "But I guarantee you will regret it. When you see what's coming next, you will come crawling back, begging to see the goods. Compared to what's coming next, I'm practically a saint. You have no idea what you're in for. Just wait till you meet Rowena."

"What?" Scott asked. "Who's Rowena?"

Sophie simply smiled and lifted her fingers.

SNAP!

Scott stood outside of his bookstore, on a cold, blustery winter day. The wind howled down the desolate street. Scott turned to glance at his humble bookstore only to find a different building in its place, a cold, imposing skyscraper. The cold air was bracing as he stood in the dim late-afternoon light, bringing his arms in close to keep warm.

Where was he? What had happened? What had happened to his store? Was this the future?

Scott looked around, trying to figure out what was happening. That was when he realized someone was standing a few feet away. And when he saw the figure behind him, he nearly fell back.

Where Emily was slightly old-fashioned and off-putting, and Sophie was effervescent and perky, this figure was something else entirely. This figure looked like death. Literally.

Scott found himself looking at what appeared to be the grim reaper. This figure was in a long black coat that covered most of her face. And yes, it was clear this was a woman, as her lips and chin looked very feminine. Also, her cloak clung to her frame, and in this vision of black, one nearly bare, ghostly pale female leg appeared from beneath, ending with a black high-heeled shoe. And as this figure lifted its arm, a single, bony, pale hand emerged, pointing at him.

As this specter of death pointed at Scott, he was terrified. He didn't know what was happening, and why this was happening, and now seeing this terrifying figure, he began to panic. Not finding the words to scream, he slipped and fell back onto the street. He pushed himself back, freaking out, not knowing what to do.

This figure walked towards him, doing so in a strange, herky-jerky fashion. As she got closer, her upper half tilted to the side before she straightened up. For a moment, she looked down at Scott, before she looked beyond him at where his building used to stand.

"Time wears down everything." the cloaked figure said, her regal voice rich and velvety yet dripping with dark intentions. "Hopes and dreams, good intentions... it all crumbles in the face of the mightiest force of all: Time. Time unflinchingly, ruthlessly, callously grinds down everything to dust. It's a spectacular sight. It all fades away, and only the lucky few ever truly leave a mark."

"What?" Scott asked, baffled again. She looked down at him.

"This is your chance, Scott... to truly leave a mark." she spoke. "For I am the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come, and I WILL change your mind. Haha." she laughed confidently, her face still obscured by the cloak.

"Wait, you're the spirit?" he asked, getting to his feet. "You're Rowena?"

Despite not being able to see her face, he could tell she bristled at the use of that name. But she moved on without stopping.

"You had dreams of being a beacon of hope in this city. But you have no idea what you have gotten yourself into. As long as this city has existed, it has been a den of sin. The evil runs too deep. The stain cannot be washed off. It only grows. Spreads. Anyone who grew up here, grew up in this environment, has that sin deep within them. It's all ABOUT... bringing it to the surface." she purred, her voice rising and falling, running her exposed bare hand across his shoulder as she walked.

Even by seeing just her bare leg and her hand, it was easy to make a few conclusions. First of all, she was pale. Like, really pale, her skin so white some veins were visible through the snowy flesh. And, judging by the lines on her hands, it was clear that this specter was older. An old lady. Her cold fingers running across the back of his neck made him shiver. A cold chill seemed to follow her, cause it felt like her presence dropped the temperature around him by ten degrees.

She stood in front of him and stared at him, causing him to look away. She was slightly taller than him, and her appearance and manner were very imposing. The wind around them made the hood ripple, but the rest of the cloak hugged her figure. She seemed tall but thin, the black cloak clinging to her feminine hips, long legs, and... as much as he hated to admit it, he couldn't help but notice that this terrifying spirit had mammoth, round breasts, a feature at odds with her thin frame, but in total agreement with her imposing nature.

"As you can see, your greatest dream, your beacon of hope in this town of darkness, is in rubble." Rowena said. Scott looked over her shoulder, at his now dilapidated business.

"The disease that infects this town spreading over it, consuming it, chewing it up and spitting it out. All that work, all those beliefs... for nothing. For naught. In the end, it's all a waste. And there's nothing sadder than a wasted life."

"This isn't true." Scott replied, standing up to this grim specter. "This is a trick. You're lying to me, trying to deceive me!"

"Ha...ha...ha." Rowena laughed slowly, mockingly. "Sin always wins in the end. Drowns out all that is good and true. Sin lies in the heart of man. Man wants to sin. Man craves to sin. It is in their nature. Because sinning... is so fucking good!" she said proudly. "That is why the hopes and dreams of men are always ground into dust. That is why those who embrace sin, who live their lives devoted to it, will always win in the end. Those who are willing to break any rule, to do whatever it takes, they will always succeed in the end. Cause man wants any excuse to live in sin, to drown in it. Men will willingly walk to their doom if getting there is worth the price. And Scott, what we three are offering you is well worth the one-way ticket to hell. It will be worth it just to be able to experience heaven every day."

"No!" Scott affirmed. "I'm happy! I do things the right way. I love my wife!"

"Even when you know the life you live will be wasted?" Rowena asked, still mostly hidden behind her cloak. "Even though your life's work meant nothing? Even though you know the forces you tried so hard to fight will win in the end? Even though it's against your very nature, you still won't give in?"

"No." Scott said firmly. "I'm not changing my mind."

With a crack, she snapped her fingers, and suddenly, they were very far away. Scott blinked and tried to figure out his new location. A chill went through him when he figured it out.

He was looking at his own gravestone.

Scott couldn't put into words the cold chill that went through him. It was surreal to see this. And then he looked

next to the heavy granite gravestone, and next to his was another.

His wife's.

A tear formed in his eye as he saw this. He was seeing his wife's gravestone, and that was enough to make any man crumble with emotion. He noted the date, and saw that this was a long time from now. Both him and his wife had at least made it to old age.

He looked around and realized he was at his and his wife's funeral. The pastor was speaking and the crowd listened in. There were many recognizable faces there. Relatives. Friends. Acquaintances. All to honor him and his wife.

As the ceremony came to a close, people gathered in some groups. A group of women gathered together to talk, a group of older women.

Scott looked around and realized who they were. He saw Christine, looking much older, but still very attractive. He

saw Lindsay, who was probably in her forties at this point and still looking good. He saw Stacy, looking pretty old, but still pretty damn attractive. He saw some other women too, some of Kate's friends and his friends.

"What a sweet story." one of the women said. "Dying together at the end."

"He was loyal to her to the very end." another woman said. A pause fell between them, and it was clear they were all on the same page. Finally, Lindsay spoke up.

"Do you think... he actually stayed totally loyal to her?" she asked tentatively.

"I think so." Christine said.

"Shame." Stacy said. As if releasing the tension, all the women spoke up.

"Yeah!"

"I know."

"Listen..." Lindsay began. "We're all in agreement that he could have had any one of us, right?"

"Oh my God, yes." one of the women said.

"I was ready to spread my legs in an instant." Stacy said.

"God, he stayed so hot, even when he got older."

"Oh my God, I know!"

"I wanted him to do filthy things to me." Christine said.

"But he seriously didn't slip up once?" Stacy asked, incredulous. All the women shook their heads.

"I mean, Kate was my best friend." One of the women began, "But... you know... no one could have possibly blamed him for cheating on her."

"Oh, I know."

"God, even though he was married, he was the most eligible bachelor in town."

"I had such a huge crush on him when I was younger." Lindsay stated. "Every time I saw him...God, I would have done everything to that dick of his."

"There was just something about him."

"And he still had it too. Kate told me this little hot thing moved in down the street and was practically throwing herself at Scott. His magic still worked."

"What a waste." Lindsay said.

"To Scott Baker..." Stacy began, holding up her drink. "That nice, sweet, dumb son of a bitch. He could have had it all."

"Agreed."

"Indeed." Christine said. The group of boisterous women clinked their drinks together and drank to Scott's wasted potential.

The crack of snapping fingers hit Scott's ears again, and he was suddenly back out near the gravestones. Only this time, they were eroded slightly, worn by weather and time. There were no flowers and the grass was overgrown.

"Mmmmm." Rowena purred, re-appearing behind him. Scott felt the chill of her presence, but he didn't look back. She moved in close behind him, her breasts pressing into his back. "I can feel the conflict in you. And it's delicious." she whispered, baring her teeth near his ear. Before he knew what was coming, Rowena extended her tongue and licked up the side his face, causing Scott to jump away.

"What are you doing?" an emotional Scott cried out. Seeing his own funeral, his wife's funeral, hearing those things they said, it was a bit too much to handle.

"All your life, Scott, the entirety of your existence, carved into a cold block of stone. That's all the impact you had. That's your story, and as you can see, time is grinding that away as well. Soon, there will be nothing. No kids. No story. No impact." Rowena purred.

"You're lying!" he screamed out.

"You know I'm not." she replied. "You know deep down I'm right. You know you've chosen a boring existence, a boring life, and a boring wife. You know this is your future, and it terrifies you. It terrifies you to know how little your life matters. But it could! It could mean something. As you saw, you left behind a group of very unsatisfied, bored women. Women whose lives you could have improved immensely. And that's just the women in your small social circle. There's a whole world out there, Scott. Imagine the impact you could make if you put that dick on the open market. If you used it the way it should have been used. If you decided

to grab life by the horns, to live life to its fullest, and fuck as many bitches as you could get at the end of your thick cock!"

"No, I'm... satisfied." he stammered.

"Are you?" Rowena said. "Does little precious Kate really give you what you really need? I doubt it. The fact that I have told you that all that you've worked for is for naught, that your life will be nothing but a boring, slow march to death with no excitement, no children... no life lived, the fact that I've told you this and you still don't want to change tells me that you are simply being stubborn. That you don't like being told what to do. Cause only a fool wouldn't change knowing what you know now. Only a fool would willingly walk towards their doom and not wonder if they should change directions. And you can. Easily. You are proving nothing to no one by living a boring life to its end. So, why not change?"

"Because I love my wife." Scott replied. "I made a vow. A promise. I've made choices in my life that I stand by. The

reason these decisions fail is because people are too weak to stay strong. They let themselves be corrupted."

"It's because corruption is so much more fun." Rowena replied. "You feel the darkness inside you, don't you? The urge to sin. Even with me."

"What?" he replied, taken aback. Suddenly, as quick as a flash, she brought her leg up next to him, balancing it on the top of his wife's gravestone, the point of her high-heel digging into the granite. Her bare leg was now directly next to him, the smooth, pale flesh inches away.

"You are terrified of me, Scott." She began. "But I also make your balls boil. Despite your strong, unbending love for Kate, that hasn't stopped you from checking me out. Me, a spirit... a ghost... You may fear me, you may not understand me, but I do make your cock throb. You've only seen a hint..." she said, running her fingers across the pale skin of her leg. He looked up to see her lips curl into a slight smile. "But you want to see more." She whispered, looking down towards her chest, to her jutting melons pushing out towards him.

"No... No!" Scott replied, shaking his head. She smiled knowingly.

"You can't help yourself. There's something inside you, bursting to get out." Rowena said. "You've checked out my legs..." she said, running her hand up her leg. "My breasts." She said, letting her bare hand slid across the round, jutting mounds. She pulled her leg down and turned her back to Scott. The cloak clung to her back and over her round, heart-shaped ass. "And now, you're checking out my ass."

Scott's eyes darted up as her lips curled into a smile. She turned back to face him, holding up her arm to her side, her hand hanging down. She jutted out her hip as she began to approach him.

"You've seen only a hint of what I have to offer." Rowena replied, indicating her shining, pale flesh. "But I guarantee you want to see what I have hidden under this robe. Hehehe." Her upper half listed over slightly before again straightening herself. "Despite everything, you have checked out the tits and asses of every one of us spirits. The

selfish, greedy side of you is bursting to get out. Stop thinking up here..." she said, pointing at her own head. "And start thinking about what those heavy balls of yours need. What they crave. You have a wife who works hard and is too tired to give you the pleasure you need every night. And even when she is willing, what she provides is... lazy. Perfunctory. She has never been able to give you the lusty sex a man like you needs. She does not have the temperament, the creativity, the desire or the body to care for you in the way you need to be cared for. It would be impossible for you to still be attracted to her in the way you used to be. When a man goes home night after night, knowing he isn't getting much from his dull, boring wife... his desire for her would just plummet."

"That's not true..." Scott replied softly, backing up.

"Admit it, Scott. You are not attracted to your wife anymore. Hehehe." Rowena said.

"No, I still..." he began.

"She's not hot enough for you." Rowena continued.

"She's... pretty." Scott said.

"She doesn't have big enough breasts for you." she said softly, still hammering away at his fidelity, jutting out her chest.

"She does." Scott replied, his argument weakening.

"ADMIT IT!" she roared, causing Scott to nearly jump out of his skin. "Stop fucking around, Scott Baker! Stop mewling and whining! Tell me the truth!"

"I am!" Scott replied, trying to find the strength to stand up to this terrifying creature. He kept backing up, but he ran into a tall ornate headstone, taller than him, bringing him to a stop. Like a flash, she moved in front of him, so her chest was pressed into his. He was sandwiched between this spirit and the stone behind him. On one side, hard granite. The other side...softness. Her mouth was inches from his. He tried to move his head back as much as he could, away from her.

"Seeing all those sluts and their hot bodies, you wanted them. You wanted that life. You want to be the kind of guy who cheats on his wife, who has bitches on his dick day after day. All you have to do is admit the truth. Admit these sexy sluts turn you on! Admit that you want them. You want their bodies." Rowena said firmly, baring her teeth, chomping them together an inch from his face.

"No..." Scott said.

"STOP LYING!" she screamed out again, freaking him out. She pressed herself into him. "I can feel your desire!" she said, her crotch pressing into his, his throbbing cock pressing into her body. "Admit you want to fuck them! Or... admit you want to fuck me." she whispered, blowing into his ear.

Why was his cock so hard? Scott wondered. Sure, this whole thing had been highly sexually charged, and some of it had been quite thrilling to watch. Though it was like watching porn. He was simply watching from afar. But these spirits kept pushing him, hammering into him, trying to get him

to admit to something he had never even thought about. He never once felt the urge to cheat on his wife. It never even entered his thought process. Now, these spirits were throwing it in his face, telling him he wanted this, aggressively throwing their sexuality at him, wanting him to react.

He and his wife didn't have sex as much as they used to. Both of them worked hard and were very stressed out, so by the time the moment came for intimacy, neither could muster up the energy. Of course, Scott would like to be having more sex. Who wouldn't? And sure, since they had sex less and less, Kate had not been so keen on keeping herself in fighting shape, so to speak. She didn't get all sexed up like she used to. And when they did have sex, it just sort of happened. There was no build up, no foreplay. It was just kind of spur of the moment, and more about being a stress relief than anything.

Now, he had been put in some deeply sexual situations by these three spirits, and it had been a long time since he had been in a situation close to this. It had been a long time since he had been hit on like this, so aggressively. Sure, there was Stacy and her flirting, but she didn't push him that hard, so

Scott had been able to keep her at a distance. Plus, she always talked to him in a professional setting, so she didn't have the opportunity to give him the full 'sales pitch'. It wasn't like he had aggressive sluts confronting him at the bar going after his dick.

Now these voluptuous women were aggressively attempting to seduce him. Sure, part of it was kinda exciting, but it was also terrifying. These were ghosts, spirits that were trying seduce him. But, they had some allure. They had massive, perky breasts, full, round asses, and long, firm legs. They were going after that base male instinct that wants those things. And while Scott was a well-informed, modern man, he would be lying if he said those features weren't plusses. What man didn't want to be with a beautiful and voluptuous woman? He had never been with a woman with such copious curves as these three spirits, and judging by these visions he had been shown, he had to wonder if he was missing out. Kate certainly didn't have those kinds of curves. Her breasts were merely small and cute. These women, these spirits, they didn't deal with small and cute. Their cup sizes were mammoth, far more fitting with their aggressive natures. These women were aggressively sexual, so blunt they beat you over the head with it. And for a guy

so inexperienced in that side of life, despite knowing better, there was a certain appeal there.

Emily was a bit plain and old-fashioned, but her body was impressive, and her breasts were enormous. Plus, there was a certain sizzle to the fact that someone like her would just presume Scott would just want to drop everything and have sex with her. That spoke to her aggression.

Sophie was more outwardly sexual. She put it all out there. Her big, perky tits, her smooth legs, her round ass. She was definitely a bit catty, but her sexuality was so blunt it couldn't be avoided.

Rowena was a whole different creature altogether. The fact was Scott had only seen bits and pieces of her. Outwardly, she was terrifying, but seeing hints of the body she had, being teased in that way, was kind of appealing. However, it was clear she was crazy. Her mannerisms, her shifts in attitude, her appearance, her clothing... this was not a stable individual. But crazy chicks did have a certain pull to them, right? Being so sexually aggressive to this clean-cut, nice husband might just be the key.

Now she stood inches away, pressed into him, bludgeoning him with her sexuality, trying to get him to break. And it was working, cause being pursued so fiercely had him rock-hard. He had trouble explaining it, but it was a fact. Her method of attack was working and she knew it. She could feel it pressing into her.

"Admit it, Scott." she said, uncomfortably close, her cold breath raising goose-bumps on his neck and sending a ripple through his cock. "You want me... you want to see my body. You're harder for me than you've ever been for your wife, and you've never even seen my face." Her lone, exposed hand slid down to his crotch and circled around his bulging shaft, gripping it tightly. "Mmmmm, I can feel your lust. All that tasty sin bursting to escape." she whispered in his ear, tickling his swollen balls with her fingertips. "I can smell your need. God, you must have cum bursting from your pores."

With that, she leaned in close and extended her tongue, licking from his ear and across his cheek. His mouth opened in shock, just in time for Rowena to slip her tongue

into his open mouth. Scott was startled. This woman whom he was terrified of had now forced her tongue into his mouth. Her tongue was like a snake, coiling around his own, filling his mouth. She forced herself on him, pressing into him, her lips against his as her tongue worked its magic in his mouth. As she did this, she kept massaging his cock, breaking down his defenses. She slid her hand from his shaft and pushed herself into him, forcing him to hump his cock into her. She then grabbed her wrist and slid his hand around her, forcing it onto her rear. She slid her palm around him and forced him to squeeze her round, juicy ass.

He complied, letting his fingers grip her firm backside, feeling the ripe, firm flesh in his manly hand. He realized he was falling deeper under her control, and he tried to pull away. He pulled his mouth off of hers and tried to slide away. But quick as a flash, she brought her arm up and pressed it into his throat, pinning him against the stone behind him.

"I don't think so!" she snarled, baring her teeth for him again. From within her robe, she produced a small knife, and she now gripped it in her palm. Scott saw this and began to panic.

"No... no! Wait! Please!" he cried out. She pushed it closer to him, the knife now between them. She glanced at him for a moment, most of her face still shrouded in darkness. "Please don't!" he said, panicking. She paused, letting the knife dangle in the air, before her lips curled into a wicked smile. She brought the knife closer to herself. She ran the tip over her cloak that was covering her prodigious rack. With a jerk, she stabbed the knife into the material between her breasts, cutting through it easily. With a ripping noise, she cut down, from the tops of her breasts down, following the crevasse between her massive jugs. She sawed through the material, and as she got lower Scott was able to see her mammoth, heavy breasts bursting out from within. Now that the surface tension of the cloak had been breached, her bursting boobs helped the knife, their weight forcing the cloak to split along the seam she had created, revealing the smooth, ghostly pale flesh within. The cloak began to burst apart at her chest down the middle until the split came to a stop just below her breasts. Her breasts burst out from this split, the material covering just enough to keep her nipples hidden, but the jiggling inner halves and her deep cleavage were completely exposed to Scott's eyes. They bounced around for a few moments before coming to a stop. Scott

had been trying to fight her off, but his eyes were drawn down to her deep, fleshy breasts.

"There you go, Scott. There you go." Rowena purred softly. Her hand curled around the back of his head, gripping his scalp roughly. She began to pull him forward, expecting him to put up more of a fight.

He put up none.

Scott offered no resistance as he was drawn face first into Rowena's massive rack. As the cloaked woman pulled him face forward into her chest, Scott's eyes fell to the dark cavern between her round breasts, and part of him knew he was being drawn to his destiny. He was being drawn into darkness.

Then his face collided with the soft, pale flesh, his face smothered by this ghost's giant rack. She scrubbed his face against her milky jugs, making sure the entirety of his face made contact with her big tits. He was pulled so deeply in, and it felt like he was smothered in softness up to his ears,

cause when the crack echoed through the cemetery, he didn't hear it.

He was too busy drowning.

Scott didn't know how long he was out, but when he blinked his eyes to escape the darkness, he saw he was in another brand new place. Somewhere he didn't recognize. He was on his back on a dusty wooden floor in an old looking, fancy bedroom. He got to his feet and cleared his cloudy thoughts.

There were some paintings on the wall, some light decorations and a wooden dresser. And the main feature of the room was a large wooden four post bed with heavy sheets on top. Scott noted the door across the room and was about to move towards it when it opened.

From the darkness behind the door emerged Rowena, her cloak still a liquid black, blending into the darkness beyond

the door. Her cloak was still ripped apart in the center and the ghostly glow of her massive pale breasts led the way, bouncing with every step. Her long, pale leg was still exposed, as was her chin, lips, and one of her hands. She smiled smugly as she entered the bedroom.

"Welcome to the final confrontation, Scott." she began. "Where you fulfill your destiny and learn your place in the world. And to do this, I will need some help."

From the open doorway behind her another figure appeared. Emily entered the room, the Ghost of Christmas Past. She was still clad in her old-fashioned dress. She kept her eyes on Scott, and maintained an even expression on her face as she came to a stop next to Rowena. And then from behind them, another figure emerged.

"Oh my God! Scott!" Sophie squealed out, bouncing into the room. Still cloud in her sexy Christmas elf latex outfit, the Ghost of Christmas Present still walked daintily in her high-heeled boots. She came to a stop next to Rowena, her boobs jiggling over the edges of her tight outfit. "I'm so happy! I wasn't sure if we'd see each other again!"

"Uh... hi." Scott remarked unsure.

"So, how'd you get him to go along with it?" Emily asked.
Rowena smiled smugly.

"You two asked... I took." Rowena said simply.

"Go along with what?" Scott asked.

"Scott, tonight you will find your place in this world. You will find true fulfillment, success on both a personal and professional level. You will change your future, your life, and your legacy, all at the cost of one broken heart." Rowena began.

"What?" Scott asked.

"Now is the time you start cheating on your wife, Scott." Emily said. "When you forsake your wife, throw away the vows you made to her, scoff at any promises you made to

her, and laugh at her as she realizes her loving husband slowly slips away from her."

"What do you mean?" Scott asked.

"Scott, this is the best part!" Sophie began, literally shaking with excitement. "Scott, you're gonna get what you've wanted from the beginning. You are going to fuck all three of us! Isn't that exciting?" she squealed out.

"What? No!" Scott affirmed. "I don't want to do this!" he pleaded.

"Ha...ha...ha." Rowena laughed slowly. "If you truly felt that way, it wouldn't have been so easy to pull you, face first... into these." she said, pointing at her quivering breasts. "You want this, Scott. Your body wants this. Your heart wants this. Your mind wants this. Tonight's the night you begin living life to its fullest. Where you say fuck the rules, fuck society, fuck your wife, by deciding... not to fuck your wife. Where you live only to take what you want, damn the consequences. Where you leave the world a dried out husk

in your wake, just like we plan to. You just need to admit what you want. What you need!"

"And what you need is to fuck all of us!" Sophie jumped in. "Fuck all three of us! Fuck us hard and fill our tight pussies with hot cum! Yay!" she said, clapping her hands excitedly.

"Fuck us each in every hole." Emily continued. "Fuck us hard. Fuck till we all can't see straight."

"I... no, I can't. I won't." Scott pleaded. He recognized their attractiveness, but they were all twisted spirits, and he couldn't possibly understand how this encounter was even happening. He wanted to stay loyal to his wife. He loved her. He was happy with his life. Right?

"Scott, face it, you've been drooling over our tits all night." Sophie said.

"No, I haven't." he replied defensively. All three women just looked at him, knowing he was lying.

"Well, we'll see how you feel after this. Emily..." Rowena said, turning towards Emily. With that, Emily began to unbutton the front of her dress.

"No, no, no, no." Scott stammered, holding out his hand, pleading with her to stop. "I don't want this!" he begged as Emily quickly unbuttoned her way down the dress, reaching her waist. Emily looked up at him with a narrow smile and grabbed the sides of her now slightly parted dress in each hand.

"Take a look at these." she said, pulling the dress apart, "Then tell me what you want."

Emily's large breasts burst out from their coverings, bouncing with this motion, before jiggling to a stop. Her creamy boobs jutted outward, round and smooth and just fucking huge. They rode high on her chest with little sag, the soft inner halves of them riding together, creating a natural, deep cleavage. Her pink nipples were hard, swollen with need. Ripples went through her breasts as she extricated herself from the rest of her big dress, exposing

more naked flesh to the married man. Finally, her dress fell to her ankles, leaving her completely nude.

Where before, Scott thought of Emily as someone who was pretty, but not someone that would necessarily draw your gaze in a crowd. But now, he couldn't take his eyes off of her. Her body was crazy hot. Even though she was kinda pale (not as ghostly as Rowena, mind you), the look worked for her. Seeing this woman so exposed for him, seeing the expanse of her flesh, her fit belly, her trimmed pussy with a mere tuft of hair, seeing her firm legs, it was thrilling. Now that he was gazing upon her body, her look had transformed in his mind, from pretty to sexy. She gave Scott a quick spin, showing off her round, juicy rear end to him. Scott admired her full heart shaped ass, each cheek firm and sexy. Emily looked a little unsure of herself, but she was getting into this.

"Looking hot!" Sophie called out to her. Scott glanced over at her. She was pressed up against Rowena, slightly behind her, looking over her shoulder. Rowena turned to look at her, taking her lone exposed hand and sliding it around Sophie and letting it land against her ass. Scott watched as

she ran her index and middle finger along Sophie's latex covered ass-crack.

"Your turn, bitch." Rowena purred to Sophie, looking down at her. Sophie flashed a bright smile at her then stepped back, turning to face Scott.

"Alright, baby..." she began, her big breasts swaying lightly as she came to a stop. "It's time to see your Christmas slut unwrapped!"

Scott couldn't muster any words to get her to stop. They weren't gonna listen, and truth be told, he kinda wanted to see her in the buff.

As quick as a flash, she turned slightly and, smoothly like a dancer, she put one leg onto the bed. This motion caused her latex skirt to rise up, so Scott was able to see the smooth upper half of her tan, sexy legs and the round underside of her ass. Flashing a sexy smile at Scott, she slid her hands down her sexy leg and unzipped the tall latex boot, revealing more of her bare leg, as the boot yawed open. She pulled her bare foot from the boot and tossed the boot

away. She switched legs, and this motion allowed Scott to nearly see up her tiny skirt. She quickly extricated herself from her other boot, then turned to face him once again, now barefoot.

She peeled off her long, latex gloves and tossed her hat aside as well. Then, smiling teasingly at Scott, she reached down and grabbed the lower hem of her top, under her fleshy breasts. She began to pull at the hem, and as she did, the lower halves of her heavy breasts began to burst from the top, bouncing firmly around her clasped fingers. She peeled the top out and up, around her jutting rack, until finally, those two mounds of succulent flesh fell out of her top. As she lifted her arms up to remove her top completely, Scott took in her rack for the first time.

They looked like the ideal pair of big breasts. They were huge and smooth and round, like perfectly ripe fruit. They possessed the same smooth, even tan as the rest of her did, and her hard nipples and round areolas were the only interruptions in this smooth flesh. They rode high on her chest, riding close together, the soft flesh of the inside halves of her breasts kissing together softly, creating a deep chasm between them.

She bent over slightly, her arms pushing her big breasts together as she reached down and gripped her fingers in the hem of her skirt, teasing pulling it down for a few moments, before finally, with a coy smile, she peeled her skirt down, pulling it over her round, jutting ass and letting it drop, pooling around her ankles.

Sophie stood proudly naked in front of the married man, wearing a wide smile and nothing else. She put her hands on her hips, her fingers pressing into her smooth skin. Her pussy was completely bare, and Scott couldn't take his eyes off of it.

"Ladies... it's my turn." Rowena said coolly. Sophie spun on her heels, showing Scott her round, juicy backside as she approached her cloaked colleague. Emily did the same, approaching Rowena from the other side, her breasts rippling as she walked. They stood on either side of Rowena as she faced the married man directly. Each of the two spirits grabbed the cloak in the middle where the cloak had split open, right at her chest. Emily and Sophie each had one hand gripping the split cloak, the backs of their fingers

pressed against Rowena's bulging mounds as they held tight, ready to pull at a moment's notice.

Scott didn't know what to do. On one hand, he obviously shouldn't want to see this cloaked spirit's huge breasts, but part of him was curious what she looked beneath the veil. He couldn't find the words to fight back.

"Now!" she said firmly, and both Sophie and Emily began to pull. As if the cloak were made to be pulled apart, to be torn into shreds, the dress began to split along the seam Rowena had started. It split up and down, up towards her neck and down towards her crotch. More of her ghostly pale flesh began to emerge from within. Her chest. Her stomach. Her neck. Her cunt. With one last hard jerk, the dress split completely, from her neck to her ankles. The two women released their grip and allowed the cloak to fall to the floor.

The true Rowena had emerged. And once one laid eyes upon her, there was no looking away.

There was just so much about her that drew the eye. She was indeed as pale as the few glimpses he had had of her indicated. The expanse of her flesh was pale and ghostly with barely any color whatsoever, so pale she almost shown bright in the dim room. But, that didn't mean she didn't have color.

Her skin was covered with tattoos. Not just stray, disparate tattoos here and there. They were all over. They went all across her belly, up to just under her breasts. They went around the outsides of her massive rack, the majority of the breast skin left bare, with only the outer edges adorned with ink. Her upper chest was covered as well, up to her collar. Her shoulders and her arms were covered with strange designs, ending near her wrists. Down lower, some of the tattoos were approaching her exposed vagina, getting very close above it and around it, but the vagina itself was left bare. The tattoos crept down one leg, the leg that had been exposed to him earlier, but ending on her upper thigh. On the other leg, the designs went down to her ankles. Her pale flesh must have been the dream canvas for some twisted tattoo artist, but Scott had no idea what kind of person could come up with the designs that adorned her flesh.

The tattoos were very strange. Some of them were odd designs and symbols, almost like hieroglyphs, designs Scott couldn't decode. In other spots there was text, but in a strange language Scott had never seen before. There was no rhyme or reason to any of it. In some spots, the tats were neat and orderly, in clear deliberate designs or patterns. In other spots, the tats were haphazard, fitting where they could find a bit of tract in her pale flesh. Beyond the text and strange symbols, some of them were more tangible designs, like ornate pieces of armor. Some parts looked like dragon scales. Another looked like a snake crossing her flesh. Some of them looked like portions to some strange map.

Some of the designs were slightly terrifying. There were some very detailed designs of spiders, and fangs. Some designs on her arms looked like screaming, disembodied spirits, the slight bit of facial features discernable in the design were twisted in an unholy scream of terror.

There was something different about these tattoos. Something unearthly. These tattoos had no color, just a

dark, inky black... an inhuman black, a black so deep it felt like you could fall into it and disappear into a dark void forever. Their darkness was set off even more by her pale skin, which seemed to glow in distinction to the darkness. It was a hypnotizing contrast.

Rowena noticed Scott admiring her tattoos, so she spun around to let him admire the other half of her body. And admire he did.

Much like the front of her, the tattoos on her back was an amalgam of the strange and the ornate. Her back was nearly completely covered, up to the back of her neck. Some of the tattoos from the front curling around her back as well. Some of the tattoos infringed upon her round ass, not fully invading the perky flesh but pressing in on its territory, some of the designs making it onto her round cheeks, but for the most part, the designs went around her ass, splitting off at her lower back and going around her hips and down to her legs, covering the backs of them in the same places as the front. He was about to look away, but one of the designs caught his eye. A few inches above the top of her ass-crack was a tattoo of the head of a snake, mouth open,

ready to strike. And its eyes, the eyes of the snake, there was something about them... something dark. Something evil.

Scott's eyes leapt around her back, his eyes pulling various designs from the morass. Large lizard-like claws, practically bursting from her skin. Sharp pointed tongues. Bones. More snakes. More strange soul-like spirits. Sharp pointed tendrils. And on top of that, there was more text and strange designs haphazardly strewn along her back and spine. The text and designs were arranged in such a strange off-kilter method that felt wrong in an unexplainable way. Something dark was the source of this ink, as if she had been marked by some twisted demon, a demon that couldn't contain her. It was as if she had escaped from Hell itself, but not without being marked in the process.

He didn't know how right he was.

Scott realized he could spend hours studying the strange tattoos adorning this woman, but his eyes were drawn elsewhere. As she spun around to face him again, his eyes were pulled upward to those two jutting mounds of flesh he

had seen covered by her cloak, but he was now truly seeing them in the flesh.

They were absolutely mammoth, larger than Sophie's, but maybe a hair smaller than Emily's. They were round and full, and her hard nipples were swollen. Rowena was a tall, thin woman, and these massive udders on her chest really stood out. But she was an imposing woman, and her mammoth rack added to that. They were only slightly marked by tattoos, sharp tendrils on the outsides of them, tapering off as the expanse of flesh become too much to bear. The tattoos from her stomach stopped just under her breasts, as if those two bursting mounds were too big to be contained by these mere tattoos. But despite how marked her body was, those two mammoth breasts seemed like the purest parts of her, not tainted by dark designs.

Scott glanced at her face. And it wasn't her gorgeous mature face that caught his attention. It wasn't her cool, plump lips. It wasn't her closed eyes. It wasn't the fact that for a woman that appeared to be much older than him, she had minimal wrinkles. No, the thing that caught his attention was her hair.

It was white. Like, literally white. Not gray, not silver, not blonde, white. It seemed to glow like the rest of her, hanging down as she tilted her head back. Her hair was straight, hanging down to her mid-back, glowing against the darkness of her marked body. Finally, she tilted her head forward, and her eyes opened.

Her eyes were almost more striking. They glowed a crystal blue, the lone beacons of color on her otherwise all-white canvas. They looked jarring and otherworldly, deep pools of blue that were impossible not to notice, glowing in the dim light of this bedroom.

Her age was impossible to tell. She had the face of someone maybe in her mid-forties or so. But her appearance was so otherworldly that Scott suspected that this was some sort of smoke-screen, and that she might in fact be older than he thought. A lot older. Scott suspected this because although her face seemed relatively wrinkle free, her hands seemed old... worn... wrinkled.

Rowena's striking eyes stared down the married man, appraising him silently, letting her eyes trail up and down his form lazily. Scott did the same. He let his gaze trail across her massive, round breasts, letting his eyes trace her curves. His eyes locked onto her hard, jutting nipples, aching for a mouth to surround them. His eyes trailed down her lithe, firm belly, past her belly button and down to her bare, hairless cunt. His eyes stared at her puffy lips and protruding clit before glancing downward across her long firm legs down to her bare feet standing on the cold, wooden floor.

Sophie and Emily stood next to Rowena, each with their hands on their hips as they stared at the married man. All three stared at him silently, and he felt naked under their gaze.

It was hard not to compare the three. Each had their positives and negatives. Emily had the biggest breasts of the three, but looks-wise, she was simply okay, and she had pale skin. Plus, of the three, she was the least fit. Sophie was the most traditionally gorgeous of the three. She had shiny chestnut hair, perfect tan skin and amazing looks. She probably had the best butt of the three as well. And she had

massive DD's, but she kept company with two of the few women who had her beat in terms of cup-size. And Rowena, her face was striking and gorgeous in a way, but shocking to say the least. Her whole appearance was shocking. Her white hair. Her pale skin. Her wicked tattoos. She didn't have the biggest breasts of the three, but hers were still absolutely mammoth. Her butt was round and juicy, but Sophie had her beat there. But, despite her shocking façade, there was something strangely attractive about her. Something about her that conjured thoughts of nasty, rough fucking. Emily had the biggest breasts, and Sophie had the best looks and the best ass, but Rowena... her dark, shocking appearance somehow gave her the most sex appeal, as strange as that may sound.

"I want to see him naked." Emily said, looking up to Rowena.

"Agreed." Rowena said to her fellow spirit. "Scott, take off your pants."

"Oh... no. No!" Scott said, trying to stand up for himself.

"Oh, c'mon, Scott, it's nothing we haven't seen before."
Rowena remarked.

"Make him show it to us!" Sophie pouted.

"I will, dear." Rowena said confidently. "He'll be begging to show it to us very soon. Scott, we've seen it all. Trust me. We've seen you in action. We've seen every inch of you. We've seen the way your cock rises to a full, mighty nine inches, throbbing with desire. We've seen the way the tip of your cock swells up when you are overwhelmed with pleasure. We've seen the way your cock quivers right before you cum. We've seen the way your sack swells with cum when you are bursting with need. So, you should feel no shame in showing us the goods, Scott. We've seen it all before. Don't you want to show three hot babes your cock, Scott?"

When Scott thought of three hot babes, it wasn't the three women standing in front of him. Sophie, sure, but Emily and Rowena were not the typical 'hot babes'. They had their positive qualities, but they definitely did not fit in that mold.

"No... I can't." Scott said. Rowena smiled.

"Scott, I am very experienced at this kind of thing. And sure, your mind is telling you one thing, that this is wrong, but it's pretty obvious that little Scott feels very differently." Rowena said, pointing at his bulging crotch.

She was right. Despite everything, this highly charged situation had Scott rock-hard. Sure, these women were attractive, Sophie the most conventionally so. But this wasn't a scene in a bar or anything like that. This was a situation that Scott couldn't explain, a conflict with three women that he didn't know or understand. Were they ghosts? Spirits? Angels? Demons? Were they a reality he didn't understand or merely figments of his mind? Was he merely dreaming this all up and not realizing it?

He didn't know. He couldn't say. But in this situation, being approached by three women so aggressively, it was hard to deny its effect. Sophie was a straight up babe, like something out of a porn movie. Emily had a more realistic, matronly attractiveness. Rowena, despite her striking

appearance, was very attractive and so aggressively sexual that she was hard to deny. As long as the women aren't completely disgusting, being approached so aggressively by nearly any woman or group of women will have its effect on a man. It's nice to be wanted in such a raw way.

But obviously, that's where the line ends. Scott wasn't about to just drop his pants and show these spirits the goods. Of course not, that would be crazy. Sure, he might be hard, but he wasn't stupid. Sure, these naked, aggressive women were clamoring for his cock, and their tits were jiggling with every word, but he wasn't about to give in and throw his marriage away.

"No... no... I'm not gonna show you my penis!" Scott spoke, shaking his head. "This is crazy!"

"Why not?" Rowena asked.

"I'm married, for one! And two, I have no idea who any of you are, what any of you are!" Scott replied. All three of the spirits burst out in laughter.

"Scott, you are cute, but you're a bit dumb." Sophie said. Rowena calmed herself and began speaking.

"Scott, this started with you in bed, and when this ends, you will still be in bed. Nothing that happens here will change that." Rowena explained.

"So, this is a dream?" Scott asked. Rowena thought over this question for a second.

"Yes. Sure." Rowena answered. Scott sensed a deception in her words.

"You're lying." he stated.

"This is not quite a dream like the dreams you normally have, but in the end it will have the same impact on your life as any normal dream you have would." Rowena said. Scott took in her words for a moment. This felt real, but sometimes, you didn't know you were in a dream till it was over. "So, when we tell you that you should show us your

dick, there's really no harm to be had. When this is all over, you will wake up with your wife, in bed, on Christmas morning."

"If it's all the same, I'd rather not." Scott said. Rowena rolled her eyes slightly.

"Scott, are you really that dull as to not even let yourself have fun in your dreams?" she asked. Scott considered her words. Yeah, Scott was very devoted to his causes, but he liked to have fun. He thought of himself as good natured, but was he missing out? "We've shown you how your path ends... we've shown you what happens in your life if you continue on the path you're on. A life where your dreams are shattered, where you fail in every cause you fight for, where you have no children, no impact, and the only legacy you leave is all the things you missed out on. You will be a footnote, a lesson, a prime example of what happens to a man who misses out on the spoils of life, who wastes his time on pointless causes and doesn't realize what he's missing out on till it's too late. Are you satisfied living a life that makes no impact, that leaves no long-lasting legacy? What kind of life is that? What kind of life is it to not take in its many spoils? It's disrespectful to the blessings you

have! Are you trying to prove a point to someone? To your family? To your wife? To God? Trust me when I tell you that your family uses you, your wife is stealing your life and she knows it, and God doesn't care about you. So, I'll ask again, why keep resisting us in the face of your own wasted life?"

Scott felt the hollowness one feels when confronted with one's mortality. She brought up good points. If the future she showed him was true, then that meant that all his work was for naught, that he failed to truly live up to the very end. And although he couldn't be sure what they were showing him was accurate, deep down, it was a worry. There were times where he'd go weeks on end, working practically all day, where he'd barely even see his wife. He didn't have a lot of free time to have fun, and there were times he wished he could just have all this be over and go about life like everyone else, not worrying about the bigger picture, and just try to live life in search of pure, maximum enjoyment, damn the consequences. He wished he had it in him to just let things go and walk away, but that was impossible. Everyone had expectations of him. His family, his wife, his co-workers, his friends, his rivals, they all expected him to be hard at work standing against the

people who were corrupting this city. He couldn't just walk away from that. He would be letting everyone down. It felt like he was sort of bound to this life, where even if he wanted to change, he couldn't. He was bound by all these unseen forces that were binding him to a life that, apparently, was going nowhere. And as happy as he was with his life, being forced into this position did seem a bit unfair. Even if he did want to walk away, he couldn't. He was stuck here. Stuck in a failing life.

He hated the idea of failing. Of letting anyone down. He was happy with his life, but he didn't enjoy knowing the fact that this would all be nothing.

"Scott, consider this a free pass. We are offering you no-strings-attached, guilt free sex with three hot babes. There is literally no way you could get caught. There is no way anyone else can find out. This is truly an invisible affair. Why not simply try us out and see how you feel?" Rowena pressed, knowing she was wearing down the married man.

"But I would know." Scott said.

"Oh my God!" Sophie said, rolling her eyes. Emily rubbed her forehead and Rowena shook her head. "Quit being a pussy, Scott! You've got three women naked in front of you begging for your dick! Be a man and fuck our brains out!" Sophie said impatiently.

This was an entirely new situation that Scott found himself in. His day-to-day life was pretty repetitive, and as confused as he was by all of this, he was feeling a surge of excitement he hadn't felt almost ever. This was like he had been recruited from his normal life into a bank heist or a secret government operation. It was like he had been plucked from obscurity to play in the championship game. It was like...

"Scott! Focus!" Emily called out, snapping her fingers to get his attention like an annoyed mother. "We are running out of time!"

"We are?" Scott questioned, not knowing they were working under a time limit.

"Yes, Scott, I'm afraid we are." Rowena explained. "So, we really need to get along to it." Rowena slithered over to the bed and slid onto it, posing on the bed, one leg slightly in front of the other, covering her cunt from his sight. Her large breasts were stacked up, bulging outward as she supported her head with one of her arms. Her blue eyes blazed at him. "So join us." she said, rubbing the bedspread, "and experience the best sex of your life."

"No! Okay... no!" Scott affirmed, taking a stand. "Maybe some of the stuff you're saying is true! But I don't base my life around things like sex, or... success. I base my life on my experiences, my friendships, my connections with people, and my choices. I'm not gonna throw it all away just for one night of pleasure. Especially with you three. I mean, one... you're all, like what... ghosts? And two, you're not exactly my ideal. You... you're like a puritan or something." Scott said, pointing at Emily. He then pointed at Sophie. "You're dressed like a porn star." he accused, but Sophie simply smiled. "And you..." he began, pointing at Rowena. "You're terrifying!"

Rowena rolled her eyes and sighed deeply.

"Why don't you just show him, Rowena?" Emily asked.

"Yeah?" Sophie asked.

"Show me what?" Scott asked.

"We already know how this ends, Scott. It's just the matter of getting there." Rowena explained.

"What do you mean?" he asked. Annoyed, Rowena stood up, leaving the bed and rejoining her compatriots. She glanced at Scott angrily, and snapped her fingers. Suddenly, the bed wasn't empty anymore.

Scott's eyes widened as he took in the mass of sweaty flesh on the bed. There were four naked bodies writhing in pleasure on it, and in the center, lying on his back, was Scott. He was completely naked, and on top of him, furiously riding his thick pulsing cock was Rowena. His arms were wrapped around her waist as she bounced roughly on his swollen meat.

"Fuck! Fuck my cunt you motherfucking piece of fucking shit!" Rowena spat out as she bounced up and down his turgid cock. In his position, watching the action, Scott had a first-hand view of the illicit action on the bed. He looked and saw Rowena's pussy wrapped around his thick shaft, stretched to the max around his invading weapon as she rode it violently. Her ass was spread apart, revealing her asshole to Scott's gaze. It was such a violently sexual view, but then again, it was becoming clear that Rowena was a violently sexual woman.

"I said fuck me! Fuck me! FUCK ME! Fuck me hard!" Rowena snarled out, her sweaty flesh slapping against Scott. His hand's slid down from her back before taking each of her round ass-cheeks in his hands, squeezing and molding them in his hands as she rode his married cock.

It was a good thing Scott could recognize himself by only seeing his torso and arms, cause he couldn't see his face. It was obscured by Sophie's ass, since she was sitting on the married man's face. Scott watched as his naked

doppelganger's tongue was between her round ass-cheeks, working away at her asshole.

"God! Fuck yes! His tongue feels even better on my ass than it did on my pussy!" Sophie moaned out as she swiveled her hips, grinding her ass against Scott's face.

Next to them, lying on her back, was Emily. She appeared to be practically passed out, her legs spread askew, copious amounts of cum leaking from her pussy. She looked like she had just gotten her brains fucked out. She was barely conscious.

Scott was transfixed by this raw imagery in front of him. He had seen the other projections of him in action, but this one felt different. More raw. More nasty. More real. More immediate.

He then felt a cold chill run down his spine as he felt a presence behind him. Suddenly, he felt Rowena press her body into his back. He felt her cool breath on the back of his neck.

"Look at you." Rowena said, her lips near his ear. Scott studied himself on the bed. His hands wrapped around this woman's waist, fingers pressed into her flesh as he drove up into her, fucking her hard. "Look how into it you are. Look how much you're enjoying it. Look how swollen your cock is. I bet you've never been harder." she remarked.

It was true. Scott had never seen his dick that hard. It looked like it was hard as concrete. And he was clearly loving this filthy action as he drove lustily into the woman on top of him, driving his cock into her in smooth, even motions. His mouth was voracious between Sophie's ass cheeks, aggressively rimming her asshole as she ground roughly against his face. She was clearly enjoying the treatment he was providing. And Emily, even though she was outside the fray, she looked like she had greatly enjoyed the attention she had received. This tableau of sex sent a lust-filled thrill through him. But a thought occurred to him.

"This could be a trick. An illusion." Scott whispered.

"But you know it's not." Rowena whispered, placing her cold lips against his neck, kissing it softly. "And even if that's not real, you have to be impressed by what we can do. Don't you see our power, Scott? Don't you see what we are capable of? Imagine... the powers that are required to show you this, to take you through time and space... imagine all that power focused on pleasuring that fat cock of yours. Imagine the power to change the world focused solely on making your dick explode in pleasure." she whispered huskily before sucking his neck, causing Scott to shiver. Scott's eyes fluttered in pleasure. Despite knowing better, the feeling being forced upon him was hard to deny.

One of Rowena's tattooed arms slid around Scott's waist, and he watched, frozen, as her old looking hand slid over his crotch before grabbing his bulging, covered cock and squeezing it firmly, causing Scott to jump.

"Mmmm, I can feel your desire, Scott. Admit it... you want to fuck all three of us. From the moment this whole thing started, you've been scoping out Emily's massive breasts, Sophie's round ass, and my... well, you just know I'm pure sex." Rowena whispered, rubbing his throbbing dick. Although Rowena was far from the ideal woman, and far

from the image that came to mind when thinking of the ideal sexualized woman, at this moment, those words she was whispering were resonating with him.

"And even if this isn't real..." Rowena began. "Doesn't that give you more incentive to join us? To fuck our brains out? To use this as an opportunity, a free chance, to have a no-frills affair? If you join us tonight, and you get the job done right, you will never see us again. You will be free from us and back to your normal, happy life. Your wife will never know. No one will. Just give yourself one night of selfish pleasure. Stop thinking about everyone else and treat yourself for once. Everyone else is having fun, why can't you?"

She was making some good points, but Scott was clinging to the last shreds of his loyalty.

"I can't..." he croaked out. After all this work he did to be a good guy, he was trying not to give into his darker urges. Then, Emily pressed herself into him from the side, her huge, soft breasts pressing against his ribs.

"C'mon Scott..." Emily whispered as she moved in close to his ear. "Join us."

She began to mirror Rowena, sucking, licking, and kissing at the other side of his neck. His skin prickled and his eyes lidded in pleasure.

"Don't you want to feel some tight pussies wrapped around your fat cock?" Rowena whispered. "Don't you want to feel a few pairs of huge, soft breasts in those big, manly hands of yours? Don't you deserve it?"

"I..." Scott croaked out.

"It's okay." Rowena began. "I understand how hard this is for you. And I admire how hard you're fighting, but Scott... it's time. It's time to give in... it's time to be selfish... it's time to treat yourself... to take what you want. At the end of the day, it doesn't matter what anyone else thinks. All that matters is you. You are the only person you need to be loyal to. All that matters to you is trying to take what you need from life, to live the fuck out of life, and disregard everyone else's feelings. Cause at the end of the day, you only answer to

yourself. You're proving nothing to nobody by staying loyal. Life is full of hypocrites and liars. The same people you admire, the same people you fight for, they are guilty of the same crimes you rail against. The criminals, the liars, the thieves... they are on both sides of your fight. You're the outlier. The freak. And if you're gonna be a freak, you might as well act like one. Do some freaky, fucked up shit with us." Rowena said, her voice slithering into his ear as she let her tongue savagely lick up his neck again.

At some point, the moans from the bed faded away as his doppelganger disappeared. Scott barely noticed as he was so overwhelmed by the two women pressed against him and the pleasure they were offering. He was barely holding onto his loyalty at this point, and then he felt a third presence pressed against his front.

Scott's eyes jerked open. He was staring into the eyes of Sophie, who greeted his recognition with a pretty smile.

"Hey." she greeted him lightly, pressing her bare body firmly against his front, feeling his bulging cock against her belly. Her massive breasts pressed into his chest, leaving

Scott pressed between three women. Scott was completely overwhelmed. These three were unrelenting, closing in on him, never stopping, never letting up. He couldn't find words and his body felt frozen in place. It was as if the snake had curled around its target, waiting to strike the paralyzed prey.

And strike they would.

Not knowing what else to do, Scott didn't put up any fight as Sophie grabbed his wrists and guided his hands.

"Its okay, Scott." Sophie began, whispering huskily. "You can touch me." And on that note, Sophie pulled his hands upward and pressed his open palms against her massive breasts. She forced his fingers to squeeze into the pliant flesh. "There you go... I know how badly you are trying to fight for your wife, but let's see if my big breasts change your mind. I know you love your wife so much, but I want you to keep squeezing these huge boobs and thinking about how they are the best things you've ever felt."

He agreed. Sophie's breasts felt incredible in his palms. He couldn't stop squeezing them, even as Sophie slid her hands up his arms to grip his shoulders. She smiled coyly at the married man as she allowed him free reign to molest her massive titties. Her perky flesh bulged around his fingers as she stared into the married man's lust-filled eyes. The sensation of these mammoth breasts pouring through his fingers was simply incredible. He had never been with a girl that had such big breasts, so he had certainly never had his hands on a pair like these. His fingers pressed against her perky, honey colored flesh, her hard nipples scraping into his palms. As much as Scott denied the fact that he needed a massive pair of boobs in his life, he couldn't deny how addicting it was to squeeze them. It just felt so right. He couldn't imagine ever getting enough of them. His fingers traversed every inch of her soft flesh.

"Here..." Sophie began, before spinning around, her back now to him, and re-placing his hands on her breasts. "They're easier to hold like this." she whispered softly, grinding her ass into the married man's bulging crotch.

Tom sighed lightly. He was now sandwiched between the women, Rowena against his back, still sucking his neck,

Emily pressed against his side, sucking the other side of his neck, and Sophie against his front, grinding her ass into his cock, his bulging meat sliding between her firm, jutting cheeks, as his hands kept cupping and squeezing her heavy boobs. And as big as the breasts were in his hands, as utterly massive and mouth-watering they were, of the three women, her massive breasts were the smallest of the three. That's how stacked these three women were.

Scott was in a daze, overwhelmed by the oppressing sexuality of the three women around him. Three pairs of female hands were on him driving him wild at their touch. Sophie kept sliding her ass-crack against his cloth-covered cock, causing his meat to pulse with pleasure, making him lose control of all rational thought. In this state, Sophie made her move. She turned her head to look back at Scott with a satisfied smile on her face. Her smooth lips parted and she began to speak.

"We know you want to give in, Scott." she said softly, the smacks of the sucking kisses on his neck meeting his ears. "It must be so, so difficult to have gone without true pleasure for so long. Trust me, we all understand that you love your wife. We do." she paused, pressing her breasts out

against his big hands as she ground her sweet ass against his crotch. "But we know that deep down, you love us three even more." Scott's hands squeezed her breasts in reflex at this bold claim, but he kept listening. "You love our looks... you love our bodies." His hands squeezed her ripe jugs again. "You love our asses." She said, swiveling her ass against his cock firmly. "You love our big breasts." she said, pressing her hands over his, making him squeeze her huge boobs even harder. "You love everything about us. You love that you are being pushed around sexually by a hot little whore like me and two old sluts."

"But... my wife." Scott gasped out, the last shred of his fidelity crying out.

"Oh, baby, I know." Sophie said. "I know it's hard to betray your wife, but we will make this as easy on you as possible. The only thing you have to do is unzip your pants and scoop out that fat cock of yours. After that, you don't have to have another thought run through that cute head of yours. We'll handle everything else."

Scott's throbbing dick was clouding his judgment. And the pair of women sucking, licking, and kissing his neck, then the ass grinding into his crotch, and the jiggling breasts in his hands were all assisting in making his fat cock as hard as a rock. He didn't want to cheat on his wife, but he was so caught up in the moment that he couldn't think straight. He loved Kate, but he didn't see a way out of this predicament without his dick ending up buried in a tight, wet pussy that wasn't his wife's. And he wasn't sure he didn't want that any more.

But it was like they said. This was just a fantasy. A projection, not real. A test run that would be harmless. No one would have to know. Scott knew this was wrong, and deep down, he knew that this was a dangerous side of him to unleash. Cause once that door was opened, there was nothing stopping him from cheating again and again.

Scott steeled himself, knowing what was happening to him was too much for any one man to take. No one could blame him. These women were too hot. Their bodies were too sexy. Their tits were too big. Seeing the truth in Scott's eyes, Sophie stepped away and turned back to face him.

Breathing deep, Scott's hands lowered to his pants. Pausing for only a moment, he undid the button and lowered his zipper. Unknown to him, Sophie glanced over his shoulder at Rowena, their eyes sharing a victorious glare. Scott paused again, his black briefs revealed to Sophie's eyes. Finally, knowing there was nothing stopping these three women, these spirits, these forces of nature, he reached down, slid his hand around his bulging shaft, and scooped his nine inches of throbbing meat out of his underwear, exposing his cock to the three sluts' eyes, which all widened in lust.

As if this was the starting gun for a race, the sight of his cock set all three women off. Rowena and Emily pulled back deftly, sliding their hands to his shirt and pulling it off roughly. Sophie worked at his front lowering his pants and briefs to the ground firmly. Working efficiently, the three women disrobed him in seconds, and before could Scott could figure out what was going on, all three women spun him around and pushed the married man back onto the bed, bouncing on the mattress, completely nude.

For a moment, all three women eyed him up lustily. He could feel three pairs of eyes running along his nine inches of meat, consuming it with their eyes, enjoying the view of his thick shaft and heavy sack that was now finally exposed to them. Then, before he could change his mind, they got to work.

In unison, they approached the bed. Rowena and Emily split off and went on either side of the bed, but Sophie approached from the front, climbing onto the bed near his feet. She crawled between his legs and curled one of her hands around the base of his shaft.

"Make it fast." Rowena said to Sophie as both her and Emily climbed onto the bed, lying on either side of Scott. "Don't suck him all the way off. Just get it ready for us. It has a long night of work ahead of it."

"I know!" Sophie said like a brat, before, in one smooth motion, she bent over, opened her mouth, and swallowed Scott's cock to the root.

"Oh my God!" Scott moaned out, his head falling back to the bed. Her mouth felt incredible around his cock. He looked down at her, studying the way her thick lips formed a tight seal around the root of his cock. Her tongue was sliding against the underside of his cock, coating it in pleasure. She was sucking hard, trying to make him throb in pleasure, and it was working. His cock was already pulsing with need. She began to bob, choking on his shaft as her spit coated his meat. He had never been blown like this. Sure, his wife went down on him, but it didn't ever feel like this. It was clear that Kate was an amateur at giving head, and Sophie was a pro. Kate merely sucked the top few inches, but Sophie, she swallowed every inch, burying his meat down her throat like a true fucking slut. Her sucking mouth, her wild tongue, her hot saliva, her tight throat, and even the wisps of her hair tickling his balls was enough to drive him wild. His cock was as hard as concrete in her sexy mouth.

It was at this point that Scott caught sight of the two women on either side of him. So focused he was on this incredible blowjob that he didn't realize how close those two had gotten to him. Each were lying on their sides, their breasts stacked on top of each other next to his face. As he writhed

in pleasure, Scott looked back and forth between them, gazing at their massive breasts and the smirks on their faces. He quickly realized what was about to happen.

"Wait... wait! Hold on! Give me..." he stammered out, but before he could finish, both women rolled over, smothering his face with their massive breasts.

Once again, Scott was drowning in softness. Two pairs of huge, soft breasts were now molded against his face, sliding against his features. He could feel the scraping of hard nipples against his face as these two women scrubbed his face firmly with their huge boobs, scraping across his eyes, his cheeks, his lips. Scott was paralyzed as these two women smothered him in softness. He could barely breathe as these women did their work. He didn't know whose breasts were whose. He just lied there and took what they were forcing upon him, his face drowning in soft flesh as his cock was being sucked into submission.

"You like that?" Rowena asked arrogantly, her breasts pressed roughly against the married man's face. "Take it, Scott, take it! Take them in completely!" she said, pausing

as Sophie choked on his dick with a loud smack. "I want you to never forget this, Scott. I want you to remember the feel of a couple pairs of giant tits against your face. I want you to remember the softness. I want you to open your mouth and take them in. Ahhh, fuck yes!" she called out as Scott's mouth was helpless to fight the urge to open, allowing Rowena's stiff nipple to enter his waiting mouth and form a tight seal. "That's it baby, that's it! Suck on them! Suck from my big fucking tits. I want you to remember the taste. The smell! Big tits smell better, don't they? I want you to get fucking addicted to having your nose buried in-between a pair of big tits! I want your mouth to become fucking dependent on sucking huge tits to survive! Suck them! Suck my breast, Scott!" she yelled out. Scott's lips were wrapped around Rowena's rubbery nipple, sucking on the hardened teat as hard as he could. She pressed herself into him, forcing as much of her breast into his sucking mouth.

As much as Scott tried to deny it, her words were resonating with him. Sucking this enormous breast was an incredible sensation. It was unlike anything he had ever experienced. Having such a massive, soft breast pressed against him, such succulent, perky flesh... it was amazing. And she was right about other things as well. Having this woman's hard, tight

nipple in his mouth, on his tongue, it felt awesome. She tasted incredible. And the light, natural, feminine scent emanating from between her massive breasts sent a shudder of lust through him. He knew he should fight back more, but these massive breasts, and the hot, sucking mouth savagely inhaling his dick... needless to say, his judgment was clouded. His mouth kept avidly sucking the mammoth breast, even as Emily scrubbed her large pair against his face.

Rowena pulled her breast away, finally, dragging the spit soaked nipple across his cheek, replacing his empty mouth with her other breast. She let the overwhelmed married man attack her other nipple for a few minutes, granting it the same worship that he did with the other. As the two women scrubbed his face with their mammoth breasts, Emily glanced at Rowena with jealousy, eager to feel that married mouth on her breasts as well. Rowena smiled knowingly at her fellow spirit, before glancing down at Sophie. She was attacking Scott's cock like it was her last meal, her lips wrapped around his thick pole as she inhaled it. Rowena knew she had to keep an eye on Sophie, cause she knew if she looked away for a moment, Sophie would seize the opportunity and ride that married cock for all it

was worth. And that couldn't happen. Not yet anyway. There had to be an order to this.

With a forceful push, Emily was able to push Rowena out of the way, her wet nipple popping free. Scott's mouth was given a momentary respite, but it didn't last long. Rowena smiled at her pushy compatriot but let her have her turn, lowering her turgid nipple to Scott's mouth. As Scott began sucking hard on the massive breast, Rowena made sure to give the rest of his face the same smothering treatment she had given him before, all the while keeping an eye on Sophie.

Scott was completely overwhelmed. He was short of breath as his mouth was kept busy on Emily's tits. These mammoth breasts kept him disoriented, and the only thing that was constant was the hot mouth inhaling his cock.

Sophie was incredible at sucking dick. Her tongue was going crazy, massaging his cock, pleasuring it, making his balls boil. The tanks were slowly getting filled, and every little thing she did was aiding that. Her tight wet throat, her slim fingers wrapped around the base of his shaft, her

plump, sexy lips, and her hard-sucking mouth. She was relentless, seemingly never taking a break as she attacked his cock, taking nearly the entire length on every bob. It was the best thing his cock had ever felt. Better than Kate's mouth. Better than her pussy. Sophie's mouth felt better than his wife's pussy. That's how good Sophie was at sucking cock. She had him close but she would always pull back, leaving him on edge like a true master of pleasure would.

This went on and on. Scott felt like he was floating, surrounded by huge, soft breasts and tight sucking mouths. Emily made sure he gave both of her massive breasts the pleasure of his sucking mouth. Rowena and Emily remained competitive, competing for the pleasure of Scott's mouth, going back and forth on whose nipples he was sucking. And throughout all this, Sophie kept sucking him hard, making his cock pulse with desperation.

Sophie pulled back for a moment and looked up at the overwhelmed married man as her two friends smothered him with breast flesh. His cock was standing proud, ready for the next step. Smiling wickedly, she began to crawl up the bed. She straddled his cock, reaching down to grab it

and slap it against the outside of her bare cunt. As she positioned his cock at her entrance, she got ready to lower herself onto him, ready to steal his fidelity, ready to be the first to claim the prize that was his married cock. Just as she was about do the deed, she felt a hand on her shoulder, and she looked up to see Rowena looking up at her.

Scott was too occupied with Emily's massive jugs to see the look of hot fury to flash behind Sophie's eyes, a crazed look of white-hot rage so severe that she almost looked like a different person, the farthest possible cry from her jovial, perky demeanor. It would have frozen most in their place, but not Rowena. She moved in close, rubbing Sophie's bare shoulder as she did. Fearlessly, she brought her lips close to Sophie so that only she could hear.

"Patience, my dear." Rowena began. "We've got to build him up, not give him the main course right away. If you fuck him now, you will wear him out, and that only helps you. But, if you just be a little bit patient and build him up slowly, all three of us will be filled with cum by the end of the night, which is the goal... right?" she asked pointedly. "Let's feed him to Emily first. Compared to us, she's simply foreplay. She doesn't know the things we do, so it won't take much of

that fat cock make her squeal. Let's get her out of the way now and then let the two masters take over the show. Let her take the edge off of him. That way, the sex we get will be SO much better. We've waited so long for this... waiting just a bit longer will make this all the sweeter. And besides... you have got to feel that mouth of his. It's incredible."

Sophie paused. As annoyed as she was at being interrupted from this long-awaited sex, she saw the logic in Rowena's words. Rolling her eyes, she angrily moved away from Scott's cock and positioned herself at his side.

"Hey, bitch... let's switch." Sophie called out. "Let's break you in... show what big cock can do to you." Emily pulled her saliva soaked breasts from Scott's face and looked up in surprise.

"You mean... me first?" Emily asked, a bit nervous.

"Yeah." Sophie said impatiently. "Listen, I know his cock is big, and I know it's fat, and I know it looks scary, but trust me when I say the best plan of attack is to just hop aboard

and ride it for all its worth. Don't hesitate, just fucking do it. Just sit on it and go nuts. Trust me, your pussy will love it."

"Uh... okay." Emily said, crawling closer to his cock, not able to take her eyes off of it. "I've never seen one even close to this big."

"Well, hun, you will see what you were missing out on all these years." Sophie claimed. "Once you feel a cock like this inside you, you will never go back. Gone will be the bulky dresses. And in its place... a string bikini."

"Okay." Emily repeated, taking Sophie's place, straddling Scott's cock. Nervously, she reached down, grabbed the base of his throbbing cock, and pointed it up towards her waiting pussy.

If Scott ever saw himself cheating with anybody, it certainly wouldn't have been with a woman like Emily. A matronly older woman, certainly pretty, but not someone so drop dead stunning you would leave your wife for her. If he ever saw himself cheating, it would have certainly been with someone younger than this older woman. Sure, she did

have absolutely mammoth breasts, but her pale-skin and rusty red hair were not his idea of sexiness. But his cock was pulsing with need as it was poised outside of her trimmed cunt, ready to commit adultery for the first time. He was about to speak up and try to maintain his marriage, but her massive, dangling breasts and hard nipples kept him silent.

"It's time, my dear." Rowena said, moving towards her ear. "You denied this from yourself for years... it's time to change that. Time to right that wrong. Time to give you what a body like this is built for." she said, running her fingers across Emily's rippling tits. Emily paused momentarily before nodding her head, knowing what she had to do. Emily sighed nervously before positioning Scott's ready dick against her entrance.

"Wait..." Scott called out. "I don't know if I can do this." For the first time in a while, the three women looked him in the eyes. They were a bit caught off-guard, as if they didn't expect him to speak, as if his opinion didn't matter. Then, all three laughed. Emily laugh was more of a nervous one, while the other two women's laughter was one of amusement. Rowena rolled her eyes and grabbed the

married man's wrists. She pulled his hands up and slapped them on Emily's tits.

"Just squeeze these, Scott." Rowena said, making his hands squeeze Emily's breasts. "Just squeeze these and be quiet. The time for talking is over." she said, giving him a stern look, warning him to not speak again.

Scott squeezed Emily's boobs nervously, her flesh pouring through his fingers. He didn't know what to do. He knew it was probably too late to get out of this without sex happening, so as much as deep down he didn't want to, he decided to just go with the flow and enjoy it while it happened. He just shut up and kept squeezing her big boobs.

With merely a whimper, Scott's loyalty to his wife had been demolished. He was about to fuck another woman, and he wasn't going to stop it.

Emily began to lower herself onto him, her plump pussy spreading around the tip of his cock.

"Mmmmmmmmm." Emily moaned out. "Yeah."

Her eyes squinted as she wiggled her hips, trying to angle her pussy to get more cock inside of it. Her juices began coating his meat, aiding in its entrance. She pushed herself down, the full head of his cock entering her.

"Ohhhh yeahhhh!" Emily groaned out in pleasure. Scott had to admit it... Emily's pussy felt great. Even though only the tip was inside her, it was clear she was tight, wet, and ready to give him pleasure. Emily huffed and puffed as she got used to his size, and Scott's hand's gripped her tits roughly as his cock got used to being inside another woman for the first time in years. Emily lowered herself even more, forcing three thick inches of cock inside of her.

"Ohhhhhhhh ffffffffffffff..." Emily moaned, stopping herself from cursing just barely. Her pussy was squeezing his cock, gripping the top third in pleasure. She breathed hard, as if giving birth, as she took some thick married dick inside of her. She reached down and gripped the sheets and forced herself down, taking another three inches in her tight hole.

"Oh GOD! YES!" Emily screamed. She paused as her cunt reflexively spasmed around his pulsing meat. She breathed deeply and bent her head down.

"C'mon dear, you can do it." Rowena encouraged.

"I can't... I can't take any more. It's too big!" Emily cried out. Sophie rolled her eyes, knowing she could easily take his size. Rowena glanced at Sophie and nodded knowingly.

"Babe, you can take it. I know you can." Rowena said.

"I can't, Rowena... I can't. It's way too big for me. I think what's inside me will be enough." Emily panted out.

"Oh, nonsense dear." Rowena said. She slid behind Emily and put her hands on Emily's waist. "You'll thank me for this Emily." With that, Rowena roughly pushed down on Emily's waist, forcing Scott's cock inside her up to the balls.

"OHHHHH FUUUUCKING SHIT!
AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Emily cried out.

"Holy shit! Oh my God!" Scott cried out, his shaft completely smothered by the warm tightness of Emily's cunt. The sensation of her tight pussy stretched to the max around his rock hard dick, her walls massaging his shaft, giving every inch of it pleasure, it was just... incredible. His wife's pussy felt good, but this was on a different level. This was a pussy built for sex. This was a pussy built solely for pleasure. And it was doing its job. Scott was already ready to burst.

"Oh god! Oh god! Oh god! Fuck!" Emily panted out, her head sagging as she coped with the nine inches of thick cock buried inside of her.

"You see Emily?" Rowena began condescendingly. "Wasn't I right? Doesn't that cock feel good?"

"Uh... uh... uh... uh... FUCK YES!" Emily screamed out, her head rolling back, a small smile crossing her lips. Rowena smiled knowingly.

"Oh my God!" Scott moaned out, eyes scrunched shut, having to verbalize his pleasure. "It's so fucking tight! So tight!" Rowena glanced at Sophie.

"Sophie, we don't need to hear him talk anymore." Rowena insisted. "You have to try out that mouth of his."

Sophie smiled wickedly and knee walked across the bed, straddling Scott's face. She grabbed his scalp and paused.

"Open your eyes, baby." Sophie said, looking down at him. "Stare into your destiny."

Scott's eyes were drawn open, just in time to stare up at Sophie's naked pussy as it descended towards his mouth. He didn't have time to admire it as she didn't hesitate to firmly plant her dripping cunt against his married mouth. "Time to return the fucking favor, Scott. I want to feel your tongue!"

Scott's mouth was drawn open as Sophie's pussy pressed against him. His tongue extended and gave Sophie's cunt a tentative taste. And, unfortunately for him, unfortunately for his wife, and unfortunately for his marriage, Sophie's pussy tasted absolutely incredible. It was hard to describe the flavor of her sex-juices, only to say they were far superior to his wife's taste. It was as if he had gone through life sampling the platters at the school cafeteria, and now he was being served the finest of deserts. His tongue entered her, getting another taste of the sex-juice dripping from within her delicious cunt. Then he did it again... and again... and again until these tentative swipes at her tasty vagina transformed into full-on pussy eating passion.

"Oh God..." she sighed, clutching the headboard. "God, I've needed this! Don't stop. Don't ever fucking stop! Eat that pussy, baby. Eat that fucking cunt and make me cum!"

Scott didn't have the time to take in how momentous this occasion was. Sure, his dick was already inside another woman, but that had kinda been forced upon him. This, him eating Sophie's cunt, this was his first occasion of taking an active role in pleasuring another woman. Pleasuring her in the most intimate way possible, with his

head between her legs, eating her pussy. And he was thoroughly enjoying it. Her flavor was that good. His hands slid down and cupped her ass, forcing her down, forcing his mouth deeper against her naked cunt.

Emily was still frozen in place, getting used to nine-inches of thick married dick now planted firmly inside her. She was breathing hard and kept her eyes scrunched shut in pleasure. She wiggled her hips ever so slightly, swiveling his cock inside her, knowing that she would lose control if she moved any more than that. She just held this position, her cunt clinging to the married man's weapon, forming a tight seal around it, squeezing it, smothering it with pleasure. Even though her cunt was stretched to the max around the dick inside her, a single bead of her juices dripped out, traveling down the root of his cock and over his heavy balls.

Rowena watched her fellow spirit impatiently. She was itching to feel that same married cock inside her, so she was eager to move things along quickly.

"C'mon, bitch." Rowena said, slapping Emily on the ass lightly. "Let's go! You've waited an eternity for this. Make it

worth the wait! Ride it for all it's worth. I want you to ride that fucking cock and cum all over it. Get all the pleasure you spent your whole life waiting for... out of your system... on that fucking married dick! Ride it, fuck it, demolish it! Cum all over it and claim it as your own. Do it, bitch! Do it!"

Emily's head turned to face Rowena with an almost animalistic snarl on her face. Rowena beamed with pride at seeing this unfamiliar expression on her co-conspirator's face. The big cock now in her cunt had transformed her, bringing her into a world of sin and pleasure. And despite her seemingly old-fashioned sensibilities, she welcomed this transformation with open arms. She had denied this kind of pleasure for too long, and now that she was experiencing it first-hand, she knew she could never go without it again. It felt too fucking good to deny.

"Yeah, I'm gonna fuck it!" Emily snarled, beginning to lightly bounce on the married dick, causing Scott to groan in pleasure as he ate Sophie's pussy.

"Is that right?" Rowena asked reaching forward to squeeze one of Emily's jiggling breasts. Emily began to bounce in

longer strokes, rising further and further up the length of Scott's dick.

"I'm gonna fuck the shit out of him, Rowena." Emily sighed out, her butt hitting Scott's thighs. "I'm gonna fuck him, and I'm gonna make him explode inside me. I'm gonna make him empty those big, heavy balls inside me, and leave fucking none for any of you. His cum will be all mine!" she panted, an unrecognizable, twisted glint in her eye.

"You'd better not." Rowena warned, not sure if she liked this new emboldened side of Emily. Emily smiled wickedly as she began to fully bounce the full length of Scott's dick. Emily turned her focus to the man under her. Even though his face was obscured by Sophie's ass and she couldn't see him, she knew that it was her tight cunt that had his full attention. She could feel him throbbing inside of her. Sure, she knew that Sophie had her beat in the looks department, but it was Emily that was making his cock pulse in delight.

Scott moaned into Sophie's cunt as he continued eating her out. He was practically paralyzed with pleasure. He had never felt a tight cunt before. Ever. Kate's pussy was snug,

but this was on a whole other level. Emily, this old-fashioned looking spirit, the one spirit who had been the least stunning, she had the tightest pussy he had ever felt. It was incredible. It squeezed every inch of his turgid shaft, coating it with her juices, smothering it with pleasure. She was giving him more sexual pleasure in the mere minutes he had been inside of her than he had ever felt before. Emily was already a better lover than his wife was. No matter how this whole encounter ended, he wouldn't be able to forget that fact. And when she began riding him in earnest... the pleasure was indescribable. He couldn't help but squirm underneath the two women as pleasure rippled up his body.

Emily worked up a good pace, bouncing smoothly on the nine inch dick, going from the base to the tip while still keeping the cock inside of her.

"Oh fuck." Emily sighed, clearly overwhelmed in sexual bliss, a type of pure, visceral pleasure she had never experienced before.

Rowena studied her friend, noting the way her large breasts were bouncing as she fucked the married man. Emily had her hands on Sophie's shoulders, using the other woman to steady herself as she bounced on the thick dick. And Sophie steadied herself by sitting on Scott's eager mouth. She ground her cunt on the married man's face, swiveling her thin hips as she did so. She was grinding against him so roughly she was forcing his head into the bed. The lips of her cunt were splayed against his lips as she forced her dripping juices into Scott's mouth. Scott was squirming beneath the two as his mouth attacked Sophie's sweet cunt, his hands clutching her bare ass down so he could maintain a tight seal around her naked pussy. His hips were bouncing up slightly, fucking back as Emily rode him.

Rowena moved down behind Emily as she kept bouncing on the hot married cock. She moved in close behind Emily's ass, studying the two lovers' conjoined sexual organs. Rowena was amazed at how smoothly Scott's thick, greased-up, juice covered cock slid into Emily's small, tight cunt. It didn't seem like it could fit, but she found a way to take it. Emily's pussy was stretched to the max around the thick invader. Scott must be feeling a lot of pleasure, Rowena thought. Then again, with a cock that big, so would

Emily. She was bouncing energetically on the jutting cock, her body shivering slightly in pleasure. She was clearly enjoying the huge cock, cause her juices were everywhere, coating Scott's dick and balls, Emily's cunt, Scott's thighs, and Emily's ass. Her ass was shiny with her juices, and as she bounced her ass-cheeks would spread apart, revealing her asshole, which was equally coated with her juices.

Emily bounced at a good, steady pace, sighing with pleasure. This allowed Rowena to time it just right so that she could lean in, extend her tongue, and lick his swollen sack, taking his juice covered nuts against her tongue. She licked straight up, sliding her tongue along the underside his pulsing shaft. As Emily slid down the meaty cock, Rowena's tongue slid between her ass-cheeks, sliding fearlessly along her ass-crack and across her asshole. Rowena continued onward, licking along Emily's spine, gathering beads of her sex sweat onto her serpent-like tongue. Rowena continued this as she rose upward and her tongue reached the back of Emily's neck. She pressed her naked breasts against Emily's back and placed her hands on Emily's hips. She moved her mouth to Emily's ear.

"You call this fucking, Emily?" Rowena whispered as Emily kept bouncing. "Sophie, look at this!" Rowena called out. The younger spirit turned her head to look at the two women behind her. "Look at Emily. Look at how dainty she is." Rowena said. Sophie smirked as her eyes lidded in lust as the married man's eager mouth continued its work. Emily looked between Sophie and Rowena, annoyed. "I didn't realize fucking could be so precious." Rowena said, antagonizing Emily. Emily screwed up her lips and began to bounce harder on the married dick. Her ass began to slap against Scott's manly thighs at a more fevered pace.

"C'mon, Emily! You can do better than this!" Rowena said loudly. "You waited an eternity for this? This pathetic performance... C'mon, if you're going to fuck him, then do it right!"

Emily's face snarled in anger as she rode the cock harder. She knew that this so-called 'pathetic' performance was the best sex this married man had ever had. But she knew she had to turn up the heat to prove she was just as capable as the two other women. She picked up the pace, Scott moaning and groaning even more as she did so.

"C'mon. C'MON!" Rowena called out, not impressed by the increased tempo of rough sex. "Emily, this is truly pathetic!"

"Better than you could do, you old bitch!" Emily spat out.

"Just wait till it's my turn, you fucking ugly bitch!" Rowena replied. "You'll see what real sex is like!"

"OH, FUCK YES!" Sophie called out, her head falling back in pleasure.

"Here, let me show you." Rowena said, leaning back. She rested her hands on Emily's bouncing hips and leaned forward so her arms were pointed straight down. Gripping Emily's hips in her claw-like fingers, she dug her nails deep. As Emily reached the highest point of her bouncing, Rowena pushed down hard, forcing Emily down roughly, slamming her body into Scott's.

"AAAAHHHHHHHH!" Emily screamed out.

"Mmmmmppphhh!" Scott grunted out, his body jerking wildly underneath the two women. Sophie held on his head like a bucking bronco, maintaining her balance as she swiveled on top of the married man's face. Emily maintained her position on top of Scott as he jerked under her, the pleasure nearly overwhelming him.

Rowena added power to Emily's fuck session. She helped pull her body up, and when Emily would bear down on Scott, taking his full length inside her, Rowena was right there, pushing down hard. Emily's hips were bouncing like a piston, bouncing on the thick cock, and Rowena's added force was like putting this piston into overdrive, pushing Emily to her absolute limits.

This went on for awhile, Rowena driving Emily's bouncing, using the other woman to fuck Scott into submission. His body settled down as he lied frozen on the bed, shaking, as if ready to pop. The room was heated up from exertion, acting like a sauna. All the guilty parties were coated with sweat, and the sheets were soaked. Sweat dripped from Rowena's mammoth breasts onto Emily as she assisted her.

Emily learned her lesson, knowing the type of speed she was able to fuck at, and soon, she didn't need any more assistance. She was fucking Scott hard, her sweaty skin slapping against him. Rowena noted this and backed away.

"Yes. Yes! YES!" Emily squealed out. "This is good! This is so fucking good!" she sighed, slamming her body against the married man in indecent, rough slapping. Rowena turned her attention to Sophie, but she didn't need any help. She knew what she was doing. Like Emily, she was coated in sweat, the indecent sexual exertions taking its toll. Beads of it dripped down her flat belly or off of her ass down onto Scott's face. But he didn't care or seem to notice. He was too busy voraciously eating her cunt. Rowena noticed the way her body seemed to shiver, and she guessed that she was close to erupting in pleasure. Her stomach muscles were flexing, and her tits were rippling as Scott's tongue did its work, going in and out of her cunt at a rapid pace. Finally, a jolt went through her.

"Oh, God. Oh God! OH GOD!" she moaned out. Her back straightened up. "I'm gonna cum, baby. I'm gonna cum! You're gonna make me fucking cum!" Sophie moaned out. Finally, she lifted herself up, breaking the suction seal of

Scott's mouth. She slid her hand down her belly and began to strum her own clit. "Oh God. Oh God! Oh my fucking God! I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna cum! OH GOD!" she shrieked, flicking her clit hard, droplets of sweat and her sex-juices dripping into Scott's open and waiting mouth. "Here it cums! Oh God! OH MY FUCKING GOD! YES! YES! OH MY GOD! YES! YES! YES! YYYYYYYYYEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!"

Finally, the dam broke. A wave of her hot girl-cum squirted from her needy cunt onto the married man's face. She squirted again and again, coating his face, his open mouth collecting her hot sex juices.

"Yes! Yes! YES!" Sophie screamed out, her fingers still rubbing herself. Another wave of girl-cum squirted out of her, directly into the married man's mouth this time. It overfilled his oral cavity, forcing him to gulp down her hot sex-juice. God, it tasted good, Scott marveled. It tasted like the sweetest candy, like nectar. He could happily swallow that every day. As Sophie shivered and she came down from her high, she rubbed her cunt against Scott's lips. His tongue leapt from his mouth, languidly licking her cunt, searching for any remnants of her delicious girl-cum.

Finally, she pushed him away as the pleasure was too great. She fell to his side as she attempted to regain her breath.

"Oh my God." she sighed, panting. "Oh my God! Oh baby." she gasped, grabbing his head and kissing him energetically. She kissed his cheek, his closed eyes, his nose. She kissed down his jaw to his chin before she pressed her lips against his, their lips smacking together as she repeatedly kissed him. "Thank you, baby! Thank you! I needed that so bad!" She moved down and began sucking at his neck, scratching his chest lovingly with her delicate fingers.

"Honey, you can thank him when you have a load of hot cum in your cunt." Rowena said plainly. "Until then this isn't over." She turned her attention to Scott as she curled up next to him and moved her lips to his ear.

"Tell me, dear." Rowena began, the smacks of Emily's ass against his thighs echoing through the room. "Tell me how it feels. Tell me what it's like to have a new pussy pleasuring that cock. So much better than that worn-out, disgusting vag your wife has. That's a pussy that knows how to please

you. Tell me what it's like to have a belly-full of Sophie's juices. Tell me what it's like to have sin flowing through you. Tell me how incredible it feels." she urged.

"It..." Scott croaked out. "It feels good."

"I know baby. I know. Sin does feel incredible." Rowena began. "There's so much sin in you now, bursting to get out. And we need to start with Emily." His vision now unobscured, he was able to look up at Emily again. Where before, she was still maintaining a sense of dignity, that was now gone. Emily was now like an animal, panting, huffing and puffing as she rode his cock like a bucking bronco, bouncing hard, her mammoth, sweat covered breasts bouncing everywhere. And whereas before she was still acting relatively austere, now... that had changed.

"Keep fucking me with that fat fucking cock you motherfucking piece of motherfucking shit! Fill my fucking tight cunt with that massive fucking dick! Fuck yes! Fuck me! FUCK ME! FUCK ME YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE!" Emily spat out. Unbidden, he reached up and grabbed her breasts. He gripped them roughly, her smooth,

sweaty flesh pouring through his fingers. Her hard nipples scratched against his palms, and his fingers gripped them and tweaked them hard.

"AAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

YYYYYYEEEESSSSSSSSSSSS!" Emily screamed out, her voice getting hoarse.

"Uhhhhh! Fuck!" Scott groaned out.

"That's it, hon. Fuck this bitch! Fuck her hard!" Rowena urged him, her tongue circling his ear. "You must be getting so close. Very soon now, you will know what it's like to cum inside another woman. You will know what it's like to betray your wife. And when you do, there will be nothing holding you back. There will be nothing to stop you from joining us in sin completely and embracing the new you. You will shed your old skin and become a whole new man."

"I'm... oh, fuck... I'm not sure." Scott moaned out, his mind in turmoil.

"But that cock looks very sure. Very, very sure. You just need to listen to it. It knows more than you do. And it wants to betray your wife. It wants to cum inside other women. It wants to lose control. It wants to explode. And it's already inside a pussy, so you might as well just cum inside that. So, just squeeze Emily's great, big boobs. Feel her tight cunt around you, and let yourself lose control."

"Ughhh! Fuck!" Scott grunted out.

"I know Emily's not as sexy as me, or even Sophie." Rowena whispered. "But I do need you to cum inside her. So focus on her big boobs. Focus on her pussy. Hopefully that's enough. But if you need something to... push you over the edge, then just focus on my voice." Scott's eyes were on Emily, but his focus was on Rowena's voice. She affected a sexy purr in her voice as she continued. "I know I'm the sexiest woman you've ever met." she said, rubbing her old, wrinkled finger against his lips. "Sexier than Emily... sexier than Sophie... sexier than Kate." she whispered softly. She thought very highly about herself, Scott thought. Sure, she did have a certain dark appeal, but Scott would have to say Sophie was way more traditionally attractive than Rowena,

and Kate was certainly more traditionally pretty as well. But why was his cock throbbing with every word she said.

"God, you must feel like such a man right now." Rowena observed. "An old slut riding your cock. A young slut on your side, sucking your neck, and me, a goddess like me, curled up on your other side. You're in bed with three hot bitches, Scott. You're a hot-blooded fucking man! You're gonna have all three of us tonight, Scott. And me especially. I will be your prize. Your reward after a long night of work. I know Emily has huge boobs, and Sophie is gorgeous, but me... I'm the total package. I'm the hottest bitch you've ever met. And by the end of the night, it's gonna be me riding your cock. It's gonna be me and you having sex. God, the things I will do to you."

Scott kept squeezing Emily's massive breasts, his cock still throbbing as she rode him hard. Sophie was curled up next to him, kissing him gently as she regained her strength.

"Scott, you're gonna betray your wife for me." Rowena began. "Me, an older slut with white hair, and covered with tattoos... you are going to fuck me harder and better than

you ever fucked your stupid wife. God, I want to meet her, just so I can rub it in her ugly fucking face how much more you want me than her."

"Ughhnnnn," Scott groaned, Emily's pussy and Rowena's words driving him to his urge.

"You like that?" Rowena asked. "You like me telling you how badly I would dominate your wife? Good. If I met your wife, I would tie her up and make her watch me and you in action. Teach her a few things. I would do awful things to you in front of her. I would humiliate her." Rowena said. She slid her hand down and curled her old fingers around the base of his cock, Emily's ass hitting her hand as she bounced. She could feel him pulsing with need. He was close.

"I would make her watch you ass-fuck me on your marital bed. Then I would make you pull out from my ass and slide your cock against her nasty face." Rowena whispered, squeezing his cock. "I would make you cum inside my hot cunt and make her suck my pussy afterward. I would rub her face in my ass while I sucked you off. I would make you

lay her on the bed and make you fuck me on top of her. I want my juices, my sweat, my cum, your cum... I want it to drip all over her."

"Oh God!" Scott moaned out, this vision of depravity being conjured in his ear sending a violent jolt of lust through him. Enough to push him to the brink. His cock swelled between Rowena's fingers.

Scott was about to cum.

His focus shifted to the woman on top of him. Gripping Emily's mammoth breasts even more roughly, he began to drive up into her fully, driving his cock up into her as hard as he could.

"Uh uh uh uh uh uh uh uh uh uh." Emily warbled, eyes closed, delirious with pleasure. Scott sat up and pushed his head towards her chest, taking her sweaty nipple into his mouth. He attacked it savagely, his tongue sliding against the hard nub and smooth areola. He slid his arms around her and pulled her down so he was back on his back once again, this time with her right on top of him. He began to

drive up into her hard, giving her his full length while he sucked her huge breast.

"Ugh ugh ugh! Oh God! Gughughughugh! Yes! YES! YES!" Emily moaned out. Scott was running on pure lust at this point, his throbbing dick taking over proceedings. "Oh my God, I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna cum!" she squealed, her pussy spasming around his dick. In a rush of adrenaline, she pushed herself up, pulling her breast from his mouth and peeling their sweaty bodies apart.

"I'M GONNA FUCKING CUM! YES!" she screamed at the top of her lungs. Her pussy clenched around Scott's meaty cock like a vice, enough to push him over the edge.

"Holy fuck! YES!" Scott gasped out, cum exploding out of cock with a violent jerk. Time seemed to slow down for a few moments as this moment of bliss washed over them both. And as it did, for a moment, in Scott's eyes, Emily's appearance seemed to change. Not a severe change, but a noticeable one. For a second, there were a few more wrinkles on her face, her breasts looked a little smaller, and they sagged quite a bit. This vision lasted for merely a

moment, before it was shaken from him by the overwhelming pleasure he was feeling. Stream after stream of cum fired out of him into Emily's warm, welcoming cunt.

"Huuuuunnnnn!" Scott grunted, the pleasure overwhelming.

"Uhhhhhhhh!" Emily groaned out, her body shivering as this wave of pleasure went through her. Scott's hands were on her breasts, squeezing them roughly as he rode this orgasm out. His cock was pulsing and flexing as jets of cum rocketed from his swollen balls into her clutching pussy. His cock was buried to the root inside of her, so his cum was going in deep. And all through this, Rowena kept one hand wrapped around the base of his cock, so every flex of his meat, every jet of cum that burst out from within his swollen balls passed by her clutching fingers. Her hand was pressed in between Emily and Scott, but she didn't lessen her grip one bit.

Finally, with a sigh, Emily's body relaxed and she fell to the side, curling up slightly as she recovered from the pleasure

she had just experienced. Scott's soaked dick emerged, starting to slightly soften as he too recovered. He was breathing hard as he came down from his high, slightly lost to the world. And through it all, Rowena maintained her grip on him.

Like a serpent, Rowena slid down his body, gripping his slick cock until her mouth hovered above it. She began to stroke it lightly, trying to maintain its hardness.

"Uh, Rowena, wait a bit..." Scott panted, trying to push her away from his overworked cock, but Rowena was having none of it. She pushed his hands away and lowered her mouth onto him, taking his half-hard dick into it. She fearlessly attacked it, taking the whole length, her lips soon wrapped around its base.

"Oh shit!" Scott called out, not sure if he was ready for more so soon, but unable to deny the pleasure she was drawing out of him. Rowena moved down the bed, keeping his cock in her mouth, until she could look up at Scott.

Scott's eyes were drawn to hers. Her cold, icy blue eyes held his stare. He again had to marvel at what was happening to him. He had just cheated on his wife with a woman who was seemingly a ghost, a plain-faced woman who dressed like a puritan and had enormous breasts. Not only had he cheated on his wife, he had had aggressive, rough, sweaty sex that ended with him spurting a thick load of cum deep inside her tight snatch. And now, a white-haired, incredibly pale, tattooed older woman with unnaturally blue eyes had his cock down her throat. And next to him was a luscious, busty woman who had been dressed like a slutty elf, and she was recovering after sitting on Scott's face until he got her off with his mouth. He couldn't explain exactly how he had ended up in this situation, and he wasn't sure how he'd get out. He wasn't sure how'd he'd ended up in bed with three spirits, women who shouldn't be real. But he had, and he knew deep down this was only the beginning. He knew he should be fighting for his wife and not letting himself fall into this trap, but he couldn't lie. The sex with Emily had been amazing, and besides, he had already cheated once during this encounter. However this encounter was actually happened, Scott figured he'd at least experience it fully and enjoy it just a little bit.

But after his aggressive bout of sex with Emily, he felt like he could have called it a night. He had never been that worn down after sex. Then when Rowena put his softening dick into her mouth and stared into his eyes, he quickly shifted gears. Something about the icy gaze, a gaze so cold and unflinching it felt like she was staring into his very soul... it changed something in him. It affected him. There was something about her lazy confidence, how easily she gained control of this situation, her complete arrogance in her own looks... it made his dick change direction. When his cock entered her mouth, it was softening after a hard cum. But when it re-emerged from her hungry mouth, it was nine-inches of skin covered concrete.

Rowena knew how to suck a dick. Despite her shocking appearance, there was something about the heat of her wet mouth, the swift confidence of her tongue, the slickness of her saliva that now covered his shaft, the sight of her plump lips pressed slightly around the root of his cock... it all combined to drive him wild. There was something about this, the sight of this evil looking woman sucking his cock so hard she was trying to suck the meat off the bone, the sight of this demon-like spirit savoring the size and flavor

of his married dick, it turned him on in a deep, dark visceral way he couldn't begin to explain.

Whereas moments before he was running out of energy, he was now avidly watching Rowena's mouth inhaling him as if she were a maestro at sucking cock.

"Oh my God." Scott sighed, resting his palm on the back of her head as she eagerly took his dick down her tight throat again and again. After a few minutes of this, she pulled his cock from her mouth, now covered with her spit. Bands of it stretched from his meat to her mouth. She moved in close, rubbing his saliva coated shaft against her face.

"You see, Scott..." Rowena began, planting a wet kiss at the underside of the tip of his cock. "You do love me." This twisted demoness said, saliva spreading onto her own face from his meat. "I understand this cock better than you do. I know what it likes, and what it doesn't. I know it doesn't like your wife..." she paused, kissing her way up his shaft. "But, it LOVES me. Admit it, Scott, according to this cock, I'm your dream woman." she said with a wicked smile, smoothly swallowing half his shaft once again. He wanted

to deny her claims, but his cock was tingling in her amazing mouth. There was something about her that drove his dick wild. And this was just with her mouth. He couldn't help but wonder what she'd do with the rest of her hot body. And yes, Scott had to admit it, this crazy looking, white-haired, tattooed demoness had a hot fucking body. As imposing and intimidating as she was, his body's natural response to her was get rock fucking hard. As much as he was intimidated by her, his cock desperately wanted inside of her.

The smooth, natural, rhythmic sound of Rowena choking on his thick cock echoed through the room. Mere minutes ago, he had been coming down from his orgasm, his cock descending to half-mast. But, thanks to Rowena's hot, wet mouth, his cock was throbbing and his balls were boiling. Her mouth had seemingly uncovered an untapped vault of cum he didn't know he had, and like a freshly tapped oil well, once the seal was broken, the cum deep inside him was bursting to get out.

Finally, Rowena pulled her mouth off of him, his cock completely soaked with her gooey spit. Her lips curled into a wicked smile as she got up on her knees.

"Well, I guess I should get a reward for all my hard work." Rowena began, beginning to crawl towards Scott, ready to straddle him. But before she could do that, she was interrupted.

"Uh, uh, uh." Sophie chided, leaping into action, jumping onto her knees next to Rowena, putting her hands on Rowena's arm. "I don't think so. It's my turn."

"You can be patient, dear." Rowena chided, balancing over Scott's dick. "I got him back to fighting shape. I did the work, now I get the pleasure."

"I sucked his dick before Emily got to ride him." Sophie replied.

"Well, dear..." Rowena began with a slight smile.

"NO!" Sophie roared, a fire in her eyes. "I have waited too long for this. I am not stepping aside anymore! I'm not letting any other bitch get in my way. The fact that that

fucking cow Emily got to him first instead of me is a fucking joke! I am getting some dick, and you can either step aside, or I will make you." Sophie threatened. Rowena shook her head.

"Your impatience always got you in trouble, didn't it... Sophie?" Rowena asked pointedly. Sophie maintained the nasty scowl on her face as she replied.

"I don't fucking care what you think. I never did." Sophie said. "Now step aside. That cock is mine."

"Fine." Rowena relented, moving away from Scott, relinquishing her grip on his cock, finally. "I guess we'll save the main course for last." Sophie rolled her eyes at Rowena as she moved into place above Scott's cock.

"We'll see if he can even get it up for an old lady like you once I'm done with him." Sophie said with a cocky smile.

"It's probably best that we're saving the best for last." Rowena began. "When he's done with you, he'll still have

some left in the tank for me. When I'm done with him, he'll be dead."

A jolt of worry went through Scott at this statement. Rowena noticed this and turned to him.

"Figuratively." Rowena assured him. She turned back to Sophie. "When I'm done with him, I'll drain so much cum from his balls he'll be a dried up fucking husk. When I'm done with him, he will never be the same. You're just a cheap hook-up that will be long forgotten when he's with me."

"Whatever bitch. That will really bother me when I'm cumming on his fat cock." Sophie spat out. "It will really bother me when I return to the world of the living and you..." she began, and Rowena gave her a cold, furious gaze of warning, stopping her in her tracks. "Well, I'm sure that when he has my tits in his hands, and I'm about to make him cum in my tight cunt, I'm sure he'll be thinking of the old lady with the trashy tattoos and hideous hair."

Rowena rolled her eyes.

"Well, the truth will come out soon enough." Rowena began.
"And just remember... this hard cock, the cum in his balls... you may get his load, but I put it there. It belongs to me."

"Whatever." Sophie replied snottily. Scott watched this whole thing, unmoving, watching these two women argue about who would fuck him first, neither deigning to actually get Scott's opinion on the whole thing.

Sophie finally turned her focus to Scott. She got on all fours above him. As she did, her tone and expression changed, transforming from bratty arrogance to friendly and welcoming.

"Hey, babe." she said softly, inches above him.

"Uh, hi." Scott replied.

"God, you are so cute." she said, running her fingers along his square chin. His eyes fell to her massive hanging jugs, before jumping back up to her pretty face. "It's okay." she

giggled. "You can look. You can even touch. Here..." she began. Balancing herself on one hand, she used the other to grab his wrists, one at a time, and slapped his hands across her big boobs. "You hold these, I'll hold this." She said, reaching down and grabbing his jutting shaft between her fingers. As she slapped it against the outside of her pussy, she spoke up again. "You can squeeze them all you want, hon. It must be so hard to be married to a woman with such small breasts. To be such a pathetic excuse for a woman... I mean, like, if you're someone like her, at least have the decency to not saddle a good man to you. She should know to just let women like me take care of guys like you. It is AMAZING that you haven't cheated before now."

"Never even thought about it." Scott replied honestly.

"Well, from now on, it's gonna be all you think about." she replied with a laugh. She swiveled her cunt around the tip of his cock, teasing it gently. Scott's head rolled at this teasing. He caught sight of Emily, still blissed out on the bed next to him. Rowena was watching proceedings play out from behind Sophie. Scott's eyes again fell to Sophie's breasts. His hands studied the way the smooth, sexy tan flesh bulged through his fingers as he squeezed them. He

let his fingers trail over her rock hard nipples, twisting them gently.

"Ughhh, yes!" Sophie moaned, her juice leaking her sex-juice over the tip of his cock. She settled his cock at the outside of her cunt and looked down at him. "I just want you to think about this, as your cock enters my tight cunt for the first time, that if you think this will be the last time you fuck another woman, you are kidding yourself."

Scott was about to respond when she began to sit on him, burying his thick shaft into her tight pussy.

"Uhhh..." Scott groaned out, his head falling back. As more and more of his cock entered into her incredible pussy, his dick spreading the puffy lips of her vagina around his throbbing meat, Sophie sighed in pleasure. Her pussy felt even better than Emily's. While Emily just seemed naturally tight and in need of a good fucking, Sophie's cunt was like a real pussy. An expert's pussy. A pussy that knew how to give a fat cock some true pleasure. That knew how to squeeze every inch of a cock, to smother it with tight warmth and wetness, to provide a tight suction around a

dick and pull it even deeper. Soon, her ass hit his thighs softly.

"Oh my God!" Scott moaned, marveling at her incredible pussy, his hands squeezing her breasts reflexively.

"Fuck!" Sophie called out, swiveling her hips gently, swiveling her cunt around his cock, getting used to his size. She rolled her head in pleasure before returning her focus to Scott. "You see, baby, you can't possibly go back to your wife after this. This is a real cunt. A whore's cunt. A cunt that knows how to care for a cock like yours. A cunt built to drive a man wild. Not all women get to have a pussy like this. Kate certainly doesn't. She just has a regular, run-of-the mill, boring vagina. Just a used, dried-up hole to stick your dick in. But sluts like me... we have a little slice of heaven between our legs that take men to paradise." she said with a cocky smile, leaning forward over him.

"This is just for tonight." Scott argued. "To end this night, whatever this is." Sophie tittered at this.

"Whatever you have to tell yourself to get through this." Sophie replied. "But don't be surprised if your eyes just seem to start noticing how some women tend to shake their ass when they're around you. If you start to notice what color thongs all the sluts around you are wearing. If all of a sudden, you find that women are making it clear that they are very available for you. Don't be surprised if you start closing up shop a little early every night and make little Miss Christine squeal for a little while. If you find yourself making long, hot, sweaty business deals with Stacy. If you sneak off at family functions with that little slut Lindsay."

"I won't." Scott contended, biting his lip to stifle the pleasure Sophie's cunt was bringing him.

"That's just the beginning. You'll miss out on those dinners with your wife and spend your hard earned money making it rain on slutty strippers. You'll realize that your 18-year neighbor with the huge jugs that always makes small talk with you is in fact after something very big. You'll find yourself happily volunteering to help that old lady down the street, the one with the mammoth breasts that dresses like a slut half her age." Sophie claimed.

"No, I won't!" Scott responded more firmly, squeezing her succulent breasts roughly.

"Yeah you will!" Sophie sang arrogantly as she smoothly rotated her hips, swirling his thick cock inside her. Scott was getting angry. This was just a one time thing that he was being forced into. He didn't want to be cheating on his wife, despite the fact he was currently balls deep in another woman. He was being forced into this. He didn't want to hear any claims that he was going to start betraying his wife beyond this. That he would enjoy it. Scott got more and more angry as he thought about it, and making him even madder was her arrogant gaze. He wanted to wipe that cocky smirk off her face.

"I was so freaking nice and sweet before, but now you just fucking hate me, don't you?" Sophie asked with a bright, teasing smile.

"Uhhnn, yeah." Scott seethed out through his teeth.

"You fucking hate me, but your cock loves me, loves my tight CUNT! Doesn't it?" Sophie claimed.

"Fuck you." Scott spat out.

"That's not a no!" she sang out again. He slid his hands down her smooth skin to her hips, gripping them firmly, tempted to throw her off of him. She knew exactly what she was doing to him, and she was clearly enjoying the torture she was putting him through. "Admit it, Scott, you want me! You love me! You want to fuck me more than you ever fucked your wife. You're a cheating asshole, now. A cheating husband, a fucking prick who betrays his wife trust just to chase down whatever hot piece of ass comes across your way."

"No," Scott said angrily, rotating his dick gently inside her.

"Admit it, Scott. You're just a big-dicked stud on the hunt, your wife be damned. Every night you'll come home with some random slut's juices coating your wedding ring." Sophie claimed.

"No!" Scott said more firmly.

"When your wife calls to see what she should make you for dinner, you'll talk to her while you'll feed some random slut your cum!" Sophie stated

"NO!" Scott yelled out.

"Once I'm done with you, you'll never enjoy fucking your wife again. Your sex life with your dull, ugly wife is fucking over! Yay!" Sophie said excitedly. Something inside Scott snapped. He needed to shut her up now. He needed wipe that smirk off her face.

So he kissed her.

Scott rose up and met her plump lips with his in a fiery kiss. Their mouths quickly opened and their tongues passionately met each other. She wrapped her arms around his back as they fell back to the bed, rolling against each other as their open mouths did battle with each other.

Scott was acting on pure manly instinct. His hands slid down to her ass and squeezed her full cheeks roughly. He didn't think about how much he disliked her at the moment. All he concentrated on was how incredible of a kisser she was. How good it felt to have her naked body pressed against his. How good her pussy felt as it clamped around his throbbing dick. They wrestled on the bed, rolling around as passion took over, their lips pressed each other roughly as their kiss became even deeper, choking each other with their energetic tongues. Scott lost himself for a few moments in this embrace, enjoying the feeling and not letting himself think about the consequences.

Finally, he ended up on top of her as they wrestled for control. Both wanted to be in control, but Scott currently had the advantage being on top. But Sophie didn't give up, squirming under him as he tried to pin her down, squirming around, trying to free herself, until finally, Scott pinned her down on her belly against the bed, his cock still inside her squeezing cunt as he pulled away from her, holding her upper half down as he paused over her, not knowing what to do.

With half of her face pinned to the bed, she looked up at him, seeing his uncertainty. Her eyes glowing with hunger, she looked up at the panting man above her. Sensing an opportunity, she pushed herself back gently, pushing her ass into him. He pushed himself back, letting her push him back. He slid his hands along her sides as she got up on all fours in front of him. She looked back at him with lust in her eyes as the married man's fingers pressed into the skin on her hips softly. Her cunt clenched around him tightly.

"Fuck me, Scott!" Sophie spat out. "Fuck me like a slut! Fuck me like a cheap fucking whore!"

Scott scowled at her before confidently planting a crisp spank on her jutting rear-end. Her eyes began to lid over slightly as he did so, and they did even more so as he gripped her hips and began to drive his cock in and out of her.

"Ahhh.... fuck." she said, her head falling slightly as the pleasure hit her.

"You like that?" Scott growled out, voice almost unrecognizable.

"Yeah, I fucking love it!" Sophie moaned it. "Spank me again! Spank my ass again!"

SPANK!

Scott didn't hesitate to slap the gorgeous woman's ass again as he began to work out a smooth rhythm, driving his cock in and out of her.

"God, you're so fucking tight!" Scott gasped out, leaning over her bare back, and sliding his hand around her to squeeze one of her large, hanging breasts. Her pussy was amazing, squeezing his cock tightly and pleasuring him in just the right way, as if her pussy was perfectly scratching some-deep seeded itch within him. "Your pussy's incredible." he growled out.

"Baby, it can take whatever you can give it." she assured, looking over her shoulder at him. "So fuck me as hard as

you fucking can. Take out ten fucking years of married frustration on my perfect cunt!" Scott straightened up and began giving Sophie long, hard strokes. "Aww fuck yes!" she squealed. Her ass slapped into his torso as he fucked her. "That's right, fuck me! Fuck me like a slut, Scott! This is how sluts like it. Hard and fucking rough."

"Ughh, fuck yeah!" Scott growled, the pleasure drowning out any objections he might have. Her pussy felt so good! It was a brand new experience having his bare, unprotected cock inside of a real, hot, tight cunt. His wife simply had a vagina. But this, this was a sexy fucking cunt, and it was like a door had been opened to a whole new world.

"Get used to it, baby. Get fucking used to it!" Sophie moaned out. "Fuck yes! FUCK! Baby, you'll be getting a LOT of this! Ha ha! You'll be getting so much ass, Scott. So much! What we showed you... ugh, yes... what we showed you was just the beginning! FUCK! Babe, you are on the fucking market now, and sluts like me will know it. Yes! The second you step out the fucking door, you will have ravenous whores on this fat fucking cock! OHHHH GOD YES! You will have a slut's plump lips wrapped around the root of this huge fucking dick at the snap of your fingers! This fucking bare

cock will be drowning in tight pussy, day after fucking day! UHHHNNNNN! This cock will make the fucking nicest girls bend over and let you drill them up the fucking ass! YES!" Sophie squealed.

Her words made him look down. Her ass-cheeks were spreading apart as he pumped his cock into her heavenly twat, exposing her nice, tight butthole. He had never done any ass-play with any of the girls he had been with, but her asshole made him drool. And below that, Scott watched his own cock pump in and out of her. He admired the way his cock was now coated with her shiny sex-juices. He marveled at the way her tight pussy fucking clung to him, trying desperately to keep his cock buried inside her as he drilled her. It just kept squeezing and clinging to his mammoth meat as he pistoned his throbbing cock inside her. This was how sex was supposed to feel. This is what it felt like to be a man, fucking the tightest pussy he could ever imagine. He felt like he was on top of the world. He felt like the king. He felt like he was now in control of this situation.

Then he looked up.

Any illusion Scott had of being in control disappeared instantly. It wasn't he that was in control. It wasn't him, it wasn't Sophie, it wasn't Emily.

It was Rowena.

Rowena had seized the opportunity. When Scott was distracted, Rowena had stood up on the bed and stepped over Sophie's bent over body. She stood over Sophie now, hands on her hips, facing Scott, meaning that his face was now mere inches from Rowena's naked, dripping cunt. Scott slowed down his pumping for a second.

"C'mon, babe, harder." Sophie whined before looking back and seeing Rowena's proximity. Her head sagged slightly, annoyed the Rowena was butting in to proceedings. "Rowena! This is my turn! I've waited way too long for this!" Sophie called out angrily.

"Oh, don't worry. You'll get what you want, dear." Rowena said, glancing back lazily. "But you took your pleasure while Emily was fucking him. Turnabout's fair play, love." she turned back to face Scott again. He paused, the full length

of his dick marinating inside of Sophie's amazing cunt. He looked up the expanse of Rowena's flat belly, past her mountainous, round breasts, capped by throbbing hard nipples, all the way to her face. Her cold blue eyes stared back at him, her white hair and expressionless face making her look almost like a demon queen, appraising him from above. Her lips curled into a sneer as she slid one of her hands across her tattooed belly, sliding down to rub her bare cunt lightly. Scott watched her old, wrinkled fingers playing with her own clit, dipping into her ripping cunt lightly.

"Well..." she began. "What are you waiting for? Come get the meal you've been waiting all your life for." she taunted, her clit throbbing as she rubbed it lightly.

Scott couldn't help but gawk. As extreme as Rowena's appearance was, he had to admit her cunt looked very sexy. It was completely hairless, and the lips looked nice and puffy. This part of her was free of markings, so her pussy was simply bare, pale, sexy flesh. His mouth watered as her scent hit his nose, and his eyes locked in to her throbbing clit, which was clearly aching for a mouth.

Scott was transfixed, hypnotized. That is probably why he didn't put up much of a fight as Rowena slipped her hand around the back of his head and pulled him forward, his open mouth colliding with her naked cunt.

"Aaaaahhhhh yyyyyeeessss!" Rowena moaned out, grinding her cunt against the married man's open lips. Scott's hands slid up to the back of her thigh, pulling himself into her. Where with Sophie, there had been an initial hesitation to eat her cunt, with Rowena there was none. He dove right in, extending his tongue deep into her waiting twat, gathering her copious juices. His tongue was dancing inside of her, licking along her inner walls, absorbing her amazing flavor onto his tongue.

"Ahhhh, that's good. That's fucking good!" Rowena gasped. Scott attacked her cunt with fervor, sucking at it, licking it. When he took her throbbing clit between his lips, she almost exploded.

"FUCK!" Rowena screamed out, pulling him roughly into her, her nails digging into his scalp.

Scott was so absorbed in this new sex act that he had lost focus on the tight, wet pussy wrapped around his cock. Sophie sensed this too.

"C'mon, Scott. C"MON!" she screamed at him, but he was too busy being smothered by Rowena's tight, wet cunt to notice. He had stopped driving into her, so she took over proceedings. She began to drive back into him, slamming her ass into his crotch roughly. Scott didn't acknowledge this at first, but her driving ass was forcing his body back, pulling his mouth from Rowena's pussy.

"That's it, Scotty, that's it! This isn't about her. It's about me! So fuck me. FUCK ME!" Sophie screamed at him.

"Uuuuggggghhhnnnn!" Scott groaned into Rowena's wet cunt, the pleasure around his cock feeling amazing. He tried his best to pleasure both women, but their positioning wasn't optimal for any of them. Trying to pleasure both women equally meant that he wasn't giving either his best.

"Scott!" Sophie demanded. "Forget about her! Just fuck me!"

At this point, Sophie's cunt had taken over his focus, it somehow feeling even tighter and wetter than before. It was gripping him so hard! Scott tried to pull back, but Rowena held him in place. He still avidly ate her cunt, but it was getting tougher to do two things at once. Finally, Rowena stepped back. Scott looked up at her, confused, as Sophie drove her amazing ass back into him.

"Okay, I've got a solution to this that will make everyone happier." Rowena claimed. "Just hold her hips and fuck this impatient bitch. Let me do the rest."

Scott turned his attention to Sophie, driving into her hard with the full length of his meaty cock.

"Yesss! Fuck me, baby! Fuck me hard! Feel that tight cunt around your married dick and forget all about your boring old wife! Ha ha!" Sophie laughed out. Scott started to get into a good rhythm, but he couldn't help but keep one eye on Rowena. In front of him, she stepped around Sophie, spinning around so her ass was now inches in front of him.

She stepped forward a bit and bent over, grabbing the headboard for support. She glanced down at Emily.

"Emily, get off your ass and get near mine." Rowena commanded. Still seemingly in a bit of daze, Emily nonetheless complied, getting on her knees, moving near Rowena's ass before looking up at her friend.

As Scott still drove into Sophie, Rowena reached back with one hand, placing it on her left ass-cheek.

"Fuck... Fuck!" Sophie moaned, Scott's hands now back on her hips as he flexed his, fucking her with the full length of his cock.

"Emily, be a dear and put your hand on my ass." Rowena asked. Emily complied, sliding her hand onto Rowena's other ass-cheek. "Now... spread them." Rowena asked. At the same time, Rowena and Emily pulled at her ass, spreading the cheeks apart, exposing Rowena's asshole to Scott's eyes. Scott's attention was stolen again.

"Here you go, Scott." Rowena began. "Stare at my asshole. Stare into it and know your looking into your destiny. Your future. Gaze upon my asshole and know that your tongue will be on it very, very soon. Stare deep into my sexy, tight, naked asshole and know that your 32 years of life have led you to this moment where you worship my asshole with your tongue. The greatest achievement in your life isn't marrying your wife. It will be rimming my tight fucking asshole!"

His pumping came to a sudden stop. He looked straight forward at Rowena's asshole. It certainly was an asshole, that much was true, and Scott had never really looked at one in such close proximity. It was clean and tight, going along with her boasts. The ridged flesh was slightly darker than the rest of her, leading to the tight hole itself. Scott knew he should be taken aback by this raw sight in front of him, but he couldn't look away. He felt drawn to it, his mouth watering as his cock hardened even more, feeling like an iron bar jammed in Sophie's tight, wet hole.

"C'mon Scott!" Sophie pled. "Just fuck me! Ignore this old lady flashing her butthole at you and fuck my fucking tight

cunt and fill it with hot, thick cum! What are you waiting for?"

Scott was still transfixed, not moving.

"Scott, the good thing is, this a hands free job." Rowena began with a smirk, her dead, blue eyes gazing back at him. "You can keep you hands on this slut's hips and fuck this bitch hard, make her scream on the end of your fat cock. And while you do that, you can keep your mouth wedged between my butt-cheeks, worshipping my asshole with that hot fucking tongue. You'll rim my asshole with your tongue until you make me fucking cum while giving this impatient little bitch your absolute best. Scott, your best way forward is to do this. So just open your mouth and extend your tongue. Don't be afraid. It wants you as much as you want it."

Scott weighed his options for a few moments, but Rowena didn't plan to let him change his mind. She nodded at Emily. Emily knew what she wanted. Before Scott could notice, Emily slipped her hand behind his head and pushed his face forward, and he didn't fight. He knew it had to be

done. That was why, as Scott's mouth was pulled closer, he went on the offensive, opening his mouth and savagely attacking Rowena's asshole.

"Oooooohhhhhh FUCK! Yeah." Rowena sighed as she felt Scott's tongue make contact with her asshole. Emily held his head against her friend's ass, but he wasn't going anywhere. But it did give him leverage, so without hesitation, he began driving his cock hard into Sophie's cunt again.

"That's it! That's it! Fuck me, Scott. Fuck me!" Sophie sighed.
"God yes!"

Scott was now pleasuring two women fully, his hips driving into Sophie hard as his tongue lavished Rowena's asshole. Surprisingly, he was enjoying the act of rimming Rowena's ass. There was something about it, about using his married mouth to pleasure a woman in such a raw, filthy way that was a huge turn-on. His tongue circled the hole, covering it with saliva, truly worshipping it. There was pressure on his skull as Emily held him in place and Rowena used her ass to push back at him, but he didn't mind. He began to stab at

the tight sphincter with his tongue, seeking to penetrate it, to break the seal of her tight ass so that he could pleasure her even more. Hours ago, this act would have been completely foreign, but now, it felt natural.

"Fuck!" Rowena moaned, her head sagging in pleasure as the married man feasted on her ass. The sensation of Scott so desperately attacking her asshole was driving her wild. Sensing that Scott's mouth wasn't going anywhere, his face firmly planted between her butt-cheeks, she slid the hand holding her ass down to her dripping pussy, rubbing it in pleasure.

"God, you're gonna make me cum with that mouth. Holy shit!" Rowena gasped out, shocked at how close she was getting already.

Sophie was in the same boat. Something about this man was driving her wild. There was something about Scott that just naturally made girls want to cum. He just had that quality to him, as if every movement, every natural choice he made during sex and outside of it was skewed in the direction of which one would make girls want to cum more. Deep down,

he knew how to fuck really well, which was why it was such a shame his gifts were being wasted on that wife of his.

"Fuck, Scott! Give it to me hard! Don't stop, don't ever stop till you fucking blow that thick, tasty load deep inside me." Sophie moaned out, her boobs jiggling beneath her as she and Scott drove into each other.

Scott was a well-oiled machine, his hips driving into Sophie as he kept his mouth savagely buried in Rowena's ass. He was unrelenting, the ache in his balls, that bursting need to cum, dictating his actions. He wasn't thinking about his wife. He wasn't thinking about his friends or his family or his city. All that was driving was that unending need for release.

His tongue was driving against Rowena's rear-end, until finally, her asshole snapped open, taking the tip of his tongue inside.

"FUCK!" Rowena screamed out, her body getting jolted with lust. "Stick it in, stick that whole fucking tongue in my ass. OOOHHHHHH FFFFUUUUUCCCCCKKK

YYYYYEEEESSSSSSSS!" she screamed as Scott complied with her command, pushing through the breach, his tongue pushing into Rowena's asshole. She started rubbing her own cunt furiously.

"GOD YES! Fuck, Scott, you're gonna get it so good from me. I'm gonna demolish that fucking dick! FUCK YES!" Rowena moaned. "You are good. You are so fucking good!"

His entire body was flexed and tensed as he pleased the two women. Emily couldn't help but admire the man's physique, keeping an eye on his cute butt as he drove into Sophie. He was actively driving his own face into Rowena's ass, so Emily took the opportunity to slide her hand down his back and give his butt a healthy squeeze.

Rowena's body was tensed as she felt the married man's tongue fucking her ass, driving through the tight seal of her butthole, pleasuring her in just the right way. She was ready to explode.

"Keep going. Keep going! Keep going! Keep going! KEEP GOING! I'm so close. So close! SO CLOSE! I'm gonna cum,

you fucker! I'm gonna cum! OH GOD! I'M GONNA
FUCKING CUM! I'M GONNA CUM!
YYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSS!"

Rowena screamed in pleasure. Her ass clamped around Scott's tongue as an orgasm hit her, her juices squirting past her fingers and onto Sophie's back. Her body jerked and quivered as the orgasm coursed through her. Scott didn't budge, his face staying firmly planted between her ass-cheeks.

As this orgasm wrecked through Rowena, he stopped driving into Sophie, so focused on what was happening to Rowena. He could still feel Sophie's cunt quivering around him, but his attention was elsewhere.

Finally, Rowena's body relaxed, and her body fell away from him. His face was released from her ass as she fell to Sophie's side, recovering from what had just hit her. Scott gasped for breath, now free from the fleshy prison of her ass, but he didn't have much time to recover. His focus returned to him just in time to see Sophie turn to look at him, a face of cold fury on her face. Before he could react, Sophie acted.

Using her legs, Scott was pulled towards the bed as she spun in front of him, rolling them both around. Scott ended up on his back and Sophie ended up on top of him, facing him, his cock still fully planted inside of her. She squeezed her cunt around him and looked down at him with a scowl on her face. Whereas before, she was sweet and bubbly, now she looked cold and arrogant.

"How dare you give another woman your attention when you're with me! Me?! Look at me. Look at these tits!" Sophie said, leaning back, showing off her massive breasts to him. She grabbed his wrists and once again planted his hands on her boobs, and he actively squeezed them again. "You're gonna fucking pay for that. I'm gonna destroy you. I'm gonna drain your balls completely and leave none for that old slut. She's gonna fucking regret getting in my way." She reached forward and grabbed the headboard. Before he could react, she lifted her ass and began to bounce.

"Uhhhhhh! Fuck!" Scott sighed as her tight cunt went up and down the length of his shaft, as if trying to squeeze the cum out.

"Tell me, Scott! Tell me! Tell me I'm the hottest fucking woman you've ever met! Tell me I'm more beautiful than your wife, better looking than Kate, or Emily, or fucking Rowena. Tell me!" Sophie demanded, her ass bouncing and her boobs jiggling.

"Yes!" Scott relented. "You're so fucking hot! So sexy! You're so much better looking than Kate! So much better than my wife! Or them! You're the most gorgeous woman I've ever laid eyes on." Scott replied.

"Awww, sounds like you're in love, Scott!" Sophie mocked. "I should have visited you many Christmases ago. It would have been me you walked down the aisle." she laughed. She kept writhing on his cock, squeezing her cunt around him as she rode him.

"And these tits, these fucking tits!" Scott marveled, squeezing them roughly. "These tits are so God-damned amazing! They are so fucking big and soft and perfect."

"God, you would leave your wife for a fucking pair of tits like these, wouldn't you?" Sophie asked.

"Yes! Yes, I fucking love them!" Scott marveled, driving the full length of his slick cock into her. He pulled himself up and wrapped his arms around her waist, sliding his face into her chest, scrubbing his face between her huge boobs.

"Fuck yeah, baby, drink these fucking tits in. Scrub your face against them and drown in my fucking cleavage." she said, scrubbing her breasts across his face. He captured her nipple in his mouth, sucking on the nub hard.

"AAAAHHHHH!" Sophie screamed. Then, with a strength he didn't know she had, she shoved him onto the bed hard. "Okay... no more fucking bullshit! I need to cum, and I need your fat fucking cock to cum inside me. I want to be FILLED with thick, hot cum! Give it to me! Explode inside me! Give me the cum you promised to Kate! Give it all to me! Drain your fucking balls into my smoking hot twat! Do it, babe! DO IT!"

She began to bounce roughly, her hot cunt squeezing his cock like a vice.

"Oh my God!" Scott moaned, the pleasure almost too much to take. He jiggled her boobs in his palms, immersing his palms with the smooth and soft flesh.

"Shut up! Just be a man and give me your fucking cum! I need it. I FUCKING NEED IT!" Sophie screamed out, Scott's cock going all the way out to the tip and going back in to the balls, over and over again.

"Are your balls boiling Scott? Do you want to cum?" she asked.

"Yes!" Scott panted out. "YES!"

"What would poor Mrs. Baker think, seeing her man begging to cum inside some slut he just met??" Sophie inquired.

"She would hate it. She would fucking hate it." Scott screamed out. "She would hate you. She would fucking hate you, hate your gorgeous face, your perfect hair, your bigger tits, your ass. She would be so fucking jealous, but I can't stop. I can't. I need this! I need to cum. I need to cum so fucking bad!"

"Then do it Scott! Cum inside the woman your wife would fucking hate! Show me how much you love me by filling my perfect cunt with cum! Do it!" Sophie demanded. Scott felt a twitch in his balls. He turned a corner.

"I'm close." he muttered. "I'm gonna fucking cum."

"Yes! Please Scott, give it to me. Please, I need this. I've waited so long for this. Please cum inside me Scott. I need it so bad!" Sophie begged.

"Oh, shit!" Scott moaned, driving into her harder.

"Gahh!" Sophie moaned. A twitch went through her, and suddenly,, her expression changed. Her lips pursed

together and her eyes flashed with fury. She reached down and gripped Scott's throat, gripping it lightly as she began to bounce even more fiercely.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, FUCK!!!" Sophie moaned, her body tensed as her face screwed up.

"Oh fuck, here it comes!" Scott warned.

At the same exact moment, the wave of pleasure hit them. Her cunt locked around his meaty cock as the first rocket of cum fired deep inside her. Scott's eyes were just about to lid over in pleasure when, like before, the woman on top of him... her appearance seemed to change.

Where before, Emily's features had changed in more subtle ways, Sophie's appearance change was far more severe. Sophie had seemed so perfectly made up and styled. But now, a different Sophie was on top of him. It was still clearly her, but much different. Her hair was wild and unkempt, going every which way on top of her head. Her breasts were smaller than what he had gotten used to, no longer

overflowing his palms. Her face was still pretty, but something was different.

It was her eyes.

Where before, her eyes seemed warm and friendly, now... they flashed with madness. A wild stare of insanity showed through as they were opened wide. Her eyes cast a pallor over her face, causing her formerly put-together, gorgeous façade to disappear under this mask of madness. She was equally beautiful, but her crazy eyes were a distraction.

As quickly as this vision came to him, it disappeared. She was back to normal again. Her gorgeous looks and huge breasts returned, but Scott couldn't help but still see a hint of the crazy behind them.

He had to wonder what the deal was with these visions. It couldn't just be when these women came, cause Sophie had cum on his tongue earlier and her look hadn't changed, as far as he could tell. Maybe it was due to her cumming with a cock inside of her cunt, or maybe these momentary transformations took place as soon as the first burst of cum

hit the inside walls of her magnificent cunt. Whatever the cause was, Scott didn't really have time to think about it. All these thoughts went through his mind in a fraction of a second while cum exploded from his balls. The pleasure coming from his thick cock was too much to cope with. He couldn't think straight, and he couldn't look at Sophie's hot body anymore, the pleasure overtaking him as his eyes screwed up in pleasure.

Scott's cock was pumping a huge load of cum inside of her, his cock swelling and his balls twitching as jet after jet of cum exploded inside of Sophie's squeezing cunt.

"AAAAHHHHHHH! YES, YES, YES, YES!" Sophie screamed out, screaming towards the heavens. Her cunt squeezed his cock roughly as she came, spasming in pleasure. "I love it, I love it, I love it!"

"Fuck!" Scott grunted as jets of cum ejected from his balls. This went on and on as Scott and Sophie flexed against each other as they rode out their grueling orgasms. Finally, at the same moment, both of the tension completely left their

bodies. Sophie fell onto his chest, their sweaty bodies, sliding against each other.

"Thank you." Sophie whispered in his ear as both of them gasped for breath. She planted a soft kiss on his cheek as she slid off of him onto her back, her mammoth breasts pointing upward as her chest rose and fell, beads of sweat cascading off of her peaks.

Scott was recovering himself. He wasn't used to this kind of exertion. He had never had sex back to back before, especially with two separate women. Sophie was right: he felt completely drained. He felt like his balls were completely empty, that he wouldn't be able to produce a decent sized load of cum for weeks. His eyes began to lid over, exhaustion hitting him. Maybe this was his escape from this twisted dream, to pass out and wake up in his own bed. It felt like this might just be over.

"Don't pass out now, Scott." Rowena said, suddenly appearing over him.

"Uhh... I... juh... I..." Scott stammered, waving his hands, waving the proverbial white flag. Scott was tapping out. He was done.

"I don't think so. This is not over. Not yet." Rowena warned.

"Rowena..." he began. "Even if I wanted to, I just don't have anything left in the tank."

"Oh, I don't think that's true." she said, rubbing one of her old, wrinkled fingers along his sweaty chest, gathering some sweat before licking it off the tip. "You forget about how much this cock of yours loves my hot body. Here, I'll show you."

She began to crawl over him, facing away from him till she hovered above his soft, wet dick. She looked back at Scott over her shoulder before getting on her knees, her ass about a foot over his cock. She hovered there lightly, teasing for a few moments, before sitting down directly onto Scott's cock.

His cock was softened and covered in sex-juice as it rested on his belly. Rowena lined it up so his meat lined up perfectly with her ass-crack as she sat down on it. At first, Scott didn't feel much beyond the pressure of her full round ass. His cock had been so overworked that it was almost numb to any other pleasure. She began to slowly slide her ass-crack along his dick, trying to coax it back to life. Scott thought this was a losing battle. It just felt like he had nothing left in the tank. He had had two huge orgasms, which was far more than he had ever had before, so asking for even more from him seemed like an impossible task.

The juices coating his dick spread to her ass-crack, which, combined with the saliva that had been deposited there while he was rimming her ass, meant that her ass-crack had become one tight, smooth, well-lubed fuck tunnel. She kept swiveling her hips, sliding her ass along his married cock. It felt good, definitely, but he still thought it was going nowhere. But then he once again caught sight of the tattoo above her ass-crack, the one of the snake, fangs bared. Its eyes once again stole his gaze and held it. He felt like he was being hypnotized by those eyes, as if they were drawing him to his doom, to an endless abyss he couldn't escape from. As Rowena smoothly slid her ass along the length of

his cock, the tip of his cock seemed to be getting closer to the bared fangs. If his cock got hard, it would collide with those ink fangs, and maybe get poisoned forever.

Rowena looked back, knowing exactly what was going through his head. She squeezed her ass-cheeks around his married cock, seeking to coax it back to life.

"Don't be afraid, Scott." she began. "Don't be afraid to admit the lust you have for me. Don't be afraid to admit how much your cock loves me... loves my body." she said, still firmly sliding her ass in a smooth motion up and down his cock. "Don't be afraid that your cock desires me more than Kate... more than Emily... more than Sophie. Your cock has never wanted to be inside a woman more than it wants to be inside me. The old lady with the big tits and the tattoos and the perfect ass... you love every inch of me. You love my tattoos, don't you Scott? I've seen the lust in your eyes when you look at them. You might get a few of your own, right? Permanently mark your skin with darkness, show everyone you have a dark side. I wear mine proudly. Will you?"

Scott was still frozen under her, but the combination of her smooth voice, her icy gaze, and her round, smooth ass against him made his balls began to simmer. He looked to his sides. Sophie was still recovering from the sex they just had, and on his other side, he looked over just in time to see Emily curl up to him and grab his wrist.

"Touch me." she whispered. She pulled his hand down to her crotch, forcing him to rub her. "Uh... that's it. Yes!" she sighed. But he couldn't really pay attention. His eyes were still on Rowena. And her tattoos.

"You like the snake one the best." Rowena claimed, feeling his eyes on her. "There's something about it, isn't there? Its eyes follow you. Its poison infects you. But you want the poison, don't you? You want to feel its kiss. You want to feel it flowing through you, letting its sin fill you with darkness. All you have to do to feel it is to let the pleasure fill you, let your cock get filled with lust once more. Only then will you truly feel the snake's kiss."

Scott's balls were beginning to boil. Somehow, somehow, his cock began to slightly rise. Her ass and the sensation of

his fingers playing with Emily's cunt were making lust begin to course through him once more. His cock was semi-hard, so as she ground against him, his cock slid along her crack, making his cock reach towards that snake tattoo. But at the moment, it didn't have the hardness necessarily to reach the tat.

"Oh, God... I can feel it rising, Scott. I can feel your cock. Face it, at this moment, my ass is your whole fucking world. I don't hear any more whining about how you're not ready. I don't hear you fighting for your wife, your true love. No, all that matters is the feeling... your cock sliding along my ass-crack. It's the best thing you've ever felt. Tell me, Scott. Tell me how good this feels." Rowena sighed, still working at a steady pace, sliding her ass against him.

"Uhhhh... it feels fucking good." Scott grunted out, the pressure of her smooth ass-crack pressing against him driving him wild.

"If you could go back to your ugly fucking wife right now or stay here and fucking grind that fat cock against my ass,

you would stay right fucking here, wouldn't you?" Rowena claimed.

"Ughh.... yes!" Scott grunted, his cock rising to almost full hardness.

"What if I told you we were demons, Scott?" Rowena began, looking coldly at him as she continued grinding her ass against him. "What if I said we were demons from hell, back on Earth to steal the seed of a man so we can live again? What if I said you were unleashing a great evil upon the world by fucking us? That wouldn't fucking stop you, would it? I could tell you we are three twisted bitches and that wouldn't stop your cock from getting hard, from grinding your thick cock against my amazing ass. It wouldn't stop you from wanting me. It wouldn't stop you from loving me."

"Fuck!" Scott called out.

"You don't even need to tell me how much you want me. Your cock is like iron!" Rowena said.

She was right. Somehow, her insistent, fleshy, amazing ass had done the trick, his cock now once again throbbing. He didn't know he had it in him to keep going at this pace, but apparently he did. His thick, throbbing shaft now traversed the length of her lubed ass-crack, and as she did, the tip of his cock would emerge from the fleshy prison, sliding up towards her back before sliding against that fanged snake tattoo, and as it did, it was like a jolt had hit him. Like the poisonous sin had been injected into his veins.

"GUUUHHH! FUCK!" he yelled, the bolt of lust hitting him like fire, causing his body to jerk. It was as if he had been pumped with testosterone, cause he shifted from recovery mode to ready-to-fuck mode. He didn't even realize what he was doing to Emily till he heard her moan in his ear.

"FUCK!" Emily screamed out. Scott looked over to see his fingers inside her cunt, fingering her roughly. He could feel her juices squirting around his fingers as he gave it to her hard. Scott looked down as Rowena firmly ground against him, not relenting as she pleased him, his cock once again hard as steel. Scott slid his other hand up, resting it on her

hip as she slid along his meat. She slid up and down again, his slick cock sliding along her tattoo again, causing him to grunt in pleasure.

"Oh God!" Emily sighed as the married man fingered her roughly. "I can't believe I'm gonna cum again already. FFFFUUUUUUUCCCCCKKKKKKKK!" she squealed. Her cunt began to spasm around his fingers as girl-cum began squirting from her cunt in a shower of her juices. "GGGUUUUUUUUHHHHHNNNNNNN!"

she moaned, her whole body jerking in violent pleasure as she came. Finally, she curled away from Scott's hand, the pleasure too much to take. His fingers slid out from her spasming cunt, his wet fingers sliding across her skin.

Now, his focus was solely on Rowena.

She was still grinding against him, her ass an aphrodisiac to Scott's fat dick. She was correct in all her claims. Despite how wrong this might be, Scott's cock loved Rowena's hot body. Despite how strange and unearthly she seemed, Scott wanted to fuck her brains out.

"Kiss it, baby... kiss my tat with your fat cock one more time." Rowena sighed out. She clenched her cheeks around Scott's thick cock as she slid down his meaty weapon. As she did, his cock slid up the bottom of her back, sliding against that tattoo one more time. The visual of his cock sliding against that evil symbol was enough to make him moan.

Finally, Rowena lifted herself off of him, the sex-juices and saliva connecting her ass and his cock in bands as she sat up. She spun around and crawled over him, her mammoth breasts hanging below her.

"Alright baby..." Rowena began. "It's time to fuck your dream woman."

Scott looked up at her. She was a heavily tattooed older woman with white hair, dead blue eyes, and enormous breasts. She was certainly not his ideal in terms of looks, but he had never wanted to fuck anyone harder than he wanted to at that moment. There was no hesitation on his part. He slid his hands up and took hold of her mammoth breasts gripping them in his fingers, feeling the soft breasts. She

reached down to grip his cock, pointing it up ward and sliding her cunt against it.

"I've waited too long for this." Rowena began. "I'm not waiting any longer." With no hesitation, she began to sit on the married man's cock. His cock began to slide into this sprit's twat, her tight lips spreading around his driving meat.

"Fuck." Scott sighed again, feeling another new pussy around his married dick, and hers might have been the best. It felt indescribable. There was just something... amazing about it. It squeezed him hard, coating his cock with even more moisture, it sucked him even farther inside of her, and plus, it was almost like her cunt was massaging him inside of her, trying to coax the cum from his balls. Within seconds, his cock was completely inside her, her ass bumping into his balls.

"Aaaaaahhhhhhhh!" Rowena sighed as her cunt quivered around the thick cock inside of her.

"God damn, that's fucking tight!" Scott marveled, seething in pleasure. His hands immersed themselves in her pale tits, squeezing them roughly as he coped with the new pleasure. He tweaked her hard nipples, causing her to sigh in pleasure again.

"Minutes ago, you were fucking done. Now, you're cock's harder than it's ever been in its life, and it's all for me. See what you can do? See what a fucking man you are?" Rowena asked.

"Mmmmmm." Scott moaned. "It's amazing. It's fucking amazing."

"You've wanted me from the start." she claimed. "Even when I was in my cloak you still wanted to see my tits." she said, swiveling her cunt around his married cock. He didn't respond. He leaned up and took her nipple into his mouth again. She let him suck her tits for a few moments before shoving him back onto the bed.

"No!" she insisted. "It's my time."

With that, she lifted herself up along his cock, pulling herself so that only the tip of his cock was lodged inside her, before driving back down into him hard.

"Guuuhhhh." Scott moaned out.

"I'm gonna fuck your brains out, Scott. I'm gonna fuck you till you can't see straight. Till you can't form words." Rowena claimed. She began to work up a good pace, bouncing on the full length of that married cock.

"I like it! I fucking like it!" Rowena gasped out. "It's been way too fucking long since I've had a married dick! Married cock is so fucking good."

"Oh my God!" Scott panted. "It's so fucking tight! So God damn tight!"

"Admit it! Admit this is the best fucking cunt you've ever had! Admit this old lady's cunt is more amazing and more pleasurable than anything you've felt before. You would

trade in your wife in a second for more of my amazing pussy!" Rowena boasted as her ass began slamming into his hips. She looked down on him like a queen looking down at a peasant.

"Yes! You're amazing! You have the best fucking cunt I've ever felt! I would trade in Kate for one more night with you!" Scott proclaimed. Rowena's eyes flashed at this revelation. Hungrily, she leaned down and ran her tongue up his sweaty chest, making her way up towards his neck. She moved in close, licking above his beating heart, and was about to make her way higher, when suddenly, there was something blocking her way.

"Fuck!" Sophie said, lowering her ass onto the married man's face. Rowena pulled back, pure anger flashing across her face.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Rowena screamed out.

"Turnabout's fair play, bitch." Sophie stated with a bitchy smile on her face. "And besides, I want a bit of what he gave you. I want that fucking amazing tongue rimming my ass,

just like he did to you." She pressed her ass down against his mouth, and he didn't hesitate. His tongue leapt from his mouth and swiped against her tight asshole. "Oh my God!" she moaned out, wiggling her butt as she felt the married man rimming her.

Rowena was pissed. How dare that fucking bitch ruin this moment! This was her time! Her moment! She would not allow this any further. Rowena gripped Sophie's shoulders with her claw-like fingers, gripping them roughly.

"Aahhh! Bitch!" Sophie screamed out.

"Deal with it!" Rowena told her. Using Sophie's shoulders as leverage, Rowena began bouncing on the fat cock again with renewed vigor, hoping to coax the married man to pump his load deep inside her and deny Sophie the pleasure she sought. She looked down, angry that Scott was going along with Sophie, his tongue giving her the same amazing pleasure he had given Rowena minutes before. She bore down on Scott, driving her body into his.

"Fuck yes! Fuck my cunt, Scott. Forget about Sophie and fuck me!" Rowena moaned. He didn't hear her, his ears smothered by Sophie, and so he just kept rimming her. Rowena bounced angrily, her ass slamming into Scott, the slapping of their skin echoing through the room. She didn't hesitate to dig her nails into Sophie hard as she rode the married man's fat cock. "Come on, Scott! Fuck me! FUCK ME!" she screamed out, slapping his belly with her palm, making him wince. He got the message, wrapping his arms around her waist, driving his cock up into her a bit harder as he continued sucking Sophie's asshole.

"Fuck! Fuck my cunt you motherfucking piece of fucking shit!" Rowena spat out as she bounced up and down his turgid cock. "I said fuck me! Fuck me! FUCK ME! Fuck me hard!" Rowena snarled out, her sweaty flesh slapping against Scott. His hand's slid down from her back before taking each of her round ass-cheeks in his hands, squeezing and molding them in his hands as she rode his married cock.

"God! Fuck yes! His tongue feels even better on my ass than it did on my pussy!" Sophie moaned out as she swiveled her

hips, grinding her ass against Scott's face, looking back at Rowena smugly.

Emily was next to them, practically passed out, her legs spread with cum leaking from her naked cunt. She looked dead to the world. It seemed as if her part in the action was over now and she could get some rest.

But Rowena and Sophie were still hard at work. Sophie was grinding her ass against Scott's face roughly as Rowena kept fucking the shit out of Scott. She bounced her ass up and down, taking every inch of his fat cock. If Sophie was out of the way, she could truly bear down.

"Oh my God, oh my God! Yes!" Sophie moaned, flexing her ass against Scott's face. "You're gonna make my ass cum, baby! You're gonna make my ass cum! YYYYYYEEEEEEEESSSSSSSS!" Sophie squealed as Scott tongue entered her asshole, sending her over the edge. Her body shivered as an orgasm went through her. She held Scott's head with her hands as she gripped it between her thighs.

Rowena sensed an opportunity. Using her grip on Sophie's shoulders, she pulled Sophie off of Scott, forcing her to the side, tossing away the orgasming woman from the man giving her pleasure. She curled up on her side as she recovered.

With a scowl on her face, Rowena dug in, leaning over Scott.

"You will fucking regret that Scott." Rowena spat out. "I will make you cum inside me and fucking break you. I will make you cum so hard it will hurt. You will never get hard for your wife ever again. Your wife's sex life is done. And yours is just starting. But you need to know your place. You need to know that there are women out there who can and will break you. You need to know never to cross a woman like me. You need to know that when you choose a woman to worship, she needs to be your entire world. Scott, right now, I'm your fucking world!"

She leaned down, licking along his neck, up to his chin, and into his overworked mouth. As her tongue slithered into his mouth, mashing with his, his hands tightened around her waist. As she made the married man suck her tongue, she

began to bounce her ass again, riding the full length of his thick, gooey cock again. Their mouths pressed against each other savagely as they made out, moaning into each others' mouths. Finally, she pulled her mouth away, spit connecting their mouths. She leaned upward and put her hands on the headboard. A cold sneer crossed her lips.

"Worship me, Scott. Devote yourself to me. Prove yourself to me and tell me how fucking sexy you think I am. How much you want me. How good I am at fucking." Rowena spat out. Rearing back, she began to drive her ass into him brutally, their skin colliding loudly in a meaty slap. With the added leverage of the headboard, she was practically driving him into the mattress, nearly driving the air from his body, but he was able to find words.

"Rowena... you're amazing!" Scott gasped out, his cock nearly numb with pleasure. "You're the best at fucking! You're a better fuck than Sophie... better than Emily... better than my fucking ugly wife. You are so God damn sexy! So amazing! Your cunt... your tits... your ass... your tattoos! Every inch of you is so fucking incredible. You are so much more amazing than my disgusting wife! You're amazing!"

You're so fucking sexy! You're the queen! Please just fuck my fucking cock as hard as you can!"

Rowena bounced even harder, slamming into his body, sweat dripping off her naked body. She was fucking him harder than any of the women. She was like an animal, fucking him in such a brutal manner.

"Tell me we've changed your mind!" Rowena commanded, her ass slamming into his crotch, hurting him slightly, but the pleasure made it worth the pain. "Tell me you are going to start fucking other women! Tell me you will cheat on your wife with any slut you get your hands on!"

"YES!" Scott screamed out, driving up into her. "I'm gonna cheat on my wife! I'm gonna fuck Christine, and Stacy, and Lindsay, any huge fucking slut I can find! It's too good to waste my time with Kate when sex is so good with any other woman besides her."

"YES! FUCK YES! FUCK ME YOU SON OF A BITCH! FUCK ME YOU CHEATING ASSHOLE PIECE OF SHIT! FUCK

ME! FUCK YOUR QUEEN! FUCK YOUR DREAM WOMAN!" Rowena screamed out.

The rhythmic sound of sweaty flesh slapping into each other echoed through the room. Emily was practically unconscious, and Sophie was still recovering from her last cum. Scott and Rowena were the only ones left, still in action when the others had fallen to the side.

"See what you can do, Scott? Ohhh, FUCK! You see what you're capable of? You see how badly your wife is wasting you?" Rowena asked.

"YES! Fucking shit! Amazing! God, you're amazing! You're incredible! Thank you, Rowena! Thank you so much!" Scott screamed out. He gripped her mammoth breasts, squeezing them over and over again, loving their size and shape.

"Fucking fuck, you're such a God damn man, Scott! An animal. Holy fuck!" Rowena screamed. "Your cock is so fucking good! So fucking nice and fat and thick! I love it! I fucking love it! It's gonna make me fucking cum!"

"Yes! I'm so fucking close! I'm gonna fucking cum so fucking hard!" he screamed out. "Oh God, I love it! Fuck Parkersboro! Fuck Kate! Fuck everyone! I want to just fucking cum in your fucking hot cunt! I love it! I fucking love it! It's so much better than anything my wife ever offered! Holy fucking shit!"

Rowena's cunt quivered. This was coming close to the end for both of them. She increased the ferocity of her fucking, riding him harder, both of them practically bouncing off the bed at the pace of this fucking.

"I'm gonna fucking cum!" Rowena called out, her eyes glowing with need. "I want you to fucking cum inside me! I want your fucking married sperm inside of me! I want you to fill my nasty cunt with thick fucking cum! Fuck yes!"

"Yes! I'm so fucking close! So close!" Scott said, his balls tingling. "I want to do it! I want to fucking cum inside you! I want you to get my hot fucking load!"

"Yes! Do it, Scott! Do it! Feel that tight fucking cunt! I know it feels amazing. Let my pussy overwhelm you, let it break you! Give in to your queen and give her your fucking cum!"

"Oh fuck! Fuck! Fuck! FUCK! Oh my GOD! Yes! Yes! Yes! YES! YES! FFFFFUUUUUUUCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKK!" Scott said, his balls twisting, his explosion seconds away.

"Fuck! FUCK! UHHHHHH! GUUUUHHHHHH! YYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYEEEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSS! FFFFFFFFFFUUUUUUUUUUUUCCCCCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKKKKK KKKK!" Rowena screamed, her cunt clamping down around his thick cock as an orgasm hit her.

Her orgasm hit moments before Scott's. And like with the other two women, the second her orgasm hit her, her appearance changed. And her change was the most severe of all. Suddenly, her tattoos were gone, leaving her pale skin bare. Her white hair changed from the unnaturally white color to a more natural silver shade. Her breasts were still as massive, but there was a lot more sag to them. But as he looked up at her face, mere milliseconds before his orgasm hit, as her amazing pussy clamped down on his thick

married cock, if this apparition was to be believed, one thing became clear.

Rowena was old. Very old.

But Scott couldn't study her for too long. His eyes closed as one last thick batch of cum exploded from his balls. Even though this was pretty much emptying his tanks, Rowena's hot body had coaxed forth his biggest load yet.

"YYYYYEEEEEEEESSSSSS!" Rowena screamed. "YES! Yes! Thank you! Thank you!" she panted out, her cunt clamping around his cock, thick cum bursting out of it. Scott's cock was swelling as it pumped a heavy load of cum from his balls into her wet twat. She could feel it inside of her, filling her sweet cunt to the brim. She ground into him, making sure his cum got inside her as deep as possible, her ass flexing as she did so. Her body shivered as she came, and Scott's body was so tensed he looked like he might explode.

"Fuck! Fuck! FUCK!" Scott said though clenched teeth, the pleasure almost too much to bear.

Finally, at nearly the same time, both of their bodies collapsed. She fell onto him, their sweaty chests mashing together. Scott gasped for breath, his heart racing. It was incredible. It was the best sex of his life, and he didn't know what that meant. Were his words true? Would he start cheating on his wife? Why was it that these crazy spirits had opened his eyes and given him more pleasure in one night than his wife ever had?

But he didn't have much longer to think. After this long night, the energy in him was practically drained. He had nearly nothing left. He felt like a husk of a man now that his balls were completely drained. His body was collapsed onto the soaked sheet, his heartbeat echoing in his ears. As exhaustion almost took him over, he felt Rowena's lips at his ear.

"Thank you, baby." she whispered. "You just changed the world... I'll see you again."

Sleep overtook Scott Baker, his journey with these spirits seemingly over, for now.

The next moment Scott was conscious, he was awakening, the sun shining through his closed eyelids. He opened his eyes as he awoke in his own bed. He looked over and next to him slept Kate, his wife. No spirits, no ghosts, no nothing. Just his wife.

What had just happened to him? Had that really been just a dream? An apparition? There was no way that logically could have just happened, but he remembered every moment like it had. In his mind, it felt real, but it couldn't be. As he went into the restroom and cleaned up and brushed his teeth, he looked at himself in the mirror.

What did this dream mean? Was there some part of him that wanted to cheat and that was expressed through that dream? Or was that just the random projections of his mind during sleep? He didn't know. He wanted to forget about what had just happened and just write it all off, but he had to admit, deep down he knew it would be hard to not think

back on that amazing night. The pleasure he had experienced was incredible and he could never forget.

As he got more ready for the day, cleaning up, he began to write off the whole thing as some crazy dream. That was until he got out of the shower and caught a flash of... something... in the mirror. Like there was something stuck on his back. He stood in front of the mirror and turned around, and what he saw on his shoulder blade almost made him pass out.

It was a tattoo of a snake's head, fangs bared.

The poison had infected him.

Scott normally loved Christmas, and loved feeling the spirit of the holidays. But after the events of the night before, the day just felt... dull. Opening up gifts, having a nice, lazy Christmas day, eating food and relaxing... it didn't feel like enough for him. It was like he had been shown a world of

color, and now he was back in a world of black and white. Nothing had changed from the day before, Kate was as nice and sweet and pretty as ever. But... he just didn't know if he could shake the things he had said and done with those three spirits. He couldn't forget the way they made him feel. He couldn't forget their hot bodies... their huge tits. He couldn't forget how hot it was to betray his wife by fucking those three mystery women.

And something had happened. That tattoo confirmed that. Whether it was technically real or simply a projection that had made its mark on him somehow... it didn't matter. What was a fact was the world was a lot stranger than what he had thought. It was a crazy world out there, and Scott had only gotten a small taste of it.

Scott was clearly distracted the entire day and into the next. Another day, trudging through the snow, to a business that would get very few customers. Was it all really worth it? Was all this trouble, working so hard for so little reward, was it worth it? Was he really satisfied to go through day after day of this when he had sampled life on the other side, the side where he didn't care about any of this stuff? Where he went through life not caring about anything about his

own, narcissistic pleasure? It was so wrong in so many ways, but it felt sooooo good! He had fucked other women besides his wife, and he had enjoyed the hell out of it. Sure, it might not have been really real, but it sure felt real. And it felt good. He couldn't stop thinking about it, and he couldn't sleep without those images coming back into his mind.

As him and Christine got the store up and running for the day, the lack of business left him lost in his own thoughts. As he straightened some papers, he glanced down to see Stacy's discarded business card in the garbage can. He reached down and retrieved it, eying the details.

He knew this was a fork in the road. A major decision in his life. He could keep on doing what he had been doing, or he could call up Stacy and see what happens. He knew that even though she came to him in the guise of business, what she was really selling was pleasure. He knew that, and he knew that if he called her, he would basically be choosing to cheat on his wife again. And from the projection he was shown, he wouldn't regret it.

Was he satisfied with his current life, or had those three spirits changed his mind? Did his loyalty, his commitment to social issues, his passion for change, could those sides stand up to the needs of his cock?

Taking far less time than he thought it would, Scott found himself picking up the phone. Like a fallen angel, an arrogant smirk crossed his lips as Stacy's sexy voice entered his ears.

"Mmm, hello Scott Baker." Stacy purred over the phone.

"Hello, Stacy." he said, his voice resonating in a low timbre that he hadn't used in years. He was flirting, and Stacy could sense it. He could practically sense her plump lips curling into a knowing smile.

"You have a good Christmas?" Scott asked.

"Could have been much better." she admitted. "Waking up on Christmas morning in a hotel room next to some nameless douchebag is not exactly ideal. But that being said,

Santa was very kind to me, as always. Got a set of new Christmas stockings... mesh, if you were wondering. Let's see, I got a new lingerie set, very revealing, if you must know. Some new jewelry, a bottle of some of the most expensive perfume in the world, and a \$1200 bottle of wine. Despite what you may think, I do have some admirers, Scott."

"Oh, I can believe it." Scott replied with a smile.

"You can, can you?" Stacy asked. "Tell me, Scott, have you reconsidered my offer?" Scott let a heavy pause rise between them before replying.

"I think we should get dinner tonight, Stacy... and talk over things." Scott offered.

"Yes, I'm sure we'll be doing a lot of talking, Scott." she said with a sarcastic giggle. Scott laughed a bit, and then glanced across the room at Christine, hard at work, letting his lecherous eyes admire her hot body for the first time.

"Can I pick you up at seven?" Scott asked.

"I'll be dressed to the nines." Stacy replied. "Hopefully, that wife of yours won't be wondering why her hubby won't be getting in so, so late."

Scott considered her words but he wasn't concerned by them. Kate trusted him without question. He could tell her anything and she would believe it. He could get away with so much behind her back and she wouldn't sense a thing.

"That won't be a problem." Scott replied.

"Mmm, I can't wait till tonight." Stacy purred. "I'll be thinking about you till then."

"I'll see you at seven, then." Scott replied, hanging up the phone with a new confidence, a change that was not lost on his co-worker.

Christine sensed something off about her boss all morning. She kept herself busy, as usual, but she kept one eye on Scott. He had been acting weird all morning, and when he picked up the phone, he spoke in a far stranger way than he usually did. He spoke in a way that was almost... flirty. She listened in a bit, but she didn't want to be impolite.

She kept herself busy, organizing stacks of books, when she suddenly sensed a presence behind her. She was about to turn around when she felt a pair of hands grip her hips and a pair of lips move close to her ear. At this close proximity, goose bumps rippled across her skin. She glanced back to see Scott behind her.

"What is it?" she whispered huskily, not sure what was going on and what her boss was doing.

"I just wanted to tell you..." Scott began, whispering hotly in her ear. "I'm sorry."

"For what?" she asked with a nervous giggle.

"I'm sorry I never told you before... told you how sexy you are." Scott whispered, sliding his fingertips along the exposed skin above the hem of her jeans, below her sweater.

"What?" she asked.

"Working with you every day... you drive me wild." he said, sliding his bulging crotch into her jean-clad butt lightly. "You have an amazing body. You should show it off."

With that, he pulled away and walked towards the back. She didn't know where the hell that came from. Her boss was always so kind and friendly and respectful, never acting in any way inappropriate. So, all of a sudden, him acting this way, flirting with her, it was out of nowhere. She didn't know where this side of him came from, it was so unlike him.

But she liked it.

That close proximity, the way he talked to her, the way he flirted with her, the way he rubbed himself against her, that

was an outright pass at her, wasn't it? He was flirting with her. And because of that, her eyes were glassy with lust. Her nipples had tightened and her pussy was dripping wet.

She watched Scott enter the back room, and as he did, he looked back at her, leaving the door cracked open.

Was this happening? Was this really, actually, finally happening? It was! And she was almost too stunned to react. Christine hesitated. He clearly wanted her to join him, and deep down, she so wanted to. She had crushed on him hard for years. She had dreamed of this moment since meeting him. She had always sensed a spark between them, and now the tension between them had been ignited.

She wanted this, she REALLY wanted this, but she had always been too shy to say anything. She had been terrified of being rejected, and she couldn't risk that. If she couldn't be around him she would just die. Just being in his presence was enough to fuel her fantasies of an illicit work affair. She had always been so demure, but something about Scott ignited something within her. Made her think things she had never even contemplated before.

Any self-respecting girl knew that a married man was supposed to be hands off, but she didn't care. He was that irresistible to her. She had been raised right and had always been a straight arrow, but this married man incited such passionate lust within her. The fact that he was taken only made her want him more.

His wife had always been perfectly pleasant to her, but Christine couldn't help but resent her. She was the obstacle separating her from her ultimate crush. She couldn't help but compare herself to Scott's wife, and she couldn't stop herself from thinking she had his wife beat. She was younger, better looking and had a better body. Plus, Kate always seemed kinda run-down and exhausted. She never even made an effort to be pretty for him. If Christine was Scott's girl, she would happily be the hot babe on his arm he deserved.

Christine couldn't believe her fantasy had suddenly become a reality. But she was a realist, so she knew she couldn't be stupid about this. They were in a store. She couldn't be so reckless... could she? Anyone could walk in at

any time, including that wife of his. She supposed it was a good thing they never had any business in the mornings.

For the first time in her life, Christine got aggressive. She made up her mind. She pushed past her shyness. It was time to stop letting others walk all over her and begin anew. It was time for Christine to start walking over other people to get what she wanted. She resolved to never step aside again. She sauntered over to the backroom, joining her boss, shutting the door behind her.

And as she did, as Scott saw this shy young woman become the slut she was born to be, he smiled. Thoughts of her, of Stacy, of Lindsay, and even Mrs. Thomas entered his head.

Scott Baker's married cock was now on the market. And that fact would make a lot of women very happy.

And it did. Boy, did it ever. And the sad thing was, no one noticed the change in him. In fact, so many had told him that he needed to loosen up, so that when he did, they were happy for him.

The angel had fallen from grace, and it was welcomed with applause. Thus was the nature of the citizens of Parkersboro.

No one raised an eyebrow at the champion of the people of this fair city when his appearance in various hotel lobbies became commonplace, sneaking off for illicit encounters with that slutty brunette real estate rep with the huge, jiggling tits. Not a single one of the maids at those hotels said anything about this outwardly pure, virtuous man despite the wrecked state of the rooms he had stayed in. They didn't tell anyone about the sex-soaked sheets him and that slut left behind. They didn't mention anything as they cleaned his cum off the shower walls.

Thus was how numb the citizens of Parkersboro were to the corruption flowing through it.

Not one of his fellow employees at his store raised any questions at the long, hard hours he and Christine worked together. Not one of them suspected anything untoward when he offered to give her a ride home. No one seemed to

notice when she and he would work a closing shift together and then be wearing the same clothes during an opening shift the next morning.

Thus was how naïve and blind this town's people were towards their so-called beacons of hope.

Not even his family was immune to their blind spot towards Scott. His parents didn't suspect a thing when he called out of the blue, seeking their old neighbors, the Thomas's, contact information. So happy they were at their son taking some time to reconnect with people that they didn't suspect any ulterior motive. Nor did his wife, when Scott out of nowhere suggested they meet up with his family at a New-Years gathering at his brother's place.

All these people who trusted Scott, unknowing that he could ever contemplate taking advantage of that trust. None of them noted the change in him.

But there was a small subset of people who did notice that change. Who noticed this new and improved Scott almost immediately. Who could practically smell the infidelity

coming off of him and knew how little that ring on his finger actually mattered to him.

Mrs. Thomas certainly did. As soon as she found him standing on her porch, she knew exactly what he was there for. She would have known even if she hadn't felt his eyes on her sun-baked cleavage. She would have known even if she hadn't sensed his easy form of flirting. But Mrs. Thomas didn't let the game between them play out for too long before stopping him. She knew how to get down with the best of them and she didn't feel the need to waste any time now that this hunky younger man was already in her clutches. A simple, "Are you here to fuck me, Scott?" was all that the older woman needed to say. And his wicked smile was all the answer she needed.

Minutes later, she was in bed on her back, legs spread, the beacon of hope of Parkersboro driving his thick weapon into her nasty, amazingly tight old cunt, her big old tits bouncing in the process. And as the moans of his much older former neighbor hit his ears and he washed his face with the sweat coming off her massive knockers, Scott knew this wouldn't be the last time he would feel her tight cunt stretched around him.

Scott's confidence grew with each instance of infidelity, to the point where he no longer felt the need to be the aggressor. This came to a head at his family's New Years Eve party.

The Baker clan always did a thorough big New Years event, and this year his brother was hosting. Scott usually declined these events, knowing he had better things to attend to. But to his family's surprise, Scott showed up, with Kate in tow. He was happy to see a fair amount of people there, but only one of them mattered to the married man. He was happy to see the perfect blonde hair, angelic face, and crystal blue eyes of his nephew's wife, Lindsay. Her eyes lit up at this sudden appearance.

Scott's confidence was brimming to the point where he knew he could slow play this encounter. He could let this young babe come to him.

And he was right. He was SO right.

The thought of Scott having a dark side was so foreign to all that knew him that he could practically be shoving it in their faces and they wouldn't notice a thing.

Kate mingled with her husband's family, having the opportunity to catch up with people she hadn't seen in years. She kept one eye on her husband, as any wife would, seeing what he was up to. She saw her niece Lindsay bounding up to him, eager to make conversation. She noticed the easy rapport Scott had with Lindsay, and seeing her hubby being social and friendly and out-going with their young niece made her heart burn with affection for him.

It's a good thing she wasn't listening in to them.

No one was. So trusted was he that no one bothered to eavesdrop on him, the idea of him being in any way inappropriate with his niece not even close to coming to the mind of anyone who knew him.

Except for Lindsay.

The thought of him being inappropriate with her had fueled her sexual fantasies for years. The only way her hubby could make her cum was when she let herself think about Scott for a little while.

"Uncle Scott, it has been way too long." Lindsay, said approaching him.

"Yes it has." he said with a smile, giving her a platonic hug, feeling her press her large teenage breasts into him. But he gave no sign that he noticed. "And how many times do I have to tell you, don't call me Uncle." She smiled.

"Just teasing you." she said coyly.

"How's the married life treating you? It must be different being married so young." Scott asked knowingly.

"Oh... uh, well, you know... its cool." she replied.

"That sounds like a strong affirmative." Scott said knowingly. "Lindsay, you can talk to me. I'm your trusted Uncle Scott." She nodded lightly.

"Uh, you know, it's good, but sometimes, you know... sometimes, occasionally, I wished I had waited around, maybe till I was older, maybe till things were already in place." Lindsay said, glancing up at him. "Does that sound bad?" she asked.

"No, it's okay... trust me, there's always that moment after you get married when you wonder what the hell you were thinking." Scott agreed.

"Yes!" Lindsay said, barely containing her excitement. "You know what I mean, then?" Scott shrugged his shoulders, not wanting to give a concrete answer, not giving her what she wanted, an inroad to his fidelity.

"I mean, I love Caleb, I do, but you know... he's a boy, and sometimes, you know, I want a man." she admitted. "He's nice and he's sweet, but I don't know what he wants to do

with his life. I want someone who knows exactly what he wants... and takes it."

"Mmm." he said, noncommittal.

"Like, since we got married, he's kinda let himself go a bit, and it's like... if he really was devoted to me, wouldn't he want to keep himself at his best?" she began. "Like, look at you. You look amazing. I should have you give some tips to him. You keep yourself looking good for Aunt Kate. Why can't he do the same for me?"

"Well, sometimes life gets in the way." Scott said. "Kate used to be a gym-body, but work keeps her busy. Yes, she's probably put on a few pounds, but I still love her."

"It's weird, both of our marriages, one of us keeps the package tight and toned, the other... not so much." Lindsay said with a laugh, glancing over at her husband, then her Aunt, then up to her Uncle. Scott simply smiled.

As the two chatted, the signs were there for anyone who was watching. The way she played with her golden hair, the way she exposed her neck, the way she pivoted her hips slightly, bouncing her foot back and forth on her heel as she stood in place. The way she would casually touch him. She wanted him, but both of them were so trusted that no one thought twice. But Scott wasn't biting the bait. Not yet.

Music played and drinks were shared. People worked the room, but Scott and Lindsay only worked each other. Lindsay should have taken this as a good sign that she had a chance with her husband's sexy uncle, but she did not. Platonic familial dancing was had, but Lindsay used the chance to press herself indecently close.

She touched him and she felt his hands on her as they danced, making goose-bumps appear on her skin. She really wanted to take things to the next level, except he wasn't taking the bait. She was gagging for him, but she knew if she crossed a line he wasn't willing to cross, she could push him away forever. But eventually, her teenage impatience became too much to take.

She began dancing with her back to him, his hands on her sides as she shook her butt slightly. Some might see this dance as being inappropriate for an uncle and niece to be taking apart of, but no one raised an eyebrow. Lindsay was feeling a bit hot under the collar, though she didn't know if Scott was feeling the same thing she was. She didn't know if this was a platonic, innocent dance or something more. She just shook her butt slightly as she danced for him until she got her answer, in the form of the throbbing nine-inch erection that grazed against her butt. She shivered and sighed, her eyes growing wide and her pussy growing wet. She looked back at him, licking her lips.

"You're toying with me?" she asked, Scott only answering with a knowing smile. Her feelings affirmed, she pressed her butt against him firmly, grinding against his thick meat. The two were basically dirty dancing at this point, surrounded by family, but no one noticing a thing as he held her against him. This went on for a few minutes, both of them getting worked up before she turned back and looked at him again.

"I want to kiss you." she sighed, eyes heavy with lust. His nod of assent was only sight, being seen only by her.

And kiss they did.

When the ball dropped and a new year began, neither Scott nor Lindsay were to be found. As the family screamed out in joy at another new year, the crowd was thick enough for Kate to not think twice that her husband wasn't next to her. Caleb thought the same thing about his wife, so both weren't too distressed about the fact they didn't have anyone to kiss as the New Year kicked off.

Scott and Lindsay did not share that problem.

At the same moment the New Year began, Scott and Lindsay's open mouths pressed against each other. As a chunk of the world screamed out in joy at a new year beginning, Scott and Lindsay's attention was solely on each other. Stolen away together in a tiny bathroom, tongues mashed as they made out, kissing energetically, attacking each other with pent up passion. The small bathroom began to heat up with the lust they were feeling.

It was in that bathroom that Scott's sweet, angelic, church-going niece officially became a full-on slut. Scott inspired his sweetheart of a niece to become a wicked little whore, a filthy tramp. And it was as she felt his thick, married, nine-inch cock inside of her that she felt like a real woman for the first time. She was done with boys. From this point on, she only wanted men. Now that Scott had unleashed his gorgeous niece upon the world, there was no stopping her from being the wicked slut she was born to be. They were gone for a while in the bathroom, but lucky for them, their spouses were too stupid to notice a thing.

When they finally emerged and returned to their spouses, Caleb wrote off his wife's slightly mussed hair and dreamy, blissed-out smile as a sign she had snuck into a bit of the booze. The only thing that could have changed his mind is if he knew her cunt was currently filled with his uncle's hot, thick cum. But he wouldn't notice, cause she would never be so careless. She knew could get away with cheating behind his back now, and so nothing would stop her from doing it in the future.

As Scott greeted his wife, she simply smiled, hugged and kissed him. If she had known that minutes earlier that

mouth had been wrapped around his niece's hard nipple, she would have been mad, but a thought like that would never come to a woman like her. Much like with Lindsay, Scott had no doubt how much he could get away with now.

"Happy New Year!" she said.

"Happy New Year!" he agreed, knowing this year would certainly be a good one for him.

(Two Months Later)

Stacy Robinson braced herself as the biting February air blew across her. Clutching her coat around her, she used her other hand to bring the cigarette to her lips, puffing on it lightly as she waited for her boss to meet her. She looked behind her as she stood in front of her newest real estate acquisition.

"Baker's Books"

It was amazing how quickly they had cleared the place out. The shelves were empty and the place now lifeless. She remembered the day Scott signed off on selling the store, and the thought sent a jolt through her. He had signed the contract on her sweaty naked back, and had practically used his cum as the ink. Stacy started to get warmer.

She saw the sleek black Lexus approaching so she stamped out the cigarette under her stylish boot. The car pulled up in front of the store, and the driver, a large, bulky young man emerged from inside. He got out and moved towards the back door, opening it up.

Her boss had arrived.

The older woman stepped out, her black hair blowing in the wind. Her large black overcoat kept her warm and her eyes were hidden by her sunglasses. Her heels clicked on the concrete as she walked around the car, and as she did, Stacy noted her bulging belly, evident even underneath her coat. Her boss was very, very pregnant, practically ready to burst.

But the news Stacy had for her brought her out, even in her condition. Stacy was impressed at this older woman. She was probably in her mid-forties, but she didn't dare ask. And Stacy was impressed that this older woman was still getting it on. That's how she imagined she would behave once she reached that age. She couldn't blame her. Stacy's boss was gorgeous. Her boss glanced up at her, and Stacy smiled in response.

"Good morning, Madeline." Stacy said, staring into the eyes of her boss. She had many names. The Devil's Mistress. The Goddess of Darkness. The Queen Witch.

Madeline Crow.

The Queen Witch herself, a woman who had been born over 300 years prior, was standing in front of Stacy. A woman whose identity as a witch had been discovered, leading to 300 years of imprisonment by a corrupt church. But she had escaped her prison, thanks to her own cunning, and the foolish stupidity of a very naïve girl. As soon as she escaped, she had gotten to work, spreading her proverbial tendrils throughout this metropolis, gaining more and

more followers. But she needed more followers, followers that were nearly as skilled as she was. That was what brought her out this crisp February morning.

Stacy's new boss was Madeline Crow, but she didn't know her by that name, cause that name was well-known around the town. Stacy didn't know that her boss was such a historical figure, an accused witch of the highest order. A person who was imprisoned for practicing the darkest of the dark arts, of doing unspeakable things.

No, Stacy knew her as Madeline Crane, entrepreneur, high-powered executive. Stacy had never heard of her until she made her presence known a few months prior. Stacy didn't know much about her, but it was clear she had wealth and power. It seemed like she came out of nowhere, but she already had a cult of loyal followers. Whenever Stacy visited her office, her workers seemed devoted to her. Stacy glanced down at her boss's choice of footwear, designer high-heels.

"High heels and pregnant? I have to say I am impressed." Stacy said with a laugh. Madeline smiled lightly.

"Thank you, dear." Madeline replied. "It is getting a bit harder to get around nowadays, but this is for a good cause."

"How far along are you?" Stacy asked.

"Just entered my ninth month." Madeline said.

"Is it your first?" Stacy asked.

"Second." Madeline replied coolly. "My first is... ten months old."

"Wow." Stacy replied with a smile. "I guess you're man couldn't keep his hands off of you."

"You have no idea." Madeline said with a laugh. "What about you? When are you gonna end up in the family way."

Stacy's face brightened with a smile.

"I don't know." Stacy said. "Me and our mutual friend Scott have been going at it pretty hot and heavy lately, so it should be anytime now."

"No protection?" Madeline asked.

"Oh, no." Stacy replied, shaking her head, as if the answer was obvious. "Did you see him? You don't make a guy like him wear a condom."

"Good girl." Madeline replied. "I haven't seen him since I hired him on. Has he been acclimating?" she asked, knowing Stacy dealt with him more than she did.

"Oh, yeah. What an incredible coincidence that his new job has him working practically hand-in-hand with myself, your favorite real estate rep. And for that, I thank you." Stacy said with a light bow. Madeline smiled slightly, before her expression turned more serious.

"Now... I have to ask... has he mentioned what changed his mind?" Madeline asked.

"No. I don't know how you guys did it, but no, he's never gone into it." Stacy replied. She could see the nervousness in her boss's eyes. Stacy wasn't stupid. She was well-aware that Madeline's work was not all above board, and this didn't bother her at all. She wanted to let her boss know that she was well aware of this and that she was happy to play ball and protect her. "Don't worry, Madeline. Trust me, whether it's me or that little Asian bitch he brought along with him from here... when he's around one of us, we tend to keep his mouth very busy. He won't say a thing."

Madeline seemed more content with this, knowing Stacy was happy to protect her.

"Remind me to raise your salary." Madeline said with a smile. "I'm sure you'll keep an eye on him for me. He's probably seen a lot more than he thought he did. I can trust you to keep him silent?"

"Of course." Stacy replied, not knowing what she was capable of but knowing she didn't want Scott to be on her bad side. Madeline nodded. She turned to look at the storefront. "So, tell me what you've got."

"Well, the workers dug through the foundation in the basement, like you asked. They took a while, but it seems like they found something. From what they described, it sounds like what you were looking for. I told them to stop and clear out until I received the go-ahead from you."

"Very good." Madeline said. She looked at Stacy and nodded. "You've done good work, Ms. Robinson. Is there a path down there?"

"Yes. You just go down to the stairs to the basement. They have a ladder going into down underground from there, and there is a wooden path from there. Are you going down there? I'm not so sure if you want to do that in your... condition." Stacy said.

"I'll be fine, dear." Madeline replied. "Tony here will help me. Do you have a key?"

Stacy reached into her pocket and produced a key, dropping it into her boss's palm.

"You can move along, dear. I'm sure Mr. Baker might need some of your personal assistance." Madeline hinted coyly. Stacy smiled.

"Alright, Ms. Crane. If you insist." Stacy said. "I am wearing my favorite thong today, and I do love the idea of Scott pulling it out with his teeth."

With that, Madeline nodded and gave the younger woman the go-ahead. Stacy stepped into her car and drove away, so Madeline turned her focus on the store.

300 years of work was about to pay off.

Madeline Crow's heels clicked on the wooden boards beneath her feet as she stepped off the ladder. Tony's hands were on her hips, making sure she was stable as she stepped off the ladder. Madeline stepped forward, holding a flashlight, lighting up the path ahead. A relieved smile crossed her lips.

"You can go upstairs, dear." she told Tony. "Keep the car warm."

"Uh, are you sure, Ms. Crow?" Tony asked. "Do you think you'll need help getting back up?"

"I'll be fine dear." Madeline said. "I'll have help."

Tony nodded, knowing not to question Madeline, so he made his way up the ladder and back outside.

Madeline Crow, the wicked witch herself, turned around and looked down the long, dark hallway. As her heels clicked on the haphazardly placed floorboards, she reflected on what brought her here. This was a path that

began before her imprisonment, over 300 years ago. And during her imprisonment, when she was locked alone in that fucking house, she had set up the pieces for this, but had no way to make it play out. But now, she did.

The walls were purely rock and dirt, but as she walked farther along the dark hall, the walls transformed into brick and stone. She could feel the dark magic flowing through this area, floating in the air. The floor beneath her turned to rock, and her heels echoed through the halls. She made a turn down a dark hallway, and then... she saw it.

The doorway.

At the end of this hallway was a heavy, stone door, adorned with strange symbols. In front of this door was an archway, adorned with even more symbols. As she moved closer, the air became dense with dark magic. Even for a woman as entrenched in dark magic such as her, the hair on the back of her neck stood on end.

She approached the stone door placed her palm against it. She moved in closer, pushing her cheek against the stone,

feeling the cold stone against her face. Under her breath, she murmured incantations and enchantments, trying to bring the door to life. This went on for a while as Madeline did her work, trying to bring 300 years of work to its fruition. Finally, the door became hot, and a dark red glow emanated from it. She stepped back and her eyes widened in excitement.

The seal around the door began to break as red light glowed from behind it, and stepping forward she pushed on the heavy stone. The door swung back, as if on a hinge, and dark black smoke billowed out from within it. The red glow disappeared as soon as the door opened, so as Madeline stared into the depths of darkness beyond the door, she could see nothing but black smoke. She couldn't see very far into it, and she knew better than to step inside. Even though she couldn't see, she knew what was back there, and knew she couldn't cross into that barrier.

But she knew something could come out.

"My sisters!" Madeline called out into the darkness. "Come to me! Follow my voice! It's time!"

Madeline's eyes blazed as she watched the darkness. Finally, her ears picked up the sounds of approaching footsteps.

"Come to me!" Madeline called out again. Finally, the smoke seemed to part, and from within, three women appeared.

Emily, Sophie, and Rowena.

All looked like they did in Scott's dream. Emily, looking like she was clad in an old-fashioned dress, Rowena in her dark black cloak, and Sophie in her slutty, sexy Christmas elf wear.

"Come to me." Madeline beckoned to them. All three studied their surroundings before stepping forward, stepping through the doorway, out to the other side. As soon as they did, the stone door swung shut behind them, locking back into its place.

Madeline trusted her skills, but even with that in mind, she was shocked that this had worked. Standing before her were these three women, three women who were supposed to be long gone. Women that were not of this time. They were from her time.

Rowena, Sophie, and Emily had all died 300 years ago. Purged in the unfair genocide of her sisterhood. Burned at the stake due to the fact that they were unable to do the same to Madeline, and the church wanted blood wherever it could be had. All three associated to Madeline in different ways.

This was the plan. The entire time. During her imprisonment, she had made contact with their three spirits on the other side. She located them and began setting up her plan, bringing these three spirits closer to this plane of existence, setting up all the projections, everything. Everything was set up and put in place. The only thing they had to do was execute their plan. Their plan was to create a confrontation between these three spirits and a man who had committed vows of marriage in the eyes of the church. They had set up the setting for this confrontation to exist,

but the one thing they needed, a target. But they didn't really have a choice.

Scott Baker was the target, even though it theoretically could have been any married man. The reason he was chosen was simple.

It was real estate.

That was it. It was, in the end, a matter of land. Madeline knew this temple was here, located underneath this building. But they couldn't get to it legally unless he signed over the property, and he claimed he would never sell. Sure, she had many means to get this land that weren't quite above board, but she didn't want to create any unnecessary risk, especially when a more elegant solution was possible. To get the property from Scott, they needed him to change his mind, and to get these three back to this world, they needed a married man. He was the perfect target.

To bring these women back to life, they needed these spirits to be on the receiving end of a married man's seed. Seed promised to another. They needed a church vow to be

broken, since it was the church responsible for their demise. They needed that seed deep inside them to connect to the living plane, to be allowed to regain existence in a mortal form.

They only had one shot to bring them back to life, a single opportunity to make this happen. If it failed, Emily, Rowena, and Sophie could never come back. They would be gone for good. But it had worked. Scott Baker had succumbed in every way imaginable, given up his seed, and given up his property. And because of that, these three women were back to life, standing in front of her.

"Ladies..." Madeline began, staring at three women she hadn't seen for hundreds of years with her own eyes. "It has been too long."

"Madeline..." Emily said, staring in shock at the woman in front of her. "I can't believe it."

"You never did." Madeline said, approaching her, looking her over. "One of the few advantages of the spiritual plane is that it allows your true form to emerge. Some take

advantage, taking the form they always wanted, eliminating the flaws. And some women... some women are too proud to change." she said, staring pointedly at Emily as she said this. "Emily, my dear older sister... you were too proud to change, weren't you? Oh... wait a minute, maybe you did. I don't remember your boobs being so firm. And what happened to your crow's feet?" she asked mockingly. Emily looked ashamed, as if she had been caught. "Maybe you are starting to believe after all. You see what you missed out on? You always doubted me, questioned what I could do, turned me away when I offered to bring you in."

"I never believed any of it. Never." Emily said. "And I paid for your crimes by being burned at the stake!"

"But now you're back, thanks to me." Madeline said. "Isn't that right?" Emily looked at the ground.

"Yes." she relented.

"And now you owe me." Madeline said. "I brought you here. Don't you see my power now, Sis? Now, you owe me your life. You will do what I say. You will serve in my war."

Emily was a proud woman, but even she had to admit her younger sister was right. She had committed many crimes against nature to bring her back to life, but here she was, feeling cool air on her skin again.

"Madeline... I'll do what you say." Emily relented.

"Good. I know you lost your family, as did I, but don't worry... I'll have a young man for you in no time. You'll have a new family very soon, just like me." Madeline said, jutting out her belly. Emily stared down at it. Madeline grabbed her wrist and put her sister's hand on her belly, sliding it under her coat. Just as she did, the baby inside her kicked. "Don't you want this, Emily?" Madeline asked. Emily looked up at Madeline, her eyes flashing with jealousy and want.

"Yes." she said, with passion in her voice.

"Very good." Madeline replied. "You won't regret it." Madeline turned her attention to Sophie. "Now, some

women are too proud to change, but some take advantage.
I LOVE your new look!"

"Thanks, Madeline!" Sophie said with a cute smile. Madeline reached forward and ran her hands across the mammoth, latex-covered breasts.

"Mmmm, I love it." Madeline said appreciatively. "The breasts... the ass... the legs... the face... the hair. All of it a smokescreen. All of it hiding the madness within, isn't that right... Sepheera the Crazy? That's what they called you right?" The younger woman smiled at this. Sophie was a façade, like so much else. She was truly Sepheera, a name nearly as well known as Madeline's. Madeline looked into Sophie/Sepheera's eyes, and for a moment, she recognized that crazed glint she knew so well of her favorite apprentice in the dark arts.

"They thought it was an insult. I wore it with honor." Sepheera replied.

"Well, Sepheera, my dear, with this package, you will do some serious damage." Madeline replied. "But, you will

have to learn to control your little... outbursts... until the proper time." Madeline warned, knowing the acts of insanity this young woman in front of her was capable of. Acts so incomprehensible they couldn't be put into words.

"Well, we'll see about that." Sepheera relented.

Madeline had not been present for Sepheera's capture, but the rumors were it was a bloody one. While Emily pled legitimate innocence as she was ripped from her family, Sepheera didn't bother, cause there was no innocence within her anymore.

Even before witchcraft became known to public at large, it was clear young Sepheera had something dark within her. It wasn't till she crossed paths with Madeline that the darkness within her was focused and refined. No one had been able to reign in the terror of young Sepheera until Madeline displayed her hidden talents to the young woman, and it was only then that she fell in line. Madeline knew keeping someone with such a short fuse around was risky, but she had proved to be quite useful. And she would be again.

Madeline moved on to Rowena. As she did, Rowena pulled back her cloak, revealing her visage to her old friend.

"And then you... Rowena the Ruthless. Not even Hell itself could contain you." Madeline marveled. Rowena let a smirk cross her lips. "But, it's clear Hell left its mark." she said, eyeing the pure white hair on her head and her glowing blue eyes, a look she didn't recognize.

"You have no idea." Rowena replied. She reached down and pulled her cloak up, pulling it over her head, revealing her nude, tattooed form to her old friend, her sister in arms. Madeline's eyes widened. She studied the marks on her first lieutenant's skin avidly. "Clearly, it left its mark." she repeated.

"I wear these proudly." Rowena said. "I'm not ashamed of my journey. I take pride in it."

"Well, that's good, I suppose." Madeline replied. "We will have to give you some long sleeves... and some hair dye..."

and some contacts. But we can make this work." Rowena let a flash of annoyance cross her face. "Trust me, your style of brutal sexuality was ahead of its time. You will demolish the men of today. Men today LOVE older women. You were smart to hide your true age, dear. Men don't typically go for women quite that old. You hit the sweet spot, my love, and you won't regret it." Madeline said, addressing the older woman, her longest tenured ally, her friend and lieutenant from practically the beginning.

Rowena nodded at her old friend, the only woman who could ever tell her what to do.

Rowena had been truly ruthless indeed. Much like Sepheera, even before witchcraft was a known thing, it was clear there was something off about Rowena.

When Madeline had first encountered Rowena, even she had been stunned by how off-putting the older woman was. Rowena was many years Madeline's senior, and she was a strict, cold, callous woman. She had a short temper, a cruel demeanor, and an impressive body. No one got close enough to her to notice that though, but Madeline's keen

eye had spotted it immediately. She had noticed Rowena's jutting chest, nearly as large as her own, but feeling the effects of age more than her own large and firm pair. She had spied her impressive frame, a little bit older and a little more fragile, but still very fit and with curves in all the right places. And despite her older age, she still possessed an elegant, mature beauty that countered her age. It must be easy for a woman to not have smile lines on her face when she never smiled. Few enjoyed dealing with the unpleasant woman. While some might see humor in all these sturdy men being scared off by this old woman, there was nothing funny about it. The men that dealt with her seemed shaken by their encounters. Most wrote this off due to her harsh temper, but Madeline suspected the true reason.

In the time of puritans, Madeline knew first-hand that a woman embracing her sexuality was frowned upon. And Rowena... she had sexuality dripping from her pores. She was a woman of another time, much like herself. Despite the fact that Rowena was older than Madeline, who herself was considered an older lady by some, Madeline could feel the barely contained sexuality of the woman. And Madeline rightly suspected that all those one-on-one meetings Rowena had with the few men who would deal with her

were the only times the true Rowena emerged. The true sexuality Rowena brought to the surface behind closed doors. And with the way those men walked after she was done with them... Madeline just knew she was right.

Even Madeline was put off by the nasty, cruel older woman during their first meeting. That was when Madeline did what no one had before, standing up to her, showing her that Rowena had nothing on Madeline. Outwardly, to the people of their village, nothing changed and Rowena was still the crazy old lady no one liked dealing with. But behind closed doors, Rowena submitted her time to Madeline, entering the world of witchcraft and the dark arts, taking to it like the natural she was.

Whereas Sepheera's talents lied in her ferocity and savagery, Rowena's were built around pure power. She had very quickly taken to Madeline's lessons and possessed a power that nearly rivaled her mentor's, but she didn't possess the deft hand or deep pool of knowledge that Madeline did. Madeline had opened up a whole new way of life for her, a way to unleash that something inside of her that had been bursting out her entire life. So in return, despite maintaining her unpleasant exterior to everyone

else she encountered, she showed deference to the one woman who had opened up this new world to her. Madeline Crow was the only woman who could tell her what to do.

For a long time, these three women, among others, had practiced their craft in secret. For Madeline, that meant blending into society, no one suspecting the truth, the snake in their midst. For Sepheera, that meant withdrawing from society nearly completely, not letting others see her crazy side and start asking questions. And for Rowena, that meant hiding not just behind her unpleasant demeanor, but also hiding her true power behind her old age and fragility. These women would get together in secret and when they did it was an uneasy but affective alliance. That was until Madeline was captured, purely on a baseless accusation, a fortunate bit of chance for the church, the right woman being put away for the wrong reasons, leading to the swift downfall of the group Madeline had spent years cultivating, just like that.

Rowena was a powerful woman and a mighty witch and when the authorities came for her, it was said the world shook a little bit and many were left in her wake. And as the

legend goes, when she was burned at the stake, the fire coughed, as if Hell was trying to spit her back out. As if she was too terrible and unpleasant even for Hell itself. A legend that had been proven true.

"So... everything went to plan?" Madeline asked.

"Yes. I'm sure of it." Rowena replied, answering for the three, despite Sepheera's annoyance at this.

"He didn't suspect he was being lied to?" Madeline asked. Rowena raised an eyebrow.

"What, he didn't suspect that his life wouldn't be as bad as we painted it out to be? He didn't suspect that he was mere days from conceiving the first of his six children with his wife? He didn't suspect that he was about to receive a massive donation from an anonymous donor, enough to keep the doors of his store open for the rest of his life? He didn't suspect that enough people would get behind him and his cause that he would be able to run for mayor and win? That he would be successful in rescuing this town from the filth and bring it up to prominence? That all of his work

was about to pay off in a big way?" Rowena asked, pausing, making her point. "No, he didn't suspect a thing. All the doubts he felt about his future didn't come from us. They came from within himself. So... we're in the clear." Rowena stated.

"Good." Madeline replied. "While it would have been nice to get the mayor's office out of the hands of that Church-backed prick, this town needs to stay in the mud for us to play." she stated, not letting on that she was unsure of Rowena a little bit. Something about her and the way she described Scott seemed... off. She wondered for a second if cold, cruel Rowena had developed affection for the married man. While she would never vocalize these thoughts, she promised to keep one eye on her follower, making sure she didn't do anything that would put them or her rising empire in jeopardy.

Rowena didn't let on that she sensed Madeline's suspicions. And they were well-founded. Despite knowing better, she just knew that her and Scott had something beyond a normal sexual encounter. Something deeper. And despite knowing she was forbidden from seeing him again in fear of exposing their group, she was unable to deny the bond

they shared. They now shared the mark of the serpent, a mark only had by them two. The poison in her veins was now in him. In his veins... in his seed. The dark arts flowed through him now, and that darkness would carry through to the many children his spurting dick would create in the sluts he would be fucking. A consequence Madeline was aware of, knowing that her influence would only spread due to this, creating more followers for her to shape and mold. Even though other women would carry these babies, in the end, they were truly Madeline's children. However, the act of Rowena creating this dark connection with Scott created a strong bond, drawing those two together with a force even stronger than the ones Madeline possessed.

This was, of course, ignoring the other thing bringing Rowena and Scott together. The inseminated egg inside of her, a new life being created, a child conceived between a man among the living and a spirit trapped in hell.

A consequence of this encounter that no one anticipated.

"Very well." Madeline began. "Now, come on ladies." she ordered, turning and beginning to walk down the hall, leading along her coven reborn. "We've got work to do."

Scott Baker was a good man. He had pledged his life to bring his hometown out of the darkness, to bring goodness and purity to this den of sin. But in the end, greed, jealousy, and lust were his downfall. He had traded in his values in the name of pleasure. He had found the solution to all his problems. He had saddled himself to a failing business and an inferior wife. He had spent years trying to figure out how to make his store a success. And he had found the magic solution for success and happiness. He sold his store, betrayed his wife, and started fucking as many sluts as he could find. Christine... Stacy... Lindsay... Mrs. Thomas... all these women and more had cum on the end of his cock since his eyes had been opened. Even someone as pure as Scott was willing to sell out his values for the right price. That price being a pair of massive breasts for his hands and a tight cunt for his married cock. He had betrayed his wife, but that was just the beginning. His actions had unleashed a force of darkness far more sinister and clever than any it had seen in hundreds of years.

Scott Baker, the man who fought so hard to protect this city, may have just doomed it forever.

****THE END****

Author's Note

For those who might be confused by the epilogue, Madeline Crow and her story is all explained in my story "*The Cursed House of Crow*". Other than that, I just wanted to put out the call for any story ideas my readership may have. If you guys and girls have any, feel free to send them my way. Okay, I think that's all. Thanks for reading.