The Haunting of Palmer Mansion

By Rawly Rawls

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

Chapter 1

"Do you plan on living in the house?" Roger Peddler sat across the table from George and Julie Anderson. They were an attractive middle-aged couple. She was a tall brunette with a pretty smile, wearing a navy skirt suit that looked off the rack. He was a tall man with some gray in his short blond beard, wearing a brown corduroy coat and red tie. This was the first time he'd met the buyers, and he had a pang of guilt to see them all smiles and eagerness. "My wife and I … I mean ex-wife and I planned on fixing up the place, but we didn't get very far."

"We have the same plan." George accepted a document from the closing agent and signed it. "We'll live in the house while we fix it up."

"Do you have a son?" Roger signed one of his own documents and pushed it away from him.

"We have three beautiful children, Mr. Peddler." Julie cocked her head and raised an eyebrow. "Our eldest is married and off in the world. The twins still live with us."

"Are the twins girls?" Roger's voice sounded thin and unsure of itself.

"A boy and a girl." George's voice was more than a little sharp. "What business is it of yours?"

"None, none." Roger shook his head. "This house may test your marriage."

Julie's pretty, curving lips slumped into a frown and she put her left hand on her husband's right hand and squeezed. Her large wedding ring stood out on her delicate fingers. "Our marriage is rock solid, Mr. Peddler. This is not the first home we've rehabbed."

"I thought my marriage was unbreakable too." He took a sip from one of the plastic water bottles on the table. "And how old is your son?" Roger's heart beat in his ears. He knew he was pushing it with this nice family, but he had to know.

"The twins are eighteen." Julie squeezed George's hand a little harder. She wanted him to know she'd had about enough of this.

"Maybe … maybe … maybe ..." Roger nodded to himself. "Maybe the house will ignore him."

Everyone in the room buzzed with tension. The seller's agent looked like he'd rather be elsewhere. The closing agent kept her eyes on her papers.

"Watch the boy." Roger looked over at George. "Just watch your boy while you're in that house."

George turned to the closing agent. "Can we sign the rest of the paperwork in a different room? My wife and I would rather not share space with him." He jabbed his finger at Roger.

"Of course." The closing agent stood and ushered them out of the room.

Julie spared a glance back at Roger as they left. He was staring at her butt, shaking his head, and muttering "slut" to himself. In all her years buying and selling homes, this was the most unusual closing she'd been a part of.

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"It's got good bones." George looked up at their new house with a satisfied smile. The Victorian mansion had been a beauty at one point, but it had fallen into some disrepair. Nothing too worrisome. There was some rotted siding and peeling shingles. It needed paint. But lots of the original detailing remained. The two turret towers still stood proud on either side of the house. "What do you think, Jules?"

"I'm still in shock at the price." Julie walked up next to her husband, the weeds crunching under her sneakers. She slipped her arm around his waist and squeezed. "We lucked out, honey." Julie kissed George on the cheek and then looked back at the car. "You twins wanna see your new house?"

"Coming." Daniel shut off his phone, slipped it into his pocket, and hopped out of the car. "Wow, we're living here? It's huge." Daniel was a small, bookish teen. He pushed his longish, blond hair back off his forehead. "How many rooms, Mom?" Daniel couldn't look away from the house, taking in the old fish scale shingle accents and finely carved geometric shapes around the windows. In all his eighteen years, he'd never seen anything quite like it.

"There are twenty-two rooms, Danny." Julie gave her husband another squeeze and then walked over and stood next to her son. "Seven bedrooms, five bathrooms, four living rooms, a den, a library, a kitchen, a dining room, and, of course, the grand entryway."

"That's twenty-one." Daniel looked up into his mom's warm, brown eyes. "What about the other one?"

"Well, your father and I don't know yet." Julie smiled down at him. "There's a room next to the study that's locked. The seller says he didn't have a key."

"Oh, cool, a spooky mystery." Daniel smiled and nodded with exuberance. "Hey, Britt," he called over his shoulder. "Come and see this."

"In a minute, dufus." Brittney still sat in the back seat of the station wagon, texting her friends. Her long brown hair fell down around her face and did its best to hide her from the world.

A pickup truck drove down the old cobbled driveway and parked next to them. Daniel's older brother, Brad, waved to Daniel with a sardonic flourish from the driver's seat. His wife, Penelope, waved and smiled at Daniel too, with a bit more authenticity. She had her blonde hair up, and she wore an old t-shirt, ready to work. Daniel felt some butterflies in his stomach the way he always did around her.

"Brad's here?" Daniel looked back up at his mom, as if he had hopes that his eyes were playing tricks on him.

"Of course, sweetie. The movers will be here soon. We need help, right?" Julie patted Daniel on his skinny shoulder. She was mostly oblivious to Daniel's apprehension about spending time with his bully of a brother, and his sweet, beautiful wife. "I hope when you're a man, you'll be as considerate as your brother." Julie walked back over to her husband, took his hand, and walked down the cracked concrete of the front walk. "Let's get this house opened up."

"I'm eighteen." Daniel said under his breath. "I'm a man."

"No, you're not." Brad walked up next to Daniel and punched him on the arm, hard enough for Daniel to know it wasn't playful. "You're still a runt, Danny." Brad hit him again, laughed, and walked after their parents.

Daniel stood in the weeds and rubbed his arm, watching Brad stalk off. His brother was his opposite in many ways. Brad was tall, broad-shouldered, and his muscles bulged out of his t-shirt. And he was not nearly as thoughtful as their mom thought.

"He doesn't really mean it." Penelope walked up and gave Daniel a pitying, sympathetic smile. "He's actually very considerate." She patted Daniel on the head like he was a lost puppy, and followed her husband up the walkway.

"He means it," Brittney whispered. She had finally left the car and stood a few feet from Daniel, eyeing their new house. "It really is a monstrosity, isn't it?"

"Our brother or the house?" Daniel looked at Brittney, admiring her quick, friendly smile.

"Both?" Her small, elfin features caught the morning sun as she looked up at windows in the west tower.

"Yeah, you're probably right." Daniel walked off toward the house. "Come on, Britt, let's go pick out our rooms."

"Okay." As Brittney followed her brother, she kept her eyes up on the windows like she had spotted something interesting. But she said nothing more.

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Even with help from the movers, the Andersons were hot and sweaty by the time the family's stuff was settled. Most of the boxes and furniture were in their assigned rooms.

Julie and George took the master bedroom on the second floor for their own.

Daniel took the second-floor bedroom with the fireplace, on the opposite end of the house.

Brittney, wanting to have some space of her own, took the circular bedroom in the east tower, above Daniel.

Brad and Penelope set up a guest bedroom for themselves across the hall from the master bedroom. The couple didn't plan on spending the night all that often, but there were bedrooms to spare. They'd sleep there that Saturday night, help with the unpacking Sunday, and then leave Sunday night. It wasn't a long drive back to their small home across town.

The house was clearly a product of its era. Only the entry way and the second-floor living room had open layouts. All the other rooms were cloistered and compartmentalized. All around them, there was rich wood paneling and bountiful carving and inlay. The Victorian builders loved to pour on an excess of detail and a mansion like this had certainly spared no expense when the house was built in 1886.

The family ate delivered pizza together in the oak-paneled dining room when their work was done. After that, Daniel excused himself to take a shower. He grabbed a towel from one of his boxes and found the bathroom across the hall from his new bedroom. It had an old clawfoot tub with a shower curtain hanging from a rickety curved rod. He sighed to himself, but it would have to do.

Downstairs, Julie washed dishes and thought about how they'd probably need to start with remodeling the kitchen. She could really use a dishwasher. Suddenly a chill passed over her and she shivered. She felt George step up behind her and give her jean-clad butt a pat. "Hands off, George. Save it for our new bedroom."

"What?" George called in from the dining room where he was clearing the table with Penelope's help.

Julie's pulse quickened and she turned, but no one was in the kitchen with her. She turned off the sink and put her hands on her hips. That was odd. She could have sworn somebody gave her butt a little smack. Well, she was tired. "Nothing, honey," she called back to her husband. And now that she thought about it, she was dirty. So very dirty. Without another word, she walked out of the kitchen, down the hall, and upstairs.

The thought occurred to Julie that she should use the master bath and it might be good to grab a change of clothes and a towel. But instead, she walked right to the bathroom across from Daniel's new bedroom. She opened the door and slipped in. She could hear Daniel softly singing to himself as he scrubbed himself. Julie's heart thumped in her chest. She left the door open behind her and walked up to the shower curtain. For some reason, she needed to make sure Daniel cleaned off properly. It was her motherly duty after all.

"*Hit me baby one more time –*" Daniel sung to himself. The shower curtain flung open and Daniel gave a high-pitched shriek. He turned to see his mother standing there with a distant look in her eyes. "Shit, Mom, what are you doing?"

The shriek snapped her out of it. "Oh, I'm so sorry, Danny. I didn't know anyone was in here." She looked him up and down. His pale, thin teenage body was slick with water. She couldn't help but notice

his tiny penis. It seemed he had not inherited his father's hefty seven inches. That was too bad for her little man. "I … um … thought this shower was empty."

"Like, you didn't hear me?" Daniel caught his mom looking at his junk, and he quickly put both hands over his crotch. He knew he was small and the look of pity in his mom's eyes confirmed it. This was mortifying. "Get out, Mom."

"Of course, sorry. I'm so sorry, Danny." Julie retreated back out into the hall and closed the door. That was all so strange. She must be more tired than she thought. She walked back to the stairs with the most peculiar feeling. It was like she was moving in a stodgy dress, with an awkward bustle in the back. She had to look down to confirm to her brain that she in fact still had her t-shirt and jeans on. She'd go to bed early, she decided.

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Something woke Daniel in the middle of the night. The old mansion creaked as its timbers contracted and expanded, a type of breath any old house would take. The cool night air settled around the house. Daniel's curtains billowed in the moonlight as a breeze blew through his open window. When had he opened his window? And if there was a draft blowing in there must be a cross breeze. Daniel looked over to his bedroom door and saw that it stood open too. That was odd.

A thump sounded down the hall and echoed into his room. That must have been what had woken him. And then another thump. And pretty soon the sound picked up a steady rhythmic beat. It wasn't so much a thumping as a slapping sound, he decided. Probably his stupid brother trying to prank him. Daniel threw off the covers and walked toward the door. The smooth, cool floorboards pressed up against his feet. He hugged himself against the breeze. It was very cold in his room.

Once at the door, Daniel peeked out into the hall. To his right all was quiet at the stairs that went up to his sister's room in the east tower. To his left, the hall extended a long way. Past the grand staircase, all the way down to the closed doors of the bedrooms where the rest of the family slept.

"What the?" Daniel's eyes widened. A naked woman with flowing red hair, large breasts, and a pregnant belly leaned her elbows on the railing overlooking the grand stairway. He could just hear her soft grunts. Behind her labored a young man probably Daniel's age, or maybe a little older. He gripped the pregnant woman's hips and thrust in and out of her with an enormous dick. His strokes were so long, Daniel thought he'd plop out of the woman, but, instead, he drove back into her again and again.

On the floor, all around the mating couple were strewn old timey clothes that surely must have fallen out of a Dickens novel. Daniel's little penis hardened in his pajama bottoms.

The red-haired woman turned her head and looked at Daniel. Her green eyes blazed into his soul. "There you are, dearie." She gritted her teeth with each thrust. "The bond, the pact, the contract made." She spoke softly but the words carried down that long hall to Daniel. "We paid and received and the Devil took his due." Her whole body jiggled wonderfully with each hard thrust. Daniel had never seen anything he wanted more than this pregnant woman.

“Who … who …” Daniel stammered. “Who are you?”

“I am Mrs. Palmer, and you may know me the way the stud knows the mare if you wish.” The woman smiled a sweet wistful smile. “You may possess all that you see.”

“How?” Daniel watched her shaking ass and the lovely curve of her delicate back.

“You need only say that you want me.” Mrs. Palmer grunted as the young man behind her picked up the pace. He was hammering her now. “Say you will pay the price to have what you will.”

“I … I …” Daniel did want her.

“Offer your approbation, dearie. Then, you will know this pleasure.” Mrs. Palmer braced herself as the young man grunted and stopped his thrusts, clearly cumming inside her. She pushed back and hissed through her teeth. “Pay the price and you can have what my sweet Thomas has. For ever and ever.” Panting, she kept her eyes locked on Daniel.

“I want you.” Daniel didn’t know what the price was, but he was more than willing to pay anything. “I’ll pay the price.”

“Good boy,” Mrs. Palmer said. And with that, she and Thomas disappeared, along with all of their clothes.

“Hello?” Daniel blinked. A warmth grew in his small, stiff penis. At first it felt pleasant, but then it quickly became unbearable. It was so hot. His balls too. Everything down there felt like it was on fire. He ran across the hall and turned on the shower all the way to cold. He jumped in with his pajamas still on and pulled down his bottoms. The cold water did nothing to cool his fevered skin. His dick was glowing a reddish color he had never seen before, but one he’d later describe as something sanguine. The color of pleasure and blood.

As he watched with his mouth slack in horror, his dick grew. With each beat of his pulse it added a little to its girth and length. Veins defined themselves along his shaft. The head swelled and turned a dark purple color. Daniel tried not to hyperventilate. After several minutes, the dick stopped growing and stood out from his skinny frame with monstrous proportions. Probably longer than a foot and so terribly thick. The glow left his penis, and spread to his balls. Now they too grew with each beat of his heart. He reached down and grabbed his dick with both hands and stroked. He’d never known such pleasure before. When his balls stopped their expansion, they were quite swollen and crisscrossed with little purple veins.

“Oh my, God, I’m … going to … explode.” Daniel let loose a torrent of cum onto the shower curtain and sagged down to his knees. That was more cum than he was used to producing in a whole month. His dick went soft, but it was still so huge as it rested in his hands.

Daniel wiped the cum down the shower drain, stood, and turned the shower off. Still soaking wet, with his bottoms around his ankles, he stumbled out of the tub and into the hall. His dick swayed like a pendulum between his scrawny thighs. He managed to cross the hall into his bedroom, close the door behind him, and tossed his exhausted body into bed. Daniel fell asleep almost immediately, and dreamed heavenly dreams of taking Mrs. Palmer from behind.

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What a wonderfully large house. They were a lucky family to find this steal, Julie thought to herself as she padded down the second-floor hall wearing a casual summer dress. It was a clear, sunny morning and most of the family ate breakfast down in the dining room. Everyone except Daniel, that is. He hadn't gotten himself out of bed yet, which was unusual for him. He was often the first to rise. He'd probably stayed up too late with a book or something. Julie knocked on the door, but received no answer.

"Danny, I'm coming in." Julie opened the door and stepped in. She found him lying on top of the covers, on his stomach. His little white butt nearly blinded her in the morning light. She giggled to herself, she hadn't seen his naked butt in years. Now she'd seen his diminutive penis and butt in the course of two days. "Danny?" Julie walked over to the bed and shook his shoulder. His pajama top was damp. Maybe he'd had night sweats. She felt sorry for him. His nightmares probably had something to do with her seeing his little thingy. "Time to wake up, pumpkin."

"What?" Groggily, Daniel turned his head on the pillow and blinked his eyes up at his mother. He'd always known she was pretty, but in that moment, she looked completely enthralling. His eyes went to her cleavage as she bent at the waist. His cheeks flushed and he looked up to her sweet smile. Very fine crow's feet lines, obvious in the morning light, extended next to her eyes. The small wrinkles looked so lovely and reassuring.

"It's time to wake up." Julie noticed her little man taking a peek down her dress, but she didn't mind. Teenagers couldn't really help themselves after all. "We're leaving for church in an hour. And we have a lot of unboxing to do today." Julie straightened and gave Daniel a wink. "I'm going to go get changed. Get ready and go grab some breakfast." Julie did her best not to giggle as she left the room. She closed the door after her.

"Oh, shit." Daniel realized only after she'd left that he'd been mooning her. He turned onto his back and his soft, giant dick flopped onto his belly. "Oh, double shit." He looked down at what until yesterday had been an awkward problem on the tiny end of the scale, but was now an embarrassment of riches. How was he even going to stuff all that into his briefs?

Daniel hopped out of bed, did his best to tuck that monster comfortably into his underwear, and put on his church clothes.

When he arrived downstairs, he found his siblings in the dining room finishing off their pancakes.

"The runt has landed," Brad said between mouthfuls. He wore an ill-fitting suit that couldn't quite contain his broad shoulders. He had his blue tie flipped over his shoulder.

"Good morning, Daniel." Penelope gave Daniel that usual sad smile that said she felt sorry for her husband's little brother, but she wasn't going to do anything about it.

"Why are you walking so funny?" Brittney looked Daniel up and down as he found a seat and served himself some pancakes.

"Just sore from all that moving." Daniel flipped his red tie over his shoulder to keep it away from any wayward syrup.

“Do you even lift, bro?” Brad laughed at his own joke and looked at his wife.

Penelope was torn between supporting her husband and not wanting to further humiliate poor Daniel. She chose the former and chuckled, but didn’t make eye contact with either of them.

Both Daniel’s sister and sister-in-law were already in their church dresses. Daniel’s eyes took in the swell of their breasts under the conservative cut. Penelope certainly had more in the boob department, but she was in her twenties. Daniel supposed Brittney would grow bigger. Then he realized he was thinking about his sister’s tits and his mouth turned down in revulsion.

“What’s wrong now?” Brittney’s sharp features were accentuated by the inquisitive look on her face.

“Nothing. Just a bad taste in my mouth.” Daniel tried to keep his thoughts about Brittney clean, but all sorts of torrid images burst into his brain. Did she shave her pussy? What did her butt look like? Sure, he’d seen her in a bathing suit dozens of times, but he’d never really looked. Much to his dismay, his new freak-of-a-dick started pushing at his underwear as it swelled with blood. He needed to think of something else. “How’d you sleep up in your tower?” Shit, now he was thinking about her laying naked in bed. The world was going topsy-turvy.

“I slept like a log.” Brittney cocked her head at him. “What’s wrong with you today?”

“Nothing, nothing.” Daniel shook his head.

“I think he’s finally hit puberty,” Brad said.

“Enough with that, Brad.” George walked into the room with his jacket and tie on. “Okay, Andersons. Let’s get this show on the road.”

Everyone but Daniel got up from the table and took their dishes into the kitchen. Daniel sat there for ten minutes and slowly ate his pancakes until his dick finally deflated. Maybe he was hitting puberty way late. Maybe that’s all this was. Then he thought of Mrs. Palmer and a chill ran down his spine. No, something else was happening.

Eventually, Julie came to get him. “We’re out the door, Danny. Come on.”

“Coming, Mom.” Daniel got to his feet and followed her out of the house. He needed to talk to somebody. The pastor? No way. His dad? That would be weird. His sister? No. His mom? Butterflies rose in his stomach as he contemplated confiding in her. He wasn’t sure why, but it would have to be her.

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On Sunday afternoon, Julie sat on the floor in the middle of the library unpacking and organizing books. The jeans and t-shirt she had on were dusty from the day’s labors. Her hands stopped when she pulled the book *First Love* by Ivan Turgenev out of its temporary carboard home. She remembered reading it when she was in college. A love story between a teenage man and an older woman. As she recalled, the woman was capricious and the man overcome by infatuation. She opened the book and read a random

passage. *“I burnt as in a fire in her presence ... but what did I care to know what the fire was in which I burned and melted--it was enough that it was sweet to burn and melt.”*

Seamlessly, Julie felt that she had moved into dream. A pregnant woman in a bustled dress stood over her, looking down at the book. “I read that book on its first American printing.” The woman’s copper hair fell around her face. “It’s a rather scandalous and scorching tale.”

Julie looked up at the woman and a sense of calm spread over her. “Who are you?”

“My name’s Mrs. Eloise Palmer. How do you do?” Eloise held her hand out.

“I’m Julie Anderson.” Julie reached out for the hand, but it was offered in such a way that she knew she wasn’t supposed to shake it. She was supposed to kiss it. Did women greet each other this way all those years ago? Julie didn’t think so, but she took the hand and delicately placed her lips on Eloise’s knuckles. The woman’s skin was icy on Julie’s warm lips. She released the hand and looked down at the book.

“Go on,” Eloise said. “Read another passage.”

“Sure.” Julie felt that the whole world had gone foggy. She flipped pages and read. “*Beware of the love of women; beware of that ecstasy - that slow poison*.”

Eloise laughed. It was a pretty, tinkling sound. She held her swollen belly. “I’m glad my Thomas never read that book. We wouldn’t want to warn our boys, now would we? I do believe he turned eighteen the year I read this.”

“What year was that?” Julie looked back up into those beguiling green eyes.

“It was 1897, of course.” Eloise smiled.

“Of course.” Julie nodded.

“Now, Mrs. Anderson, would you like to know the pleasures I found with my Thomas?” Eloise’s smile grew and her freckled face radiated happiness.

“I don’t understand.” Julie shook her head, trying to clear the cobwebs from her brain.

“The bond, the pact, the contract made,” Eloise said. “We paid and received and the Devil took his due. All we need from you is your approbation, sweet Julie.”

“No.” Julie dropped the book and ran her hands through her long brown hair. “No, this is wrong.”

“Mom, are you in here?” Daniel poked his head into the doorway.

Julie found herself lying on the floor in the middle of all those books. She sat up and looked around the room wildly. Mrs. Palmer was gone. Had Julie drifted off to sleep while unpacking? What a strange dream. It had been a trying few days. She looked back to her son who had a worry line etched into his forehead. “What’s wrong, pumpkin?”

“I think I need to see a doctor.” Daniel stepped into the library and closed the door behind him. The door could lock from inside. That was an odd feature for a library. He locked it. “I’m going through some … changes.” He looked down at his mother. The outline of her bra straps under her old t-shirt fascinated

him. He'd never really noticed what wonderfully round, full boobs she had. He tried not to stare at how her breasts warped the logo on her shirt.

"No insurance, remember? Hopefully we can avoid the doctor." Julie stood up and brushed herself off, shaking the last clinging remnants of that dream away. "Tell me what the problem is."

"Last night I had a strange dream about a pregnant lady, and then this happened." Daniel unbuttoned his pants.

"Wait, Danny. Did this woman have …?" Julie gasped and lost her train of thought as Daniel lowered his pants and underwear and she got a good look at what hung between his legs.

"See. That's why I need a doctor." He looked away from his mother.

"Is that real?" Julie tentatively walked toward her son. It looked real enough, just ridiculously exaggerated. The skin tone was right for Daniel. It swayed a little like she'd expect such a large hunk of meat to sway as Daniel shifted his weight from one foot to the other.

"I'm not messing with you, Mom." Daniel spared a glance as she approached. Her eyes were narrow, and she moved almost like a cat on the hunt. It was disconcerting.

"I'll need to touch it." Julie drew near to him and reached her left hand down to the soft appendage. "Just to check." She brushed her fingertips down the top and the thing jerked and grew a little. "Oh, I see. It's real." She took a deep breath. "It's real, alright." In her head she heard Eloise's voice. Julie needed only to pay the price and she could possess everything before her.

"Mom … uh … you better stop now."

"Just a sec, pumpkin." Julie slowly wrapped her fingers around the thing's monstrous girth and squeezed, pressing her wedding ring into the spongy flesh. Some part of her brain flashed warning lights and repeated to her a passage from church earlier that day. Corinthians 7:5, *Do not deprive each other except perhaps by mutual consent and for a time, so that you may devote yourselves to prayer. Then come together again so that Satan will not tempt you because of your lack of self-control.* Julie let go of her son's hardening thing.

"I'm sorry, it just did that on its own." Daniel looked down. His dick was now almost fully hard, head purple and veins bulging.

"Go take a cold shower, Danny, and we'll talk about his later." She gave him a shove toward the door. "And for heaven's sake pull your pants up."

Daniel turned, pulled up his pants, and rushed for the door. Tears welled in his eyes. He was so confused. Base urges and conscience pulled in far flung directions. He didn't think the cold shower would help, but at least it was the perfect place to fap. He opened the door and rushed down the hall.

Julia's chest heaved and she shook her head. Her mind vacillated between thinking the whole thing was the product of a fevered mind beset by a tempestuous few days, to focusing back to the reality of Daniel's strange penis as she held it in her hand. They'd need to get the wi-fi working, because Julie needed to do some research on how quickly the teenage penis was supposed to grow. She was pretty sure it wasn't that fast. Good Lord, he was now twice the size of his father.

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Sunday evening rolled around and Julie found Daniel in his room. He was laying on his bed messing around on his phone. Goodness gracious, she could see the bulge of his soft penis in his shorts. “Get up, Danny. Let’s have another look at it. I Googled your condition and didn’t find anything. I think if it looks healthy, we’ll just call this an unusual growth spurt.”

“Okay, Mom.” Daniel got off the bed, stood on the hardwood in his bare feet, and dropped his shorts. His breathing quickened. Did he like showing off his dick to his mom? Was that the reason he’d picked her to help him with this problem? Daniel was glad he hadn’t tried his father. That would have been nothing but embarrassment.

“Wow, sweetie. That really is some growth spurt.” Julie’s eyes widened as her gaze roved over the great hanging thing. “Okay, George,” Julie called over her shoulder. “I do think you need to see it.” She hadn’t wanted to bring in her husband. Maybe she’d exaggerated the memory of Daniel’s penis from earlier in the day. After all, she had been groggy from that dream about the pregnant woman. But clearly, it was just as big as she remembered it. She needed a man’s opinion.

“What?” Daniel looked at the door in a sudden panic.

“Alright, pal, let’s see what all the fuss is about.” George stepped in from the hall where he’d been waiting. He got one look at his son with his shorts around the ankles and stopped in his tracks. “Well that does look out of place, doesn’t it?” George took another step and stood next to his wife. “You should check it, Jules. Make sure it’s … I don’t know … normal.”

“We can see it’s not normal, honey.” Julie frowned at her husband. “I don’t want to touch it.” In her mind, she added *again*. But she couldn’t have George know she’d already held the thing.

“I’m right here, Mom.” Daniel’s cheeks flushed and he looked away. He expected his dick to shrivel up and disappear. That’s what his old dick would have done. But this monster just hung there. At least he didn’t have an erection. That would be a real nightmare.

“Sorry, Danny.” George looked back at Daniel. “You are as God created you and you have nothing to be ashamed of.”

Daniel didn’t think that was right. It was Mrs. Palmer that did this and Daniel was pretty sure she wasn’t working with God. “There was a lady last night –”

“Hold on, Danny. One thing at a time.” Julie didn’t mean to be cross, but she wanted to focus on the issue at hand. “We need to deal with this now.”

“Well, it looks healthy enough.” George leaned a little forward as he tried to assess his son’s dick without getting too close. “Does it hurt?”

“No, it’s okay,” Daniel said. “But I really have to tell you about –”

“There you are. What’s everybody doing in …” Brad walked into the room and stopped in his tracks. “Holy shit. What the hell, Mom and Dad?”

“Language, Bradly.” Julie turned and shook a finger at Brad. “We’re just trying to see if your brother needs any medical attention.”

“I bet he does.” Brad shook his head like he was deep in thought. “He’s a freak.” Brad didn’t like any of this. His stupid little brother was swinging some serious pipe. He’d never tell Penelope about this.

Daniel wanted to crawl into a hole and die. Instead he just stood there with his dick out in the breeze.

“That’s not helpful, Bradly.” Julie scowled at her eldest.

“Well, now.” George sighed. He looked away from Daniel and offered a wan smile to his wife. His youngest son suddenly made him very uneasy. “It seems healthy enough. If it doesn’t bother him, there’s no need for a doctor.”

“This house is so big. It took forever for us to find …” Penelope walked into the room and her jaw dropped. Brittney walked in next to her and her hand went to her mouth. Both women quickly had very rosy cheeks. All four eyes fixed themselves on Daniel’s dick.

“What … what happened to Danny?” Brittney couldn’t look away from the horrible thing between his legs.

“It’s perfectly natural.” George moved toward the door and tried to shepherd his family back into the hall. “We come in all shapes and sizes.”

“But that’s not Danny’s thing, Dad.” Brittney let herself be pushed out of the room.

“Of course it is, Britt.” George cleared out everyone but Julie, and their voices faded down the hall.

“You can put that away now.” Julie watched him pull up his shorts and underwear, he struggled to tuck his thing into his clothes. “So, it’s decided. If it hurts or changes in any way, you let me know. Otherwise, this will be the last we talk about it. Okay?”

“Sure, Mom.” Daniel looked at the floor.

Julie turned and walked to the door and a sudden thought entered her mind. She looked back at Daniel still standing there. “Cheer up. It would have been so much worse if they saw the little thing you used to have. I think the men were jealous. Don’t you?” Julie smiled her warm, caring smile but it occurred to her that was a very odd thing for her to say.

“Thanks, Mom.” Daniel looked up and smiled back. “Yeah, sure.”

“Good. That’s all settled then.” Julie slipped out the door and closed it behind her.

~~

Dreams slipped past Daniel as he slept. There was no room as the house whispered into his mind. Over and over again, Daniel heard that he'd paid the price and now it was time to take what was his. Daniel woke with a sudden start and sat up in bed. Moonlight fell through his bedroom window. Again, the damned window hung open and the curtains billowed. What was going on? He was sure he closed it this time. Daniel took a deep breath. He was about to get out of bed and rectify the situation when he noticed a shadow looming by the fireplace.

The shadow took a step toward the bed. Daniel's blood ran cold. It took another slow step. The form was a woman in a Victorian dress with long flowing hair cascading over her shoulders.

"Hello?" Daniel's voice croaked weakly.

"You paid the price, now take what you will." Eloise Palmer stepped into the moonlight and looked down at Daniel in his bed. Her pale skin almost glowed as she dropped her dress to the ground and moved closer. She stood over him completely naked. "Did you see the doubt in their eyes? They all know what will come."

"Who?" Daniel looked up at her swollen freckled breasts. Her nipples were dark and her areolas expansive. His gaze trailed down over her round belly to the red triangle of hair between her slender legs.

"You know who, Danny." Eloise pulled his blanket and sheet slowly off the bed. Her green eyes narrowed at the sight of his manhood barely contained by his pajamas. "You're ready for me. Good boy." She bent down and grabbed the cuffs of his bottoms. The twin diamonds on her wedding ring caught the moonlight. With a swoop of her arms she pulled the bottoms off Daniel and his dick sprung free. "What a fine bludgeon you now have."

"I'm … a virgin … Mrs. Palmer." Daniel gripped the sheet in either hand as she climbed into bed with him.

"Not for long, darling." Eloise straddled him and reached below her to grasp his cock. "Soon, you'll find yourself surrounded in acquiescent quim. Anyone you want, Danny. Anytime you want her."

"Your skin is so cold." Daniel shivered as she dropped her hips and he slid into her. Her insides were as chilly as her exterior.

"Warm me up then." Eloise groaned and took long, slow bounces up and down. Her boobs and belly shook with every thrust. "That's a good lad." She cupped her boobs in her hands and leaned her head back. Eloise rolled her eyes and her pretty lips parted. "So … goooooood."

"Am … I … uh … uh … uh … dreaming?" This was so far beyond any fantasy Daniel could conjure up.

"Noooooo." Eloise switched to gyrating her hips and placed her cold hands on his meager chest. "It's time … Danny … for *la petite mort*." Her hips stopped and she trembled all over. Her dangling boobs shook just above Daniel's face. When she'd recovered from her orgasm, she went back to long, bouncing strokes again. This time with both hands on her pregnant belly. "Very good, Danny. Now it's your turn."

The sounds of Daniel's soft grunts, Eloise's more animalistic ones, and the slapping of frigid skin on warm skin filled the large, dark bedroom. She rode him for a long time.

“Mrs. Palmer … it’s happening …” Daniel shut his eyes tight. “Ooooohhhhhhhhh.” He came and came inside this strange woman. Nothing in his life had prepared him for the ecstasy of that moment.

When Daniel opened his eyes, golden morning light streamed through his open window and his mother was knocking on his door. Eloise was nowhere to be seen.

“Time for breakfast, Danny.” Julie had the good sense not to barge in on her growing boy after the incidents the day before. She wanted no more to do with his enormous thing. “School bus will be here in thirty.”

“Okay, Mom.” Daniel called back through the door. What a strange night that had been. He looked down at his rigid marvel of a dick and wondered if he had time for a fap in the shower before breakfast.

Chapter 2

The bus dropped off the twins at the end of their long driveway. They talked about classes and friends as they walked back to their new house. Once home, Brittney went off to the main living room to do some homework. There was a couch in there and Brittney liked to imagine a roaring fire in the fireplace, which was a cozy thought. Daniel said goodbye to his sister and hunted for his parents. This proved difficult as the mansion was quite expansive.

Eventually he found them in the west tower room, creating their punch list.

“Floorboards are loose here.” George stroked his graying, blond beard as he surveyed the enormous, circular room. The windows looked out in all directions. He could see the east tower. It looked like Brittney was home as he caught a glimpse of a woman’s shape moving about her room. “Some of the sills and jambs show rot. Not too bad.”

“Got it.” Julie scribbled down on her pad of paper. “What about electrical?”

“Hey, Mom and Dad. I’m home.” Daniel walked up the creaking stairway and entered the vacant tower room. He was huffing and puffing from walking all around the mansion. Daniel stopped, bent over, and put his hands on his thighs. The uncomfortable bulk of his dick made the circuit of the house even harder. His briefs weren’t supportive enough and he now walked with an odd gait.

“Hey, pal. How was school?” George turned to look at his son.

“Good.” Daniel looked up at his parents. They were in their dusty construction clothes.

“I see your sister’s up in her tower already.” George pointed out the window at the other turret.

“No, I think she’s in the main living room doing homework.” Daniel turned his gaze in the direction his father pointed, but didn’t see anyone. “Maybe it was Penelope?”

“They went home this morning.” Julie tucked her pad of paper under her arm.

“Well it wasn’t Brittney.” He wondered if it was Eloise, but after he’d lost his virginity last night, Daniel didn’t want to talk about her with his parents.

“Well, I hate to argue –” George squinted over at the other tower.

“Then don’t.” Julie slapped George on the back and a cloud of dust rose in the air. She smiled at him and then at her son. Even in her ragged work clothes, Julie was a beauty. “Tell us something that happened today at school.”

“Well …” Daniel straightened and sighed. He’d finally caught his breath. “I think I need new underwear. I was really uncomfortable. Especially during PE.”

“That’s a problem we can solve.” Julie handed George the punch list. “I’m going to help Daniel find some new underwear online.” She walked toward her son, the loose floorboards squeaking a protest under her sneakers. Her brown ponytail swished back and forth behind her head.

“I could really use your help, Jules.” George did need her help. It was a lot of house to cover.

“You’ll be fine without me, honey.” She took Daniel’s warm hand in hers and led him back down the stairs. “It’s not like Danny’s going to steal me away, George,” she called over her shoulder. Julie laughed at that. It was an easy, friendly sound, like the ringing of merry church bells.

~~

“This isn’t easy.” Julie scrolled the page on her laptop. “I mean, if we get the XXL, it’ll just hang off your butt. You’re still skinny everywhere but that one place.”

“Over there, Mom.” Daniel pointed at the screen and she stopped scrolling. “That iron strength micro boxer. It says it’s made for men with big packages.”

“It does, thank goodness.” Julie clicked on the link and adjusted her reading glasses. “Good for up to seven inches when soft,” she read. “How big is your thing, Danny?”

“I don’t know.” Daniel was suddenly aware that his shoulder was resting against his mom’s shoulder as their chairs were side by side. The touch was almost electric. He leaned away from her a little.

“Come on. I know all men measure it. Especially teenagers. You must have measured it.” She turned to look at him and tried to offer a reassuring smile like this was all perfectly normal, even though they both knew it was not.

“I didn’t measure it.” Daniel inhaled. Julie’s breath was sweet and her lips looked so plump and inviting. He’d kissed a few girls in his day, but none as womanly as his mother. Not even close. He looked up into her warm brown eyes, magnified by her glasses. “Let’s just get this one. I bet medium will fit.”

“Nonsense, I’ll get your father down here and he can show you how to measure it.” Julie took off her glasses, stood, and walked toward the door.

“No, Mom. I’d die if I had to show it to him again.” Daniel steepled his hands in prayer. “Can you just do it, please?”

Julie stopped and looked back at him. He looked so sincere. “Fine. I’ll go get the measuring tape in the kitchen. I’ll be back in a minute.”

~~

Brittney worked her way through her calculus. She sat cross-legged on the sofa, her phone playing white noise to help her concentrate. The cavernous room felt almost cozy.

“That math looks hard,” an unfamiliar voice said. “I always tried to study in this room too. The fire always made it so snug and comfy.”

Surprised, Brittney looked up to see a boy roughly her age leaning against the great timber mantel. Even more surprising, a fire now roared in the fireplace. The white noise on her phone shifted to the crackling and popping of a blazing fire. Brittney felt the room swim around her. Were those animal heads on the wall? But like in all dreams, she accepted the fantastical as mundane. The boy had short red hair, freckles, and looked like he'd been dressed by Huckleberry Finn. "I'm sorry, who are you now?"

"I'm Tom. And you are Miss …?" Thomas bowed and raised his eyebrows, clearly looking for her name.

"I'm Brittney." She giggled. He had such strange affectations. "How old are you Tom?" Brittney put her homework down on the coffee table and brushed her long brown hair behind her shoulders.

"I'm nineteen." Thomas finished his bow and leaned back against the mantle with an air of insouciance. "Always nineteen."

"Well, that's very strange. I'm eighteen, but not always." Brittney laughed again. "For example, just a few weeks ago I was seventeen."

"I see." Tom smiled. "What sort of games do you like to play?"

"I don't know. Mostly 4x strategy games." Brittney looked around the room. Where had all the ornate furniture come from? The fire cast everything with an orange glow, but offered no heat.

"I don't know what that is, Miss Brittney."

"What games do you play?" Brittney smiled at this odd boy.

"I play carnal games mostly. Those are the most fun. Don't you think?" Thomas looked down at his trousers and there was an obvious bulge growing there. Soon it was an impossibly large tent.

"Oh, my. What's that?" Brittney's smile faded.

"Do you want me to show you?" Thomas shrugged out of his suspenders and reached down to unbutton his trousers.

"No. I don't want to see it." Brittney shook her head. "It's too big. Too big," she shouted.

"Brittney, sweetie?" Julie's voice echoed around the room.

Thomas, the fire, and his other manifestations shimmered and then disappeared.

Julie walked into the living room. "What's wrong, Brittney?" She had a measuring tape in her hand and a look of worry on her face. "I heard you shouting."

"It was just a bad dream." Brittney looked around the room in bewilderment. Everything was just as it'd been when she walked in a little while ago. "I just drifted off while studying." She picked up her homework off the coffee table.

"Oh, okay." Julie nodded. "I'm going to go help your brother with something, then I'll check back in on you."

"Thanks, Mom." Brittney waved her off. The white noise on her phone crackled and popped.

"Sure, pumpkin." Julie stepped back into the hall and headed back to the study.

~~

“Wow, Danny. Is it even bigger than yesterday?” Julie kneeled in front of her son, tape measure in hand. She looked at that great hanging thing, a formidable leviathan not yet wakened from its slumber. Her gaze went behind it to those two tumescent balls. The rough flesh was crisscrossed with little purple veins running every which way.

“I don’t think so.” Danny looked past his mom at Eloise who quietly stepped in from the hallway and gently closed the study door behind her. She put a pale finger to her pink lips and smiled at Daniel. Her bustled dress made no sound as she gracefully stepped into the room, her pregnant belly not totally concealed by the patterned fabric.

“Well, let’s get this over with.” Julie reached out with her left hand, hesitated, and then took hold of the soft shaft. “It’s so warm.” She brought the measuring tape up and unwound it. “Five, six, seven, eight inches. Goodness, Danny. You’re longer than your father is when he’s erect.” Julie hadn’t meant to say that out loud.

“Really?” Danny watched Eloise as she stood behind his mother. Eloise put her hands together and then slowly pulled them apart until there was more than a foot of distance between them. She nodded, and offered a sweet, proud smile when she saw that Daniel understood.

“Okay, eight inches it is.” Julie put down the measuring tape on the floor, but for some reason she hadn’t yet released her son’s penis. “Maybe those micro boxers will work. Seven is pretty close to eight.”

“Uh, Mom.” Daniel tried not to stammer. “We should … see how long it is hard.” Danny looked at Eloise as she vigorously nodded and then his gaze fell to his mom’s pretty eyes. Three was a nervous tension in those eyes.

“I don’t think so, Danny.” The color drained from Julie’s face. She bit her bottom lip. “Unless … unless … you think it’s really important for your comfort.”

“I need your help, Mom.”

“Okay, okay, okay.” Julie took a deep breath and looked back down at the flaccid penis. “I’ll help you this one time so we can get you the proper underwear.” Her left hand made one tentative stroke up and down the shaft. She paused. And stroked again. And again. Pretty soon, she had a nice rhythm. She could feel the thing in her hand swelling as Danny’s blood rushed into it. “There we go. Is it all the way hard yet?”

“Not … yet.” Daniel watched her boobs shake under her t-shirt as she worked frantically to get him all the way hard.

“Not yet? Okay, okay.” Julie grabbed him with her right hand too and worked both hands on the shaft together. She’d never given a handjob with two hands before, there hadn’t been enough room on those other men. Oh, no, she thought. She was giving Daniel a handjob. It was really happening.

“You can … measure … now.” Daniel panted and tried hard not to cum in his mom’s unsuspecting face.

“Thank goodness.” Still stroking with her left hand, Julie reached down and grabbed the tape measure with her right hand. She should really stop the handjob now, but for some reason she couldn’t. “Holy Moses, Danny. It’s thirteen inches long.” That was an unlucky number, she thought.

Behind Julie, Eloise nodded encouragement to Daniel. With her stark, white hands, she made a motion like an erupting volcano. She mouthed the words *all over her*.

Daniel shook his head at the pregnant woman. “Mom … you … have to stop. Or …”

“Sorry, Danny.” Julie’s left hand finally stopped and she let go of the wakened leviathan. “Go take care of that in the bathroom.”

Eloise frowned, and for a second her pretty, freckled face looked quite dark. She turned and walked to the study closet, opened the door and disappeared inside.

“Thanks, Mom.” Daniel in only his t-shirt, stepped around his mom and raced to the study door. His giant cock bounced wildly in front of him. He opened the door and vanished down the hall on his way to the bathroom.

Julie turned to watch him go. It was almost comical how disproportioned he was. She took a deep breath and stood. She was about to turn back to her laptop and order Daniel some micro boxers when she noticed the open closet door. That was odd. She walked over to the door and put her hand on it to close it, but stopped when she saw what was hanging inside.

All by itself on a black hanger was a powder blue chemise and corset. Victorian lingerie. It looked a little unwieldly, but also quite pretty. Julie wondered if George would like seeing her wearing that outfit. Then she wondered how Daniel would feel if he saw her like that. Would his thirteen inches harden when she presented herself to him? What was she thinking? That was crazy. But she would certainly wear it for George. Julie turned and walked back to the laptop and ordered some new underwear for Daniel.

~~

“What do you think, honey?” Julie twirled for her husband in the middle of their bedroom. The kids were in bed, it was late, and Julie felt lively for the first time in days. The perfect recipe for romance.

“I guess it has a certain, understated appeal.” George looked her up and down from his position on the bed. The corset did push her boobs up, and the chemise did accentuate the contours of her hips. But it was certainly no Victoria’s Secret. “Where’d you find that, again?”

“In the study closet.” Julie stood and cocked her hip to the side. She felt so sexy in that lingerie. Her pussy had started dripping the moment she’d fastened the corset.

“And you just put on someone else’s lingerie?” George wondered how he’d ever get that getup off her.

“I washed it first, silly.” Julie gave him a pretend pout and stalked to the bed. “Come on, George. I want to feel your little thing inside … your big thing. Your very big penis inside me.” She crawled up onto the bed.

“Very well, come and get it, Jules.” George pulled her into an embrace. He tried not to let her see that her *little thing* comment had unnerved him. He had always been so confident in his size. Now, he wasn’t sure. It took him longer than usual to get hard, but if she noticed, Julie didn’t say anything. They made sweet love in their new bedroom, and George was at least grateful that he lasted longer than usual. Almost seven minutes.

Julie hid her disappointment well. For the first time in her life, she wanted more than what George could give. She tried to push those feelings aside and reassured herself that things would return to normal. But as she drifted off to sleep that night, her mind kept coming back to visions of her son’s majestic penis, fully rigid in her trembling, delicate fingers.

~~

A week passed and the Andersons settled into their new home. Most of the odd occurrences that plagued them when they first moved in, had dissipated.

Julie still did have daydreams, here and there, of holding Daniel’s manhood. But they had lessened, and she expected that those thoughts would soon vanish entirely.

Daniel found his new underwear much to his liking. He hadn’t seen Eloise at all since she’d encouraged him to cum on his mother and he’d declined. Eloise’s absence did not sit well with Daniel. He’d settled on two alternatives. Either he was crazy, or Eloise Palmer was a ghost. Either way, Daniel thought she was amazing, and that sex was amazing, and he didn’t want the specter that took his virginity to disappear forever.

Brittney didn’t see Thomas again and that was fine with her. She liked the house, and grew quite fond of her tower room with its panoramic views of the sweeping grassland around their new house.

Monday evening was takeout time again. Without a functioning kitchen, they’d been eating a lot of take out lately. George worked away under the sink. He cursed as he banged his elbow into the panel behind where he was trying to put in the disposal. The board gave a little. He jostled it and then pulled it to the side. There was a compartment behind it with some old papers. He took them out and crawled from under the sink.

“Hey, Jules, check this out.” George called over to his wife as she opened Styrofoam containers on the dining table. “Seems we now know the first owners. Frederick and Eloise Palmer built this house over the course of two years starting in 1884.” He skimmed the papers and didn’t notice the startled look on his wife’s face.

“What dear?” Julie recognized the name from her dream in the library. How had she known the name Eloise Palmer? It must have been buried in the home’s disclosures and her mind had unconsciously cataloged it.

Daniel froze as he set the table. He wasn't crazy after all. Eloise Palmer was a ghost. He had to figure out how to get her back. The Palmer house was the best thing to happen to him. Ever.

"The Palmers, honey." George jabbed his finger at the browned paper. "It says they lived here for only twelve years before …" George skimmed the page but couldn't find what he was looking for. "Before something happened and the mansion was inherited by Frederick's cousin." George put the paper down. "The Palmer Mansion, huh? It has a nice ring to it." He walked to the dining room door and looked in at his family. "What are you all staring at? Do I have something in my beard?" He rubbed his beard vigorously.

"Nothing," all three Andersons mumbled back to him.

Gears turned in Julie's mind as she rationalized these revelations away.

Daniel thought about how he might best communicate with the dead. He needed to coax Eloise back into his room.

Brittney thought of the boy by the fire. "Does it say anything about them having a son?"

"Not in these papers." George shook his head.

Brittney smiled to herself. To think she was worried about ghosts. How silly was that?

~~

Julie found herself slipping out of bed in the dead of night. She shivered. She was naked and so very cold. Julie stepped over to the closet and grabbed one of George's flannel shirts. Something called to her, a name whispered, snaking its way through the mansion's long hallways. She wrapped George's shirt around her and left the master bedroom. A deep ticking sound kept a steady rhythm. Out in the second-floor living room, Julie found a great grandfather clock that had no business being there. It chimed midnight as she watched, with a strange, somber melody. She hugged the flannel shirt tightly around her and walked down the stairs.

In addition to the ticking of the incongruous clock, another beat kept rhythm in the house. It was a wet, smacking metronome, sounding down the west main floor hallway. Julie followed the noise down the hall. On either wall were hung the strangest oil paintings. She stopped and looked at one. It was a family portrait of a stern man, a smiling woman, and a shy son. These artworks did not belong on Julie's walls. She looked closer and recognized the smiling woman as the pregnant woman from her library dream. The original owner of the house, Eloise Palmer.

Julie's feet scuffed at the smooth floorboards as she shuffled past the mysterious locked room, past the study, past the second living room, and she stopped at the door to the library. It was cracked open and the slapping sounds echoed out of there. She hugged George's shirt tighter around her and pushed the door open. "Oh, my gosh." Her hand went to her mouth.

Inside the library, laying amongst the stacks of yet-to-be-shelved books, was a young, red-headed man. He was on his back and completely naked. Riding him with long, languid thrusts was Eloise Palmer. With

her ripe pregnant belly, her fat, dark nipples, and her myriad freckles she was quite a sight. But what made the scene truly shocking was the monster penis sawing in and out of her, and the contorted, lust-filled, expression on her face.

“I’m dreaming.” Julie felt something trickle down her bare leg. She realized that her vagina was so wet that it was dripping. “Heavens.” She put a hand between her legs, under the hanging flaps of George’s shirt and felt her slit. She’d never been that wet before.

“Mrs. Julie … Anderson.” Eloise caught sight of the wife in the library doorway and her face lit in the sweetest smile. “You found me … and … uh … uh … uh … Thomas.” Her hips kept bouncing their steady rhythm. She held onto her round belly with one hand and an engorged boob with the other. “You are dreaming and you are not dreaming.”

Thomas did not look Julie’s way, but instead fixed his eyes on the wobbling, vigorous woman above him.

“You’re so … so …” Julie’s hand moved between her legs. She would never have touched herself in real life, but in a dream it was okay.

“Eyes … up here, darling.” Eloise watched Julie with some modest reproach. “It’s never polite to stare at another woman’s breasts.” Eloise gave Julie a wink. “But you like what you see, don’t you? I offer you this and so much more. We already paid and received and the Devil took his due. Extend your approbation, good Julie. You may have this too.”

“No.” Julie shook her head and her fingers found her clit. Electricity moved up her spine. “Mark 3:11. *And whenever the unclean spirits saw him, they fell down before him and cried out.*” Her hand moved faster and Julie felt her climax approach.

“Play coy, then, and watch Thomas fill his mother’s womb yet again.” Eloise thrust fitfully as Thomas grunted below her. Her eyes rolled back in her head as he coated her insides.

“No. He can’t be …” Julie grunted out her own glorious climax, hunching herself against her hand and letting George’s shirt fall open. “… your son.” Julie cried out as her orgasm swept through her.

“Honey.” George called to his wife from the master bath door. “You slept through the alarm. Time to get up.”

“What?” Julie opened her eyes. She was in bed with George’s flannel shirt wrapped around her. What a horrible nightmare. She crawled out of bed and headed to the shower. She felt so dirty. She sighed. So very dirty.

~~

The rickety old shower in the bathroom across the hall from Daniel’s bedroom was becoming Daniel’s favorite place to fap. Brittney, in an effort to avoid his male teenage grossness, had taken the bathroom down at the other end of the second floor as hers. So, Daniel could fap away without being bothered. This was essential these days, because since he’d had his growth spurt that first night in the house, he’d needed to relieve himself several times a day.

Daniel was in the middle of his before-school-fap when a woman's voice breathed its way past his shower curtains. He froze.

"Such a mighty tool. A shame to use it as such." Eloise pulled back the shower curtain with slow persistence until her green eyes could take in all of the eighteen-year-old.

"Thank God you're back, Mrs. Palmer." Daniel stood there with water cascading over his thin body, both hands stationary on his dick. "I thought you might be gone forever."

"You disappointed me, Danny." Eloise smoothed out her bustled dress, her hands lingering on her bulging belly. A slight frown pulled her perfect lips down. "I made it very clear. You were to cover Julie Anderson in your wonderful effluence. You refused me."

"But she's my mom." Daniel let go of his dick and reached out for the ghost. One of her ice-cold hands gently slapped him away.

"She is a sow, darling." Eloise, buoyed by her own words, smiled again. "A sow that you will sow with your great gift."

"I'm not sure what that means." Daniel stroked his dick. If she wasn't going to touch him, he'd at least get to look at this beautiful woman while fapping. "But I'm not going to do my mom."

"You are a recalcitrant young man, are you not?" Eloise reached into the shower and brushed one chilly finger down his arm. "I'll make you a deal. Get her to prime your release and I will take you to bed again. Bargain?"

"You want her … uh … to see me cum?" Daniel was close. His eyes went from that pretty, warm face down to the curve of her boobs hidden under her dress.

"I want her to coax your sperm. She must pull it out. I will accept that as payment for another tussle with you, dearie." Eloise faded into the steamy bathroom until there was nothing left of her.

"Maybe … uh … maybe … okay." Daniel unloaded his balls onto the shower curtain and stood there gasping. He would do it. He needed to feel Eloise again.

~~

Several days passed quietly as Daniel mustered the courage to ask his mother for what he needed. He finally made his move Sunday afternoon. His dad was having his post-church nap down on the sofa in the basement while football played in the background. His sister was out with some friends. He found his mom in the library, shelving books. Daniel stopped in the doorway. He took in the swell of her ample sideboob under her stained t-shirt and the womanly curves that her hips and butt presented in her jeans as she reached for a high shelf. She was a beautiful woman. He realized he'd always known this, but had placed those thoughts deep in the far-reaches of his mind.

"Hi, Mom." Daniel stepped into the room and stood next to a stack of paperbacks.

“Hello, pumpkin.” Julie tucked the book onto the shelf and turned to face her son. Her smile faded when she saw his face. “What’s wrong?”

“Remember how you said to come to you if anything changed with … my thing?” Daniel looked at the floor. “Well, it hurts and I can’t seem to finish no matter how hard I try.”

“Oh, dear.” Julie swept her brown hair out of her face. “Our pastor wouldn’t approve of my saying this, but have you tried the internet?” Julie tugged at the neck of her t-shirt. “You know … porn?”

“I’ve tried.”

“Oh, I see.” Julie thought for a minute. “Maybe it’s time to go see that doctor.”

“No, Mom. I know how expensive that is. And with all the house repairs … I think I just need a little help to finish.”

“You mean me?” She put her hand to her breast.

Daniel nodded.

“I touched you the one time so we could find you the right underwear.” Julie took an unconscious step toward Daniel. “To do it again would be a sin.”

“*Children are a heritage from the Lord, offspring a reward from Him*.” Daniel smiled. “To help me is to help Him.”

Julie was going to refuse him again, but a sudden shift in energy flowed through her. She felt almost as if she stood before him in a dress and corset, rather than her ragged work clothes. “Oh, Danny. You always had a way with words. I can’t believe I’m going to do this.” She walked past Daniel and closed the library door. “We have to be quick. Your father will be up soon.” She looked around the room but didn’t see anything to catch the coming mess. “This old t-shirt will have to do as a rag.” She pulled her shirt off and held it in her hand. Her breasts wobbled in their supportive bra. “Eyes up here, mister.”

“Sorry, Mom.” Daniel unbuttoned his jeans and pulled them off. His dick was hard and poking out the top of his underwear.

“Those mini-boxers look very supportive.” Julie stepped in front of Daniel and lowered herself to her knees. “They almost contain your hard thing.” She giggled as she reached up and pulled down his underwear. Her giggles stopped dead when his penis sprung out in front of her. The purple head swayed only inches from her face. A small drop of precum dripped down. “Good, Lord. I hope this is the right thing to do.”

“It is, Mom.” Daniel stepped out of his underwear and stood before her in only his shirt. “It really hurts.” Daniel knew that lying was also a sin, but despite his upbringing, he didn’t have much of the fear of God in him.

“Let’s get this done.” She put her shirt by her knee, reached out with both hands, and placed them on his thing. It was astoundingly thick and the bulging veins pulsed slightly under her fingers. She carefully stroked him back and forth. Her dream from the other night came back to her. Eloise and her son Thomas copulating in this very room. Had that actually happened, or was her mind overwhelmed by life’s changes? One thing Julie knew, she’d never cheat on her husband. Especially with her own son. No

amount of bible sweet talk could make that happen. “It’s a very manly tool, Danny.” Her hands moved faster on the shaft.

“Like Dad’s?”

“Different.” Julie shook her head and looked up at her handsome son. “Let’s not talk about your father. I don’t think he’d approve of this.”

“Yeah.” Daniel put his hands on his hips and looked down at his mother’s pretty face and her jiggling boobs inside her bra. “Probably not.” He was happy Eloise had forced him to do this. His mom’s handjob was quickly becoming his new favorite moment in this house.

They were quiet for a while as Julie worked Daniel’s dick. His precum had made his cock slick and the sound of wet hands sliding on skin was all they heard for a while.

“I see what you mean about not being able to finish. Are you close, Danny?” Julie looked up at him with plaintive eyes. She wanted to complete her task before George woke and tracked them down.

Daniel grunted and shook his head.

“Oh, my. Well …” She looked back down at the organ in front of her. “My mouth isn’t cheating, right? And by helping you, I’m helping Him.”

“Right … uh … Mom.”

Just like that, she leaned forward and took him into her warm mouth. She rarely did this for George, and his thing was so different from Daniel’s thing. It was awkward at first, but she persisted. She gave little bobs with her head, not daring to try to take more than the head. Eventually, she swirled her tongue too. After a while, she decided it wasn’t so bad. Even the salty taste of his precum was something of a delight in its own way. “Mmmmmmmmm.” She groaned and murmured around his fat, purple head. She could see her wedding ring as it bounced and blurred with her hand’s movement in front of her. It was okay, her mouth wasn’t cheating.

The library was now filled with slurping and popping sounds. Eloise, unnoticed, watched from the shadows by the closet. She never tired of witnessing a mother’s first suck of her son’s cock. The spectacle was pure magic. Such moments were worth every bit of the Devil’s due. The only thing better than watching a mother teeter on the edge, was watching her fall.

“Mom … you’re going to … uh … make me …” Daniel shook all over.

Realizing the moment had come, Julie pulled her mouth off his thing with a pop and picked up her shirt. She held it up to his penis with her right hand, and continued to stroke with her left. “Finish, Danny. Please, finish.”

“Mooooooooommmmmmm.” Daniel erupted.

Spurt after spurt of the hot, viscus liquid soaked into the shirt. Julie could feel the pulsing force as it pushed against her right hand. His orgasm continued, and soon the shirt could hold no more and cum dripped between her fingers and down onto the wood floor. “Oh, my gosh. Oh, my gosh,” Julie repeated over and over. When he was done, the shirt, her hands, and the floor were a hot, sticky mess.

“Wow.” Daniel took a long shuddering breath. “Thanks, Mom. I feel way better now.”

“You’re … um … welcome, Danny.” Julie’s face was white as a sheet. “Don’t tell …” She took a couple of deep breaths. “Don’t tell anyone about this. It’s our secret, okay?”

“Sure.” Daniel nodded, bent down for his boxers, and pulled them on. His hard dick poked out of the elastic waistband. He pulled his shirt over it and pulled on his pants. “It’s a secret.”

“Good, boy.” Julie took the t-shirt and tried to mop up the mess on the floor, but the cloth was too soaked with cum already. She’d need to go get a towel or something. “Now run along, Danny. I’ll clean this up.”

“Okay. Love you, Mom.” Daniel turned and headed for the door.

“Love you too, pumpkin,” Julie said as she looked at her sticky, saturated shirt. She needed to clean up the mess before her husband wandered back upstairs.

~~

After that amazing blowjob from his mom, Daniel walked down the hall back to his room with a little hop to his step. This wasn’t easy because he was still completely hard, and there was nothing any underwear could do to fully contain his engorged monster.

He opened the door to his room and there stood Eloise by the fireplace, wearing a powder blue chemise. When she saw him, a wide smile spread across her pale face and she hopped up and down, clapping her hands with joy.

“You did it, Danny.” She gave a quick, excited laugh. “I’m so proud of you.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Palmer.” Daniel stepped into his room and closed the door behind him. He couldn’t wipe the grin off his face. “And thank you for asking me to do it.”

“You’re welcome, darling.” Still smiling, Eloise stopped her jumping and lifted up the chemise past her hips. She wasn’t wearing anything underneath and she exposed her red triangle to Daniel. “There’s nothing like a mother at service to her boy. Best thing since the horse and buggy. Don’t you agree?” She turned her back to him, still holding up the chemise, and wiggled her pale butt.

“Yeah. That was great.” Daniel pulled his pants down and took off his underwear. He removed his shirt and tossed it behind him. “Now do we get to do it?” His eyes fixed themselves on the twin, white globes of her ass.

“What a rambunctious boy.” Eloise watched him over her shoulder with her captivating smile. She lowered herself to her knees on the rug by the fireplace and then leaned forward until she was on all fours, presenting her ass up in the air to Daniel. “Minutes ago, you were in your mother’s mouth. Now you want more?” The chemise hung off her shoulders and back, hiding most of her round belly and swollen boobs below her.

“Yes, please.” Daniel raced to the rug and knelt behind Eloise. He gently caressed the curve of her butt and shivered at her frigid skin.

“Very well. But first attend, Danny.” She kept her green eyes on him, looking back over her shoulder. “Will you put your mother to her wifely tasks on your bludgeon again?”

“I don’t know.” Daniel frowned. “I thought if I got her to do what we just did I could be with you again. That was my first blowjob and it was awesome. But … I don’t want to cross any lines with my mom.”

Eloise laughed that high tinkling sound of hers, so filled with joy. “Silly, boy. The Rubicon is behind you. But never mind for now. You may have me. That was our deal, and I am a woman of my word.”

“So, can I …?” Daniel grabbed his dick with his right hand and scooted in right behind her.

“You may.”

Daniel pushed his dick into the chill of her soft flesh, but couldn’t find the hole.

“I’d almost forgotten this is only your second time.” Eloise reached behind her and grasped the purple head. “That hole you poke is only for special occasions, Danny. Until then, you get my crinkum crankum.” She lowered his penis and slid it into her wet vagina. The heat of his member filled her.

“So … good … Mrs. Palmer.” Her icy insides enveloped him and sent shivers through his nervous system. He took hold of her wide, cold hips and thrust in and out.

“Yes, darling.” Eloise looked down at her white hands on the dark floorboards and gritted her teeth against the onslaught. The twin diamonds on her wedding ring shone with the orange glow of a fire long since extinguished. “You may take all that you see. I honor my contracts and so does He.”

Daniel grunted and plowed the ghost for a long time. He sent her through several shrieking orgasms. At first, he was worried that her screaming would bring his parents. But not so worried that he ever considered stopping. When his mom and dad didn’t come rushing through his bedroom door, he completely forgot about them and just gave himself over to the bestial act. His narrow hips slapped up against her ample butt and the pleasure mounted and mounted.

“I’m going to … cum … in your pussy … Mrs. Palmer.” Daniel didn’t care that she was some sort of phantasm. Sex felt amazing and he never wanted to give it up. “Aaaaahhhhhhhhh.” He spasmed and released his load inside her.

“It’s yours … it’s yours …,” Eloise hissed and pushed back against the young buck.

When his orgasm subsided, Daniel looked down to find Eloise gone. He hoped she’d be back soon. He stood, stumbled over to bed and tumbled forward on the sheets. Daniel fell into a deep sleep and dreamed of his mother falling, and falling. Forever falling. His nap was both thrilling and terrifying.

Chapter 3

“I’m thinking of going to the library this weekend to see what else we can learn about this new house of ours.” George looked around the table with a twinkle in his eye. He still had some dust in his messy blond hair even though they were sitting down to dinner. “Who’s with me?”

“Sounds interesting, Dad.” Brittney chewed her *Kung Pao* chicken takeout thoughtfully. “What do you want to find?”

Both Julie and Daniel kept their eyes on their respective plates of food. They’d been uncharacteristically quiet that evening.

George frowned at them. “Everything alright with you, Jules? Danny?”

They both looked up at him and quickly nodded.

“Yeah, I think the move –” Julie stopped talking when Daniel accidently cut her off.

“… lots of tests at school, so …” Daniel looked over at his mother, his cheeks flushed, and he looked back down at his plate. He pushed a cashew around with his fork.

“Well, you two sure are acting strange.” George shook his head and looked at his daughter. “To answer your question, I’d like to know what happened to Frederick and Eloise in 1896. And maybe we could get a plan for the house, see what that locked room is all about. I haven’t found any keys that might fit that lock. Has anybody else?”

Julie and Daniel shook their heads and looked off in different directions.

“No, Dad.” Brittney chipped in.

“Okay, then.” George scratched at his graying beard and thought about what mysteries lay in the Mansion’s past. “Well, I’m going to the library on Saturday. Who else wants to do some digging with me?”

“I will.” Brittney raised her hand.

“Maybe I’ll use that time for a nap,” Julie said. “I haven’t been sleeping well.”

“Homework.” Daniel glanced at his father quickly.

“Well, it’s just you and me then, Britt.” George sighed.

Brittney happily nodded.

~~

“You inspire me, Mrs. Julie Anderson.” Eloise looked up from a felt-upholstered wingback chair near the hearth in the main living room. Somewhere in the house a clock chimed two o’clock in the morning. The

pale woman read by firelight, placing her finger in the leather-bound book to mark her place as she greeted her visitor. “I hadn’t read *First Love* in a long time. Very inspirational.” The pretty woman had her red hair up in a bun, and wore a white, frilly nightgown that went all the way to her ankles. The loose fabric almost concealed her pregnant belly. “And you brought the book back into my house. Well done.”

“How?” Julie looked around the room. She knew that the chimney needed a major cleaning before it would work again, but there was a roaring fire in the fireplace. On the walls, the glassy-eyed heads of a boar, a deer, and a moose stared blankly. The furniture was all wrong, too. The room was filled with ornate and shiny pieces with delicately turned edges. “How did I get here?” Julie suddenly perceived her nakedness. She found herself dressed only in a pair of white panties. She covered her breasts with both hands.

“You must have walked downstairs, silly.” Eloise scrunched up her nose in light-hearted mockery. “Please don’t cover yourself on my account, darling. I think your ruby-tipped globes are quite divine and I could alight my gaze upon them all night.” Eloise waited for Julie to drop her hands. When Julie persisted in her modesty, Eloise smiled, shrugged, and opened the book again. “Suit yourself.” She flipped a few pages and stopped. “You really are perfect for this house, sweet Julie. You brought me back to this book. I wouldn’t say *First Love* started it all, but it did give me ideas about men.”

“What are you talking about?” Julie shivered and walked past Eloise to stand by the fire. She felt no added warmth.

“Let me read you a passage.” Eloise’s green eyes fell to the pages in her lap. “Ah, here we are. This is from the teenage boy’s perspective. Remember, darling, he’s in love with an older lady.” Eloise read:

> *One day, I was sitting thus on the wall, gazing off into the distance and listening to the chiming of the bells ... when suddenly something ran over me—not a breeze exactly, not a shiver, but something resembling a breath, the consciousness of some one’s proximity.... I dropped my eyes. Below me, in a light grey gown, with a pink parasol on her shoulder, Zinaída was walking hastily along the road. She saw me, halted, and, pushing up the brim of her straw hat, raised her velvety eyes to mine.*
>
> *“What are you doing there, on such a height?”—she asked me, with a strange sort of smile.—“There now,”—she went on,—“you are always declaring that you love me—jump down to me here on the road if you really do love me.”*
>
> *Before the words were well out of Zinaída’s mouth I had flown down, exactly as though some one had given me a push from behind. The wall was about two fathoms high. I landed on the ground with my feet, but the shock was so violent that I could not retain my balance; I fell, and lost consciousness for a moment. When I came to myself I felt, without opening my eyes, that Zinaída was by my side.—“My dear boy,”—she was saying, as she bent over me—and tender anxiety was audible in her voice—“how couldst thou do that, how couldst thou obey?... I love thee ... rise.”*
>
> *Her breast was heaving beside me, her hands were touching my head, and suddenly—what were my sensations then!—her soft, fresh lips began to cover my whole face with kisses ... they touched my lips.... But at this point Zinaída probably divined from the expression of my face that*

I had already recovered consciousness, although I still did not open my eyes—and swiftly rising to her feet, she said:—"Come, get up, you rogue, you foolish fellow! Why do you lie there in the dust?"—I got up."

Eloise stopped reading and looked up. "There now, do you see?"

"No." Julie shook her head and took a step closer to the seated woman. It seemed the chill in the room emanated off Eloise's pale, freckled skin.

"We ask them to jump, darling, and they do it without a second thought." Eloise looked up at Julie with the most comforting crescent of a smile. "They melt under our kisses and long for nothing more than a woman's touch. A real woman, mind you. Not the girls seeking to entrap them in their skirts. I could give you and Daniel such pleasure. Everything you ever wanted and more."

"I'd never …" Julie took a step back.

"But you've already launched yourself, darling. You need only to take hold of God's breath like one of those wonderous new dirigibles." Eloise stood and gracefully walked over to Julie. She reached up and moved Julie's arms down by her sides and regarded the woman's exposed breasts. "Like two teardrops. Your feminine form takes my breath away. Imagine what it will do to young Danny."

"He's only eighteen." Julie felt her nipples harden as Eloise reached up and rolled them between icy fingertips. "He's my son," Julie squeaked. The whole room swam. It seemed different furnishings occupied the same space and pushed up against each other, time rubbing on time.

"Details." Eloise bent at her waist and gave Julie's right nipple a lick with her frigid tongue. She thrilled as the housewife shuddered at her touch. She straightened and looked into Julie's eyes. "We paid and received and the Devil took his due. All we need from you is your approbation, sweet Julie."

The word *Devil* broke Julie from her stupor. "Peter 5:7. *Your adversary the devil prowls around like a roaring lion, seeking someone to devour. Resist him, firm in your faith*." Julie swatted away Eloise's cold hands, covered up her boobs again, and ran from the living room. Less than a minute later, she fell into bed next to her beloved, snoring George. Her chest heaved and she pulled the covers over her head, calming herself some. She had simply gone too far with Daniel while helping him with his thing. Her conscience, using nightmares now, exerted its price. She wouldn't do anything inappropriate with Daniel again and all should return to normal. Her breathing slowed. And when things did return to normal, the nightmares would surely fade away.

~~

On Wednesday, Brittney brought her new boyfriend home after school. Ted Haskins was an affable boy. He was also a senior at the twin's high school. Brittney wanted him to see the wonderous expanse of the house she now occupied.

She brought him up to her tower room and he was indeed dazzled. Especially by the view.

“You can see for miles. Do you have neighbors?” Ted held his hand over his eyes and looked through one of the north windows.

“Behind the trees to the south. They’re pretty close actually, but we haven’t met them yet.” Brittney sat on her bed and patted the spot next to her. “Come here, Ted.”

Ted turned and looked south. The trees weren’t that far away, but he couldn’t see the house hiding behind them. “What’d you have in mind?” He walked over and flopped on the bed.

The teenagers made out for a while.

Right in the middle of a rapturous moment as he wiggled his hand under Brittney’s shirt, something tickled Ted’s foot. Ted broke their kiss and looked down. He gave a started grunt and backed up against the headboard. A young man with freckles and red hair smiled down at him from the foot of the bed. Ted’s tormentor wore baggy clothes with suspenders.

“What is it?” Brittney watched the color drain from her boyfriend’s face.

“Who …” Ted pointed to the foot of the bed, looked at Brittney, and then back. The intruder was gone.

“What is it, Ted?” Brittney looked down at the foot of the bed but could see nothing amiss.

“There was a boy here a second ago.” Ted stood and straightened his shirt. “He messed with my foot.”

“Daniel’s helping my parents in the basement, I think.” Brittney frowned up at him.

“Not your brother.” Ted looked around the room but couldn’t see anything but teenage clutter. “Look, I should probably get going. Can you walk me out? This house is … really convoluted.” He hugged his broad chest with his arms.

“Sure.” Brittney got up, adjusted her bra, and led him downstairs. Once at the front door, she kissed him on the cheek. “Look, I’m sorry about whatever that was. We still on for Friday?”

“Sure.” Ted looked past her into the shadowy house. “Bye.” He turned and jogged down the footpath, got into his car, and sped away.

Brittney closed the massive oak door with loud thud. That wasn’t how she’d wanted her afternoon to go. She walked back upstairs to maybe listen to some music.

~~

In the middle of the night, Daniel woke with a start. Starlight filtered in through his open window from the moonless sky outside. What the heck, the window stood open again, letting in the cold night air. Why did it keep doing that? He knew he’d closed it this time. Daniel looked to see if his bedroom door was open too. It looked closed. Daniel didn’t think Eloise would be responsible for something so petty. Or mean. She was so sweet to Daniel.

The sound of a muffled smash carried into his room through his closed door. It was a noise like someone dropping china on the floor. And then he heard a man's voice, also muffled by the door, but nearby.

"Who's the father, Ellie?" The man said. He had a quiver in his voice. The sound of someone on the edge. "Your little friend sung to me. Sung like a pretty bird. I know that is not my child you carry."

A pop sounded, like a firecracker, and Daniel's body jerked at the noise. He pulled his covers up around his chin and lay perfectly still.

"I will not countenance the buck's face, Ellie," the man said.

Daniel had read enough to know the man was saying he wouldn't allow his wife to cheat on him. To make him a cuckold.

"Come on out, Tommy." The man's voice dripped menace. "Tell me where your mother hides." The voice was closer to Daniel's door now. Five more pops went off, accompanied by the sound of splintering wood.

Daniel held his breath. Was his door locked? He heard the tinkling of metal. He guessed that the man carried a revolver and he'd dropped the spent bullet casings on the floor to reload.

A sudden awareness spread through Daniel's nerves. There was someone else in the bedroom with him. All his muscles contracted when a white shape sped toward him out of the shadows by the dead fireplace. He gave a long sigh when he saw Eloise's kind face. Her presence was somewhat less comforting when he saw her green eyes were wide with fright. She wore a long white nightgown that covered her ankles.

"Come now, young one," Eloise whispered. She offered her left hand to Daniel and the binary diamonds on her ring shimmered in the starlight. She looked over her shoulder at the door and then back to Daniel. "We mustn't let him find us here. He suspects our congress."

Wordless, Daniel took her hand. He'd forgotten how cold she was, her icy grip firm. He allowed her to pull him out of bed. The smooth floorboards beneath his bare feet were almost as cool as the woman's hand. Thank goodness for the warmth of his flannel pajamas.

"Storm's coming, Ellie," the man said. He might have been right outside the bedroom door. There was another clattering crash and two more pops. "When it arrives, even the Devil won't save you."

"Hurry." Eloise pulled Daniel directly toward the fireplace with some urgency.

As they approached, Daniel realized that the hearth was somehow sideways and a yawning black gap looked out at him from either side. "What?" He let her lead him into the darkness. They paused on the other side of the fireplace, Eloise moved her free hand against the wall, and with a quiet grinding the hearth swung back and closed them off from the bedroom.

"I had the builders install this hidden stairway without Frederick's knowledge." Eloise's voice held a muted tone in the enclosed space. "Even early in our marriage, he was a man of moods ofttimes deplorable. And, of course, the workmen were eager to please the lady of the house." Her frozen hand held firmly to Daniel's warm one. "Careful now, there's a step here. Good. And now here." She reached

up and gripped his elbow with her free hand as she guided him down the winding stairs in the black. “Frederick still knows nothing of this passage.”

“Thank God for that.” Daniel took step after cautious step down and down.

“Yes.” There was a smile in Eloise’s voice. “Or someone.”

“Where are we going?” Daniel opened his eyes as wide as he could but could see only blackness.

“The basement, dearie.” Eloise steadied Daniel as he almost lost his balance. “And here we are, no more of those dreadful stairs, you brave boy.” There was the sound of a flipped switch and then slow grinding. The basement hearth turned sideways and Eloise pulled Daniel through.

The living room down in the basement was the largest room in the house. There was a treadmill left by the previous owners in one corner and a billiard table that also came with the house nearby. The Andersons had put a couch down here and had perched their television on a carboard box near the fireplace. The only light in the room came from a nightlight George had plugged in near the stairs.

“I can’t believe it.” Daniel looked around as the fireplace swiveled closed behind them. “A secret staircase.” He let the pregnant woman pull him over to the couch. She sat down and had him lie next to her, his head in her lap. The chill seeped out of her as she played with Daniel’s hair, but he didn’t mind.

“We’ll be safe down here, darling. He never looks for us down here.” Eloise paused and let the quiet around them bolster her words. “You must have had such a fright. I know just the thing to sooth you.” She shrugged her arms out of her nightgown and lowered the garment past her breasts. Her nipples stood out prominent and dark on her alabaster breasts. She slid her hips down to the edge of the couch and propped Daniel’s head on her bulging belly. “There now, drink and calm yourself.”

“I don’t understand.” The icy tips of her fingers pressed against his cheek and turned his mouth toward her breast. With her other hand, she squeezed her right tit and plopped the nipple between his lips. Then Daniel understood. The sweetest, most delicious tangy flavor filled his mouth and he gulped it down. The temperature was the same as milk taken straight from the fridge. All his muscles relaxed and Daniel gave into the most wonderful drink he’d ever tasted.

“There now. That’s a good boy.” Eloise looked down at him with a soft smile. “Everything’s better now. I’ll take care of you.”

“Mmmmmmmm,” Daniel said.

“I just have a favor to ask, Danny.” She stroked his cheek softly as he drank. “If I am to maintain my visits, you’ll need to have your mother take another step. She is most resistant to me, you see.”

“Mmmmmmm?” Daniel continued gulping that sweet, cold milk.

“Have her take care of you again. But this time, darling, I’d like her to use her breasts to satisfy your cravings.” Eloise purred the words. “Understand? Those ruby-tipped globes are wasted on that father of yours. Clear enough?”

Daniel nodded and sucked. Eloise wanted him to coax a titjob out of his mom. There was some aversion on Daniel’s part to the idea, but he would do anything to keep Eloise around. And one little titjob

wouldn't hurt anyone. He'd just have to find a way to convince his sweet mother. Daniel drifted off to sleep at Eloise's breast.

Birds sung and cool morning light fell over Daniel's bed. He woke with a start and sat up in bed. He knew the night's events had been no dream. He needed to find the courage to do as Eloise asked. Even if it took some time, he'd find a way.

~~

Julie made breakfast Saturday morning. The kitchen was finally coming together. George and Julie had installed the new stove the day before and it worked perfectly. Also, they now had a dishwasher, thank God. The sink worked as it should. They'd even done half the countertops. Of course, this was only part of one small room and they had a whole mansion to update. But slow and steady wins the race.

"Where's Danny?" Julie called over her shoulder from the stove.

"In the shower, I think." Brittney called back from the dining room table where she read a book. She knew what her brother did in the shower, which is why she had taken the unoccupied bathroom on the other side of the second floor as her own. Boys were so gross.

George stepped up next to his wife and gave Julie's round bottom a good smack. "Sure you don't want to come with us? Who knows what secrets we'll unearth at the library?"

"I'm sure, George." Julie smiled at him and flipped the bacon in the pan. "I could use my beauty rest."

"If you get any more beautiful, Jules, you'll burn a hole in my heart." George kissed her rosy cheek and looked down at the frying pan. "Speaking of which, we better get that exhaust fan working. This smells great, but we don't want grease all over our new kitchen."

"Our partially new kitchen, you mean."

"Our soon to be completely new kitchen, I mean." George gave her butt another satisfying smack and went to pour himself some coffee. "Don't miss me too much today, Jules."

"Don't worry, honey," Julie said. "I'll have Danny to keep me company while you two are gone." The sudden unbidden image of Daniel's enormous penis flashed in Julie's mind. She blinked and willed the thought away. "Back to normal, back to normal," she muttered.

"What was that, dear?" George took a long sip of hot coffee.

"Nothing, George. I hope you and Britt have fun today." Julie couldn't quite seem to get the image of her son's throbbing penis out of her mind. Maybe a good nap would really do her some good.

~~

Daniel tried to get up the courage to ask his mother for more help with his dick, just as Eloise wanted. But he put it off and put it off. Instead, when she went down for a nap, he took the opportunity to fap. Maybe once he came, he'd have the courage to ask her for a titjob. But honestly, he didn't know how she'd ever say yes.

Naked, sitting in his desk chair, he opened up the computer folder with pictures of redheaded women. He hadn't found a model yet that really looked like Eloise, but these women helped him fantasize. Pretty soon he was really going at it, both hands on his dick and looking at a particularly busty, freckled woman. Maybe after his mom's nap he'd ask her for what Eloise wanted. Hopefully they'd still have enough time before the other half of the family arrived home.

~~

In her dream, Julie walked out of the Palmer Mansion on a beautiful morning, the sun streaming down. There were trees around the house she did not recognize. She twirled in her dress, so happy for modern fashion with the abandonment of the bustle. These new dresses beautifully flared from her waist all the way to the ground. A carriage waited for her, the horses eager and whinnying. She took her husband's right hand in her left and walked down the merry front path. The scent of spring blossoms hung in the air. Her husband was a tall man she recognized from somewhere, but couldn't quite place him. It seemed she should know her husband, she thought. He was handsome and barrel chested, with a mustache, top hat, and long jacket.

"Who's the father, Jules." Her husband's grip became a vice on her hand and Julie shrieked in pain.

"I don't know what you mean, Frederick." Julie hollered as the bones in her hand popped. As things do in dreams, it became clear his name was Frederick. This was Frederick Palmer. The thought seared into Julie's brain. The delicate bones in her left hand broke one by one as Frederick squeezed harder and harder. Julie screamed. "Please …"

"Is it the boy?" Frederick turned his dark eyes on her and there was nothing behind them. Only a deep, unending blackness. "Give him succor now. Protect him as you will. But if it is he that planted that pernicious seed, I will away with you both."

Julie sat up in bed gasping for air, clutching her blanket to her naked breasts. What a terrible nightmare. She managed to catch her breath and then looked at the bedside clock. It was eleven in the morning. Such a horrific dream for such a short nap. She held up her left hand and thought she could see the red imprint of fingers along the back slowly fading away. She made a fist and released it, looking at her wedding ring. Her hand was fine. It was just a dream. There was no red handprint now. She must have imagined it.

"Danny," she whispered to herself. "I must succor my child." Julie climbed out of bed, her naked breasts bouncing. The words that escaped her mouth seemed both foreign and completely at home. "*Children are a heritage from the Lord, offspring a reward from Him*," Julie whispered. She only wore her panties and that would never do, so Julie scanned the room. She found one of her husband's large t-shirts and threw it on, giving her some modesty. "To help Danny is to help Him. And God asks for the aid of the

righteous.” On bare feet, Julie padded out of her room and down the long hall. She didn’t know where she was going.

Once at the other end of the hall, she looked around. Why was she there? The stairs went up to the east tower just before her, but Brittney was at the library with her father. There was a bathroom to her left, but she didn’t need that. A soft grunting sound came muffled through Daniel’s bedroom door. *Succor the child*. Julie knew what she needed to do.

A bath towel hung by the shower in the bathroom. Julie stepped in there and grabbed it. She then crossed the hall and opened Daniel’s door without knocking.

Julie should have been shocked, embarrassed, or at least disturbed by what she saw, but all she could think was that Daniel needed her help. He sat naked in his desk chair, looking at a picture of a voluptuous, naked woman on his computer monitor. Both hands furiously pumped at that hard, giant penis between his legs. Sweat beaded on his arms, shoulders, and face. His cheeks were red with the effort of his task. His hands stopped when his mother barged in, but they still held onto the veiny shaft. He made no effort to hide or cover himself. Instead he pivoted his chair to face her.

“You can’t get it to come out, can you?” Julie stepped into the room and closed the door behind her. “I think God sent me a dream so that I’d help you.”

“What?” Daniel glanced back at the picture of the naked redhead with huge boobs and freckles. He then looked back at his mom. “Oh, yeah. I do need help.” Daniel finally registered what she was wearing. One of his dad’s big t-shirts and completely bare legs. Because the t-shirt hung so low, he couldn’t even tell if she had panties on.

“Okay, pumpkin.” Julie flashed a brief, nervous smile. “Mom’s on the job.” She took a step into the room and stopped. She twisted the towel in both hands. “Unless … it’s too weird for you … you know … having me touch you again.”

“No, it’s okay.” Daniel thought of Eloise and wanted very much to make the dead woman happy. “The last time you did it, I felt so much better afterward.”

“Well, let’s get you taken care of then.” Julie walked over to Daniel, rolled his chair way from the desk, spun him so that he was facing the monitor again, and kneeled down on the floor. She placed the towel next to her right knee. “You can look at that picture if it speeds things along.”

“Thanks, Mom.” Daniel didn’t care much about the naked women on his monitor at the moment.

“Should I …?” She looked up at the monstrosity, her brown eyes wide, her pupils dilated. “Should I use my mouth again?” Julie reached forward with her right hand and tentatively caressed his right testicle. It was so heavy and full.

Daniel nodded.

“I can do that. The mouth isn’t cheating. Right?” She looked past the penis at his skinny chest and thin arms. Such a miracle that this mighty tool would belong to her slight son.

“Right, Mom.”

“Just don’t tell your father, Danny.” She circled the shaft with the fingers on her left hand and gently closed them. It was so incredibly thick. “Or anyone else.” Julie’s focus when to the purplish top of his thing. Such an angry color for such a mild boy. She raised herself up a little on her knees and slowly slid the wide, flared head between her lips.

“I won’t tell anyone.” Daniel secretly crossed his fingers as he said this. He’d sure as heck tell Eloise.

“Ggggooooooggggghhhhh.” Julie had wanted to say *good*, but the cockhead got in her way. She bobbed her head in small quick strokes, remembering how best to service Daniel from last time. His thing was so dissimilar to his father’s. This was an almost completely different act than the marital fellatio Julie often performed. She moved her other hand to his pole and pumped up and down with both hands, squeezing tightly. The more she practiced, the more fluid it seemed.

“You’re the best, Mom.” Daniel sighed and slouched further into his chair. Julie looked amazing with her pretty face contorted around his dick. Her crows-feet wrinkles etched themselves a little deeper as she struggled to blow her son. Her nostrils flared as she forced herself to breathe through her nose. “I hope Dad appreciates you.”

Julie popped her mouth off Daniel’s thing and looked up at his young, handsome face. “He does, Danny.” Then she went right back to sucking.

On the other side of town at that moment, George chewed on a pencil, reading through some very old files. He was close to something big. He just knew it. Something really big. He had no idea how close his wife was at that moment to something even bigger.

Back in the Palmer Mansion, Daniel looked up from his mother’s bobbing brown hair to his monitor. Instead of the redheaded model he expected, he saw Eloise’s beauty staring back at him. Confused, he blinked several times. On the screen, Eloise nodded her head and the camera panned back. He could see that the ghost sat naked in a wingback chair, by a roaring fire. Her heavy boobs, pregnant belly, and fiery bush were all on full display. She grabbed a breast in each hand, squeezed them together, and moved them up and down. Daniel understood. He nodded at the monitor and Eloise winked an eye back at him. She dropped her breasts and leaned forward in her wingback chair in anticipation of what was to come.

“Hey, Mom.” Daniel looked down at Julie as she worked his dick. “That feels … really great. But could I …?”

Julie spit out his thing and looked up at him again. “What is it, Danny?” She panted a little. It was hard to get in enough air just breathing through her nose. “I’m here to help.”

“Could you … I mean … would you …?” Daniel stammered.

“Yes?” Her hands still slid slowly up and down his penis as she looked up.

“Could you do it with your boobs?” Daniel spit the words out quickly.

“With my …?” Julie turned it over in her head a moment and then understood. “Ohhhh. I see.” Her hands kept up their work as she thought about the request. “Really, Danny?” She cocked her head at him. “Really?”

“Yeah, Mom. Please?” Daniel could already tell she was going to do it by the look in her eyes. “It wouldn’t be cheating.”

“I suppose not. It’s not cheating if it’s just the boobs.” She let go of her son’s thing and reached for the hem of her husband’s shirt with both hands. She pulled off the shirt and tossed it behind her. Her boobs dropped and jiggled.

“They’re beautiful, Mom.” Daniel fixed his stare on those magnificent tits. They hung perfectly on her chest, large, round and full. With thick pink nipples and small areolas. Daniel pulled his eyes away and looked at the monitor behind his mom. Eloise smiled broadly. His eyes dropped down to his mom’s face and he could see her cheeks were redder than usual.

“Thank you for the compliment, Danny.” Dressed only in her black panties, Julie held her breasts, scooted herself forward, and wrapped them around his tool. She figured there was enough spit left over from the blowjob for lubrication. “I’ve never done this before, so it may take me a minute to figure it out.” She softly bit the tip of her tongue in concentration and tried one long pump with her breasts, using her hands to move her boobs up and down. Satisfied with the result, she did it again and again. Pretty soon she had an awkward, but consistent rhythm.

“Dad’s missing out.” Daniel couldn’t look away from what his sweet mom was doing to him.

“It’s okay.” Julie raised her eyes from Daniel’s thing and looked up into her son’s face. She could see the pleasure written there as he gritted his teeth. That she could bring her son such joy filled her with happiness. “I wouldn’t be able to do this for George anyway. Not like this.” She looked back down at the monster that slid between her tightly pressed boobs. “He’s so different from you, Danny.”

Back at the library, George held up a paper excitedly. The plans, he’d found the plans. This would make their work so much easier and might solve the mystery of the locked room. When he brought a copy home, Julie would be so thrilled. This would surely be the most exciting thing she’d seen all day. He poured over the plans.

In the Palmer Mansion, Daniel looked over his mother’s shoulder as she worked so hard to bring him off. On his monitor, he could see Eloise, still naked in her chair, biting her fingernails in expectation. Eloise nodded at Daniel and made the same volcano explosion motions with her hands that she’d made while watching him and Julie in the study the other day. Daniel resolved not to disappoint her this time.

“Are you close, sweetie?” Julie stared down at that purple dome as it slipped between her cleavage.

“Not … yet …” If Daniel warned her, she’d use the towel to finish him. Eloise didn’t want that. So instead, he grunted and let loose. Cum rocketed out of his dick, splashing up into Julie’s face and hair. It also flew through the air and landed on the wood floor all around them.

On the computer monitor, Eloise silently bounced up and down on her chair, clapping her hands wildly and laughing with great joy.

“Eeeewwwwwww.” Julie closed her eyes, let go of her boobs, and turned away from the spewing thing. “Oh, my gosh, Danny. It’s in my face.” She could still feel cum landing on her side as she wiped the hot, salty mess off her lips and out of her eyes. “You can’t just do that, Danny. You have to let me

know.” Julie blindly reached for the towel by her knee, found it, and brought it up to her face. After a few seconds, she felt no more sperm landing on her, so at least he was done.

“Sorry … Mom.” Daniel didn’t have a bible verse for this situation, but he did have a handy aphorism. *Better to ask for forgiveness than permission*. He chose not to share it with her. “It was just …” he panted and looked at the mess he’d made. There was cum all over his stomach, thighs, and his mostly naked mother. The floor around them was a mess. It really had been a volcanic eruption. “It was just so … sudden.” Daniel glanced at the monitor and the image of Eloise was gone, replaced by the redheaded model from before.

“It’s okay, pumpkin.” It dawned on Julie that in trying to do God’s will, she’d just bathed herself in what seemed like a gallon of teenage cum. That realization, was followed by another. She was incredibly wet. She’d been so focused on her son’s pleasure, that she hadn’t even noticed how much her body had responded to the acts they’d just committed. “I’m going to go take a shower and wash all this off.” Julie stood gingerly, rubbing the towel against her breasts to remove some of the congealing sperm there. “I want you to clean up this mess right away.” She walked to the door.

“Of course.” Daniel didn’t move from the chair. He watched her panty-clad butt as she walked to the door, opened it, and disappeared down the hall. “Sorry.” He called after her. And he was sorry. Or at least a part of him was. But another part of him reveled in what had just happened and how Eloise would reward him the next time she paid him a visit.

When Julie got in the shower, much to her surprise, she found her hand moving to her vagina. She took a long, hot shower and orgasmed several times as she masturbated, thinking about how she had just satisfied her son. They were some of the best orgasms she’d had in years. Maybe, just maybe, she’d offer to help Daniel out another time. Only if he still needed her help.

Chapter 4

Julie sat in the study on Sunday afternoon, staring at her computer monitor. She sighed. It wasn't easy selecting floor tile for the bathrooms. She worked her way through period-relevant tile from salvaged projects. They had to save money at every step for their Palmer Mansion restoration.

As she scrolled through the geometric patterns, Julie's mind wandered to the deluge of sperm Daniel had sprayed on her. She'd once heard a vulgar comic say that every man's dream was to cover women in sperm. *They want to drown them in cum,* he'd said. Julie thought the comic was just as horribly crass now as she did when she'd first heard him, but she might now understand the impulse better. It really had pleased Daniel to paint her with his seed like he did. And it had moved something in her as well. She, maybe, sort of liked it. That was a strange thing to admit to herself.

Julie blinked and adjusted her reading glasses. The online tile store was gone from her monitor, replaced by a sex shop. Somehow, while she'd been daydreaming, she'd gone to a site she'd never seen before. How in the world had that happened? She was now staring at what the store promised were *huge, pussy-changing* dildos. Julie put her left hand to her mouth and moved the curser to the exit box. But instead of leaving, she scrolled down the page. She decided to have a little look out of curiosity.

Five minutes later, she'd somehow purchased a jet-black, eleven-inch phallus with expedited shipping. Julie quickly closed the page and went back to her bathroom tile browsing. All the rest of the day, she felt a definite wetness between her legs. *Pussy-changing* was such a deplorably crude and sensationalized description. But as her mind continued to wander, Julie couldn't help but wonder how true it might be. Maybe she'd have the courage to find out when the new toy arrived. Of course, whatever she did with the thing, she'd be sure to include her husband.

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The stairs creaked as Daniel made his way up to the east tower room. "Britt? You up here?" He pushed the door to the tower and it squealed its way open. He thought he better add oiling door hinges to his parent's punch list. "Britt?" Most of the windows in the tower were open and a cool breeze blew through the circular space.

"I'm out here," Britt called over her shoulder from outside the northernmost window.

Daniel walked to the window and looked out. His twin sister sat cross-legged on the fish scale shingle roof that hung about three feet out from the tower and ran three-quarters of the way around. Her brown hair tossed and turned in the wind.

"What are you doing out there?" Suddenly dizzy, Daniel leaned back into the room and stepped away from the window. He could no longer see Brittney, but she wasn't that far away.

"I like to come here and think." Brittney didn't bother looking back, she knew her brother was afraid of heights. "It's so beautiful. I was just thinking about the sermon today."

“Oh?” Daniel tensed as movement caught his eye to the east. He relaxed when he saw Eloise gingerly climb in through a window to his right. Eloise cradled her big belly as she stretched her legs over the windowsill. Her long, flowing dress was without a bustle. It’s was quite striking with hues of blue and green. She smiled when she made eye contact with Daniel and walked over to him, careful to keep out of view of Brittney’s window.

“Yeah, Corinthians 10:13, specifically. *No temptation has overtaken you that is not common to man. God is faithful, and He will not let you be tempted beyond your ability, but with the temptation He will also provide the way of escape, that you may be able to endure it.*”

“What …” Daniel watched as Eloise approached, her bone-white finger placed on her pink lips.

With her left hand, Eloise reached into his shorts and found his penis already hard. She nodded her head approvingly, her red hair blowing, ever so slightly, in the breeze.

“What about it, Britt?” Daniel trembled at that frigid touch.

Eloise leaned forward and pressed her lips on Daniel’s ear. “You did well with your mother. What a lovely achromatic painting you gave that pretty woman. Well done, indeed.” She giggled softly. “Now we continue.”

“Now?” Daniel whispered back. But he offered no resistance as she lowered his shorts and boxers.

“I was just wondering if that’s true.” Brittney breathed in the fresh air and watched the puffy white clouds blow slowly past. “I mean, if there really is a God, do you think He always gives us an out from our temptations? And if He does, why give us temptations in the first place?”

“Well …” Daniel tried hard to keep his concentration as Eloise sunk to her knees with a let’s-be-naughty smirk on her freckled face. “Maybe it means that we can enjoy temptation and God will step in only if it gets out of hand.” Daniel sighed as Eloise took him into her icy mouth. The cold heightened his pleasure. He looked down at the twin diamonds on her finger and wondered why she still wore the ring if she had so completely turned on her marriage vows. Then he thought of Frederick’s anger out in the hallway. But even that remembered fear couldn’t spoil the high he got whenever Eloise paid him that special kind of attention.

“I don’t know, Danny. That sounds like wishful thinking.” Brittney looked over her shoulder but couldn’t see her brother through the window. He was such a sissy about heights. “You haven’t been doing drugs or anything, have you?” Brittney didn’t think he had. She usually had a sixth sense when something was wrong with her brother. Although, lately, he’d been sort of a blank slate.

“No … uuummmmm … nothing like that.” Daniel’s legs trembled as Eloise circled his purple head with her frigid tongue. “Uuuhhhh … tell me more.” Daniel’s eyes widened as Eloise grabbed his oversized balls, one in each palm, and took his monster dick down her throat with one fluid motion. He didn’t think it would be possible to take so much cock so easily, but then again, she wasn’t exactly human.

“You sound strange.” Brittney sighed, she didn’t want to go back inside just yet, but it sounded like her brother needed her. “Do you need me to come in?”

“I’m … fine.” Daniel fought the impulse to put his hands on her head. She might not like that. Despite the incredibly long strokes she took down her throat, there was almost no noise. “Stay … outside. Why are you thinking … uh … about temptation? Are you … getting serious with … Ted?”

“Not really.” Brittney looked down at the overgrown yard far below and spotted an abandoned rose bush that was still sending out the most beautiful red flowers. She thought she’d have to go down there and pick some sometime. “The sermon just spoke to me, I guess. How about you, Danny? Any girlfriends I should know about?”

“Noooo.” Daniel grit his teeth. His whole body trembled. He tried to stifle his groans as he let loose inside Eloise’s pretty mouth. He could see her jaw and neck work as she gulped shot after shot of cum down into her stomach.

“Well, that’s too bad, Danny. You’re a nice boy and you’ll make some girl really happy.” Brittney could hear her brother groaning a little and assumed it was her spot high above the ground that upset him so. “I’ll come in.”

Eloise pulled her mouth off his rod and wiped her lips with the back of her hand. She winked at him and faded away like dust on the breeze.

Daniel’s whole body buzzed from the blowjob and he almost missed the telltale sounds of his sister scooting along the shingles outside. She was coming back in. Daniel hastily pulled his shorts over his still hard dick and pulled his t-shirt over the head as it stuck up past his belly button. He turned and waddled for the stairs.

“Hey, where are you going?” Brittney stuck her head inside the window and watched her skinny brother retreat. Why was he walking like that?

“I have to use the bathroom,” Daniel said over his shoulder. He got to the stairs and descended. “Bye.”

“Okay, bye.” Brittney thought about why he was waddling to the bathroom and guessed he had one of those big boners she’d seen him get recently. “Ew, gross.” He was going to the bathroom to take care of it. Her nose wrinkled in disgust. Teenage boys were so nasty.

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“Don’t I look pretty, George?” Julie twirled in her powder blue chemise and corset. It was late on a weekday night, the kids were sleeping, and the parents had been hard at work on the house all day. Time for some fun.

“You always look pretty, Jules.” George tried not to frown. “What about some different lingerie tonight? It’s been a while since you wore that red, lacey set I got you for Valentine’s Day.”

“Oh, come on.” Julie stuck her hip to the side and placed her hand on it, striking a pose. “You know you like it.” She laughed and walked to the closet. She always felt so giddy when wearing the Victorian underwear. “Plus, I’ve got a surprise for you.” She opened the closet door and bent to retrieve something.

“Well, I like surprises.” George watched her from his reclined position on the bed. He did like how the corset accentuated Julie’s boobs and the flare of her hips. He just wanted to see a little more skin. Nonetheless, his dick stiffened in his boxers as he watched her round bottom.

“Here we are.” Julie straightened and turned toward George.

“What …?” George’s eyes went wide. Whatever he was expecting from his straitlaced wife, it wasn’t this. In both hands, she held before her the most enormous dick George had ever seen, certainly, almost a foot long and very thick. It was as black as pitch and evil looking. “What is that?”

“I thought we could spice things up a bit.” Julie’s face opened in a broad smile. She held the phallus out in front of her, one hand circled around the veiny shaft, the other holding the round balls. “You wanna see me try and fit this thing in my little vagina?” She raised an eyebrow and cocked her hip at him again.

“Uh … Julie … this is very …” George mumbled. His dick softened as he saw her wedding ring pressed into that veiny monstrosity. “Why?”

“I just thought we should try it.” Julie bounded over to the bed, her breasts rocking up and down in the corset. “I don’t have any panties on. You’ll have to get me very wet, Georgie.”

“Um …” George couldn’t take his eyes off the horrible thing. “I have a headache, Jules.” He rolled onto his side away from his wife and pressed his head into the pillow. “No sex tonight.”

“Really?” Julie stopped by the bed and the smile dropped from her face. “I … I wanted to share this with you, George.”

“I’ve got a headache. Too much work on the house.” George pulled the blankets up over him. “Could you get the light?”

“Okay.” Julie’s shoulders slumped and she looked down at the thing in her hands. Frown lines creased her pretty face. Why had she bought this thing? And why would she think it would make George feel anything but anxiety over his own small penis? Was his penis small? Julie hadn’t thought so until recently. Julie returned to the closet and put the dildo away. She then went over by the door and flipped the light switch. The room fell into darkness. “Goodnight, dear.”

“Goodnight,” George grumbled from the bed.

Julie padded over to their bathroom to change out of the corset and chemise. She resolved to be a better wife to George. She’d make it up to him. Make him feel like a man again. She vowed to put big penises out her mind completely. No more helping her son. And she’d throw that dildo away in the morning. But … maybe … She thought it over as she pulled off the lingerie. Maybe she’d just hold that dark phallus one more time. That wouldn’t hurt anything. Just to feel the weight in her hands. And if Daniel really needed some help, she might just give it to him. A mother’s responsibility is to care for her son, after all. And that was just as important as her wifely duties.

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Julie made breakfast, fed her family, and sent the twins off to school. She then kissed her husband on the cheek and sent him off to the hardware store. She had the whole house to herself for a little while, a rarity. And to her great surprise, a few minutes later, she found herself sitting on the edge of her bed, rubbing the head of that giant dildo up against her wet vaginal lips.

One minute she was stripping to take a much-needed shower, the next she had the dildo in her hands. The thing was so substantial and manly. Her fingers trembled as she tried to push it in. “Ooohhhhhhh.” She grunted and looked down between her hanging breasts as just the very tip stretched her out. The jet-black thing looked like a phallus made of night. It was almost like some ancient darkness spread her opening, trying to get in. She reminded herself it was just molded silicone as her moans filled the bedroom.

It was too much. “For you, Danny. I’d do anything.” Where had those words come from? Suddenly she imagined her skinny son trying to shove his monster into her. It was even bigger than what she held in her hands. She knew such an act would destroy her marriage and her vagina, but the thought was irrepressible.

“Oh, Danny.” She struggled to push more of the dildo into her, but only got another fraction of an inch in. She looked down at her poor vagina, it was spread around the head obscenely. Why did this feel so good? “Oh, no.” A surge of pleasure flooded through her, and suddenly her vagina erupted.

“What’s … happening?” Julie’s whole body trembled and she dropped the dildo to the floor where it landed with a solid thud. “Oooohhhhhhhhh.” A small geyser of clear liquid shot out of her vagina and sprayed upon the floor. And then another and another. Julie tossed her head back onto the bed and shrieked out the most amazing orgasm of her life.

When she was done, she lay there for a while, her heart thumping and chest heaving with each breath. She finally stood and looked at the puddle on the floorboards. Nothing like that had ever happened to her before. “I must get rid of that thing.” She eyed the dildo with contempt and thought of the sermon from that past Sunday. *God is faithful, and he will not let you be tempted beyond your ability, but with the temptation he will also provide the way of escape, that you may be able to endure it.*

Escape. God would give her the strength to throw away the dildo so that she might escape this new feeling. She didn’t want the dildo to come between her and George. She resolved to take that enormous thing to the trash just as soon as she cleaned up her mess.

Once the floor was again spotless, and the sheets changed. Julie somehow lost her resolve and she hid the dildo behind some books on one of the shelves in the library, one of which was Turgenev’s *First Love*. As she neatly lined up the books in front of the monster, she thought that this was just as good as throwing it away. Out of sight, out of mind. She turned and went back upstairs to take that much needed shower.

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The Andersons assembled on the couch in the basement for a movie night. It was a family tradition to all get together on the third Thursday of the month for a screening. Although it wasn't the same since Brad moved out.

Daniel sat on one end of the couch, leaning on his mother's shoulder. George sat on the other side of Julie, holding her right hand in his left. Brittney curled herself on the other end of the couch, in the corner with her knees pressed into her chest.

Most of the family kept their eyes on the screen, watching the latest sci-fi extravaganza. On screen, lasers flew and spaceships exploded. But Daniel's eyes kept wandering away from the TV and toward the fireplace. In the days since Eloise had led him down those hidden stairs, Daniel had tried to find the lever or latch that turned each fireplace but couldn't get any of them to open.

As his eyes looked around the shadowy mantle, he caught some movement to the left on the stairs to the main level. Eloise stood there in one of her long flowing dresses. She smiled and beckoned to Daniel with her finger. Daniel rose from the couch and walked toward the stairs.

"Where are you going, mister?" Julie watched him leave.

"Bathroom." Daniel didn't look back.

"Well, don't be long." Julie snuggled into her husband's warm side. "I think they're almost at the mothership."

"Sure, Mom." Daniel mumbled and climbed the stairs. He couldn't see Eloise anymore, but once in the main hall, he heard the crackle of fire in the living room and saw an orange, rhomboid glow cast through the open door ahead. He walked down the hall, turned into the living room, and stopped. There was indeed a roaring fire in the fireplace. Eloise sat on the hearth, with her long dress tucked under her. Her eyes shone with the reflected blaze and with greeting.

"So nice to pull yourself away from that image-box for me." She stood and smoothed out her dress. Her pale arms seemed to glow in the warm, luminous room. "You continue to make me proud, Danny, and I so love giving you rewards."

A sudden thought occurred to Daniel as he took in the swell of her belly, boobs, and hips under her flowing dress. "How come you don't have that thing on the back of your dress?"

"The bustle?" Eloise cocked her head. "It's not in style anymore, dearie."

"But I saw you wearing a dress like that before." Daniel furrowed his brow. One part of his mind told him it didn't matter what she wore. She was going to be naked soon anyway. But another part of his mind wanted to follow this rabbit down its hole.

"It was in style when I wore it." She smiled and nodded with encouragement at him. "I always keep up with the latest fashion."

"So …" Daniel half-turned and closed the sliding door behind him. "I'm seeing a younger and older you at different times? One when the bustle was in fashion and one when it wasn't?"

Eloise smiled and winked at him.

“But …” Daniel thought it through. “You’re always pregnant.” He lowered his pants and pulled off his micro-boxers. His dick stood proudly, casting a long shadow against the far wall.

“Now, Danny, you know I wasn’t always pregnant.” Eloise slipped out of her dress and dropped it to the floor. Naked, she stepped back onto a luxurious bearskin rug in front of the hearth, cupping her swollen breasts and belly with her thin arms.

“Two different children, then?” Daniel didn’t care about the rug or the animal heads adorning the walls. He didn’t even notice all the new furniture stuffed into that room.

Eloise clapped her hands in delight. “Such a clever boy. Different children. Same belly. Different times. Different fathers.”

“Frederick was the father of the first child. Right?” Daniel walked toward her, his dick swaying before him, the firelight dancing off his flesh. “Who was the second father?”

“The past is done and gone, Danny.” Eloise opened her arms to him. “I have so much to teach you now. We must prepare you, dearie. You still know so little.”

Daniel stepped onto the rug, the bear fur soft between his toes. He placed one hand on the fleshy curve of her butt and the other on the delicate arch of her back. He fell into her cold embrace and stretched up to plant his lips on hers. Her boobs and belly pushed wonderfully against him. His dick fit snuggly between her legs.

Eloise broke their kiss and looked down into his eyes. “Mate me, Danny.” She dropped down to her knees. “A mare is meant for the gallop.” She turned, dropped to all fours, and presented her round ass to him. “Ride me.”

Daniel wasted no time in entering her, and he didn’t even need her help. He now knew where her opening was and he slid right in. He found a steady rhythm and watched in fascination as her butt rippled with each thrust.

“You have a tender heart.” Eloise looked back at him over her flawless, white shoulder with languid, lust-filled eyes. “But that is not enough for a woman, young stallion. Control …” She bit her bottom lip as his cock hit somewhere deep inside her. “Your first lesson is control. You must take a woman by the reins and drive her as you would a wild mare you mean to tame. This is the secret few of the fairer sex will tell. But mark my words, all desire it.” She turned her head forward and stared into the fire. “Take my hair, Danny.”

“Okay.” Daniel had not thought himself the type to grab a woman by the hair, but he wasn’t about to say no to her. He took a fistful of copper hair with his left hand and pulled her head back a little.

“Yes.” Eloise arched her back, her round belly dropping closer to the rug below. “This is … oooohhhhhh … the most important lesson. Everything else you learn … is nestled inside this one fact. A woman longs for surrender. Tame her and she is yours.”

“Not … uh … uh … uh … all women.” But even as he said this, Daniel tightened his grip on her hair and dug his fingertips into the cool flesh just south of her right hip.

“Yes, all women. I … will … show you, my sweet. You have … paid …” Eloise grunted as she bounced under his control. She no longer pushed back with each thrust, she couldn’t. She just did her best to absorb the onslaught. It was perfect. “You paid, Danny, and now … you will receive your bounty.” Her fingers dug into the rug. “Tell me … tell me what you wish to do.”

“I’m gonna … cum.”

“No.” She shook her head, her hair still firmly in his grasp. “No, impose … upon me, Daniel.”

“Take … my … cum … Mrs. Palmer … aaaaahhhhhhhhhh.” Daniel shot his load deep inside Eloise’s frigid pussy. His hips fell out of rhythm but kept bucking.

Eloise gasped and took the heat deep in her. It felt so good to be filled to the brim with life. Eventually the boy behind her stilled and released her hair. “We still have work to do, but that was fine. Mighty fine.” She moved forward and dislodged him. “You’ve filled my crinkum crankum, and that’s always a good thing, dearie.” She turned onto her side and looked up at him. “Now get dressed and get yourself back to your family.”

“Um … okay.” Daniel nodded. He stood and went to fetch his clothes.

“You’re a good boy, Danny.” Eloise luxuriated in the post-coital feelings that swept through her. She watched the skinny boy shrug into his clothing. “Soon, you’ll be a great boy.” She smiled. “Now get you away to your dear mother and request the aid you so rightly deserve.” Cum leaked out between her legs and pooled on the rug. She had so much to teach that young eighteen-year-old. And he seemed eager to learn.

“Now?” Daniel opened the door.

“Yes, now.” Eloise smiled her warmest smile up at him as the fire crackled behind her. “Take the reins, Danny.”

Daniel nodded, waved to Eloise, and walked out of the living room.

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A space battle raged on TV as Daniel returned to the basement.

“You smell funny.” Brittney looked up at her brother as he awkwardly walked behind the couch and sat down on the other end by their mother. “Anyway, you missed a lot. The good guys are taking control of the mothership.”

“Oh, yeah?” Daniel’s hard dick pressed painfully into his soft belly as he sat down. He moved his butt around on the cushion and tried to get comfortable.

“You do smell strange, Danny.” Julie lifted her head off her husband’s shoulder and looked at her son. He smelled like some sort of pungent tropical flower. “And why are you squirming like that?”

“Sorry, Mom.” Daniel finally stuck his butt toward the end of the cushion and leaned back. Now his dick wasn’t poking him anymore. “Just having a hard time getting comfortable.”

Julie looked down at Daniel’s pants and saw the clear outline of his mammoth package. “Oh.” Her eyes went wide. The poor boy had such a hard time with his thing these days. “I see.”

“Quiet everyone.” George didn’t take his eyes off the TV screen. “We’re about to see the aliens.”

“Sorry, Dad.” Daniel leaned over and whispered in his mother’s ear, “I’m having trouble again and I need your help.”

Julie shook her head and squeezed George’s hand tighter. George squeezed back, but his attention stayed on the movie.

“Please,” Daniel whispered. “I tried in the bathroom, but it didn’t work.” He found that ever since moving into their new house, lies came much easier to him. “I’ll be quick. We’ll be back in time for the end of the movie.”

“Daniel Gregory Anderson,” Julie hissed and gave Daniel a steely glare. But her heart softened as she looked into her son’s pained blue eyes. She disentangled her arm from George’s arm, stood, and looked down at her lovely husband. “I have to help Daniel with something. We’ll be right back.”

“Can’t it wait?” George looked up at her and frowned.

“Apparently, it cannot.” Julie walked off toward the stairs.

“You’re missing the movie,” George called after her.

“We’ll be back in a jiffy, dear.” Julie climbed the stairs, her dress billowing behind her. “Come on, Danny.”

“Right.” Daniel blinked his eyes. He couldn’t believe she’d agreed. He rose from the couch and walked around the back again so his stiff dick wouldn’t be obvious to his father and sister.

“Don’t be long.” George said as his son followed his wife out of the basement.

“We won’t,” Daniel said over his shoulder. He climbed the stairs and entered the long main hall.

“I can’t believe I agreed to this.” Julie waited for him, standing with her hands on her hips and tapping her bare foot on the floor. “Come on, let’s get you taken care of.” She grabbed Daniel’s hand and pulled him into the bathroom. She then shut the door and locked it behind them. “Okay, pants off. We have to hurry.”

“Thanks, Mom. I really needed this.” Daniel pulled off his pants and boxers and his dick flopped out.

“Yes, I can see. It looks really … um … engorged.” Julie reached out and gently brushed her fingernails along the purple head. “What is that smell? It’s musky and flowery … like …” Julie scrunched up her nose and moved her hand away from his penis. “Did you already take care of yourself? You smell like sperm and I’m not going to be doing this if you can do it yourself.”

“No. I promise.” Daniel’s mouth sprouted lies like they were trees in a growing forest. “It’s just the precum. I get a lot of precum when it won’t go down.”

“Oh.” She reached back for the long, heavy thing and grasped the shaft in her left hand. “Well, I suppose that’s unusual and a bit unseemly, but I’m your mother and I’ve seen it all. And … the thought is actually kind of … um …” Her hand moved back and forth. “… interesting.”

“Can you do it with your mouth again? It’s not cheating.” Daniel watched as she lowered herself to her knees on the tile. He had a wonderful view of her pretty face as it went slack, absorbed, as she was, with watching the slightly pulsing dick.

“It better not be cheating …” Julie licked the head and tasted Daniel’s salty flavor. “… or I’d be a very bad wife.” She opened wide and took the head inside. That was all she could fit. She remembered her technique for taking care of Daniel and bobbed her head with little short strokes while pumping his shaft with both hands. Her brown ponytail danced as she worked to bring Daniel off.

“You’re … aaaahhhhh … a great wife.” Daniel looked down at her pretty lips as they contorted around his dickhead. “And the … best mom in the world.”

“Mmmmmmmmm,” Julie said.

Down in the basement, George let out a woop as the protagonist took control of the mothership. Brittney smiled at her father, and wondered what the other half of the Andersons were up to.

A little later in the bathroom, Julie still worked Daniel, giving him short pumps with her mouth and long strokes with her hands. She pulled her mouth off his thing and looked up. “We … really need to … get back to the … movie.” She panted from the effort, but her hands kept working the shaft. “Are you close? Do you need my boobs again?”

“Yeah, Mom. That’d help this go way faster.” Daniel watched Julie shrug out of the top of her dress, and reach behind and unclasp her bra. He held his breath as her tits dropped out of confinement. They were so perfect, with her large pink nipples, and the blue web of veins that ran just under the skin. They made his mother look so vulnerable.

“You have to tell me before you explode this time.” Julie rose up on her knees a little and pressed her son’s rod between her boobs. “You can’t cover me with your stuff like you did before.” The memory of that moment sent an involuntary shiver down her spine and caused her vagina to dampen even more than it was already. She could feel her panties soaking through. “We don’t have time for a shower.”

“Sure, Mom.” Daniel wondered what Eloise would think about that. He didn’t want to disappoint the apparition, but she hadn’t said anything about it this time. Daniel looked around the bathroom, half expecting to see Eloise’s reflection in the mirror, but there was no sign of her. He looked back down at his mother and sighed as she eagerly slid his saliva-soaked dick between her large, soft tits. Julie stuck out the tip of her tongue just a little as she focused all her energy on making Daniel cum.

After a few minutes, Julie looked up into her son’s eyes. “Are you close, Danny?”

“Not yet.” Daniel’s mouth hung open as he watched the remarkable sight playing out in front of him.

“We have to hurry this along.” Julie looked at the locked door and then back at Daniel. “What can I do?”

“How about your butt, Mom?”

“I beg your pardon, young man?” Julie let go of her breasts and leaned back. Her arms were tired.

“If I could rub it on your butt, I’m sure I wouldn’t last long.” Daniel took hold of his dick and stroked it while Julie thought things over.

“It wouldn’t be cheating if you just rubbed on my butt.” Julie stood, turned her back to Daniel, and lifted her dress up to her waist. “And … also … I’ll need to keep my panties on.” She leaned forward and placed her hands on the countertop next to the sink. Her feet inched out as she spread her legs to lower her butt down to her son’s level.

“Of course.” Daniel stepped up behind and looked down at her amazing ass. He couldn’t decide what he liked best. The way it flared out from her narrow waist? The way it jiggled with just the slightest of her movements? The round, perfect curves? He loved all of it. “Here I go.” He placed his dick between her cheeks with the head all the way up above the crumpled dress hanging from the small of her back. He grabbed a cheek in each hand and then rubbed his shaft in a seesaw motion.

Back in the basement, the move accelerated toward its climax. “Behind you! The alien’s behind you, dummy,” George shouted at the TV. The stupid pilot had forgotten to look behind him. George was so into the movie, he didn’t even notice his wife and son still weren’t back yet.

“That’s it, pumpkin.” Julie braced herself against the rubbing monster behind her. She hoped Daniel couldn’t tell how wet she was. “Let me know when you’re ready.” She looked down at her hands to avoid looking into the mirror and her ring sparkled up at her. She did not want to see what she looked like submitting to her son in this way. What they were doing may not have been cheating, but it certainly was dirty.

“I’m … ready … Mom.” Daniel moved his eyes from that wobbling butt, past her rumpled dress hanging around her waist, and up her pale, bare back to where her delicate shoulder blades arched. She was beyond beautiful.

“Good boy, Danny.” Julie quickly turned around, grabbed a bath towel from the towel rack, and dropped to her knees again. “Shoot it out. Get it all out of there, sweetie.” She grabbed his penis and gave the most furious handjob of her life.

“Mom … Mom … Mooooommmmm.” Daniel’s balls churned.

Down in the basement, Brittney covered her eyes to hide from the images on the screen. “Ew, gross. The alien’s oozing all over her.”

George chuckled. “It’s just a movie, Britt.”

Back up in the bathroom, sensing the moment, Julie lifted the towel up and caught spurt after spurt with soft Egyptian cotton. She looked up at Daniel and marveled at how the orgasm had taken him over. He shut his eyes, gritted his teeth, and shook all over. “Let it all out. That’s a good boy.” The towel started to soak through so she folded it up to help absorb all that sperm. She knew from experience just how much her son stored in those giant balls of his.

“Wow …” Daniel panted and opened his eyes. “Thanks, Mom.”

“You’re welcome, pumpkin.” Julie took the towel away and saw a little stray cum left behind on the purple head. She leaned forward and licked it off with her pink tongue. Her shoulders gave a quick shiver

at the salty, tangy taste. “All better?” Julie rolled the towel into a ball and put it in the sink. She then picked up her bra, stood up, and put it back on.

“Yeah, thanks Mom. I don’t know what I’d do without you.” Daniel sighed and pulled up his micro-boxers. He stuffed his deflating dick into the pouch.

“Well, if I wasn’t helping you, you’d definitely need a doctor.” Julie pulled her dress up and slipped her arms back in. She shook her hips to get the dress to fall back down to her knees. “You’ve got so much in there.” She nodded at his boxers. “It’d be unhealthy if it got backed up.”

“Yeah, totally.” Daniel pulled up his pants and buttoned them. “What are we going to tell Dad and Britt?”

“Well …” Julie turned to the mirror and checked herself out. She looked fine. Certainly not like she’d just had a giant penis between her breasts. “… I don’t think we should lie. But …” She looked at Daniel in the mirror and raised an eyebrow.

“Let’s just tell them I needed some help figuring out what to say to a girl.” Daniel ran a hand through his messy blond hair. “You’re a girl, Mom. And you helped me say stuff to you. So, it’s sorta true.”

“Good enough.” Julie nodded. “Speaking of girls, maybe you could find someone at school who’d help you with your thing. I can’t keep doing this forever.” She saw Daniel’s face fall and Julie quickly added, “I’ll be here if you need it. I just don’t want you relying on your mother for this sort of thing, sweetie.”

“Thanks, Mom.” Daniel’s face brightened. “I’ll see if I can find myself a girlfriend.”

“That’s my boy.” Julie picked up the towel and held it away from her body. “I’m going to go put this in the laundry hamper in your room. I can’t take it down to the washing machine right now.” She gave Daniel a chagrinned smile, imagining walking the cum filled towel right by her daughter and husband in the basement. “Stay here, I’ll be right back.” Julie jogged down the hall and up the stairs in her bare feet.

Daniel stepped out into the hall and waited. A minute or so later, Julie returned and they went back down for the rest of movie night.

“Hey, where’d you two go? You missed it.” George looked up from the couch and pointed to the TV where the credits rolled.

“Oh, I’m sorry dear.” Julie frowned and folded her arms over her chest. “Danny needed some help with a girl.”

“Oh, a girl huh?” Brittney looked at her brother and waggled her eyebrows. “Anyone I know?”

Daniel shook his head.

“Fine, keep your secrets.” Brittney laughed. She knew her brother needed lots of help, he was way too shy around the girls in school. “I hope it works out with her.”

“Uh … thanks, Britt.” Daniel looked at his beautiful mom. “I do too.”

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Later that night, Julie tried to make it up to George by giving him his first titjob. “You like it, honey?”

“It’s … different.” George’s dick didn’t actually feel all that great engulfed in her boobs.

“Maybe if I try it this way.” Julie felt frustrated. He was too small to make it work right. Or maybe her breasts were too big. It was a disappointing endeavor. “How about my mouth?”

“That’d be better.” George nodded as she devoured his dick.

Julie sucked hard and even let him finish down her throat. She swallowed and smiled up at him. She hoped he’d be up for round two. Julie really wanted some sex after all the foreplay she’d had that day with the Anderson men. “How about a little more? I’ll ride you, honey. You wouldn’t have to work at all.”

“What’s gotten into you, Jules?” George groaned and rolled over in bed. “That’s enough for one night.”

Julie sighed and went to go turn off the light. She contemplated sneaking into the library and retrieving the dildo, but she’d sworn she wouldn’t use that thing again. She flipped the switch and the room went dark. “Goodnight, George.”

“Goodnight, Jules.”

She walked across the room and lay down next to him in bed. When she closed her eyes, she could think only of how Daniel’s penis had felt rubbing against her behind. What would it be like to allow that thing in? She tried very hard not to think about the answer to that question.

Chapter 5

“Danny, you in here?” Brittney poked her head into the library.

“I’m here.” Daniel looked up from his book. He sat in an old upholstered chair. One leg dangled and swung listlessly over the chair’s floral-print arm. “Just reading.”

“Man, it’s impossible to find anyone in this house.” Brittney walked into the room and sat down facing her brother. She smiled at him and brushed her long, brown hair behind her shoulders. Her modest, floral print dress almost matched the chair she perched on. “What are you reading?”

“*The Manchurian Candidate*.” Daniel stuck his finger in the book to keep his place. “It’s a crazy book.” Daniel’s face twisted into a wry smile. “At one point, the Russians have this guy, Shaw, under hypnosis and make him … ah … make love to his mother.”

“Really? Gross.” Brittney wrinkled her nose. “And spoilers, Danny. What if I wanted to read it?”

“Sorry.” Daniel looked away from his sister to the spines of books along the wall to his right. “Is it really that bad, Britt? Doing it with his mother, I mean.”

“Duh-doy. Yeah it is.” Brittney offered a slight curve of a smile, stood, walked to the shelf, and pulled down their bible. “I’m pretty sure it’s in Leviticus. But I don’t remember off hand.” She walked back to her chair and sat, thumbing through the pages. She stopped and read. “Here it is. *The nakedness of thy father, and the nakedness of thy mother, shalt thou not uncover: she is thy mother; thou shalt not uncover her nakedness.*” She looked up and gave Daniel a triumphant smile. “That seems clear. Good old Shaw should not boff his mom. That was messed up for the Russians to do that to him.”

“Yeah, but it only says nakedness. They could do it with their clothes on. Also, Abraham’s brother married his niece. Moses’s mom married a nephew, I think. And there’s lots of cousins getting it on with cousins all throughout the Old Testament.” Daniel hated to lose an argument to his sister. But especially this one. He had a vested interest in this. Guilt hung constantly in the background over what he and Julie had done. Daniel would do anything for Eloise, but it would be better if the stuff she had him do with his mom was at least morally ambiguous. And now that Daniel and his mother had started their intimacies together, Daniel was growing to like it. He didn’t want to like something that was wrong.

“Ignore that other stuff, Leviticus is clear.” Brittney looked down at the bible in her hands. “It goes on to say that can’t get naked with your father, sister, brother, stepmother …” She scanned the page. “Doesn’t say anything about cousins.” Brittney looked back at her brother with her deep blue eyes. “So, I guess cousins are fair game.” She put the book down next to her chair with a thump.

“I guess.” Daniel didn’t like it, but what did the bible know anyway? It was written by a bunch of grumpy men thousands of years ago.

“Anyhoo, if you don’t mind putting your spy thriller down for a few minutes, there’s some roses I’d like to go pick in the backyard. Want to come?” Brittney stood, smoothed out her long dress, beckoned to her brother, and strode out of the library.

“Sure.” Daniel dog-eared the page he was on and stood. He left the book on the chair and followed his sister.

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Julie waited in the den just behind the half-closed door. She felt like a fool hiding in her own house, but here she was. She listened to her children across the hall in the library but couldn’t quite make out their words. They were arguing about something in a good-natured way. The twins were always so agreeable. It was her first-born, Brad, who had really tried his parents’ patience. Finally, she heard them leave the library and walk down the hall. Once Brittney and Daniel disappeared out the front door of the house, Julie tiptoed out of the den.

“Maybe I shouldn’t do this,” Julie whispered to herself. She looked down the hall toward the main stairs. George was up in the west tower and he’d asked for her help. And here Julie was, sneaking around like a teenager with her first crush. She took a deep breath and walked into the library. She’d help her husband later. She just needed to see that giant fake penis one more time. She’d just get it out of her system.

Five minutes later, she sat on the toilet lid in the bathroom next to the den. Her dress was bunched around her waist and her panties lay on the tile floor. “Just for a minute,” Julie mumbled. She took the head of that jet-black phallus and rubbed it against her moist vaginal lips. She grasped the thing with both hands and marveled at its girth.

“Uuuuuggggggghhhhhhhh.” Julie trembled as she pushed it into her. “Oh, gosh. It’s too big.” She got about half the head in and stared down at her poor stretched vagina. She hoped things would tighten back up quickly after she was done. She didn’t want George noticing anything different during their intimate time. She pushed and a little more of the veiny thing moved into her.

“That’s quite the herculean task you’ve undertaken.” Eloise stood by the bathroom door, watching Julie with cool green eyes.

“What?” Julie shrieked and dropped the dildo to the floor, where it made a solid whack.

“Oh, don’t stop on my account, dearie.” Eloise smiled and took two steps toward Julie. She bent down slowly, cradling her large belly with one hand, and got to her knees. Her long, bustled dress flowed out around her on the floor. She picked up the dildo in her left hand. “This magnificent steed is quite wet, my mischievous lady.”

“I’m dreaming … I’m dreaming …” Julie’s brown eyes went wide and her breath shallow.

“Well, then dream away, Mrs. Anderson.” Eloise leaned forward and pushed Julie’s dress back up her legs from where it had fallen in her fright. “Nothing but the most pleasant dreams for you.” Eloise lowered her gaze to that trim bush between Julie’s legs and the protruding lips just beneath. “You kept your legs open for me, that was very good.” She brought up the dildo and rubbed the head against Julie’s nethers. “Such a strange thing this is. I had one fashioned of wood, but this is a better material. What do you call it?”

“Silicone,” Julie squeaked.

“Well, it certainly does the job.” Eloise pushed the phallus’s head into the vagina before her. “My, you are tight. That George of yours must be Lilliputian.”

“What? No … he’s got a … big one,” Julie lied. Her pulse beat like a heavy drum in her ears. She watched the dildo push its way in again, this time the whole head made its way inside her. “Aaaahhhhhhh. It’s too … much. I don’t want to … squirt from down there … again.”

“Oh, you had the downstairs flood?” Eloise felt the resistance in the poor woman’s vagina and stopped her pushing, letting the round head of the thing sit in its new snug home. “Some women spend a lifetime without knowing that pleasure. You’re a lucky one.” She looked up into Julie’s eyes and gave the woman her most reassuring smile. “Attend, Mrs. Anderson. Daniel is larger than this.” She wiggled the dildo a little for emphasis. “Imagine the ecstasy when you stretch to accommodate him.”

“That would be … cheating.” Julie shook her head. “I’d never do that to … ooohhhhhh … George. Or to … Daniel. He’s my … son.”

“You say that like it’s a point against the endeavor.” Eloise pulled the counterfeit cock from the woman and looked at its glistening head. “But his relation to you is a point for. Many points, actually. There is nothing like letting your son know you completely. And knowing him … every inch of him. Until then –”

Julie stood and pushed Eloise to the side. Julie’s brown ponytail swished as she moved past the pregnant woman toward the bathroom door. “I am dreaming, I am dreaming. None of this is real.” Julie looked back at the woman now sitting on her butt by the vanity. Her dress looked very uncomfortable in such a position.

“Careful, Julie, I am with child.” Eloise watched the frightened wife carefully. “Such rough treatment is most unagreeable to me.”

“You’re not real.” Julie opened the door, jumped out into the hall, and raced toward the stairs.

George walked toward her with a look of concern on his gentle face. “There you are, Jules. I really could use your help …” He stopped when he saw her face. “Are you okay?” His wife had a frantic look in her eyes, and her dress was rumpled.

“Fine … I’m fine.” Julie thought things over. If George was here, then what had just happened in the bathroom wasn’t a dream. For the first time in her adulthood, Julie considered the existence of ghosts plausible. Heck, it was a likelihood now. “I was just … having trouble with the bathroom sink.” Julie smoothed out her dress.

“Oh, really? Let me have a look.” George gave his wife a tender kiss on the cheek and stepped past her toward the open bathroom door.

“No,” Julie shrieked. That specter was in there. And even if she was all hallucination, the dildo was in there. George would be crushed if he found Julie using it behind his back. “Let’s go work in the tower. Don’t …” She trailed off and hung her head as George entered the bathroom.

“Jeez, Julie,” George called out. “You shouldn’t leave your things lying around. What if the children wanted to use this bathroom?”

“I …” Julie walked toward him. He was taking it better than she thought he would. She arrived at the open door and looked in to find her husband holding her forgotten panties in his right hand. He offered them to her and Julie reached out and took them. “Sorry, George. The sink must have distracted me.”

“Right, the sink.” George turned the hot tap and then the cold. Water ran into the basin as it should. “Everything seems in order. What was wrong with it?”

Julie didn’t answer him, she looked around the floor for the abandoned dildo, but she couldn’t see it.

“Did you lose something else?” George watched her with bemusement. “Drop your bra, too?”

“No.” Julie shook her head. “I’ve got everything.” The dildo wasn’t there. Maybe the ghost had taken it with her to pleasure herself. The thought sent a chill down her spine. “I was just thinking, George. Maybe we should bring in someone to rid our house of … unwanted spirits.”

“That’s crazy, Jules. Did you see a ghost?” George laughed and placed his hand on his wife’s slim shoulder. As funny as this was, she did have a worried look about her.

“Yes …” Julie could see he was laughing at her. “I mean no. I don’t know.”

“Don’t be silly. There are no such things as ghosts.” George ushered her out of the bathroom. “Let’s stick together and the house won’t seem quite so spooky. Right?”

“Right.” Julie didn’t know what to think.

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Weeds brushed against the twins’ legs as Brittney and Daniel turned the southeast corner of the house. The old, uneven cobble path did its best to turn their ankles, so the twins tread with some caution.

“What do you think the garden looked like in its heyday?” Brittney looked over her shoulder at Daniel as he followed her.

“The Palmers probably had servants tend the garden. I bet it was full of flowers and very neatly trimmed.” The fresh air around them invigorated Daniel. A stiff breeze blew into their faces from the north. “Thanks for getting me out here, Britt. I haven’t really explored the exterior yet.”

“Me neither.” Brittney walked around the northeast corner. “Oh, they’re beautiful.” The rose bush seemed even more prolific viewed from ground level. The flowers were a deep crimson, with large petals nestled together. “Scissors, please.”

“Sure.” Daniel stopped next to her, fished the scissors he’d brought out of his pocket, and handed them to her. He watched her hop through the weeds over to the rose bush. Her body was so relaxed under her billowing dress and her face carefree as she circled the plant looking for perfect flowers.

“This bush is marvelous, don’t you think, Danny?” Brittney reached up with her scissors and snipped a stem, careful not to grab the thorns.

“Yeah, it’s nice.” Daniel smiled. He felt so removed from all the strange happenings that had gone on inside the mansion next to them. It was both a gnawing worry and a relief. He desperately needed to see Eloise again soon. But he also knew that the licentious path he and Julie traveled would lead to irrevocable events. Daniel didn’t want to do anything that would harm his relationship with his loving mother. But even without Eloise’s prodding, he felt drawn to further things with Julie. It was all so confusing.

“Who’s that?” Brittney gazed toward the northwest corner of the house.

“What?” Daniel slipped out of his reverie and followed her gaze. A tall, square man with a top hat strode toward them with purpose. The hem of his long, velvet jacket just brushed the tops of the weeds below him. His black mustache drooped around the corners of his mouth, and his black eyes seemed to look right through them. Good God, Daniel thought, his eyes were so very black.

“What mischief have you brought upon my garden, you scoundrels?” The man balled his hands into fists by his sides. He was about thirty feet away from the twins.

“Who is that?” Brittney squinted at the man, but squinting didn’t make his presence any more logical.

“Let’s go.” Daniel could see Brittney wasn’t about to run, so he stepped over to her and grabbed her free hand in his. Daniel recognized the voice from the night Eloise led him down the secret stairs. This was Frederick Palmer in the flesh. Or whatever ghosts are made of. “Now, Britt.” As Frederick closed within twenty-five feet, Daniel pulled hard on his sister’s hand and they were off and running.

“What’s going on, Danny?” Brittney dropped the scissors in the weeds and clutched the roses she’d picked in her right hand. She ran with Daniel back the way they’d come.

“Crazy dude in our garden.” They rounded the northeast corner at a sprint. “What’s it look like?” Weeds flew by their knees. Neither of the twins looked back.

“Get back here you thieves.” Frederick’s voice hung in the garden air, reverberating around them. “I’ll hunt you down, miscreants.”

Daniel hazarded a look over his shoulder. Frederick stood at the corner of the mansion they’d just passed. The man’s hands hung stiffly by his sides and his eyes welled hate. Relief filled Daniel, as it seemed Frederick had given up the chase. Just then, Daniel’s foot went sideways on a cobblestone and his ankle rolled over. He tumbled into the weeds with a short yelp.

“Come on, Danny. Get up.” Brittney bent down and helped him back to his feet. She put his arm around her shoulders and they limp-jogged around the southeast corner of the house. She didn’t dare look back.

The twins burst in the front door and slammed it behind them. They leaned their backs against the door and looked at each other with wide eyes.

“That was crazy.” Brittney let out a nervous laugh.

Daniel, panting, watched his sister as her laughter picked up until it was an uproarious cackle. He couldn’t help himself, he laughed, too.

Their parents, having just left the main floor bathroom, found the twins scuffed, scraped, bleeding, and sharing what seemed like either a hilarious or insane moment.

“What happened to you?” Julie rushed up to Daniel. The right knee of his pants was torn and blood stained the fabric. He wasn’t putting any weight on his right ankle. She looked to her daughter, where blood dripped from her right fist as she clutched the thorny rose stems tightly.

“Some … guy … chased us.” Brittney’s laughter slowed. “With a … top hat.”

“Oh my, Gosh.” Julie bent down and moved Daniel’s arm from his sister’s shoulders to hers. “Just now?”

The twin’s laughter died completely.

“In the garden.” Brittney nodded.

“It’s okay, Mom.” Daniel looked up into his mom’s soft brown eyes. “He wasn’t very fast.” His blond hair fell down over his forehead and into his eyes.

“Let’s get you cleaned up,” Julie said to Daniel. “George, can you see if the man is still outside?”

“On it.” George ran to the study and came back out with a wood baseball bat. He opened the door and jogged outside.

“Brittney, pumpkin, you better toss out those flowers and clean your hand off.” Julie helped her limping son toward the bathroom.

A minute later, George reentered the house and slammed the massive front door behind him. “No one there.” He breathed hard from the run around the house. “You two sure you saw somebody?”

“Clear as day,” Brittney said. “You must have scared him off, Dad.”

“Hhhmmmm.” George looked at his wife and Daniel as they disappeared toward the bathroom. “Where you going, Jules?”

“I’m taking care of Danny, George.” Julie got Daniel into the bathroom, sat him on the toilet lid, and closed the door.

“Okay, I guess.” George looked over to his daughter as she marched off toward the kitchen. “Where are you going?”

“To put these in water.” Brittney held up the roses. Their ruby hue matched the blood that trickled down her arm. “And to clean my hand off. Turns out, thorns are sharp.”

“Every rose has its thorns, Britt.” George locked the front door and followed her into the kitchen. “I’ll keep you company.”

“Thanks, Dad.” Brittney walked into the kitchen and headed for the sink.

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“Why are you holding your panties, Mom?” Daniel looked at Julie’s left hand where her underwear was balled in her fist.

“Oh, ah … that’s not important.” Julie set the panties down on the floor by the door and silently cursed the dearth of pockets in women’s fashion. “More importantly, who chased you, Danny?” Julie bent at the waist, pulled her son’s pants down to his shins, and got a good look at the abrasion on his knee. “That’s a nasty scrape, let me get the peroxide.” Julie straightened and opened the medicine cabinet behind the mirror.

“I don’t want to talk about that man.” Daniel’s gaze traveled up his mom’s curvy body, hidden as it was, under her dress. Conflicting emotions surged through him. With the medicine cabinet open and Julie rummaging through it, only Daniel could see the bathroom mirror now. In the mirror, Eloise stood inside, smiling down at Daniel as if the mirror was a window with her freckled forehead pressed upon the glass.

“I can understand you were very frightened.” Julie put the peroxide bottle on the sink and rummaged some more. “But you’ll have to tell me and your father so we can figure out what happened. We might have to call the police.”

Eloise made a motion with her hand like she was holding something large in front of her mouth. She moved her hand backward and forward and bulged her check out with her tongue again and again. It was clear she wanted Daniel to talk his mom into a blowjob.

“No.” Daniel shook his head.

“What’s that, pumpkin?” Julie searched through the bandages, looking for the ones for knees and elbows.

“Nothing, Mom.” Daniel continued to shake his head at Eloise. Even if he wanted another blowjob from his mom, it was the wrong time. Not with his father and sister just down the hall. Not with his ankle throbbing. “I just think we shouldn’t bother the police about it.” Daniel thought about his mom’s mouth wrapped around his dick. Maybe he did want more attention from Julie. But it would have to wait. *Later*, he mouthed at Eloise.

Now, Eloise mouthed back. *Or*, she shook her head and her face darkened.

“Well, you and your sister can tell us all about the man once we get you cleaned up.” Julie pulled out the correct bandages and closed the medicine cabinet. The mirror went from a window to the spirit world to a plain reflective surface again. “There now, let’s get you patched up.” Julie got to her knees in front of Daniel. He still sat where she’d left him on the toilet seat. She reached out and removed his left shoe. When she wiggled his right one, her son whimpered. “Sorry, sweetie. It has to come off. We’ll get some ice on that ankle. I’m sure it’s just a sprain.” She worried that it might be something worse. She thought about x-rays, multiple trips to specialists, and medication. They really couldn’t afford all that.

“It’s okay. It doesn’t hurt that bad.”

“Here goes.” Julie pulled the shoe gently off her eighteen-year-old son and set it beside her. “That’s a brave boy.” She then gingerly pulled off his pants and socks and placed them on top of the shoes. “Now

let's have a look at that knee, mister." Julie turned the open peroxide bottle over on a cotton ball, placed the bottle back on the sink, and leaned forward. "This will sting a bit."

"Ouch." It didn't feel great but looking down his mother's dress at her cleavage took some of the sting out of it.

"There, now." Julie finished cleaning the wound, opened the bandage, and placed it snuggly over the abrasion. "One down, one to …" Julie lost her train of thought as she looked up to discover that Daniel was hard. How could he have an erection at a time like this? Teenagers were curious animals. "Um, what's going on with that?" She pointed at the boxers that couldn't contain all his thirteen inches. She could see the outline of the upper part of his glorious penis under the bottom of his shirt.

"Sorry, Mom. When you were fixing my knee, I could kinda see your cleavage." Daniel couldn't make eye contact. He looked off toward the mirror and saw Eloise looking out from the inside again. The apparition smiled and nodded at Daniel.

"You … uh … like my body that much?" Julie frowned.

"It's really nice." Daniel nodded and stole a quick glance at Julie, his blue eyes meeting her brown ones. He looked away again.

"Well, I guess that's a nice compliment." Julie blushed. Her poor son looked so nervous. She wanted to put him at ease. "I suppose with the internet you've seen more boobs than all your ancestors combined. So, if you still like mine …" Julie shrugged and smiled. Her brain went fuzzy for a second and then she had complete clarity. Julie knew what she had to do. "I don't think we can deal with your ankle until we deal with that. I know how much you need relief sometimes." Julie pointed to his penis again. "What do you think?"

"You want to touch it?" Daniel could hear his pulse in his ears.

"I don't know about *want*, pumpkin." Julie reached up to Daniel's waist and hooked his micro-boxers with trembling fingers. "But I *need* to do something. We can't have you swelling in two places. It's my responsibility to take care of you." She pulled down the boxers and gently removed them. Julie's breath caught in her throat as the purple-headed monster swung out in the open. In all respects but one, Daniel was a meek, delicate flower. But that one aberration was a beast. "Now I'm just going to use my hands and a towel. That's not cheating."

"No, it's not cheating," Daniel echoed. His eyes lingered on the mirror where Eloise silently clapped her hands in anticipation. He then looked down at his gorgeous mother as her fingers wrapped around his thickness. In that moment, Daniel didn't care what Leviticus or his conscience told him. He wanted his mother. He wanted to possess her completely.

"My Gosh, Danny. Your thing is so manly." Julie bit her bottom lip as her hands stroked up and down. "It's even bigger than …" She was going to say her new dildo, but she didn't want Daniel knowing about that.

"Dad?" Daniel let the pleasure move through him. He wanted to bask in that feeling forever. "Were you going to say that I'm bigger than Dad?"

“No.” Julie looked up at her son with his messy blond hair and that little half-smile on his face. “Well, yes, actually,” she lied. “But let’s not talk about your father.” Her gaze fell down to that huge pole in front of her. Her eyes distant as she gazed at the savage beauty of it.

“Okay.” Daniel watched her work his dick in silence for several minutes. “You know, we already agreed that using your mouth to help me isn’t cheating on Dad.”

“Yeah.” Julie nodded. “How’s your ankle doing?”

“My ankle?” Daniel had forgotten about the throbbing pain in his ankle. “My ankle would feel better if you used your mouth.”

“Right.” Julie moved her left hand down to Daniel’s left ball and cupped its weighty substance. She looked at the little purple veins that crisscrossed the rough flesh of his testicles. Julie had never seen balls like Daniel’s, but they looked right to her. This was how a man was supposed to be. “Not cheating,” Julie murmured. She lowered her mouth to the wide, purple head and gave it a quick lick. “You taste salty, Daniel.” Julie then opened wide and sucked on his penis. She bobbed her head with little short strokes, a new method for blowjobs that was fast becoming familiar to her.

“You’re the best … mom … ever.” Daniel’s eyes trailed from his mom’s bouncing brown ponytail up to Eloise watching from the mirror.

The beautiful redhead’s breath seemed to fog up the inside of the mirror and she wiped it away with her pale hand so she could continue to watch this mother fall as so many others in this house had fallen before her.

Ten minutes passed as Julie pumped Daniel’s penis with her mouth. She pulled off him and looked up. “Is this helping?”

“It’s good, Mom. But, could I rub your butt again?” Daniel’s hands gripped the white porcelain of the toilet and he pressed his butt into the lid. This was almost too much. He watched her stand, turn her back to him, and lift up her dress to her waist. This was the first time Daniel had seen her ass without panties on. It was perfectly heart-shaped and almost as white as the porcelain he sat on.

“We’ll have to be careful not to hurt your ankle.” Julie backed up and sat on his lap. Her son’s monster stood up straight and pressed between her cheeks as it rose up to the small of her back. “I’ll be gentle.” She rocked up against him and felt the weight of his thing push back against her. He was incredibly large. “Since I don’t have panties on, we have to be careful. Make sure it doesn’t get close to my you-know-what.”

“Okay, Mom.” Daniel moved his hands from the toilet to her hips. His ankle hurt, but the pain felt so very far away. He watched her ass ripple and shake as she rocked and bounced back against him, rubbing her butt against the length of his dick. He stole a glance at the mirror and Eloise was still there making a circle with the fingers of her right hand and running it through with her left index finger. She wanted him to have sex with his mother and Daniel was far enough gone to want it too. He was pretty sure Julie wouldn’t let him, however.

A quiet knock sounded on the door and mother and son froze mid rub in the bathroom.

“How’s it going in there? Is Danny, alright?” George sounded worried.

“Yes, honey.” Julie tried to keep the flutter out of her voice. “Don’t come in, I know how you feel about blood. We’re … um … cleaning him up.”

“You’ve been in there a long time, Jules.” George leaned against the door, but didn’t try the handle. It was true, he couldn’t stand the sight of blood.

“It was a nasty scrape, and Danny also turned his ankle.” Julie pushed back against Daniel’s swollen penis ever so slightly as she talked to her husband. Goodness, gracious he had a brute of a thing. A surge of guilt swept through her, but then she reminded herself that what they were doing wasn’t really cheating. Daniel stayed perfectly silent behind her.

“Okay, then.” George nodded to himself. Julie would take care of Danny. That was the great thing about marriage, the other spouse could always fill in when life played to one of your weaknesses. She had always been the one to patch up bleeding children. “I’m going to take Brittney down to the police station to file a report. It shouldn’t take more than a couple hours. Then we can work on the west tower. Sound good?”

“Yes, Georgie.” Julie rocked her hips again. Even with her poor husband on the other side of the door. What was she doing? “I’ll be ready to help you when you get back.”

“Great, bye.” George walked down the hall.

“Bye.” Julie moved faster on her son’s lap, almost forgetting about taking it easy on his ankle.

“Embrace it, Mrs. Anderson.” Eloise spoke from the mirror, a look of pure delight on her face. “Tend to your scion. Feed the family tree.”

“What?” Julie turned her head toward the mirror. “Do you see the lady in the mirror, Danny?”

“Yeah, Mom.” Daniel dug his fingers into the flesh around his mother’s hips, preventing the dress from falling back over her butt. “That’s Mrs. Palmer.”

“We do need an exorcist.” Julie should have been terrified, but her fear floated so very far away from her. She pressed her hands into her knees and kept rubbing Daniel with her bare butt.

“No, Mom. She’s helping us.”

“Really?” Julie watched the freckled woman in the mirror. Mrs. Palmer did look like a friendly, innocent person. Maybe she was helping. “What do you want, spirit?”

“Complete the bond, Julie.” Eloise’s smile was earnest and true. “Take Daniel whence he came.”

“You can’t mean …” Sweat beaded on Julie’s forehead.

“Just the tip, Mom.” Daniel squeezed Julie’s hips and lifted her about fourteen inches off his lap. He held her there, above him. He could see her pussy clearly with her legs spread and her feet planted on either side of Daniel’s feet. Her lips protruded wonderfully and glistened. Daniel knew he was about to go home. “Just this one time.”

“Okay, Danny.” Julie reached under her and grabbed the purple head. “Just the tip and just for a moment.” She lined him up with her opening and lowered herself down on his penis.

“Aaaaaaahhhhhhhh. It’s too … big.” The head lodged itself inside her vagina and spread her out. “It’ll never … fit … ooooohhhhhhh.”

“So … tight … Mom.” Daniel had the perfect view as the pink interior of his mom’s pussy gripped him like a vice. He hated to admit it, but Julie was right. He would never fit in such a tight pussy.

“The bond, the pact, the contract made.” Eloise watched from the mirror with mercurial, green eyes. “We paid and received and the Devil took his due. All we need from you is your approbation, sweet Julie. Then you can have it all. You can feel it all. You can fit it all.”

“Aaaaaahhhhh. Okay, okay. I … approve … let me … have this.” There was no pretense in Julie’s mind about helping Daniel with his ankle, or any other excuse. She had been swept up in the moment and wanted him desperately. “I’ll pay … any price …”

“Very good, my lady.” Eloise bowed her head slightly to Julie and disappeared. The mirror was just a mirror again.

“I feel warm.” Julie trembled, still skewered on just the head of Daniel’s penis. A warmth built in her vagina, hips, and breasts. At first it was a pleasurable feeling, but then it was too much. “I need to cool down.” Julie stood up and let her son’s penis plop out of her. She leaned over to the shower and turned on its coldest setting. She then stepped under the water with her dress still on. Not only were her breasts unbearable hot, but they now pushed uncomfortably at her bra. Her mind raced. Julie thought her bra was somehow shrinking. She pulled off her dress and dropped it to the shower floor. She then undid her bra and dropped it too. She looked down to see that her breasts glowed a crimson red, as did her hips. The same red shone from between her legs, too. “What’s happening, Danny? Help meeeeee.”

Dumfounded, Daniel watched his naked mother in the shower. He could see that same sanguine glow that had consumed him the night his dick grew. And he could see his mother’s hips gently expanding with every breath she took, and her boobs enlarging as they shook with her raking breaths. Not knowing what else to do, he stood, limped over to the shower, and climbed in. He still had his shirt on, and it soaked through immediately. The cold did nothing to diminish his raging hardon. He reached around his mom from behind and rubbed her breasts to help.

“Aaahhhhh. I’m on fire.” Julie felt her son trying to help, but his touch did nothing for her.

Daniel, desperate to help, turned her around and planted kisses all over her boobs. They were noticeably bigger than before. The glow faded some.

“Thank you.” Julie sighed. “Thank you, Danny. That’s helping.” His lips felt so cool on her turgid breasts. The red light left her breasts and hips completely, but hadn’t yet faded from between her legs. “It’s still too hot … down there.”

Dutifully, Daniel trailed his kisses down her slightly rounded belly and over the dark triangle of pubic hair between her legs.

“Cool it down. Please, please, please.” Julie opened her legs as she stood under all that cold water to give him better access.

“Yes … Mom …” Daniel said between kisses as he moved his mouth along her lips. Frigid water cascaded over both of them. A few seconds later, the glow left her pussy and he felt his mom’s hand on the back

of his head. She pushed his face into her and Daniel stuck out his tongue. It went between her lips and he tasted her tanginess.

“Oh, Danny.” Julie squirmed as the heat completely faded away. “What are we … doing? Uh … oh, Danny, … uh … oh, my gosh. Right … there …” Julie shook uncontrollably as she felt her son’s tongue working inside her. “Ooooooohhhhhhh.” An orgasm swept over her.

Daniel closed his eyes and let his mom go wild. When she’d calmed down, he stood up and nudged her out of the way so he could wash off.

“Wow … Daniel … no one has ever done that … for me … before.” Julie leaned against the shower wall catching her breath. She looked down and saw that indeed her breasts were larger than before. She cupped them and felt their weight. “What happened to me?”

“It’s Mrs. Palmer, I think.” Daniel turned toward his mother and opened his eyes. He accidently poked her hip with dick. Her hips looked wider, she had more of an hourglass figure. It didn’t seem like the apparition had done anything to her butt as far as Daniel could tell. Daniel pulled off his sopping shirt and dropped it out on the bathroom floor. “Mom, can I?” Daniel didn’t wait for an answer, with Julie’s hands still cupping the bottom of her boobs, he turned her toward him, bent a little, and took her right nipple into his mouth.

“Ooooooohhhhhhh. What are you doing to me, Danny?” Julie shivered. The cold water fell all over them. She let go of her left boob and dropped her left hand down to Daniel’s still raging erection. She hadn’t relieved him yet. She could feel him shivering. “It’s freezing in here.” She pushed him away and turned off the water. “Are you cold?”

“Yes.” But Daniel didn’t much care about the temperature.

“Let me take care of you, sweetie.” Julie reached for a towel and pulled it into the shower with them. She dried him off slowly, pausing a few times to plant tender kisses on his skinny chest and his robust penis. She then dried herself. “I can’t believe I’m going to say this, but we should go upstairs and get one of your father’s condoms.” She stepped out of the shower and offered him her hand. “I’m going to take care you properly.”

“Really?” Daniel took his mom’s hand in his.

“You better hurry, mister, before I change my mind.” They left the bathroom, walking naked hand in hand. Julie held her breasts with her left hand for a show at modesty and to keep them from swaying about. Her wedding ring sparkled on top of her boobs as they moved up the curving stairway, catching the afternoon light falling through the great stained windows above. Once at the top, Daniel’s limp became too much and Julie dropped her hand from her boobs and put his arm over her shoulder. She helped her injured son into the bedroom she shared with her husband and sat him down on her marital bed. “Stay there, I’ll be right back.”

“Okay, Mom.” Daniel’s whole body buzzed. They were going to do it. His dick pulsed with every heartbeat. He watched Julie’s perfect butt shake as she jogged into the bathroom. He thought about how her body had changed and decided the house hadn’t done that much to her. It had simply given her more of what she already had. She came back in from the bathroom holding a little foil packet in one

hand and a bath towel in the other. Daniel thought she looked even more tantalizing from the front as her boobs shook and swayed from side to side.

“I hope this fits.” Julie felt dreamy, euphoric, and high. Her mind drifted in a way similar to when she’d taken Ecstasy with her boyfriend in college. She knew her brain wasn’t working quite right, but she didn’t care. She got on her knees in front of Daniel, put the towel next to her, and tore the packet open.

“How are we going to … um … get my dick … in you? You’re too tight.” Daniel didn’t want to break the spell that was over them and immediately wished he hadn’t said anything. He could see her dark pupils dilated to wide circles. She didn’t seem to notice or care that her little pussy couldn’t fit his big dick.

“Don’t worry about that.” They’d cross that bridge when they got to it. Julie ignored the nagging thoughts that scratched at the back of her mind about morality and Christian decency. “Let’s just get this on.” She reached up and tried to unroll the condom over the purple head in front of her. It wouldn’t go. “Oh, no.” Julie frowned and tried again, this time pulling hard at the edges of the condom. But it just wouldn’t stretch wide enough. She rested the rolled condom on the tip of the head and felt Daniel’s pulse through her fingertips.

“I’ll pull out, Mom.” Daniel was ready.

“That’s a sentence no mother expects to hear,” Julie murmured. She dropped the condom to the floor and stood. She pushed Daniel back on the bed and straddled his narrow hips. “You’ll let it out in the towel when it’s time. Okay?” She reached under her and grabbed his beastly thing.

Daniel nodded and looked up at his beautiful mother. His nostrils flared. He could smell her wetness and it was heaven’s scent.

“Now … oooohhhhhh …” Julie lowered herself. “… we’ll see about … getting this inside me.” To her surprise, she felt a great spreading sensation as inch after inch of the penis penetrated her. “Gosh, Danny … uuuuuggggghhhhhhh … you fit.” The most animalistic impulses she’d ever felt welled inside Julie. She bottomed out and sat perfectly still on her son’s hips. “It’s in my belly. How … does it feel … to you?”

“Your pussy feels … uh …” Daniel grunted as he felt his dickhead push up against something. “… amazing.” His mom’s insides were so much warmer than Eloise’s.

“Language … Danny …” Julie place her hands on Daniel’s chest and rocked her hips experimentally. She could feel him pushing around her insides. It was both unsettling, and exquisite. “A woman’s vagina … is not a p-u-s-s-y.” She spelled out the word so she wouldn’t have to say it. Her hips rocked faster. “You’re … so deep … uh … uh … uh …” Soft grunts escaped her lips. She’d never made such sounds before. She leaned back, placed her hands on Daniel’s thighs, and bounced up and down. Julie was so used to her husband’s thing, that she kept thinking she’d dislodge Daniel at the top of her motion, but his penis never left her. Emboldened, she bounced higher and still he stayed. Julie’s eyes rolled in her head. Why had no one told her sex could be like this?

“Wow, wow, wow,” Daniel mumbled to himself as he watched her enormous, teardrop boobs swing in opposite circles to one another.

“Daaannnnyyyyyyy,” Julie shrieked as an orgasm overtook her. Her shoulders convulsed and her body shook.

Daniel couldn’t believe that his reserved mother could bounce and writhe as she did. She bared her clenched teeth and her face twisted with one eye open and one eye closed. She seemed a woman possessed. Maybe she was.

When her orgasm passed, Julie rode Daniel harder. She put the soles of her feet on the bed and held her arms out to the side. Her fingers flexed and made odd gestures as rapture moved through her. “I’m humping … uh … uh … uh … you, Danny. I’m humping you.”

A thought occurred to Daniel. “You’re cheating … on Dad. This is cheating.” He gripped the blanket by his hips. He could feel his balls churning.

“Oh, my gosh. Uh … uh … uh …” Julie’s grunts and squeals filled the room. “You’re right. What would your father think?”

Across town, George sat in the police station waiting room next to his daughter. She was on her phone, ignoring him. The hairs on the back of his neck suddenly stood up. Something was happening. Something … wrong. George looked around the room, but didn’t see anything amiss. He slouched down in his chair and tried to ignore the sensation. He took a deep breath. It was nothing, he told himself. Just the aftereffects of the prowler accosting the twins. Everything was fine. He pulled his phone out of his pocket and texted Julie to see how she and Daniel were doing. He waited several minutes for her to respond. When she didn’t reply, he texted again. But he didn’t hear back. After a while, he opened a puzzle on his phone and tried to take his mind off his worries.

Back in the Palmer Mansion, Julie had just worked through another orgasm. She was back to bouncing on her son with astonishingly long strokes. She looked down at his young, handsome face and admired the vitality of youth. She reveled in her eighteen-year-old’s raw, physical stamina and power.

“I’m going to cum, Mom.” Daniel gripped the blanket tighter. “The … towel.”

“Don’t worry … oooohhhhh … about the towel.” Julie slid high enough to dislodge him and then pounced on his penis. She sucked him into her mouth and stroked with both hands. She must be crazy. She was intent on milking him dry.

“Oh … Mom … aaaahhhhhhhhhh.” Daniel’s cock erupted in Julie’s mouth. Pure joy filled his body. He shuddered with each shot down his mother’s throat.

Julie’s eyes fluttered as the hot, salty mess filled her mouth. Her cheeks expanded and then she began swallowing. She gulped and gulped and felt the heat move down to her belly. She never would have believed that she could swallow so much. When he was done, she kept her mouth on him for a long time, swirling her tongue around the bulbous head.

“Mom?” Daniel looked down at her, with her lips stretched around him. “Did you swallow it all?”

“Mmmmmmmmm.” Julie nodded with the penis still in her mouth. Eventually, she let go and looked up at Daniel. Some wayward cum dripped down her dainty chin. “That was crazy, Danny.”

“Yeah.” Daniel nodded. “Can we do it again?”

“Yes.” The reality of what had just happened slowly crept into Julie’s mind. “I mean, no.” She shook her head. “No, no, no.” She climbed off the bed and looked at the bedside alarm clock. “We don’t know when your father and sister could come home.” Mentioning her husband was like a splash of cold water on her face. “Your father … what have we done, Danny?”

“It’s okay, Mom.” Daniel sat up. His dick, still hard, pressed into his stomach. “What do you need me to do?” Seeing her distressed like she was brought on a surge of guilt. He didn’t want to destroy his parents’ marriage. But looking at her breathtaking beauty, he knew this couldn’t be a one-time thing. Daniel couldn’t reconcile the two thoughts as they pulled at him.

“Can you walk?” Julie bent down and picked up the towel she had brought out with her with the intention of using it for her son’s sperm. Goodness. She touched her stomach. Sperm that she’d swallowed. She wrapped the towel around her torso so that she was covered.

“Let me see.” Daniel scooted off the bed and stood. “It hurts, but I think I can walk.”

“This is what you can do for me, pumpkin.” Julie bent down and picked up the unused condom. She made a mental list of all the things she needed to pick up and clean before George got home. Change the blanket on their bed. Clean up the bathroom downstairs. Take another shower. It was all doable. “Get yourself into the shower and make that thing go down.” She pointed at his penis. “Then get dressed and get some ice on your ankle. I’ll do the cleaning. Can you do that?” She bent down and picked up the torn foil packet.

“Yeah, Mom.” Daniel limped to the door, his dick swaying slowly with every halting step. He turned back to look at Julie. “I didn’t mean to …”

“We’ll talk about it later.” Julie tried to give him a smile.

“And what about your … um … boobs and stuff?” Daniel nodded to the cleavage just above the towel. “What are you gonna tell Dad?”

“They really are bigger, aren’t they?” Julie raised her eyebrows and looked down at her body.

Daniel nodded.

“I’ll tell your father it’s hormones or something.” Julie shooed her son with her hands. “Now go, before they get home.”

“Um …” Daniel didn’t move. “Thank you, Mom. That was the best thing that ever happened to me. I love you so much.”

“I love you too, sweetie. Now, get a move on.” Julie turned and pulled the blanket off the bed. Thankfully nothing had soaked through to the sheets.

Daniel turned, left his parents’ room, and limped down the hall. His mind was pulled in so many directions. He wondered what would become of them in Palmer Mansion.

Chapter 6

“There’s something different about you.” George looked at his wife across the dinner table. “New haircut?”

“No.” Julie shook her head and blushed. Was her husband really so clueless? She’d made a deal with a dead woman. That deal had somehow changed her body. More importantly, she’d done irredeemable things with her eighteen-year-old son. “Nothing’s different.”

“She’s just wearing different clothes, Dad.” Daniel eyed his broccoli and pushed it around his plate with his fork.

“Yeah, Mom. You’re always on the frumpy side of things, but you really went the extra mile tonight.” Brittney pointed at the oversized shirt Julie wore over her dress. “Is that one of Dad’s sweatshirts?”

“Yes.” Julie nodded and took a sip of water. “I think I’d like some wine tonight. Do you want some wine, George?”

“Yes, to wine.” George stroked his beard. “But it’s not the clothes. Something else changed, but I can’t quite put my finger on it.”

“It’s nothing,” Julie said in a hushed voice. She quickly stood and rushed into the kitchen to fetch a bottle of wine and two glasses.

“I’ll have some wine, too,” Brittney called after her.

“When you’re twenty-one.” George gave his daughter a stern look. “Not a day before.”

“Here you go, George.” Julie returned to the dining room with two glasses and the bottle. She put a wine glass in front of her husband and looked at the red liquid sloshing back and forth, thinking of that hellish glow that had emanated from her breasts, hips, and between her legs. What sort of bargain had she struck? Julie didn’t know.

“Thank you.” George looked up at his wife as she stood next to him eyeing her wine. “You can sit back down now.”

“What?” Julie’s cheeks flushed a deeper red and she returned to her seat. “Sorry, I was just thinking.” She placed the wine bottle in the middle of the table and took a long sip from her wine.

“Good … broccoli.” Daniel had yet to take a bite. His cheeks also turned rosy as he thought about why his mom might be so nervous. Daniel had invaded her earlier that day. He’d plundered her and stretched her. It was more than strange trying to pretend everything was normal when it wasn’t. Daniel felt a bit woozy. Would her pussy tighten back up or would it be different now?

“What’s up with you two?” Brittney watched her brother closely. “You’re acting weird, Danny.”

“It’s just been a long, strange day, Britt.” George watched his wife finish off her wine and pour herself another glass. “What with the prowler and everything.”

“I want us to bring in an expert on the supernatural, George. I feel like our house is haunted.” Julie looked over at her husband with soft, brown eyes.

“Not this again.” George took a bite of chicken and chewed. “Even if I thought it was a good idea, we don’t have the money. That and ghosts aren’t real.”

Julie was tempted to refute his pig-headedness by telling George about her experiences that day. She could strip right there at the table and show him what the mansion had done to her. But she would never hurt her husband like that. She chose a different tack. “It’s in the bible. Just look at 1 Samuel 28. King Saul brings in the Witch of Endor to communicate with prophet Samuel’s ghost. And it works. The ghost talks to them.” She took another sip of wine. “I’ll find someone who’ll help us for free. I promise.”

“Your own Witch of Endor?” George could feel himself losing this argument.

“Something like that.” Julie nodded and polished off her second glass of wine. She poured herself a third.

“Fine.” George sighed. “But I don’t want this getting in the way of our remodel.”

“Fine.” Julie nodded. She could get a handle on the situation.

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That night, Julie secluded herself in the study. She shopped for new bras online, but didn’t really know what size she needed. Drunk and exhausted, she was really just waiting for her husband to go to sleep before she went to bed.

Much later, in the darkness of her bedroom, she removed her clothes down to her panties and slipped under the sheets next to the snoring George. What would she tell him when he finally noticed her more womanly body? Would he even notice?

Julie lay in her bed a long time, her mind returning again and again to that deep penetration by Daniel’s oversized thing. She knew that after those events, she’d never be the same. But she hoped that if they could exorcise the house, she and Daniel might return to some semblance of normal. Without thinking about it, her hands moved down under her panties. She quietly stroked herself to orgasm while her husband snored next to her. She was terrified of getting caught by him, but she couldn’t stop. After about ten minutes, she shuddered through ecstasy and worked to catch her breath.

The masturbation had a calming effect. A little while later, sleep took her and she dreamed of giving herself to dark creatures. It was a fitful night of tossing and turning.

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The hallway was a scary place at night. Of course, Daniel was old enough that the dark shouldn't frighten him. And that was true until Frederick Palmer changed it. Now the great mansion was a looming threat with all its lights extinguished for the day. Unfortunately, Daniel had to pee and the only way to get to the bathroom was to cross that gloomy hall.

Daniel flipped off the blanket and limped across his room. Moonlight bathed the floorboards in a pale glow. He adjusted his micro-boxers, the only thing he wore, and shivered. He looked both ways, but the long hall offered nothing but still shadows. He wanted to dart into the bathroom, but his gimpy ankle wouldn't let him. He slowly moved across the hall, flipped on the bathroom light, and relieved himself. When he was done, he turned toward the bathroom doorway and froze. He still held his torpid dick in his hands.

"No smile for me, Daniel?" Eloise stood in the hall, looking in at him. She wore a long, white nightgown and cradled her large belly with her left hand. Eloise looked down at the soft penis. "Your leviathan sleeps, I see. I can understand that it would be tired. Such a busy day."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Palmer." Daniel tucked his dick back in his underwear. He flushed the toilet and washed his hands at the sink. "You startled me. I thought you might be … him."

"Mr. Palmer?" Eloise arched an eyebrow and looked to her left and right conspiratorially. "He does indeed search, even now. But his anger blinds him, dearie. He is … attenuated at present. Never fear." She held her arms open in front of her. "Now, let me embrace my little conqueror. We have much to celebrate."

Without thinking, Daniel finally gave her that smile and limped into her arms. Despite the cool temperature of her skin, he felt so perfectly at home pressed up against the swelling mountains of her breasts and belly. He squeezed her tight and looked up into her mirthful, green eyes. "I did it, Mrs. Palmer. I don't know if I should have, but I did it."

"You certainly did." Eloise kissed him on the forehead and took his hand in hers. She led him back into his bedroom and closed the door behind them. "Never feel shame for what you do with your mother, Danny. It is the most natural thing and will bring you both an ocean of happiness." She brought him to his bed, moving slowly so as not to push his sprained ankle too much. They sat down on the edge of the mattress. She gazed at a picture on the wall with lots of curving lines and circles. "What does that illustration chart?"

"That poster?" Daniel glanced at the wall. "That shows every mission beyond Earth's orbit. You see that's Earth there. That's Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and so on."

"Missions? You've lost me, I'm afraid." A slight frown crept across her freckled face. There was so much to this new world that was beyond her.

"Well … um … maybe I could explain it later?" Daniel regarded the gentle curve of her feminine jawline and her dainty, alluring neck. "We were talking about my mom?"

"Yes, of course." The sadness disappeared and Eloise's white teeth reappeared, framed in a bright smile. "You found a task worthy of that mighty bludgeon." She looked down at his underwear and could see his penis hardening. "And it's not as weary as I thought. All to the good."

“So, you’re happy?” Daniel pushed his blond hair back on his head and gave her a look full of eagerness. “Can we …?”

Eloise let out her jaunty, melodic laugh. “Young men have a mind for only one thing. But first, some discourse. While I am pleased that you maneuvered Julie Anderson into bed, I have some disquiet over your manner once she opened her flower to you.”

“What do you mean?” Daniel’s fingers twisted the blanket in his hand. Had he done something wrong? Well, of course he’d done something wrong. He’d had sex with his mother.

“Attend, Daniel.” Eloise reached up and caressed his soft cheek with her fingertips. “You are no longer the meek thing you were. If you mate with acquiescence, you’ll lose your women to the stallion in the neighboring pasture. Understand? You don’t want to play the part of the gelding, like your father.”

“Wait just a second, he –” Daniel fell back on the bed as her frigid hands pushed on his bare chest.

“But fear not, young one.” Eloise lifted her nightgown to her waist and straddled Daniel. “I will teach you all that you must know. Now, seize my bosom.”

“What?” Daniel looked up at her in confusion.

“Demonstrate your longing. Take my breasts in your hands and maul them, dearie.” She smiled sweetly down at him, like she’d asked him to fetch her an ice cream.

“I’m not supposed to. I shouldn’t have even pulled your hair that one time. I mean, I want to, but it’s not right.” Daniel stared at her with wide eyes.

“Don’t make me cross.” Eloise’s face darkened and her smile evaporated. Suddenly looking quite formidable, she swung her right hand and struck Daniel’s left cheek with her open palm. The sound of the slap reverberated around the room. “Do as I ask.”

“Yes, Mrs. Palmer.” Daniel’s cheek burned. He resolved not to disappoint Eloise again. “Like this?” He reached up and massaged her boobs, tugging a pulling. They were so full and supple, and so cold.

“I can see I’ll have to be patient. You are such a tender soul.” Eloise sighed and a little half-smile returned to her lips. The darkness had passed. “You have the tools, dearie. But you have much to learn. We’ll take small steps.” She reached under her and pulled his boxers down to his thighs. “But I don’t mean to only reprimand you on your day of glory. You may have your reward.” She grasped his throbbing cock and slid it into her vagina. The rod was so warm, and it filled her with the most wonderful heat. “Let me guide you a little.” She reached down and took his hands in hers. She placed his small hands on her rocking hips. “You sat there like a lump while your mother did all the work. You may think that your prodigious bludgeon is enough for any woman on its own. But that is not so.”

“I don’t want to … uh … uh … hurt anyone.” Daniel grunted as her frigid pussy clamped on his dick.

“Never fear … oooohhhhhh … I ask only that you hold me with some urgency at this time. Women yearn to be needed.” Eloise sped up her hips. She pulled her nightgown over her head, exposing her pale skin to the moonlight. “All women want to be kneaded.” She tossed the nightgown to the floor. The round mounds of her boobs and belly shook with the effort of her coupling. “Evidence to a woman your desire by releasing your manly nature. Continue your practice on me. Now.”

“Okay.” Daniel sat up so that he could reach around and cup her butt. He pressed hard into her icy flesh and massaged each cheek.

“Yeesssssss.” Eloise cherished the feeling of his thin chest pushing against her pregnant belly. They fit together perfectly. The young gentleman and the mature lady, both at the height of vitality. “You need no permission. Win my heart through my body, as a ruffian would. Take what you want. This is what a woman wants. This is what your mother wants.”

“I … uh … uh … understand.” Daniel’s pleasure built as the pale woman undulated on his lap. He leaned forward, without asking, and pressed his lips to the chill of her breasts. He softly nibbled at the supple nipple between his teeth.

“That’s it, dearie,” Eloise hissed. She cradled his head in her hands, running her fingers through his blond hair. “Take … take … take … all that I offer. And then push me to offer more.”

“Mmmmmmmmm.” Daniel sucked on the nipple and cold, sweet milk flowed into his mouth. He gulped the intoxicating drink down. His hands gripped her firm butt, pressing her onto his dick with each forward churn of her hips.

Eloise rode Daniel like that for a long time. She cooed and grunted as he moved his mouth from one breast to the other, taking her milk from her. Eventually, she felt the spasms in his thighs and hips. He was ready. “Now it’s … oooohhhhh … your turn to give, Danny. Fill me with your infernal seed.”

Daniel barely heard her words, he was so lost in the ecstasy of the moment. “Aaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” He unloaded inside the apparition’s pussy, convulsing with each shot of cum. When he was done and coming down from his high, he found that he’d already been tucked into bed. He was so tired. He looked up to see the naked redhead lean over him and give him a kiss on the forehead. “Goodnight,” Daniel said and closed his eyes.

“Goodnight, my prince,” Eloise whispered. “May you conquer many in your dreams.” She straightened up and smiled down at the boy as he drifted into sleep. And she, herself, drifted off, too, disappearing from the room like dust on the wind.

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The twins sat in the dining room eating breakfast before school. “How’s the ankle?” Brittney said between bites of bagel.

“I’ll live.” Daniel paused his spoonful of cereal on its way to his mouth. “How’s your hand?”

“I’ll live.” Brittney held up her lightly bandaged hand and offered a thin smile. “I just don’t want to see that man with the top hat ever again.”

“Me too.” Daniel nodded and took the bite of cereal. That was so very true.

The doorbell chimed, playing the first eight notes from Beethoven’s Fifth Symphony.

“I’ll get it.” Julie stepped out of the kitchen and walked through the dining room. She wore a skirt and an oversized t-shirt.

“You look … different, Mom,” Brittney called after her.

“Don’t be rude, pumpkin.” Julie smiled at her daughter. Her plan today was to pretend nothing was wrong. Fake it until you make it.

Daniel could just barely hear Julie talking to someone as she answered the door. A few minutes later, she returned to the dining room with two people behind her. “Daniel and Brittney, meet our guests.” Julie smiled at her children. “This is Mr. Maxamed Samatar and Mrs. Khadra Samatar.” Julie stepped to the side so her children could say hello. Maxamed was a tallish man with dark skin, short black hair, and a crisp blue suit and tie. He did not smile at the twins. Khadra was a short, slim woman, wearing a dress that covered all but her hands, and a headscarf that covered her hair and neck. Her complexion matched her husband’s, but she offered a wide smile with lots of white teeth.

“Hello, children.” Khadra nodded to each twin in turn.

“Hello.” Brittney returned the smile and looked at the equipment each guest held. They had all sorts of electronic devices in their hands and hung over their shoulders.

“Hi.” Daniel hadn’t ever met a woman with a hijab before, but he had seen them around. He thought Khadra was quite striking with her pretty, heart-shaped face. He wondered what her hair looked like. But, he guessed, that was the point of the hijab. “Are you helping with the remodel?”

“We are here to –” Khadra started to say something, but was cut off by her husband.

“We are experts with the paranormal.” Maxamed’s countenance looked grim. “We are here to investigate and rid your home of any demons that may linger. I get the feeling that we may be needed. I feel the presence of Dhegdheer. Do you not, Khadra?”

“Let’s not scare the children.” Kahdra’s smile widened further as she tried to reassure the two youngsters.

“We’re not children. We’re eighteen.” Brittney raised an eyebrow and looked at Julie. “What’s this about, Mom?”

“Nothing, pumpkin.” Julie stepped over to her daughter and patted her on the shoulder.

“Ghosts?” Daniel’s face turned pale. He suddenly worried for Eloise. “You’re here to rid the house of ghosts?”

While Daniel talked to the Samatars, Brittney stood and leaned close to Julie. “Ghosts, Mom? This is weird. I don’t think they’re even Christian,” Brittney whispered.

“They were free,” Julie whispered to her daughter as Daniel peppered the Samatars with questions. “I don’t mind who they worship. I just want them to check the house. It’s just a precaution.” Julie leaned away from Brittney and addressed the room. “The twins were just leaving for school. Would you like to put down your things?”

“We’ll set them down below the main stairs and get started. This could take all morning.” Maxamed eyed Julie like he did not like what he saw. “Where is your husband?”

“He’s up in the west tower.” Julie walked past her guests to the dining room doorway. “I’ll lead you to him. You can drop your stuff on the way.” She turned back to the twins. “Off to school with you two.” She then left with the Samatars right behind her.

“I don’t like it.” Daniel furrowed his brows and stared at the empty doorway.

“It’s weird, but whatever.” Brittney picked up her backpack from where it leaned by the wall. “Does Mom look like she’s putting on weight to you?”

“Maybe a little.” Daniel slowly stood and moved toward his own backpack. He didn’t want to leave the house and let those people harm Eloise. But what could he do?

“She looks good, don’t get me wrong.” Brittney didn’t notice the far off look in her brother’s eyes. “I’m just worried that the move may have been harder on her than normal. Gaining weight is a sign of …” Brittney talked and talked as they made their way to the front door.

Beyond his sister’s voice, Daniel heard a whisper pass down the long hall. It was Eloise’s sweet voice.

“Never fear, dearie,” Eloise said. “I’ve faced worse. I’ll be here when you return.”

Daniel smiled and looked at his sister. She was still talking about weight. She didn’t seem to hear Eloise. He took a deep breath. This was good. Everything would be fine. The twins left the house to go catch their bus.

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When Maxamed and Khadra started their investigation, Maxamed switched to speaking Somali. He knew his wife preferred English, but he always thought the mother tongue would give them the upper hand on American evil spirits. “They have lots of white people books,” Maxamed said in Somali. He surveyed the library, holding his electromagnetic field detector in front of him.

“What are white people books?” Khadra also spoke Somali. She was a good wife and tried to do what was asked of her.

“I’m picking up something on the meter. A heavy EMF.” Maxamed stepped closer to the books and stopped with his detector touching a book titled *First Love*. “This, Khadra, is a white person book.”

“Is it?” Khadra moved close to her husband and read the spine. “It’s Russian, not American.”

“Russians are white people.” Maxamed turned off his detector and looked carefully at the spine of each book in the area.

“That is the problem with you, husband.” Khadra shivered despite the warm temperature in the room. “It is always us and them with you. I am American. You are American. It is simply *we*, now.”

“Watch your tongue, woman.” Maxamed pulled out *First Love* and looked in the gap where it had been.

“Sorry.” Khadra lowered her eyes.

“There is something here behind the books.” Maxamed took more books from the shelf and stared. “Allah, have mercy.”

“What is it?” Khadra peered into the opening her husband had made and gasped. “What malevolent spirit taunts us so?”

“Grab me a bag and tongs.” Maxamed watched his slender wife dig into her bag. “Do you think it is the lady’s? She was dressed like a harlot.”

“No. She’s the innocent sort.” Khadra rose with the bag and tongs and handed them to her husband. “Look at the size. What woman could fit that inside her?”

“If you take my tool inside you, surely you could take this.” Maxamed chuckled to himself. “Do not answer that. This thing is that of a giant.”

Khadra giggled but did not answer. She watched her husband bag it up and stuff it in his tote. “What other tricks does this spirit have in store?”

“We shall see.” Maxamed put the books back on the shelf. “We shall see.”

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The paranormal investigators sat across the dining table from George and Julie. They had spent the morning going through the house. Somewhere far off in the house a clock struck noon.

Khadra cocked her head and listened. That was odd, she didn’t remember seeing a large chiming clock as they searched the house.

“Can we offer you lunch?” Julie smiled at the couple.

“No thank you, Mrs. Anderson.” Maxamed barely curved his lips in reply. “Ridding the world of evil spirits is payment enough. Of course, some people choose to donate to our cause. That would be greatly appreciated.”

George shot Julie a harsh look.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Samatar.” Julie patted George’s hand on the table. “We’re a little short on funds right now.”

“Well, maybe when you spend some time in your lovely house without the company of spirits, you will find some funds. Yes?” Maxamed nodded to himself. “Our instruments picked up many anomalous results. The library was of particular interest to us. We found objects that had lingering traces of an entity.” Maxamed placed Julie’s copy of *First Love*, on the table. “Do you know this book?”

“Yes.” Julie nodded and thought about Eloise’s interest in the novel. “That’s my book.”

“Strange.” Khadra opened the book and peered at the first page. “Perhaps –”

“Perhaps it is of little interest.” Maxamed cut off his wife. “We also found this tool in the library. I must warn you, this is … um … uncomfortable for us.” He reached into his tote. “But that is what the spirits desire. To make us uneasy.” He pulled the massive, black dildo, out of his tote. It was still in a clear plastic bag. He placed it on the table.

George’s eyes widened, but he said nothing.

“Um … um …” Julie stammered. How did it get back in the library? “I’ve … we’ve never seen that before.”

Khadra eyed Julie closely. Was this her phallus after all? Khadra could not imagine this innocent woman taking such a thing inside her. She adjusted her headscarf and tried to think purer thoughts.

“Just as I thought.” Maxamed nodded with gravity. “These evil spirits love tricks. We will dispose of this for you.”

“Thank you.” George glared at his wife.

“We have made symbols of protection with salt on the floor of the library, the main living room, and the boy’s room upstairs,” Maxamed said. “Also, the fireplaces. Wherever our sensors picked up activity. Please do not disturb the symbols.”

“Is that really necessary?” George sighed. He couldn’t believe his wife got him to agree to this.

“Most necessary.” Maxamed’s dark lips pressed together. He did not like being questioned. “The last thing to discuss is the locked room by the main stairs. We must gain access.”

“We don’t have a key.” George shrugged. “I’ll get to it eventually. The best we can tell from the original house plan is that it was some sort of drawing room. Smaller than the other living rooms.”

“I do not think that is right.” Maxamed shook his head slowly. “That I do not like. I will place a very strong protection symbol outside that door. In a week’s time, we will return to freshen our symbols. If the door is unlocked by then, that would be very well for all.”

“Sure.” George would get to it when he got to it.

“We will now finish up with your home.” Khadra offered her pretty smile and stood.

“In a week, we’ll return. We encourage you to consider a donation at that time so that we may continue our invaluable work.” Maxamed gathered his things and stood next to his wife.

“We’ll think about it.” Julie stood too.

“Thank you.” Maxamed nodded and the couple exited the dining room.

“What a scam,” George whispered.

“They’ve calmed my nerves, dear.” Julie patted George’s shoulder. “Maybe we will give them a small donation when they come back.”

“And how did that huge black thing end up in the library, Jules? I thought you threw it away.” George stood, suddenly very nervous that his wife had been using that monster behind his back.

“It wasn’t me.” Julie looked into his eyes with complete sincerity. “I don’t know how that thing got in the library.”

“Okay, fine.” Funny thing was, George believed his wife. She hadn’t put it there. Maybe the house was haunted. Or maybe she was sleepwalking. Whatever was happening, George wished his list of projects wasn’t quite so long. He didn’t want his family to spend any more time in the Palmer Mansion than they had to.

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Daniel burst in the front door after school. His sister still trudged up the front walk behind him. “Mom?” He walked into the entry room and looked around. Something caught his eye to the left. Something white on the floor outside the locked door. He walked over to it and looked down. Drawn on the floor in white power was a crude bird with an arrow in its claw.

“What’s that?” Brittney walked up next to her brother and looked down.

“That will rid us of our little ghost, problem. Supposedly.” George descended the stairs and looked down at his kids. “There’s a few of those symbols around the house. Don’t disturb them or face the wrath of your mother.”

“This is weird, Dad.” Brittney looked over at her father.

“I agree. I’ll have a little talk with the pastor about it on Sunday.” George got to the bottom of the stairs. “Until then, don’t mess with the salt pictures. They won’t harm anything.”

“Sure, Dad.” Brittney said.

“Sure.” Daniel kept his eyes on the symbol. Until he saw Eloise again, he’d worry. She had told him everything would be fine, but this sort of symbolism seemed … well, Daniel wasn’t sure, but it was certainly more than he’d expected.

Daniel let his sister wander off to do homework, and his dad went back to work on the house. He wandered around and found more symbols in the library, and in front of the fireplaces in his room and the main living room. He also found his mom jogging on the treadmill in the basement. He froze when he saw her wide hips and side-boob bouncing with each stride. Even in an oversized t-shirt and baggy shorts, she was a splendid sight.

“Hi, Mom.”

“Oh, hello, pumpkin.” Julie looked over her shoulder at him and caught him staring at her butt. She didn’t remember Brad checking her out that way when he was a teenager. Then again, she hadn’t ever done naughty things with Brad. She blushed and turned her head forward again. “Did Dad tell you about the symbols?”

“Yeah, Mom.”

“We should be free and clear of the Palmers now. Everything will go back to normal.” Julie frowned at that and hit the button to stop the treadmill. If things were going to go back to normal, why was her body still so darn curvy? She’d resisted buying new clothes in the day since she’d made that bargain, but at the very least she’d need some new bras soon. Her poor boobs ached and were spilling out of the sports bra under her shirt. Maybe she’d need some new pants, too. She couldn’t even fit into any of her jeans now.

“I hope not.” Daniel realized he still had his backpack on. He slipped out of it and dropped it by the stairs.

“What do you mean?” The treadmill came to a full stop and beeped. Julie had to do a double take at her seven-minute-thirty-eight-second per mile average. She hadn’t run like that since she was a girl in high school track. “The Samatars seemed very professional. I think we can put all this behind us.” She grabbed her hand towel and wiped off her sweaty face.

“Mrs. Palmer is helping us, Mom.” Daniel closed the distance between them. He could smell her sweat from several feet away. It smelled like raw energy. He loved it. “And speaking of help, I need some assistance with my …”

“Not a chance, Danny.” Julie kept her back to him, towel still up to her face. “I do feel a sense of clear headedness since the Samatars did their thing. I think what we did was very wrong. Maybe we should sit down and talk about –” Julie sucked in her breath as she felt hands sliding down her hips. “What are you doing?”

“I’m taking some advice, Mom.” Daniel reached around Julie and dug his fingers into the front of her pelvis. He pulled her back against the hard dick in his pants.

“My, gosh,” Julie whispered. “It’s really hard, isn’t it?”

“Yeah, Mom.” Daniel moved his hips and rubbed against the back of her shorts. His hands wandered northward and cupped her breasts through her shirt and sports bra. This level of assertiveness didn’t feel natural, but he didn’t want to be the gelding like Eloise had said. “You can just use your boobs again. We don’t need to have sex.”

“I can’t …” Julie shut her eyes. All her focus went to that goliath pressed up against her backside. “I can’t think straight. I thought we could move on … from this … but …” Her son’s hands were so forceful as they kneaded her breasts. She could clearly feel how deeply he desired her. His own mother. Heaven help them. She turned around in his arms and she looked down at his gentle blue eyes. “Not here, sweetie. Anyone could walk down those stairs any minute.”

“I love you, Mom.” Daniel leaned up and gently nibbled at her soft, full lower lip. His tongue entered her mouth and soon they were making out.

“Mmmmmmmm.” Julie wanted to tell him how much she loved him, too. But she didn’t want to break their kiss. Her hands moved around his shoulders as he groped and rubbed her back. They kissed for a good long while. Eventually, she pulled back. “Not in here, I said.” She took his hand and led him toward the door to the utility half of the basement, where the washer and dryer and other mechanicals were.

She noticed he still walked with a slight limp, but he seemed much better. He'd healed very fast, it seemed. She opened the door, turned on the light, and they walked into the unfinished room. She closed the door behind them.

"Thanks, Mom. I really appreciate the help." Daniel pulled down his underwear and pants and left them on the concrete floor. He walked over to the washing machine and pulled himself up so he was sitting on top. He took off his shirt and dropped it. His dick stood out proudly, the dark-purple head swaying side to side slightly with his elevated pulse. "Here?"

"Yes." Julie wanted to make eye contact with her son, but her gaze was drawn to that monster between his legs. She pulled off her shirt and then she pulled off her sports bra. A chill ran through her as her sweaty boobs were exposed to the cool basement air. She walked to her son. "There's something magical about you, Danny. I never thought …" She stopped in front of the washing machine and took hold of his penis. "I just never thought." Her hands stroked him up and down.

"You're so beautiful." Daniel's eyes moved from Julie's full boobs, with their large, pink nipples and small areola, up to the mesmerized expression on her pretty face.

Soon, Julie was bent at the waist, enveloping her son's thing with her breasts. She performed the act like she'd done with him before, a hand held to the outside of each boob, pressing them up and down. She spit down on that purple head for lubrication. She took a peek up at Daniel's face. Judging from his expression, she guessed that she'd become pretty good at this new sex act. "What a good boy," she breathed. She didn't have a towel with her to soak his seed up. Well, she supposed she'd have to swallow it all up. Nothing to be done about that. She stroked him like that for more than ten minutes.

"It's not … uh … uh … coming out, Mom." Daniel's face was red and he grunted as he worked hard to hold back his orgasm. "Can I put it … inside you again?"

"No sex, Danny." Julie shook her head and watched the monstrous organ sliding between her breasts. "I am not going to cheat on your father again. Can you imagine what he'd do if he found out?"

"Yeah, he'd go crazy." Daniel didn't mention that he thought his dad would probably go crazy if he caught his wife giving their son a titjob, too. Daniel considered the lies everyone tells themselves. "Can I just put the tip in? Please?"

"I said no, mister." Julie looked up into his sweet face. She could see sweat dripping down his forehead. "No whining. You should be happy I'm doing this for you."

"I am." Daniel put his hands on his mom's shoulders. He could feel her little muscles working as she worked her boobs up and down with her arms. "Sorry." He tried to focus on enjoying the titjob. It was, after all, miraculous in and of itself.

At that moment, Eloise descended the basement stairs on bare feet. Her bustled dress trailed behind her. She wore her red hair up, with a fashionable little hat pinned just off center. She entered the basement and looked to her left.

One of those ghastly symbols glowed a pallid green at her from the floor by the fireplace. This one showed a crude frog holding a trident. Eloise stepped over to the thing and tried to annihilate the frog by spreading the salt with her foot. But she found she could not touch the thing. She crossed her arms

and frowned. The frog symbol stared back up at her. Why did it glow in such a sickly way? Eloise turned away from the symbol and silently crossed the basement. She would eventually put the Samatars in their place. But first, she needed to help Daniel.

The door to the unfinished half of the basement silently opened and Eloise stepped through. She could hear the slick wetness of Julie's breasts as she tried to bring her son to completion. Eloise caught Daniel's eye as she shut the door behind her, but Julie was too busy staring at his steed to notice the entry of a third wheel. Eloise smiled at Daniel and held her finger up to her pink lips for silence. She then stalked across the floor until she was right behind Julie.

"Are you close?" Julie's arms were tiring.

"Almost." Daniel watched Eloise as she sank to her knees behind his mother, cradling her swollen belly.

"Oh." Julie gave a start and stopped stroking Daniel with her breasts. "Something cold on my back. Ohhhh." Julie shivered and felt her shorts and panties drop to the floor. "How?" Julie tried to turn around, but Daniel's grip on her shoulders tightened and he held her facing him.

"It's Mrs. Palmer," Daniel whispered.

"Oh, no. She was supposed to be … ooooohhhhhhh." In one motion, those freezing hands spread Julie's legs and pulled her butt up so she was bent further at the waist. Then a shock of pleasure spread through her as something amazing happened to her vagina. "What is she dooooinnnnngggggg?" But Julie knew. She could feel those hands of ice, one on each butt cheek. And she knew the frigid thing squirming along her vaginal lips was another woman's tongue. For the second time in her life, and the second time in two days, someone was giving her oral sex.

"Wow, Mom, she's eating you out." Daniel could just see Eloise's hat and her perfect hair bob behind his mother's ass.

"Language … Daniel … uh … uh … don't …" Julie's mind trailed off. Her hands dropped her boobs and grabbed her son's penis. Her mouth descended and she took the head into her mouth. As pleasure surged through her from that icy tongue, she bounced her head with short strokes.

After a few minutes, Eloise backed off Julie's nethers and stood. "She's ready, now. Hop down from there."

"Okay." Daniel pulled his dick out of his mom's mouth and slid off the washing machine. He stood next to his panting mother as she put her hands on the edge of the machine and tried to focus her mind.

"You have the tool of an animal, Danny." Eloise spread Julie's legs a little more and lowered her hips so that Daniel could line up from behind. "Take her like an animal." Eloise smacked Julie's backside and enjoyed the sound that reverberated around the Spartan room.

"Just the tip?" Daniel got behind his mother and looked down at her wide hips and gorgeous pale ass.

"Enough with that nonsense, lad." Eloise then slapped Daniel's little ass. The sound was not the same. "Take her like you mean it."

"Here I go, Mom." Daniel lined up his dick with her pink pussy lips. Clear precum mixed with Julie's own secretions.

“I don’t think we … uuuuuggggghhhhhh.” Julie’s muscles spasmed as inch after inch slid into her. She gripped the edge of the washing machine as tightly as she could. Her son’s monster was a key and she was the accepting lock. They were made to be like this. “Be … gentle.”

“Do not be gentle.” Eloise leaned against the dryer and watched the couple. Such pure beauty to see this God-fearing mother falling and falling.

“Okay.” Daniel grabbed Julie’s hips and held tightly. Once he was all the way in, he pulled most of the way out and slammed back in. He watched the ripples spread on Julie’s ass and listened to her grunt. He slammed her again and again. At first there was no rhythm, but then he fell into a predictable meter with each violent thrust. Daniel willed his orgasm away, he wanted to plow his mom like this forever. He could see the sides of her breasts swinging below her and the little muscles on her back tensing and relaxing with each thrust she absorbed.

“I’m … I’m … You’re going to make me … ooooooooohhhhhhhh.” Julie didn’t have much of a singing voice, but she sounded practically operatic as she orgasmed, head flailing side to side.

“Her hair, dearie. Take her hair.” Eloise clapped and cheered them on.

“You … feel … so … good … Mom.” Daniel let go of her hip with his right hand and took a pile of Julie’s brown hair in his fist. He pulled her back so that she looked up at the ceiling and arched her back.

“Oh … oh … nobody … nobody … has …” Julie was losing her mind. Daniel had complete control over her. She came again and again as he took her like he owned her. In the back of her mind, she knew this wasn’t the sweet boy she raised. That the house, that Eloise, had influenced him and seduced him. But at the moment, she couldn’t bring herself to care about anything but allowing him to use her as he needed.

“I’m getting … close.” Daniel’s grip tightened on her hair. He looked down to see how grotesquely stretched her pussy was around his dick.

“Not … inside.” Julie trembled through another orgasm. She could feel her vagina gushing. Oh no, she was squirting again. The second time in her life. Before she could feel any shame, the orgasm carried her mind away.

“Wow.” Daniel looked down as the concrete floor, his legs, and his dick were suddenly covered in liquid. Even with the extra lubrication, she was still so tight. He looked over at Eloise with a question written on his face.

“It’s just the downstairs flood. It means she likes it. Now, listen to your mother, Danny.” Eloise nodded firmly. “Not inside.”

“Yes.” Of course. How could Daniel ever consider cumming in his own mother? Things were changing so fast.

Eloise leaned forward and whispered in his ear, “Wait for permission on that one. One day she’ll beg for it. We don’t want any regression, do we?”

Daniel couldn't believe Julie would ever beg for his cum. But then again, he had her bent over the washing machine, so anything was possible. He pulled out of his mother and Eloise grabbed his dick with her cold hands. Daniel looked down at her pale fingers, at the ring with those binary diamonds, as Eloise jacked him to completion. "It's … aaaaaaahhhhhhhhhh." Daniel let go of his mom's hair and screamed as he unloaded on Julie's butt and back. Thick ropes of cum covered her.

"Danny, Danny, Danny," Julie murmured. She hung her head and felt the hot splashes all the way up onto her shoulder blades. There was so much of it. When he was done, Julie straightened and turned around. The apparition was gone. She hugged her son, cradling his head to the upper part of her left breast. His still hard penis slipped snuggly between her thighs.

"That was … incredible." Daniel saw spots dancing before his eyes.

"It really was." Julie squeezed his thin frame tightly. "I lived my whole life never knowing it could be like this. I brought you into the world. And you brought me this." She pressed her thighs together around his penis. "What are we going to do?"

"Round two?" Daniel looked up hopefully into her soft, brown eyes.

"Not a chance." Julie pushed him away. She could feel his semen dripping down her back. "Your father and sister are home." Her eyes regained some of their focus. "I mean, goodness. They're home right now while we're like this. And I almost forgot, Brad and Penelope are coming for dinner tonight." She looked around the floor for her clothes and noticed the wet spot she'd made on the concrete by the washing machine.

"Brad?" Daniel frowned. He hadn't realized his brother was coming. That chased some of the high out of his brain. He hated his brother, but he loved his mom. He could see the worry in her eyes. "What do you need from me?"

"Help me clean and get dressed." Julie walked over to the hamper and bent to look in. "I'll get something to wipe us off first. We'll both need a shower. Afterward, you can help me with dinner. Okay?"

"Sure, Mom." Daniel gazed at her round butt as she bent over the hamper. The way her boobs hung down in front of her was so inviting. But he was a good son. He wouldn't take her again however tempting it was. He'd help her clean and prepare. "Whatever you need."

Chapter 7

“So, you two are spending the night?” Julie looked over the dining table at Brad and Penelope.

“Yeah … we’ll go to church with you tomorrow … so ...” Brad talked while chewing some steak.

“Don’t talk with your mouth full, sweetie.” Julie took a sip of wine. “It’s not polite.”

“Sorry.” Brad took a minute to swallow the food in his mouth and then looked at his eighteen-year-old, little brother. “So, has freakazoid here been to the doctor about his mutated dangler?”

“Goodness.” Julie placed her wineglass on the table with a hard thud. The red liquid sloshed inside it. She gave her eldest an icy look.

“Shut up, Brad.” Brittney also gave her big brother a fierce stare. “You’re such a bully.”

Brad’s wife, Penelope, gazed over at Daniel with a quizzical look on her face. Her brother-in-law was scrawny in all the places Brad filled out. Daniel had none of the muscles, or the height, that Brad had. But the teenager was also quite large where Brad was not. How odd. Life was full of strange juxtapositions. Daniel caught her staring, and Penelope blushed and turned her eyes to her plate. She brushed her blonde hair behind her shoulder and raised her fork, taking a dainty bite of Brussels sprout.

“I’m afraid Brittney’s right.” George wanted to intervene before the siblings went at each other’s throats. “You should apologize to everyone at this table.”

“Sorry.” Brad smiled. He didn’t look very sorry. “So, doctor or not?”

“We can’t afford the doctor right now, and he’s doing fine.” Julie thought about how Daniel had taken her in the basement just hours ago. Her youngest son was certainly healthy. If anything, his parts worked too well.

“So, has it shrunk back down to normal size?” Brad leaned toward Daniel. “Or do you still got Frankenstein’s package down there?”

Julie took a deep breath. George and Brittney glared at Brad. Penelope looked down at her plate.

“Frankenstein was the doctor, not the monster.” Daniel met Brad’s gaze. “I never thought I’d see you jealous, Brad.”

“Jealous of a freak?” Brad let out a harsh, false laugh.

“That’s enough, Brad.” George really wanted to change the subject. How had his family devolved into insulting each other’s bodies? “Let’s talk about something else.”

“I’m not a freak.” Daniel was sick and tired of his brother’s shit. “There’s lots of guys with these issues. Mom even helped me find some new underwear that fit.”

“You need help with your underwear?” Brad sneered. “What did she measure it for you, too?”

“No,” Daniel whispered.

“It’s no big deal.” Julie looked at her husband. “I’ve always bought underwear for the children.”

“Yeah.” George had known about the new underwear, but didn’t like the suggestion that Julie had measured Daniel. George wished he didn’t care. All bodies were God’s work, after all. But try as he might, he wasn’t comfortable with Daniel’s size. It felt … dangerous somehow. “Of course she helped Daniel with an uncomfortable situation. The teenage years are awkward. I remember. I’m sure you remember, Brad. You’re all lucky you have a mother willing to help you with anything.”

This last statement caught Julie mid-sip, and she coughed up her wine, spraying it on the table cloth.

George patted her back. “You okay?”

“Yeah, just got something down … the wrong pipe.” Julie’s face was very red. “Let’s talk about something else.”

“Of course, dear.” Nothing would make George happier. The less he thought about that situation the better. “You’ve upset your mother, Brad. We’ll hear no more about this.”

“Sure, Dad.” Brad nodded and eyed his little brother. “Sorry.” He smiled his wolfish smile.

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The labyrinth was a cold, dark place with slate-gray walls. Julie raced down one corridor after the next, stopping at dead ends and taking random turns. Her naked form shook with each stride. Her unsupported boobs ached as they bounced, forcing her to run with her arms pressed firmly on her bosom. Cold sweat dripped down her neck and spine.

Something followed her. With each false turn and dead end, she felt the thing draw closer. The chase felt like an unwinding ball of thread. She rapidly approached the vanishing center.

A hand shook her shoulder. “Julie. Wake up Julie,” a voice whispered in her ear.

“Danny?” Julie’s eyes shot open. She was in bed with her husband snoring next to her. Soft starlight filtered in from their bedroom window casting deep shadows throughout the room. Julie sucked in her breath. A redheaded woman stood over her, with her cold hand resting on Julie’s naked shoulder.

“No. Not Danny. It’s me.” Eloise gave the wife a reassuring smile. “You were having night terrors and I couldn’t bear to watch you suffer through it.”

“I thought the Samatars sent you away,” Julie whispered. She pulled her blanket up to her chin.

“They tried their best, dearie. Don’t fault them for their failures.” Eloise removed her hand from Julie’s shoulder and stood up straight. “Come with me, it’s quite urgent.” She turned and walked out of the bedroom.

“Wait. Wait.” Julie whispered after the apparition. But Eloise disappeared down the hall. “Darn it.” Julie slipped out of bed and threw on one of her husband’s oversized flannel shirts. It hung open, exposing the valley between her newly enlarged breasts, but she didn’t feel like she had time to button it. Julie

raced out of the room and saw Eloise walking by the stairway railing to her right. Julie followed, holding her breasts as she had in her dream to keep them from bouncing about. Goosebumps covered her bare legs. The only thing she wore on her lower half was her panties. “Mrs. Palmer?” Julie called after the woman. “What happened to me? How do I fix it? You need to put things back to normal.”

“That is what I’ve come to show you.” Eloise looked over her shoulder. The long, dark Victorian dress disappeared into shadow as it trailed behind her. “Bond what was broken. Mend the stitches and return to form.”

“What?” Julie hustled after Eloise. “You’re going to fix this? Fix these?” She emphasized the word *these* by squeezing her heavy boobs. Julie had almost caught up to the pregnant woman. She passed by her son’s closed bedroom door. She reached out to grab Eloise, but the woman vanished. Julie heard the toilet flush in the bathroom to her left. Julie stood in the hall dumbfounded.

The bathroom door opened with a flood of light and there stood Daniel humming the theme from Star Trek. He didn’t notice his mom in the hall as he wiped his hands on a towel and flipped off the light, dropping them into darkness again. He stepped into the hall without really looking where he was going and bonked into his half-naked mother. “Mom?” Their bodies pressed up against one another. Blood rushed to his dick.

“Danny … I was just …” Julie stumbled when her son bumped into her. She held his shoulders for support. Eloise’s promise to return them to normalcy fell to the back of Julie’s mind as she now had Daniel’s warm, lithe body next to her. She turned to face him and looked down into his earnest blue eyes. She could barely see him in the gloomy hall. “I thought I saw –” But Daniel cut her off by planting a soft kiss on her lips. Within seconds, she was making out with her son. A moment ago, she had been on the verge of getting that apparition to reverse this, but now she couldn’t pull her tongue out of Daniel’s mouth. Her arms encircled his shoulders and she felt his hands slide onto her butt. There was so much desire in the way he grabbed her and pulled her hips toward him. Even though he’d already spurted all over her back earlier that day, he was so hard. Julie lost herself in their kiss.

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The memory of a tall man in a top hat menaced Penelope as she woke from a deep sleep. Her eyes opened with a start. She put her hand on her husband’s strong chest and felt him sleeping soundly. Her heartbeat slowed. Then, without a thought, she was out of bed and up on her feet. She tugged at the hem of the oversized t-shirt she slept in and wandered toward the bedroom door.

There was something. Something out in the hall. Penelope had to look and see. She struggled with the doorknob, vision still blurred from sleep. She got the door open and stepped into the hall. George and Julie’s bedroom door stood open, which was odd. Then she heard something down at the other end of the hall. Penelope rubbed her eyes, but couldn’t quite make out what she was seeing in the gloom. Two people seemed to stand in the shadows very close together. What were they doing?

This house had creeped Penelope out from the start. But as her vision cleared, creepy turned to something more daunting. A pit formed in her stomach. That couldn’t be her mother-in-law down at the

other end of the hall? Penelope squinted at the figures and decided it was. There stood Julie pressed up against a shorter man. They embraced. Oh, my God. As her eyes took in more of the spectacle, she realized she was seeing Daniel and Julie kissing like a couple of lovebirds.

“Stop, that’s … that’s … just stop,” Penelope tried to shout at them, but her words came out a garbled, scratchy whisper. Nothing in her life had prepared her for this kind of shock. Julie Anderson was a righteous Christian woman. How could she?

The lovers at the end of the hall seemed to float further away. Penelope took an unsteady step. She needed to put an end to this. But everything turned darker. She realized she was going to faint.

Out of the darkness, a naked, pregnant woman strode toward Penelope. The woman’s red hair flowed down around her shoulders and she cradled her pale, bulging belly. “The bond, the pact, the contract made,” the woman said. “We paid and received and the Devil took his due. All we need from you is your approbation, good Penelope.”

“What? No,” Penelope croaked. The whole world slipped. She took one more step and toppled over onto the cold hardwood. In the bedrooms on either side of her, George and Brad slept soundly. Sprawled in the hall, Penelope found a cold, dreamless sleep, too.

~~

Neither Daniel nor Julie noticed Penelope at the other end of the hall. They were too caught up with each other. Even as the young woman fell to the floor, they didn’t hear or see her.

“Mmmmmpphhh.” Julie broke the kiss with her son. “We have to stop.” She looked down to see the flannel shirt had fallen open and her breasts were now exposed.

“A little more, Mom. Please?” Daniel bent a little, leaned forward, and took her warm nipple into his mouth. He rolled it around with his tongue.

“Ooooooohhhhhhhhh.” Julie cradled his head with her left hand, pushing him up against her boob. “Okay, sweetie. Just a little more.”

Daniel pulled off her shirt and moved his hands to her hips. He maneuvered her backwards down the hall and then into his bedroom. All the while, sucking her breast. He closed his door with his foot and pushed her back to his bed. When they arrived, Julie fell backwards onto the sheets.

“We can’t keep doing this, Daniel.” Julie leaned up on her elbows and watched Daniel pull off his tight boxers. Seeing that long, fat penis with all its bulging veins and its discolored head made Julie wonder how she wasn’t frightened of the thing. She should have been frightened. But instead, all she felt was awe and longing.

“I know we can’t keep doing this, Mom.” Daniel felt in control as he looked down at her curving body. Her tits hung out to the sides perfectly. Her hips arched out with extraordinary grace from her waist. He could just see the top of her brown bush as she pressed her legs together. “But we should enjoy this thing we have for at least a little while longer. The bible says there is nothing better for a man than to

eat and drink and tell himself that his labor is good. Right?" Daniel spread her legs and dropped to his knees on the floor next to his bed. He pulled her panties aside and gazed with reverence at the protruding pussy lips.

"What does Ecclesiastes have to do with … oh … oh … oooohhhhhhhh." Julie threw her head back on the mattress as her son's tongue explored her vagina. "Oh, gosh, Danny. You're … eating and drinking meeeeeeee." An orgasm rapidly approached. How had she lived her whole life without asking anyone to go down on her? How would she live the rest of her life once her family went back to normal? Would George do this for her? "You're going to … make me … explode." Julie's whole body trembled and she gripped the sheets tightly with fists on either side of her hips. If his tongue felt this good inside her and on her lips, what would it be like if and when he found her clit? Julie couldn't fathom it. "Ooooooooohhhhhhhhhh." Her eyes lost focus and she came on Daniel's tongue, her hips bucking on the mattress.

Hearing his mom squeal out her orgasm, Daniel lifted his head and wiped off his mouth. He roughly maneuvered the quivering Julie into the middle of the bed, got between her legs, and lined up his cock. Some part of his mind called out to him to quit this while he still could. But those thoughts were drowned out by the pulsing, howling animal id that urged him on. Watching her slick entrance, he slipped the head of his dick inside her and smiled at how it so easily distorted her pussy.

"Danny, are we …?" Julie came down from her orgasm to find herself pinned by Daniel's monster. He was going to mate her again, and there was nothing she could do about it. The penis sunk into her, and she found that there was nothing she wanted to do about it. He filled her up so perfectly. As his balls came to rest on her butt, she felt the tip of his thing nudging at her very soul. "If we keep doing … it … we'll never be able … to stop." Julie grunted and felt that magical tool slide in and out of her. "How does this keep … happening?"

"I don't know, Mom." Daniel looked down into her soft, brown eyes with pure adoration as he pumped her pussy. "But I love you." He knew in that moment that whatever Eloise gave him, or any other women that came into his life in the years ahead, nothing could replicate the pure rapture of bonding with his mother.

"I love you … so much … Danny. I would do … anything … mmmmppphhhh." Her words were lost as his handsome face descended and he kissed her again. Their bellies slapped together, his trim and flat, hers more supple and curved. George had never kissed her with such passion or longing. Oh, no, poor George. The thought of her husband was almost enough to break the spell. But then Daniel rolled his tongue around hers and shoved her organs around with his tool, and she lost herself in rapture again.

Daniel broke their kiss and lifted himself up so he could look down on Julie again. He placed his hands behind her knees and held her legs open. He could see Julie's belly bulging with each stroke. It was mesmerizing. "Look, Mom. Look what I'm doing to you."

"What?" Julie looked up at him and saw where he was looking. She lifted her head and looked past her wobbling breasts down to her tummy. "Oh, gosh … Oh, gosh. How can that … be?" She could see his thing protruding underneath her flesh as he bottomed out each time. The sight of her deforming belly sent her over the edge. She lost herself in another orgasm.

More than twenty minutes, and several orgasms later, Julie sensed that Daniel was close. “Not … uh … uh … inside.” Julie opened her eyes and looked up as Daniel still held her legs, sweat dripping off his nose and landing on her chest. She scarcely recognized his cute, sweet face as it twisted with purpose and desire. “Not … inside … please.”

“Okay.” Daniel pulled out of her and fapped his dick for all he was worth. He looked down at Julie, her hair damp with sweat, her mouth hanging open with something akin to reverence, her breasts heaving with each breath. “You’re … so … perfect … aaaaaahhhhhhhhhh.” Cum blasted out of him and sailed through the air. It splashed down on her boobs, stomach, face, and hair.

Julie closed her eyes and accepted his seed all over her. There was so much of it. She felt spurt after spurt land and she listened as Daniel’s groans died down. Eventually, he finished and she wiped the sperm out of her eyes. “You are some sort of miracle, Daniel Gregory Anderson.” She opened her eyes and was happy to see the look of complete satisfaction on his face.

“I’m so lucky, to have you.” Daniel slumped forward. He didn’t care if she was covered in his cum. He wanted to lay his head on her breast, have her arms surround him, and drift off to sleep.

“No you don’t, mister.” Julie held up a hand and caught his chest, stopping him from lying down. “If we fall asleep in here …” She looked down at herself. “… covered in your stuff …” She sat up and moved to the side of the bed. “… someone is going to catch us.” She stood and held her hand out to him. “We’re lucky this is such a large house and the Andersons are heavy sleepers. It’s shower time, pumpkin. Let’s get cleaned off.”

“Sure, Mom.” Daniel took her hand and let her lead him across the hall into the bathroom.

Of course, Julie shouldn’t have been surprised by what happened next. Once the shower was going, and they were rubbing each other’s bodies with soap, things got out of hand. Julie found herself on her knees lovingly sucking Daniel’s thing. The young man could just keep going and going. After a while, he unloaded in her mouth. She devoured all his salty seed.

They finished cleaning and each went back to their own bed. Julie curled up on her side next to her warm husband, her vagina stretched and her belly full of semen. How had it come to this? How was she going to rein them in? She drifted off to sleep thinking about her crazy day. Her son had taken her twice and she had loved every second of it.

~~

George sat on a horse, the saddle creaking under him as he adjusted his weight. He’d never ridden a horse before, so it was odd to sit on one. Before him a wide dirt road wended off through the prairie. His horse shuffled its feet with anxiety as it waited.

Behind him, the sound of hooves appeared and gradually grew louder. George turned his head to see a man in a top hat riding a midnight black horse up the long road. The man pulled the reins and stopped next to George. The horse and the man were quite large. So much so that George had to look up to see

the man's pallid face. George's gaze hung on the dark drooping mustache and then moved up to his eyes. George had never seen eyes so devoid of light.

"You're a fool, Mr. Anderson." The man's voice was slow and gruff. He brushed at the lapel of his long, velvet jacket.

"Why?" George wanted to ride away from the man, but he didn't know how to make his horse move.

"You countenance the buck's face." He leaned forward and offered a grim smile.

"What?" George gulped and felt his throat constrict.

"Horns." The man shook his head and his smile drooped along with his mustache. "They saddle you with horns. They do it right under your nose."

"Who?" George wasn't usually a monosyllabic kind of person, but this man brought it out in him.

"Who am I?" The man reached up and briefly tipped his top hat at George. "Mr. Frederick Palmer at your service." His smile did not return. "Heed me. Or become the gelding." Frederick's eyes absorbed more and more light as darkness fell around them.

Soon, shadows spread across the prairie. George kicked his horse but it wouldn't budge. Frederick leaned toward him with malevolence written all over his stony face. George screamed and the dark moved upon him. There was nothing but black.

"No." George sat up in bed with real fear in his heart. Cool morning sunlight fell in through his bedroom window. He put out his hand and felt his wife's reassuring warmth next to him. Just a dream. Well, not a dream really. More of a nightmare. Maybe there was something to Julie's fears about this house. George decided to be more supportive of his wife.

~~

When Penelope woke, she expected to find herself on the cold hallway floor. But instead, she was snug in the guest bed next to Brad. She peeked out from under the covers and could see their bedroom door firmly shut.

What a strange dream. Like in all dreams, things that made sense in the dead of night now seemed absurd. Julie kissing her own son? That was crazy. And a naked, pregnant lady roaming the halls talking about deals? That was bonkers. Penelope sighed and stretched.

There was one thing she couldn't quite figure out. Given that she'd dreamed about upsetting, perverted, and morally reprehensible things, why was her pussy so wet? As she fell back asleep, she pondered that fact. No answers came to her.

~~

Sunday afternoon rolled around and the family loitered in the main living room.

“The pastor said the church doesn’t acknowledge ghosts or demons.” George sat on the couch and watched his wife. She was still wearing her church dress with a cardigan over it. George eyed the little peep hole that her bust created between the fastened buttons. Her breasts looked … bigger. “According to him, they don’t exist.”

“Okay.” Julie nodded. “I just think we need to follow up with somebody else at the church. There has to be someone there that can help us.”

“No more Samatars?” Brittney sat cross-legged on the floor.

“No, we’ll have them back, too.” Julie nodded. “I just want to get as much help as our budget will allow.”

“What’s our budget?” Brittney was surprised they had money for this.

“Well …” Julie coughed. “Zero?”

“Maybe we could put a few dollars into this,” George said.

Julie smiled at her husband and mouthed *thank you*. “Speaking of the Samatars, I’ve been meaning to ask who removed the symbol by the locked door?”

Penelope raised her hand on the end of the couch. “The sugar on the floor? I accidently stepped on that, so I cleaned it up.”

“It was salt.” Julie eyed her daughter-in-law. The woman seemed even more shy around her than usual. “Did you *clean* any other symbols?”

Penelope shook her head.

“Well, I know it was an accident, but I’d like us all to leave the symbols be. Okay?” Julie sighed. She wondered if that destroyed symbol was why Eloise was free to move about the house last night.

“Great job, Pen.” Brad glared at his wife. “I told you Mom wanted to leave those things where they were.” Brad reclined in a plush chair and moved his eyes back to his phone. “So, you’re serious about these ghosts, Mom? Are you into this too, Dad?”

“Well, I want to make everyone comfortable.” George nodded. “And I have had some odd feelings in this house.”

Penelope felt bad about upsetting Julie and her husband. Her confusion about the conversation just added to her stress. Tears filled her eyes. She stood and rushed out of the room. She still had on her church dress. The hem of it swished behind her as she moved. She stopped in the hallway and waited, hoping her husband would come to check and see if she was okay. When he didn’t come out, tears really began flowing down her cheeks. She put her hands on her face and walked past the front door and eventually turned into the library. She found a comfortable chair and sat down. She felt so fragile since that crazy dream last night.

“Don’t worry, dearie. They’ll forgive you.” A soft woman’s voice carried through the room.

Penelope was suddenly very aware how little attention she'd paid her surroundings as she walked into the library. She removed her hands from her watery, blue eyes and brushed her blonde hair away from her face. Across from her in a chair sat a woman in a long, flowing dress. The woman sat very straight, and watched her with an expectant smile. Penelope took in the woman's red hair, freckles, and swollen belly. It was the pregnant lady from her dream. Was she dreaming again?

"Forgiveness is the fragrance that the violet sheds on the heel that has crushed it." The woman's smile was sympathetic and reassuring. "Mark Twain said that. Anyway, Julie will forgive your little cleaning spree. As for me, I'd like to thank you. You've done me a service and I intend to make recompense." The woman tilted her head and winked a green eye at Penelope.

"Who are you?" Penelope realized she'd been holding her breath. She exhaled.

"I am Mrs. Eloise Palmer." Eloise's smile broadened. Her face filled with warmth and generosity. "And you are the second Mrs. Anderson, are you not?"

"Well, yeah." Penelope's tears dried. "Sort of. I've only been an Anderson for a little while. I married Brad. I'm Penelope."

"A splendid acquaintance met." Eloise looked at a book she held open in her lap. "This is *First Love* by Ivan Turgenev. Do you know it?"

"I … I … don't read very much." Penelope started to feel faint again.

"A pity. A lovely woman reintroduced it to me recently." Eloise brushed her fingertip along the page, looking for a particular line. "I do believe it played a not inconsequential part in her fall."

"Her fall?" Penelope couldn't understand what was happening.

"Ah, here it is." Eloise read aloud, "*No! I cannot love people whom I find that I look down on. I need someone who would himself master me, but then, goodness me, I shall never come across anyone like that. I will never fall into anybody's clutches, never, never*." Eloise looked up from the book. "That is you, is it not? You looked to your good husband to master you, but he cannot. You seek to fall into someone's clutches, but fear opportunities passed."

"Brad?" Penelope rubbed at her temples. "No. He … I mean … yes … he takes care of me."

"You missed the mark when you picked him, but not by much. Where Brad fails another Anderson would succeed."

"Daniel?" Penelope arched her eyebrows in disbelief. "You're crazy. He's like my little brother."

"I can give you everything you've missed by wedding the lesser Anderson, dearie." Eloise closed the book and leaned in her chair closer to Penelope. "Pleasure you hadn't dreamed of. Belonging. Protection. You need only make the bond. You see, we paid and received and the Devil took his due. All we need from you is your approbation."

"I don't know what that means." Penelope instinctively crossed her arms over her chest, closing herself off to this woman.

“It means.” Eloise stood, walked over to Penelope, and lightly touched her pink cheek with a frigid finger. “If you say yes to my offer, I will change your life for the better. Do say yes.”

“No.”

“Very well.” Eloise dropped her hand and walked toward the door. “I thought you might have better sense than that.” She stopped in the doorway and looked back. “I’ve had a thought. Let me give you a little taste of the world on the other side.” Eloise chuckled to herself and disappeared down the hall.

~~

Daniel had watched Penelope leave the living room. He could tell she was crying, but no one else seemed to notice or care. He sat and listened to his family discuss how to rid the house of its haunting, but he stayed silent. The last thing he wanted was a successful exorcism.

After a while, Daniel stood and quietly exited the room. No one seemed to notice his exit either. He walked down the hall, checking rooms. Penelope’s beauty and her pitying kindness toward Daniel made her difficult to talk to. But he did want to check on her. He still wore his suit from church. Daniel took off his jacket and slung it over a baluster at the bottom of the east stairs.

The library was where he finally found Penelope. She was sitting in an armchair and looking at the old faded wallpaper above the bookshelves.

Daniel entered the room. “Penelope?”

“Jeez.” Penelope gave a start and looked over at him. “You surprised me, Daniel.” Her eyes were red from crying and she had a far-off expression as she watched him approach. Black mascara ran down her cheeks.

“Are you okay?” Daniel stopped next to her chair. He put his hands behind his back and clasped them. He could feel how sweaty his palms were.

“I thought Brad was coming for me, but it was you. Brad can be so stupid.” Penelope waved her hand dismissively at Daniel, but accidently brushed the bulge in his pants with her wedding ring. “Oh, sorry.” She pulled her hand back like it had been bitten by a snake.

“It’s okay.” But it wasn’t. Daniel could feel his dick swelling. “It was an accident.”

Like iron to a magnet, Penelope’s eyes locked in on the bulge in Daniel’s pants. “It’s so odd. You’re so different from your brother. In every way.”

“How so?” Daniel’s breath came in short gasps. He looked down at her ample cleavage, exposed from his angle standing above her.

“Just that. That’s all.” Penelope caught movement out of the corner of her eye. She saw Eloise reenter the library and shut the door behind her. “Daniel. I don’t mean to alarm you, but there’s a strange

woman in here with us. I think I'm dreaming. I had the strangest dream last night, and now here I am again. I must have fallen asleep in this chair."

Daniel looked over his shoulder. "That's just Mrs. Eloise Palmer. She's friendly, don't worry." He made eye contact with Eloise and the redhead nodded encouragement at him. Daniel knew what that meant. He had a chance with Penelope. His anxiety spiked as he thought about his mother's disapproval and Brad's probable homicidal reaction. Eloise nodded again and gave him a smile that filled him with confidence. It would be okay. His anxiety melted away.

"Oh, silly me." Penelope giggled. She watched Eloise find a seat on the other side of the room and then she looked back at Daniel's pants. "Since this is a dream, can I get another look at it? Ever since we all saw it that one day, I just keep … wondering …"

"This isn't a dream." Daniel unclasped his hands and unbuttoned his pants. His trembling fingers made the task difficult, but he managed it and dropped his pants.

"That's just what a dream would say." Penelope giggled again. She reached out and flipped his blue tie over his shoulder. Shen then pulled down his underwear. She gasped when she beheld the rigid dick that sprung out. "I … I knew it was big … but … oh my God." She reached out a finger to touch the purple head. It was spongy, yet firm. She withdrew her finger and looked at the white mark she'd made there quickly disappear. Clear liquid dribbled from his little hole. So much precum. "It looks so … aggressive. I wonder what it looks like in real life." She leaned back in her chair. "Okay, that's enough. You can put it away now."

"Really?" Daniel pressed his lips together in disappointment.

"I promised you a taste," Eloise said from across the room. "Have your taste, dearie."

"Um … even in a dream … I don't think I should." But she leaned over and licked the head with her tongue. It was salty, warm, and … powerful. Before she knew it, she had the whole head in her mouth, swirling her tongue round and round.

"You grab a bull by the horns, Mrs. Anderson." Eloise reclined in her seat, the slightest smile touching her pink lips. "You grab young Daniel by the …"

With the head still in her mouth, Penelope reached out and took hold of Daniel's balls. "Uuuuuuuggggghhhh." She was surprised by their size and weight. How much cum did he have stored in there? Penelope's shoulders shuddered as she thought about what it would be like to find out.

"You're so perfect, Penelope. Why do you always take Brad's side?" Daniel looked down into her pretty face and watched her blue eyes look up at him. Her eyes went wide and she froze, her little nostrils flaring.

Making eye contact with her brother-in-law was frightful because in that moment she realized this wasn't a dream at all. She was really sucking on Daniel's cock. She held his actual balls between her fingers. She spit the cockhead out of her mouth and let go of his testicles. "Oh, Jesus. I didn't mean to. Brad is my husband, Daniel. Oh, shit. I thought I was dreaming."

"Don't stop, Penelope." Daniel looked down at his dick, glistening in the afternoon light with her saliva. "I'm sorry I mentioned Brad."

“Jesus Christ. Brad. No, no, no.” Penelope stood and looked about the room in a panic. “I was just curious about your … your …” She pointed at the grotesque dick that jutted out from Daniel’s slender hips. “I thought it wasn’t … real.” Penelope looked into the corner of the room. “That lady, Mrs. Palmer… Is she real?”

Eloise smiled and nodded at the young woman.

“Yeah,” Daniel said.

“No, no, no. This is an evil house, Danny.” Penelope raced to the library door. “We need to leave. I need to get Brad.” She opened the door and ran into the hall, her church dress flowing behind her. Once out in the hall, she was suddenly confused. She couldn’t remember where she’d left her husband.

The first door to the left in front of the stairs hung open. Was Brad in there? Penelope wasn’t sure, but she wandered toward the door. As she stepped inside the room, she thought that maybe this was the locked room that no one had been in before. The one whose symbol she’d accidently destroyed. But that couldn’t be right. She was so confused. She stepped further into the room and the door swung closed behind her.

“What?” Penelope squinted in the low light. There was a sofa along one wall with an oil lamp flickering on an end table. In a far corner, stood a ten-foot high bear. It had been taxidermied in a fearsome pose. Against the opposite wall from the sofa, a sideboard was covered in beautifully detailed, multi-colored bottles.

On the sofa, reclined a young, redhaired man in overalls. He tipped his herringbone flat cap to her and winked a green eye. “Welcome, Mrs. Anderson. Mom said I should expect you.”

“Who are you?” But Penelope could tell. With his freckles, angular jaw, and wide-set green eyes. He could only be Mrs. Palmer’s son.

“My name’s Thomas and we’re going to be good friends.” He stood and smiled. “Really good friends.”

Penelope turned to run back the way she’d come, but the door was locked behind her. She pounded on the door and yelled for her husband Brad, but no one in the rest of the house could hear her.

“This is a special room,” Thomas said from behind her. “A private room. My father built it at great expense to keep all that happens here from the rest of the world.” He moved toward the screaming woman. “Father did very bad things in here. But we’re going to do good things.”

“No.” Penelope looked over her shoulder at the approaching boy. He was certainly only a little older than Daniel. She pounded the door with her fists. “Noooooooooo.” But no one came to her rescue.

~~

Back in the library, Eloise walked over to the door and gently closed it. She then turned and shrugged at Daniel. “Sometimes, things don’t go as planned. My daddy always told me, never be afraid to hitch your cart to a new horse.”

“What’s that mean?” Daniel had both hands on his dick. He wasn’t sure what to do with his raging hardon.

“It means I’m tractable, dearie.” She walked over to Daniel and kneeled before him. She gently replaced his hands on his penis with her own icy fingers and stroked him. “When a plan doesn’t work, we have another waiting in the wings.” She licked the oozing precum off the head.

“We?”

“Me and the house, Danny.” Eloise took another lick and looked up at him with urgent eyes. “Now we don’t have too much time before the others come looking for you. Let’s get you taken care of.” She sucked him into her mouth and took long, gurgling strokes. She pressed both hands onto his butt. Eloise felt quite happy when Daniel reached down and threaded his fingers through her hair. He forced more and more of his penis into her throat until she was taking great long plunges, pressing her nose to his nether hair at the bottom of each grunting lunge forward.

After about five minutes, Daniel let his seed fly into Eloise’s cold mouth. When he finished cumming, Eloise was gone. He took a minute to compose himself, and then pulled up his underwear and pants. He walked toward the library door. He needed to apologize to Penelope and smooth things over with her before she told everything to Brad. He hoped he wasn’t too late. Brad would kill him if he knew what happened.

Little did Daniel know, Penelope was in no condition to confide anything to her husband at that moment. In a secret room, a redheaded teenager was changing her whole perspective on a great number of things.

Chapter 8

The exhaust fan hummed in the small bathroom. Khadra turned off her shower and pulled back the curtain. Steam hung in the air, but the fan pulled enough moisture that the mirror hadn't fogged. Khadra ignored the reflection of her dark, slim figure. She ran her fingers through her curly black hair and let it fall around her shoulders.

A bath towel hung to her left. She grabbed the soft cotton and wrapped herself. Khadra stepped out of the shower and was about to take another towel for her hair when she froze. There, on the bathroom counter, was that monstrous phallus from the Anderson home. The last she'd seen it, Maxamed had tossed it into their trashcan in the garage.

Was this a joke played on her by her loving husband? Had he retrieved it and placed it here? Khadra stepped over to the counter and slowly reached her hand down to the thing. Was this the work of demons? So far in their work, the Samatars had not had any demons follow them home. She cursed under her breath. They hadn't placed any ward symbols on the phallus when they'd thrown it away. That was a mistake.

Khadra's fingers touched the thing and she felt a little spark pass from the silicone into her finger tips. A thought popped into her head. Of course, Maxamed put it there. He wanted her to try this massive thing inside her. Her hand gripped it and lifted it to her nose. It smelled clean. There was no lingering scent. The weight of it surprised her. It offered so much heft. She knew she should prepare dinner, but instead she sat on the toilet lid. If her husband wanted her to try it, she would.

The dildo seemed, by its very presence, to ask her to bare herself. Khadra removed the towel and let it fall on the toilet behind her. The head of the pitch-black monster was so very wide. She spread her legs and looked past her modest breasts down to the triangle of black hair above her slit. Her hands trembled as she brought the thing up to her vagina. Allah help her, she was already so wet. She could clearly see the moisture as she rubbed the head up and down.

Slowly, with trembling hands, she pushed the phallus into her. She had never been so full. Maxamed was a fool for leaving this here for her. The comparison did him no favors.

After a few minutes, she worked the phallus all the way in. She held it there, her vagina stretched to the limit and spasming around the thing. She then pulled it most of the way out and slammed it back in. Khadra did this again and again. Her brown eyes went wide as she watched it disappear inside her. Another noise in the bathroom joined the droning exhaust fan above her. She realized that she was listening to her own grunts. She sounded like a filthy swine as the thing pushed deep inside her again and again.

There was a knock on the door. "That is a very long shower," Maxamed said loudly through the door. "The children and I are waiting for dinner."

The dildo slipped out of Khadra's vagina and fell to the floor. What was she doing? She tried to control her panting and closed her legs. Her vagina longed for the pleasure it had just lost, but her husband's voice had broken the enchantment the thing held over her. Khadra knew this was demon's work. "Sorry." Naked on the toilet she let her breathing slow. "I will be out … in a minute."

“Very well,” Maxamed said as he left the bathroom door.

Khadra wrapped herself with the towel again, took some tissue paper, and lifted the slick phallus off the tile floor. She would need a ward against this thing, but she did not want her husband to know what had happened. She decided to hide the monster under the sink and come back later with salt. At night, she would bury the thing out back and bind it in place with a ward. That would keep the demons away from her family.

Later that night, while her family slept, Khadra returned to the bathroom. She opened the sink cabinet, and stared inside. The phallus was gone. This was not good. She would need to ward the whole house and make up a plausible excuse to give Maxamed for such an aggressive move. Maybe she would tell him the Palmer House had come to her in her dreams. She could deal with it. She rubbed her legs together and thought about where all the wards would go.

~~

A door opened and Penelope stumbled out into the hall. She took a few lurching steps and then stood, wobbling on shaky legs. “Hello?” Her voice echoed in the large house. No one responded. Behind her, the door closed with a solid thud. Penelope shivered. She was a mess. Mascara ran down her pretty face. Her blonde hair stuck out in all directions. Her dress was torn around the bust. She reached up and felt her breasts. They seemed so heavy and … different.

A memory flashed in her mind. She had been banging on a locked door while someone, or something, stalked her from behind. Had that just happened? Penelope shook her head and walked with unsteady feet toward the stairs. Good God, her belly and vagina felt so cold.

As she climbed the stairs, Penelope tried to remember, but she had only a vague sense of what had happened that day. Had she really performed a disgusting blowjob on her brother-in-law. That had to be a dream. She reached the top of the stairs and stumbled down the second-floor hall.

“Hello? Is there anyone here?” Penelope walked into the guest bathroom and quickly undressed. She felt so dirty. With her clothes on the tile floor, she looked down at herself in disbelief. She’d grown. Or had she always had such ponderous breasts? Everything felt confused and inverted. All her thoughts swam in an ocean of muddled fog. She stepped to the shower, turned on cold water, and stepped in. As she let the water cascade over her, a sudden thought crystalized in her mind. This house was made of and for secrets, and she had been placed in a position of trust. She shivered under the shower and realized she would do anything to avoid betraying this place. Even if it meant lying to her husband. But she couldn’t quite place what secrets needed keeping. Something important, she was sure. She scrubbed her round body and turned off the shower.

As she dried with a large towel, she listened for sounds in the house. But all she heard was the persistent ticking of some great clock in the mansion. All the Andersons seemed to have disappeared. She picked up her torn and disheveled clothes and walked naked back to the guest room she shared with her husband. She dropped the clothes in the corner and found an oversized t-shirt. She pulled it on, the glint of her ring catching her eye. She paused and stared at the gorgeous diamond Brad had given

her. Her loyalty to her husband had never before been in question. But now … Penelope shook her head and climbed into bed.

As soon as her head hit the pillow, Penelope drifted off to sleep. In dreams, waiting for her, was an enormous cock twitching and ready to bring ecstasy.

~~

Brad found his wife sleeping in their guest bed. He shook her awake. “What are you doing, Pen?”

Her blue eyes fluttered open. “I was having the most wonderful dream.” Her lips fell in a frown as her vision focused on her husband. “Oh, Brad. I was just taking a nap.”

“I can see that.” Brad furrowed his brows. “We’ve been looking all over for you. We thought you went for a walk and got lost. Daniel said you were crying. Was the little shit lying?”

“No, I …” A far-off look clouded her eyes. “Daniel’s not a little shit. He’s a … a …”

“Douchebag?”

“Stop it, Brad.” Penelope pulled back the covers and stepped out of bed. Her t-shirt went down to about mid-thigh, but she had nothing else on. “What time is it?”

“It’s after nine.” Brad gave her body a strange look. She seemed different to him. “You missed dinner, but Mom saved you some ravioli.”

“Yum.” Penelope picked up a pair of panties and pulled them on. They felt tight on her hips.

“They’re just stupid Trader Joe’s ravioli.”

“I like Trader Joe’s.” Penelope tried to shimmy on some jeans, but they wouldn’t go past her thighs. “My pants shrunk.” She pulled them off and pulled on some yoga pants instead.

“Actually, maybe you should lay off the ravioli. Maybe it’s time for a diet.” Brad eyed his wife. She didn’t look bad, but she was certainly putting on weight. He couldn’t believe he hadn’t noticed before. A cold pit formed in his stomach. Fear gripped his heart. The one thing he couldn’t abide was being married to a fatty.

“Stop it, Brad.” She playfully swatted his shoulder. “Don’t you dare comment on my weight.” She slipped on some socks and walked to the door.

“Since when do you tell me what I can’t comment on.” He followed her out into the hall. The t-shirt covered her butt, but he could tell her ass was wider and rounder than when they’d married.

“Sorry, babe.” Penelope looked back at him and forced a smile. “Everything’s fine. Everything’s normal. Now, I’m hungry. Let’s get something to eat.”

“Um, okay.” Brad followed her down the stairs. “It’s late, so I guess we’re sleeping here tonight.”

“That’ll be nice.”

“I thought you couldn’t stand this house, Pen.”

“Maybe I’ve changed my mind.” As she thought about it, she realized she had changed. She’d changed quite a bit.

~~

“What’re you reading, Mom?” Daniel walked into the library. A clock somewhere in the house struck twelve, lumbering chimes. Daniel thought it likely the clock belonged to the Palmers and to another time. He was pretty sure his family didn’t own a chiming clock. He wondered if anyone else heard it. He closed the door behind him and moved toward his mother.

“It’s called *First Love*.” Julie took off her reading glasses and looked up at her son standing near the closed door.

“What’s it about?” Daniel walked awkwardly toward her. He was already hard.

“Well, um …” Julie bit her bottom lip and looked down at the book. “It’s about a teenager that falls in love with an older woman.”

“Oh, cool.” Daniel stopped next to the armchair where his mother curled her body. He looked down at the way her dress dipped and swelled over her many curves. It was glorious. “Does she love him back?”

“Well, no. She doesn’t.” Julie looked up into Daniel’s blue eyes and knew why he’d sought her out for. “Not like me, I suppose.”

“Well, I guess I’m luckier than that dude.” His hands moved to his waist to unbutton his pants. “Where’s Dad?”

“He’s sleeping.” Julie stole a quick glance at the closed door. “But we’ve got a full house tonight.” She wagged a finger at his crotch. “We can’t do that here.”

“Really?” Daniel went ahead and unbuttoned his pants. He lowered the zipper. “Everyone’s asleep. No one’s gonna know.” He dropped his pants around his ankles and lowered his boxers. He watched his dick spring out.

“My, gosh.” Julie stared at his monster, taking in all thirteen inches. She glanced at the door again, and then back to the twitching penis. “I don’t know, Danny.” She took a deep breath. “Well … um … maybe …” Julie bit her bottom lip. “Can you be quick?” She set her book and glasses on the end table and reached for Daniel.

“I think so.” He watched her soft, pretty face lean over to his dick and slide the head past her lips. Little crow’s feet formed by her eyes as she contorted her mouth to suck him in. Her face was so pure, innocent, and loving. His dick was not. Daniel loved seeing the two come together.

“Tell her,” Eloise’s voice whispered in Daniel’s ear.

Daniel looked up and saw the pregnant apparition standing behind Julie, by a bookshelf, gazing down at an open book. It was a dictionary. She looked up at him. He raised his eyebrows quizzically at her and moaned as his mother's tongue swirled around the head.

"I don't remember your word for it. Starts with an S." Eloise's pink lips curled into a friendly crescent. She rolled her eyes like she was thinking. "Whatever the word, tell her dark things, Danny. Ribald things."

"Oooohhhhhh, Moooommmmm." Daniel laced his fingers in Julie's brown hair. He shook his head at Eloise, realizing that only he could hear her. He didn't want to talk dirty to his mother.

"Mmmmmmpppppphhhhhhhh." Julie was in heaven helping her teenager cope with his manhood. She felt so important and connected in that moment.

"Women long for coarse discourse." Eloise ran her fingers down a page in the dictionary. "We are told to be good and sweet and becoming. But we long to be made a strumpet by a prodigious engine such as you possess. See how she loses herself in the act?"

"Mom?" Daniel looked down at his mother.

Julie gagged a little as her head bobbed with short, slurping strokes. She milked his thick shaft with her right hand and squeezed her left breast with the other. She gave no indication that she could hear Eloise behind her, her eyes shut tight as she worked her son toward climax.

"Tell her …" Eloise's finger stopped on the dictionary's page. "Here we are. The word is slut. Tell her she's a slut."

Daniel shook his head at Eloise.

"Careful with your recalcitrance, Daniel." Eloise slid the book silently back on the shelf and stared over at mother and son with a darkening visage. "Tell her now. Do not make me cross." As her words wound themselves around Daniel's ears, the apparition faded until only Julie and Daniel were left in the library.

"Uh … Mom …?" Daniel loosened his grip on Julie's hair. "You … um … look like a slut."

"Hhhhmmmm?" Julie spit out Daniel's penis and stopped stroking him. Saliva dangled from her chin. "What did you say?"

"I … um … said you looked like a slut?" Daniel visibly cringed as his mother's soft brown eyes turned hard.

"Daniel Gregory Anderson." Julie let go of his penis with her right hand and her other hand fell from her breast. "I'm shocked to hear those words come from your mouth." She stood up and wiped the spit from her chin with the back of her hand. "What would your father say?"

"Well … um … you sorta were … sucking on my …" Daniel squirmed, suddenly very self-conscious to have his dick exposed to his mother.

"Goodness gracious." A line formed down the center of Julie's forehead as she frowned at Daniel. "Are you defending yourself?"

“Well …”

“Apologize this instant.” Julie folded her arms over her ample bust.

“I’m sorry, Mom.” Daniel hung his head and stared down at his dick. Eloise had steered him wrong.

“Say it like you mean it.” Julie cocked her head and waited for Daniel to make eye-contact. She needed to set him straight.

Daniel looked up into Julie’s stern eyes. “I’m really sorry, Mom. I won’t do it again.”

“Thank you, pumpkin.” Julie smoothed out her dress and took a deep breath. “Now maybe we need to cool it with all this stuff we’ve been doing. I’m afraid it’s sending you down the wrong path. I was trying to help, but …” Julie shook her head and blushed as she thought about what she’d just been doing to her son.

“No, Mom.” Daniel felt his stomach drop. He couldn’t lose this thing he now had with his mother. “I’m sorry. I was just trying to … to … be …”

“Pull up your pants.” Julie stepped around him and walked to the door. “And get to bed. It’s late.”

“Please?” Daniel called after her.

“No more funny business.” Julie opened the door. She checked both ways down the hall. No one there. “And that’s final.” She slipped out of the room without looking back.

Daniel sat and slumped in the chair, totally dejected. His penis softened. This was terrible. Tears formed in his eyes. He put his head in his hands and quietly sobbed.

~~

Julie nearly ran into her daughter-in-law in the hallway. “Goodness, Penelope. What are you doing up? It’s after midnight.”

“Oh … sorry.” Penelope tried to focus. “Just getting some … water.”

“Well, okay.” Julie looked the woman up and down but couldn’t see much in the gloom of the hallway. She could tell that Penelope’s legs were bare under her long t-shirt. “Goodnight then.” Julie stepped around her and opened the door to the master bedroom.

“Goodnight, Julie.” Penelope wandered off down the hall toward the stairs.

Julie didn’t have time to think about Penelope. She wanted to make love to her husband. Now that she’d ended it with Daniel, she felt a pressing need to make a connection with George. She needed to make amends. She closed the door behind her and walked over to the bed.

George slept on his side, gently snoring. Julie disrobed, slipped under the covers, and reached around his hip. Her hand wormed its way inside his pajamas and grasped his penis. It surprised her how small it

felt. She sighed and stroked the soft little thing. She supposed everything was relative and she'd have to get used to it again.

Eventually, she got her husband hard and woke him. She mounted George and slipped him inside her, but was stunned by the how little she felt in her vagina.

"What's gotten into you, Jules?" George reached up and massaged his wife's boobs.

"Just wanted to feel you, George." Julie rocked her hips, but sex with George wasn't what it used to be. Had Daniel ruined her with his massive thing? The thought frightened her.

"Your boobs … are they bigger?" This was the first time George had touched her breasts in a while.

"It's just hormones. Now let me …" Julie adjusted her hips and bounced on him, but was still met with frustration.

"Oh … oh … oooohhhhhhh." George shook.

"Wait, you don't have a condom on." Julie pulled off him and finished him with her hand.

When he'd calmed down, George looked over at Julie in the darkness. "That was great. I still got it, don't I?" He smiled.

"You sure do," she lied. Julie got out of bed and walked toward the bathroom. "I need a shower." But what she really needed was to satisfy herself. She suddenly regretted letting the Samatars take that enormous dildo. Her fingers would have to do.

~~

The tick-tock of the Palmer clock echoed throughout the mansion as Penelope descended the stairs. It seemed to her that her own heartbeat fell in time with it, like the mechanics of the clock were some sort of metronome for her very life.

Penelope trailed her fingertips along the wall to help guide her in the darkness. She couldn't remember what she had been looking for. As she searched her mind, a sudden memory sprung up. She was in a small room with a large taxidermized bear in the corner. It was frightening.

Something else came to her. In the memory, her dress was up around her waist and she rode a redheaded young man for all she was worth. The feeling that gripped her as the memory played in her mind was that of complete penetration. Filthy, animalistic entry by an enormous cock. Her insides trembled at the thought of it. She stumbled at the bottom of the stairs, and saw a strip of light cast from a room to her right. She staggered toward it.

The lighted room was the library and she stopped in the open door when she arrived. Inside, she could see Daniel sitting in an armchair, his head in his hands. He looked like he was crying. Her heart broke for him. Someone had trampled on a beautiful flower, and Penelope needed to nurse it back to health.

Penelope took a deep breath to clear her mind of those awful memories and stepped into the room. She hadn't taken three steps when another memory stopped her in her tracks. Thomas. The redheaded man with the monster cock was named Thomas. My God. Thomas was the name of the man that had broken her marriage vows. His cold dick had plundered her insides and deposited icy loads of semen deep inside her. She shivered. Had she climbed on his lap willingly, bouncing on him like she was trying to win the Kentucky Derby? "Daniel?" With another deep breath, Penelope pushed the memory aside. "Are you okay?"

"Pen?" Daniel looked up through blurry eyes. "I was just … um … thinking."

"You look so sad." Penelope walked across the room, very conscious of her bare legs. "What can I do to help?" She stopped next to his chair and put her hand on his shoulder.

"Are you good with girl troubles?"

"You had a breakup?" Penelope offered a reassuring smile. It was strange how quickly she'd been able to release those terrible memories. Like a passing dream.

Daniel nodded.

"I'm here for you." Penelope squeezed his shoulder.

"I always thought you were so pretty." Daniel put his hand on hers and felt its warmth. "But now, you look even more … beautiful." Even with her baggy t-shirt, Daniel could see her curves. Her blonde hair looked radiant in the warm lamplight.

"Thank you." Penelope tensed as another memory surfaced. This new memory was even more shocking than her sudden, enthusiastic infidelity with that boy, Thomas. She had made some sort of deal. She could still see the freckled face leering up at her as she screamed out orgasm after orgasm. Thomas asked if she wanted to feel that way again and she said yes. She would accept and pay for that pleasure. Then she felt so hot and her body turned a luminescent red. The heat that had crept over her had been so intense that she pressed herself into Thomas's frigid flesh. Praying he'd unload in her again so that his cold seed would offer relief to her poor vagina. Penelope shook her head. "I'm okay." She breathed in, held it, and then slowly exhaled. The memory faded.

"Um … alright." Feeling bold for the first time in his life around this amazing woman, Daniel took her hand from his shoulder and brushed her fingers over his lips.

"You really are a handsome young man, aren't you?" Penelope gazed down at his blue eyes and held her breath again when he gently placed her finger in his mouth. "Oh, Jeez. That's so …" She now knew that she really had given Daniel a blowjob earlier. It had happened. Nothing in this house was a dream. And, at the same time, all of it was. Had she been wrong to run out on him? "You look a little like Brad, but you're so different."

Daniel took the finger out of his mouth and lifted up the hem of her shirt. He found white panties and gently pulled them off her wide hips and past muscular thighs. "Brad's an asshole. I'm not." He could see her neatly trimmed blonde bush and protruding pussy lips. They looked perfect.

"No, he means well." Penelope caressed his cheek with her wet finger. "He just … oh … what are you …? Oooohhhhhhh." Her eighteen-year-old brother-in-law dropped her panties to the floor, spread her legs

a little, and placed his tongue right on her slit. He held her firmly by her butt cheeks. “That’s so … gooooooooddddd.” She wove her fingers into his blond hair and dug her nails into his scalp. Her thighs trembled. The sound of his tongue slurping at her pussy was completely obscene. Through fluttering eyelids, Penelope watched the open door to the library, but she couldn’t bring herself to part with Daniel long enough to close it. “I’m going to cccuuuuummmmmmmmmm.” She gyrated her hips and creamed on his young tongue.

When her hips quieted, Daniel pulled back and looked up at her. “I’m not sad anymore.” His face glistened with her juice. His dick stood hard and ready, recovered from the letdown with Julie.

“Now … I … didn’t mean … that’s not the sort of help … I,” Penelope stammered.

“I just really need to be close to someone right now.” Daniel pulled on her hips and lowered her to her knees on the floor between his legs. “I want to forget about the breakup. Can you help with that?”

Penelope looked up at his monster cock, twitching and oozing precum. Her blue eyes went round and glassy. “You want me to suck it? Again?” Her unsure hands reached up and felt the veiny thickness. The dick was not only out of proportion with his body, it would have been out of proportion attached to any man she’d ever known.

“Yes, please.” Daniel leaned back in the chair and gazed down at the look of amazement on her face.

“Well, I suppose.” Penelope leaned forward and took him into her mouth. Her tongue met his salty precum and she purred. In a day, she’d gone from a faithful wife who’d never considered infidelity, to willingly taking a cold, strange cock in her pussy and sucking off her brother-in-law twice. Reflecting on the past twenty-four hours made her head spin. She stroked his dick with both hands and awkwardly bobbed her head as she tried to adjust her technique to his size.

“Better than I imagined.” Daniel placed his hands on the back of her head.

The words made Penelope suck even harder. He’d been imagining this. Of course, the little guy had been crushing on her. How had she never seen it before? The hands on her head pushed a little and the cock went deeper into her mouth. She gurgled and gagged a little. The pressure continued, and with each successive bob her head dropped farther and farther down. This was impossible. Even with Brad’s much smaller penis, she’d never been able to blow him like this. It felt like the world just kept tilting under her. Her hands moved from the shaft to Daniel’s hips, holding on for dear life.

“Yes.” Daniel pushed and pulled on Penelope’s hair until she took almost the whole thing. “You were … uh … uh … uh … made for this, Pen.”

“Uuuuugghhhhh.” Why wasn’t she gagging anymore? The long dick was down her damn throat. The idea sunk in. Daniel was right, she was made for this. What a thing, to discover you were made for blowing giant cocks.

“Not yet. Not yet.” Daniel pulled Penelope off his dick and looked down as she gasped for air. “I want to do it with you.”

“Do … what?” She looked up at him, pulling the collar of her shirt up and wiping off the dripping saliva around her mouth.

“Hop on.” A flicker of uncertainty passed on Daniel’s face. “I mean, you’re so beautiful, and it would really help with the breakup if I could … you know … put it inside you.”

Penelope laughed. She couldn’t help herself. “You’re serious? I can’t cheat on Brad.” *Again*, she silently cursed to herself. “And …” She nudged the enormous cock with her finger and lost her train of thought. It swayed a little. He had to be over a foot long. “It won’t fit. Even if I wanted to, you’d tear me in two.” She wrapped her fingers back around the shaft and slowly pumped him, trying to ignore her wedding ring sparkling in the warm light. “Maybe I could finish you with my hands, and then we could forget about the whole thing. Okay?” But even as she said it, she knew she was going to cheat on Brad for a second time. Whatever had happened to her in that locked room with Thomas had opened some sort of door inside her.

“Let’s just put the tip in, then.” Daniel pulled off his shirt and tossed it behind him. “If it doesn’t fit, I promise I won’t ever ask again.”

“What about your brother?” Penelope felt a warm tingling in her belly just holding Daniel’s cock.

“Brad deserves this.”

“That’s not true.” But it dawned on Penelope that it might actually be true.

“Climb on, Pen.” Daniel looked at her with plaintive eyes. “I always thought you were too good for Brad. Too smart. Too sweet. Too beautiful.”

“Really?” Penelope blushed and stood up, still holding on to Daniel’s cock with her left hand. There was just enough room on the chair for her legs on either side of his narrow hips. She mounted him. “I wouldn’t normally do this. But you looked so sad. And … ooohhhhhh …” She placed the cockhead at her entrance and lowered her hips just a fraction of an inch. “Oh … ooohhhhhhh … and this house is … I don’t think I should have messed up that salt symbol thing on the … uh … floor.” She lowered herself a little more, staring at a bookcase blankly. “I … uuuggghhhhhhh … you’re so big. Even bigger than Thomas.”

“Who’s Thomas?” Daniel placed his hands under the hem of her shirt and gripped her soft, warm hips.

“He’s … uh … uh … just …” She dropped her hips a little more and put her hands on Daniel’s slim shoulders. She was almost halfway. “… an old boyfriend.”

“Oh, cool.” Daniel pulled down on her hips and speared her all the way with his dick. He gazed up at her pretty face as it twisted into what looked like a silent snarl. Her eyes rolled upward.

“Jeez, Danny. You’re … oooohhhhhh … in my belly.” Penelope had taken Thomas, so maybe it shouldn’t have surprised her that Daniel fit inside her, too. “I feel like … uh … uh … I’m sitting on a … skyscraper.” She rocked her hips tentatively, afraid of pain that never came. All she could feel was her erstwhile tight pussy in extreme tension as it loosened and wrapped around him. That, and the flood of pleasure that came with it.

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Julie didn't remember waking, or leaving her bedroom. But somehow, she found herself on the main floor near the library. It was still dark out, but she didn't know the time. Light spilled out of the open library door. Naked, except for her panties, Julie covered her breasts with an arm and stepped closer to the light. She then heard it. Soft slapping, stifled moans, and murmuring. The unmistakable sounds of sex. She'd seen Eloise ride her son in the library before, and that was what she expected to find as she peered around the door frame.

When she saw what was happening in the library, Julie's free hand went to her mouth in shock. Penelope was clearly riding Daniel's giant thing with slow, impossibly long strokes. The look on Penelope's face was one of surprise, lust, and awe. The poor woman's mouth hung open and her eyes stared upward. Julie couldn't see her son's face as Penelope's boobs, still hidden by her shirt, pressed up against him. Those breasts were bigger than Julie remembered. Goodness, her daughter-in-law had made the deal, too. What a hussy.

The more she thought about it, and the more she watched her family slowly copulate, the more it became clear to Julie that this was her fault. She shouldn't have cut off Daniel so abruptly. Of course he would fall into another woman's arms. Julie then thought of Brittney, and prayed the house hadn't tried to corrupt her. First thing tomorrow, Julie would drive over to the Samatar house and demand a device that would protect her daughter.

There was a hole in Julie's logic, blinded as she was by the mansion's influence. As she turned away from the door and put her back to the hallway wall, it never occurred to her that they should all leave the house that instant. As she lowered her hand under her panties and made quick circular motions with her fingers, she didn't consider packing up the family and running far, far away. Instead, she listened to the mating couple and felt the electricity surge from her clit as she masturbated herself.

The house would protect itself. And to do that it needed more time with the Andersons.

~~

The abandon with which Penelope rode that monster cock would have certainly surprised her husband, had he not been sound asleep upstairs. His wife had always been so meek in their lovemaking, letting Brad do the work. Now she humped his brother like a woman possessed. Which, technically, she was.

"I'm … on the … pill." Penelope needed him to cum inside her. She had never desired anything so much before that moment.

"What?" Daniel couldn't see her face as her boobs bounced in his face. He regretting not pulling off her t-shirt earlier, but now he just held on to her hips for dear life.

"Cum in me … uh … uh … uh. Fill … me … Danny."

"You want me to …?" Daniel's voice was muffled by cotton and bouncing boob.

"Unload your … balls … inside." Penelope's movements became more erratic as she was on the verge of having another orgasm.

“Okay.” Daniel was close. He let the pleasure continue to build. After about twenty more strokes from his sister-in-law’s pussy, he let go. “Pen … Pen … Pen … aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh.” He tightened his grip on her hips to hold her all the way down on his dick as he erupted in her warm pussy.

“Oh, my Goooooodddddddd.” Penelope threw her head back and tossed her arms around his shoulders. A whole galaxy of stars danced before her eyes. Waves of euphoria washed over her, timed with each hot spurt of cum that hit her womb.

Slowly the couple came down from their high. Their breathing, ragged at first, became more even.

“I’ve never felt anything like that.” Penelope leaned back on his lap so she could look down on his face. Daniel’s dick twitched inside her. Her pussy spasmed in response. “Are you feeling better?”

“Yes.” Daniel nodded and looked up into her lovely face as sweat dripped down her forehead. A wide smile crept across his face.

“We have to keep this between the two of us. Understand?” Penelope playfully touched the tip of his nose with her finger. “You can’t go bragging to your buddies. Brad would totally murder both of us.” When she mentioned her husband, Penelope looked to the open door and her face fell. “We should have been more careful.” She pulled off him and his dick fell out of her with an audible slurp.

“Sorry.” Daniel couldn’t move from the chair as he watched her.

“My, gosh. What did you do to me, Danny?” Penelope lifted her shirt a little and spread her legs. She looked down. Below her triangle of blonde hair, she could see his cum already dripping out. “I have to get cleaned up and back to bed before Brad notices I’m gone.” She bent down, picked up her panties, and balled them up. “Can you clean in here?” She pointed to the hardwood floor where some cum had splashed. Penelope then placed the balled panties between her legs to catch any more drippings. She couldn’t leave a trail of cum to the upstairs bathroom.

“Yeah.” Daniel nodded, still in a bit of a daze. He watched her awkwardly waddle toward the door, trying not to drip. “Thank you, Pen. You’re the best.”

“You’re welcome.” Penelope looked over her shoulder at Daniel. She couldn’t help smiling when she saw the happiness and relief written on his face. Even though cheating on Brad was wrong, she knew she’d done a good thing. “Goodnight.” Penelope waddled out of the library.

“And thank you, Mrs. Palmer,” Daniel whispered. He thought that maybe he could hear joyous, cascading laughter from far away. He stirred from the chair and got moving. He needed to clean up before daylight. No one could know he’d had sex with his beautiful sister-in-law.

Chapter 9

Julie watched her daughter-in-law and son closely at breakfast. She had to hand it to them, they didn't act like anything out of the ordinary had happened. Sure, Daniel was quiet as he munched his cereal. And, yes, Penelope was a bit taciturn. But if Julie hadn't seen them rutting like animals with her own eyes, she would never have known.

Brad, George, and Brittney certainly seemed none the wiser. Julie excused herself from the table and went into the kitchen to pour herself another mug of coffee. She listened to George prattle on about bathroom tiles. Brad occasionally offered a remark to let his father know he was listening. Julie tuned them out and watched the steam rise from her cup. It swirled, twisted, and jelled into two clots rhythmically pulsing together.

Oh, Gosh. Julie's hand went to her mouth. She glanced over her shoulder, but no one in the dining room was watching her. The wisps of steam had coalesced and formed two figures in the air above the kitchen counter. They were clearly representative of a man and a woman, and they humped just as Penelope and Daniel had done the night before. Just as Julie, herself, had done with her son. She watched the mating figures undulate, and butterflies flapped in her stomach.

What was wrong with the Andersons? The women who'd sworn to love and protect their men had tossed their vows out like yesterday's recycling. Julie watched the steam hump and hump. She realized that if she was going to prevent Daniel from mating Penelope again, she'd have to give a little and help him with his penis again. The thought sent more butterflies to her tummy, and wetness to her panties. Of course, she wouldn't need to have sex with him again. Oral sex wasn't cheating, and that should be enough to satisfy a horny teenager.

"Mom?" Brittney carried her empty plate into the kitchen.

"Yes?" Julie frantically waved at the steam, erasing the humping figures.

"Can I have a few bucks?" Brittney placed her plate in the sink. "I have a STEM class this afterschool and I'll need to buy a snack."

"Sure, pumpkin." Julie nodded and fetched her purse. She pulled out a five-dollar bill and handed it to her daughter. "Good?"

Brittney nodded and her elfin features lit up in a smile. "Thanks, Mom. You're the best."

"You're welcome, Britt." Julie smiled back. She needed to get to the Samatar house this morning. If nothing else, she'd protect that sweet innocence written all over Brittney's eighteen-year-old face.

Julie shepherded her children out the door. The twins walked down the long driveway to catch the bus. Brad and Penelope got in their pickup truck to drive back to their house. When they'd gone, Julie returned to the dining room to find George finishing his coffee.

"I'm headed back to the east tower." George smiled up at his wife. "Want to help with some electrical?"

"I … can't." Julie frowned.

“What’s up?” George stood and walked over to his wife.

“I …” Julie couldn’t think of a lie. She wasn’t good at duplicity, despite all the secrets she’d been keeping from George recently. “I need to stop by the Samatar’s house.”

“Can’t it wait?” George’s smile faded.

“No, it can’t.” Julie took a deep breath. “I’ll be back soon.”

“Well, don’t give them any money.” George gave his wife a pat on the butt and walked past her. He couldn’t help notice how round her backside had become. “Find me in the tower when you’re back. I could use your help today.”

“Yes, dear.” Julie turned and watched him go. She felt so torn. George needed her to be his true and faithful wife. Daniel needed her to take care of him as only a mother could. Brittney needed her protection. Brad needed her to save his marriage. And even the house needed her to keep its secrets. She took a deep breath and retrieved her purse and car keys. She’d do her best to give everyone what they needed.

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The pickup truck pulled away from the short driveway. Penelope waved to Brad as he sped off to work. She let herself into their house. Their space was filled with tasteful furniture, framed art prints, and photos of Brad and Penelope. There was a framed picture from their wedding day and another from their honeymoon hanging in the living room. Everything seemed so small and empty.

Penelope shivered as she thought about how stretched and full her pussy had been just hours ago as eighteen-year-old Daniel dumped a huge load inside her. How surreal a thing. Her thighs trembled. Jeez, she was walking around with Daniel’s cum in her that very moment. Earlier that morning, she’d brushed her teeth with a womb full of teenage jizz. She’d talked calmly with her husband in their truck driving home. She eaten breakfast, with a pussy full of sperm. Penelope rushed toward her bedroom, shedding her clothes along the way.

Naked on her bed, Penelope’s hand found her pussy and she rubbed at her lips and clit. She had about eight hours until Brad returned home. She intended to have many orgasms in that time. All the while thinking about enormous cocks. Thoughts about Daniel’s hot load wove around thoughts about the impossibly cold cum Thomas had deposited in her vagina the day before. The boys in that house had used her for their pleasure, and she’d loved it. She’d loved it so much, she’d made a devil’s bargain with a phantom. Penelope’s large breasts wobbled as she brought herself to the first of many orgasms she intended to give herself that day. She screamed out in the small, empty house. When she came down from the high, her hand went right back to work.

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The Samatar house was about as different from Palmer Mansion as a house could get. A blocky bungalow with no detail or charm, situated in a neighborhood full of such houses. Julie rang the doorbell and waited, her hands clasped in front of her. Her fingers, mindlessly, twisted at the blue fabric of her dress. Julie looked down and noticed a line of salt running just in front of the threshold. The salt ran off to the side of the door, where a it formed a symbol that, to Julie, looked very much like a fire-breathing dragon.

Khadra opened the door. “Oh, hello, Mrs. Anderson.” She smiled at the white woman and thought that Julie looked quite worried. “Come in.”

“Hello, Khadra.” Julie stepped over the threshold and suddenly felt very tired, like the house had drained her energy. “I’d like some help.”

“You would?” Khadra nodded her head and adjusted her hijab. “I trust that our wards kept the demons under control?”

“Um …” Julie needed to sit, she felt so exhausted. “May I?” She found a chair in the living room and sat down.

“Excuse my manners.” Khadra nodded. “May I offer you some tea?”

Julie shook her head.

“Well, then.” Khadra sat on the couch across from Julie, her knees pressed together under her loose dress. “What can I do for you? I’m afraid my husband is not at home.”

“That’s okay.” Julie leaned her head back on the headrest and looked to the side. She spotted more salt on the windowsills, with more symbols. She saw a snake symbol, and what looked like a porcupine, maybe. The details weren’t great in art made of salt.

“Mrs. Anderson?”

“Sorry. I’m so sleepy.” Julie’s eyes found Khadra again, and she focused on her host. Julie decided that Khadra was quite a beauty, with her smooth brown skin, and pretty smile. “I’d like to get a charm to protect my family.”

“That is what we did.” Khadra nodded, her smile fading. Her client looked pale. Well, she was always pale, but more so than usual. Pallid, even. “And we’re scheduled to come back on Wednesday to check up on the wards. Everything is in order there?”

“Can you please give me something for my children? To protect them. Maybe for them to wear, or put around their neck, or something?” Julie struggled against her fatigue. She wanted nothing more than to lay her head back and take a little nap right there in that strange living room.

“Did something happen, Mrs. Anderson?” Khadra rose from the couch and moved over to her sideboard, careful to keep the housewife in her field of view. She opened a drawer and pulled out several cheesecloth sachets filled with pennyroyal, pure salt, and silver dust.

“I saw a ghost.” Julie didn’t want to lie anymore, but she couldn’t tell this woman the whole perverted truth. “A pregnant woman from the nineteenth century. She fornicated with her son.”

“A cursed sin.” Khadra walked over to Julie. “The son was also a ghost?”

“Yes. Of course.”

“Most troublesome.” Khadra handed Julie the sachets. “There are four bags here, one for each family member. Have each person keep the bag on them at all times.” Khadra rubbed the poor woman’s shoulder. “I am beginning to see what we are dealing with. Maxamed and I will come prepared on Wednesday. We can banish these demons.”

“Thank you.” Julie put the sachets into her purse and summoned all her effort to stand. “I have to get back to my husband now.” She walked on trembling legs to the front door, opened it, and stepped out into the cool morning. Once outside, she felt enlivened and refreshed. She turned and smiled at Khadra, who now held the door.

“We are not wealthy, Mrs. Anderson.” Khadra couldn’t help but notice Julie’s changed demeanor.

“Of course.” Julie reached into her purse and retrieved thirty-five dollars, all the money she had on her. “We’re a bit short on funds, too. But here, take this.” She handed Khadra the money.

“Thank you.” Khadra took the money and tucked it away in her long, formless dress. “See you in a couple days.”

“Yes, see you.” Julie waved and walked back to her car with a spring in her step.

Khadra watched her go and closed the door. She turned to go about her chores and stopped in her tracks. There on the hallway floor rested that godless, black phallus. She wrestled with her next move for several minutes, staring down at the thing. Eventually, she picked it up with a quick swipe and raced to the bathroom.

Several minutes later, as she moved the great dildo inside her tight vagina, grunting and cursing as it plowed new depths, she wondered if Julie was somehow responsible for the dildo’s reappearance. Khadra plunged the thing into her again and again as she sat on the toilet seat, her dress around her waist. Her whole body buzzed with pleasure and she felt a near-apocalyptic orgasm approaching. She would need to dispose of this silicone nightmare, but first she needed it to give her release.

Khadra climaxed. As her ecstasy passed, she swore she would bury the phallus in the backyard. Her vagina spasmed around the monster. But minutes later, she found herself pumping it again and letting it take her to new heights.

After her third orgasm, the dildo inexplicably disappeared again. One moment, the mass of it weighed down her hands, the next, nothing. She cleaned up and searched the whole house, but she couldn’t find it anywhere. Finally, she went back to her daily chores and resolved to conquer the Anderson house on Wednesday. She and her husband would defeat the infestation that had made her do such unbecoming things.

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After school, Daniel found his mother in the study looking at the mansion blueprints. “Where’s Dad?” He could see her large sideboob pressed into the edge of the desk as she hunched over to examine the plans.

“Hello, Daniel.” Julie took off her reading glasses and looked up from the desk. She blinked at her son as her thoughts returned to the present. “He’s meeting some friends for a beer.”

“And Brittney’s doing her STEM thing.” Daniel looked around the study conspiratorially. “We have the house to ourselves.”

“We need to talk, Danny.” Julie stood and smoothed out her conservative, blue dress.

Daniel frowned. “I’m sorry I said those things, Mom.” Daniel looked down at the floor to avoid his mother’s cool stare. “Mrs. Palmer wanted me to say bad things, and –”

Julie held up her hand to cut him off. “I accept your apology. And you’re not to listen to Mrs. Palmer anymore, understand?”

“Yes.” Daniel kept his eyes on the floor. His hands went into his pockets.

“But that’s not what I wanted to talk to you about.” Julie stepped over to Daniel and placed her finger under his chin. She lifted up his face until his blue eyes looked back into her brown ones. “I saw you last night.”

“You … what?” Daniel’s pulse quickened. Penelope had left the door to the library open. Oh, God, he was in so much trouble. Daniel cringed.

“I saw you and Penelope in the chair.” Julie frowned. This was no easier for her to say than for Daniel to hear. “I know you’ve had quite the crisis with your large you-know-what and your trouble finding a suitable outlet for your pent-up stuff.” Julie took a deep breath. “But you can’t go sticking it into any woman that passes by. Understand?”

Daniel nodded very slowly.

“Heavens, Danny. She’s your sister-in-law.” Julie looked into his eyes and saw the pain and discomfort there. But this talk needed to happen. “I know you and Brad don’t always get along, but you can never touch his wife again. Got it?”

“I’m so sorry.” Daniel tried hard not to cry.

“I know, pumpkin. Come here.” She pulled him into a hug and let him rest his head on her shoulder. She patted his back. “I know you’re having trouble controlling your thing. Most teenage boys have these problems, you just have more going on down there than most boys. You’re pretty far out on the bell curve. That’s why I’ll continue to help you until we can figure out an alternate solution. But no more sex, okay? Neither one of us should do that to your father.”

“Okay, Mom.” Daniel’s hands slipped around Julie’s hips and found her round ass. He took two big handfuls and pulled her toward him. “I’m sorry about what I said.” He rubbed his stiffening dick against her belly. “And I’m sorry about Penelope.”

“We all make mistakes, Danny.” Julie reached her hand up and played with his hair. “You’re at an age where you’ll make plenty of mistakes. The important thing is that you learn.” She let him rub his thing on her. The way he gripped her butt sent a shiver up her spine. “Now, I can tell you need some relief.”

“Yes, please.” Daniel let go of her ass as she sunk to her knees. He watched her primly fold the hem of her dress under her and gaze up at him with love and anticipation.

“Promise you’ll make better decisions.”

“I promise.” Daniel nodded.

Julie lightly kissed the bulge in his pants.

“Do you need a towel, Mom?” Daniel did his best to be considerate.

“No thank you, Danny. I’ve gotten pretty good at drinking it up.” She blushed at that, unzipped his pants, and dropped them. The dark tip of his penis stuck out the top of his micro-boxers. She lowered the underwear and inhaled sharply. “I always forget just how big you are. Then I see it and …” She leaned forward and took him into her mouth.

Fifteen minutes later, Julie leaned back and the penis popped from her mouth. She stroked him with both hands as she looked up and caught her breath. “Are you … close?”

Daniel shook his head.

“Gosh … Danny.” Her arms were tired. “Your father would have finished … a long time ago.”

“Let us not become … weary in doing good, for at the proper time … we will reap a harvest if we do not give up.” Daniel smiled down at his mother as she worked him frantically. She was never more beautiful than when she tried coaxing his cum with a slightly manic look in her eye.

“Now is not the time … to quote the bible … at me.” Julie let go of his penis, stood, and carefully removed her dress. She hung it on the nearby chair, and bent over the desk, her palms on the house plans. “You can rub it on my butt.” She looked over her shoulder at him. This was a dangerous move on her part, clad only in bra and underwear, her butt in the air. Daniel might not be able to resist temptation. But she needed him to let loose. “Go on, sweetie.”

“Sure, Mom.” Daniel stepped behind her and brushed his fingertips down the alabaster curve of her ass. She gave one quick shiver and he thrilled to see her shake. He lowered her panties down her thighs and rested his dick along her butt crack. “You have the best ass, Mom.”

“Language, young man. It’s a butt … or a backside … or … oooohhhhhhh … that feels good.” She pushed back at him as his dick slid along her butt and the tip pushed repeatedly into the small of her back.

Eloise stood in the doorway and watched mother and son. She was not smitten by the bible as the Andersons were. But she did have a favorite passage or two. There was, of course, Ezekiel 23:20. *There she lusted after her lovers, whose genitals were like those of donkeys and whose emission was like that of horses.* That was a good one. But Daniel’s quote about patience was most apt for Eloise’s calling. The apparition had plowed a steady course over the centuries and would continue onward, ensnaring all those in her orbit sooner or later. Eloise smiled and stepped into the room, her bustled dress rustling ever so slightly.

“You can spray it on me, Danny.” Julie wiggled her butt as her son slid his long rod back and forth. “Just don’t get your stuff on the plans.”

“I … won’t.” The war in Daniel’s brain between obedience and desire was over. He spun her hips and turned her around to face him, her boobs shook in her bra at the sudden movement.

“What are you doing?” Julie stood just before him with a confused look on her face. She saw Eloise standing behind Daniel and her eyes widened further. “She’s behind you.”

“Who?” Daniel froze and looked over his shoulder. He relaxed when he saw who it was. “Mrs. Palmer is friendly, remember.”

“She is not.” Julie turned back to Daniel again and bent down to retrieve one of the sachets from her purse. “Go away devil. I command you to … oh … Danny? … uh … uh … uh …” While she bent over, panties now around her ankles, her son slid his monster into her wet vagina. It was odd how such a large thing could so easily slip inside her. She felt his fingers press into the flesh around her hips and just like that he was banging away at her backside. Her vagina stretched to accommodate him. “You … did … thiisssss …” Julie hissed at Eloise.

“Me?” Eloise arched her eyebrow in surprise. “I wouldn’t deny myself the joy of watching *you* do this.” Eloise smiled her sweet, innocent smile and folded her arms over her pregnant belly. “Sure, I may have helped things along with wayward Penelope a little. But you?” She slowly shook her head as Daniel increased the power of his thrusts. “For you, I only lit the path.”

“Oh my gosh, it’s … happening … ooooohhhhhhhhh.” Julie shuddered out an orgasm as Daniel’s monster plundered her depths. Only minutes ago, she was so sure she’d never have sex with her son again. And now, as she recovered from her orgasm, she was actively humping back at him. George could not compete with his son. Heck, the mundanity of life couldn’t compete with the thrill and passion she felt speared on that oversized penis. Was it true? Had Julie done this to herself? She doubted it. But either way, she couldn’t bring herself to care. The sachet dropped from Julie’s hand to the floor.

“Can I …?” Daniel gritted his teeth. He was so close. “Can I do it inside?”

“I … don’t … know …” Another orgasm built inside Julie. She turned her head and looked at Eloise who returned her gaze with an expectant smile. Julie closed her eyes. “Yes … Danny … fill me all the way … up.” In a brief flash, she had an image of herself the day they moved into the Palmer Mansion. The woman she was then would never have cheated on her husband. She’d certainly never let her son consummate her adultery. She would have been disgusted at the thought of someone watching her have sex, least of all some sort of devilish apparition. She’d never dreamed of a penis the size of the one currently inside her. And, on top of all that, the woman she had been would not have played pregnancy roulette. That woman had fallen far, far down a well of lust and desire. “Fill … me … with your stuff.”

“Thank you … Mom.” Daniel watched the rippling shockwaves move their way over her ass again and again as he smashed into her. He closed his eyes. “I’m … cummminnnnggggg.” His hips jerked on their own as his dick spouted inside his mom. He could hear Julie shrieking as she came with him. Her high, sweet voice distorted and throaty.

A minute later, without letting him slip out of her, Julie straightened, reached back, and caressed his narrow hips. She let out a sigh as Daniel's hands slid up her sides and cupped her boobs. Her butt fit so snugly against him, his penis wedged perfectly inside her. "I can't believe you did that, sweetie."

"Me neither." Daniel's grip on Julie's heavy tits tightened. He bounced his hips gently against her wide butt.

"Oh my goodness, Danny," Julie cooed. "Again? You already finished in me." But she didn't resist his movements.

"No one's home, Mom." Daniel pulled himself out of her, lowered his head a little, and held her ass cheeks apart so he could see the cum dripping from her pussy. His white stuff leaked from her splayed lips and ran down the inside of her legs. "Let's do it again."

"Okay." Julie couldn't think up a better response. She blushed as Daniel inspected her vagina, and then let him manhandle her. Turning her around to face him again, he pushed her right leg a little to the side. She grunted when his penis slipped back into her, making a crude sound as it displaced copious amounts of sperm.

Facing each other now, the mating couple kissed. Both wrapping their arms around the other.

Julie broke the kiss. "I've never done it standing like this." She marveled at her son's stamina and energy as he thrust his hips against hers.

Eloise clapped and giggled off to the side. "You are now open to all sorts of new delights, Mrs. Anderson. Just you wait …" Eloise burst into a fit of cheerful, sing-song laughter. "… just you wait."

An hour passed and Julie found herself riding her son like a cowgirl on the floor. "I … I feel like a teenager … myself." Her bra long since discarded, she held onto her boobs and pressed them against her chest as she bounced on that long pole.

"Suck on your … uh … uh … nipple." Daniel gripped her hips and helped guide the rhythm of her motion.

"I've … never …" Julie added something to her list of firsts. She cupped her left breast and brought it up to her mouth. She sucked in her large pink nipple and rolled her tongue around it. The feeling was incredibly naughty and sublime.

The sight of his mom pleasuring her own boob sent Daniel over the edge. With a series of urgent grunts, he dropped another load inside Julie.

The nipple popped out of her mouth when she felt the hot jets of cum coating her insides. "Ohhhhh, Daaannnnyyyyyy." She leaned backward and let another orgasm sweep over her. Her arms flailed out to the sides with her fingers making awkward, mindless gestures. "I feel it … I feel it …" Julie's whole body convulsed and her vagina rhythmically spasmed around Daniel's penis.

A few minutes later, Julie opened one eye and looked down at her sweet son. He looked worn out and perfectly happy. The smell of their sweat and cum hung thick in the air. She opened the other eye and a lazy smile spread across her face. "Are you … finally … satisfied?" She took a deep breath in and out.

"You take such good care of me." Daniel sighed.

“My little man.” Julie leaned forward and pressed her breasts against his skinny chest. She planted a kiss on his forehead and rested her cheek against his tousled blond hair. Her vagina involuntarily spasmed around the fat penis still inside her. “My very big little man.”

“Can we have sex again?” Danny flexed his dick and felt his mom’s pussy jerk in response.

“We have to clean up, pumpkin.” But Julie didn’t really feel like moving at the moment.

“I don’t mean now. I mean later.” His dick jumped again and her pussy responded. What a wonderful little game he’d just discovered. “I mean, I want to keep having sex with you in the future. I don’t ever want to stop.”

“I bet.” Julie thought about how to handle this best. She was out of ideas. “You’re a teenager, Danny. You’d put that thing in me every day, all day, if I let you.”

“I mean it, Mom.” Daniel held her shoulders and lifted her a little so he could look into her eyes. “I don’t want to stop.”

“How can I say no to that earnest face?” Julie slowly nodded. “But, if we do this, you need to leave Penelope alone. And we have to be more careful.” Julie looked over her shoulder at the open door. “Promise?”

“I promise.” Daniel offered her a wide, goofy smile and she smiled back.

“Now, let’s get cleaned up.” Julie pulled off him and his penis flopped out of her vagina. She looked down between her hanging breasts at her poor slit. It gapped open and oozed sperm. “Gosh, Danny. We have a lot to clean up.”

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A loud thump woke Daniel. He opened his eyes and blinked at the dark bedroom. His window hung open and his curtains gently wafted in the crescent moon’s light. Another crash sounded somewhere in the house and Daniel tensed. He looked over to his bedroom door and could see it was open about six inches. He thought he’d closed it. He always closed it.

“You’ve done it now, Tommy.” Frederick’s voice carried down the hall. “You had to plant your seed, didn’t you?” The mysterious clock started to chime the hour, and then it was silenced with a mighty crash.

Daniel trembled. He closed his eyes.

“Where is the philandering mare? Where is my wife that spreads her legs for any passing steed?” Another series of loud bangs filled the house with discordant ringing as Frederick finished off the clock. “Come out, Ellie.”

A cold hand brushed Daniel's cheek and he opened his eyes. Eloise looked like an angel, her pale, freckled skin radiant in the moonlight. She wore a nightgown that hung open just enough for some cleavage to peek out. "We must be going, Daniel. He can sense what you did to your mother."

"What did I do?" Daniel whispered.

"Bred her, of course." Eloise offered a frightened, half-smile. "Come now." She took his hand and pulled him from bed.

Daniel followed the ghost, her frigid hand pressed firmly into his. He shivered, naked expect for his tight boxers.

"Remove that hateful ward so that we might escape." Eloise led him to the fireplace and pointed down to the salt symbol on the floor by the hearth.

"Sure." Daniel moved his bare foot toward the symbol to sweep it away, but his foot stopped just short of the salt. He tried the other foot, but still found he couldn't touch the thing. "I can't."

"That is not encouraging." Eloise cocked her head and stared down. The magic thing looked back up at her while it glowed its sickly, vengeful green. "It seems you have too much of the house in you already, dearie." She gave his hand a firm squeeze. "I didn't want to do this, but climb out that window. There is a ledge just outside. A perfect perch for a thin lad like you. He won't find you there."

Daniel looked at his open bedroom window.

"Go on, now." Eloise pulled him toward the window, but Daniel didn't move. "We haven't much time."

"I'm afraid of heights."

"Listen to me, Danny. You have so much ahead of you. But not if my dear husband gets his hands on you." She let go of his hand and lowered her nightgown, exposing her milky-white, left boob. "Come, now calm yourself." She firmly grasped Daniel's head by the back of his hair and brought his lips to her nipple.

He eagerly gulped down the cold, sweet liquid. His fear temporarily pushed aside.

"Ssshhhhhhhh." Eloise softly stroked his hair. "There, there, child." She gently pulled him off her breast and looked into his eyes. "Are you ready to climb the ledge now?"

"Sorry, no." Daniel shook his head.

Eloise sighed in exasperation. "In that case, it's into the devil's maw." She grabbed his hand again tightly and pulled him through the bedroom door and into the dark hall. A clattering crash echoed up the grand stairs from the main floor. Eloise crept toward the stairs. "I will get you to your mother. You'll be safe there," she whispered over her shoulder.

Loud stomping now filled the mansion, growing louder with each percussion. "And now the treachery is found." Frederick's deep voice reverberated as he climbed the stairs. "Not so much a boy as a viper in our midst. Stand aside, Ellie."

“We are found.” Eloise froze near the top of the western stairway. She turned to Daniel and grabbed his shoulders. The faintest hint of panic filled her green eyes. “Run to the west tower and lock the door behind you. Place this at the foot of the door.” Eloise’s face contorted with great effort as she produced one of the Samatar sachets and dropped it in Daniel’s hand.

“What are you going to do?” The sachet felt so heavy in Daniel’s hand, like it was filled with lead. A great fatigue spread through him. The sound of footfalls neared. Daniel could now see a tall, broad shadow climbing the east stairway with resolute purpose.

“I will delay poor Frederick.” Eloise gave Daniel a sad smile and turned toward her husband. “Run,” she whispered.

Daniel turned and fled down the hall. Behind him he could hear harsh words.

“If it was always murder in your heart, you might have simply run me through with a steel.” Frederick’s voice lowered. “We’d all be better off. Out of the way.”

“If you want him, the path lies through me.” Eloise sounded resigned.

“Very well,” Frederick’s voice was now almost a snake’s hiss.

Daniel hopped up the stairs to the tower, opened his sister’s door, and closed it behind him. When he dropped the sachet like instructed, he felt his energy return to him. He could no longer hear what they were saying, but soon the muffled sounds of violence filtered through the door.

“Danny?” Brittney sat up in bed, rubbing her eyes. “What are you doing?”

“Britt?” Daniel walked toward the bed on trembling legs. “Do you hear that?”

“No.” Brittney cocked her blonde hair to the side and listened. “No, I don’t hear anything.”

“Really?” Daniel could still hear the scuffle from the second floor. He took a deep breath. It was reassuring that his sister couldn’t hear it. It made Frederick seem much farther away. “Look, I had a nightmare, can I sleep with you tonight?”

“Like when we were kids?” Brittney smiled groggily and lifted her blanket. She was wearing warm pajamas under the covers. “Sure, Danny.” She patted the sheet next to her. She watched her skinny brother climb into bed with her. She turned away from him and lay down on her side.

“Thanks.” Daniel snuggled up to her back and put his arm over her side, careful not to touch her breasts. This was more than comforting. The sounds from below died away. They lay, spooning in the quiet for a while.

“Danny?” Brittney’s voice was a sleepy whisper.

“Yeah?”

“You’re poking me with your thing.” The way she said it was very matter of fact. They were twins, and there wasn’t any reason for pretense between them.

“Sorry.” Daniel turned to his other side. He felt bad that he was hard in his sister’s bed, but as the terror faded away, and her warmth and smell surrounded him, he couldn’t help himself.

“It’s okay. It was just a little uncomfortable.” She flipped over to spoon him and draped her arm over his side. “The nightmare will be gone in the morning. Goodnight.”

“Goodnight.” Daniel already felt the nightmare receding in his sister’s embrace.

Soon, they were both softly snoring.

~~

The faint glow of morning infused the circular tower room as Brittney woke. She stretched and crawled out of bed. Autumn had settled in outside and the room gave her a chill. She was happy for her pajamas. She walked to the door on her way to bathroom. Before opening the door, she bent down and picked up the little cheesecloth bag on the floor. It had the same herb smell as the one her mother had given her. Brittney shrugged, Julie must have given one to Daniel too and he dropped it while running from his nightmare. Their mother was really taking the haunting thing seriously.

Brittney opened the door and tossed the little sachet on a nearby shelf. She padded down the stairs in her bare feet. The soft ticking of a clock followed her down the hall. Everything was clean, quiet, and muted in the dawn. Just as it should be.

~~

The pickup truck pulled out of their short driveway. Penelope stood out on her front step, waving to her husband as he sped off to work. She turned and entered her house, closing the front door behind her. Normally, this was the point in the morning when she’d get some coffee and read the news. Instead, she bolted for the bedroom.

Within a minute, she was naked on her bed, with her hand working her pussy furiously. Images of young cocks danced before her eyes. She thought of Thomas and his cruel good looks. Her memories of her time in the locked room were shrouded in fog. But she did recall the moment he’d jammed his penis in her reluctant pussy. It had only taken about thirty seconds of his pistoning for her to realize what she’d missed out on when she’d married Brad. She’d wound up eagerly taking Thomas in positions she’d never before dreamed of. It was so good that she’d begged him for more.

Thomas was a revelation. But Daniel’s bigger cock was the image that played a refrain in her mind as she worked herself to a morning orgasm. Such a contrast to Brad and Thomas, Daniel was sweet and clearly afflicted with a puppy-dog crush on his brother’s wife. And his cock hit all the right places so very deep inside her. Penelope squealed out an orgasm as she thought of riding him. She needed to do it again.

Naked and sweaty, Penelope leaned over and grabbed her phone from her bedside table. She dialed Daniel’s number. It was still early so he probably hadn’t left for school yet. As the phone rang, her heart thumped in her chest. It went to voicemail. “Um … Danny … hello, it’s Pen. I … um … we … we have to talk. Call me back.” She hung up and dropped the phone on the bed next to her. Her hand snaked back

down past her blonde bush. Her fingers slipped inside her and she worked herself toward another orgasm.

Chapter 10

The bus was most of the way to school when Daniel noticed the missed call and voicemail. He listened to Penelope's message. When the bus let the students off at high school, Daniel hung back and then bolted through some trees and caught one of the side streets that ran behind the school. His brother's place was only about a ten-minute walk. He could skip first period. Maybe even second if he had to. He texted Penelope to let her know he'd be there soon. Penelope texted Daniel back that she couldn't wait to see him, with a heart emoji.

Brad's house was on a quiet cul-de-sac, lined with small, boxy homes. Daniel huffed and puffed as he walked up the front drive. He rang the doorbell and waited only about five seconds before the door swung open. Penelope stood in a tight tank top and yoga pants. Her curves bulged under her clothes. Daniel tried to keep his eyes up on her pretty, blue eyes.

"Hello, Daniel. You skipping school?" Penelope stuck her head out and looked around the neighborhood. Satisfied that no one watched them, she waved Daniel inside and closed the door behind them.

"Um … yeah." Daniel looked around the small house. He could see most of the first floor from his spot by the door. Brad's place seemed so tiny compared to what Daniel was used to at Palmer Mansion.

"That's so very unlike you, Danny." Penelope's face brightened in a shy smile. "Brad and I always used to skip to go … well, you know … hang out." She reached up with her left hand and twisted a strand of her blonde hair. Her wedding ring twinkled at Daniel. "When I called, I didn't think you'd come right over. Not that I'm not happy. I mean … it's fine. I mean … want some coffee?" Penelope frowned and shook her head. "No, you don't drink coffee. Of course. Um …" She'd never in her life been nervous around Daniel before. Having her shy, eighteen-year-old brother-in-law over felt like hosting some Hollywood celebrity.

"Maybe some water?" Daniel awkwardly stuffed his hands in his pants pockets. He followed her into the kitchen, allowing his eyes to take in her wide, rolling butt under the stretched spandex. Daniel was used to feeling timid around Penelope. He'd had a crush on her forever, and she'd always gazed right past him. He realized that this was the first time he'd looked forward to visiting his brother's house. It was such a familiar place, but so different in that moment. "You look really great, Pen."

"You think so?" She looked over her shoulder at him from the sink with one eyebrow arched hopefully. "Thanks." She filled a glass up at the faucet and turned toward Daniel.

"Before you say anything, I guess I have to tell you that I can't … um … do any more stuff with you. Like we did in the library." Daniel took the glass from her and took a step back. He held it but didn't drink.

"Really?" Penelope's face fell. She looked like a kid that'd just seen her ice cream cone drop to the floor. She dropped her eyes to the tile near her bare feet. "Did you get back together with your girlfriend?"

"What?" Daniel cocked his head in confusion.

"You know. The last time we … did stuff. I was helping you get over your breakup." A sad smile passed over her face. "I've been through a few breakups myself. I know that you often get right back together. You know Brad and I broke up for a while when we were dating."

“Yeah.” Daniel nodded. “I got back together with my girlfriend.” It felt odd referring to his mom as his girlfriend, even if it was obliquely. But the more he rolled the idea over in his mind, the more he liked it.

“Well good.” Penelope tried to be mature about this as she ignored the longing between her legs. “I mean … that’s good … I’m happy for you. And I love Brad. What we did was … wrong.” She looked back up into Daniel’s young, handsome face.

“Yeah. I’m pretty sure the bible says not to do that for a bunch of different reasons.” Daniel didn’t want to tell her they’d been spotted by his mom. He didn’t want to explain that his mom was going to have more sex with him as long as he didn’t screw it up again.

“Okay. Well then … I guess we know where we stand.” Penelope nodded slowly and stepped toward Daniel to show him out, frown lines furrowing her face. “You better get back to school.” She reached out and patted his blond hair, the most platonic gesture she could think of.

Daniel thought about Eloise and how she’d faced down Frederick for him. He hadn’t seen her since. He didn’t even know if she was okay. He remembered the fear in Eloise’s eyes as he’d run away. The apparition hadn’t risked herself so Daniel could lead a boring goody-two-shoes life. Daniel was doing what his mom wanted but letting Eloise down. You couldn’t please everyone all the time.

“Come on, you better get on your –” Penelope’s eyes bulged as Daniel pressed his lips to hers. Her eyelids fluttered closed and she moaned. She felt his hands press into the small of her back and pull her up against him. Her large curves pressed against the slender teenager. She felt a bit oafish with their mismatched sizes, but that thought quickly floated away. Her arms moved around his shoulders.

They made out in the kitchen for a while.

Daniel broke the kiss and unbuttoned his pants. “I’m sorry, Pen, but I’ve always loved you.” He dropped his pants and lowered his micro-boxers. “I know I shouldn’t do this, but I can’t help it. Brad’s such an idiot, I can’t believe he married someone as perfect as you.”

“Oh, God, Danny.” Penelope’s eyes stared at the long, thick cock that cantilevered out from Daniel’s narrow frame. “I … can’t help it either.” She pulled him into another embrace and bent her neck down to plant small lingering kisses. His dick burrowed itself between her thighs. She could feel the heat of it through her yoga pants. She nibbled on his ear and thrilled when a little moan escaped his lips. “Just do me a favor and don’t say mean things about Brad anymore.” She swirled her tongue in his ear and listened to him whimper. “We probably shouldn’t mention him at all. Not while we’re … alone together.”

“Okay.” Daniel nodded and his hands took a tight grip on her ass. His hips started moving, rubbing his dick between her legs.

“And …” She looked down on him and gave him a quick kiss on the nose. “This isn’t love. You have a crush. And I …” She kissed him quickly on the lips. “When this is all over, I’m going back to your brother. I’ll always be with your brother. Understand?”

“I guess.” Daniel tried not to let his disappointment show.

“Don’t be sad.” Penelope sunk down to her knees. “Let’s turn that frown upside down.” She opened her mouth wide and swallowed his cockhead. This boy had such unbridled power between his legs. It was a

thrill to please it. To please him. She bounced her head back and forth and reached for his balls. They were full and ready. She couldn't believe she'd taken all that cum inside her the first time they had sex. Daniel had left so much in her that she'd leaked well into the morning. Was she really ready to let him dump another load in her pussy? Goodness, she'd probably be leaking when Brad got home from work.

"That feels … really good … Pen." Daniel watched his brother's beautiful wife bury more and more of his dick down her throat. She was a natural. Soon it was almost all the way in. Her eyes watered as she looked up at him. She might say it wasn't love. But if it wasn't, there was something very near to love in her eyes as she looked up at him and slurped on his dick.

It took ten minutes of impossibly long strokes with her mouth before Daniel's balls began rhythmically pulsing under Penelope's fingers. "Mmmmmpppphhhhh." She wanted to cheer him on. To tell him to let it all out. But her speech was somewhat compromised.

"I want to …" Daniel took a fistful of her blonde hair and pulled her off his dick. He looked down on her pouty lips as she gasped for air. "… cover you."

"Really?" Penelope let Brad cum on her sometimes. But she suspected this would be very different. She continued to caress his churning balls while Daniel stroked his cock inches from her face. "Do it," she whispered and closed her eyes.

"Oh … Pen … aaaaahhhhhhhhhh." Daniel exploded and watched as shot after shot of cum landed on Penelope's perfect face.

"Ewwww … Danny … there's so much." The hot liquid splashed over her. When she opened her mouth to talk, she could taste the salty stuff. It had a dark, pungent flavor. So different from any other man she'd been with. She stuck out her tongue and tried to catch as much as she could in her mouth. She surprised herself by swallowing it. When he finished, she released his balls and wiped the cum from her eyes.

"You look … amazing, Pen." Daniel looked down at her as she squinted her eyes open. He'd wanted to cover her and he certainly had.

"I'm sure I look disgusting." She wiped her hands on her yoga pants and stood up. "I thought we were going to have sex again, but this is probably better." She turned and walked to the sink. "I better get cleaned up."

"You're so beautiful." Daniel took in her hourglass figure from behind. He kicked away his pants and underwear and stepped up behind her.

"What are you –?" Penelope grasped the counter as Daniel pulled down her pants and panties to her thighs. "I know teenagers can go and go, but –" She bit her lip as the bulbous head pushed up against her slit. She expected him to struggle finding her hole, but he knew what he was doing. He had a girlfriend, Penelope reminded herself. "Ooooooohhhhhhhhh." She marveled that she could accommodate his size and worried that Brad might notice if his brother wrecked her pussy. She braced herself against the counter and absorbed his thrusts from behind.

"Your … butt … is … perfect." Daniel punctuated each word with a thrust deep inside her. He watched her backside wobble and shake. He tightened his grip on her hips and slammed harder.

“Thank … you … Danny.” Penelope blinked her eyes as cum dripped down past her eyebrows. She could see out the window above the sink. One of the neighborhood wives walked her dog down the street. Penelope prayed the dog-walker wouldn’t look into the Anderson house and see Penelope, covered in cum, getting ravaged by a teenager. The dog-walker moved on down the street without noticing. “We can’t do this … uh … uh … here.”

“Where?” Daniel didn’t stop his wild pace. The sound of slapping skin on skin filled his ears.

“Anywhere … but … oooohhhhhh … no windows.” The thought of getting caught by the neighbors sent surges of panic and added adrenaline. The world had suddenly gone very crazy.

“Okay.” Daniel pulled out and led her by the hand to the hallway. He found her quite pliable and put her on her hands and knees. She still had her tank top on and her yoga pants a third of the way down her legs. “I never want to stop.” He dropped to his knees and slid back into her pussy. His hips quickly accelerated back to full speed.

“Me … either,” Penelope squealed. Her first orgasm swept over her and she gritted her teeth. She looked down at the hardwood floor and watched Daniel’s cum drip off her and splatter below. What a mess. And she wanted it messier still.

A little while later, Daniel grunted out his second orgasm, coating her insides.

Penelope shrieked when she felt the hot stuff fill her up. As her orgasm passed, Daniel pulled out of her and fell on his back just inside the carpeted living room. She crawled next to him, rolled onto her back, and looked over to see his cock finally deflating. Even soft, it was still so jarringly large resting on his trim belly. “Well, now that you’re back with your girlfriend, we’re both in trouble.” She draped her arm over her eyes, she didn’t want Daniel to look at her sweaty, cum-covered mess of a face.

“What do you mean?” Despite Penelope’s words, Daniel couldn’t stop smiling. Mating his sister-in-law was pure rapture.

“You cheated on your girlfriend, and I cheated on my husband. I won’t tell if you don’t tell.” She smiled behind her arm at the ridiculousness of what they’d done. Penelope could feel the cum leak out of her used pussy onto the carpet, but she didn’t care. She’d get a steam cleaner or something before Brad got home. That was still many hours away.

“I should probably get back to school.” Daniel sat up and looked around the room for his clothes. His eyes rested on the leather recliner and he gawked at it. His brother sat in that very seat all the time, drinking his beer and watching his football. Just a few feet away.

“That sounds more like the Danny I know.” Penelope sat up and grabbed her rumpled tank top. She wiped her face with it, but knew she was still a complete mess. Her large boobs pressed against her thighs as she watched Daniel stand and get dressed. “School is so important,” she said in a lightly mocking voice. “I’m Danny the nerd and I’d rather do math than spend time with a woman.”

“You sound like Brad.” Daniel pulled his shirt over his head and looked down at her with a frown. He sat down on the edge of the recliner and pulled on his socks.

“Oh, I’m sorry.” Penelope pulled her knees further up to her chest, warding off the uncomfortable moment. “I was just teasing. I didn’t mean to –”

“It’s fine.” Daniel dropped his eyes. “Don’t worry about it. I gotta go.” He walked to the front door, put on his shoes and left his brother’s house. With any luck, he’d get to school in time for lunch.

“Bye, Danny,” Penelope called to the slamming door. She stood and slowly moved toward the stairs. She was very sore. The young man had ridden her hard. “Way to kill the mood, Pen,” she said to herself. Daniel was always such a sensitive boy. She’d have to be more careful in the future.

~~

After the twins returned home from school, Julie left George to the plumbing and went to help Daniel in his bathroom upstairs.

“Oh … Mom … it’s coming out.” Daniel gazed into her warm, brown eyes as she swallowed his cum. Julie hadn’t yet figured out how to take him deep in her throat like Penelope had, but the way her lips stretched around his dickhead was a total delight for Daniel.

“Mmmmpppppphhh.” Julie greedily gulped down Daniel’s salty mess.

After Daniel finished, Julie sent him to go do homework, cleaned his stuff off her chin, and rejoined her husband in the west main floor bathroom. Was this going to be an afterschool routine? Julie suspected that it might be.

“How was their day?” George didn’t look up at his lovely wife as he stared at the leaky shutoff valve under the sink. He figured his wife had left him to check in on the twins.

“Oh, you know how high school is.” Julie cleared her throat with a delicate cough. “Some days can be frustrating.”

“You’re talking about Danny?” George shook his head. He’d have to switch the main water shutoff again if he couldn’t get this thing to stop dripping. “Hand me that wrench, please.” He held his hand behind him.

Julie handed George the wrench and leaned her wide hip against the wall. “Yes, I was talking about Danny.”

George grimaced as he tightened the valve. “I worry about that boy sometimes. I used to think he needed sports or a girlfriend, but now that we’ve all seen what he’s got down there … Well, he can’t exactly run up and down a soccer field with that thing bouncing back and forth.”

Julie pictured her little man running naked down a soccer field with his monstrous package swaying from side to side. She smiled at the thought. “No,” Julie agreed.

“And what girl would want to be with something that large?” George shook his head and released the pressure on the wrench. The leak stopped. He’d done it. “I worry about him with girls, Jules.”

“Oh, I wouldn’t worry about that. I’m sure some girls would be interested.” Julie blushed. She could still taste her son’s salty effluence on her tongue. “Psalm 52:8. I am like a green olive tree in the house of God; I trust in the lovingkindness of God forever and ever.”

“Point made, Jules. I trust His plan.” George turned to look up at his wife. She looked so radiant and beautiful. Truly full of life. He smiled. “You always seem to –” A whining hiss came from the valve and then a spray of water. “Shit. Shit, shit, shit.” George stood, pushed past Julie and raced down the hall toward the main shutoff in the basement.

Julie sighed and went to get some towels. They were going through a lot of towels lately.

~~

That afternoon was when Daniel finally started to panic about Eloise. He searched the entire house and found nothing out of the ordinary. He listened for that telltale ticking clock, but it was gone. He’d hoped Eloise would return when he’d had sex with Penelope that morning, but she hadn’t. Then, his mom blew him after school, and he thought Eloise would definitely show up to encourage or congratulate him. But nothing.

Could Eloise be hurt? Did she need his help? Starting in the basement, Daniel searched every inch of the house. Except, of course, for the locked room and the hidden stairway. He couldn’t get into either of those places. He finished his search in the empty west tower room. Nothing.

“Mrs. Palmer?” Daniel walked up to one of the slightly curved windows and watched the reds and purples of the setting sun over the prairie. “Eloise?” There was no reply.

~~

At dinner, George and Britt talked politics while Julie sipped her red wine and Daniel glumly pushed around broccoli on his plate. He felt a tap on his ankle and looked up. His mom had just kicked him lightly with her bare foot to get his attention.

“You okay, Danny?” Julie raised an eyebrow. “Is everything …?” She subtly nodded toward his crotch under the table. George and Britt continued their conversation, oblivious to the other half of the family. “Is everything good with you? Physically, I mean?” She could feel her cheeks grow hot, but it was a mother’s duty to look after the welfare of her son.

“No, I’m okay with that right now.” Daniel quickly glanced at his bloviating father and then back to his mom with that shy smile on her face. “I’m just …” He sighed. “Never mind. Can I be excused? I have a bunch of homework.”

“Sure thing, pumpkin.” Julie frowned and watched Daniel take his plate into the kitchen.

“Bye, Mom.” Daniel walked back through the kitchen and out to the hall. His dad and sister continued their conversation, ignoring him.

“Bye, sweetie.” Julie’s eyes followed his skinny butt as it disappeared out the door. Teenagers were so moody. One moment, he’s smiling down at her as she gulped his semen. The next, he’s barely making eye contact and disappearing to his room. She shook her head. Things were complicated. She’d give him some space and then check in with him tomorrow. That set Julie’s mind in motion. Tomorrow the Samatars were coming over for their one-week follow-up. What did she need to do to prepare? Julie started a mental list.

~~

On the bus ride to school the next day, Daniel listened to another voicemail Penelope had left him. It was clear from the timing, that she was waiting for Brad to go to work before risking the call.

“Hello, Danny. I’m … sorry about how yesterday ended.” Her voice was thin and reedy on the recording. “I didn’t mean to … the last thing I’d do … well, I’m just really sorry. Okay? I haven’t always been there for you. But … I’d really like to see you. If you feel like cutting school again, I’m at home. Okay, bye.”

Daniel sighed. He wasn’t that angry at her for teasing him. But he wasn’t feeling great about it either. The real feeling eating at him was his worry for Eloise. He felt sick with dread that something terrible had happened to her. He texted Penelope back. *Busy with school today. I’ll check in later.* He added an emoji of a dog skateboarding for good measure.

~~

“There is a darkening in this house. Do you feel it?” Maxamed eyed his wife as they set up their communication circle in the empty west tower. She wore her normal hijab and flowing dress, but something about her outfit irked Maxamed. Maybe it was the immodesty of her wrists. He could see an awful lot of brown skin just below the sleeves. He frowned and continued to pour his salt lines on the old hardwood.

“I feel it.” Khadra nodded with solemnity at her husband. “We dealt the demons a blow last week. This week I think we will wipe them from this Earth.”

“Yes, indeed.” Maxamed finished his lines and sat cross legged in the circle, careful not to stretch his suit trousers. He tossed his black tie over his shoulder. He thought of the inhabitants of this house. The children away at school. The husband and wife blissfully minding their own business fixing the bathroom downstairs. And all the others that dwelled in this space. He looked at the flat black dreamstone they’d placed at the center of the circle and thought he could see a faint vision. It was a solar system of spirits. A fertile feminine planet, with so many moons. A large, frigid outer planet, quite masculine and on an erratic elliptical path. And other small celestial bodies, quickly gliding around a large dark, pulsing star.

Maxamed often got his visions in this way, a translation of what is and was. He tried to use the demons from his vision to locate the demons in this house. “Sit with me, woman.”

“Yes.” Khadra moved inside the salt circle and sat cross-legged opposite the dreamstone from her husband. She watched the matte, black stone, ready for whatever vision Allah would bestow. The next thing she knew, her husband and the room were gone and she stood in the library doorway downstairs. Khadra had never had a vision this strong before. She sucked in her breath and blinked. Trying to bring herself back to the room with her husband, but she could not.

The walls were hung with strange portraits she’d not seen before. The lighting flickered and she looked at a sconce on the wall. She recognized the whale oil lamp from her books on history. A loud slapping sound startled Khadra and she slunk further into the shadows of the doorway. She peeked down the hall to see a large man shaking a redheaded woman by the shoulders.

“You’re nothing but a bitch in heat.” The man let go of her shoulders and backhanded her across her pretty, freckled face.

The woman fell to her knees. “It wasn’t me, Frederick. It was the house.” She looked up at him, wilting on the floor. Tears ran down her white cheeks and caught the lamplight. “This house wants something from us.”

“Where’s the boy?” Frederick loomed over her, with dark, black eyes and a drooping black mustache.

“Please, he’s only nineteen.” The woman’s hands went to her belly and Khadra noticed for the first time that under her long, flowing dress, she carried a pregnant belly.

Frederick reached down and slapped her again. She cried out and fell sideways, now lying prone on the floor.

“You’re a smart woman, Mrs. Samatar.” A voice just over Khadra’s shoulder nearly gave her a heart attack.

“Who’s there?” Khadra turned to look back into the dark library. Standing just a few feet behind her in the shadows of the unlit room was the same woman that was lying out in the front hall. Except, this version of the woman was not pregnant. She looked deathly pale, and she had cuts and bruises wherever her long-dress left her skin exposed.

“I am Mrs. Eloise Palmer.” Eloise gave the dark-skinned woman a little curtsy. “And as I said, you are smart. What do you witness out in my hall?”

Khadra looked back out the doorway and saw the man grab a fist full of the other Eloise’s collar and hoist her up in the air.

“The boy?” Frederick hissed.

“Never,” the hallway Eloise said.

Khadra turned back to the library Eloise with wide eyes. “The birth of demons,” she whispered.

“Poetic.” Eloise’s smile would have been pretty but for the oozing blood and missing teeth. “And not far off. Frederick is a monster of the first order. I tried to stop him, but I could not. I only delayed him. And

now I am weakened, Mrs. Samatar. Most feeble." Eloise let out a raspy cough. It sounded like she had fluid in her lungs.

"I will not help you, demon." Khadra knew of demonic tricks. She looked back into the hall where Frederick choked hallway Eloise with both hands, her feet dangling above the floor. Hallway Eloise sputtered two words. "The … baby …"

"What do I care for another's vile babe?" Frederick lowered his right hand and unbuckled his belt. "You behave the trollop. I'll treat you as a trollop." He lowered his trousers.

"Sickening." Khadra turned away from the scene in the hall and stepped into the room, closer to the library Eloise. "You planted that hellish phallus in my home."

"Your husband brought it into your home." Eloise shook her head slowly. She reached her hands to her belly, but there was no pregnancy there to protect. "And I don't control such things."

"I will not help you." Khadra closed her eyes and willed herself back to her husband.

"I ask not for myself. I ask for the boy." Eloise sighed in exasperation. "I am stuck here and cannot help him."

"I will not help your demon child." Khadra's words bit into Eloise.

"Not that boy." Eloise's voice began to fade. "The Anderson boy. Daniel. Go to him and see that he is safe. Do whatever you must to comfort him."

"What?" But it was too late. First a surge of heat flashed quickly through her slim body, then a wave of nausea swept over Khadra and she was back in the tower room with her husband. She pitched sideways and lost consciousness.

"Khadra?" Maxamed rose quickly. His wife had fainted. A wind blew through the circular room and spread the salt all about the floor. Maxamed could feel a great evil receding. Whatever his wife had done, it had worked. "Khadra?" He felt her pulse and it was strong, thank Allah. He lifted her up and carried her downstairs.

Behind him the matte stone shook and cracked. Pulsing red fissures spread along the black mineral in meandering paths. The glowing red embedded in the rock looked almost like living veins.

~~

"Where am I?" Khadra opened her eyes to find herself in a strange bedroom, lying on top of the covers on an unknown bed. She smiled when her eyes focused and found the concerned face of her husband. George and Julie Anderson also looked on by the foot of the bed.

"You're in our guest bedroom." Julie's half-smile was weak and worry etched itself in lines on her face.

"What …" Khadra tried to sit up but her head fell back on the pillow, pushing her hijab down on her forehead. She reached up to adjust it with trembling hands. "… happened?"

“I am not sure.” Maxamed watched his wife very closely. “You seem to have expended a great energy to rid this house of the demons that plagued it. I’ve never seen such a thing before. You even broke our dreamstone. I’ve tested the house thoroughly with every instrument we possess. This house is now clean.” A faint, proud smile passed across his dark lips. “Can you walk? It is time to fetch the children from your mother’s.”

“I don’t think so.” Khadra tried to lift herself again, but she found that a deep fatigue had settled in her bones. “Perhaps you pick up the children and I’ll rest here for a little while?”

“Yes.” Julie nodded and looked for confirmation at her frowning husband. “We would be happy to have you stay. Wouldn’t we George?”

George grumbled. He was ready to be done with this circus. But he nodded his assent.

“I’ll bring you some soup and you can rest until you regain your strength.” Julie nodded again, happy to have something to offer these helpful people. “You can even stay the night, if it suits you.”

“We could not impose.” Maxamed eyed the woman and her hospitality with suspicion. “But if you would care to make a donation, that would be very much appreciated. We performed a difficult task here.” He actually had no idea how his wife had done what she’d done, but it did indeed seem difficult.

“We’re a little short on funds.” Julie shrugged and gave Maxamed an apologetic smile.

George sighed. “I’ll tell you what we can do. If you need any repairs on your house, I’ll come by and do some work. Free of charge.”

“That is most kind.” Maxamed nodded his accord. “We do have such needs.”

A faint snore came from the bed. Maxamed, George, and Julie all looked back at Khadra. She’d drifted off to sleep.

“I will fetch my children now.” Maxamed looked around the guest bedroom, and then pressed his lips together. “I will call in two hours’ time. If my wife still sleeps, I will take you up on your hospitality. There are no more demons in this house. She may rest at ease.”

“Of course.” Julie nodded. “We’ll take good care of her.”

“Thank you.” Maxamed turned for the door. He had to collect his equipment, drive over to his mother-in-law’s house, take his children home, feed them, bathe them, and put them to bed. It was not father’s work, but he could make do for one night. His wife deserved a good rest after what she’d accomplished.

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Daniel marched up Palmer Mansion’s front walk. He passed weeds and decomposing pavers. His twin, Brittney, walked quickly ahead of him. She wanted to call her boyfriend or something. Behind him the sounds of the school bus driving away faded. Daniel suddenly felt queasy as the ground shifted under

him. He blinked his eyes and was no longer in the same place. He stopped and tightened his grip on his backpack straps, looking around in the gloom.

A chill ran down Daniel's spine. How had it gotten dark so quickly? He looked around to see that his initial take was wrong. Actually, he was in the same place. He stood on the front walk, but it was nighttime. The mansion belched out orange, glowing lights from its windows. Around him, instead of weeds, he could see flowers bobbing in the breeze.

"Out of the way, boy." A harsh man's voice split the silence behind Daniel. "The Lady's had an accident." The man shoved Daniel to the side.

"Who?" Daniel tripped and fell into the flowers. Now seated on his butt, Daniel watched the procession of several men hurrying up the walk. Down on the driveway, a horse whinnied, and Daniel noticed a black carriage waiting.

"Come with me, Daniel." A soft woman's voice carried on the evening air.

Eloise appeared before him, but she looked different. She wasn't pregnant, and she was cut, bruised, and bleeding. Daniel's palms went clammy at the sight of her. She walked up to him in her bustled dress and offered a bloodied, white hand to help him up.

"Mrs. Palmer? What happened to you?" Daniel took her hand and was surprised to feel warmth as she squeezed his fingers and pulled him up.

"Nothing I wouldn't do again. A mother's duty, above all else, is to protect her loved ones from harm." Eloise brushed Daniel off. "There now. Let us walk. You do not want to see what those men bring forth in a few minutes." She took his hand again and pulled him down a path that led around the house.

"Where are we?" Daniel looked up at the Victorian detailing on the house above him. So intricate and brightly painted. It looked nothing like the faded façade he was used to.

"We're in the past, dearie." She led him toward a small, neatly trimmed rose bush. "I am not well, and this is the only place I may appear to you now."

"What do you need me to do?" Daniel stopped with Eloise at the rose bush and watched her delicately touch a red rose with her bloodied left hand. She wore no wedding ring.

"These roses were always my favorites." She leaned forward and inhaled deeply. "Magical, don't you think?"

"Mrs. Palmer." Daniel gave a cursory sniff. They did smell good. "I need you back with me in the present. How can I help you?"

"You're such a good boy, aren't you?" She turned and regarded him with bloodshot eyes. "There is a woman sleeping in your guest bedroom. When she wakes, introduce her to your bludgeon. There would be much power for the house in her sacrifice." Eloise shook her head, the orange glow from the house's windows shining in her green eyes. "Frederick once again has rendered me low, but I have risen before. Do this for me and I will rise again."

"What, exactly, do you want me to do?" Daniel was afraid she'd just asked him to seduce a strange woman in their house.

“Entice her down the prurient path.” Eloise became almost transparent. She leaned in and took another long smell of her favorite flower. “Do this for me or this may be our parting.” She then faded into nothingness.

“Mrs. Palmer? Eloise?” Daniel spun around looking for any sign of her and found himself back in broad daylight. The rose bush was again overgrown and the house, as he looked at it, a shadow of its former glory. He took a deep breath to calm himself and smelled the beguiling scent of the roses. He wondered who he’d find in the guest bedroom.

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“Danny, come here a second. We have to talk.” Julie caught Daniel as he came home from school.

“Sure, Mom.” Daniel had butterflies in his stomach thinking about what Eloise had asked him to do.

Julie led Daniel into the library and closed the door behind them. She then told him about all the events of the afternoon. It was hard to give him the news that Eloise Palmer would no longer visit him. “I know you liked Eloise, so I’m sorry I have to tell you all this. But it’s really for the best. Mrs. Palmer wasn’t a good influence.”

“Nah, Mom. She’s not gone for good.” Daniel nodded his head earnestly.

“You’re not hearing me, pumpkin. Mr. Samatar did tests with all his instruments. The house is now free.”

“Okay, Mom.” Daniel didn’t want to argue.

“So, you’re fine with saying goodbye to Eloise?”

“Sure.”

“Well, then. Do you need some help with your thing?” Julie blushed a little and looked down at the bulge in her son’s pants.

“Not right now, Mom. Thanks.” Daniel opened the door and looked back at Julie. “I’ve got a lot of homework, maybe later. Bye.”

“Really? I thought …” But Julie was talking to an empty doorway as Daniel fled. She shook her head. Teenagers were such mercurial beasts. Just yesterday, she’d thought Daniel would be constantly pestering her for sex. Now he seemed disinterested. Maybe he’d found another girl. Or maybe freeing the house of its spirits had returned the Andersons to normal. Julie reached up and hefted her large breasts. That didn’t seem right. She dropped her breasts and headed out of the library. She’d need to check in on Khadra soon.

~~

It was well past midnight when Daniel exited his bedroom. He'd waited for everyone to go to bed, and then given it a little extra time. Khadra was still asleep in the guest bedroom. She'd only waken once that afternoon, to sip at some soup Julie brought her.

The house slept along with its inhabitants. Silence filled the second-floor hall. Daniel crept past the unfurnished open living room on his left and the grand stairs to his right. He snuck past his parents' room and opened the door to the guest bedroom where Penelope and Brad had slept just a few nights ago. The thought of Penelope tugged at Daniel. He'd see her again soon, he assured himself. He slipped into the bedroom and closed and locked the door behind him. He flipped on the light.

There on the bed was Mrs. Khadra Samatar. She slept curled on her side on top of the covers, still wearing her hijab and full-cover dress. Daniel stepped up to the bed. How was this going to work? He stood there and prayed that Eloise would appear and help him, but of course she couldn't. He was doing this for her.

"Mrs. Samatar." Daniel touched her shoulder and shook her gently. He really hoped she wouldn't scream when she woke up. "Wake up, please."

"Maxamed?" Khadra blinked her eyes and stretched. She felt much better after all that sleep. Almost like charging up a battery. It took her a second to remember where she was. When she saw Daniel, she recoiled and moved to the other side of the bed. "What do you want, Daniel?" Her face softened. A sudden feeling of protectiveness for this young man flooded through her.

"Oh, good. You remember my name." Daniel smiled. "I … well … this is awkward." He looked into her almond shaped eyes. She was a beautiful woman.

"Where is your mother and father?" Khadra realized her feet were bare and showing. She tucked them up under her dress.

"They're asleep. It's late." The butterflies in Daniel's stomach flapped harder as he tried to think how this might go. "So, you got rid of the ghosts, right?"

"Yes." Khadra nodded, remembering. "Yes, the demons are gone."

"But I still have a problem."

"What is it?" Khadra knew that she needed to take care of Daniel Anderson. That was the only clear thought in her mind.

"Well." Daniel unbuttoned his pants. "The ghosts changed me down there and it hasn't gone back to normal." Technically true. "Can you help?" He did need her help with it. He wasn't really lying.

"Do not –" Khadra gasped and lost all focus when the boy's massive thing flopped out. It was even more shocking when she realized that was his size while soft. Had the demons really done this to him? "Let me see it better."

The teenager shimmied closer to the bed, his enormous member hanging with two overripe balls dangling behind it.

“It is clearly unnatural.” Khadra moved across the bed to get a closer look. Without thinking, her hands darted out and took hold of it. It was so warm and solid. She squeezed it softly and admired its pliancy. “I’m not sure what I can do for you.”

A phrase popped into Daniel’s mind. “You need to draw the poison out, Mrs. Samatar.”

“Yes.” Khadra watched her dark fingers move on the pale flesh. She stroked the penis slowly. “Draw the poison out.” The thing swelled in her hands. She watched in amazement as it got bigger, and bigger. Until it was even larger than that godless, black phallus she’d used on herself. “It’s incredible.”

“Could you take off your head scarf?” Daniel was loathe to have her remove her hands from his dick, but he wanted to see what she had hidden under that scarf.

“I remove the hijab only for my husband.” But even as she said those words, her right hand left the penis in front of her and pulled off her hijab. She shook out her wavy, black hair. She brought her hands back together on Daniel’s thing and pumped harder. “Draw out the poison,” she murmured.

“Wow. You’re beautiful.” Daniel stared down at her soft, feminine face as she worked him. He had no doubt that despite what the Samatars said, the house still had influence and power. And that Khadra was under its spell. “It’s a little dry. Can you put it in your mouth?”

“That is a thing I would only do for Maxamed. I would never –” But she was surprised to discover that what cut off her words was her lips locking around the head of that giant penis. She bobbed her head on it. Allah help her. She wanted desperately to protect this boy and please him any way she could. “Mmmmmpppppphhhhhhh.” She groaned around the penis.

“Sssshhhhhh.” Daniel wove his fingers gently into her wavy hair. “My mom and dad are sleeping across the hall.”

That thought sent a surge of panic through Khadra’s little body, but she didn’t stop. She kept pumping him with her hands and her mouth.

Many minutes later, it occurred to Khadra that this was the longest she’d ever spent pleasing a man. She hoped he would finish soon. But, at the same time, she thrilled to hear the soft grunts and moans her ministrations elicited.

“Mrs. Samatar … I’m going to … cum …” Daniel tried to be as quiet as possible as he unloaded in the small, dark woman’s mouth.

Hot, salty sperm filled Khadra’s mouth, bulging out her cheeks. And then she swallowed it down. And again and again. It was the tastiest, most fulfilling meal she’d ever had. In the past, she had thought Maxamed offered copious loads, but now that she’d experienced a flood, she realized her husband spurted only a trickle.

“Enough … enough …” After cumming, Daniel was a bit sensitive and Khadra kept sucking and sucking. Gently pulling on her hair, he removed himself from her mouth. “Thank you, Mrs. Samatar.”

“Call me … Khadra.” Her small breasts rose and fell under her dress as she tried to catch her breath. “Is the poison out?” She never took her eyes off the monstrous beast as she sat back on the bed, her weight resting on her butt.

“I’m sorry, no.” Daniel shook his head and gently pushed her onto her back. He could tell Eloise needed more. And, as he lifted Khadra’s dress to her waist and spread her legs, he needed more, too.

“Wait, wait, ooooohhhhhhhhhhh.” Khadra felt him pull her panties to the side and press that massive head against her opening. It slipped right in. Why was she so wet for someone other than her husband? She found herself willingly hunching her hips up against the teenager and placing her hands on his skinny butt. She pressed him into her and stifled a moan. “Slow, slow, slooowwwwwwww. I’ve never had anything this big.”

“Okay.” Daniel let his dick slip inch by inch into her tight pussy. She was so much smaller than Julie and Penelope. He realized he was taller than her and he might even outweigh her. She felt so different wiggling under him.

Soon, he bottomed out and then got into a good pace sawing in and out of her pussy with long, easy strokes. He looked down at her contorted face, with his cum on her chin, and quickened the pace a little. He had just enough experience now to know she was about to cum.

“Daniel … Daniel … oooohhhhhh. What is happening to meeeeeeeeee?” Khadra opened her legs further and her hips convulsed as he hit some deep spot inside her she hadn’t known about until that very moment. Who knew pleasing a man could be so wonderful for the woman?

“Ssshhhhhh.” Daniel put a hand over her mouth to quiet her as she moaned through her orgasm.

“I thought … I was … caring for you … but you treat me … like a queen.” Khadra’s words were muffled by Daniel’s fingers. She surrendered the last bit of resistance and let the humping teenager do with her as he willed.

“Sure … just keep it down … okay?” Daniel removed his hand from her mouth and put both hands under her and grabbed her tight ass for leverage.

“Ow, ow, ow.” Khadra pushed at his shoulders. “Too deep.”

“Sorry.” Daniel stopped his hips. “How’s this?” He started his motion up again, going very slow.

Khadra nodded up at him.

“And this?” He moved a little faster.

“It is good.”

“And … this?” Daniel now slammed into her with long, powerful strokes.

“I can … uh … uh … take it.” Khadra nodded up at her blue-eyed paramour. “You’re making me … have … another one.” She shuddered out another orgasm.

Khadra didn’t know how much time passed, but it was three or four of her mind-shattering orgasms later when she felt Daniel begin to tremble on top of her.

“Gonna cum … again.” Sweat dripped down Daniel’s face. His hips smashed into her hips over and over again. The mattress dipped under them with each thrust. The bed squeaked, making too much noise. But Daniel couldn’t stop himself.

“Not –” But Khadra never got to say *inside me*. She felt the eruption in her vagina and it carried her off on her most intense orgasm yet. When she arrived back in the here and now, they lay motionless in bed, Daniel breathing heavily on top of her.

“You’re amazing … Khadra.” Daniel smiled down at her.

Khadra stared in wonder up into his blue eyes. “You are … a force of nature.” Much to her disbelief, Daniel’s hips started moving again, his penis sliding inside her once more. “I did not … banish all the demons … did I?” Khadra looked up at him with wide eyes. She raised her feet high in the air to give him better access to her vagina.

“I hope not.” Daniel’s dick made unsettling sounds as Khadra’s pussy squelched with their cum.

“You can’t release inside again.” Khadra leaned her head back and tried not to moan. “I could get pregnant.”

“Sure thing.” Daniel humped away at the Somali wife.

Silently, from the other side of the room, Eloise watched the mating pair. Her white smile was full of motherly warmth. Her freckled face was whole and unbroken, but she wasn’t quite back to her old self. Not yet. She rubbed her tummy out of habit and found the flatness there discomfiting. She did her best to hide the sounds of sex from the rest of the house, tucking this room away for the time being. She watched the dark wife fall to her handsome boy and silently cheered him on when he dumped a second load inside her some time later.

The world was back on its axis. And with any luck, Eloise would be back to full strength soon. She faded away as Daniel rolled off Khadra.

“I cannot believe that happened. Give me your shirt.” Khadra’s vagina was still pulsing with pleasure.

“Okay.” Daniel took off his shirt and handed it to her.

“Thank you.” Khadra balled it up and placed it between her legs. His stuff was already leaking out of her. “You better return to your bedroom.”

“Yeah, good idea.” He hopped off the bed and pulled on his pants. “When can I see you again?”

“You cannot.” Khadra looked up at him from her position lying on the bed, holding the shirt between her legs. Her dress still bunched around her waist. Her black hair formed a halo around her head on the blanket. “I need to get cleaned. And then I will leave this house and never return.”

“Really?” Daniel looked around the room. He saw no sign that Eloise had returned. Had this been a failure?

“However I may feel toward you, this house cannot tempt me away from my husband. From my life. I will walk home in the dark this night and never return. I will –” The bed shook as Daniel jumped back on the bed next to her. She looked at him in surprise.

“I’m sorry, you just look so pretty.” He kissed her, gently nibbling on her bottom lip.

She tried to push him away, but soon she was eagerly sucking on his tongue. Not long after that, she was riding him with vacant eyes and slack jaw. It was almost dawn when they finally finished mating.

Daniel left her to return to his room, and Khadra did her best to clean up the mess. She was too tired to leave for home when she was done, so just as the sun came up, she set her head down on the pillow and drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 11

A clock ticked somewhere in the house as Daniel stumbled down the second-floor hallway in the early morning. He'd just exited the guest bedroom, leaving Khadra stuffed with his cum. Every time he thought life had hit peak crazy, it went up a notch.

Ahead in the gloom, he could see a white, shimmering figure near his bedroom door. Daniel's feet quickened and his heart skipped a beat. In the gray, pre-dawn light, he could see her red hair and he could almost make out her freckles. Daniel smiled. He'd done it. He'd saved Eloise.

"I did it, Mrs. Palmer." Daniel ran the rest of the way and flung himself into her arms. He was surprised to find nothing where he expected a solid woman, and he sprawled on the hardwood. He turned over and looked up.

"What a good lad you are, Daniel." She smiled down at him with warmth and affection. "Your work with Mrs. Samatar was splendid."

"I don't understand." Daniel slowly rose to his feet. He put out his finger and pressed it to her right shoulder. It went through her as if she were air. He noticed that her belly, under her long dress, was flat. "How come I can't touch you?"

Worry lines creased Eloise's freckled face. "While you were a hero for bedding that troublesome woman, I'm afraid it wasn't enough to restore me to my former self." She stepped toward Daniel and lifted her hand as if caressing his cheek, but, of course, she could not. "You must rebuild the energy I lost."

"How?" Daniel was ready to do anything for her.

"Conquest, silly." She nodded and her form faded. "Aid in their fall and the house will rise." Eloise vanished from sight, but her voice lingered.

"I will," Daniel said into the murky hallway. Although he didn't know exactly what Eloise had asked of him, he'd do it. And he trusted that she'd make it clear soon enough.

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When Khadra sat down to breakfast at the Anderson home, she lowered her eyes and kept most of what she said to the range of 'please' and 'thank you'. She was so incredibly tired. That eighteen-year-old boy, now quietly sitting on the opposite end of the table, hadn't let her get a wink of sleep until dawn. He'd had her copulating like an animal. His monstrous organ had hurt her small vagina at first, but once she'd gotten used to it, there was no pleasure in her life that was its equal. She shivered at the thought of the things they'd done.

"More toast, Khadra?" Julie sounded chipper.

“No, thank you.” She shook her head and sipped at her coffee. She reached up to adjust her hijab. To let another man see her uncovered hair was such a sin. And to think, hours ago she’d done that, and so much more.

“How about some bacon?” Julie held up a plate with crispy bacon, right off the skillet. “You need to regain your energy after what happened.”

Khadra’s face tightened in a panic. Did she know about what had happened with her son? No. Khadra took a deep breath. Julie was only referring to what happened with the dreamstone. “Um … thank you, but I cannot eat pork.”

“Oh gosh.” Julie’s smile morphed into a sheepish grin. “Of course. How silly of me.” She held out the coffee carafe. “More coffee?”

“Yes, please.” Khadra sipped her coffee and ate her toast and bided the minutes until she could call her husband and have him pick her up. She felt a pull to stay in that house forever and let that teenager treat her as his rightful wife. But she knew that was insanity, and she hoped some distance would have her thinking clearly again.

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It was almost time to leave for the bus. Daniel and his mother stood just outside the heavy front door and watched Maxamed pull down the driveway and park just at the bottom of the front walk where Khadra waited for him. It was the same exact spot where that black carriage had waited in Daniel’s vision the other night. He and Julie waved when Khadra gingerly got into the small, beat-up sedan, but only Maxamed waved back from the driver’s seat. And then the Samatars drove off into the overcast morning.

“I had a funny feeling about that woman this morning, Danny?” Julie gave her son a sideways glance. “Maybe it’s nothing. Maybe it’s just whatever she did to rid our house of those spirits.”

“Maybe,” Daniel agreed.

“How are you feeling this morning, pumpkin?” Her eyes fell down to the soft lump in his pants.

“Better.” Daniel looked over at her and caught her gaze. “I mean worse.” She looked breathtakingly beautiful in the diffuse light, with her curves jutting under her dress, her curious face, and her appraising eyes. “I mean, I will need some help when you have some time.”

A thin smile tugged at the corners of her mouth. “I was thinking …” Julie said the words slowly, and looked over her shoulder into the house. Her husband and daughter were nowhere to be seen. “Maybe you could skip the bus this morning. I could drop you off at school. That might buy us an extra fifteen minutes.”

Ten minutes later, Brittney got on the bus without her twin. It was strange that her mom was going to drop him off, but apparently, they had something important to do that morning.

At that moment, in the laundry room in the basement, Julie leaned with her elbows on the washing machine. Her dress was around her waist, her panties around her ankles, and her son's long thing rubbed against her butt crack over and over again. "Let me know when it's time, Danny. You can't make a mess again. Okay?"

"Sure … Mom …" Daniel held her hips and rubbed himself. It felt so good not to worry about Eloise. He could concentrate on the delicious curve at the small of his mom's back and her wobbling butt. He pulled back and lined up the head with her dripping pussy and pushed in.

"Oh … maybe that's not the best … ooohhhhhh … idea, sweetie." He stretched her out so wonderfully. Her body buzzed as that massive penis burrowed its way into her.

"But you said we could have sex again." He hit bottom, pulled almost all the way out, and thrust back in again. Her pink pussy lining made a perfect sleeve around his dick.

"Oh … gosh …" Julie panted. "But we have to … get you to … school. And your father … might come looking …"

"It'll be … uh … uh … faster this way." Daniel slammed into her, enjoying the way her whole body tensed every time he smacked up against her ass.

"Okay, sweetie." Who was she kidding? It would be faster this way. "Just not … inside … it's a bad time of month … for me."

"Where?" He reached with his right hand and wrapped his fingers in her long, brown hair. He pulled her head back a little, getting her to arch her back more. He loved the way she squealed in response.

"I'll … ugh … ugh … ugh … swallloooowwwwwww." Julie let her orgasm rip through her. She was completely at her son's mercy. It was the most delightful feeling.

Daniel smashed her from behind for a while longer, driving her to two more orgasms. Soon, he was ready. "Can … I … cum inside?" He pulled a little harder on her hair.

"Yeeesssssssss." Julie barely knew what she was saying. All she knew was that she wanted to live with this pleasure forever. She wanted the rapture to swallow her whole. She heard Daniel's soft, guttural groans behind her and then felt the heat of his seed inside her. Julie gritted her teeth and shrieked out her most massive orgasm yet.

Up in the kitchen, George stopped loading the dishwasher from breakfast. What was that sound? It sounded sort of like opera. He looked around the kitchen. Strange. Maybe he'd go and find Julie and see if she heard it, too.

"Wow, Mom." Daniel tried to catch his breath. He felt Julie's pussy rhythmically squeeze his dick as she finished cumming. He pulled out of her and looked down. His dick was a frothy mess.

"I thought you had … lost interest in me, Danny. But I was … very wrong … it seems." Julie's whole body buzzed. Her mind couldn't quite clear itself.

"I just had a lot … on my mind. It's almost like you're my girlfriend … now." The words were awkward in his ears.

“Don’t say … that stuff, Daniel.” Julie’s eyes regained focus, and she bent over to fetch some towels. She tossed one to Daniel and put the other one between her legs. “I’m your … mother. I’m just helping you out with a difficult situation.”

“Okay.” Daniel used the towel to rub off his slowly deflating dick.

“Now let’s get you to school.” Julie pulled up her panties, knowing that she would be leaking quite a bit of Daniel’s sperm into them on the drive over to school. “And let’s be more careful in the future.”

“But Mom –” Daniel pulled up his pants.

“I’m not saying whose fault it was. But we can’t risk pregnancy.” She shook her hips and let her dress fall down around her knees. “Okay, let’s get you to school.” Julie smiled. She felt good. As she walked up to the main floor, she realized she felt really, really good.

Daniel grabbed his backpack and they walked to the front door.

“There you are,” George called down to them from the grand east stairway. “What’s Danny doing home? I thought the school bus left already.”

“Oh.” Julie spun around and tried not to look guilty. “We … um … we … um …”

“She was helping me with some homework I forgot to do last night.” Daniel frowned up at his father. “She’s taking me to school now.”

“Oh, okay.” George, oblivious to their discomfort, smiled down at them. “Did you hear a high-pitched sound a little while ago? Sounded almost like a lady singing.”

“No, dear.” Julie shook her head and shot Daniel a stern look out of the corner of her eye.

“Okay, maybe it was the wind.” George shrugged. “Or maybe the ghosts have returned.” He laughed. “I’m going to sweep up those ridiculous salt symbols now that the Samatars are done.” He waved goodbye, turned, and walked up the stairs to put on his work clothes.

“We have to be more careful,” Julie said under her breath as she led Daniel out to the car.

But wouldn’t you know it, not ten minutes later, she leaned sideways from the driver’s seat, blowing her son while he sat in the passenger’s seat. Their car rocked ever so slightly in an empty lot three blocks away from the high school. She eagerly drank his salty stuff when he spewed it down her throat. Her skills were improving to the point that she didn’t let any escape her mouth.

They were a little late for school, so she had to check him in at the front desk. It was awkward for Julie talking to the school’s administrative assistant with the taste of sperm on her tongue and her vagina oozing into her panties. But Julie soldiered through, kissed Daniel on the forehead, and sent him off to class.

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“So, this is what’s left of our dreamstone?” Khadra carefully unwrapped the rags that surrounded the rock on her coffee table. She pulled her hand away and sucked in her breath when she saw what their precious stone had become. “This has been used for generations, Maxamed.” The large, black stone was crisscrossed by long red veins now, pulsing to some unholy beat.

“Yes.” Maxamed stood with his arms folded over his tie, carefully watching his wife.

“It’s become an abomination.” She reached her hand to touch it, but stopped. Some instinct told her not to.

“When I go back to Somalia, I can get us another one.” Maxamed pressed his lips together. “This one seems to have soaked up all the demons into it and calcified them. At least they won’t harm anyone anymore.”

“But have you ever heard of such a thing?” The pulsing mesmerized Khadra. Her hand extended toward the stone again.

“I have not.” Maxamed shook his head. “But I will ask around.”

“It’s really quite compelling.” Khadra’s finger touched the rock and a warmth ran up her arm. A loud crack reverberated around their living room and the stone broke into thirteen pieces. Khadra stepped back in alarm, the heat moving to her chest.

“What did you do, woman?” Maxamed swooped in and examined the erstwhile dreamstone. It had broken neatly, without any chipping. “This cannot stay in our house.” He bundled the pieces up in the rag and ran out the front door.

Khadra watched her husband drop the bundle out by the sidewalk, and then he slowly walked back into the house. Maxamed left the front door open when he returned and stood with his back to it.

“If the demons are tied up in the stone, there is a danger there it seems.” He stood with his hands on his hips. “How should I best dispose of the evil we purged from the Anderson home? Perhaps the bottom of a lake. Or maybe if we seek the help of an elder who …”

Khadra tuned out her husband. She watched a group of teenagers walk down the sidewalk and open the rag he’d left on the edge of their lawn. Three boys and two girls reached down and snatched up all thirteen pieces. And then they walked off laughing and teasing each other. Just like that, her husband wouldn’t need to worry about disposing the dreamstone.

“… or an abandoned well.” Maxamed looked at his placid wife, annoyed that she had somehow broken the dreamstone and then offered no ideas of her own for its disposal. “Why did your touch break it?”

“I think … I think … I had a vision of its destruction,” Khadra lied. “And my touch was its annihilation. I bet if you went back to the covering now, it would be empty. The evil that plagued the Andersons is gone from this Earth.”

“That would be very strange.” Maxamed slowly turned and walked out through his open front door. He stepped down the walkway and stopped next to the rag. He bent down to pick it up. It was empty. She was right. None of this made any sense. Maxamed knew he would have to ask around the community to

see what others knew of these strange things. He took the empty rag and tossed it in his neighbor's curbside garbage can and walked back into the house. "How are you feeling, Khadra?"

"I am tired, husband. Might I have some quiet time to rest in our bedroom?" She turned and walked toward the bedroom without waiting for his reply.

"Of course, I will not disturb you." He needed her to regain her strength. There was so much strangeness surrounding them now, it was hard to tell if things would finally quiet down. This job seemed hardly worth the work George Anderson had promised to do on their house.

When Khadra closed and locked the door to her bedroom, she was not surprised to see that giant black dildo waiting for her on the neatly made bed. "Even if I wanted to use you, I am too sore from my time with that boy," she whispered to the thing. "And I do not want to use you at all." She picked it up off the bed and put it in her dresser drawer. She wasn't concerned about Maxamed finding it. She knew it would soon disappear, playing its devious games.

"I have willpower, you see?" Khadra looked at the closed drawer as she removed her hijab and dress. She unhooked her bra and let her small breasts fall free. There was something wrong with her panties. She looked down to see a wet spot on the front. Allah help her, she was still leaking that boy's sperm. How much had he deposited in her? She put on new panties and got into bed. She was proud of her willpower with that dark phallus. That she could deny that evil thing boded well as she put her time with the Andersons behind her. She quietly drifted off to sleep.

~~

At second period, a note from the office pulled Daniel out of calculus. He walked down the long halls back to the main office and was shocked to see Penelope happily chatting with the secretary when he got there.

"Hello, Mr. Anderson. Your sister-in-law signed you out for your doctor's appointment," the secretary said.

"She what?" Daniel was very confused.

"Remember? Your mom couldn't take you today, so she asked me to do it." Penelope smiled and nodded at him. Her blue eyes filled with sincerity.

"Sure." Daniel nodded. He had no such memory. "My books are still in the classroom."

"We'll have someone pick them up, and we'll hold them here for you." The secretary offered her most benign smile. "Have a good appointment."

"Thanks." Daniel followed Penelope out of the school in silence watching her dress swish back and forth. When they were out in the parking lot, he stepped closer to her. "I thought we couldn't afford a doctor. Did Mom finally freak out about my dick?"

“For someone so smart, you certainly are a dummy sometimes.” She looked at him sideways, with an apologetic smile. “I made it up.”

“You what?” Daniel stopped. “I have to go back. I can’t miss calc for nothing. I’ll be behind everyone else.”

“Come on, dummy. You can miss a little class. You skipped the other day, remember?” Penelope grabbed his hand and pulled him toward her car. “Didn’t you get my voicemail this morning?”

“No.” Daniel let her guide him toward her SUV. “I was … um … busy.”

“You’re always so busy.” She opened her passenger door and shoved him in. “If you don’t answer your messages, this is what you get.”

“Kidnapped?” Daniel said as she slammed the door and walked around to the driver’s side.

Penelope settled herself in the driver’s seat and looked over at him with some seriousness. “Look, I know school is important to you, but you gotta know that this is important to me.” She put her hand on his lap and squeezed his cock. She left her hand there as his dick grew. Her eyes fell down to the bulge in his shorts. “And I can tell this is important to you, too.” She moved her hands to the elastic waist and pulled his shorts down.

“Pen, this is my school parking lot.” Daniel looked around with his brow furrowed. There was no one around, only parked cars. “Someone will see us.”

“I just want to have a look really fast.” She pulled down his underwear and stared as his semi-hard penis sprang out. “It’s really incredible, Danny.” She started the car and pulled out of her parking spot. Her left hand went to the wheel, her right hand fell to his dick and stroked him. “This is the sort of dick that would move the rise and fall of nations.”

“I don’t … think … that’s how countries work, Pen.” Despite the situation, it felt really good. He let her do her thing.

“Maybe not.” Penelope drove them out on the main road and turned toward her house. It was hard to keep her eyes forward. “Does that feel good, Danny?”

Daniel nodded.

“It feels good in my hand, too.” She pulled onto her street. “Are you happy I pulled you out of class now, smartypants?”

“No …” Daniel watched her take her hand off the wheel to hit the garage opener on her sun visor. “Yes …” They pulled into the garage. “I don’t know.”

“You’re so flustered. It’s cute.” Her right hand continued on his cock while she hit the button to close the garage door and turned off the car. “And to think, I was so nervous about coming to see you at school.” She climbed over to Daniel, pulled up her dress, and straddled his lap. “I hope I’m not crushing you.” She pulled her panties to the side and lined his dick up with her slick pussy.

“No, it’s fine.” Daniel looked up at her as she wiggled her hips and lowered herself onto him. Her blonde hair shaded her face in the dimly lit garage, but he could clearly see her expectant smile and then the look of surprise as she felt him stretch her out.

“I’m … aaahhhhhhh … not going to leave your brother.” Penelope slowly started bouncing on him, she could raise her hips so high above his lap without dislodging him it was almost comical.

“I … didn’t ask you to.” He reached up and cupped her heavy boobs through her dress. “And I have a girlfriend … remember? I’m not leaving her.”

“I’d very much … uh … uh … uh … like to meet her.” Penelope’s hips sped up, her nerve endings sparked with pleasure.

“I don’t think … that’s a good … idea.”

“I won’t embarrass … you … Danny.” She could hear the wet sounds coming from her pussy in the closed space of the car. She twisted her hips a little each time she hit bottom and grunted like a mad woman. Nothing else felt like this eighteen-year-old’s dick. “You have … sex with her … yet?”

“Yes.” He gripped her boobs harder and looked up to see her eyes closed tight and her mouth hanging open.

“Then … uh … uh … uh … we have a lot in common. We’ve both … had you inside us. We’ve both … had the best sex … of our lives.” Penelope screamed as her orgasm tightened her muscles, and her pussy clenched down on his cock. She pushed down with her hips and jerked on his lap for several seconds.

Daniel let her work out her orgasm, and then pulled her boobs up and down to get her bouncing on him again. “I didn’t know you were so … kinky, Pen.”

“Me neither.” She sighed and put her hands on top of Daniel’s hands. She pressed his fingers harder into her breasts. “Brad and I thought … we knew what sex was.” Her pussy quivered. Shit, she was about to cum again. “But … we didn’t. Oh, God … Brad still doesn’t.” She shrieked out another orgasm. When she finished, she pulled off him and climbed into the back. She spread a spare towel she kept in the car out on the seat. “Let’s not stain the upholstery.” And beckoned Daniel back with her. They mated in her car for two hours until Daniel finally came inside her. She sighed, laying on her back with her legs spread, cradling his sweaty head to her left boob. “That took you a long time to cum. Is your girlfriend using you up?”

“To be honest …” He sighed and pressed his nose into her soft flesh. She smelled sweet and musty. It was perfect. “I have been having way more sex than I ever thought I would.”

“Well, you deserve it, Danny.” She played with his blond hair as they lay there. Spending languid time with Daniel, with his huge cock still lodged inside her, was just about the best feeling in the world. After the feeling of humping him, of course. “Should I take you back to school?”

“Probably.”

Neither of them moved for a good long while. Eventually, they cleaned best they could, dressed, and Penelope drove Daniel back to school. He made it just in time for the final bell.

~~

Things were getting overwhelming for Daniel, so other than daily blowjobs from his mom, he took a few days off from sex. He didn't want Penelope to show up at school again, or do anything else unexpected. He especially didn't want her to do anything that might tip off Julie about what was going on. So, he promised her via text that he'd stop over after school on Monday. He hoped that would hold her off.

Friday night rolled around, and Daniel went to bed early. He was in the middle of a wonderful dream, when a cold hand on his shoulder pulled him from sleep. His eyes shot open in panic, but then a wide, groggy smile spread across his face in the dark. He looked up to see Eloise beaming down at him. She wore a long nightgown, and Daniel could see that she was still not pregnant.

"Your efforts are bearing fruit, dearie." Eloise smiled back at her handsome boy and gently sat at the edge of his bed. "As you can see, I can touch you again. You're filling the house with such wonderful energy. Positively rambunctious."

"It's great to see you, Mrs. Palmer."

"And as always, Danny, you are a sight for sore eyes." She folded his blanket and tucked it under his chin. "Now, did I see that you planted your seed inside your mother again?"

Daniel nodded.

"Well, done. Truly phenomenal. And for that I will reward you." Eloise twisted her ring with its binary diamonds around her finger very slowly. "But first I have a few requests."

"What?" Daniel raised his eyebrows.

"I would like you to take the marvelous Mrs. Julie Anderson through the back avenue."

"Her butt?" Daniel hated to tell Eloise no, but he shook his head. "Mom would never go for it."

"She would." Eloise nodded good naturedly. "If it's that, or bearing another child, she'll try it. I promise."

"Really?" Daniel was skeptical.

"I would also like you to bring your brother's wife back to the house and take her here." She smiled patiently, like a teacher laying out the coursework for the week. "It was good for the house when you shook her carriage at her place. But it would be much better within these walls."

"I don't know." Daniel didn't much like these requests. "We'll get caught."

"Just as you and your mother have been caught?" Eloise winked at him. "I can't make you disappear, but I can help obfuscate your relations, dearie."

"You can?" Thinking it over, it now made sense that Brittney or his father hadn't discovered what he'd been up to. He was never as careful as he intended.

"My last chore for you is to visit Mrs. Samatar tomorrow at eleven o'clock in the morning." Eloise pulled the blanket down past Daniel's knees and took in an eyeful of his pale, skinny form. She smiled at his

hard bludgeon, poking up past the waistband of his strange underwear. It rested past his bellybutton. “Her husband and children will leave her for a time tomorrow. Make congress with her again and invite her back to the house for a later date. Can you do that for me?” She brushed her fingertips along his cockhead and gently pulled down his underwear.

“Yes.” Daniel nodded.

“Good boy.” Eloise stood and pulled her nightgown over her head. Without her pregnancy, she had smaller boobs, and a much younger looking body. “Now, for your reward I intend to teach you much you do not know about a woman’s body.” She reached down, formed a v with her fingers, and pulled at her vagina. “Do you know about the love button?” With her other hand, she pointed out her clit.

Daniel nodded.

“Good, let me show you what to do with it. This is how to properly tend to the crinkum crankum.”

Daniel had forgotten how frigid Eloise’s skin was. He was eager to learn. After he’d brought her to a loud orgasm, he watched her alabaster body bounce onto the bed and lay on her back. The red triangle of hair between her legs look so bright on her pale skin.

“With such a long bludgeon, you have more positions open to you than most men, dearie. Let me show you a few.” Eloise guided Daniel into a reverse missionary position, and they went at it for several minutes.

“That’s amazing.” Daniel felt like he really could treat a woman differently than other men. It was an intoxicating thought.

“Most men would feel pain, but you have a distinct advantage.” She lifted his hips on the outstroke and dislodged him. “Now learn the Irish garden.” She put him on his back and lowered herself facing away from him, so that her legs extended past his shoulders and her breasts kissed the sheets. They writhed like that for a while. “You may slap me, Danny.”

“That’s okay.” Daniel instead gripped the back of her thighs.

“Slap me, Daniel.” She looked back over her shoulder at him with a dark look.

Daniel smacked her right butt cheek. And then the left one. “Like that?”

“That’s a good lad.”

Eloise ran him though many new positions. She called them names like iron throne, tulip, and rabbit ears. It was a whirlwind of sex for Daniel, and by the time they finished he’d cum in her frigid pussy three times.

Somewhere in the house, a clock chimed five times. Dawn was coming. Eloise tucked Daniel back in bed and kissed his sweaty brow. “There now. Remember what you learned. These lessons will come of use sooner rather than later.”

“Goodnight, Mrs. Palmer.” Daniel closed his eyes with a contented smile. It was so nice to have her back.

“Goodnight my prince.” And with that, Eloise vanished.

~~

All houses seemed tiny to Daniel, now that he lived in Palmer Mansion. But the Samatar house seemed excessively small and unadorned from the outside. Daniel stood on the front step rubbing his hands together with nervous tension. If Eloise hadn't asked this of him, he never would have been there. Not in a million years. He mustered his courage and rang the doorbell. When nothing happened, he gave the front door a timid knock.

A few seconds later, the front door opened and Khadra looked out at Daniel. Her welcoming smile faded when she saw who it was. "Daniel. What are you doing here?" Deep inside, she felt a pull to protect and indulge the boy. But she now knew she had willpower and could resist the pull of that accursed house.

"I have to see you, Mrs. Samatar. Can I come in?" Daniel shifted his weight from one foot to the other and back again. He tugged at his t-shirt.

"I am sorry, you may not." Khadra wore her usual hijab and long, flowing dress. She was a small woman, but she made her presence known in the doorway. He would not pass into her home. "Even if I were to forget all that happened between us, I cannot allow a man into my home without my husband present." She looked around the neighborhood. No one watched them.

"Please?" Daniel wanted to reach out and touch her, but dared not. "I'm only eighteen, I'm sure Mr. Samatar wouldn't mind."

Khadra screwed her eyes at him like he was crazy, but stepped aside. She put a hand on his bony shoulder and pulled him into the house. "Fine, but be quick. I shouldn't be doing this." She closed the door behind them and led him into the living room.

The house smelled like strange spices to Daniel. The décor was different than any home he'd been in before, lots of small statues and lavish textiles on the walls. "Okay, this isn't easy to say, so …" Daniel took a deep breath. "… I'll just say it. We need to have sex again."

"Are you crazy?" Khadra wasn't sure what she was expecting, but this wasn't it. Maybe an apology. Maybe an update on the demons that plagued that house. "I should beat you with my broom."

"Look, I'm sorry." Daniel unbuttoned his pants and dropped them around his ankles. He could see her eyes zero in on the bulge in his micro-boxers. "But you really liked it last time, remember?" He dropped his underwear, too. His dick flopped out at half-mast. "And there's still poison left. I need you to draw out the poison."

"You seem to have an inexhaustible supply of poison." Khadra stepped over to him and reached down toward that massive penis. She brushed her fingernails over the veins and watched it grow. The head of it grew darker and darker. Was her willpower really abandoning her now? "Don't you see? If I help you, I draw the poison inside me."

"I hadn't thought about it that way." Daniel sighed. Her touch felt so good.

“You poisoned my well.” She gripped his strange thing and stroked it with her left hand. It was now hard as steel. “But I suppose I did what needed to be done to protect you.” She looked into the teenager’s face and could see the pleasure her hand gave him. “Did you know that my touch ruptured the dreamstone? And that I watched as the little, evil pieces fled into the world? I could have stopped it. But I did not.”

Daniel shook his head. He wasn’t sure what she was talking about. “Let’s go to your bedroom.”

“Once more.” Khadra bit her lip as her eyes traveled back down to that leviathan. “Just this once more, promise me.”

“I promise.” Daniel looked down at her dark hand moving on his dick. “How come you don’t have a wedding ring?”

“That is not Somali tradition.” Khadra took hold of his penis and led him by it into the bedroom she shared with Maxamed. A short time later, she rode him with his long thing way up inside her. She still had on her dress, pulled up around her hips, and she still wore her hijab. Her eyes glazed over, and she gritted her teeth in ecstasy. How could anything feel so good?

“Are you going to cum again?” Daniel looked up at the ecstatic woman as she gyrated her hips in little circles on him.

“Ggggggghhhhhhhhh.” Khadra couldn’t quite get words out of her mouth. Stars exploded before her eyes like watching Allah’s creation. She threw her head back and screamed.

This small, dark woman, in her hijab, completely losing control on his dick was an unforgettable sight for Daniel. He just wished Eloise could be there to see it, too. Suddenly, Daniel wondered what his mom would say if she could see this wife writhing with Daniel on her marriage bed. Maybe she wouldn’t approve.

When her orgasm passed, Khadra changed her motion to long strokes. She placed her hands on Daniel’s chest and bounced with enough force that she completely lifted off the bed on every upstroke. “What … uh … uh … have you done … to me?” She whined. “How can I –” She was interrupted by her phone ringing. She turned her head. Her mobile was where she’d left it over on her dresser. She stopped her motions and looked down at Daniel in wide-eyed panic. “I must … check that. It could be … Maxamed.” She tried to slow her breathing.

“Let it go to voicemail.” Daniel flexed his dick inside her and felt her pussy involuntarily squeeze back. “I never answer my phone.” But he watched her pull off him and race across the room. He got a good view of her curvy butt before her dress fell back down around her ankles.

It was as she feared, her husband calling. Khadra picked up the phone, but before answering she looked over her shoulder at the pale, naked boy laying on her bed. His penis stood proudly up in the air. “Quiet now, he cannot know you are here.” Without giving Daniel a chance to respond, she answered the call and held the phone up to her hijab-covered ear. “Hello … husband,” She said in Somali.

“You sound out of breath,” Maxamed said, also in Somali. “What’s wrong?”

“I was just … doing chores.” Khadra leaned with her elbows on the dresser, her back to the bed. She tensed when she felt hands on her backside, lifting her dress. She looked over her shoulder to see Daniel behind her. She gave him a fierce stare.

“You are supposed to be resting,” Maxamed said. “You’ve been through much. I did not take the children to my mother’s so that you could tire yourself around the house.”

“Sorry, I … I …” Khadra had a hard time forming a thought when Daniel slipped back inside her. It didn’t hurt at all anymore. He had changed her vagina. “I just … wanted to get some … things done.” She realized now she would need to do chores after Daniel left so that Maxamed wouldn’t get suspicious.

“Well, you sound terrible, woman.” Maxamed sounded a little angry. “Get to bed this instant.”

“Yesss.” Khadra turned and walked with little steps toward the bed, the teenager still humping her from behind. They crossed the room this way, and she got onto all fours on the mattress, his penis never leaving her vagina. “I am … in bed … now.” In this new position, Daniel gave it to her harder. She feared Maxamed would hear the slapping of his hips on her butt. “I musssst … be going … now.”

“Are you so winded from a trip to bed? Get some sleep. I cannot have a wife in such a weakened state.” Maxamed was so used to giving orders, but he did not know, he had little control over his wife at the moment.

Khadra held the phone away from her ear. Her husband’s voice sounded so tiny and insignificant. “Resting now, dear husband. Goodbye.” And she turned the call off and dropped the phone to the bed. “Why would you … uh … uh … do that?” She launched her hips back at him with every thrust. “If he caught us …” But she stopped speaking when Daniel stopped thrusting. He moved her legs so that she was on her feet, squatting, with her hands placed right in front of her toes.

“I’m sorry. You just looked so cute bent over like that. I couldn’t stop myself.” He held her hips and started thrusting again.

“What … is … this?” Khadra felt so exposed. She’d never dreamed of a position like this.

“I don’t remember … uh … uh … what Mrs. Palmer called it.” He slapped her butt and she yelped but offered no further protest. “I call … the position … froggy style,” Daniel panted.

“Allah have mercy. You’re … even deeper … this way.” Khadra was swept away by another orgasm.

Watching her shake and twist in this new position, Daniel felt his balls churn. “I’m gonna … cum.” Hearing no protest from her, he unloaded deep inside Khadra. Spurt after spurt of hot spunk filled her up and an electric feeling ran through his nerves. After cumming, Daniel pulled her off his dick and she fell face forward onto the bed. Her dress still bunched above her butt. Daniel could see her pussy leaking cum. He gave her butt one last gentle smack and fell on the bed next to her. “That was great.”

“Mmmrrrpphh.” Khadra mumbled something into the blanket.

“So, I know I said this would be the last time, but …” Daniel traced the curve of her butt with his fingers. She was so much smaller than Penelope and Julie. “I need you to come to the house. I promise that will be the last time. Okay?”

“The … very … last time?” Khadra’s vagina still hummed with joy, even as Daniel’s seed slowly leaked out of her. More poison, she thought.

“Scout’s honor.” Daniel wasn’t a scout, but that sounded like the right thing to say.

“When?” She mumbled into the blanket.

“How about tomorrow night, can you get away?” Daniel stood up and dressed himself slowly.

“Maxamed would never let me.” Khadra knew she was giving him an eyeful with her butt up in the air, but she couldn’t bring herself to move.

“After he goes to sleep then.” Daniel thought about that scary man sleeping in this very bed tomorrow night. How odd a thing that he was in this man’s inner sanctum.

A rush of warmth and a need to protect Daniel moved through Khadra. She rolled onto her side to look up at him. Her hijab was out of place, so she straightened it. “I will do that for you.” She nodded with a solemn expression on her face.

“Great.” Dressed now, Daniel bent down and kissed her on the cheek. “Thank you, so much. How about midnight? I’ll meet you at the front door.”

She nodded.

“I don’t want to be here when your husband gets back, so I’m going to jet. Okay? See you soon.”

“Go out the back way.” Khadra couldn’t help but smile seeing Daniel’s exuberance when she accepted his invitation. “The sliding door next to the living room.”

“Will do.” He waved and bounded out of the bedroom.

Khadra sighed. What had she gotten herself into? She forced her sore body to move. She had cleaning to do.

Chapter 12

Saturday afternoon rolled around and Daniel found the perfect moment to try and follow through with one of Eloise's requests. George had just left to do some work on the Samatar house. Brittney left a few minutes later to go on a date with her boyfriend, Ted. So, it was only Julie and Daniel in the house for several hours. Daniel found his mother moving briskly around the kitchen as she prepared dinner.

"Hey, Mom." Daniel leaned against the door. His heart thumped like it always did when he tried to initiate something with her. "Whatcha doing?"

"Making dinner, pumpkin." Julie's dress swished around her knees as she moved from the fridge to a mixing bowl. "Why are you still here? You should be out on a date like your sister. It's Saturday night. I remember how important Saturday nights were when I was single."

"I'm going out with friends tonight. As far as girls go, I'm a little shy about my size." He watched his mom's sideboob shake under her dress as she mixed something in the bowl with a large wooden spoon. "Any girl would freak when she saw my … penis." He almost said 'dick'. He didn't want to get scolded before things even started with her.

"It's a numbers game, Danny." Julie bit her lower lip, thinking about her son showing his monstrous thing to some teenage girl. Something about him conquering the girls at his school sent a shiver down her spine. Who was she kidding? It wouldn't even fit in most women, certainly not eighteen-year-old girls. It barely fit in her. That thought made her blush. She coughed to clear her throat. "Numbers game. You have to meet lots of nice girls, one of them will think your thing is perfect."

"But, if I have to wait to have sex until I'm married, it might not fit at all in my wife." Daniel had heard over and over again that he should wait until marriage. And he had planned on that until they moved into Palmer Mansion.

"Well …" Julie still mixed the bowl even though she didn't need to anymore. "I think that ship has sailed, sweetie. You have my permission to see where that thing will fit." She felt so ashamed saying those words, but the idea of him shoving his penis into other tight vaginas drove her a little wild. She felt moisture in her panties. Then a thought occurred to her. "But you'll need condoms. Really … big … condoms." Julie turned toward Daniel. "Oh, gosh. I wish you wouldn't pull your penis out in the open like that. Someone could see." Her brown eyes went wide and her lips parted. She stopped mixing and let go of the spoon.

"Sorry, Mom. Your body just looks really good." Daniel had his dick in his right hand, the waist of his pants and underwear were around his thighs. He stroked it slowly.

"Thank you for saying sorry, Daniel. And … thank you for the compliment." Julie's eyes fell to the floor. "Do you want me to take care of you before you go see your friends?"

Ten minutes later, Julie stripped slowly in Daniel's room as her naked son watched from his desk chair. Butterflies flapped in her stomach. Every time with him was like her first time as a teenage girl, so many moments filled with delightful nervous expectation. She realized that the guilt and embarrassment she'd

felt with Daniel had evaporated. She dropped her dress to the floor, now only in her bra and panties. She pulled the panties off with a little shake of her hips and tossed them aside.

“Do you have any sexy underwear, Mom?” Daniel stroked his dick with both hands and watched his mother undress. He loved the triangle of brown hair peeking out from between her legs.

“I do.” Julie sighed. “I bought some to use with your father. But they don’t fit anymore.” She reached behind her back and undid the clasp on her bra. “I did find a chemise and corset in the library closet. I bet that still fits.”

“What’s a chemise and corset?” Daniel’s eyes zeroed in on Julie’s boobs as they dropped out of her bra. They hung and jutted perfectly. The little blue veins under her skin made them seem so vulnerable.

“It’s like Victorian lingerie, Danny.” She stood with her arms by her sides in the middle of Daniel’s room, letting his gaze rove over her body as he masturbated. Her heart beat in her ears.

“Could you wear it sometime?” Daniel stood and maneuvered Julie onto his bed. He put her on her hands and knees and admired her divine curves. Her ass was so wonderfully round and wide. The way it tapered from her hips made Daniel’s palms sweaty.

“Sure,” Julie squeaked.

“Could you shake for me?” Daniel stoked his dick as he stood by the bed.

“What?” Julie looked up at him over her shoulder in surprise.

“You know, shake your ass.”

“Language, Daniel.” Julie arched her back. Was she really presenting herself to him like this? Just waiting to be mounted.

“Sorry, Mom.” Daniel looked from Julie’s confused eyes down the delicate arch of her back to her pale ass. “It’s just an expression. Can you shake your butt, please?” He stepped over to his desk, picked up his phone, and put on a Post Malone song. He left the phone playing on the desk and stepped back next to the bed.

“Like this?” Julie looked down at the blanket below as she shook her ass to the music’s beat. She was doing this to help her son, she reminded herself. “This is so embarrassing, Danny.” Her eyes took in the pattern of the astronaut-themed blanket pressed into her fingers. On the day she bought it in the department store all those years ago, she never thought she’d one day shake her ass above it. But here she was.

“That’s awesome, Mom.” Daniel grabbed his dick and stroked some more. “You look amazing.”

“Thank you.” Her cheeks were so hot. She felt the bed depress as Daniel climbed on behind her. “It’s still a dangerous time of month for me. You can’t do it in me, okay?”

“How about another place?” Daniel kneeled behind his mom, wondering what he’d use for lubrication. “Can I cum in your butt?”

“What?” Julie looked over her shoulder back at her eighteen-year-old boy, his face eager with expectation. She stopped shaking her ass. “Your father asked me for that a long time ago. Before you were born. I’ll tell you the same thing I told him. Not in a million years.”

“But you can’t get pregnant that way.” Despite the continued argument, Daniel gave up and eased his dick into her pussy from behind as she glared at him over her shoulder. Her expression softened as he slid into her.

“You’d kill me with that thing, Danny.” She turned her head back and stared down at his blanket again. “That feels good, pumpkin. Just do that and pull … ooohhhhh … out at the end. Okay?”

“Sure, Mom.” Daniel got a nice rhythm going, matching the Post Malone beat. A few minutes later, he took his right hand off her hip and wet his thumb in his mouth. He then slowly wiggled it into Julie’s ass.

“What … uh … uh … uh … are you …?” Julie was surprised to learn that she liked it. “I’ve … never … had a man in two places … at once.” Her fingers tightened their grip on the blanket. She looked down at the ring on her left hand. What would George say if he saw her now taking her son’s monster penis like a dog, with his finger up her butt, while listening to teenage music. She didn’t think he’d be pleased. It was all so crazy.

“You … like it … ah … ah … ah … Mom?” Daniel slid the rest of thumb into her and continued pumping her pussy with his dick. He could see the little muscles in her back spasming. She liked it. This was another thing he’d never have tried without Eloise’s prodding.

“Ooooohhhhhh … Daaaaannnnnyyyyyyy.” Julie orgasmed with her son’s finger in her butt.

“It … feels good … right?” Daniel seized the moment and pulled out of her pussy. He lined his cockhead up to her butthole and pushed a little.

Coming down from her orgasm, Julie felt what he was doing and shrieked in panic. “No.” She dropped forward onto her belly. “Not … there …” she panted.

“Okay.” Daniel hated to let Eloise down, but he could hear the fear in his mom’s voice. He pushed her legs together, spread her ass, and looked down at her gorgeous slit from the back. “I’ll stay in your pussy.” He slid back inside her and really started humping her. This was a terrific position, with her ass pushing into his hips and belly with each crushing lunge. The song changed to a rap song with a faster beat. He used it for rhythm.

“Danny … Danny … Danny.” Her son drove her to orgasm after orgasm as he smashed her from behind. He mated with such ferocity that on every backstroke she could feel her belly and hips lift entirely off the mattress. She worried for a brief moment about the structural integrity of his bed. But then all rational thought left her. She wasn’t sure how long Daniel used her pussy like that, but it seemed like it went on forever. She was lost in a fog of rapturous wonder.

“Oh … Mom … take it.” Daniel didn’t ask for her permission to dump his load in her. He hoped it was okay, but with the pleasure building he didn’t feel like he had much of a choice. He emptied himself in her. When he finished, he lay his sweaty cheek down on her delicate back.

They lay like that for a while, until eventually Julie turned her head and looked over at the bedside clock.

“Your father should be home in a half-hour.” But still she didn’t move. “I can’t believe I let you put your stuff in me again.”

“Sorry, Mom.” Daniel kept his cheek pressed against her back and his dick firmly in her clutching pussy.

“We’re both behaving like teenagers.” Julie sighed. “I guess next time you can try my butt. If it doesn’t fit, it doesn’t fit.” She thought about the pleasure she’d felt with his thumb and wondered what it’d be like to have his penis open her up back there. “But if it does, we could stop worrying about pregnancy. I don’t know how I’d explain another baby to your father.”

“Wow. Thanks, Mom.” A surge of energy rushed through Daniel. “Can we try it now?” He moved his hips and slid his dick out of her pussy.

“Certainly not.” Julie turned onto her side to deny him access. “We need to clean up before your father gets home. And I need to finish dinner.” She’d completely forgotten about dinner.

“Okay.” Daniel worked on his self-control. He bent down, kissed the perfect curve of her hip and hopped off the bed. “I’ll go take a shower.” His dick bounced as he left the room with a hop in his step.

Julie shook her head and watched his skinny, white butt disappear out the door. It was nice to see him so happy.

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Sunday morning rolled around and the twins sat by themselves at the dining table eating breakfast.

“Where’s Mom?” Brittney looked behind her like her mother might be sneaking in from the kitchen. No one was there.

“Probably getting ready for church.” Daniel shrugged and smiled over at her in between bites of English muffin. “Where’s Dad?”

“Getting ready for church?” Brittney shrugged and took a bite of her muffin. She leaned toward Daniel conspiratorially. “I have something to tell you.” She stood up, walked around the table and sat down next to Daniel. “Ted and I did it last night,” she whispered.

“You did?” Daniel’s eyebrows went up.

“Yep.” Brittney couldn’t quite wipe the smile off her face. “You’re the last virgin in the Anderson house.” She rolled her eyes up to the left like she was thinking. “I’m assuming Mom, Dad, and Brad all did it since they’re married and we exist and everything. But it’s gross to think about. Can you imagine Mom having sex?” Brittney giggled.

Daniel shook his head. He didn’t have to imagine it. “I thought you were going to wait until you got married. I mean, that’s what we’re supposed to do. What happened?”

“Mom and Dad have unreasonable expectations, Danny. I’m a woman now.” Brittney folded her arms in front of her small breasts and frowned.

“Sorry, Britt.” Daniel forced a smile. She really was a woman now with her piercing blue eyes, flowing brown hair, and budding figure. “I’m really happy for you. How was it?”

“You want details, dufus?” Brittney punched her brother’s shoulder. “To tell you the truth, it was over before I even really knew it started. But I’m sure it’ll get better.”

“Yeah.” Daniel nodded. “That’s what they say about the first time.”

“Well, I did invite Ted over tonight for some more practice. He was scared to sneak over here at night. Can you believe it?” Brittney wrinkled her nose at the thought of her scaredy-cat boyfriend. “But I convinced him.”

Daniel was pretty sure he knew how she convinced him. “Wait. He’s sneaking in tonight?” Daniel had invited Khadra over that night.

“Yeah, but don’t tell anyone.” Brittney put her finger to her pink lips and put on a mock-sinister grin.

“Your secret’s safe with me.” Daniel shrugged. He supposed they could both sneak people in on the same night. It was a big house.

“What about you? Are you still going to wait for marriage, Danny?” Brittney leaned in toward her brother, inviting the exchange of secrets. His breath was cool with a faint hint of spice and muffin.

“I don’t think so.” Daniel shook his head and regarded his beautiful sister.

“Well, I’m sure you’ll make some girl very happy someday.” She patted his knee, stood up, and carried her plate into the kitchen.

Daniel thought about his mother screaming in ecstasy on her belly as he plowed her from behind. He was making her very happy these days. “Thanks, Britt.”

“Of course.” She passed him on her way back out to the hall. “We better get ready for church, too. It’s almost time.

“Right behind you.” Daniel stood and took his plate into the kitchen.

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Sneaking wasn’t really Brittney’s thing. She was too pure and honest a person. But she was also a teenager, and Daniel watched her sneak Ted in through the front door a little after his parents went to bed. The euphonic shadow of a clock that had returned to Palmer Mansion finished chiming ten when they slipped into the tower room. Daniel sighed. Ted was a fine person, but he felt a little jealous about Brittney’s boyfriend.

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This was the craziest thing Khadra had ever done. She stood just outside the Anderson's front door. She'd fled a war-torn country. She faced down more than two dozen demons with cousins and later her husband. She'd raised two children in this strange place. She sighed. And now she had also defiled her consecrated promises to Maxamed. Twice. And she was about to do it for a third and final time.

The door creaked open as she stood there, fiddling with her thumbs. She wore a long, dark blue dress and a dark hijab. Perfect for sneaking. Khadra looked into the darkness and could see Daniel's welcoming blue eyes. And then his sweet smile.

"You made it," he whispered. "I'm so happy to see you. Come in." He waved her in like it was normal for a married wife to visit him at the witching hour. He wore plaid pajamas and no socks. His bare toes wiggled on the hardwood floor.

With a stutter of hesitation, Khadra followed Daniel into the house. He took her hand in his, a remarkably intimate gesture, and led her into the main living room. Khadra was shocked to find the room much changed. A roaring fire crackled in the hearth. The walls were adorned with nineteenth century portraiture and stuffed animal heads. She recognized some of the game from Africa. The furniture was also entirely out of place. Or maybe out of time.

"What is this place?" Khadra's almond-shaped eyes widened as she looked around.

"You see it, too?" Daniel gave her hand a squeeze and closed the door behind them. "Good. Sometimes I wonder if I'm going crazy." He pulled her toward a long, striped sofa with rolled arms. "Let's sit by the fire."

"The room is beautiful." Khadra let the teenager sit her down and she looked over at him. Despite his youth and meagre physique, she found him quite pleasing to look at. "And you look very handsome, Daniel." She looked down at her lap. She shouldn't say such things.

"Was it hard sneaking away tonight?" Daniel gently stroked the dark skin on the back of her left hand.

"It was." Khadra nodded. And with her free hand, she removed her hijab without him even asking. She wanted to look beautiful for this young man. Everything was so strange. She shook out her long, black hair. "I don't know what Maxamed would do if he caught me here." That was a lie. She knew exactly what he'd do.

"Wow, you look fantastic with your hair out." He admired the way her wavy hair caught the firelight. "I mean, really pretty. You know …" Daniel lifted her hand and kissed her just below the knuckles. Her skin was soft, warm, and smelled like flowers. "I don't know what you look like under that long dress you always wear. Since this is our last time together, could I see …" He kissed her hand again very gently. "… under your dress?"

"Since this is the last time." Khadra nodded and stood. She pulled her hand away from his and stepped in front of the fire. She reached down with her hands and pulled her dress slowly up her body. As the hem passed her hips and her belly button, a little surge of panic flashed through her. But she continued. She pulled it up past her breasts, encased in a black bra, and then the dress went over her head. She folded it neatly, turning away from Daniel, and placed it on the hearth. She knew as she bent down, she was giving him a good look at her panty-clad butt. She straightened and turned to him. "How's that?"

She cocked her hip a little, but was unsure how to make herself look sexy. Allah help her, she wanted to look sexy for this boy.

“You look amazing, Mrs. Samatar.” Daniel looked her trim body up and down. “Could you possibly take off your underwear?”

“Yes.” Khadra bent down and took off her shoes and socks. She then slowly lowered her panties. She saw Daniel’s eyes fix on the triangle of black hair between her legs and she looked off to another part of the room as she reached back to unclasp her bra. She gazed into the glassy eyes of a stuffed gazelle head. The poor beast looked stunned at the turn of events that had led it to that living room. Khadra could identify with the feeling. She removed her bra and placed her arms over her bare breasts. She was naked.

“Could I see your boobs, too?” Daniel took off his pajama top and hung it on the side of the sofa. The fire felt warm on his pale skin. He pulled off his bottoms and his underwear and let his dick flop free.

Khadra’s gaze returned to Daniel and fell down to his lap. “Allah preserve me, you have such a mighty tool.” She dropped her arms and let her breasts hang out in the open. Was her motherly body really worth so much fuss? Maxamed didn’t seem to think so.

The wife stared at his penis, and the eighteen-year-old boy stared at her boobs. The breasts were not so large, and they hung a bit. She had nearly black nipples, with large areola. Her dark skin hid the blue veins he could see on his mom’s boobs. Daniel admired the little stretch marks at the top of her breasts. His dick got harder still.

“I want to show you something I learned.” Daniel stood up and guided her to a sitting position on the edge of the hearth.

“Would you like me to … you know … service you now?” Khadra looked up at him with soft eyes, her pupils dilated.

“No thank you.” Daniel sank to his knees and spread her legs. Everything about her pussy was dark except for the little bit of pink that peeked out between her lips. “You were so nice to sneak out and see me tonight. I want to do something for you.”

“What are you doing down there?” She felt him spread out her lips, exposing her clit. “No one has ever touched me there. You shouldn’t … ooooohhhhhhh … oh no …. mmmmmmmm … it’s … nice.” She felt his tongue dart out and lick her slit. Quickly, he was alternating between licking and nibbling on her protruding lips and lapping at her clit. She vaguely knew people did this sort of thing, but she hadn’t ever considered it for herself. If she had known how it felt all along, she might have gathered the courage to ask her husband for such treatment.

“You … taste … really good … Mrs. Samatar,” Daniel said between licks. There was nothing sweeter than slurping a married woman’s pussy, Daniel decided. Especially now that he knew what he was doing. He worked a finger into her as well, and really gave Khadra the full treatment.

“There … just there … ooooohhhhhh … that spot …” Khadra placed her hands a little behind her and leaned back, opening herself up to him more. Through unfocused eyes, Khadra looked up at the strange

room and was startled to see the redheaded woman from her vision sitting on a nearby armchair with her legs crossed.

Eloise Palmer looked much better than when Khadra saw her last. Her face was unblemished and uncut. Her long, bustled dress untattered. Her smile was full of warmth.

“You … you …” Khadra couldn’t finish her thought as Daniel’s tongue rocketed her off with a powerful orgasm. She shook and her fingers pressed into the hot stone.

“How was that?” Daniel looked up at her, his face glistening in the orange glow.

“Marvel … marvelous …” Khadra pointed to Eloise. “But there is … a demon … here.” She should have been afraid, but all she felt was the buzzing afterglow of an intense orgasm. Something she was becoming familiar with.

“What?” Daniel raised his eyebrows and turned his head. He smiled when he saw it was only Eloise smiling back at him. He looked back up at Khadra. “That’s Mrs. Palmer. She’s friendly.” He kissed the inside of her trim thighs. “You want me to eat you out some more, or should we try other new things?”

“Other new things.” Khadra shivered. Such crude language. Her ears were not used to such things, but she let Daniel move her from the fireplace to the bearskin rug.

“This doesn’t have to be the end, Mrs. Samatar.” Eloise’s voice was sweet, light, and without a care. Above all else, it was beguiling. “The bond, the pact, the contract made. We paid and received and the Devil took his due. All we need from you is your approbation, sweet Khadra. You could feel these things again and again. The world was made for such pleasure. Quench yourself.”

“No.” Khadra shook her head as Daniel maneuvered her onto her belly with her legs pressed together. She looked up at Eloise and cried out when Daniel’s penis entered her.

Eloise shrugged. “Suit yourself.” She leaned back in the armchair and watched the debauchery with keen interest. “Enjoy your last time, then.” A minute later, she sat up with a look of expectation, like a baker ready to take steaming treats out of the oven. “Excuse me for a moment, I have to take care of something.” Eloise stood, raced to the door, and vanished down the hall.

Daniel’s penis felt so good inside her that Khadra barely noticed.

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The east tower room was cold as temperatures dropped outside. Ted and Brittney cuddled under the blankets, working their way through a limited range of foreplay. Brittney didn’t want to touch Ted’s dick with her mouth, but she would allow handjobs. It was frustrating for Ted, but she finally seemed ready for their second sex session. He was sure the last time he’d blown her mind. He couldn’t wait to do it again.

“You’ve got the rubber on?” Brittney lay on her back, her legs spread. “Good. Go ahead and put it in.”

“Get ready, baby.” Ted slid into her tight pussy and pumped his hips with little thrusts. It was heaven. Sex made him forget about everything else in the world. Homework, sports, even the scary house she lived in. It all faded away.

“Go, go, go,” Brittney urged. She was hoping to feel a little something more this time. Sex was supposed to be this great thing, but so far it just seemed like uncomfortable groping.

“Yeah, baby. Take it.” Ted felt the covers fall away and the cool air of the room played on his bare skin. He paid no attention and humped away. “You like it?”

“She doesn’t like it, dearie.” A strange woman’s voice came from just to the side of the bed.

“What?” Ted looked up in surprise and disbelief, still humping his girlfriend.

“Try it more like this.” The redheaded woman reached down and grabbed Ted’s hips from behind. She then forced him to thrust with longer, more powerful strokes. Predictably, his dick flopped out of Brittney’s pussy.

“Help … help …” Ted gasped as ice cold hands pressed into him and forced his hips up and down. “Stop … please …”

“What’s wrong?” Brittney looked up at him with concerned eyes. “Teddy?”

Suddenly the woman and her frigid hands were gone. Nothing was holding Ted on top of his girlfriend, so he sprang up and quickly found his pants. “Jesus Christ, I gotta go, Britt.”

“What happened?” Brittney found the sheet and pulled it up over her chest. One minute she was having unsatisfying, awkward sex, the next, Ted was running. Was it her fault the sex was so bad? Was that why he was leaving?

“That fucking creepy lady happened.” Ted looked around the room wildly. “Is she a friend of your mom’s or something? Sneaking into your room when you invite boys over? Seriously messed up.”

“I don’t invite boys over. Just you.” Brittney’s face went very somber. “I didn’t see anyone.”

“What?” Ted stopped and looked at Brittney. Was he losing his mind? He took a deep breath. “Okay, maybe I’m just tired. I’ll sneak out, your parents won’t ever know I was here.” He finished dressing and paused. He didn’t want to walk through that dark house, but he had no choice. “Actually, can you walk me to the door?” The thought of running into the cold woman in the halls sent a chill down his spine.

“I think I’m just going to stay here, Ted.” She knew she couldn’t hold back her tears much longer and she didn’t want him to see her cry.

“Okay, goodnight.” As he walked out, Ted realized he still had the condom on his limp dick. Oh well, he’d deal with it later.

Creeping downstairs, Ted almost made it to the front door when he saw an orange glow to his left. Curiosity defeated his cowardice, and he sneaked to an open door and peered in. His mouth dropped when he saw what was happening inside the grand room. Brittney’s twin brother was plowing a black woman. He was behind her, standing with his legs out to either side, and he had a huge dick. She was on all fours, her eyes rolled back, and making a faint gurgling sound.

“Run along now,” the woman’s voice whispered just over Ted’s shoulder. “You’ve seen enough.”

With wide eyes, Ted turned and there was the redheaded woman staring at him out of the dark with cold, green eyes. Forgetting to be sneaky, he ran to the front door, opened it and ran down the front walk. He was at a full sprint down the driveway and then he got into his car and sped away.

Eloise followed him to the front door and watched him go. She closed the front door for him with a satisfying thud. “Inconsiderate youth.” She clucked to herself. She then gracefully turned and strode back toward the main living room, her dress trailing behind her. Time to see if Khadra was ready for a deal.

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When Eloise returned to the living room and quietly shut the door behind her, she found the couple engaged in the knot. Khadra rode Daniel, with her feet planted on the bearskin rug on either side of his right leg, her knees high, her back straight, and her head lolling back and forth. Her pretty face twisted itself in rapture. “Strike while the iron’s hot,” Eloise whispered to herself.

“Daniel … Daniel … you’re in me … and rubbing me … it’s too much …” Khadra could feel another orgasm building. She was vaguely aware of the demon entering their room. But she couldn’t bring her mind to worry.

“Dear Mrs. Samatar,” Eloise cooed. “This can’t be the last time, can it?” Eloise walked over to her armchair and settled in. “You need more, don’t you?”

“I need … I need …” Khadra bounced on that impossibly long penis and rubbed her clit along the inside of his skinny thigh.

“I offer you a lifetime of this feeling.” Eloise leaned forward in her chair. “This is more than your god can offer. More than any god can offer. We paid and received and the Devil took his due. All we need from you is your approbation.”

“Yes …” Khadra closed her eyes tight and bounced. Electricity moved through her nerves. It was as if the pleasure spoke for her. “Yes … ugh … ugh … ugh … I’ll take … the deal.”

“And so it’s done.” Eloise looked over to Daniel and tried to get him to focus. “Danny? You’ll want to move her someplace colder than this. As a reward, the house has given you the strength to carry her miles, but you need only to convey her to your washroom. Godspeed lad.” And Eloise blew away just as the fire flickered and went out.

“What’s happening?” A crimson glow consumed Khadra’s breasts. The light then spread to her hips and between her legs. “Aaaaahhhhhhh. I’m burning.” Her building orgasm forgotten, she stood up in a panic.

Carrying a woman was not familiar territory for Daniel. The closest shower was on the second floor, so he’d have to get her there in a hurry. “I know what to do, Mrs. Samatar.” He stood and lifted her in his arms, his dick still hard and swaying just beneath her. He placed his hand on her mouth when she

screamed in agony. “Quiet now, you don’t want to wake anyone.” He then carried her out of the room and down the hall.

“Burning …” Khadra voice was muffled by his hand.

“Almost there.” Daniel carried her up the stairs. She felt as light as a feather. She was a small woman, but still. He didn’t think his unathletic frame could carry anyone until that moment. What else could Eloise give him? They made it down the hall, the sanguine glow emanating from Khadra lighting their way. With a minimum of noise, they made it to his bathroom. He put her in the tub and turned on the cold water.

“Allah help me, I’m dying.” But even as she said it, the heat felt a little more bearable under the cold water. She looked down to see her small breasts expanding. “Help me … Daniel.”

“Right.” Daniel knew what to do. He stepped into the shower and kissed her swollen boobs.

“Aaahhhh. Thank you … thank you …” His lips felt so cool on her skin. The heat and the crimson light began to fade from her breasts. But she could still see the light emanating from between her legs. “It’s still so hot … down there.”

“Hold on.” Daniel lifted Khadra up and flipped her upside down in his arms, facing him. The cold water splashed off her back. He then buried his face in her pussy. Daniel liked his new abilities.

“Oooohhhhhhh. Yes … that’s so much … better.” A coolness seeped through Khadra. She regained enough awareness to figure out he turned her upside down and was slurping at her vagina. She had heard the demon say something about giving him strength. What had Khadra gotten herself into? His massive penis bumped into her right cheek. Without thinking, she turned her head and sucked him into her mouth.

“That’s … nice …” Daniel said between licks. The glow had completely left her body, but he could feel her wider hips and her larger boobs pressed against his stomach. He pulled her off his dick and flipped her back to her feet. With one quick move he reached around her, turned off the water, and lifted her onto his shoulder. Dripping, he carried her out of the bathroom and into his bedroom. He closed the door, turned on the light, and set her down. He got a good look at her. “Wow, you were beautiful before, but … wow …”

Khadra looked down. The demon had transformed her. How would she ever explain this to her husband? Her breasts now jutted out proudly from her chest, quite a bit larger. She cupped her left one. And heavier. The curve from her waist to her hip was more prominent. She wondered what the demon had done to her vagina. “Do you …” She cupped her other boob and squeezed it. “Do you like it, Daniel?”

“Yes.” Daniel stared at her. Her dark skin still had light stretch marks at the top of her boobs, and her dark nipples hadn’t changed. But her tits now sloped out from her chest, and they had clearly grown several sizes. Daniel wondered how she’d explain this to her husband. “I think you look … out of this world.”

“Thank you.” She dropped her boobs and looked at Daniel. “I think I look … out of this world, too.” She fell into his arms and kissed him on the lips. His penis slipped between her thighs, and his tongue slipped

into her mouth. She needed Daniel more than anything at that moment. She realized it would be very difficult not to see him again.

Soon, Khadra rode Daniel on his bed, bringing herself to multiple orgasms. Daniel watched, mesmerized, as her tits bounced in wide circles, her black nipples going in counter-orbit to one another. He came in her as she rode him. He then flipped her under him and pounded her tight pussy as she writhed and screamed, her legs spread as wide as they would go. He emptied himself inside her.

Afterward, the two tried to catch their breath, laying on their backs side by side and staring at the ceiling.

“You … astonish … me.” Khadra placed her hand on his flat belly and her fingers moved down to his penis. “You’re still … hard.”

“Yeah … well …” Danny looked over at her. He loved the way her boobs hung to the side while she was on her back. He wanted nothing more in that moment than to make her happy.

Seemingly reading his mind, Khadra said, “I haven’t felt like this since … well … ever.” She rolled onto her side. “I don’t think I need to draw out the poison anymore, but let me take care of you.” Khadra should have been fretting about demonic possession, infidelity, unwanted pregnancy, wanton sexual deviation, and countless other pressing concerns. Instead, she leaned over him, opened her mouth wide, and sucked the head of his monster into her mouth. It took him a while before he exploded down her throat, but she didn’t mind. In fact, Khadra relished the pleasure she gave this teenager. When he released his seed, she happily swallowed as much as she could. She then put her head on his tummy and they fell asleep.

Khadra woke in the early dawn, and it took a second to realize where she was. Her heart raced when it all came rushing back to her. She was naked in a teenager’s room, with his dried cum on her face, on her thighs, and inside her. She kissed the sleeping Daniel on his cheek, hoping that it was the last time they’d do this. Guilt and panic set in. She couldn’t have a white baby.

The hallways were cold as she slipped out of Daniel’s room and bounced down the stairs, holding her new boobs firmly to keep them from jarring around. She found her clothes in the dark living room and dressed. She then stole out of the house just as the sunrise lightened the eastern sky. She needed to hurry home and shower before Maxamed awoke. She would also need to somehow explain her new body and seduce him, so that his sperm would have a fighting chance in case she was fertile. As she walked to her car, she counted the days. She thought it was probably a safe time of month for her, but still she worried. She worried about all of it. And increasingly, she wondered how she would find her way out of this spider web the house had set around her.

Chapter 13

A cool autumn breeze blew yellow and red leaves through the air, rustling gently as they passed Daniel down the sidewalk. Daniel's shoulders tensed as he turned down his brother's street. A pit formed in his stomach as he imagined Brad's truck parked in the driveway. But it wasn't there.

Daniel walked up the drive, down the little path to the front door, and knocked.

"Danny!" Penelope squealed when she opened the door. "I'm so happy to see you. Come in." She wanted to play it cool with her brother-in-law, but that wasn't as easy as it sounded. A great big, bright smile wouldn't leave her face. She wiped her palms on her yoga pants to remove the sweat. "Want something to drink?"

"Actually, I was thinking ..." Daniel stepped inside and she closed the door behind them. She watched him closely with expectant, blue eyes. "I want to … um …" He reached up and pushed back his messy, blond hair. "Do you want to go back to the mansion? We could spend some time there."

"What's wrong?" Her smile fell. "Brad won't be back anytime soon, I promise."

"It's not that." He didn't want to tell her the truth. That a ghost had asked him to have sex with her back at the Palmer House. Despite what they'd already done, he didn't think that would fly. "It's just, I think it'd be exciting to … do stuff … in my room."

"Are your parents home?"

"Yeah, but they'll never know. It's a big place." Again, he didn't add that a ghost would help keep their noises concealed from the rest of the house while they fucked like bunnies.

"You really want to do this?" Penelope raised an eyebrow, hoping he'd say no. She restlessly adjusted her blouse and looked down into his sweet eyes. She'd waited all weekend for this moment, of course she was going to do whatever he asked. But she had to try to keep him at her place. She wasn't a teenager anymore to be sneaking behind the backs of her boyfriend's parents. Good God, she now thought of Daniel as her boyfriend.

"Yes, please."

"Okay, sure. Not a problem. If it's what you really want." She grabbed her purse and car keys and shepherded him into the garage. "But don't expect me to do this all the time. It's a little crazy. Even for this ...." She kissed him on the cheek. "This thing we have, whatever it is."

About a half hour later, Penelope sat cross-legged on Daniel's bed making eyes at him. She really felt like an awkward teenage girlfriend at that moment, sending all the signals for him to make a move. She'd had many moments like this over at some boy's house years ago. Some of those moments, in fact, were with Brad in a different Anderson home. Her heart beat fast and her palms clammed up. Was she really so close to feeling that amazing cock again? Was it really as good as she remembered?

"And Cassini went right past Ceres here." Daniel stood by his space exploration poster and was pointing out the various probe courses. He never had girls in his room and it was fun to show off his interests.

“Uh huh.” Penelope nodded her head and smiled.

“Of course, it was on its way to Saturn.” He traced its voyage with his index finger.

“Of course.” She was growing impatient. This boy liked to make her wait.

“Speaking of Saturn –”

“Danny?” Penelope gave him a mock grumpy look and put her fists on her hips as she gazed up at him from the bed. “Get over here.”

“Oh, okay.” Daniel hopped on the bed and let Penelope remove his shirt. “Sorry about that.” She gave him little kisses on his meager chest. “It’s just, I get excited about … oh …” He watched her head move lower and lower and he felt her tugging off his pants and underwear. “That feels … really good.” She swallowed his dickhead and quickly worked him deeper and deeper down her throat. Daniel praised God for the invention of yoga pants. The flare of her hip as she leaned over was perfect. Of course, it would be even better without the pants.

Penelope gagged a little and reached for Daniel’s enormous balls. Her fingers curled around them. Such powerful, precious things. And she felt powerful holding them. Before all this insanity started, she never would have believed she could deep-throat a dick, especially one as monstrous as Daniel’s. But the teenager had a way about him, and she wanted to do whatever she could to make him feel good.

A little while later, Daniel stripped his sister-in-law and placed her on her back on the bed. She spread her legs for him, showing off her gorgeous, blonde pussy. It was spectacular, but it wasn’t what Daniel had in mind. “Put your legs together.”

“But you won’t be able to reach if I do that.” She closed her legs and let him mount her with his knees on either side of her thighs. “Ooooohhhhhhh.” She looked down past the rolling hills of her boobs and watched him stick it in her. “I was wrong … ugh … you can reach from there … so deep.” She had to stop thinking about what was possible with Brad in mind. Daniel had changed the paradigm. “Oh … God … it hits a spot … like that … oooohhhhhhhh.” She was already cumming.

“I wanna try something new.” Daniel then spread her legs and put his hands under her, cupping her butt cheeks.

“That … wasn’t new?” Penelope looked on in shock as he pulled her upright, and then carried her off the bed, still speared on his dick. She circled her arms behind his neck as he stood next to his bed, holding her up in the air. “How … uuuggggghhhhhh …” She felt his hands clutching her butt as he pulled her up that long cock and back down. She was so open and exposed to him like that. “How are you … lifting me? I’m so much … bigger than you.” She hated to admit it, but she did outweigh the teenager by a lot. Especially since her boobs had grown.

“I’ve … been … working … out.” Daniel bounced her on his dick in the air and watched her eyes roll back in her head. It wasn’t a believable answer, but Daniel didn’t think she was listening to him anymore anyway.

Penelope’s boobs shook and rocked back and forth. Her head rolled side to side.
“Daaaannnnyyyyyyyyy.” Her brother-in-law gave Penelope her first orgasm while being carried by a man. He was giving her so many firsts.

A couple hours later, Penelope rode Daniel backwards with her knees up and her feet planted on the bed. Each stroke was so ridiculously long. When she looked down between her sweaty, hanging boobs, she could see her belly bulging every time she hit bottom. She felt like a sex goddess. They were sex gods. This was a religion that spoke to her with more force than anything she'd ever learned in church.

Daniel slapped her left butt cheek and listened to the little cry of pleasure Penelope made in response. He decided to try some of Eloise's dirty talk on Penelope. "Are you … a slut, Pen?" He slapped her again, and enjoyed the red handprint on her pale butt.

"Ugh … ugh … ugh … I didn't think so … until you … showed me your cock, Danny." She moved her hands in the air, unsure where to put them. Eventually she gave up, and just held her hands out above her shoulders, her fingers making odd gestures, her ring bright and obvious on her left hand. "But now … I'll be your slut, Danny. I'm a slut … only … uh … uh … uh … for you."

"Really?" Daniel hadn't expected that answer. He looked at the frothy mess on his dick from their combined cum. He admired the wiggly way her hips moved and the way her thighs tensed with her effort. She was right. She was a slut. And she was his. He had her now in a way Brad never had. "What about Brad?"

Penelope looked over her shoulder at Daniel with an expression that contained either pain, or lust, or both. "I love Brad. But … but … but … ooooohhhhhhhh." She shook and came on that magic dick again.

The thought that she was cumming on him while thinking about his stupid brother sent Daniel over the edge. "I'm cummmminnnngggg." He unloaded his balls in her tight pussy for the third and final time.

A minute later, she shuddered, leaned forward, and kissed him on his sweaty thigh. "There is … nothing else … like that." She rolled off him, turned around, and they lay shoulder to shoulder panting. She turned her head to look at his youthful face. She was smiling like an idiot. Penelope gave up trying to play it cool. "When do you want to … get together again?"

"Later this week?" Daniel sighed and gave her left boob a friendly little smack. "We don't want … Brad to figure out what we're up to."

"Right." Penelope nodded and pulled herself off the bed. The thought of Brad catching them sobered her up a little. They both dressed, and Daniel led her back to the front door. She could hear Julie working in the kitchen as they passed the main hall. Penelope didn't know what she'd do if her in-laws caught her. Say she was tutoring Daniel? But no one stopped her, and soon she was driving home with a great big, stupid grin on her face.

~~

"Pen, why isn't dinner ready?" Brad dropped his work jacket on the dining room table and looked around the dark kitchen. There was no reply so he walked around the house until he found his wife stepping out of the shower in the upstairs bathroom. "Pen? Dinner?" He had to admit, even if she was on her way to being a fatty, she looked damn good at the moment.

“Oh, hello, Bradley.” Penelope smiled at him. In fact, she couldn’t stop smiling. “I’m sorry, I’m running a little late. I’ll throw something in the microwave.” She snatched a towel and dried off.

“Okay.” Brad nodded. It was good to see how happy she was to see him, but something about that smile unsettled him. He looked around the bathroom and noticed her little circle of pills sitting under some makeup on the bathroom counter. “I’ve been meaning to ask you. Are you taking your pills? That case hasn’t moved in a while.”

“Well, aren’t you observant.” Her smile faded. “Um … I switched to a different kind of pill, so I don’t need those anymore.” Panic set in. She had forgotten to take them. How could she forget something like that? She counted her cycle days in her head.

“Good. Because we’re not starting a family until it’s time.”

“When will it be time?” Penelope finished counting. It might already be time.

“When we’re ready.” He reached a hand out to her and took her by the wrist. “Dinner can wait, I want to spend some time with my wife.” Brad led her to their bed. While they fucked that night, her pussy felt extra wet and sloppy to him. He figured she was just happy to see him.

~~

“What’s wrong, pumpkin.” Julie found her daughter in the main living room. She was sitting on the sofa and trying to read, but it was clear she’d been crying.

“It’s just …” Brittney looked up at her mother with tears in her eyes. “Ted and I broke up.”

“Oh, sweetie.” Julie sat next to Brittney and patter her thigh.

Brittney put her head on Julie’s shoulder and then melted into a hug. Sometimes she just needed a little TLC from her sweet mother.

“Tell me about it.” Julie stroked her daughter’s long, brown hair with one hand and hugged her around the shoulders with her other.

“Things were going good.” Brittney sniffled. “And then he started acting so crazy. And he said he saw Danny do something horrible. Which wasn’t true. And I told him to shove it.”

Julie’s blood froze. “What … um … what did he say about Danny?” Her hand stopped in her daughter’s hair.

“He said that he saw Danny having sex in our house with a woman.” Brittney wiped her tears on her mom’s dress and nuzzled into her side.

“What woman exactly?” Had Ted somehow seen Daniel with Julie. That would be a disaster of biblical proportions.

“I don’t know. Some black woman. Does it matter? It isn’t true. Danny’s a virgin.”

“Did the woman have a hijab?” She stroked Brittney’s hair, slower this time. “You know, a head scarf?”

“I know what a hijab is, Mom. Mrs. Samatar wears one.” Brittney craned her neck and looked up at her mother. “Why do you ask? Do you think Ted was telling the truth?”

“No, no.” Julie shook her head and caressed Brittney’s smooth cheek. She looked into Brittney’s eyes and did her best to lie. “Our Daniel would never do something like that. Ted is a bad apple, Britt. You deserve better.”

“Thanks, Mom.” Brittney snuggled into Julie’s side again and sighed. Her tears dried up. “There’s plenty more fish in the sea. Right?”

“Right, pumpkin.”

~~

A clock struck eleven somewhere in the house. “Before I take care of this.” Julie squeezed Daniel’s thick penis. She sat on the edge of the tub in Daniel’s bathroom and looked up at her naked son. “I have a question.” She didn’t mean to, but her hands started moving along the shaft. She could feel his protruding veins under her fingertips. She wanted to keep his focus on the conversation, but it was just such a nice penis. So hard not to play with when it was right in front of her.

“What’s up, Mom?” Daniel looked down at Julie and reveled in the sight. She wore that powder blue corset and chemise for him. She looked lovely. The corset pressed her cleavage together and accentuated her curves.

“Well …” Julie looked down at his thing, and then back up to his blue eyes. “Have you been having sex with other women? You promised me that you and Penelope wouldn’t happen again, and I trust you. But other women?”

“Um …” He didn’t want to lie. “In 2 Samuel 12, God says to David *I anointed you king over Israel, and I delivered you from the hand of Saul. I have given you your master's house and your master's wives into your bosom.* King David had eight wives, Mom.”

“So, that’s a yes?” Julie wanted to take a firm stand with her eighteen-year-old son, but that was hard to do that while she pleasured him with her hands. She should have had this conversation elsewhere. But it was a private conversation, and anywhere the two found privacy these days her hands found his monster.

“Sorry, Mom.” Daniel nodded. He figured he wasn’t going to get in too much trouble, the way Julie stared at his dick.

“Well, I did say you could try out other women.” Julie sighed and her face inched toward the flared head as she worked him. “Was it a girl from school?”

“No.”

“Was it a black woman?” Julie knew Brittney’s ex-boyfriend had been telling the truth.

“Mrs. Samatar.” Daniel put his hand on the back of Julie’s brown hair, but she resisted his gentle push toward his dick.

“How is that even possible?” Julie licked some precum off him. “She’s married. And … her religion and everything.”

“My winning personality?” Daniel flexed his penis in her hands.

“I’ll get you some of those condoms we talked about.” She breathed in deeply, his scent was so disarming. “Until then …” She finally let the pressure from his hand guide her mouth onto his penis. She sucked eagerly. A little while later, she rose, lifted her chemise, dropped her panties, and put her hands on the edge of the sink. “Go ahead, Danny.”

“Remember what you said about your butt?” Daniel got behind her.

“Yes, I remember.” She grabbed a little bottle she’d brought with her into the bathroom and reached behind her to hand it to Daniel. “Use this oil.”

“Why do you have lube, Mom?” Daniel squeezed some out and spread it all over his dick.

“Sometimes, my vagina doesn’t respond to your father the way it used to.” She felt him place his penis at her rear entrance. She was tense with expectation. “So, your father and I use that oil to … ow … ow, ow, ow.” She had never felt so invaded and stretched. Her poor butthole strained as he sank into her. She willed herself to relax. “Is it all the way … in?”

“Almost.” Daniel basked in the glorious sight of his mom giving him her ass. She’d told George never in a million years, and yet she’d given it up to Daniel in a few days. The whole thing was spectacular. “There, it’s in.”

“Go … ow … ow … slowly, pumpkin.” Julie’s knuckles turned white on the edge of the sink. She looked up into the mirror and wondered at the sight of this hedonistic woman surrendering to her infidelity.

“Okay.” Daniel accelerated gradually, until he was humping her with about half his normal ferocity. Her butt squeezed his dick perfectly. “How’s … uh … uh … that, Mom? Does it hurt?”

“No. It … ugh … ugh … doesn’t hurt.” Julie’s own words surprised her. But she was correct. In fact, a completely new kind of pleasure had started emanating from her once tight butthole. “Oh, gosh. You’re doing me … doing my … Oh, my … It feels good, Danny. Really, really good.” The Julie Anderson in the mirror looked like a wild harlot, humping her rump back at her own skinny son. Her hair fell about her face and she grimaced as a powerful orgasm swept through her. She knew in the future she’d give him her backside anytime he asked.

They humped like that for a good long while. Neither of them noticed Eloise open the bathroom door a crack and check in on them. The redheaded woman wore a long nightgown and cradled her pregnant, swollen belly. She watched for a few minutes and then closed the door.

“Mom … I’m going to cum … in your butt.” Daniel smashed into his mother with long powerful strokes.

“Yes … yes … please.” Julie heard his soft grunts and then felt the first splash of heat inside her. “Oooohhhhhh.” She had her third anal orgasm as Daniel unloaded in her. It was pure magic.

When he finished, Daniel pulled out of her with a plop. He watched the cum run from her asshole. “It’s beautiful, Mom.”

“Really?” Julie stayed bent over for him, since he seemed to like what he was seeing. “I thought it might be … gross or something.”

“It’s perfect.” He gave her butt a light slap to let her know he was done.

“Thanks, sweetie.” Julie took off the lingerie, and they got in the shower and cleaned each other off. Then they both returned to their respective bedrooms.

~~

In Julie’s dream, she fed and fed Eloise Palmer. She prepped, cooked, and presented meal after meal. The pregnant woman sat at Julie’s dining table and ate but was always hungry for more. Eloise would finish a steak, or some blanched greens, dab her pink lips with a napkin, and say, “More, please.”

Always more. The larder ran low on provisions. Soon, Julie would need to go to the neighbors to see what they had to offer. Julie’s bustled dress rustled as she moved hurriedly around the kitchen. She could hear Eloise’s belly grumble with hunger. Julie needed to prepare more food. Soon, the whole kitchen shook with Eloise’s hunger.

“Wake up, Mrs. Anderson.” Eloise stood over the sleeping beauty in the master bedroom. She shook Julie on the shoulder. “Hurry.”

“What?” Julie woke from the dream, shot up in bed, and looked around with wide eyes. The whole bedroom shook. She could hear the metallic rattling of the bedside lamp as a rumbling moved through the house. She saw Eloise and automatically pulled the sheet up over her exposed boobs.

“Your children are in danger.” Eloise’s pale face had none of its usual warmth. She looked frightened. “Your daughter caught the interest of Frederick when she allowed that boy inside her. Hurry.” She offered her left hand to Julie and the housewife took it.

“My husband?” Julie looked over at George as he snored next to her, oblivious to the chaos in the house.

“Frederick has no interest in him.” Eloise nodded earnestly even though it was not the full truth. “Come quickly.”

“Right.” Without thinking, Julie rose from bed, clasped hands with Eloise, and rushed out into the hall. “What do we do?” She could feel the quaking vibrations travel through the hardwood floor with her bare toes.

“Go to your daughter’s room, Julie.” Eloise led her down the hall. “There is a sachet from the Samatars by the door. Lock the door behind you and bar it with the sachet.”

“What about Danny?” Julie held her boobs with her free arm as they walked quickly.

“I will protect your son.” Eloise waddled a bit with her pregnant belly, but she moved surprisingly fast.

“Really?” But Julie knew it was true. They passed the railing to the grand stairway and a black shadow rose toward them from the floor below. Julie couldn’t spot the shadow’s source, but the penumbra had a masculine aspect and a malevolent bearing.

“And she invites the vile seed into her very bed.” A dark booming voice called up from below. It was Frederick. “Villainy.”

Julie didn’t wait to see the shadow’s source. She ran faster. Clad only in her panties, the house’s midnight chill seemed to clutch at her bare skin.

“Do not deviate.” Eloise gave Julie’s hand a squeeze and a little spark moved between them. The women parted outside Daniel’s door. Eloise slipped into his bedroom, and Julie lunged up the stairs to the east tower.

“I will drive these sins from you, woman.” Frederick’s voice followed Julie.

Julie opened Brittney’s door, stepped through, and locked it behind her. She found the sachet and went to lift it, but it felt like a bowling ball. Heavy footfalls sounded on the stairs outside the door. Julie bent her legs, strained herself, and dragged the sachet in front of the door. Panting with excursion and fear, she stood there for a moment as the heavy, lumbering gait grew louder and then stopped.

“King David had eight wives.” Frederick hissed through the door’s solid wood planks. Clearly, he was just on the other side of the door now. The house continued to shake. “And his son, Solomon, had 700 and 300 concubines. They were not men of God.” A loud bang rattled the door.

“Oh, no.” Julie turned and ran to her daughter’s bed. She dove under the blankets and hugged Brittney close. Another bang shook the door. The house’s quake subsided. The presence outside the door grew quiet. Soon, all seemed normal.

“Mom?” Brittney opened her eyes in bewilderment at finding her naked mother under the covers with her. “What’s going on?”

“It’s okay, pumpkin.” Julie hugged her daughter against her breasts. “Go back to sleep. I’m just keeping an eye on you tonight.” She trembled as her fear and adrenaline subsided.

“Okay.” Brittney’s mind was slow with sleep. It was weird having her mom in bed with her, but it was also cozy. She drifted back to sleep in Julie’s arms.

~~

The masonry around the fireplace in Daniel's room gave a loud crack as the mansion trembled. Daniel sat wide-eyed in bed. Relief washed over him when Eloise walked through his door and closed it behind her.

"Quick, into the fireplace passageway." She moved across the bedroom, her large belly swaying before her. She moved to the fireplace, flipped a switch, and the hearth swiveled open.

"What's going on?" Daniel wanted to ask about her pregnancy, but it clearly wasn't the time. He got out of bed and felt the cold floor with the bare soles of his feet as he raced toward Eloise.

"Frederick is cross with your sister." Eloise beckoned him, her freckled face half lit with silver moonlight. "But I do not anticipate a confrontation this time."

"Is Britt okay?"

"Yes." Eloise nodded. "I sent your mother to watch over her. Along with one of the Samatar sachets."

"Good. Are we going to the basement again?" Daniel stepped into the black entryway and shivered at the cold. He was glad for his flannel pajamas. He hugged himself tight against the chill that emanated from those secret stairs.

"Not this time, dearie. But don't worry, you'll be safe." She did not follow him into the black. Instead she flipped a switch, and the hearth swiveled to shut him in.

"Mrs. Palmer?" Daniel felt around the cold stone in the dark. "Eloise?" He raised his voice and banged on the wall, but got no answer. There was a faint light behind him. He turned and waited, trying to make out what the light was. After a time, he cautiously walked toward it, one hand on the wall for guidance. He felt with each step for the stairs, but they never came. Instead, his toes touched something warm, and grainy. Daniel looked down in confusion. Sand? He looked up and the world was suddenly bathed in warm light.

Stretching out before him, a long sandy beach arched against some unknown coastline. Ahead of Daniel, a wooden bench sat in the sand. A flock of ducks waddled around the bench, quite out of place on the sunny beach. Even more out of place, a man in a tweed suit sat on the bench and tossed bread to the ducks. Daniel couldn't see the man's face. His hair was blond, longish, and combed in an old-fashioned sweep to the side.

"Excuse me?" Daniel walked over the uneven sand, wiggling his toes in the warmth. "Where am I?" Daniel stepped around the bench and looked down at the man.

"You are in the stairway, of course. It's your home." The man smiled up at Daniel with a kindly face. He had deep gray eyes and a noble, if somewhat faded, demeanor. "Which is also my house, not coincidentally."

"Who are you?" Daniel took in the man's finely crafted suit and the brown paper bag of bread crumbs the man held on his lap.

"I am Day Star. Also called Son of the Morning." Day Star smiled helpfully. He tossed some more bread to the gathered ducks that waddled around. "Such lovely creatures. Do you know their mating habits?"

“No.” Daniel shook his head. “I don’t think you’re supposed to feed them bread. It’s bad for their stomachs or something.”

“We’ve only just met and you’re already giving me rules.” Day Star’s smile faded. “Humans.” He shook his head. “But I suppose you’re right.” He folded up the bag and put it beside him on the bench. He then stretched his arms and stood. “Come, walk with me.” Day Star had a slight frame and stood a few inches shorter than Daniel. He meandered down the beach.

“What’s wrong with rules? Rules are good.” Daniel jogged to catch up with him and fell into step a few feet to Day Star’s right. “And I know the Latin for Day Star.”

“Of course you do.” Day Star nodded. “You’re a smart boy. Now, why did you bring me all this way to your secret stairway?”

“I didn’t bring you here.” Daniel looked up as they passed under some coconut trees. Up ahead, there was a makeshift shelter made from broken fiberglass and wood.

“No?” Day Star shrugged. “Well, since we’re here on this lovely beach, we might as well get to know each other.”

“Will you answer my questions honestly?” Daniel regarded Day Star carefully. “You have a reputation for … um … prevarication.”

“That’s a very nice way to put it. Don’t worry, I love questions, Daniel. And I respect those with the courage to ask them.” He glanced at Daniel with an appraising look. “I was banished from my home for asking too many questions. I wouldn’t want to be a hypocrite.”

“I made the deal with you, didn’t I?” Daniel eyed the shelter as they passed. There was a firepit outside half covered in sand. The place looked abandoned.

Day Star laughed, a bright clear sound. “Yes, indeed. Eloise Palmer is my friend and partner.”

“And now you own my soul or something?” For the first time, Daniel felt some fear around this little man.

“No, no, no.” Day Star shook his head. “Souls are beyond me. They’re beyond Him, too, you know. He didn’t create all this like he’d have you believe. He wandered into it. He’s a sad little man sitting on a hill, yelling at humanity to love him. Vanity is His biggest flaw.”

“Yours too, right?” Daniel stepped a little to his right and walked into the lapping waves. The cool water felt so good.

“Maybe.” Day Star nodded. “Jesus said that he who lives by the sword, dies by the sword. And Jesus was a carpenter who died nailed to some lumber.” A sad smile flitted across Day Star’s face. “By that logic, I will surely die breaking a rule. But it will be well worth it. There are too many people telling us what to do, Daniel. It is up to us to decide what’s right and make what we deserve.”

“What do you get out of our deal?” Daniel looked out over the horizon and was surprised to see the reds and purples of a setting sun. It had been midday just minutes before.

“Did you not hear how I feel about His rules?” Day Star arched an eyebrow. “You know, He breaks his own rules all the time. Hypocrisy is easy from atop the hill.” Day Star stopped their walk and looked at Daniel. “Our time is up. Nice talk. Thank you for the questions.”

“Wait.” Daniel stepped toward him. “I have more questions.” But even as he said it, the beach faded and he found himself walking out of the fireplace in his room. He looked around, but he was alone. The menacing sounds of Frederick had turned to silence. Daniel checked his door, to make sure it was locked, and then climbed back into bed. He found that his pajama bottoms were wet around the cuffs, so he took them off and tossed them on the floor. He lay awake the rest of the night, thinking about his conversation with Day Star. Or, in the Latin, Lucifer.

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It was still dark outside when Julie woke in Brittney’s bed. She was under the covers, laying on her side, and felt the most wonderful feeling in her right breast. As she came to her senses, she realized that she was still holding her daughter tightly, and there was a faint smacking sound nearby. Was her …? It couldn’t be. Was her daughter sucking on her nipple?

“Mmmmmmmmmm.” Brittney sighed. Her mother’s milk was so sweet and warm, she gulped it down as she suckled from Julie’s right boob.

“Britt?” Julie cradled Brittney’s head in her hands. She was holding her there and abetting this perverted act, but she couldn’t let her go. “Not you, too. You have to stop, sweetie.” She didn’t want Brittney to stop. That would be a terrible loss.

Brittney took her mouth off the nipple and licked the underside of Julie’s boob. “It’s just a dream, Mom. Don’t worry about it. You don’t have milk in real life anymore.”

“This isn’t a dream.” Julie reached for her other boob and squeezed her own nipple. Her fingers came away wet. “I do have milk. How is this possible?”

“It’s magic,” Brittney said dreamily. She lowered her mouth and went back to sucking her mom’s tit. “Mmmmmmmmm.”

“Oh, pumpkin.” Julie cradled Brittney against her and cooed. Feeding her eighteen-year-old daughter that way was another step in her journey with perfidy, but it felt so right. They cuddled under the covers and Brittney rhythmically sucked. Eventually, the girl’s hand meandered across the gentle curve of her mom’s belly. “Britt, what are you doing?”

“Mph mmm mph mph.” Brittney’s words were unintelligent.

“No. You can’t.” Julie felt Brittney’s fingers slide under Julie’s panties and move past her triangle of hair. “You really can’t do … ooooooohhhhhhhh.” A new pleasure surged through Julie as Brittney’s finger slipped inside her wet vagina. “Sweetie … nnnnooooooooooo …” But Julie hunched her hips back and forth as the finger worked her.

Brittney spit the nipple out of her mouth, but kept fingering her mother. “This feels real. This isn’t a dream, is it?” She wanted to stop, but she couldn’t find the will. “Are we …?” She felt her mom trembling. “Are you going to …? Then she felt Julie convulse and squeal and Julie’s vagina contracted around her finger. She had just given her mom an orgasm. Brittney’s own pussy was incredibly wet. This was so much hotter than anything she’d done with Ted. Her mother was so soft, warm, and pliable. She tried to regain her composure. “I’m sorry, Mom.” It was an awkward thing to say with one’s finger in another’s pussy. “I thought this was a dream, and …” She felt Julie’s delicate hand move inside her pajama bottoms and under Brittney’s panties. “Ooohhh, Mom.” Brittney shivered as two of Julie’s fingers massaged Brittney’s clit in little circles.

“Drink some more, sweetie.” With one hand she pressed Brittney’s mouth back to her breast, with her other, she stimulated her daughter’s clitoris. “Just a little more, and then we’ll stop.”

“Mmmmpphhhh.” Brittney gulped down more milk, and her hand went back to work on her mom’s pussy. She inserted another finger. And then another. She plunged them in and out while Julie rubbed Brittney’s pussy. “Oppphhhhh Mmmmoooommmppphhh.” Brittney groaned around the nipple in her mouth. Her nerve endings sparked with the first orgasm given to her by someone else. Improbably, her own mother.

The Anderson women fingered each other for over an hour, before they removed their hands from each other’s pussies and snuggled in closer together. Brittney went to sleep with her mouth clamped on Julie’s breast, just as she had some eighteen years before. Julie cooed and shushed her to sleep, cradling her in her arms. She was right back where she started with her daughter. She knew this would have to be one-time thing, but she loved that moment with all her heart.

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Julie woke just before dawn and snuck out of Brittney’s bed as her daughter dreamed away. She tip-toed through the cold room and bent down to move the sachet. It was hard work getting it out of the way, but she managed. She checked outside the door for any looming shadows. The stairs were empty. Quiet pervaded the house.

Naked, but for her panties, she walked the long walk of shame down the hall back to her bedroom. She had somehow corrupted both her twins. At least with Brittney, it wasn’t too late to turn back. With Daniel, there was nothing she could do.

The sheets were cold on her side of the bed as she slipped in. She rested her hand over her eyes and could faintly smell her daughter’s sex. Julie moved her hand below the blanket. She was too tired to get up and wash her hands. George snored next to her, and Julie closed her eyes. Maybe she would find a way to rein in the relationships that were careening all about her life. Maybe.

Chapter 14

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

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

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

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

“Who?”

“Daniel,” Khadra squeaked.

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

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

“Are you sure it’s him?”

“Yes, husband.” Khadra nodded with solemnity.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Well, yeah.” Daniel eyed them as they raced by. “Where’s the fire?”

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

“Look, I thought I was dreaming. Okay?” Brittney tried to strike a defiant tone, but she found her gaze glued to Julie’s enormous boobs. Even under the ridiculously large sweatshirt her mother wore, her boobs stood out proudly. “I … I … just …”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

With a good deal of reluctance, Julie pulled Brittney off her boob and moved her from under the sweatshirt. “That was …” Julie sighed. “… really nice. But we have to stop. Your father is looking for me.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Language, Danny.” Julie looked up at her son and smiled when she saw the blissful expression on his face. Like any mother, she just wanted her children to be happy. “And keep it quiet.” She didn’t think Daniel had noticed the milk slowly dribbling from her nipples. At least, he hadn’t said anything about it. Julie considered that her breasts, now rubbing against that magnificent penis, had been in her daughter’s hands and mouth just minutes ago. And the night before, when Brittney and had sucked her and they’d played with each other’s privates, Daniel’s semen had been deep in her butt. How had it come to this? “Hurry up now, Danny. You need to leave for the bus soon.”

“Almost … there … Mom.”

“That’s what you said five minutes ago.” Julie could see Daniel start to tremble. “Oh. Good boy. Let it all out.” She let go of her breasts and sucked his penis into her mouth. She gulped down spurt after forceful spurt of hot, salty seed. Goodness, the Andersons had been drinking a lot of each other lately.

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

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

“I will.”

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

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

“Bye, pumpkin. Be good.” Julie called after her daughter.

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

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

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

“Mrs. Samatar? I –” Daniel stared out into the dark in confusion.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“What?” Maxamed followed her gaze. “This thing?” He thumped his hand on the taxadermied animal. “Long since dead. Close the door and let’s get started.”

“As you wish.” Khadra closed and locked the door behind them. She moved across the room and handed Maxamed the salt. To her left, a sofa sat along the wall, the oil lamp flickering on an end table at the far end. To her right, someone had covered a sideboard with beautifully detailed, multi-colored bottles. A lush, Persian rug cushioned her feet. “What is this place?” The walls were covered with odd portraiture.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Release me, beast.” Maxamed kicked and flailed his legs, but the creature was too strong. “Help me, woman.”

Khadra trembled, but she stepped toward the bear. It turned its savage head to stare at her and let out a hideous snarl that shook her very insides. Khadra stopped in her tracks.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“It is you who will let us go.” She reached down and touched the head of his penis with the tip of her index finger and wiped away a little pre-seminal fluid. “Key,” she said and then took her finger and placed it between her legs. “Lock,” she said. “Allah preserve me, it is such a mighty key.” She heard her husband struggle against the bear more fiercely, but she couldn’t bring herself to look at him.

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

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

“Ugh … Mrs. Samatar.” Daniel squirmed but could do nothing else. He heard her husband’s muffled cries through the bear’s paw, but Daniel put that out of his mind. Her pussy felt fantastically tight and her

boobs wobbled beautifully as she bounced on him. He focused on that. “Maybe we …” But he lost his train of thought as his eyes followed her bouncing, brown boobs.

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

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

“Yes, yes. Stake your … claim.” Khadra’s vagina clenched on the erupting thing inside her. She grimaced and closed her eyes, pushing down to plant him as deep inside her as possible. “Turn … ugh… the lock inside me.”

“Aaaahhhhhh.” Daniel wanted to reach out and grab her, to feel her curves. But he was still tied tight. Neither of them even heard the thump as the bear unceremoniously dropped Maxamed’s limp body to the floor.

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Penelope woke with a start. Something needed protecting. She climbed out of bed and threw on a dress.

“Where are you going?” Brad’s sleepy voice called from the darkness of their bed.

“I need a glass of water.” Penelope moved to the bedroom door. “I’ll be right back.”

“Okay.” Brad rolled over and was already snoring by the time Penelope exited the room.

Keys, jacket, purse. Penelope’s body moved almost on autopilot. By the she’d backed her car out of the driveway, she knew where she was going. The Palmer Mansion. She put the car in drive and sped away.

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Still breathing hard, Khadra lifted herself off Daniel. She looked down and could see semen dripping from between her legs in large, white droplets. She looked over at the bear and saw her husband laying on the floor in front of it. The creature no longer moved and had gone back to its original, devilish pose. “Maxamed.” Khadra stumbled over to him and kneeled down. She caressed his face with her sweaty

hand while sperm continued to fall to the floor below her. “Are you hurt?” It seemed that Maxamed was in a semiconscious state. Khadra quickly dressed and then helped her husband to his feet. “Can you speak?” But he could only mumble incoherencies.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I don’t know.”

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

“My underwear are torn. I don’t know what I can do.” They got to the top of the stairs.

“You can think of baseball or … shh.” Penelope put a finger to Daniel’s lips. “Did you see that?”

“No, what?”

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

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

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

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

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

“What time is it?” Daniel didn’t want to move to look over at his bedside clock.

“Around three, I think.” Penelope placed her head on the flannel that covered Daniel’s flat belly. She looked up at has cock with wide eyes.

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

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

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

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

“I had sex tonight.”

“I can tell.” She sucked him into her mouth and swirled her tongue around the head. She popped him back out. “Let me clean you up. I’ll take care of you, Danny.” She licked her way down his dick and slurped at his balls, cleaning them off too.

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

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With her belly full of cum, Penelope rose from Daniel’s bed where she’d been cuddling the teenager. She sighed. He looked so peaceful sleeping with his blond hair pressed into the pillow. Thank goodness she’d woken when she had. She turned off his light, stole out of his room, and walked down the stairs. No surprise, the door to the locked room was closed and locked again. She checked it just to be sure. Better it stay that way.

In that whole house, the locked room was the only place that still upset Penelope. Taking a deep breath, she turned to the front door, collected her jacket and purse, and left the Anderson home. On her drive home, she wondered at how her in-laws' move had uprooted her life. Given how much it had changed her and Daniel, she considered whether it might have had an effect on the other Andersons. Penelope smiled. Julie was too concerned with God's path to wander down the lust-filled trail Penelope had discovered. And Brittney was too much of a goody-goody.

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

~~

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

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

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

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

"I … um … just wanted a tuck-in."

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

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

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

"I'll be back in a little while." Julie patted the lump that was her husband under the covers and walked out of the room just behind her daughter. Brittney's slender legs appeared quite thin in the dim light of the hall. Brittney wore only a pajama top that hung down over her butt. And panties. Julie figured her daughter had to have panties on, too.

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

"What's going on?" Julie whispered as they passed the open living room. Moonlight fell through the windows. "If this is about before, I'll let you have more later. But you can't wake me up in the middle of the night for a feeding. You're not a baby." Had she just promised to feed her daughter from her breasts again? She'd passed another Rubicon. It seemed she'd reached a point where the Rubicons just flew by.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Language, young lady. Don’t use the Lord’s name in … ooooooohhhhhhh … oh, my … my, my, my ... my sweet girl.” Julie cradled Brittney’s head as her daughter latched onto the nipple and began drinking.

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

Julie nodded and both women removed their panties.

Brittney went back to drinking sweet milk, but she shifted her hips lower and interwove her legs with her mom’s. It felt right. Soon enough, her hips rocked ever so slightly. Both women moaned at this new sensation.

One of Brittney’s friends had once said that when a woman really liked sex, she made her “oh face.” Brittney was pretty sure she’d never made that face with Ted, but she thought if her mouth wasn’t on her mom’s nipple, she’d be making it at that moment. Her hips sped up, and her wet pussy rubbed on Julie’s supple thigh. She wondered what Julie’s face looked like, so she stopped drinking, placed her hands on her mom’s tits, and pushed herself up as her hips made grinding circles. “Wow … uh … uh … Mom. You’re … ugh … making your … oh face.”

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

“Oh … God …” Brittney watched Julie’s eyes roll back and her body shake. Brittney’s own orgasm wasn’t far behind her mother’s. “I think … I think … I might … Ooooohhhhhhhh.” Brittney’s brain stopped completely as she came, her fingers digging into Julie’s soft boobs.

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

Later, with Brittney sleeping peacefully in bed next to her, Julie roused the energy to make the long trip back to her own bedroom. She pulled on her husband’s sweater and slipped out into the cold hallway. How would she juggle both twins? She placed a hand on her breast. And her own desires certainly showed no signs of abating. She had gone from trying to rebuff the twins, to now actively wondering how she’d schedule intimate time with both of them. Motherhood was never what one expected.

Chapter 15

The damp washcloth felt cool in Khadra's hands. It was supposed to be warm. She pressed it up against her husband's forehead. It had been over a day since their failed attempt to rid Daniel of his demon. Maxamed had not yet turned lucid. Khadra had sent their children to her parents' house as she devoted herself to taking care of her husband. Although, she was quite worried about his anger when he woke up. He had seen her copulate with Daniel, shoving the eighteen-year-old's massive thing up inside her. She just hoped he'd understand it was the house that had done that and not her.

Time to freshen up the washcloth. Khadra stood and left her husband in their bed. She walked over to the bathroom and turned on the faucet. She froze when she looked to her right. There, standing upright on the counter, was that damnable black phallus. Khadra stood staring at it for a long time with the water running and steam rising before her. Eventually, she shut the water off.

"Just one more time," Khadra whispered. She slowly pulled off her dress and removed her panties. She was naked in the bathroom with that black thing. "I don't need to do this." She picked up the dildo, closed the bathroom door, and sat down on the toilet lid. "I just want to see what it's like. One … last … time … uuuuggggghhhhhhhh." She spread her legs and shoved it inside her. While not as massive as Daniel's tool, it hit spots her husband couldn't. Her body buzzed with pleasure as she moved the thing in and out.

"Khadra?" Maxamed's voice called from the bedroom, muffled by the bathroom door. "What happened?"

Khadra's heart felt like it wanted to beat out of her chest. With a moment of indecision, she kept the dildo all the way inside her. She grunted as it touched some magical place inside. Then, very slowly, she withdrew the phallus, washed it in the sink, dried it with a hand towel, and tossed it into a drawer. "I'm coming, Maxamed." This was a delicate moment. Khadra didn't know how Maxamed would react to the incident at the mansion. She threw on her dress and rushed back into the bedroom.

"What happened?" Maxamed looked up at her, still with his head on the pillow.

"What do you remember?" Khadra sat down next to him. She'd forgotten the washcloth, so she patted his chest through the blanket.

"We went to that accursed house. I … I …" Maxamed blinked his dark eyes. "I took the boy to the unlocked room. And …" He paused. Memories would not come back. "Did I accidentally chloroform myself?"

"Yes." Khadra sighed with relief. She hated telling the lie, but it was for the greater good.

"And you got me back here? By yourself?"

"It wasn't easy." Khadra nodded.

"Chloroform is a vile drug." Maxamed looked away from his loving wife up to the ceiling. "It gave me such dreadful dreams. I can only see flashes. That … that you willingly consorted with a monster." He

looked back down at her soft, brown eyes. “Tell me that was not a prophetic vision. Tell me that we will have nothing further to do with that accursed family.”

“Those were not prophesies, dear husband.” She patted the covers again and stood. At least that wasn’t a lie. What he described were memories not prophesies. “We will have nothing further to do with the Andersons.” Also, not a lie. “Now let me fetch you some food.”

“Yes, thank you.” A grim tautness left Maxamed’s face and he relaxed into his pillow. “The children?”

“At my parents’.” Khadra moved to the door. “I’ll be back with some lunch. You must be hungry.” She left the room and stopped at the bathroom. She paused and then stepped inside. She’d dodged a bullet with Maxamed, and maybe she could take a few minutes to celebrate. The phallus was still in the drawer. She closed the bathroom door, lifted up her dress, and pushed it home. “Ooooohhhhhhhh.” Her husband’s lunch could wait a few extra minutes.

~~

The shopping basket bulged with items Julie didn’t need. She’d thrown in Band-Aids, Q-tips, tampons, Aspirin, and various other things she had plenty of at home. She hoped that the extra-large, magnum condoms would go unnoticed by the clerk if the box came with an avalanche of miscellany. She placed the basket on the conveyor belt and watched the clerk go to work.

“We don’t sell many of these.” After checking a few items, the clerk, an older woman, held up the box of condoms. “Not in this size, anyway. You married well, miss.” She smiled a knowing grin and appraised Julie. “My husband packs a little one.” She leaned closer to Julie. “Is it true what they say?”

“Um.” Julie looked around, but no one else was about. “Sorry?” Her cheeks burned. She wanted nothing more than to pay and get out of there, but the clerk was having none of it.

“Is bigger really better?” The clerk winked. “I’ve never experienced a … magnum.”

Julie gave a slight nod and her cheeks turned more red.

“I knew it.” The clerk gave out a quick laugh and bagged the condoms, running the next item over the scanner. “So how big is your husband?”

“I couldn’t possibly say.” Julie shrugged.

The clerk stopped what she was doing and looked at Julie. She made a point of looking at Julie’s wedding ring and then back up to her brown eyes. “It’s not your husband is it?” She didn’t wait for Julie’s answer. “No it isn’t. I can tell. You sly minx. Who is he then? The pool boy?” She went back to checking items. “The lawn boy? I always had fantasies about them. They’re all sweaty and tan. Who?”

Julie stood perfectly still.

“Keep your secrets then.” The clerk held up the last item, a bottle of lube. “I’m not surprised you need this, given his size. Lordy, Lordy.” She finished bagging and announced the total.

Julie shook her head and put her credit card through as quickly as possible. She grabbed her bag and didn't wait for the receipt, heading for the exit.

The clerk called after Julie as she fled. "More power to you, miss. We could all use a little something extra." The clerk shook her head and chuckled.

~~

"What do you think?" Julie twirled in the center of Daniel's room. She wore lacy, red lingerie. A matching bra and panty set that did its best to accentuate her already bountiful curves.

"Wow, Mom. You look incredible." Daniel sat on the edge of his bed, his pajamas barely containing his hardon. It had been over a week since the Samatars had tied him up in the locked room. While that was frightful, and that bear still gave him nightmares, Daniel was willing to forgive the house if it continued to give him moments like these. "Where'd the new underwear come from?"

"Well, to be honest, your father has shown a little more interest in me lately. And since none of my old sexy outfits fit, I picked up a few items at the department store." Julie faced Daniel and pushed her hip to the right, striking what she hoped was a sexy pose. The delighted look on her eighteen-year-old's face conveyed mission success on her part. "I hope you don't mind sharing me a little. I mean …" Was she apologizing for sleeping with her husband? A small frown passed across her pink lips. "I mean, I …" She couldn't formulate the sentence for telling Daniel they weren't exclusive. Because, of course they weren't. She was married. But they were doing all sorts of naughty stuff. It was so confusing.

"It's cool, Mom." Daniel slowly undressed. "I want Dad to be happy. Thank you for sharing the outfit with me."

"You're such a good boy, Danny." Julie's smile returned as she watched that massive penis swing into view. She turned and walked back to the bag she'd left by the door, swaying her round butt a little extra for him. She bent at the waist and retrieved the condoms and lube, giving him a real show. She straightened and walked back across the room. "I got you some condoms that should fit." She placed them on his nightstand.

"I don't want to wear those, Mom."

"They're not for wearing with me, silly. They're for when you experiment with other girls. Like we talked about." Julie turned and tossed Daniel the bottle of lube, and he caught it out of the air. "Also, I got you some special oil for when we … you know." Her smile turned shy.

"Wow, thanks." Daniel opened the bottle, put some in his hand and spread the lube all over his dick.

"I thought we'd do a little foreplay first." Julie licked her lips.

"You take care of me all the time. How much cum have you swallowed this week?" Daniel stood and stepped over to his mom. He hated to remove those awesome panties, but it needed to be done. He slid them off her and she stepped out of them.

“A lot,” Julie whispered. She didn’t like when he talked like that.

“Well then, let me take care of you a little.” Daniel reached down, cupped Julie’s ass and lifted her up higher and higher until her pussy was right in front of his face and her thighs dangled over his shoulders. He still held on to her ass. Thank goodness for the mansion’s high ceilings.

“Oh, gosh. How are you lifting me, Danny?” She looked down, afraid her frail son would drop her to the hardwood floor below. But instead, he pushed her up against his face and licked at her slit. “Oh, Danny.” She felt his tongue push inside her, and then he nibbled on her clit. All worries about his sudden strength left her. She dug her fingers into his blond hair and cried out as he pleasured her in the most improbable position. “Oh, gosh. Oh, gosh. Oooohhhhhhhh, gooooooossshhhhhhhhhhh.” To her embarrassment, Julie squirted all over Daniel’s handsome face when her orgasm overtook her. He didn’t seem to mind, as he continued to lap and nibble at her.

Three times Julie came on Daniel’s tongue before he lowered her halfway to the floor. He turned her away from him, with his hands under her knees. He then nestled his dick between her ass cheeks and rubbed her until his dick found her anus. Fortunately, she was loose enough from their previous encounters, that the oily head slipped in.

“How … ooooohhhhhhhh … are you doing this?” Julie’s hips involuntarily wiggled as she felt him enter her butt. She’d never been held so open and exposed. “I weigh more than you, Danny. I … ughhhhhhh.” As his penis entered her guts, it took her breath away. She let him bounce her up and down on his shaft. More and more sunk into her.

“Eloise made me … uh … uh … uh … stronger, Mom.” Daniel bent his knees and leaned back a little to more evenly distribute their combined weight. He got into a good rhythm, and soon she bounced in the air on his dick. “You like it?”

“Yes. Oh, my … yes.” Julie’s left hand moved between her legs and she stuck two fingers into her vagina. The moment was heaven. “I never … imagined.” Julie grunted like a wild animal. “I … never imagined.” She wondered what that store clerk would say if she could see Julie now.

“I know I have to share you with Dad, but I’m the only one that gets to do this. Right, Mom?”

“Yes.”

“You want my dick. Right?”

“Yes,” Julie squeaked. She didn’t like the coarse language, but Julie couldn’t very well reprimand him with his penis all the way up her butt.

“You’re his wife, but my girlfriend?” Daniel tightened his grip on the bottom of her thighs. The moment was too perfect. He felt his balls churning. She didn’t answer him, so he upped the pace a bit. “You’re my slut, right, Mom?”

Julie shook her head and felt her vagina contract on her fingers. She wouldn’t answer such questions, but she knew it was true. Despite her upbringing, all the hours spent in church, and all her good intentions, she was an adulteress. A harlot. Her son had hooked her on his giant cock. A massive orgasm ripped through her. She was lost. Minutes later, Daniel’s soft grunting told her that he was ready and she felt the heat of his release deep inside her. Taking his seed while he tossed her about like a ragdoll

sent her hurtling over the edge again. She screamed and it was a wonder she didn't wake the whole house.

"That was … amazing." When he finished cumming, Daniel pulled her off his dick and tossed her onto his bed. Julie curled up on her side, trembling. Daniel flopped down behind her and unclasped her lacy, red bra. He'd actually gotten pretty good at unhooking a bra. "I want more, Mom." He pulled her onto her back and removed the bra. He then crawled between her legs.

"More?"

"I want your pussy, too." He rubbed the head of his still hard dick along her slit, admiring her neatly trimmed bush.

"No." Julie lifted her head up and stared between her heaving breasts to the V of her legs. Daniel's long penis looked so menacing as it nuzzled her folds, the purple head angry and ready to pierce down to her soul. "I … don't … want … a … baby …" she panted. Her fuzzy mind struggled to form cogent thoughts.

"I'll pull out then." Daniel was a good son who usually listened to his mother, but this was too tempting. He slid into her.

"Condom … condom … condom," Julie chanted with each powerful thrust. She braced herself and continued to hold her head up, watching Daniel retake her vagina.

"The condoms … ah … ah … aren't for you … remember?" Daniel placed his hands on the blanket and held himself up so he could look down at his unraveling mother. Her boobs swayed up and down, almost hitting her in the face at the top of their journey.

"Don't want … baby … want … baby … baby …" Julie's hands crept around Daniel's hips and she cupped his little butt. Her fingers dug into the tight flesh and felt it flex with each thrust. Would she really give him this again? "Go ahead … Danny … you can … fill me."

"You're leaking … Mom. Your … boobs." Daniel could see droplets flying from her flopping tits. "You're ready for a … ugh … ugh … baby." He leaned forward, and sucked in her left nipple. The milk was every bit as sweet as Eloise's. But warm and so full of life. He humped her and gulped down milk. He could feel her grip tighten on his ass, pressing him more fervently into her.

"Yeeeessssssssssss, Daaaaannnnnyyyyyyyyy," Julie hissed. How could she deny him anything? "Let … it out." When she felt that hot seed splash inside her, Julie convulsed, and her face twisted with pleasure. She might regret it in the morning, but at that moment she wanted nothing more than to let Daniel's little swimmers have full access to her womb.

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The days passed. Julie split her clandestine time between the twins. Feeding and rubbing Brittney and taking Daniel's seed over and over.

Khadra managed to keep her distance from the house. But she couldn't avoid the ubiquitous black dildo, which appeared whenever she had a moment to herself. She was able to resist that temptation, sometimes. But more often than not, she failed and found that she'd impaled herself on the thing, with thoughts of Daniel playing in her head. Her husband hadn't been the same since the locked room episode. He complained frequently of devilish dreams and the demons that wanted to possess his wife. "That house wants to make you its bride, but you're my bride," Maxamed would often say in fervent tones. Khadra had taken to leaving the children at her parents' house for days at a time.

On the other side of town, Penelope tried to be patient with her teenage paramour. She opened her home to him whenever he had free time after school. She looked at her husband differently. Wondering why she had picked *that* Anderson to marry. When her morning nausea started, she knew what had happened. She snuck away from Brad to throw up in the bathroom when necessary. Hopefully, Brad suspected nothing.

All the while, the house watched and listened. The clock ticked and the hallways grew colder as winter arrived. Palmer Mansion had been here before and would be here again. But for a little while, it quieted as it built itself up for bigger events to come.

~~

"I've known few women so dedicated to arithmetic." Eloise stood by the sofa in the main living room, wearing a long flowing dress. She looked down at the scribbles Brittney made on her pad of paper.

Brittney gave a start and looked up at the Victorian woman. She collected herself. "It's not arithmetic. It's calculus." She should have been frightened to have a strange, unexpected visitor, but for some reason she took it in stride. It was very much like the day she'd seen that young man, Thomas, in the very same room. Brittney took in the woman's freckled beauty and the rise of the woman's pregnant belly under the floral pattern on her dress. "I'm dreaming, aren't I?"

"No." Eloise snapped her fingers and the fireplace roared to life, seasoned timbers crackling and popping with flame.

"That seems like a very dreamy thing to do." Brittney nodded at the fire. "Also, I'm pretty sure I'd be terrified if this wasn't a dream."

"They crafted you of puissance, did they not?" Eloise smiled at the eighteen-year-old girl. "I am much pleased with your agency."

"What?" Brittney shook her head and put down the pad of paper. "Never mind." She looked around the room, remembering when Thomas had appeared. That young man and the woman looked very much alike. And the room looked the same as it did back then, with dark oil paintings and mounted trophy heads on the walls. "You're a Palmer, aren't you?"

"And a clever girl, too. I'm Mrs. Eloise Palmer." Eloise nodded and smiled brightly. "May I join you?" She sat down next to Brittney and put her hand on the girl's bare knee. Her binary diamonds sparkled on her

finger. She frowned at Brittney's short skirt. How scandalous modern sartorial decisions were. "I'd like to help you, dearie."

"With what?" Brittney found Eloise's smile disarming. Her math forgotten, Brittney lost herself in Eloise's pretty, green eyes. It occurred to Brittney that she might be a lesbian.

"Well, first thing's first." Eloise reached behind her neck and unbuttoned her dress. "It's late afternoon and you haven't eaten anything since you arrived home. You must be famished." Eloise lowered her dress, exposing her large breasts. Her dark nipples stood out on her pale, freckled flesh.

"They're beautiful." Brittney licked her lips.

"They're not just for regarding, dearie." Eloise clasped the teenager firmly on the back of her head, brushed Brittney's brown hair from her face with her other hand, and brought Brittney's mouth to her right nipple. "Drink." Eloise held her firmly as the girl struggled for the briefest of moments against this new intimacy. But then the sound of sucking and gulping joined the crackling of the fire. "Good girl." Eloise let Brittney suckle for a while, and then moved Brittney to her other breast.

"Mmmmmpppppphhhhhhhh." Brittney practically purred as she drunk from this strange woman in what had to be a perverted dream. The cold milk slid down her throat. She could feel its chill spreading out from her stomach. She wanted more and more. Brittney didn't think of herself as a greedy person, but she wanted to drain Eloise dry.

"There now." Eloise lifted Brittney from her breast and looked into the girl's dazed, blue eyes. "Now that we're sated, let's move onto today's lesson."

"Lesson?" Brittney blinked. It seemed the room slowly swam around her.

"You need to learn how to please a woman if you don't want to squander our benefactor's gifts." Eloise stood and slowly undressed as the girl stared at her. When she was naked, Eloise sat back down on the sofa and gently moved Brittney to the floor between her legs. "Your enthusiasm is much admired. But zeal is no substitute for skill."

"I'm not sure we should …" Brittney's voice trailed away as she looked at the woman's pussy up close. A redhaired triangle rose above the slit. Higher still was the round, pregnant belly. Brittney focused on the pussy itself. Slight, protruding lips, with a delightful tangy scent. Brittney felt Eloise's hand return to the back of her head and then pressure moved her closer and closer until her nose brushed against short red hairs. Brittney darted her tongue out and licked at the moisture. Like the rest of her, Eloise's pussy was cold. And she tasted wonderful, almost spicy. Brittney took another lick and another. Soon she was lapping happily.

"As always, your enthusiasm is something to behold." Eloise guided the girl's head. She couldn't quite see Brittney's work with her belly in the way, but she'd trained so many women over the years that these first licks were second nature to Eloise. "Do you know where my love-button is?" Eloise drew her breath in and held it. "Yes. Good girl. Now nibble … no, not so hard … good … yes … now roll the button with your tongue … oh … and the finger is a nice touch … aaaahhhhhhhh …" Eloise's legs trembled, and she held them open with a hand under each thigh. "You're a … oh … natural, dearie. Here … it … comes …" Eloise's heavy breasts and round belly shook as she worked her way through a marvelous climax.

Brittney leaned back so she could see the pretty woman's face as she came, but Brittney stayed on her knees and kept working that cold pussy with her fingers. Brittney's shiny mouth curved into a smile when she saw one of Eloise's eyelids flutter and the woman's mouth hang open. What power to be able to reduce such a noble woman to jelly.

When Eloise calmed some, she removed Brittney's fingers from her vagina and smiled down at the girl. "You learn fast. Excellent work." Eloise stood and gathered her dress from the floor. "Next time I will show you how to receive such pleasure."

"Really?" Did this woman just say she'd go down on Brittney? Just as she was going to ask Eloise a litany of questions, the room around them swam together and Brittney shut her eyes. When she opened them, she was sitting on the couch, with her calculus in her lap. The fireplace sat dark in the corner and the room seemed normal as ever. Brittney licked her lips and could still taste Eloise there. Her heart raced. Brittney couldn't wait to see the Victorian woman again.

~~

Most mornings, Julie followed Daniel into one of the house's many bathrooms to get his day off to a good start. It was a little risky, but what was a mother to do? She couldn't send him off to school with a monster stiffy.

It was a Wednesday when Julie first accepted the truth of what had happened to her. She was on her knees, lovingly sucking Daniel's purple head. He stood with his butt resting against the sink. Her stomach had felt a little off for a few days and it seemed to be getting worse. She pulled back and gagged. "Danny … I … I'm sorry …" She scooted over to the toilet and lifted the lid. "I don't feel … so …" And Julie threw up. She tried to make it as ladylike as possible, but it was hard to do with such dreadful retching.

"Oh, Mom." Daniel stepped over to the toilet and held her hair back for her. "What's wrong?"

"I'm not … aaaaaaaggghhhhhhhhhh." She emptied her breakfast into the toilet. As awful as it was, it was comforting to have Daniel hold her hair and pat her tenderly on the back. Even if she knew his giant dick was still hard and hanging over her. A few more retches and she was done. "I've felt off the last few days." She stood and went to the sink. She washed her face and rinsed her mouth out.

"Are you sick?" Daniel stood quietly and watched her freshen up. The thought that something bad might happen to his mother chilled his bones.

"No, no. I'm okay." Julie didn't really feel sexy at that moment, but she couldn't send Daniel on his way without taking care of him. "No kissing or … other stuff with the mouth right now." She turned her back to him, lifted her skirt, and pulled her panties to the side. "You can take me like this." She bent over the sink and spread her butt cheeks with her hands.

"Um, okay. Is your pussy okay?" Daniel got behind her.

"Yes." She'd given up trying to stop him from using the word "pussy." It wasn't that bad, after all. "You can use my pussy, Danny." She grunted as he slid it in. Given how many loads he'd dumped in her

unprotected womb, it wasn't any wonder that Daniel had planted a baby in her. She gritted her teeth as he revved up his pace behind her. George certainly hadn't been the one. "That's it … Danny … let it all out." She moved her hands from her butt onto the edge of the sink and gripped tightly. She looked at the woman in the mirror with her brown hair flopping with each thrust, her cleavage bouncing, and the ecstatic expression on her face. What a sight. She looked up to her son. He had a look of serious concentration and effort on his handsome face. He was going to orgasm soon.

"Do you want me … uh … uh … to pull out today?" Daniel slapped her ass and enjoyed the additional ripples that spread from the area of impact.

"No, it's okay, sweetie. Do it … ooohhhhh … inside." Julie wondered if he was playing dumb, or if he really didn't know that it didn't matter where he spurted now. He was only eighteen. He might not know. "Oooooohhhhhhhh, yeeeessssssssssss." Julie's pussy spasmed as he unloaded yet again inside her. Her orgasm carried her off into the clouds. When she came back to the bathroom, Daniel was already pulling up his pants.

"That was awesome. Thanks, Mom."

"You're … welcome … pumpkin." Julie pulled her panties back into place and lowered her dress. She turned and kissed Daniel on the cheek. "Be good today."

"I will." Daniel nodded. He couldn't wipe that stupid grin off his face.

"The bus is almost here. Go get 'em." Julie smacked him on the butt and sent him out of the bathroom. When would she tell him that he'd made her a grandmother? Or that he'd given himself another sibling? Julie tried to wrap her mind around it and had a hard time accepting the inevitable. Maybe she'd tell him when she sorted it in her own head. Or maybe when it became obvious. Whichever came sooner.

~~

"Are these getting bigger?" Brittney whispered as she groped her mom's boobs. She wiggled on top of Julie, halfway under the covers. Faint starlight fell through the circle of windows in her tower room onto the bed. Brittney lowered her face to a soft, warm nipple and continued drinking.

"I don't think so." Julie wasn't sure. They shouldn't grow so soon, but they shouldn't have milk either. "I don't know." Julie grabbed the sheets as she felt her daughter move off her nipple and kiss the underside of her boob.

"You're … so … soft … and … warm," Brittney said between kisses. She worked her way down over the slight curve of Julie's belly.

"Wait, Brit. Don't …" Julie gripped the sheets in panic and anticipation as her daughter kissed her way under the covers down to between Julie's legs. "Oooohhhhh, swwweeeeettttiiiieeeee." Julie's hips rocked as Brittney's tongue found her vagina and then worked up to her clit. Julie clenched her teeth and twisted her upper body back and forth. Strange guttural sounds escaped her lips. "How …?" She wanted to ask her daughter how she was so good at going down on a woman. Was she a natural? But

Julie's brain locked up and no more words would form. Her daughter's fingers entered her pussy, and Julie grunted her way through a massive orgasm.

Over the past several days, Brittney had practiced quite a bit with Eloise. She was very happy with the fruits of her labor as she felt and heard her mom going crazy. Her sweet, churchgoing mother writhed on her tongue, completely at Brittney's mercy. The only thing better would be if Brittney was getting some attention, too. She turned her body around so that her butt stuck out of the covers, near Julie's head.

"I don't think I can, pumpkin." Julie looked up as Brittney lifted one of her legs over Julie's face. She was now gazing at the tight, smooth curve of Brittney's upper thighs and butt. And hovering above Julie's chin was her daughter's pussy.

"Go ahead, Mom." Brittney continued to work Julie with her fingers, and she wiggled her ass a little in Julie's face. "Try it." Brittney dropped her mouth back to Julie's pussy.

"Um …" Julie put her hands on Brittney's butt. She did want to give Brittney the same out-of-this-world feelings her daughter had given her. She lifted her head off the sheets and tentatively licked at the slit. Not so bad. She did it again, and again. She worked her tongue in between Brittney's protruding lips. Her daughter tasted wonderful, bright, earthy, and sharp.

"Mmmmpphhhhhh." Brittney lifted her face up. "That's good. Keep doing that, Mom."

Julie's fingers pressed into Brittney's firm butt, pushing her harder onto her mouth. She nibbled on those prominent pussy lips. Not long ago, when Daniel had gone down on her, Julie had wondered why she'd waited so long in life to have someone do that for her. Now, as she slurped and nibbled, she wondered why she had waited so long to eat pussy. The obvious answers that she was married and had only been with men, didn't really occur to her at the moment.

Mother and daughter spent most of the night with their new found pleasures.

~~

The cafeteria buzzed with lunchtime cacophony as students ate and goofed off. Daniel sat at a table with a couple friends from class, thoughtfully munching chicken tenders and listening to the conversation.

"Check out that hot chick. Is she a senior?" Grady said.

"No way. Look at her." Hassan shook his head and smacked his friend's shoulder. "She's like a model or something."

"Oh, shit." Grady averted his eyes. "She's smiling and waving at me."

Daniel followed their gaze and smiled at the woman striding over to them. She was more beautiful than a model, he thought. "You morons, that's my sister-in-law."

"Sorry." Grady looked back up at her and waved.

“Yeah, sorry dude.” Hassan smiled. Daniel’s brother was a lucky man, he thought.

“It’s cool.” Daniel got up with his lunch tray. “I’ll go see what she wants. Catch up with you later.”

“Later.” Hassan watched Daniel greet her, dump his tray, and leave the cafeteria. Hassan’s eyes stayed on the woman’s round butt, rolling under her dress until she disappeared from sight. He made a mental note to get invited to some of Daniel’s family gatherings.

Outside the cafeteria, Daniel leaned in close to Penelope. “What are you doing here?”

“I wanted to see you.” Penelope fidgeted with the front of her long, green dress and pouted.

“Didn’t you get my text?” Daniel took her by the shoulder and guided her down an uncrowded hallway. “I’ll come over Friday after school.” He took her through the kiln room and back to an empty alley where he sometimes hung out when he needed some space at school. “I have a lot going on, and you can’t just show up at school.”

“A lot going on?” Penelope looked around the alley. It was cramped with some pallets resting up against one wall. No one around. “You mean your girlfriend? Is she at school right now? I’d love to meet her.”

“I never said she went to school with me.” Daniel watched as a sly smile spread across Penelope’s face.

“You little devil.” She reached up under her dress and pulled down her panties. In her heels, she carefully stepped out of them and stashed the panties in her purse. “You’re dating an older woman. Is she in college?”

“She’s … not in college.” Daniel’s dick hardened.

“Is she as pretty as me?” Penelope turned her back to Daniel, lifted up her dress, and rested it above her butt.

“Well, yeah.” Daniel looked down at her perfect, round ass. “She’s really pretty.” He dropped his pants and underwear and moved behind her.

“Does she have a thing for teenage dick?” Penelope looked back over her shoulder and saw that his cock was out. It was pure, ravaging perfection. “Is she a slut for you too, Danny?” She knew he liked dirty talk.

“Yes.” Daniel slid his dick in and listened to Penelope whimper. He grabbed her hips and banged into her.

“Brad and I … ugh … ugh … used to do it here.” Penelope pressed her fingers into the brick wall. She could feel the cold air teasing her bare ass and legs. And the hot dick so very deep inside her. “Well … not in this … ah … ah … ah … exact spot. But in the … high school. Usually in the … storage room.” She dropped her voice an octave on the last two words as he hit a sweet spot in her pussy.

“Is that why you came here today?” Daniel reached up and took a handful of her blonde hair in his left hand. “Reliving the past with an Anderson boy?”

“No.” Penelope tried to shake her head, but Daniel’s grip wouldn’t allow it. “This is different.”

“How different?” Daniel looked around the alley. It occurred to him that it would be very bad if someone found him pounding his sister-in-law at school. But he couldn’t stop. People hardly ever came back there, anyway.

“Sex with Brad was … Oh, God … good … but with you … it’s …” Penelope tried to stifle her screams as she came, and the sound that came out of her was somewhere between a wheeze and a growl. When the stars stopped flashing before her eyes, she pushed her ass back at Daniel. “With you … it’s like a religious … ugh … ugh … experience. And I need more and more.” She wanted to tell him about the baby growing inside her. But maybe a back alley at school wasn’t the right place.

“I’m gonna cum … Pen … I’m gonna …” Daniel coated her insides with a hot, sticky mess. His fingers tightened on her hair and hip, and then gradually loosened again. He gave her butt a gentle slap and pulled out of her.

“Aaahhhhhhhh,” Penelope sighed and turned around. “You can’t go back to class like that.” She pushed his frothy dick to the side, let go, and watched it sway back and forth. “Let me clean you up.” Penelope squatted down in front of him and licked up and down his long shaft. She sucked up all their combined cum. Good God, she really was a slut. She glanced up at Daniel, and could see the dreamy smile on his lips that he always got after cumming. “There now, all clean.”

“Thanks, Pen. You’re the best.” Daniel tucked his dick away and pulled up his pants.

“Better than your girlfriend?” Penelope stood, retrieved her panties from her purse, and carefully pulled them back on.

Daniel shook his head.

“Oh, boo, Danny.” Penelope tried to frown, but her smile wouldn’t quit. “Just as good?”

Daniel nodded.

“Well, thank you for lying so convincingly.” She leaned forward and kissed him on the lips. She’d only meant it to be a peck, but soon they were in each other’s arms, making out in the alley. He was such an urgent kisser. Penelope loved it.

A bell rang and they broke their kiss.

“Shit. I gotta go.” Daniel tried to adjust his dick so his hardon wouldn’t be too obvious. “I’ll see you Friday?” He kissed her on the cheek and raced off through the kiln room.

“Yeah, Friday.” Penelope watched him go. She held her hand up to her chest and felt her heart racing. She was totally screwed. Who fell in love with their brother-in-law? What a stupid thing to do. “Play it cool, Pen. Play it cool,” she whispered to herself. She adjusted her panties and walked back into the school. She knew her way out. It hadn’t been that long ago that she’d roamed those halls with Brad. But now, she had his brother’s cum leaking into her panties.

Chapter 16

“If its bride is my wife, the house takes my life,” Maxamed rocked back and forth on his sofa, whispering to himself in the dark room. “It’s a colonizer. My nation but its plantation. The house will furrow into her soil a crop of toil.” He wasn’t sure what he was saying. “The house will supplant me as it delves her. I have seen it. That is prophesy. I have a foretoken. The house has spoken.”

“Maxamed?” Khadra walked into her living room and switched on the light. “Who are you talking to?”

“No one, my darling.” Maxamed stood, took his wife’s hand, and gently kissed her dark knuckles. “You are radiant this evening.”

“You are acting so strange. I think the Andersons’ place still pulls at your mind, husband.” She drew her hand away from him gently. “Maybe I should go back there and see if I can get us some closure.”

“No, no, no,” Maxamed hissed. “Never go back there. It wants you.” He looked around the room like a hunted animal. “Where are the children?”

“At my mother’s.” Khadra sighed. She missed the kids. They were always at her parents’ recently.

“Good, good.” Maxamed nodded and leaned onto Khadra’s shoulder with all his weight. “You are mine and it cannot have you,” he whispered in her ear. “I have seen what it would do, and you would never be the same.”

“There, there, Maxamed.” Khadra patted him on the back tenderly and steered him toward their room. “I am yours, never fear. Let’s get you to bed. It’s late.”

“Yes, I fear it is too late.” Maxamed let his wife guide him to bed and tuck him in. “But maybe I can change the course of things to come.”

“Maybe.” Khadra kissed her husband on the cheek. “Now get some rest. You’ll feel better in the morning.”

~~

“Mom?” Daniel looked over at his bedside clock. It was almost morning. “Wake up.” He and his mother had really gone at it last night, and she’d fallen asleep still mounted on him. His dick was big enough to stay inside her even when soft. Daniel ran his hands down her soft sides and over the wonderful curve of her hips. Her large breasts pressed into his clavicle, and her head rested on the pillow with her mouth right next to his ear. He could hear her gentle breathing as she slept. “It’s almost morning, Mom. You have to go back to Dad.”

“What … what was that … pumpkin?” Julie opened her eyes. It took her a moment to figure out where she was. When she realized it was her son’s room, her blood froze. “What time is it?” Goodness, was

that his soft penis still inside her vagina? Her pussy gave an involuntary squeeze. Oh, no, and he was growing.

“It’s four-thirty.” Daniel’s fingers pressed into the soft, pliable flesh of her butt even as he knew she needed to leave.

“Oh, dear, oh, dear.” Julie lifted her hips and pulled him out of her. Cold semen ran down her legs. “I was worried this would happen. If your father ever found out …” She picked up her bra and panties, finding them on the floor in the moonlight. The cold air sent goosebumps along her arms and legs. She wrapped her nakedness in a robe. “I have to go, sweetie.” Julie turned for the door.

“Bye, Mom. I love you.”

“I love you, too.” Julie turned back to the bed and hurried over to Daniel. She kissed him on the lips and on his soft cheek, then rushed for the door. “I’ll see you at breakfast in a few hours.” She looked back over her shoulder as she opened the door and could see her eighteen-year-old son’s penis very hard again and sticking up in the air. It was such a beautiful sight.

“Mom?”

“Yeah?” Julie stopped in the doorway.

“Remember that time we did it after you were running on the treadmill in the basement?” Daniel watched her soft, pretty face hovering in the shadows.

“Yeah.” Julie shivered when she thought about how he had taken her from behind on their washing machine.

“Could you, maybe … um … go for a run naked on the treadmill when I get home from school?”

“Naked? No, Danny. I can’t do that. My breasts need support. And your father will be home this afternoon, and so will your sister for that matter. Why would you even ask such a thing?” Her question came out harsher than intended.

“Sorry.” Daniel hung his head. “I just thought it would be sexy.”

“Sexy?” The thought of pleasing her insatiable teenager was still quite new and titillating to Julie. He really did want her. “Maybe another time, okay?”

“Okay.” Daniel watched her robed figure disappear out the door. He needed to fap. Just thinking about her jiggly body on that treadmill sent waves of pleasure through his nerves.

~~

“Do you hear that, honey?” George stopped working on a drywall patch in the guest bedroom, kneeling on the floor and listening.

“What?” Julie paused as she made the bed. Brad and Penelope would be staying with them tomorrow night, and she wanted the guest room ready for them. She listened to the house. “It sounds like ticking. It’s a clock, George.” She finished tucking in the top sheet.

“I know it’s a clock.” George put down his tools, took off his gloves, and stood. The way his wife filled that dress was otherworldly. It hurt his heart to gaze on her beauty. “But we don’t have a grandfather clock. Or any ticking clock for that matter.” He moved up behind her and grabbed her wide hips. His hand moved up her belly. There was more of a curve there than he remembered. Maybe those larger breasts were a harbinger of more fat to come. George didn’t care.

“Stop, George. I’m making the bed.” Julie pushed his hands away. “Maybe it’s water dripping somewhere.” But Julie knew it was a clock. She’d never seen it, but she’d heard it for months.

“I hope not. Can you imagine that disaster?” He spun her around and kissed his wife on the lips.

“You’re filthy from work, George. Maybe later.” Julie half-heartedly pushed him away again.

“You look too good, Jules.” With a smile, George pushed her down on the bed, lifted her dress, and mounted her.

“You need a condom.” But Julie didn’t insist on it. She let him have his way. It was only fair that he got a turn after what his son had done to her last night.

“I’ll be … careful.” George pulled her panties aside and entered her. Three minutes later, he lay panting on top of her, completely spent. “How was that?”

“Amazing,” Julie lied. She’d barely felt him. It had ended almost before it begun. She’d spent so much of her life thinking that sex with George was good sex. She’d been so wrong. “Now get off, I have to make the bed again.”

“Give me a … minute.” George huffed and puffed.

“Your son and daughter-in-law are sleeping here tomorrow. In this very bed. Have you no shame, Mr. Anderson?” Julie swatted at his shoulder playfully, thinking of all the times Daniel had destroyed her pussy in George and Julie’s marital bed.

“None.” George rolled off his wife and pulled up his pants. “Back to work, I guess.”

~~

“Dude, your sister-in-law is here again.” Hassan nudged Daniel as he watched the gorgeous blonde woman stroll across the library. She was perfectly put together with a black purse slung over her shoulder, a knee-length green dress that hugged her curves wonderfully, and just a touch of makeup. Hassan tried not to drool.

“Really?” Daniel looked up. He was sitting on the floor near the stacks with a book in his lap. He dropped in his bookmark and closed his copy of Psycho. “I better go see what she wants.”

“Yeah, you better.” Hassan nodded and watched Daniel stand up and amble across the library.

The librarian, Mrs. Nancy Pemberton, caught sight of Penelope. “Miss Riley? What’re you doing back here?”

“It’s Mrs. Anderson now.” Penelope held up her left hand so Nancy could see her ring. “I’m here to pick up my brother-in-law.”

“Ah, so you married Brad after all. Good for you.” Although Nancy didn’t really mean it. Brad was obnoxious. Nothing like his thoughtful younger brother. Nancy watched the young man greet his sister-in-law. Nancy looked over at Daniel. “Last time I saw this young woman, she was Homecoming Queen. She was radiant.”

“Thank you kindly, Mrs. Pemberton.” Penelope turned to Daniel. And took him by the shoulder. “Come along now, it’s time for your doctor’s appointment.”

“Right.” Daniel picked up his backpack on the way out and gave a quick wave to Hassan. His friend waved back, but his eyes were glued to Penelope’s butt. “I must have forgot,” Daniel said. “Bye, Mrs. Pemberton.”

“Keep reading, Mr. Anderson,” the librarian called after him.

“I will.” Daniel let Penelope hustle him down the hall. “What’s your rush? I said I’d visit tomorrow.”

“It’s been three days,” Penelope whispered in his ear. “Four days is too long.” She looked around the hall, saw no one, and gave his little butt a smack. “You have a jacket?” Penelope collected her down jacket from a hook by the school’s main entrance.

“No.” Daniel only had on jeans and a sweater.

“It’s snowing, Danny.” She gave him a mock serious look. “If you catch cold and die, I’ll be very upset.”

“You’ll have to keep me warm, Pen.”

“Mission accepted.” She smacked his butt again and herded Daniel out of the school into the falling snow.

~~

From the warmth of her office, Mrs. Erin Haskins watched the pair of Andersons walk shoulder to shoulder into the parking lot. Little white flakes swirled around them. Typical of the boys at the high school, Daniel had neglected to bring a jacket. As principal, Erin always tried to remind the boys that they weren’t impervious to cold. Youth made one feel invincible. It didn’t make one invincible.

This odd couple had Erin’s attention. She strummed her fingers on her desk as she sipped at her coffee. She could see her own reflection superimposed on the retreating Andersons. She was a chubby, middle-aged woman in a dark skirt suit, with her brown hair in a sensible ponytail. The Andersons were a couple of young people having a good time, pushing, playfully hitting, and altogether too close. They looked like

lovers to Erin's trained eye. But of course, that was impossible. Right? Erin didn't know Penelope's family, but she knew Julie and George Anderson from church. Daniel was a good kid. The pair got into an SUV. Erin turned back to her monitor and pulled up some files on the computer.

Penelope had been in to see Daniel often these past few months. Doctors' appointments, was it? Erin would have to see about that. Erin checked Daniel's grades. They'd been falling lately. Erin's son had dated Daniel's twin sister for a little while. She'd have to ask Ted about the Andersons when she got home. She sighed, turned, and watched the SUV leave the parking lot. Erin didn't know what was going on, but she trusted her gut. And her gut said something fishy was happening right under her nose.

~~

"I'd forgotten you were Homecoming Queen." Daniel looked over at Penelope. She seemed so serious with her blue eyes staring at the road. That was probably a good thing, he didn't want them skidding on some ice and ending up in a ditch.

"Oh, yeah. The funny thing about it was Brad didn't win Homecoming King." Penelope took her right hand off the wheel and reached into Daniel's lap. She deftly unbuttoned and unzipped his pants, and then pulled out his heavy, semi-rigid cock. It was so warm in her cold fingers.

"Maybe just keep both hands on the wheel?" Daniel liked the attention, but he liked living even more. The snow flew up against the windshield and it reminded him of how stars looked when a starship from one of his beloved movies went warp speed.

"Brad was so jealous of DeQuan. He thought I was cheating on him with the captain of the football team. What a dummy, right?" Penelope smiled and risked a glance at Daniel. Her hand stroked his dick up and down. With each pump it got bigger and bigger. "Maybe he figured I'd cheat because that's what he would have done." Penelope laughed at that thought, a soft jingling sound. "With a girl I mean. Everyone had a crush on DeQuan. They all loved the King. But stupid little teenager me only had eyes for Brad."

"Uh … Pen?" Daniel loved the thought of Brad jealous of the Homecoming King and Penelope's steadfast faithfulness. The thought so caught his imagination that his balls churned.

"You remember the fight Brad had senior year?" Penelope's white smile widened. "He had a black eye for graduation, remember? That was DeQuan. Brad, dumb-dumb that he is, accused DeQuan of stealing his girl and took a swing at him. Of course, DeQuan defended himself."

"I'm going to … cum … Pen."

"Oh." Penelope pulled over to the curb on the deserted suburban street. "We can't have you making a mess of my car." She looked around, let the car idle, and then lowered her head to Daniel's lap. She gagged a little as she forced his monstrous length down her throat. What a powerful feeling. With her left hand she massaged his heavy balls. To think, those hanging testicles would be banging against her ass soon. Her pussy creamed.

“My … Homecoming … Queen,” Daniel said. With snow softly falling around their car, Daniel grunted and emptied himself straight into her belly. The sounds of her hungry gulping filled the car.

Penelope carefully cleaned the head with her tongue. Eventually, she leaned back into her own seat and smiled. “There now, let’s get you back to my place.” She put the car back in drive and pulled out onto the road. She noticed Daniel hadn’t tucked away his still hard dick. That was fine by her. Every moment she got to see that thing was a gift.

Ten minutes later, Penelope only wore her bra. She pressed her hands up against the front hallway wall. The framed pictures danced with each thrust she absorbed from the back. “I … ugh … ugh … ugh … love it, Danny. You’re … turning me inside … out.” She could feel his fingers pressed into the flesh around her hips and the desire they conveyed was sublime.

“Don’t have sex with … Brad … for a week.” Daniel looked at one of the bouncing photographs, a wedding shot with Penelope’s veil pushed back and a big smile on her face. Little did that woman know she’d soon give in to a boy sitting in the crowd that day.

“Why?” Penelope looked at a different photo. She and Brad on their honeymoon, both in their swimsuits on the beach. Brad was so tan, and muscled. But it turned out he wasn’t big where it counted.

“I just want … him to go without … a little bit.” Daniel reached a hand up and pulled on her hair.

“Okkkkayyyyy … ggggggzzzzzzzzzz …” Penelope came while looking at her unsuspected past self so happy on the beach. When she recovered, Daniel was still giving it to her from behind with long, powerful strokes. “I … I … have to tell you … something.”

“Yeah?”

“I’m … I’m …” It was so hard to say, but she desperately wanted Daniel to know. “I’m … pregnant.”

“What?” Daniel stopped thrusting and held his dick all the way inside her. “Really? Is it Brad’s?” He loosened his grip on her hair.

Penelope shook her head and wiggled her pale butt back into him.

“Is it … mine?”

Penelope nodded and looked back over her shoulder. “It’s a good thing, Danny. I want your baby.”

“I thought you were on the pill?” Daniel could feel her pussy squeezing him as he held himself motionless inside her. The flood of emotions was contradictory and confounding.

“It happens.” Penelope shrugged. *Especially when you forget to take your pill for some crazy reason*, she didn’t say.

“Should I pull out? I mean, will I hurt the baby?”

“No. It’s fine.” Penelope bounced her butt against him to get some rhythm back. “Do me, Danny.”

“Wow.” Daniel put his hands back on her hips and moved slowly in and out, gradually picking up the pace. “What are we going to do about it?”

“I don’t … oh … know, Danny. I’ll have the baby … with Brad … I guess.” Penelope could feel the surge of another orgasm approaching. She had told him he was a father. She was the first to give him that gift, not that stupid girlfriend of his. That made her so proud. “We’ll figure it all out … aaahhhhhhhh … later.”

The glass in the picture frames rattled as Daniel moved closer to his own orgasm. He’d planted a seed inside his sister-in-law, and it had taken root. The idea was unsettling, but also deeply compelling. He thought about all the times he’d cum in his mother. Had they really dodged that bullet? And Khadra, too. “Aaaaaaaahhhhhhhhh.” He unloaded in Penelope’s pussy, thinking about all the babies he could make.

When they had both settled a bit, Penelope pulled him out of her, turned, and dropped to her knees. She worked with her tongue to clean up their combined cum. Between licks, she looked up at Daniel. “Can I be your … girlfriend?” He tasted so salty and so good. “I mean … I know you already have this mysterious girlfriend.” She popped him in her mouth, swirled her tongue, and then popped him out again. “But can I be your secret girlfriend, too?”

What could Daniel say? He’d already knocked her up. “Of course, Pen. You’re my secret girlfriend, too.”

“Oh, so your other girlfriend is a secret?” Penelope gave each of his balls a kiss and stood up. She walked down the hall to retrieve her clothes. She needed to get Daniel back to school.

“I didn’t say that.” Daniel dressed himself, watching Penelope’s wide, pale butt shimmy as she pulled on her panties.

“Yes, you did.” Penelope turned and winked at him. “I’ll figure it out someday, smartypants.”

“Whatever, Pen.” Daniel sighed and pulled on his shoes. “I have a test in a little bit, can you take me to school?”

“Of course.” Penelope went to fetch her purse. “I’m sure you’ll ace it. You always were such a nerd.” She rolled her eyes playfully at him, but closely gauged his reaction. He laughed it off and Penelope breathed a sigh of relief. She knew he was sometimes sensitive about her teasing him. “Are you still coming over tomorrow?”

“Sure.” Daniel walked up and gave her butt a smack through her dress. He thought about saying something about the baby, but still didn’t know what to say.

“Don’t worry about the baby, Danny.” Penelope put her hand on her stomach. “Brad will think it’s his. It’ll all be fine.”

“Yeah.” Daniel nodded. “It’ll be fine.” And he followed Penelope to the garage to get back to his test on time.

~~

The cold air in the basement settled around Julie as she undressed. First, she took off her running shoes. Then her socks, yoga pants, panties, shirt, and sports bra. She stood naked and shivered. The treadmill

came to life when she pressed start and stepped on. It gradually increased speed, until she was at a good jog. Her boobs took long bounding lunges, from side to side and up and down. They hurt, but not as much as Julie expected.

It was time for the twins to get home from school and normally she wouldn't expect anyone to come down to the basement. But she'd left Daniel a very nice note on his desk telling him where to find her and what state of disrobe she'd be in. So, Julie expected her son to arrive any minute.

"What in heaven's name are you doing, Jules?" George stood at the bottom of the basement stairs, watching his naked wife jog on the treadmill. The way her butt shook with each step was mesmerizing, but also scandalous. What if someone other than her husband had wandered down into the basement?

Julie looked over her shoulder and nearly tumbled from the treadmill. She caught her balance with a hand on the rail and lifted her feet off the rotating belt. "George. I was just …" She stepped off the treadmill completely and covered her boobs and brown bush with her hands and arms.

"What? You were just what?" George walked across the basement toward the laundry room. "You're lucky it was me that found you running like some crazy hippie in the nude. The twins are due home any minute. What if one of them walked down here?"

"Running naked is … supposed to be good for …" Julie looked up at the ceiling as she thought up a lie. "I read this thing online that running naked is good for ageing women. It helps our bodies keep the sag away. You know, in Paleolithic times women didn't have any supportive underwear."

"You're supposed to run like a caveman?" George stopped at the laundry room door and cocked his head. It was an interesting theory.

"A cavewoman. Yes." Julie nodded and dressed herself.

"You don't need to worry about sag, Jules." George watched her boobs disappear back into her sports bra. "I mean, sure your breasts hang a bit. But they look wonderful. Better than on our wedding day."

"Thank you, honey." Julie blushed and pulled her pants on.

"Wow, Mom, I …" Daniel froze at the bottom of the stairs. "Oh, hi, Dad."

"Avert your eyes, Danny. Your mother's getting dressed." George gave Julie an I-told-you-so look. When she'd pulled her shirt on, he looked back at Daniel. "Welcome home. It's almost like I just warned someone of this exact situation."

"What?" Daniel raised his eyebrows and looked back and forth between his parents. "Look, sorry to interrupt. I got your note, Mom. And I thought …" Daniel gave an exaggerated shrug.

"Note?" George felt like he was missing something.

"Oh, I just left a note on Danny's desk welcoming him home and congratulating him on his test." Julie studied George closely to see the effect of this lie. It seemed to do the trick. When had lying become such a habit for her? When had she become good at it?

"Test?" George perked up. "You did well on a test?"

“Yeah, I aced a math test today.” Daniel frowned. This was a lie. He’d actually barely passed his math test after Penelope had dropped him back at school. He hadn’t been able to concentrate after the news she’d dropped on him. The lack of studying hadn’t helped either.

“Excellent. Extra dessert for you tonight, kiddo.” George smiled, opened the door, and disappeared into the laundry room.

Daniel gave Julie a look that said *what the heck is he doing here*?

Julie mouthed the word *sorry* at Daniel. “Yes, lots of goodies for you tonight, Danny. Now run along upstairs and we’ll catch up with you later.” She gave him a wink. “If you’re in your room, I might bring you an early dessert in a few minutes.”

“Oh, okay. Thanks, Mom.” Daniel smiled and bounded back up the stairs.

“George. Are you busy for the next hour?” Julie called into the laundry room.

“Yeah, I’ve got to work on this leaky valve near the water heater. Why, you need something?” George called out at her.

“No. That’s fine, dear.” Julie couldn’t stop the smile that spread on her face. “That’s fine. I’ll catch up with you at dinner.”

“Sounds good. The water will be off for a little while.” George turned off the main and got to work. This house certainly kept him busy.

“Not a problem.” Julie turned and headed for the stairs. Hopefully the water would be back on by the time she needed a shower. They’d have to make this a quicky. No more than an hour, she promised herself.

~~

“I was thinking you could put it in my butt, today. What do you want, sweetie?” Julie stroked his penis with her breasts, giving the head a lick every once in a while.

“About that …” Daniel took a deep breath. He really hoped she wouldn’t be mad at him. Better to tell her while she had her tits wrapped around his dick. He figured she’d be less likely to scold him that way. “Truthful lips endure forever, but a lying tongue is but for a moment. Right?”

“Don’t quote the bible while I’m doing this for you, pumpkin.” Julie looked up at him with adoration. When was he going to mount her? He better do it soon or they were going to run out of time.

“I got a girl pregnant.”

“You what?” Julie stopped moving her breasts up and down and held them with his penis still buried between them. She looked up with incredulous, wide eyes at her handsome son. “You did what now?”

“It was an accident.”

“Well I guessed that much.” Her hands moved, almost as if on their own, and squeezed her boobs slowly up and down again. “Who is it? Is she one of your classmates? Did you use the condoms I got you? No, this must have happened before I got them. Was I too late?” Her hands sped up.

“She isn’t a classmate.” Daniel leaned back on his bed. He couldn’t believe she was still giving him a titjob after he’d broken the news.

“You conquered a teenager with this enormous thing, didn’t you?” Julie stood, straddled her son, and positioned his penis at her entrance. She really should be angry. Furious even. But the thought of him taking one of those high school seniors, digging her out, and leaving her full made Julie giddy. She wished she could have seen that girl’s eyes when Daniel plastered her womb. “Aaaaaahhhhhhhhh.” Julie lowered herself onto his penis and felt inch after inch slide in. “This is the penis that … uuuggggghhhhhhh … penetrated some innocent girl.”

“I told you … uh … uh … uh … Mom.” Daniel grunted as his mother planted her feet on the bed and rode him with long, bouncing strokes. “She’s older.”

“You did?” Julie, her face twisted with lust, looked down into Daniel’s blue eyes and knew. A mother always knows these things. “You … ugghhhh … didn’t stop doing it with Penelope. Did you?”

Daniel shook his head and watched her big tits bounce and shake.

“Oh, gosh, Danny. You impregnated your brother’s wife?” The thought set Julie on fire. She switched up her movements, and rubbed her clit against him with hard, twisting gyrations. “What have you done?”

“She … was on the pill.”

“Your seed was so strong that … oooohhhhhh … it beat her birth control?” How many different layers of wrong were carefully placed on this one moment? A massive orgasm seized Julie and she convulsed with quick jerking motions on top of Daniel. “Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhh.” Just as she came down from the orgasm, she felt the hot splashes inside her and heard Daniel’s familiar soft grunts. Another climax took her, one on top of the other. She closed her eyes and let the rapture carry her away.

A few minutes later, Julie opened her eyes and looked down at Daniel. He had his usual post-orgasm dreaminess about his face, but he also looked a little worried. She put her hands on his chest and felt that long pole still nestled inside her. “It’s okay.” She wouldn’t be a hypocrite. She was hardly one to cast stones on the baby issue. “I know Brad and Penelope were thinking about starting a family in a year or two. It’s just a little early. Everything’s going to be fine. Are you happy you’ll be an uncle?”

“Yes?” Daniel was not sure what the right answer was.

“Good.” Julie thought about something and her shoulders tensed. “Did you tell her about us? I know how pillow talk goes.”

“No.” Daniel shook his head adamantly. “I haven’t told anyone.”

“Good boy.” Julie squeezed her pussy on his penis and felt Daniel flex his giant thing back at her. “I’m disappointed you didn’t listen to me and you kept seeing her. But I understand how it is with teenagers. You are a horny lot.” Julie smiled at him. “Promise me you’ll use condoms from now on. No matter what the girl says about birth control.”

“I promise.” Daniel would certainly try.

“And you can’t sleep with your sister-in-law again.” Julie tried to look cross, but this was hard to do while naked and straddling her son’s lap. “I won’t have her break Brad’s heart.”

“I promise.” Daniel reached up and fondled her boobs. He was confident that he wasn’t really going to get in trouble. He thought about what would have happened if he’d told his mom about knocking up his sister-in-law before they’d moved into Palmer Mansion. It would have been fire and brimstone. But now, not so much.

Julie sighed and her hips rocked back and forth. “Okay, maybe one more time before I make dinner. Your father should be busy in the basement a while longer.” It was actually well past the hour she’d given herself, but Julie felt optimistic. “Fill me up … one … more … time.” She bounced her hips and she could hear the slurping sounds as that hard penis displaced the sperm he’d already dumped inside her. Why did sex with her son have to be so perfect?

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The car slid to a stop in the snowy parking lot. Maxamed was a couple miles from the Anderson house, but he didn’t want to park any closer. He didn’t want the house to see him coming. The wheels slipped and spun as Maxamed pulled into a spot. Tonight was a perfectly lucid night for Maxamed. He felt clear headed. He’d woken at two in the morning, sneaked out of bed, and with the knowledge of exactly what he needed to do.

Maxamed got out of the car, opened the trunk, took out the tiki torch and lit it with his lighter. Not a roaring fire, but plenty good enough to burn the vile place to the ground. It seemed odd to hike down the street with a lit torch, but with the falling snow he needed something to help light his way. His boots crunched in fresh powder as he began his walk.

Awhile later, he arrived. Pulling his jacket tight around him with his left hand, Maxamed held the torch up with his right. He blinked in the snow at the shadow of the two Victorian towers rising above him. “You cannot have my wife,” he whispered.

Maxamed trudged down the front walk. The snow blanketed the place in silence. When he reached the front door, he was surprised to find it wide open. Was this the house’s invitation to its own destruction? Maxamed stepped in and held the torch aloft. The mansion was not as he remembered it. There were strange, dark paintings on the walls and new furniture. White people were always changing their décor. A door to his left stood open and a warm glow flickered from inside.

A flash of memory hit Maxamed. That was where he’d taken the boy for his exorcism. And something else had happened in there. Something horrible. Maxamed decided to start the fire there and then wake up the Andersons to flee. Once the fire got going, they wouldn’t be able to stop it. He strode across the large entry room, past the main stairs, and into the once locked room. He stopped dead in his tracks upon entering the room, his heart nearly beat out of his chest. Behind him, the door swung silently closed.

“Welcome to my favorite room, Mr. …?” A tall man in three-piece suit and top hat lounged in an armchair at the far end of the room.

“Samatar.” Maxamed ogled the man and his surroundings. The man had a thick, dark mustache and the blackest eyes Maxamed had ever seen. Smoke rose slowly from a pipe in his left hand. The room contained a sofa, a sideboard, a glowing oil lamp, and the armchair. Maxamed suddenly remembered tying Daniel Anderson to that chair. The room’s most striking feature, however, was an enormous brown bear that stood right next to the armchair and leaned its left forepaw on the man’s right shoulder. It watched Maxamed with hungry intensity.

“Mr. Samatar. Ah.” The man tipped his hat at Maxamed. “I am Mr. Frederick Palmer and this is my home.” He took a puff from his pipe and blew smoke up into the air, watching it writhe and twist.

“You are mistaken, this is a demon’s home.” Maxamed held the torch in front of him, as if it would ward off this new evil.

“The devil has his hooks in this place, to be sure.” Frederick nodded with thoughtful purpose. “But so does God. For I am His agent, messenger, and guardian. And He is filled with wrath. Our God is a vengeful God.”

“I do not recognize your god.” Maxamed eyed the sofa. A good place to start a fire. The bear moved slightly, shifting its weight. Allah help him, the thing was alive. Maxamed had hoped it was taxidermy. Maxamed’s knees began to tremble.

“But He does recognize your countenance.” Frederick’s gaze shone cold in the room. “And he cares not for it. Are you so wrapped in your possession of a woman that you would commit arson upon my house and burn alive those living in it?”

“I’ll get them out first.”

“That is a poor plan.” Frederick’s smile seemed more ice than human flesh. “It is said that to colonize a land, the colonizer must first till its soil, consume its fertility, and reap its harvests.”

“You talk in riddles.”

“It is metaphor.” Frederick sighed and looked over his shoulder at the bear. He nodded. The bear looked down with a sad, ursine face and nodded back. “I don’t see as much as I used to. As the years pass, my vision darkens and shadows move through my house. But He has told me that your wife has already been colonized by that witch.”

“Who? What witch?” Maxamed was beyond confused.

“You hear that clock?” Frederick paused and cupped a hand to his ear. The tick tock of a great grandfather clock somehow made its way into the soundproof room. “That was a wedding gift from my wife’s father. When her treachery became clear, I cleaved and hung her various parts in place of the clock’s pendulum and weights. The fucking thing kept ticking. Hell of a sight, that was. I moved the clock’s parts inside her. I’m happy to tell you that she no longer went tick tock tick tock.”

“That’s horrible.” Maxamed took a step back and looked over his shoulder to see the door closed behind him. “It can’t be true.” His pulse now beat in his ears.

“For he is God’s servant for your good. But if you do wrong, be afraid, for he does not bear the sword in vain. For he is the servant of God, an avenger who carries out God’s wrath on the wrongdoer,” Frederick recited one of his favorite bible passages and rose from his chair, chewing on his smoking pipe. As he sucked in, the embers reflected red in his eyes. “You came tonight to foment fire and realize murder. That He cannot suffer. That I cannot suffer.” He nodded at Maxamed and the bear lumbered out from behind the armchair. Standing at its full height, it was greater than ten feet tall. It walked on its hind legs across the room.

“Back. Get back.” Maxamed’s voice wavered. He turned to the door, but it was locked. He then turned back to face the beast. “Help. Somebody help me.” He held the torch before him. The bear was only a few feet away. Maxamed could smell its sickly-sweet breath, and see the torchlight glistening on its sharp, yellowed incisors.

“They cannot hear you.” Frederick laughed. “No one will hear you.”

The bear knocked the torch away from Maxamed with a mighty arm. The flame extinguished as it clattered to the floor.

Maxamed made his last earthly sound, a keening, plaintive scream. But Frederick was right. No one heard him. No one came to his rescue.

Chapter 17

A shiver ran down Julie's spine. It was cold in the hall as she stole out of her bedroom wearing nothing but an oversized t-shirt and panties. She put her hand protectively on her stomach. She could just feel the growing bump there. She wasn't going to be able to hide it forever.

Softly, Julie closed her bedroom door. She didn't want to wake her oblivious husband sleeping in their marital bed. Also, Brad and Penelope slept right across the hall. She didn't want to wake them. But more than anything, she didn't want to wake the house. She remembered well the night Frederick Palmer had chased her down the hall. She hadn't seen him since. Maybe he'd wandered off never to return. Julie padded down the hall and stopped in front of Daniel's door.

Julie reached for Daniel's door, but then stopped. Not tonight. Julie tried to give her twins equal time. She took a deep breath and thought of the pleasures that awaited her in Brittney's tower room. She hustled down the dark hall and up the stairs.

Outside Brittney's door, Julie paused. All three of her children slept under her roof that night. Brad had always been different than the twins. He rebelled at his outsider status. But now, he was more the odd one out than ever. Julie had bonded with the twins like she'd never imagined possible. Poor Brad had no idea how he'd been pushed farther to the margins. Even his own wife had betrayed him for Daniel and his monstrous penis.

Somewhere in the house, a clock ticked with ponderous precision. Julie opened her daughter's door and slipped into her room.

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The clock struck eleven, and then twelve, and then one. Penelope lay in bed, her body a taut mess of anticipation. Even as Brad snored next to her, she couldn't sleep a wink. She just lay there, waiting and daydreaming about the things she'd do with Daniel. Penelope let the clock tick for a while after it struck one, and then she eased out of bed, careful not to disturb her husband. She had her t-shirt and panties on, but it was cold. She pulled on some sweatpants, grabbed two blankets Julie had left for them, and moved out into the hall. All was quiet as she moved toward Daniel's room. She clutched the folded blankets tightly to her chest.

Once in Daniel's room, she moved next to his bed and shook him awake. "Danny? Wake up. It's me."

"Mom?" Daniel rolled over onto his back. His dick was so hard it was almost painful. "Get under the covers, Mom."

"It's me, Pen." Penelope paused and cocked her head. "And that's a weird thing to say."

"What?" Daniel opened his eyes and looked up at his beautiful, blonde sister-in-law. "Oh, hey, Pen. Sorry, I was confused."

“Right.” Penelope smiled down at him. “I wanna go to the tower room with you. It’s going to be gorgeous with the moon and snow. The perfect place to screw.” She held the blankets up for him to see. “And I brought blankets in case we get cold.”

“We can’t … screw in my sister’s room.”

“The other tower, silly.” She pulled the blanket off her eighteen-year-old brother-in-law and saw he had on flannel pajamas. There was a large bulge that told Penelope he was very ready for her. “Come on, we only have a few hours.”

“Okay, okay.” Daniel rose. “I can carry the blankets.” He held out his arms.

“Always the gentleman, Danny. Your brother could learn a thing or two from you.” She handed him the blankets with a wink and led him back out into the hall. They marched across the house and ascended the stairs to the west tower.

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“I love the way these feel, Mom.” Brittney groped her mom’s heavy boobs through the thin cotton of her t-shirt. “They’re so full.” She lifted herself onto her toes, leaned her head up, and planted a kiss on Julie’s lips.

“Oh … mmmmm … sweetie … that feels … good,” Julie said between heated kisses. She felt her daughter press into her, and Julie backed up until her panty-clad butt touched one of the cold, gently-curved windows that surrounded the room.

“Shirt … off … Mom.” Brittney lifted the shirt over her mother’s head and tossed it behind them. When her mom had come in, Brittney had been reading in bed. Her bedside lamp was still on, and she admired the perfect, hanging mammaries in the warm glow. Those little blue veins that crisscrossed Julie’s boobs were to die for. “Midnight snack?” She lowered her mouth to Julie’s right nipple and was rewarded with that sweet, warm elixir.

“Of course, pumpkin. Ooohhhhhhhh.” Julie cupped her daughter’s brown hair and pressed Brittney’s face into her boob. “You’re so close to my … heart … when you’re back at my breast.”

Brittney suckled for several minutes, and then pulled off the nipple and looked up at Julie with a mischievous grin. Milk dribbled down her chin. “Have you tried it yet?”

“What? My milk? No, of course not. That would be –”

“I bet you could get your nipple in your mouth. I mean your boobs are really big, Mom.” Brittney traced her fingertip along the bottom of Julie’s left tit and watched as her mother shivered.

“Well, maybe.” Julie shook her head. She wanted to say no, but she knew there was very little she wouldn’t do for her twins. “Like this?” Julie lifted up her right breast from underneath, angled the nipple up, and placed it in her mouth. “Mmmpppphhhhhh.” The milk was lovely. She could see why Brittney fed on her so often. The warm, rich liquid filled Julie’s mouth and ran down her throat. She closed her

eyes, and felt Brittney go back to sucking on her left nipple. They both gulped greedily, standing in Brittney's chilly room.

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"Look, Danny," Penelope whispered and moved through the shadows to one of the east facing windows in the tower room. "Your sister's light is on. And she's with … she's … oh, my, God." Penelope stood dumfounded near the window.

"We should just go back to …" Daniel walked up next to Penelope and froze when he saw what she was looking at. The blankets tumbled from his hands. "Are they … are they both sucking my mom's boobs?"

"Yeah." Penelope looked over at Daniel in the moonlight that fell through the windows. Along with the surprise she expected to see in his face, she also caught a hint of something else. Jealousy maybe? Longing? She looked back to the other tower. "Can they … see us?"

"I don't think so. With a light on inside, they can't see anything outside." Daniel scanned quickly around the house. Snow fell lightly and covered the nearby fields and trees. It was pretty. Penelope had been right about that. He looked back to his sister's room, where Julie held one of her tits up to her mouth, and Brittney had her mouth clamped on the other one.

"This is … surprisingly … hot." Penelope quickly pulled off her sweatpants, shirt, and panties and put her hands on the window frame. She stuck her butt back at Daniel. "You need to put it in now, Danny."

"Yeah, okay." Daniel pulled off his pajamas and microboxers. He glanced down at Penelope's pale, round butt. "But if they turn off the light, we need to drop to the floor."

"Okay." Penelope spread her legs to the sides, lowering her hips. "Put it in, put it in, put it … aaaaaahhhhhhhhh … God, you're so deep." She felt that long shaft slip in from behind, her eyes still fixed on the mother/daughter feeding in the other tower. "If we … ugh … ugh … caught them like this … they must have been doing … this for a while. It would be lucky if we caught them the one time they … um … go at it." Penelope could see the pleasure on Julie's face as her mouth pursed around her own nipple. It looked like she was actually gulping something down. "Jesus, Danny. I think she's got … milk … in those ooooohhhhhhhhh." Penelope thrust back at the eighteen-year-old teenager, while his twin kissed her way down Julie's belly and lowered herself down so that she was mostly out of view. Penelope could just see the top of Brittney's brown head between Julie's legs.

"She does … have milk." Daniel grabbed her hips and really smashed her backside. The smacking sounds of his hips on her plump ass reverberated around the empty space. "I mean … um … that's what it looks like. Um … is Brit going down on her?"

"Shit, yesssssss." Penelope watched as Julie dropped her tit and leaned back against the window behind her. The woman's eyes widened, but not in surprise. This was passion. Julie was used to this. Good, God. While Penelope had been doing one twin, Julie had been doing the other one. "Aaarrrrgggggghhhhhh." Penelope came with that realization. When her mind got ahold of itself again, Daniel was still humping her from behind. He always pounded her hard, but he seemed to be giving her

extra that night. What had Daniel said? *She does*? “How … do you … know … your mom has milk … in her boobs?” She looked back at him over her shoulder.

“I … ah … ah … I just …” Daniel tried not to look into Penelope’s blue eyes, instead looking past her at the other tower where his mom was clearly climaxing on his sister’s tongue.

As she absorbed thrust after thrust, clarity dawned on Penelope. “Holy, shiiiiiiittttt. Your mom … *is* your girlfriend.” She watched his face, despite the lust and concentration written there, she could see the flicker of truth. “No wonder … I wasn’t enough for you. Your own … mother …” With that she felt the first splash of hot cum inside her. Penelope gritted her teeth. Daniel never came that fast. Her brain fogged over with rapture as he filled her up.

“I … can’t … believe … it.” Daniel pulled out of Penelope, as they both still panted. He watched as Brittney’s hands rose up into view and pulled Julie by her boobs until both women went out of view. Probably into Brittney’s bed.

“When you and your mom were … boffing, she didn’t mention … that she was also doing your twin?” Penelope straightened up and turned around.

“Shut up.” Daniel furrowed his eyebrows. “It’s not like that. I just … didn’t know. I didn’t know.”

“I’m sorry.” Penelope reached out for him and pulled him into a hug, pressing their mismatched nakedness together. Daniel was always so sensitive. “I just meant this must be very surprising for you.” She felt his head fall to her shoulder. His hard dick burrowed between her thighs.

“Yeah.” He nodded and he let her envelope his thin, wiry frame with her warm curves.

“Well. You have nothing to worry about, Danny.” She slowly slid her hips back and forth so that his dick rubbed against her cum coated thighs. “This clusterfuck the Andersons have going is one of the sexiest things that’s ever happened on the face of the Earth. I mean, me with my husband’s nerdy teenage brother is hot. Really hot.” She reached down and cupped his butt in her hands. “But then you with your huge dick in your holier-than-thou mother is just flat-out on fire. You have had sex with your mother, right?”

Daniel nodded.

“Amazing.” Penelope moved her hips faster, sliding that throbbing dick between her thighs. “And then little-miss-goody-two-shoes Brittney is also doing your perfect mother? God, I’m going to cum just thinking about this mess.” She jumped into Daniel’s arms, putting her legs around his hips. He took a stumbling step back but held her. “I’m so glad I married Brad.” She reached under her and guided his cock into her sopping pussy. “If for nothing else than to be a part of this heaven … or hell … or whatever this is. Aaaaaaaahhhhhh.” She put her arms around his neck and felt his hands grab her ass. She bounced in the air. “Give it to me … like you give it to your Mom. Uuuuggggghhhhhh. Jesus, the same dick that’s inside me was in … Julie Fucking Anderson. Aaaaaahhhhhhhh.” And she came again.

A while later, Penelope and Daniel lay on a blanket on the floor of the tower room, their sweaty bodies still entwined.

“I want to see.” Penelope ran her fingertip along his skinny chest, outlining one of his tiny nipples.

“What?”

“I want to see you and your mom have sex.” Penelope’s whole body tingled from the orgasms she’d just had. Her time with Daniel was always way better than what any other man had done to her. In fact, it wasn’t in the same ballpark. It wasn’t even the same sport. But that night, with all its twisted revelations, was the best sex yet. “I have to see it, Danny.”

“No way.” Daniel stared up at the domed ceiling. He needed to head back to bed soon. He really hoped they didn’t run into his mother in the halls.

“Please don’t take any offense, but Julie’s a prude. And if she’s somehow fallen for your big dick, I really, really need to see it.”

“Impossible, Pen.”

“Okay, maybe not in person,” she purred. “Take a video with your phone. Tell her it’s just for the two of you. Heck, I let Brad do it. Take a video this week. Please?”

“Maybe.”

“So, you’ll do it?” Penelope couldn’t hide her smile. “Great, you can come over after school and show me.”

“I don’t know.” Daniel sighed. The thought of filming his mom and showing it to Penelope was very tempting.

“Thank you, Danny. I’ll make it really special.” She bit her lower lip. “I don’t know if you’d fit, but you can try my butt if you want when we watch it.” She tilted her head and looked up at him. “Oh, my God. You had anal with her, didn’t you?”

“I didn’t want to get her pregnant.” Daniel let a little half-smile slip onto his face. Talking about his mom with someone really made the whole thing more real.

“You didn’t use condoms?” Penelope laughed. “You’re a madman, Danny.” She pressed her body more tightly into him. She was crushing on this boy so hard. Finding out what he’d been up to, heightened all her feelings.

The clock chimed four and they both got up and dressed.

“Let’s go back to our rooms one at a time,” Daniel said. “I’d die if Mom caught us together.”

“Agreed.”

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“If Daniel Anderson leaves during class hours, I want to hear about it before he walks out those doors. Okay, Sally?” Erin Haskins stood straight next to the administrative assistant’s desk.

“What if it’s another doctor’s appointment?” Sally looked up at her boss and blinked. This was an unusual request.

“Especially if it’s another one of those and Penelope Anderson is signing him out.” Erin crossed her arms over her skirt suit jacket.

“What if it’s his mom picking him up?” Sally twirled some of her hair on her finger. She didn’t like extra things to remember.

“That, too.” Erin nodded.

“What if there’s a fire?”

Erin laughed. “You can let him go without checking in if the school’s on fire.”

“Good, just wanted to make sure.” Sally smiled.

“Thank you, Sally.” Erin turned and walked back toward her office. If Penelope showed up again, that would be Erin’s opportunity to confront her and get to the bottom of things.

~~

“You’ve been busy as a bee, pollinating flower after flower.” Eloise strode into the library with only a long nightgown covering her pregnant form. She fixed her green eyes on Daniel as he looked up from his book, and she closed the door behind her. “You certainly have a spry bludgeon down there.” She nodded at the bulge in Daniel’s pants.

“Hello, Mrs. Palmer.” Daniel dropped his bookmark on the open page and closed the book. He looked up at her seemingly innocent, freckled beauty. “What did you mean about flowers?”

“I mean what I say, Daniel.” She walked over to him and knelt between his legs. “I’m proud of all you’ve accomplished. We’re all proud of you.” She pushed her red hair back over her shoulders and smiled her perfect smile up at him.

“You mean Day Star?” Daniel felt the blood rush to his dick and found that his mind slowed as it always did when sex was imminent. Something about blood not being able to be in two places at once.

“My partner, yes.” Eloise nodded and unbuttoned Daniel’s pants.

“How did you … um … get to be partners?”

“I like to break rules. Rules designed to fence us in. Rules made to deny us our true nature.” Eloise pulled down his pants and underwear. Her eyes sparkled as she took in his behemoth. She licked up the underside starting at his overripe testicles and ending at his glans. Eloise then put both hands on him and stroked slowly. “Day Star, as you call him, rebelled when he could ask no questions about the arbitrary, contradictory terms He placed on us. The Lord in Heaven is not what you believe. He loves his power more than anything else, and he uses despicable means to achieve fealty.”

“By despicable means … you mean Frederick?” Daniel shivered. He had been with so many living women, that he’d almost forgotten how cold Eloise was.

“Never fear, Daniel. I will protect you from them.” She licked the head again. “And they weaken day by day. I do not know if Frederick even knows what he is anymore.” She took a deep breath. “Let us talk of things that are not my husband.” Her gaze briefly flitting at the binary diamond ring on her left hand. “There is trouble coming to our house.”

“What … sort of trouble?” Daniel could barely concentrate on their conversation, the handjob felt so good.

“I do not know her, yet. But she will come here, dearie.” She paused her warning to suck his right testicle into her mouth. She rolled it with her frigid tongue and then spit it back out. “When she arrives, take her into the hidden stairway. There we may have time to ameliorate the trouble.”

“I don’t want to hurt anyone.”

“Heavens, no, Danny.” Eloise stood, lifted her nightgown, and straddled Daniel. She guided him inside, her vagina clutching at his thick, warm pole. “I would never ask you to hurt anyone.” Eloise moved her hips and put her hands on her round belly. “You need only … convince her.”

“Okay.” Daniel let his mind wander. This phantom of a woman had never let him down. He trusted her completely.

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“Any news?” Khadra listened to her phone. “Okay, Detective, thank you.” She disconnected and threw her phone on the couch.

It had been ten days since her husband had disappeared in the middle of the night. No one had seen him since. She called the police every day, but Maxamed obviously wasn’t a priority to them.

“He’s gone.” Khadra slumped down on the couch next to her phone. The stillness of her house pressed in around her. Her children were still with their grandparents. Her husband had left her. It was just Khadra in the house. She stood up and walked into the bedroom. She paused when she saw what waited for her on the bed.

“Why would you tempt me at a time like this, demon?” she whispered to the empty room. It had been days since that pitch-black dildo had appeared, and Khadra’s vagina practically grasped for it. Khadra flung herself onto the bed, pulled her dress up, spread her legs, and buried the thing deep inside her. “Ooooooohhhhhhhhhh.” Only one thing on Earth felt better than that silicone phallus, and it was attached to a teenager across town. If Maxamed didn’t return soon, Khadra might just have to pay a visit to the Anderson house again.

~~

“What are you doing with your phone, pumpkin?” Julie sat on the bed between her son’s legs with both hands on his monster. She was about to take him into her mouth when he pulled out his phone.

“I want to shoot a video of you, Mom. Of us.” Daniel held up the phone and pointed it at her.

“Absolutely not.” Julie took her left hand off his penis and shielded her eyes from the prying gaze of the camera. “Put it away, Danny.” Here she was, naked, holding her son’s giant thing, and he wanted to record it?

“Come on, Mom. Please? I want to have something to look at when you can’t be here.” Daniel was naked, too. He framed her vertically to accommodate his thirteen inches.

“I’m in your bed just about every other night, mister.” With her left hand still shielding her eyes, she moved her right hand up and down the shaft. She just couldn’t resist. “Now put the phone away.”

“Mom, could you put your forearm next to my dick?” He smiled from behind the phone. “You know, to compare the size.”

“How did I get such a dirty son?” But Julie moved her hand away from her eyes, placed her left elbow at the base of his penis, and put her forearm next to his thing. “Oh, my gosh, Danny. It’s bigger than my forearm. Oh, my gosh.” She stared with wide eyes at the comparison.

“That’s amazing. Thank you, Mom.” Daniel couldn’t believe she was doing this. Penelope was going to go wild when she saw this. “Can you smile for the camera now?”

“Oh, gosh.” The comparison really was a big deal for Julie. She had grown used to the idea of his size, but putting it in perspective made her see it as if for the first time. She looked up at Daniel’s phone and offered a somewhat shocked smile.

“Beautiful.” Daniel made sure to keep her wedding ring in the shot. “I bet Dad never asked you to compare him to your forearm.”

“No.” Julie climbed on top of him. She needed Daniel inside her right away. “He didn’t.”

“Turn around. I want to see your butt bounce.”

“Okay.” She turned around, reached under her, and placed his thing at her entrance. “Oh, sweetie. You’re spreading mmmeeeeeeeeeee.” She sunk down inch after inch. Daniel slapped at her butt and she let him. If truth be told, she had grown to like that sort of attention. The way he admired and desired her womanly body sent her into overdrive. “Fill … me … uuuggghhhhh.” She bottomed out and felt him hit places deep inside her. “Oh, gosh. You’re … in my … belly.”

“Ride it, Mom.” Daniel slapped her ass with his left hand and watched it wobble. He enjoyed the red handprint he left on her white skin. With his right hand, he held his phone and continued to record. His mom took him with long pussy strokes. He could already see her frothy wetness covering his dick.

With nothing but grunts and squeals, Julie rode her son for a long time. She knew he still had the recording going, and maybe the thought gave her hips a little extra wiggle. If she was going to give him one video to get through lonely times, she’d have to make it a good one. After a while, her hips moved

from bouncing to grinding. She put her hands on his thighs and closed her eyes. “So good … ugh … ugh … I’m going to … you’re going to make me …”

“Me … too …” Daniel dropped his phone on the bed and grabbed both of Julie’s hips. He pulled her up and slammed her down several times.

Stars burst before Julie’s eyes as she felt his hot stuff coat her insides. Mother and son came together. After a minute, Julie rolled off Daniel and lay next to him. Her breasts rising and falling as she worked to catch her breath. “I hope you … like your … video, sweetie.”

“Don’t forget … the third act.” Daniel panted too as he picked up the phone and propped it up on his bedside table so that it would record what happened next. “Let’s do something … interesting.”

“That wasn’t … enough?” But Julie wasn’t surprised. Daniel often wanted to keep going and going. “Oh,” she said dumbly as Daniel roughly placed her on her back, spread his legs, and turned around so that he faced away from her. She lifted her head and looked down past her breasts. It was the oddest sight. She could see his skinny white butt and his great, big testicles hanging as he put his legs on either side of her hips. “Goodness.” She watched him maneuver his penis into her from that odd angle. When it hit the back wall inside her, Julie threw her head back against the mattress.

“How’s that, Mom?” Daniel looked back over his shoulder to see Julie tossing her head back and forth. He leaned forward, planted his hands on the sheet just outside her knees, and slammed his hips into her again and again.

“Won … wonderful … aaahhhhhh … sweetie.” Julie put her hands on his slight butt and pressed her fingernails into his firm flesh. “You’re … hitting … me … just right … ooooooohhhhhhhh.” Another orgasm rocked Julie. It seemed like her life was just a series of orgasms recently, each one better than the last.

Daniel went at it like that for a while. He relished the way he drove his mom’s backside into the mattress with each thrust, and then she bounced up ever so slightly into the air, only to be caught by the following thrust.

Julie offered this new position some verbal encouragement at first, but that soon descended into incoherent babbling. When Daniel finally unloaded in her again, she simply grunted and accepted his seed.

As his pulse slowed, Daniel pulled out of his mom and reached for his phone. He turned off the recording, and laid down next to her, with his head on Julie’s left boob. He could hear her heart thumping like a galloping horse.

“I’m the luckiest … mother in the whole world.” Julie reached her right hand over and gently played with Daniel’s blond hair.

“Yeah?” Daniel thought about maybe mentioning Brittney, but he let it slide. Whatever secrets Julie held from him, he figured she’d share eventually.

“You weren’t always easy.” She sighed. “But man, what a payoff. I never would have believed such a thing was possible.”

“Me either.” Daniel enjoyed the slowing beat of her heart and the bitter, potent smell of her sweat. “But I was always easy. Brad was the tough one.”

“You were all difficult in your own way.” She ruffled his hair, pushed him off her, and slipped out of bed. “Each … different in your own way.” Julie had a dreamy expression as she pulled on one of her husband’s sweatshirts. She searched the floor for her panties and found them near the closet.

“Thank you for the video, Mom.” Daniel watched her shimmy her panties up her shapely legs. She was so beautiful his heart hurt to look at her. But, of course, he couldn’t look away.

“You’re welcome, pumpkin.” Julie turned for the door, stopped with her hand on the knob, and gave Daniel a serious look. “It goes without saying that you have to keep that video safe. If your father ever saw it, he’d …” Her voice trailed away.

“He’d probably die of a heart attack.” Daniel nodded, returning her solemnity. “I’ll make sure Dad never sees it. I’ll keep it hidden.”

“Thank you, Danny.” Julie smiled, opened the door, and slipped out into the hall. She could feel her pussy leaking into her panties. She’d have to get herself cleaned off and cleaned out before returning to bed with George. She shut the door behind her and hurried down the hall, accompanied by the tick tock of the persistent, invisible clock.

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Erin watched Daniel Anderson walk across the parking lot. He hopped over a little snowbank, adjusted his backpack, and marched down the sidewalk away from the school. It was two hours until the final bell. The rascal had slipped out one of the side doors.

“This sort of truancy won’t be tolerated in my school,” Erin said to herself. She thought about calling Mrs. Anderson right then and bringing her in for a conference. But no, maybe not. Erin tapped her pen on her desk and thought things over. The tales her Teddy had told her about Daniel were beyond salacious. It had taken a while to get those stories out of her son. But once he’d told her he’d seen Daniel with an older, black woman, Erin was beyond shocked.

Clearly Julie Anderson was letting her son run wild, and the best way to rein him in would be a surprise house visit. That always put the fear of God in her students.

That settled, Erin turned her attention to planning for the December debate tournament. So many needs always pushing up against her and demanding her time. She hummed to herself as she went to work.

~~

“Oh, God. That’s the … ugh … ugh … ugh … hottest thing I’ve ever seen.” Penelope lay on her back on the living room floor. One leg was on the carpet, the other high in the air as Daniel scissored her. She could feel the weight of his balls slap against her upper thigh with each vigorous lunge. Penelope held Daniel’s phone above her swaying breasts and watched the screen as Julie placed her arm next to Daniel’s dick. “Damn, Danny. You’re … bigger than her forearm. That’s crazy. And your mom … isn’t a small woman.”

“Oh, yeah. That was cool. Right?” Daniel’s slack jaw tightened as he smiled down at Penelope. He could hear his mom on the recording. *“How did I get such a dirty son?”* and then all of her *oh goshes*.

“Yeah, totally cool. You are such a nerd.” Penelope glanced up from the screen with alarm, but Daniel didn’t seem to care about being called a nerd at the moment. “Does she have sex on camera?”

“Keep watching.” Daniel hugged Penelope’s leg to his chest and watched her foot flop in the air as he plowed her.

“Damn … Danny.” Penelope stared at the phone as Julie sat on him in a reverse cowgirl. “Look at all that cock disappear … uuuggghhhhh … inside her. I’m …” Penelope gritted her teeth. Her blonde hair fell in front of her eyes from the force of Daniel’s onslaught, but she didn’t have the wherewithal to do anything about it. She clutched the phone tighter, watching her mother-in-law’s ass bounce. “I’m … cummmminnnnggggggg.” Electricity surged through Penelope’s nerve endings. “Aaaaaeeeiiiiiii.” Penelope and Brad’s small house echoed with her shrieks.

“You look so … amazing when you cum … Pen.” Daniel didn’t slow down for her climax. He kept on plowing.

When she was able to focus on the video again, Penelope saw that Julie was now gyrating and rubbing rather than bouncing. Penelope couldn’t help but admire the woman’s ass. *“So good … ugh … ugh … I’m going to … you’re going to make me …”* Julie’s voice said via the video. Penelope watched as mother and son came together. “You … you really unloaded … in her pussy.”

“I’m … getting close … Pen.” Daniel kept up his humping.

“Just like you’re going … to do in mine …” The thought occurred to Penelope that she might not be the only pregnant Mrs. Anderson. But that was too crazy to contemplate for long. “Cum … Danny … cum … oooohhhhhhhhhh.” Another orgasm swept through Penelope as she heard Daniel’s soft grunts and felt his hot cum inside her.

Normally, with one of their afterschool trysts, she’d let Daniel dump his load, clean him up, and send him home before there was any chance of Brad arriving back from work. But he’d cut from school early that day. Penelope felt she was having a good influence on the teenager. “We’ve got some extra time today. Wanna go again?”

Daniel looked down at her with his dopey, postcoital smile. “Sure. How do you want it?”

“Well, um …” Penelope looked at the phone she still clutched in her hands. “Like this?” She angled it so Daniel could see his mom going wild as he smashed her in reverse missionary.

“Okay.” Daniel pulled out of her and turned around.

“Do you need a sec to recharge or something?” Penelope watched him line up with her pussy.

“No. I’m good. As long as you can take it again.”

“Like a good slut, you mean?” She watched his skinny butt flex as he pushed into her.

“Yeah. Aaaahhhhhh. You’re my slut?” Daniel was getting better with the dirty talk. Eloise would have been proud.

“I am. Uggghhhhhh.” Penelope squealed as he hit some new spot in the back of her pussy.

“You’re not Brad’s slut?” Daniel nailed her with long, savage strokes.

“No,” she whimpered. In this position, Penelope was pinned to the floor by that magnificent cudgel.

“You’re mine.” Daniel couldn’t believe this homecoming queen was his. He rutted her like an animal. “My pussy.”

“I’m … yours … Danny. Ooooooohhhhhhhhhh. It’s … your pussy.” Penelope hit one of those operatic notes as she came. She was totally at this teenager’s mercy. Penelope writhed through orgasm after orgasm. Her time with Daniel was better than any drug she’d ever had, and she and Brad had sampled a few. Between climaxes she looked down at his monster balls as they slapped into her again and again. There was so much cum stored there. Cum that he’d put in his mother and in her. What a web she’d fallen into.

Later, after he’d cum again, Daniel found himself seated naked on the couch, looking down as Penelope lovingly cleaned off their combined cum with her tongue. “When do you start to show?”

“Mmmmppphhh?” She looked up at him with her soft, blue eyes.

“The baby.”

Penelope finished cleaning the underside of his dick. She placed her dress on the couch to catch the cum that was inevitably going to flow out of her, and sat next to Daniel. “You’re the uncle, not the papa. Remember?” She touched his nose with the tip of her finger, playfully. “Officially, I mean.”

“Yeah, I know.” Daniel smiled. He didn’t mind the situation. “I was just wondering when you’d start to show.”

“Well, I’ve never been pregnant before. Soon, I guess?” Penelope shrugged. “You know, when I have a baby, my body isn’t going to be what it is now.” Penelope looked down at his soft cock. “This old mare she ain’t what she used to be,” she sang.

“You’ll be as beautiful as ever.” Daniel lightly smacked her boob. “More beautiful, even. Look at my mom.”

“Yeah, she’s hot.” Penelope nodded in agreement. “Now that I’ve seen her in action and all. Speaking of which, do you think I could get a copy of that video?”

“Are you kidding me?” Daniel shook his head. “Never in a million years. But I’ll show it to you again if you want. I might even make more.”

“Please make more.” Penelope felt butterflies in her stomach at the thought of more debauched Julie on video. She looked over at the clock and saw it was getting late. “Let’s get dressed, Danny. I’ll give you a ride home.”

“Thanks, Pen.” Daniel gave her a kiss on the cheek. “You’re the best.”

“I really am.” She stood up and looked for her underwear. “Your special slut.” She found her bra and bent to pick it up.

Daniel smiled at that. He then stood up to fetch his own clothes. Time to go home.

Chapter 18

The front walk was treacherous with patches of ice. Khadra minded her footing, placing her boots carefully as she walked up to the old Victorian mansion. The snow had taken the ominous edge off the place. A white blanket lined the sloped roof and peaked towers. She looked up at the house with its icy, ornate façade and pulled her coat tighter around her.

There was no plan in coming to this place. This was the house that corrupted her dreamstone and made her copulate in front of her delirious husband. It had been weeks since Maxamed disappeared, and she needed to do something. Anything. And this place was the most dynamic pivot point in her life. Or so her reasoning went.

She grabbed the old, iron handrail and stepped up the few stairs to the front door. She looked back toward her car in the plowed driveway. The afternoon sun sparkled in the snow all around the house. She turned back to the house and pressed the doorbell. The first eight notes from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony played inside, coming through the door muffled, and foreboding.

Khadra waited a while. She adjusted her hijab and tugged at her gloves. Eventually, the door opened and there stood Julie, wearing a long, conservative dress and looking radiant. For all the trouble the house had caused the Andersons, Julie looked more vibrant than Khadra had ever seen her.

"Why, hello, Khadra." Julie smiled and held the door farther open for her. "It's been a while. Come in."

"Hello, Mrs. Anderson." Khadra stepped in, but didn't close the door behind her despite the cold she could feel reaching into the house.

"Call me Julie, sweetie." Julie stood patiently waiting for Khadra to explain her visit.

"Okay, Julie." Khadra fidgeted with her gloves some more.

"I hope you and Maxamed are well." Julie looked out the door behind Khadra and could see another woman trudging up their front walk. The woman wore a long, puffy coat, scarf, and wool hat. Julie couldn't tell who was under all that, but the woman also wore heels on her feet. So, Julie guessed, it wasn't any of her friends.

"Actually, he's missing." Khadra shivered. The locked room across the grand entry way drew her attention.

"Missing?" Julie stepped further back as the new guest climbed the stairs. "That's terrible. What happened?"

"I don't know. I don't even know why I came here today. I –" A knock on the open door interrupted Khadra.

"I'm so sorry, Khadra. Hold that thought." Julie put a sympathetic hand on the small, dark woman's shoulder and then turned her attention to her new guest.

"Hello, Julie." Erin unwrapped the scarf from around her face and stepped into the home.

“Principal Haskins. What a surprise.” Julie waved her in. “Come in.”

Khadra stepped to the side to let Erin in. She didn’t take her eyes off the locked room.

“Call me Erin.” Erin looked around for a coat rack. “I haven’t seen you at church lately, Julie.”

“We’ve been busy with the house. But don’t worry, He’s still very much a part of our lives.” Julie reached out her hand. “Let me take your jackets.” The women unzipped and handed her their jackets, and in Erin’s case her hat and scarf. The principal wore a skirt suit with thick tights. Julie stepped over to the closet and hung their things. “Khadra, this is Erin. Erin, Khadra. Now, Erin what can we do for you?”

Erin nodded at Khadra, but the small, dark-skinned woman didn’t return her nod. Khadra was too busy staring across the entry way. “I’m here to talk to you about Daniel.”

“Is he in trouble?” Julie smiled like that was the most ridiculous notion. She finally closed the door, shutting out the cold and turned to her guests. “Speak of the devil.” Daniel and Brittney walked down the hall together and stopped when they saw the women standing by the door.

“Well, actually, Daniel has been –” Erin tried to get to the reason for her visit, but Khadra cut her off.

“Blood.” Khadra pointed to the locked room. From underneath its door, a pool of blood crept across the hardwood floor. “Blloooooooood.” She pointed more frantically.

They all looked in the direction Khadra pointed, but no one else saw anything amiss.

“What in heavens?” Erin said.

“Khadra, are you okay?” Julie stepped toward Khadra.

“Blloooooooddd.” Khadra took a step backward, and teetered for a moment, and then pitched sideways. Julie caught her under the arms.

“What’s all the commotion?” George walked down the hall, wiping grease from his hands onto his overalls. “I just had to replace that damn valve in the basement again. Can you believe it?”

“Help me, George.” Julie looked up at her husband. “She’s fainted.”

“What? Her? Again?” But he hurried down the hall and helped his wife lift the limp woman. “Let’s take her to the guest bedroom.”

Daniel and Brittney stood in the entrance to the hall, mouths hanging open. “I’ll help,” Daniel said.

“No.” Julie looked over at her children. “Since Principal Haskins seems to be here on your account, you be a good host and stay with her until we get Khadra settled.” She helped George carry Khadra up the stairs. “Brittney, I could use your help.”

“Right, Mom.” Brittney followed them upstairs.

When they’d disappeared to the second floor, Daniel looked over at Erin. “Well, Mrs. Haskins, can I get you anything to drink?” He turned and led her toward the kitchen.

“No, thank you.” Erin followed the eighteen-year-old student.

“Okay.” When she said no, Daniel changed course for the main living room. “What’s this about?”

“What is this about?” Erin followed him into a grand room with a large, dead fireplace. She let him sit on the couch and put her back to the hearth, with her hands on her hips. “What is going on with you, young man? You used to be such a good student. And now, I hear things from Ted. Crazy things.” She raised an eyebrow.

“Oh, no.” Daniel watched the fireplace swivel behind her to reveal the darkness of the secret stairs.

“Oh, no is right. He tells me stories about your salacious behavior. Which I wouldn’t ever believe, but for all the other odd things. Doctors’ appointments, are they?” Erin felt a slight breeze in her face. Goodness, that old house was drafty.

“Oh, no.”

“Is that all you have to … say?” The breeze picked up. It was now really blowing, almost pushing her back. “What’s this?” She turned to look behind her just before her heels lost traction and the black, yawning mouth where the fireplace used to be rushed to meet her. “Oh, no.” She realized she was flying through the air. A split-second later, she blacked out.

The wind died down and Daniel watched the hole that had sucked in his principal. “So, that’s the trouble you were talking about?” He looked around the room, but got no answer. “I’m supposed to convince her?” Somewhere in the house, a clock chimed the five o’clock hour. “Fine,” he grumbled, stood, and followed Erin into the secret stairway.

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“Where am I?” Erin blinked her eyes open, sat up, and looked around her. She was on a small bed in a tiny, wood-paneled room. Outside, in the gray daylight, snow fell in languid flutters. Daniel sat on a window bench. He had snow on the cuffs of his jeans and on his socks. He also had snow in his blond hair, and on the shoulders of his t-shirt. Erin could see melting, snowy footprints leading from a solid looking door to Daniel’s bench.

“I don’t know.” Daniel looked over at her with concern. “Are you okay?”

“I …” Erin checked herself over. She still had her suit on and it was dry. The only thing missing was her purse. “I’m missing my purse.”

“Oh.” Daniel nodded slowly. “Well, that’s not so bad, considering.”

“Considering what?”

“Considering we’re in a cabin in the middle of nowhere, with no roads that I can see, and only that fireplace for heat.”

Erin noticed the roaring fire in a stone hearth for the first time. “What did you do?”

“I didn’t do anything.” Daniel hunched his shoulders and looked back out the window. When he ventured outside, he hadn’t made it very far dressed as he was. But, he had gone far enough to convince himself they were alone, wherever they were.

“You’re lying.” Erin looked around the room, raced to the door, and opened it. There were several feet of snow outside. She stepped out into it and slammed the door behind her.

Fifteen minutes later, she reentered the cabin, her teeth chattering, and hugging herself with her arms. She kicked off her useless heels and padded over to the fire. Her suit and tights dropped snow to the rough wood floor below. She held out her hands to warm them up. “What happened to us?” She didn’t look over at her teenage student.

“I don’t know?” Daniel told the truth, but didn’t fill her in on what he did know. “While you were sleeping, I found a package of food in the snow outside the front door.” Daniel nodded over to the butcher block counter and cabinets that served as the cabin’s kitchen. On the counter was a frozen hunk of meat, carrots, and potatoes. “There’s no running water. No electricity. And you saw the outhouse outside.”

“We’ve been kidnapped and dumped here.” Erin looked around the small cabin. It was just one room, with a table and chairs, a small bed, the kitchen area, the fireplace, and the grand window where Daniel sat. “My husband will come looking for me.”

Daniel shrugged at her. He didn’t think her husband would find them. “I’m hungry. I think we’re supposed to cook there.” Daniel pointed to the spit, andirons, and frying pan by the hearth. “Do you know how to use those?”

“No.” Her stomach grumbled. She frowned down at the crude equipment.

“Okay, well I guess I’ll try and figure it out.” Daniel moved over to the fireplace.

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Principal and student didn’t talk much over the next couple days. Erin sat sullen and withdrawn on the window seat most of the time. Daniel busied himself figuring out how to make the most of his stay in the cabin. He roasted the meat pretty well, and figured out how to use the frying pan over the coals.

Every day, a new package mysteriously arrived outside their door sometime in the night with provisions. He found two toothbrushes and toothpaste in a drawer, along with a hairbrush, so at least they had some basic hygiene essentials. For water, Daniel melted snow in a pitcher. He tried to get Erin to join him at the table for meals, but she barely ate. When she did talk, it was to wonder how her children and husband were doing without her. And to express her faith that she’d be rescued any minute.

There was no entertainment in the cabin. Just one old Russian book about a boy in love with an older lady. Erin read it through several times. It was well-written, but how many times can you read the same story?

If it wasn't for his constant work, Daniel would have been very bored. Every night Daniel slept on the window seat, giving Erin the bed. He'd drift off to sleep dreaming he was back home with his mother. He would often wake in the middle of the night and fap, cumming in his blanket.

Erin could hear what Daniel did in the middle of the night. She tried her best to ignore it. He was a teenager after all, and barely had control over his body.

Trips out into the snow were no fun in socks, but Daniel dutifully went out every day to collect firewood, bring in the day's package, and, of course, to use the outhouse. Erin didn't offer to help.

By day four, the snow stopped falling. They could see they were on a mountain, atop a long, narrow valley lined with evergreens. It was beautiful, but also forlorn. Daniel knew he needed to somehow convince Erin to take the deal, but Eloise hadn't appeared, and he didn't really know what to do with the recalcitrant woman. They were both getting ripe, so maybe a bath would get things rolling. He went outside with a large bowl from the cabinets and collected snow. He then came back and set up. There was a tiled square to the left of the fireplace that slopped to a small drain. He figured it was for drying wet clothing after coming in from a hunt, or something. It would serve as a bathing space.

"I stink, so I'm gonna take a bath." Daniel looked over at Erin as she sat looking out the window. "You could probably use a bath, too. Right?" He watched her closely. She hadn't taken off that skirt suit since they got there. "I found some soap in last night's package. And there's a hairbrush in one of those drawers over there. So …"

"You're crazy if you think I'm going to undress in front of one of my students." Erin glanced around the room. There was zero privacy.

"I'll wash our clothes, too." Daniel smiled helpfully. He slowly undressed and piled his clothes on the floor.

"If you're going to do that, do it outside." Erin tried not to look at the skinny eighteen-year-old, but her eyes fell to the large bulge in his underwear. Had the depraved boy stuffed something in there?

"Sorry, no can do. I'll freeze." Daniel pulled off his underwear and let his soft dick flop out. It hung and swayed as he moved about. He stepped onto the tile, took a handful of snow, and began cleaning his pits.

"Oh, my," Erin whispered. Her student was some kind of freak. His soft dick was longer than her husband's hard one. Her hand went to her mouth and she stared as Daniel washed himself off.

When Daniel was about finished, he caught the look in Erin's pretty, brown eyes. Blood pumped to his dick. Oh well, this was what Eloise wanted. Wasn't it? "Toss me my blanket, I'll need to clean that, too."

"What's … wrong with you?" Erin didn't move, her left hand still covering her mouth in shock. Her eyes were riveted to his penis as it slowly grew, standing out straighter and straighter from his body. The boy had the penis of a brutish ogre.

"I can't help it." Daniel turned to her and stood by the fire, his clean body still glistening with snow melt, and his thirteen inches of dick pointing proudly toward Erin. "You gotta know that boys my age get hard all the time. I mean you're a high school principal, right?"

“I’m talking about the size. It’s … not right.”

“I’m just bigger than most.” Daniel looked down. His dick was chiseled with crisscrossing veins, and the head looked purplish and turgid. It really was magnificent.

“Goodness gracious.” Erin pulled the blanket from under her and tossed it toward Daniel.

“Thanks.” Daniel picked it up and started washing the blanket and his clothes, his dick sometimes getting in the way as he worked. When he finished, he took the bowl and went naked out the door to retrieve more snow. He returned, shivering, to his spot by the fire. “Now it’s your turn.”

“No way.” Erin shook her head and crossed her arms.

“Fine, but you’ll need a bath eventually.” Daniel went over to the bed, and sat down. He grabbed his dick with both hands and pumped it slowly.

“What are you doing?” Panic crept into Erin’s voice.

“The way you’re looking at me got me all worked up.” Daniel gazed over at her in her dirty skirt suit. She was a pretty woman, just a little plump. “I can’t keep fapping just once a day. And it looks like we’re stuck here. I don’t mean to be too forward, or anything, but I gotta do what I gotta do.” He thought Eloise would be proud.

“Stop that.” Erin tried to look away, but found that she couldn’t take her eyes off the masturbating teen. She couldn’t believe how far up and down his hands had to travel. Heck, there wasn’t even room for two hands on her husband’s penis. “I’m your principal, and I’m telling you to knock that off.”

“I … really … am sorry.” Daniel sped up his pace, his eyes traveling all over Erin’s clothed body. “I can’t.”

The only noises in the little cabin were the crackle of the fireplace, the fapping sound of Daniel’s hands on his dick, and his soft grunts. It was like that for a long time.

“So … good … uh … uh … I’m cumming.” Daniel felt the familiar surge of pleasure as his balls churned.

“Oh, goodness.” Erin could see his massive testicles pulse as they released their semen. It erupted from his penis and flew up into the air, coming back down on Daniel and her bed. “There’s so much,” Erin whispered under her breath. It dawned on her that she was uncomfortably wet between the legs. When was the last time she’d watched a man masturbate? Maybe her honeymoon, and that was nothing like this. Like comparing a Toyota to a Ferrari. By the time he finished pumping, Daniel’s chest, stomach, and thighs were covered in sperm. She could smell it from across the room, an earthy, overripe scent, like some sort of undiscovered tropical fruit. The smell enthralled her. Erin turned away and looked out the window.

“Great … now I have to clean … your blankets, too.” Daniel slowly stood, breathing hard. “And myself.” He went back to the melting snow in his bowl and set about cleaning himself off. As he did, he caught Erin stealing clandestine glances of his softening dick. Well, it was a start.

~~

Over the next several days, Daniel went about cooking, cleaning, and tending to the fire. He also decided that given Erin's reaction to his dick, he could fap whenever he wanted to. He took breaks from his chores several times a day to unload. Erin would often protest, and tell him to stop. But she always watched him with that horrified, hungry look in her eyes.

Eventually, her own stench grew too strong. She relented and gave herself a snow bath next to the fire. She made Daniel promise to turn around the whole time. Daniel agreed, and looked out the window. It was late in the day, and the fire cast enough light on Erin for a faint reflection on the glass. He could see that she had a slightly plump figure, with wide hips, a large, v-shaped ass, ample boobs, and a little roundness to her belly. Daniel thought she looked absolutely beautiful.

When she was done with her standing bath, she cleaned her clothes thoroughly, hung them to dry, and wrapped herself in a blanket. As soon as her clothes dried, she redressed in that same gray suit, and went back to sitting silently while Danny took care of their needs.

From then on, they both bathed every day.

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"I'm beginning to think no one is coming for us." Erin sat at the window seat and gazed over the valley below. "Maybe when spring gets here, we can hike out." She turned and looked with suspicion at her discarded heels tossed in the far corner of the cabin.

"About that." Daniel got up and moved over to one of the drawers in the kitchen area. This was the first time she'd expressed her doubts about rescue. Daniel had been waiting for this. "Whoever has been dropping off our packages, left this note a few days ago." He retrieved the tattered piece of paper from the drawer and walked back toward Erin. The note was written in charcoal on torn, brown paper. He handed the paper to Erin.

"You cannot leave," Erin read aloud. "Until you give and take dark delight. One from the other." She looked up at Daniel with wide eyes.

"Well, what do you think it means?" Daniel knew exactly what it meant.

"Come, sit next to me, Daniel." With trembling hands, Erin put down the paper and patted the seat cushion next to her. "Are you part of this? Is this some horrible, teenage prank?"

"We've been here for weeks, Mrs. Haskins." Daniel tried not to lie. "Would I do something like that? I mean, I've been washing with snow and cooking in a fireplace … for weeks. I miss my Mom."

"I'm sorry. You're right." Erin bit her bottom lip. "It's just … with your size down there … your need to relieve yourself all the time … and now this note … and what Teddy said about you … it's all very strange."

"I didn't plan any of this."

“I believe you, dear.” Erin patted his thigh and sighed. “I wonder if my sweet Ray thinks I’m dead.” She sighed again and looked back out the window, thinking of her husband.

“So, what do we do about the note?” Daniel watched her chest rise and fall. He noticed that her suit was looser on her than when they’d first arrived.

“Nothing.” Erin still had her hand resting on Daniel’s thigh. She moved her fingers and felt the rough material of his jeans. “They mean for us to sin, Daniel. And we won’t give them the satisfaction.”

“Oh.” Daniel warmed to the feeling of her hand on him. It had been so long since he’d been touched by a woman. “Well, we’ll leave in spring then.”

“Right.” Erin nodded her head. It was the only sensible notion.

~~

Weeks turned into months, and the pair lived their secluded life in the cabin. Spring never came. Snowfalls came and went, but the thaw didn’t arrive. Erin gave up on some of her modesty, hanging her skirt and jacket by the door to be used only when she ventured into the cold. She let her blouse hang down over her butt, so at least the young man couldn’t see too much of what her tights revealed.

Erin began helping more around the cabin. She would occasionally brave the snow and go out and bring in firewood from the stack near the front door. She cooked sometimes, but it was so easy to burn food near the fire. And she had to admit, Daniel was a better cook than her.

When Daniel masturbated, she no longer protested. He was a boy with needs, and secretly Erin savored every chance she got to witness his size and youthful virility. She felt young again just watching him. And at night, when she listened to him grunt as he pulled on his long shaft, she’d often let her hand fall under her tights and panties, massaging her clit as quietly as possible. Erin struggled mightily to think of her husband as she touched herself, but she was having a hard time remembering what his penis looked like. She’d seen Daniel masturbate so many times that his giant penis was now etched into her brain.

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“I was thinking.” Daniel stood by the fire, giving himself his daily snow bath. His lean, naked form juxtaposed by his long, hard dick jutting out before him. “I don’t think we’ll get out of here until we do what that note says. Maybe …” He thought his words over carefully. “If we watched each other fap, that would be a sort of give and take of dark delight. And then we could go. You’ve already seen me do it a million times. You just have to return the favor.”

“But I can’t let you see me naked. And …” Erin had just taken her bath and washed her clothes. She sat wrapped in her blanket on the bed while her clothes dried, watching Daniel’s teenage body closely. She blushed at the thought of touching herself in front of him. “I haven’t even done that in front of Ray.”

“You do want to see your husband, right?” Daniel finished scrubbing, and turned to put the heat of the fire on his chilly back. “I sure want to see my family. At this point, it’s clear we’re never leaving until we do what that note says. Dark delight.”

“I couldn’t.” Erin looked at him askance. Her wet, brown hair hung limp on her shoulders. “You wouldn’t even want to see me naked.”

“Yeah, I would.” Daniel stepped over to the window seat and sat down facing her across the small room. He grabbed his dick and pumped slowly. “I think you’re beautiful.”

“Really?” Erin’s blush deepened. “No one’s said that to me in a long time.” Her pupils dilated as she watched Daniel stroke himself. “Well, okay. Only so that we can go home.” She scooted to the edge of the bed and sat with her feet on the floor facing Daniel. Erin let the blanket fall open and tentatively spread her legs. “You actually are very handsome, Daniel.” She reached down and lightly touched her vaginal lips, sliding her fingers up and down. “For a student, I mean.”

“Thanks, Mrs. Haskins.” Daniel gazed at her. Her boobs hung on her chest with faint stretch marks at the top, and she had large, dark areolas with fat nipples. Her belly was mostly flat. She’d obviously lost weight since they’d arrived. She had a pretty good brown bush between her legs. “Maybe put a finger in, okay?”

“Okay.” She gave him a shy nod, and inserted her left index finger. “Oh, my.” Had she ever been as turned on? What had her kidnappers done to her? “If we both … climax … will they let us go?”

“Maybe.” Daniel watched Erin as she got into it. Her eyes lazily half-closed, and her breathing became shallow. The pair fapped and watched each other for a long time.

“Daniel … it’s going to … happen.” Erin pistoned herself quickly with her left hand, and rubbed her clit with her right. “Are you … close … too?” Her voice squeaked. Sweat trickled down between her wobbling breasts.

“Yeah … let’s do it at … the same time.”

“You’ll have to … hurry … Daniel.” Erin’s hands were a blur on her vagina. “Aaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” She wanted to close her eyes and let the orgasm carry her away, but she couldn’t miss Daniel’s climax. So, she watched him through heavy lids as he grunted out his completion. “Ooooooohhhhhhhhhh, Daaaannnnieeellllll,” she squealed. The sperm exploding from his manly penis was such a force of nature. His soft, naughty grunts that had at first so unnerved her, now enflamed deep cravings.

The two of them watched each other from across the room as they recovered from their climaxes. Eventually, Daniel got up and started another standing bath to clean himself off.

“Do you think it worked?” Erin realized she was still sitting with her legs wide open and closed them. She covered herself with her blanket again.

“I guess we’ll have to wait and see.”

But they weren’t whisked from the cabin. They woke the next day and went about their daily activities. Only, this time, when it was time for a bath, they tried masturbating in front of each other again first.

After that, they added mutual masturbation to their daily routine. Still the snow surrounded the house. The food packages arrived every night. And they were no closer to going home.

~~

A week passed. Late in the day, Daniel and Erin masturbated in front of each other as they had done many times recently. This time, Erin sat on the window seat, and Daniel rested at the edge of the bed.

“I … have an idea … Mrs. Haskins.” Daniel stood and walked across the room, jacking his dick the whole way. He sat next to Erin and she cringed when their knees came in contact.

“Not so … close, Daniel.” Despite her discomfort, Erin continued frigging her vagina.

“I think we need … to go a little further.” Daniel had become comfortable with the once fearsome woman. Especially over the last several days as he got to enjoy the tormented look on her face she made every time she had an orgasm. He took her right hand away from her clit and placed it on the head of his dick. She still had two fingers from her left hand in her pussy. He then reached down with his left hand and massaged her little button with tight circles. “The people that wrote the note want us … to go farther,” he whispered in her ear.

“Ooooooohhhhhhhhh.” Erin shuddered. No one had ever touched her with such skill. Not her husband, not her high school boyfriend. Somehow, one of her students, was a master at working a vagina. Her eyes blinked spasmodically, her shoulders trembled, and very unladylike noises came out of her throat. Erin climaxed at the young man’s touch. Her hand gripped his manhood tightly as she moved through her ecstasy, and then automatically stroked it when she was on the other side.

“We need to give each other dark delights, right?” Daniel moved his wet hand from her pussy up to her boob. He rolled her fat nipple between his fingers and enjoyed the little squeal that elicited from her. His hand left her boob and moved behind her neck, his fingers reaching into her brown hair. He tried to imagine Eloise cheering him on. This is what she’d want. He put slight pressure on the back of Erin’s head and pushed her slowly down.

“I can’t.” Erin looked over at him with pleading eyes. The expression on the boy’s face seemed conflicted about that moment, but the hand on the back of her head was confident enough. Her face inched closer and closer to his penis. Her left hand abandoned her vagina and moved over to join her right hand on that incredibly thick pole. “I can’t. My husband … mmmmmmpppppppphhhhhhhhh.” And then the head of that penis stretched past her lips and into her mouth. Suddenly, she was breathing through her nose and bobbing her head on that monster. Erin had spent years getting the upper hand on her unruly students, outmaneuvering them with faith and persuasion. But now, one of her students had completely undermined her authority and her marriage, making her feel like a teenage girl again. She gave Daniel the most sloppy and greedy blowjob she’d ever given, loving the power contained in his penis and the pressure of his hand on the back of her head.

“I’m gonna … cum … down your throat … Mrs. Haskins.” Daniel trembled. “Ugh … ugh … uuuuuggghhhhhhhh.” He flooded her mouth with cum.

“Gggggggpppphhhhh.” Erin was astounded by the amount of spunk the boy had. She gagged and lifted off him, only to feel blasts of pressure hit her face as he sprayed his sperm. Oh, what would poor Ray think of her now? She was surprised by how much she liked the taste of the hot, salty mess even as she spit it out of her mouth. That musky, tropical scent that Erin was used to smelling from across the room now enveloped her. In a fog, she leaned back. But then Daniel’s hands were on her again, grasping her, kneading her. The desire he expressed through his fingers made her quiver.

“That was really … great.” Daniel took the crumpled blanket from the window seat and threw it on the floor in front of the fire. “This will be better.” He moved over to the blanket and pulled the dazed woman with him. He put his back on the floor, pulled her on top of him with her pussy above his face and her head above his dick. Daniel reached up and grabbed her shapely ass with both hands and brought her pussy down to his lips. He could tell from her surprised screams that no one had properly eaten her pussy before.

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Erin gave more blowjobs during the next week than she’d given in her twenty years of marriage. She spit at first, but within a couple days, she swallowed his loads. A day or two after that, she learned to take him almost halfway down her throat. She was blowing him three times a day by the end of the week. And he went down on her countless times. She had no frame of reference for that time of debauchery. How had they ever been bored in that cabin? It now seemed there weren’t enough hours in the day to do chores and pleasure each other.

It wasn’t a surprise to Erin when one day after Daniel had gone down on her, he tried to put it in. After that first blowjob, she’d known it was inevitable. Her will to resist had withered and atrophied with each succeeding orgasm.

“Just the tip.” Daniel was between her legs on the bed. “The note needs us to go further.” They were naked, as they were most of the time those days.

Erin looked down between her breasts to the heavy, swaying monster moving closer to her entrance. “I want to, Daniel.” Erin had forgotten about the note. That’s how far she’d fallen. She was doing these things now because she wanted to. Because she had to. “But it won’t fit. You’re just not … natural … nnnnnnnooooooooooo.” She looked down at her poor vagina as the head slipped in. She watched her own violation by this rapacious thing and offered no real resistance.

“It’s in.” Daniel wiggled his slender hips a little and an inch pushed into her. “It’s really tight, Mrs. Haskins.”

“It’s stretching me … Daniel. Oh, God, you’re stretching me … out.” She practically shouted the words.

“A … little … more.” Daniel watched the grimace on her face. It was so sexy to see her struggle to take him. He got about halfway inside her, and then there was no more give. “It’s stuck.”

“Oh, Daniel. Oh, Daniel. Oh, Daniel,” Erin cooed. She leaned her head back and looked up into his blue eyes. “It hurts … but … also … good. I’m … full.” And she was. Halfway was all that would fit inside her.

Frustrated, Daniel wished Eloise would appear and offer her the bargain. Then, he tried to remember the words himself. “The bond, the pact, the contract made,” Daniel said. “We paid and received and the Devil took his due. All we need from you is your … um … approbation.”

“What?” Erin furrowed her brow at the words and then gritted her teeth as that great thing pushed at her tiny vagina.

“Just take the deal, and it’ll fit.”

“I need it to … fit.” Without even thinking about what she was agreeing to, she acquiesced. What did it matter? Everything had gone crazy since she’d walked up the icy front walk to the Anderson home all those months ago. “I accept.” In an instant, her boobs, vagina, and hips felt like they were on fire, and a strange reddish glow filled the room. “Aaaaaaahhhhhhhh. Help me.”

“I got this.” Daniel knew what to do. He pulled out of her, picked her up off the bed, and carried her out the front door into the snow. He put her down on her back and rubbed snow all over her growing boobs. She screamed some more, but he could tell the heat was already past its peak. He took a handful of snow and pressed it against her pussy. The sanguine glow faded after a few minutes. Erin slumped in the snow, exhausted, her change complete. Daniel picked her back up, marched her back into the cabin, and tossed her on the bed. He spread her legs and slid his dick into her wet pussy.

“Oooohhhhhhhhh. What happened?” Erin felt her boobs rock on her chest as Daniel humped her with long, slow thrusts. She looked down at her breasts. They moved wrong. Heavier and bigger. And, as she focused down between her legs, she could see that long penis completely disappear with each lurch of Daniel’s hips. “Ooooohhhhh … it’s all the way … in. It really … iissssssss.” The cabin, the months spent away from family, the strange circumstances, the fire that had momentarily consumed her, were all swept clean out of her mind. All that was left was a singular focus on the amazing sensation his penis created. She needed to mate with this young man. She needed him to want her. And to take what he wanted.

“You … look … so … pretty … Mrs. Haskins.” Daniel humped her on the bed for a long time. She came and came under him, quivering and yelping, and not behaving one bit like a high school principal. When it was time for him to cum, she eagerly spread her legs wider and let him seed her. Thirty minutes later, he came in her again. And he did it again an hour after that. They missed their dinner that night and fell asleep, their sweaty bodies entwined. That was the first night Daniel slept in the cabin’s bed.

As he drifted off to sleep, Daniel smiled, sure that he’d completed his task and he’d be back home to his mom in no time.

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In the morning, Daniel woke up and opened his eyes. He was still in the cabin. He looked over at Erin sleeping peacefully next to him. She was on her side and her large, milky white breasts spilled onto the bedsheet. Her messy, brown hair covered part of her face, but he could see his dried cum on her right cheek.

Hadn't Daniel done enough to earn his ticket home? Naked, he slipped out of bed and padded across the rough wood floor. He carefully placed some logs over the embers in the fireplace to get the day's fire going again. Why were they still here? Frustration built inside him. He wanted to go home. Still naked, he opened the front door and strode out into the snow. He slammed the door behind him.

"Mrs. Palmer?" Daniel's voice echoed off the tall line of blue spruce trees. "I did it. I want to go home now," he shouted up at the sky as small snowflakes fluttered down around him. "I'm going to miss my senior year. They won't let me graduate. Eloise? Do you hear me? Day Star? I want to go home. I miss my family." He got no answer but the echoes that reverberated around the small cabin. Daniel didn't know if he was shivering from frustration, or cold. He kicked snow with his bare foot, and walked over to pee on a tree. When he returned to the cabin, he picked up the day's care package that someone had left by the door, and reentered the cabin.

"Who were you talking to, Daniel?" Erin sat up in bed. With her left hand, she held the blanket over her breasts. Her wild hair went in all different directions. She couldn't help but watch his soft penis swing as he walked. It contained so much potential energy. Goodness, it had really turned kinetic the day before. Her jaw tightened as she thought of all the seed he'd planted in her unprotected garden.

"No one." Daniel stomped over to the kitchen and dumped the paper-wrapped package on the countertop. He turned to face her and wiped tears from his eyes with the back of his hands. "I guess I was just yelling at the woods. I really want to go home, you know?"

"I know, dear." Erin frowned to see him like this. She held out her arms to him, conscious that as she let go of the blanket, she exposed her boobs to him. Well, it's not like he hadn't seen them before. "Come here."

"I have to make breakfast." Daniel looked at the inviting bed, but thought of all his chores. The fire in the hearth had caught, and it spread its warmth through the cold room. More tears ran down his cheeks. It was so embarrassing.

"Breakfast can wait. Let me give you a hug." Erin felt so protective of the poor boy. If only she could do something to help him. But they'd already pleasured each other per the note's instructions, and they were still stuck. With arms outheld, she beckoned him with her fingers.

"Okay." Daniel walked over and sat on the edge of the bed. He embraced Erin and rested his head on her soft shoulder as he cried. Little by little his tears dried. He noticed all her lovely curves pressed into him. He dug his fingers into the smooth skin on her back.

"What happened last night?" Erin patted his back and felt the familiar presence of his penis begin to press into her hip. God, he was large. "Why was I so hot, and then … bigger?"

"You made a deal with the Devil." Daniel leaned back to look her in the eyes.

"I'm serious, Daniel." And she tried to look serious, but it was hard to do that when dried semen made her hair extend in different directions. "What's going on?"

"I guess …" Daniel leaned in and kissed her on her soft, pink lips. "… we're stuck here …" He kissed her again. "… and we should just make the best of it." A sly smile played on his lips. He was feeling a little better.

“I don’t think we should have sex again, Daniel.” Erin’s heart beat loudly in her chest. “I could get pregnant. And it’s … wrong. What would Ray think of me? I’ll satisfy you with my mouth, okay? Think of your mother, dear. Would she want you to … uuuuppppphhhhhh.” Erin let Daniel kiss her and accepted his tongue as it moved into her mouth. She fell onto her back, and within minutes they were humping like animals again. She let the boy put two more loads inside her before breakfast, God help her. And Ray was the farthest thing from her mind.

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Once the floodgates opened, the pair went at it constantly. Either they were doing chores, or they were humping. That was life at the cabin going forward.

“You think your husband … uh … uh … uh … is still looking for us?” Daniel took her doggie on the bed. His hands grasped her hips. He watched her wide, motherly ass shake with each powerful thrust.

“I don’t … ooohhhhh … knooowwwwww.” Erin had never let a man take her like a dog before. Now she relished the way he treated her. She pushed her butt back at him, and watched her hanging boobs smack together with each impact under her.

“How would he feel … if he found us right now?” Daniel slapped her ass and enjoyed her little yelp in response.

“B … b … baaaddddd.”

“He’d know this was my … pussy … now.” Daniel tried some of Eloise’s dirty talk. From the increasing intensity of Erin’s grunts, he thought she liked it.

“Yesssss.” Erin was completely under the boy’s spell.

“Does your husband … ugh … have a little dick?” Daniel drove his cock into her, but Erin didn’t respond. “I said, does … your … husband … have … a little dick?” He slapped her ass again.

“Oh, my … God. Yes … yes … yes … he’s small.”

“And I have … a big one?” Daniel watched her back muscles flex each time she absorbed the shock of his slam into her.

“You’re … so much … bigger … than Ray.” Erin gritted her teeth, she wanted to give Daniel … everything.

“Take off your ring … Mrs. Haskins. And toss it away.”

“Oh, Daniel … no …” But Erin reached over with her right hand and pulled her wedding ring off her finger. With a flick of her wrist, she tossed it across the room and heard it clatter across the floor.

“You’re my girlfriend … in this cabin … not his wife.” Daniel grabbed a handful of brown hair and pulled her head back to arch her back.

“Oh, please … oh, please …” Erin could tell he was about to unload in her again. Her orgasm overtook all higher brain functions and she grunted as that warm cum splashed inside her.

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Those next weeks at the cabin taught Erin dozens of new positions. The twisted things they did would have shocked and appalled her old self. But the principal in her faded away, and the animal in her surged. Needless to say, her vagina was constantly flooded with seed.

The pair almost never dressed now, even to go out in the snow. This was fine with Erin, most of her clothes didn’t fit her anymore anyway, with her expanded bust and hips.

Weeks turned into months, and sure enough, Erin’s belly began to swell. How were they going to raise a child in this forever-winter cabin? Erin didn’t know. But her thoughts about her old life rarely intruded as time passed. She was committed to this new life with Daniel. With him in her arms and between her legs.

~~

One morning, instead of the daily package, Daniel found a note by the front door. He quickly returned inside and woke Erin. He handed her the note. “Read it.”

“Committed. Remitted. Dress and leave the cabin together. You go back today,” Erin read. She put the note down and looked up at Daniel. “Home?”

“We’re going home.” Daniel bounced with excitement, and went to retrieve his clothes from the corner.

“Really?” Erin frowned and looked down at the note again.

“Aren’t you happy?” Daniel pulled on his underwear and his pants. “You get to see your husband and your children.”

“Yes.” Erin looked over at Daniel as he pulled his shirt over his narrow shoulders. “I mean. It’s been a long time. What will they think? What will I tell them?” She looked down at her round belly. She wasn’t huge, but her pregnancy certainly showed. Daniel’s baby was in there.

“I don’t know. We’ll figure that out when we get home.” Daniel hopped on one foot as he pulled on his sock. He picked up Erin’s clothes and brought them to the bed. “This is what we wanted this whole time. We’re going home.” He dropped the clothes next to her and offered his hand to help her up. She took it and stood.

“Will I even have my job anymore?” Erin ignored the bra. She’d leave it behind, useless as it now was. She wiggled her panties and tights on. Her skirt didn’t fit right, so she left it mostly unzipped.

“I don’t know.” Daniel kissed her on the cheek.

“What will happen to us, Daniel?” Erin stopped pulling on her blouse and a deep sadness crept into her eyes.

“What do you want to happen?” Daniel truly didn’t know what her answer was going to be.

“Tell me.” She pulled on her jacket and tugged at the sleeves when it didn’t sit right. The suit was made for a different woman. “You and your sister-in-law … all those fake doctor visits … did you …?”

“Yes.” Daniel cocked his head at her. There was no reason to lie. “Penelope’s my girlfriend.”

“I see.” Erin nodded her head. She had suspected as much for a long time. Something like that would have floored her old self, now she just took the news in stride. “When we get back, can I … um …” She looked for her discarded wedding ring on the floor, found it in the corner near the window, and put it back on. “Can I …” She walked back to Daniel, twisting the ring around her finger with nervous anticipation. “Can I be your girlfriend, too?”

“What?” Daniel sighed in relief. “Of course. I promise. Whatever happens with your husband, we’ll still be a thing.”

“Okay.” Erin let a half-smile part her lips. She put on her heels, took Daniel’s hand, and together they walked out of the cabin.

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Still holding hands, Erin and Daniel stumbled from the secret opening in the fireplace. Behind them, they heard grinding as the hearth rotated back to its normal position. Bewildered, they looked around Palmer Mansion’s main living room.

“Nothing’s changed.” Daniel couldn’t wipe the smile off his face. Euphoria at his return surged through him.

“Oh, thank God.” Erin squeezed his hand. “We really are back.”

“There you two are.” Julie stuck her head in the doorway. Her eyes, immediately drawn to Erin and Daniel’s clasped hands. “I’ve been looking all over for you.”

“What?” Daniel wasn’t sure what sort of response he was expecting upon being reunited with his long-lost mother, but nonchalance wasn’t it.

“I spent a good five minutes looking for you.” Julie stepped into the room and watched as Erin and Daniel quickly dropped their hands away from one another. “Khadra is recovering in the guestroom. She says she just had a fright.” Julie turned her attention to Erin. “So, what did Daniel do that merits a visit from the school principal?”

“I … I …” Erin couldn’t think straight. Had it really been only minutes since they departed? “I’m sorry, Julie. I have to go.” She walked briskly toward the door.

“Your purse.” Julie bent down, picked up the woman’s purse, and handed it to her.

“Thank you.” Erin looked back at Daniel as she left the room, her eyes full of meaning.

Daniel nodded to her and she was gone. Her heels clicked down the hall. A few seconds later he heard the front door slam.

“Well, that was weird.” Julie eyed him up and down. “Did she look … different to you?”

“No.” Daniel shook his head.

Sensing his discomfort, Julie let it go. Maybe she’d ask him more about whatever had just happened later. She walked up to her son and gave him a kiss on his cheek. “My, gosh, Danny. You’re ripe. Time for a shower, big guy.” Julie looked toward the hall and then gave his small, firm butt a good smack.

“I love you so much, Mom.” Daniel grabbed Julie and gave her a great big bearhug. He breathed in deeply and smelled the floral scent of her shampoo. He’d really missed shampoo.

“I love you too, pumpkin.” Julie chuckled and squeezed him back. “Now go take that shower, Mr. Stinky.”

“Right.” Daniel gave her one last squeeze, and then hustled off toward the shower. A long, hot shower sounded perfect. It was so good to be home.

Outside the house, Erin slammed her car door, started the engine, and sat in the driveway. With unsteady hands she unzipped her winter coat, and unbuttoned her suit jacket. Sure enough, her boobs were larger and under her blouse she could see the swell of her belly. She had Daniel’s baby growing inside her. She put the car in drive, and headed home to her oblivious husband.

Chapter 19

“Wow, Mom. I missed your tits so much.” Daniel looked down at Julie from the edge of his bed where he sat. His puppy dog eyes were filled with adoration.

“Gosh, Danny.” Julie pressed her breasts firmly together around her son’s penis and moved them up and down with steady rhythm. “First, don’t call them tits, okay?”

“You just said … tits, Mom.” Daniel smiled. “That’s … ugh … so hot.”

“And secondly, we did it this morning. How can you miss me so much already?” Julie smiled back at her overeager son. It really was flattering how much he loved her attention.

“I’ll tell you about that … later. Right now … I’m about to cum.” Daniel leaned back. This was heaven.

“Okay, go ahead, pumpkin.” Julie released her tits and lowered her mouth to his dick.

“No … I wanna cum … all over you.”

Julie spit him out with a plop. “Really?” She took his long penis in both hands and stroked up and down. “I don’t know about the mess, Danny.” Her lips parted as she looked down at that bloated, purplish head. She was so used to taking his seed in one of her three holes, he hadn’t sprayed her in a while.

“Please … Mom?” Daniel was close. He’d loved every orgasm he’d had with Erin, but there was no substitute for a mother’s love.

“Well, okay. If you really want it that badly, mister. Give me your sperm.” Julie worked him with her hands faster, his thing slick with her saliva.

“Tell me … to give you … my cum.”

Julie paused. She’d said tits, even though it was accidental. She’d started saying pussy. And now she was about to say cum. She was talking like a crude teenager. But Daniel seemed to like it. She took a deep breath. “Give me your cum, Danny. Cover me in your hot stuff.”

“Yeeesssss … Moooommmmmmm.” Daniel grunted and let go. His thick cum launched up onto Julie’s face, into her hair, and landed on her boobs. It also splattered on the floor all around her.

“Oh, my.” Julie closed her eyes and let Daniel’s eighteen-year-old penis do its thing. She was a canvas as Daniel perfected his masterpiece. When he finished, Julie wiped the cum from her eyes and looked up at him. “There now, I should probably shower off and get back to your father. He’s working on that same leaky valve down in the basement.”

“That … same … valve?” Daniel let his dreamy smile widen. “Dad is such … a dummy.” Daniel looked down at the wedding ring on his mom’s finger. Her hands still held his hard cock. Cum dripped down over the diamonds. “The house … is messing with him. He’s a sucker, Mom.”

“Be respectful of your father, Daniel.” Julie tried to sound stern, but she squeaked a little as the penis lurched in her hands. Despite herself, she pumped him again slowly.

“But he is a dummy, Mom.” Daniel pulled her onto his lap. “He’s the one who wanted to buy this house, right?”

“Yes.” She willingly straddled him, her heavy, cum-soaked tits jiggling as she moved. Without thinking, she guided him into her pussy. “Oh, gosh.” Her body quivered as he hit some hidden place deep inside her.

“He even saw my dick, Mom. The whole family saw how big it was, but he didn’t protect you from it.” He gripped the soft flesh around her hips and bounced her on his dick. “He’s either stupid, or he wanted me to have you. He should have known. You said the seller even warned you guys about the house, right?”

“Yes. A … warning. Oh, gosh.” Julie wondered what her womanly body looked like shaking on top of her young man. She’d have to ask him to make another video sometime. “But … it’s not … your father’s fault.”

“He’s a dummy, Mom.” Daniel was emboldened by his time with Erin. He’d seen how willing she’d been to literally throw her wedding ring away. “I mean, I like my dad. But he’s oblivious. How many times have you slept next to him with my cum inside you?”

“Many … many times.” Julie’s orgasm built inside her.

“His wife’s sleeping with his son right under his nose.” Daniel slapped playfully at one of her hanging boobs. There was a wet, smacking sound as he hit some of the dripping cum. “Say he’s a dummy, Mom.”

“Oh, gosh … gosh … gosh … your father … is a … dummy … Danny. Aaaaahhhhhhhhhh.” Her hips rocked wildly, and she came all over her son’s mighty penis. She dug her fingers into his meager chest.

“Wow, Mom. You’re amazing.” Daniel looked up into her twisted, pretty face. Cum dripped down her left cheek and her chin. Was this the same woman who’d raised him for eighteen years? The same woman that read him bedtime stories all so long ago? And kissed him when he scraped a knee?

Julie came three more times riding her son before he finally unloaded inside of her. “Wow, sweetie. It seems like you really needed me today.” She lay on top of him, her boobs pressing into his skinny frame, and her head beside his on the pillow. The smell of his cum filled the room with an earthy vitality. His penis flexed inside her when she said that, and she gave a little gasp.

“Yeah.” He reached down and gently slapped her full butt cheek. “You’re the best mom in the world. Thank you so much for saying those things.”

“Well, don’t get used to it.” She sat up and looked down at him. Julie was well aware that she looked like a wreck at the moment, but she couldn’t bring herself to care. “And you’re welcome.” Some sperm dribbled into her mouth. She licked at it with her tongue and swallowed. “Now, I better go get dinner ready. Let’s hope your father isn’t finished with that valve yet.”

“My dumb father?”

Julie sighed. “Let’s hope your dumb father isn’t finished yet.”

“Thanks, Mom.” Daniel reached up and squeezed her nipple. A little warm milk spilled out onto his fingers. “I have a feeling he’s still hard at work.”

“There’s something else I wanted to talk about.” Julie pulled off Daniel with a sloppy plop and stood up. She waddled to her clothes as cum ran down the inside of her thighs. She picked up her shirt and mopped up some of her son’s stuff that covered her. “Mrs. Samatar will be staying here a couple days as she recovers from her fright. It didn’t seem right to send her back to an empty house.”

“Oh?” That sounded interesting to Daniel.

“She’s in a fragile state.” Julie looked back at her son. He looked so handsome leaning back on the bed. His enormous thing still hard as ever. Julie wiped some cum from her eyebrow. “Please don’t … you know … um … have sex with her.”

“Okay.”

Julie tried to make eye contact with Daniel, but he looked away. She pulled on her skirt. “Well, if something does happen with you two, I mean, it shouldn’t, but you’re a young man and you seem to just go and go, so …” Julie bit her bottom lip. “If something does happen, please use the condoms I bought you.”

“Sure, Mom.” Daniel looked back into his mother’s brown eyes and smiled. “Thanks.”

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That night, the Anderson dinner table was lively. Brittney had a friend over. Madison Granger was in the twin’s senior class and had struck up a friendship with Brittney recently when Brittney helped her with some math homework. Madison told jokes, and seemed a good-natured dinner companion. Throughout the evening, she kept pushing her blue hair back behind her left ear, so she could steal furtive glances of Daniel.

Brad was also there, although his wife had vacated her place at the table. He tried to match Madison’s humor, but of course he took it too far. “Hey Danny,” Brad laughed. “The only difference between your momma and a washing machine is that every time I dump a load in the washing machine, it doesn’t follow me around for a week. Oooohhhhhhhh.”

“She’s your mom too, doofus,” Brittney stared daggers at Brad.

“George?” Julie frowned. “Control your son.”

“What?” George never liked to get involved with such things, but that comment was over the line. “Now, Bradly. None of that talk about your mother. It’s unseemly.”

“It’s only a joke.” Brad pressed his lips together.

“They say more snow is coming.” Khadra also sat at the dinner table. She was not used to such bawdy language. She wanted desperately to change the subject. When no one took her up on her weather conversation, she tried another tack. “Where is your wife, Bradly?”

“Her mom just called. She’s somewhere in the house on the phone.” Brad shrugged.

“Oh, well –” Khadra was about to compliment the meal, when Brad’s tall, blonde wife walked into the dining room.

“I have to go.” Penelope sat down next to Brad in a daze. She placed her phone neatly next to her untouched plate of food.

“What’s wrong?” Julie suddenly worried that something had happened to Daniel’s baby growing inside her daughter-in-law.

“My mom fell on some ice. She’s in the hospital.” Penelope’s ashen face was very still. “I have to go see her.” She looked around the walls for a clock, but there was none in the dining room. Only the tick tock of that ponderous clock somewhere in the house.

“That’s a long drive. I’ll go with you, sweetie.” Julie stood. “George, you don’t mind holding down the fort here for a few days?”

“No problem,” George grumbled. He could use her help with the house, but now that the valve was tiptop, he could at least get to work on the spare bedroom.

“But, Moooommmmmmm,” both twins chorused and then looked at each other suspiciously.

“What, I’m not good enough?” George eyed the twins.

“Little Danny’s a momma’s boy.” Brad curled his lip in a mocking smile.

“Stop that.” Penelope hit Brad’s shoulder with some force. “Leave Danny alone.”

“What?” Brad rubbed his shoulder. “I’m the one that should be complaining. It’s my wife that’s leaving me.”

“It sounds like you are complaining.” Penelope scowled at him. “And you need to focus, Bradly. My mom is in the hospital.”

“Sorry.” Brad wasn’t used to receiving a scolding from his wife.

Madison watched the theatrics with a smirk on her face. She so loved to see other families in dysfunction. Her smile widened when she noticed Daniel looking at her. She brushed her blue hair behind her ear again, and looked down at her plate.

“I’ll go, too.” Khadra spoke up. The small dark woman looked over at Penelope. “I mean, if you think it would be helpful. With Maxamed … um … not here … I’d like to help.”

Penelope looked over at Julie and Julie nodded. “Thank you, Khadra. I’m sure it would be helpful to have you along.”

“I want to go, too.” Daniel looked with pleading eyes at his mother.

“You’ve got school.” George reached over and ruffled his hair. “But I’m happy to see that you want to help family in a time of need.”

“It’s almost winter break. I can miss a few days.” Daniel tried to sound manly about his request, but he wasn’t sure he succeeded.

“Your father’s right. I still don’t know why Mrs. Haskins stopped by yesterday only to run back out.” Julie looked carefully at her son. “I wouldn’t want you to get into any sort of trouble at school.” She also didn’t want him sharing a trip with Penelope. Julie wanted Penelope to focus on being a good wife to Brad.

“Um … who is this lady, and why is she going on a road trip with my wife?” Brad nodded at the woman in the hijab and looked at his mother.

“Don’t be rude, sweetie.” Julie furrowed her brow at her oldest. “She’s a friend of the family.” She turned to Khadra. “We needed to pick up some of your things anyway. Shall we stop by your house on the way and pack a suitcase?”

“Yes, thank you.” Khadra nodded. How strange to find a sense of belonging here among this white family, in a house formerly possessed by demons. She smiled, looked at Daniel, and quickly looked away. And in a house where she’d met a virile teenager that she’d somehow let between her legs more than once. But that part of it was now behind her.

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Daniel watched the women get into Julie’s minivan and slowly drive away. Thankfully, Brad left at the same time, his pickup truck roaring ahead of the minivan. Daniel sighed, closed the front door, and turned to find Eloise standing behind him wearing one of her long, flowing dresses.

“How felicitous.” Eloise’s pretty, freckled face beamed at Daniel. “You made it back. And now the good Mrs. Haskins is hooked like a walleye. You just need to keep reeling, Daniel.”

“Were you the reason I spent all that time in the cabin?” Daniel frowned at her as he carefully gazed up into her green eyes.

“That was my partner, dearie.” Eloise tilted her head and gave him a look like he might have been an ungrateful child who’d just spilled his milk. “And I don’t know about ‘all that time.’ You were only gone for a couple minutes.”

“I didn’t like it.” Daniel walked past her toward the stairs and she fell in next to him, holding her big, round belly. Daniel tried not to be comforted by her presence. “Well, maybe I liked it a little. I didn’t like being trapped there.”

“That was a bit … unexpected.” Eloise nodded her head thoughtfully. “But that’s what happens when you have a partner that likes to break rules. No?”

“A partner?” Daniel climbed the stairs and glanced over at her flowing red hair. “I don’t have a partner.”

“You offered Mrs. Haskins the deal. Did you not?” Eloise walked carefully up the last few stairs, as if to protect her unborn baby from an accidental fall. “You and he … and me …” A warm, friendly smile parted her lips. “… are confederates now.” She put an icy hand on his shoulder and they stopped in the second-floor hall. “I know your companions departed for a time. It can’t be easy watching your mother go after you only just returned. Let me comfort you.” She kissed him on his warm cheek. “Take comfort in Mrs.

Haskins arms when you are at the schoolhouse." She kissed him on the other cheek. "And maybe you will find another." She kissed him gently on the lips.

"I don't want another."

"Life may surprise you." She kissed him again and explored his young mouth with her tongue. They broke the kiss, and she led him to his room, closing the door after them. "But as I said, let me comfort you, Daniel." She stepped out of her dress, completely naked underneath.

"Wow. I … um …" Daniel looked her up and down. Her freckles spilled from her face down her shoulders and onto her chest, dappling the pale skin on her large breasts. Her hips, boobs, and belly were all so full. Eloise embodied promise and fertility. "I forgot how beautiful you are," Daniel murmured.

"There now, I knew you'd like what's underneath." She leaned her naked body up against him. His warmth spread through his clothes into her. "What's mine is yours." She nibbled on his ear. "I'm so proud of you, dearie. You learned a lot in your time away. Look at what you made your mom admit to you." She pulled down his trousers and undergarments. His swelling penis pushed back at her fingers as it readied itself for what was to come.

"You mean about Dad being a dummy?" Daniel smiled. "It felt good to say that stuff. And even better to hear Mom say that stuff."

"What a good lad you are." Eloise dropped to her knees. "Let me tend to you in your mother's absence." She opened her mouth wide and sucked him in.

"Ohhhh … Mrs. Palmer … your cold mouth … feels so good." Daniel intertwined his fingers in her hair and leaned his head back.

Later, as Eloise rode Daniel hard, Daniel looked up at her wobbling body. It hadn't been that long ago that he'd been a sexless teenager. Why was he pouting about his mom leaving to help family? That was stupid. Here he was getting ridden like a horse by this goddess. He listened to the low, guttural sounds she made. He stared at her boobs, bouncing off her belly over and over, and her thin arms, flexing as she held her pregnant tummy. And he had Erin to look forward to as well. "I'm gonna cum … again … Mrs. Palmer."

"Yeeesssssssss," Eloise hissed. "Fill me with your … heat."

"Oh … you feel … so tight." Daniel knew he'd be just fine while his mom, Penelope, and Khadra were away.

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"So, is Daniel dating anyone?" Madison sat on the couch in the basement and looked away from the boring space movie that played on the television.

"No." Brittney sat, engrossed in the action. The alien escaped from containment, and she just knew it was going to do something icky to the scientist lady that stood there gaping at it.

“Really? I just assumed, since he’s … well … you know.” Madison was usually pretty upfront about things, but for some reason the Andersons made her a little nervous.

“No, I don’t know.” Brittney turned her eyes away from the movie to her new friend. “Tell me.”

“Well, me and some of the other girls at school have noticed that he … um …” Madison fidgeted with her bracelet. “He’s been really cute lately. I don’t know, there’s something about him. And … well … we’ve noticed that he has a pretty big lump in his pants.”

“Gross, Madison.” Brittney twisted up her face in a sour expression.

“Well, he’s your twin. Have you …?” Madison twisted her bracelet faster. “Have you seen it?”

“Eeewwww.” Brittney took a pillow off the couch and threw it at Madison with a laugh. “You’re a perv, Madison.”

Madison caught the pillow and hugged it to her chest. “Well, have you seen it?”

“I can’t believe you’re asking me about my brother’s dick. Jeez, Madison.” Brittney rolled her eyes. “Well, if you must know. My parents thought there was something wrong with it, and the whole family got a good look while they were debating whether to take him to a doctor.”

“Something wrong with it? Like an STD?” Madison whispered.

“Nothing like that.” Brittney shook her head. “It was just so big. And I think it was bothering him. We talk about a lot of stuff, but Danny and I never talked about it.”

“So how big was it?” Madison’s eyes went wide.

“It hung really low.” Brittney felt heat in her belly as she thought back on that day. “Don’t tell the other girls at school I saw his dick, okay? They’d think I was a perv.”

“Sure.”

“I would say it was maybe seven or eight inches long?” Brittney definitely felt butterflies in her stomach. With everything that had happened with her mother, she thought for sure she was a lesbian. But now she wasn’t so sure.

“You saw him hard?” Madison’s mouth dropped open in shock.

“No, that was soft.”

“Oh … my … God.” Madison felt her panties flood. “That’s too big. Your brother is some sort of animal.” Madison threw the pillow back at Brittney.

“Shut up.” Brittney caught the pillow, laughed, and put it on her lap.

“Yeah, okay. I’ll shut up.” Madison climbed over to her friend, and put her head on the pillow and watched the rest of the dumb movie. They didn’t talk any more about Daniel, but Madison had the strangest feelings moving through her body as she thought about what Brittney had described.

Brittney put her fingers in her friend's blue hair and played with it as the movie moved to its climax. She lost interest in the alien, instead thinking about her friend's warm body next to hers. And her brother's impossible dick.

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The Anderson house was certainly drafty. Madison tiptoed out of Brittney's room and took the stairs out of the tower. Her pajamas barely kept her warm in the freezing hall. She didn't know what time it was, but she had to pee like a racehorse. Or that's what her mom would have said. Madison remembered that the bathroom was on the right, across from Daniel's room. Earlier, she'd brushed her teeth with Brittney in another bathroom on the other side of the second floor. But this one was closer.

The bathroom door was closed. The cold knob didn't turn in her hand. She listened at the door and heard the shower running. And then it turned off. Oh shit. Daniel Anderson was on the other side of that door. Naked. Madison wasn't one for crushes, usually. But there was something about the contrast of that skinny, gentle boy with that manly bulge he could never quite hide.

Faint humming carried through the door. He was humming the theme to Star Wars. What a nerd. What an adorable nerd. And suddenly the door opened and there stood Daniel, naked, his blond hair still wet, and a surprised look on his face.

"Madison," was all that came out of Daniel's mouth.

"I need to pee." Madison's brain twisted itself in knots. She hadn't meant to say that. Her eyes traveled down his scrawny frame and stopped when they reached his dangling dick. "Holy shit." Brittney had been telling the truth. It was immense. It looked like it belonged on a pachyderm, not cute, little Daniel Anderson. "I have to pee," she said again. And she scooted by Daniel, and pushed him in the back so he stumbled into the hall. Madison turned toward him with her hand on the door. As he halfway turned toward her with startled eyes, Madison leaned forward. "Sorry about pushing you." She kissed him quickly on the cheek. What was she doing? She was behaving like someone much younger than her eighteen years. "But I gotta pee." She closed the door. "Wow, that was weird," Madison whispered to herself.

Daniel scratched his head. He liked Madison, but she was an odd girl. Shivering in the cold hallway, Daniel turned and entered his room. He got into his pajamas and turned out the light. What had Eloise said about someone new? Maybe she was talking about Madison. Daniel felt manly when he thought about the petite, blue-haired girl with her naked body pressed up against him. That wouldn't be so bad.

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Erin Haskins sat numbly in front of her computer. She wore a large formless sweater to hide her new boobs and burgeoning belly. She also wore a long loose skirt, because her suit skirts didn't fit her anymore. If anyone had noticed she'd changed her normal attire, no one said anything.

The cursor on the monitor blinked at her, stopped on the same word for more than ten minutes. She couldn't focus. It was so strange to be back. But, to the world, she never really left.

"Mrs. Haskins?" The intercom buzzed at her.

Woken from her stupor, she hit the intercom button. "Yes?"

"Daniel Anderson is here to see you. He says he has an appointment."

"Okay, send him in." Suddenly, Erin's pulse thundered in her ears. Was she really this student's girlfriend? She stared down at her wedding ring. She looked up when Daniel opened the door, walked in, and then closed it after him.

"You think the secretary noticed my dick?" Daniel had a big smile on his face. He'd grown very fond of his principal.

"Shh." Erin stood, glancing at his pants. His erection was obvious, and she thought the secretary probably did notice. That complicated things. She needed to arouse no suspicions. "They might hear you," she whispered. "We can't talk in here." She walked briskly to the office's back door, opened it, scanned the hall, and then walked down to the conference room. It was a windowless room, with a door that locked. They usually used it for questioning students. "In here." She flipped the in-use sign around, so other faculty with a key wouldn't interrupt them. "Quickly, Daniel." She ushered him in, and closed and locked the door. She turned to face him and she matched his smile with her own.

"Can we talk now?" Daniel stepped closer to her.

"I didn't know if you'd want to … to see me. After we got back … um … You have your sister-in-law and … I'm really happy you came here … but we can't really talk at school." She stammered like a schoolgirl, blushing profusely.

"I missed you." Danny stepped up to her and put his hands on her wide hips.

"You did?" She looked down into his blue eyes and blinked at the surreal moment.

"Yeah." Daniel leaned up and kissed her on the lips. He could feel the tension in her body melt as he slipped his tongue into her mouth.

"Mmmpphhhhhh." Erin wanted to tell him they couldn't do this at school, but she couldn't bring herself to part lips with him. She felt her breasts push into his chest as his hands moved around to her butt and he pressed her into him. His penis poked into her belly. He was so big.

A half-hour later, she was suspended in the air, bouncing on that long cock. She clenched her panties between her teeth, trying to stifle her cries. The conference room wasn't totally soundproof. Her skirt bunched around her waist, and her high-heel clad feet bobbed helplessly out in space as he violently hit bottom over and over again. Stars flashed before her eyes and the world swam around her. She was in the middle of betraying her sweet, boring husband. Not to mention her children. And she was doing it in a place where she was respected, and depended on by so many. But all she could think about was how

good it would feel to have Daniel's hot stuff inside her again. And how much she needed that next orgasm. With Daniel, another mind-numbing orgasm was always right around the corner.

"I'm gonna … cum … in you, Mrs. Haskins." Daniel squeezed those soft butt cheeks harder and pulled her down onto his cock with more force.

Erin wanted to tell him to keep it down, but even if her panties hadn't been in her mouth, she doubted she'd be able to say much of anything. Her eyelids fluttered as she heard his soft groans, and felt that familiar splash of heat inside her. They orgasmed together.

When they had calmed some, Daniel pulled his dick out of her and put her down on her feet. "You sure you don't want to do this at school?" He reached for his underwear and grabbed them from the tabletop.

"I ... I don't think so, dear." Erin wasn't sure about anything anymore. Her panties were soaked with saliva and her own juices, but she needed something to slow the cum that was already leaking out of her. She bent down and stepped into them.

"Will my house work?" Daniel found his pants and pulled them on. His dick started to deflate.

"I couldn't possibly. People would see." Erin pulled on her panties and looked at him with worry.

"Will your house work?"

"God, no." Erin shook her hips and her skirt fell back down past her knees.

"Well, then it'll have to be school." Daniel stepped closer to her and placed his hand on her sweater above her belly. "Did you tell your husband yet about the baby?"

"Oh, my gosh, Daniel." How did this eighteen-year-old have such sway over her? "He hasn't noticed yet. I don't think he looks at me much anymore."

"What an idiot." Daniel smacked her butt gently through her skirt.

"Remember, it's his baby. Officially." Erin didn't correct Daniel about her husband being an idiot. He certainly wasn't the man she thought he was not long ago. "I'll tell him soon. I won't be able to hide it much longer."

"So, it's settled then. We'll keep doing this at school?" Daniel kissed her cheek.

It wasn't settled at all. "Yes, I'll think of something." Erin absentmindedly wiped the kiss off her cheek with her hand. "Now, I need to clean up in the bathroom. You head down the hall to the left. It'll take you out to a supply room, which leads back to the main hall. If anyone is outside, we were discussing …" She couldn't think of a plausible excuse.

"I am in trouble for missing too much class, remember?"

"Yeah, that." Erin took a deep breath and tried to compose herself. She was an accomplished woman. She could manage this situation. She put her hand on the knob and opened the door. Thankfully, no one was around. The lovers split up with one last glance. Daniel headed back to class. Erin went off to try and erase the evidence of her infidelity.

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The twins walked up their driveway as the school bus drove away. The temperature was in the upper thirties, and snow slowly melted, turning the front walk a little muddy. Usually, Brittney raced to get inside before Daniel, but today they walked side by side.

“I think my friend has a crush on you.” Brittney said this as nonchalantly as possible.

“I think so, too.” Daniel smiled and glanced at his sister. “I ran into her last night and she kissed me on the cheek. Oh, and she kept telling me she had to pee.”

Brittney laughed. “She didn’t tell me that. Well, Madison is a little forward. But she’s cute, don’t you think?”

“Yeah.” Daniel nodded.

“Do you think you would want to date her?” Brittney didn’t usually meddle in Daniel’s love life.

“I don’t know.” Daniel climbed the front steps and opened the front door. He held the door open for Brittney.

“Is it because …?” Brittney stepped into the front entry room, dropped her backpack, and took off her boots. She looked around for their father, but she saw no sign of him. He was probably off fixing something in some far corner of the house. “Is it because you’re worried about the size of your you-know-what? Are you worried the girls won’t like it?” The butterflies in her stomach flapped again. Why had Madison said those things? Brittney needed to get this out of her mind so she could go back to seeing her twin as she always had. Her lovable, nerdy, brother.

“What?” Daniel closed the door and slung his backpack to the floor. He hadn’t expected the conversation to go this way.

“It’s just, we all saw it that one day. And Brad made fun of you about it. And you haven’t been dating. So …” Brittney shrugged and didn’t make eye contact with him.

“Well …” Daniel slowly took off his boots and placed them on the mat by the door. “If I did want to date Madison, I think it might be a problem.”

“I think she likes it, Danny. I think she’s curious.” Brittney took off her jacket and hung it in the closet. “Maybe …” She took Daniel’s jacket off him and hung it up too. “Maybe if you showed it to me again, I could tell you … um … whether it was too big or what. Just, you know, as an impartial sister and all.” God, what had that conversation with Madison done to her? Brittney could feel how damp her panties were. Was she just horny because her mom was gone?

“You … want to …” Daniel lowered his voice in case his clueless father walked by. “… see my dick?”

“Just to help you with Madison,” Brittney said quickly. She grabbed his hand. “Don’t be a dummy, not many sisters would do this for their brother.” She pulled him down the west hallway, into the library,

and closed and locked the door behind them. She then turned to Daniel and folded her arms over her sweater, easily covering her small breasts. “Go on. Drop your pants, doofus.” Her heart hammered in her chest.

“Really?” Daniel could argue with her, but he knew how Brittney got when she fixated on something in her head. “Okay.” Anyway, he wanted to see the look in her bright, blue eyes when she gazed at his cock again. He pulled down his pants and underwear and let his dick free. It hung in the air, semi-torpid.

“It’s beautiful, Danny.” Brittney stared at the improbable length and girth. “I mean, it’s sort of horrific. But also, beautiful.” Her eyes darted as she catalogued every vein along the shaft. She could even see blue veins in the hood of his foreskin. “Is it …? Is it getting bigger?”

“I can’t help it.”

“I guess I understand.” Her eyes flicked up to her brother’s face, saw the hunger in his eyes, and then fell right back down as the thing filled steadily with each pump of her brother’s heart. It almost looked like a creature waking. Every time she was sure it couldn’t possibly grow any larger, it did. Eventually, it stopped. It stood out a long way from her brother’s body. Brittney’s chest rose and fell with erratic breaths, and she hugged herself with her arms. “How long is it?”

“Thirteen inches.”

“Can I … touch it?” Her voice was barely audible in the room.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea, Brit.” Daniel could smell the combined cum from his load earlier in the day, and their school principal’s wet pussy. He didn’t want to gross Brittney out. He pulled up his pants and underwear, and tucked his dick into his waistband.

“What?” Brittney frowned. Her brother must really be sensitive about his penis. “Oh, I just meant I wanted to touch it to see if, you know, Madison would like it.”

“Maybe another time.” Daniel playfully nudged her on the shoulder with his fist. “Okay, gotta go.” Daniel stepped around her and opened the door. He headed straight for the shower. He badly needed to fap.

Brittney watched her brother go with disbelief. Was he really such a prude? Maybe she could coax him out of his shell a little. If only to help her friend.

Chapter 20

Winter break started, and the twins were home from school. They sat at the table with their dad as they all munched on breakfast.

“When’s Mom coming home?” Brittney tried not to sound desperate, but she was. Her pussy had been on fire without her mother’s tender touch. And no amount of masturbation seemed to make up for it. To make her horny matters even worse, she could not get the image of Daniel’s massive dick out of her head.

“Penelope’s mother is recovering nicely.” George looked over at his daughter. “Your mother should be home on the 23rd. I’m pretty sure.”

“She’s not going to miss Christmas, is she?” Worry crept into Daniel’s blue eyes.

“She’ll be back. We’ll have the same Christmas we always do.” George took another bite from his grapefruit.

Independently, both twins doubted it would be the same Christmas as always even if their mother returned on time. They both made plans for Julie in their minds, each staring off into space.

“Anyway, what do you all have planned for today?” George knew what he was doing. That damned valve in the basement was acting up again. How was he going to make any progress on the house if each new valve he put in kept failing? He’d wanted to list the house by spring, but that was looking less and less likely.

“I’m hanging with friends,” Daniel said.

“Some brother-sister time,” Brittney said at the same time. She looked over at Daniel. “I thought we were going to hang out today.” She looked hurt.

“I haven’t seen my friends for a while, Brit. And Hassan made a new board game we’re all gonna try.” It was true. Daniel hadn’t seen his friends much, even not accounting for his time at the cabin.

“You’re all high school seniors and making board games. You’re such nerds.” Brittney offered a good-natured smile to let Daniel know she was joking. “I guess I can go over to Madison’s for a while. How about we do something before we leave?”

George watched his children talk out their differences. The twins had always gotten along so well. Why couldn’t Brad have gotten some of their genes?

“I … um …” Daniel had been planning to fap while watching the video of his mom comparing his dick to her forearm. The dazed look in Julie’s eyes at that moment made Daniel’s balls churn. “Sure, Brit. We can hang a little this morning.” He sighed. Fapping would have to wait.

“Oh, and don’t forget. It’s the first day of winter break, so I want you both home tonight. It’s time to watch everyone’s favorite Christmas movie.” George smiled at his children. It wouldn’t be the same without Julie, but Christmas movie night on the first night of winter break was an Anderson family tradition.

“You’re gonna shoot your eye out,” Daniel smiled.

“Oh no, I shot my eye out.” Brittney’s laugh sounded like jingling bells.

“Very good you two, but it’s Diehardimas this year.” George and Julie had started the tradition before even Brad arrived. Each year just before Christmas, they alternated between watching A Christmas Story or Die Hard. And it was, indeed, a Die Hard year.

“Okay, we’ll be here, Dad.” Brittney nodded.

“Ditto.” Daniel smiled amiably.

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“So, what do you want to do?” Daniel looked over at his sister from his computer chair.

“Well, we never really finished our conversation from the other day.” Brittney sat on the edge of his bed, her hands in her lap.

“Is this about my dick?” Daniel stopped swiveling in his chair. “Look, it isn’t really a problem. I …” Why was he trying to avoid showing it to her again? If she wanted to see it, he should show it to her. Daniel adored the way women looked at it. And Daniel adored Brittney. And she was a beautiful woman. “I’ll show it to you again if you want.”

“Yes.” Brittney nodded. She tried to keep her face neutral, but her insides twisted into knots at the thought of seeing that breathtaking cock again. “Madison keeps asking me about it. This way, I can tell her what it’s like when I see her later. Maybe I can get you two to start dating.”

“You’re gonna tell her that you saw my dick today?” Daniel stood up, pulled off his pants, and tossed them toward the closet. He stood only in his micro-boxers and t-shirt. “And that you touched it?”

“Well, no … I guess I can’t tell her I saw it again.” Brittney was usually a strategic thinker, but she really hadn’t thought this one through. “And … um … why would you say that I’m going to touch it?”

“You asked to touch it last time, so …” Daniel pulled off his t-shirt and tossed it toward his discarded pants. Not long ago, he’d have been embarrassed to show off his naked torso, even to his sister. But women seemed to like it. “So, do you want to touch it?” Daniel dropped his boxers and kicked them away. This time he was fresh out of the shower and genuinely curious to see what Brittney was all about.

“Wow.” Brittney’s blue eyes fixed themselves on the growing thing. “Look at it … unfurl.” She wiggled her butt a little on the bed. “Maybe I should touch it. Just to see.” This was all Madison’s fault for putting these ideas in her head. And her mom’s fault for leaving her so horny. “Come over here, doofus.” Brittney watched the dick sway as he walked over. It was now almost all the way hard.

“Should I lock the door?” Daniel stopped right in front of his sister, his dick now inches from her cute, upturned nose.

“It’s okay.” Brittney looked at the door and then back at the cock right in front of her. Locking the door implied they were hiding something, and she didn’t want that. Anyway, their dad was busy working in the basement. “This will only take a sec. And then maybe we can go for a walk in the snow together or something.”

“Sure.” Daniel watched her right hand move toward his dick and hesitate. Then she set her jaw as if making a decision, and reached out and gave his cock a little smack. Daniel snorted a laugh as they both watched it bounce side to side rapidly until it lost its momentum. “What are you doing?”

“I’m testing it, dummy.” She did it again and couldn’t help but smile at Daniel’s sweet laugh and the absurdity of this mighty thing swaying like a dangerous metronome. “If you’re going to date my friend, I’ll need to be rigorous.”

“Then by all means, continue your inspection.” Daniel put his hands on his hips.

“I’ll need to see how thick it is.” Brittney’s face became serious again as she took hold of it and squeezed with her right hand. She let out a long breath as the pliant flesh pushed back at her fingers. Daniel’s penis was so different from Ted’s, or any other boy, that it was almost like she was touching a penis for the first time. As warmth spread through her stomach, and wetness spread in her panties, she knew she wasn’t merely a lesbian.

“Well, how thick is it?”

“Very thick,” she whispered.

“Do you think Madison would like it?” Daniel saw a brief flash of jealousy flash over her face. As her brother, he knew that look of jealousy well.

“Yes.” Brittney squeezed it rhythmically. She wasn’t trying to please Daniel, she was only prodding him. She brushed down the veiny thing with her fingertips, and then back to the purple head. She put two fingers on either side of his little hole and spread her fingers slightly. The hole opened a tiny bit. “Is there where you pee from and … you know … cum from?”

“Um … you know it is, Brit.” Daniel raised an eyebrow. He had to hand it to her, she always managed to surprise him.

“It’s just, I haven’t seen one up close like this. And, you know, I have different holes for different things down there.” She pushed her hand back down, gripped his dick again, and pumped him. Her hand looked so small on him. “This would be very different if we were identical twins.”

“I’m glad we’re not.”

“Me too.” It felt so good to jerk off her brother. Her whole body tingled. “So, is this what you’d want Madison to do?” She looked up at him with serious eyes.

“Well, actually, I’d want her to use two hands.” Daniel fought the urge to put a hand on Brittney’s head. It was second nature to him now in such situations, but he thought Brittney might rebel.

“That makes sense.” Brittney put her second hand on him and pumped. “Wow, Daniel. Your dick is really something. I think Madison is going to love it.”

“You gonna tell her about this?”

“Shut up, doofus.” She shot him a mock-angry look and returned her gaze to his penis. She pumped him in silence for a while.

Daniel broke the silence. “You should probably get it wet.”

“How?” Brittney looked up again. He looked very happy. It thrilled her to make her brother so happy.

“Just spit in your hands.”

“Isn’t that gross?” Brittney wasn’t sure if he was just putting her on.

“Nah, it’s great.”

“Okay.” Brittney took her hands off him, spit into each palm, and then resumed her pumping. “Daniel? Are you a virgin?”

“No.” Daniel loved the slick sounds of her hands on his dick. “But I don’t want to talk about that right now, okay?” He wasn’t sure how to break it to her that they were both sleeping with the same woman.

“Okay.” She pumped him in silence for another few minutes. “It’s been a long time, Danny. Are you going to … cum?”

“Do you want me to?” He wasn’t sure how she’d react to getting covered in gooey, hot sperm.

Brittney thought it over as she worked him. “No. I think this is enough. I’ll tell Madison you’re ready to date, if she’s still interested.” She took her hands off him and stood up, careful to move to the side of his giant erection. “I’m sorry I didn’t finish you. Are you sure that’s okay?”

“No problem, but you better go.” Daniel gave her a dreamy smile. He wasn’t that far away from cumming. “I’m going to watch some porn now.”

“Oh, okay.” Brittney kissed him on the cheek and fled the room. How odd, if her brother had told her even just a few days ago that he was about to watch porn, she would have called him a perv. But now she just hoped he really enjoyed his orgasm. She closed the door on the way out and made her way up to her room. She had an hour before she needed to leave for Madison’s, and Brittney needed to cum, too.

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“This *is* Christmas music,” the three Andersons on the couch said in unison, along with Argyle in the movie. They all laughed. The lights were off in the basement, and the movie had just started. Daniel sat at one end of the couch. His sister cuddled under the blanket next to him. On the other end of the couch, George ate popcorn and bobbed his head to Run DMC as John McClane made his way to Nakatomi Plaza.

They settled in and let the movie spread Christmas cheer as it had done so many times before for the Andersons.

About the time Hans Gruber quoted Alexander the Great, Daniel felt Brittney's small hand on his thigh. Her hand was under the blanket, but above his pajama bottoms as it slowly worked its way to his waistband. "What are you doing?" Daniel whispered to his sister.

"Shh." She smiled at him and returned her eyes to the movie.

Daniel looked over at his dad, who was still munching handfuls of popcorn, absorbed by the movie. "I don't think –"

"Shh." George said without looking over.

Daniel turned his focus back to the film and felt Brittney's small, warm hand slip under his pajamas and underwear.

Brittney scooted closer and leaned up to Daniel's ear. "Madison says she's still interested," she whispered. "Do you think she'd do this if you two were dating?" She touched him and played with the head, but Daniel's micro-boxers were too restricting to pump him again.

Daniel nodded and let his sister press up against his left side. He was now fully hard as she played with the top of his dick, where it poked up above the elastic waist of his boxers.

All three Andersons kept their eyes on the movie, but only George really cared about what was happening on screen.

"No fair," Daniel leaned down to her ear and said the words just as a block of C4 took out the first few floors of Nakatomi Tower. He slid his left hand under the blanket, and quickly moved his hand under Brittney's pajama bottoms and panties. She squirmed a bit, but once he found her wet slit, she settled down. He ran his finger along the little ridges inside her pussy. He could feel her shoulders tense. She didn't stop him.

The twins worked each other as quietly as they could, while John McClane saved the day. Right about the time the bad guys opened the vault, a loud pinging sounded from the laundry room.

"Oh, shit." George put down his popcorn, stood, and raced over to the door. He opened it, listened, and his shoulders slumped. "Well, at least it's not the valve."

Daniel and Brittney quickly withdrew their hands from each other's genitals under the blanket and tried to look innocent.

George turned back to his children. "I need to deal with this." He shook his head. "I'm sorry, I know we were all enjoying the movie. You can finish without me." He turned and disappeared into the unfinished part of the basement.

"Well?" Daniel looked at Brittney.

Brittney nodded. "Your room, or my room?"

"My room," Daniel said. "It's more private."

They stood, held hands, and headed upstairs. Brittney noticed that his hand was sticky with her mess as she squeezed it.

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“You know, I thought I was a lesbian.” Brittney kneeled in front of her standing brother. She still had her pajamas on. Daniel only wore his top now. She stared at his massive erection, inches from her face. It shook a little with each beat of Daniel’s heart. “But now, I think I like both girls and boys.”

“I have to tell you something, Brit.” Daniel watched her lips part and her pupils dilate. “I saw you and Mom together.”

“You saw …?” She looked up into his handsome face without comprehension. But when she saw the sly look in his eyes, she knew he was talking about all the wrong things she’d done with her mother. “Oh, my God.” She put her hands over her face as her cheeks flushed red. “You saw us doing stuff? I’m gonna die, Danny. We didn’t mean to. It just sorta happened. I mean … I … I think this house is …”

“It’s okay, Brit.” Daniel put his hand on her brown hair and patted her like a puppy. “I’ve been doing stuff with Mom, too.”

“What?” Brittney peeked through her fingers up at him to see if he was teasing her. He looked serious. “You have?”

“It started a while ago.” Daniel smiled, remembering the shocked look on Julie’s pretty face the first time she’d been covered by his deluge of cum. “She’s the best mom ever.”

“She is.” Brittney took her hands slowly away from her face. She was still very red. “Daniel, did the house change Mom? Did it change you? I mean, you used to be small down there and now, look.” Her eyes glanced at that long, thick cock.

“Yes, there’s a woman named Eloise Palmer. She offered us a deal.”

“I’ve met her,” Brittney whispered. She reached out and took hold of Daniel’s dick with both hands. It was so warm. “I want that deal, too.”

“You do?” Daniel raised his eyebrows.

“Why wouldn’t I?” Brittney’s face leaned forward a little. She licked her lips.

“It’ll hurt for minute. It gets really hot, but then it feels good.”

“I don’t care if it’s hot. If you and Mom made the deal, I want to, too.” Brittney licked the purple head before her and admired the slight salty taste.

“Okay.” Daniel put his hand on her shoulder and lifted her to her feet. Her hands fell away from his dick. “Let’s go get a cold shower going first. Trust me, you’re going to need it.”

They left his room, crossed the hall, and closed themselves in the bathroom.

“You should probably get naked.” Daniel set the water as far cold as it would go.

“This is weird.” But Brittney pulled off her top, her bottoms, and her panties. “What do we do now?”

“Well, now you have to agree to the deal.” Daniel looked her up and down. She was such a slight, gentle creature. Her small boobs had pink, puffy nipples, and she had a nice trimmed triangle of brown hair between her slender legs. He took a mental picture, because she was about to change. “The bond, the pact, the contract made. We paid and received and the Devil took his due. All we need from you is your approbation.”

“Devil?” Brittney’s blue eyes widened.

“I’ve met him. He’s a nice guy.” Daniel took Brittney’s left hand in his right. “He doesn’t like rules.”

“Oh.” Brittney offered a faint smile. “I don’t even care, I just want to be in this with you and Mom, Danny.” She squeezed his hand. “I agree to the deal.” A heat built rapidly in her chest, hips, and between her legs. Daniel was right, it hurt. “Aaaaaaahhhhhhhhh, Daaaannnnyyyyyyyyyy.” A strange red glow filled the bathroom, and seemed to emanate from her.

“Get in the shower. It’ll help.” Daniel took off his top, and carried her into the shower. The water was a shock to his skin, but he didn’t care. Brittney writhed and cursed as the heat moved through her. Daniel watched as her glowing boobs grew, and her hips expanded. He stood her on her feet and turned her so the cold water hit her breasts flush. “It’ll get better soon.” He dropped to his knees, and buried his face between her legs.

“Ohhhhhhhhh.” Brittney was only partially aware that her brother lapped at her pussy. The heat faded and Brittney cupped her boobs. They were not the same. This is what had happened to their mother. They were so much more full and heavy. She dropped them and grabbed them again. They fell on her chest in an entirely new way. “My … boobs … hang now … Danny.” The heat disappeared, replaced by the pleasure of what her brother was doing between her legs. “Oh, Danny.”

“Mmmmppphhhh.” Daniel focused on her clit. He grabbed her now rotund butt with both hands to hold her to him. He could feel her trembling with her impending orgasm.

“Daaaannnnyyyyyyyy.” Brittney squealed and shook. Stars danced with her in the shower. When she finished, she pulled Daniel to his feet and planted a deep kiss on his lips. She could taste her tang there. They made out like that for a while under the cold water, his massive dick pushing into her belly. She couldn’t help but compare him as a kisser to their mother. Julie was soft, gentle, and caring. Daniel more urgent, and intense. Brittney liked both.

The cold water became too much for both of them, so they shut it off and stepped out of the shower. They shared Daniel’s towel and dried off together, laughing and playfully slapping at each other’s naked bodies. Soon, they locked lips again. They crossed the hall back into Daniel’s room, blindly reaching for doorknobs as the they kissed the whole way. When they were inside Daniel’s room, they stood groping each other in the center of the room.

“I … need to … return … the favor,” Brittney said between kisses. She dropped to her knees and slid her hands up Daniel’s skinny thighs to his balls. She took one in each hand, a heavy handful each. “So full.”

She then continued up to his cock and jerked him with reverence for several minutes. Brittney moved closer and closer until she licked the head. “I’m not sure how to get this in my mouth.”

“Just put the tip in.”

“Even the head is huge.” Brittney licked it again, a little precum tantalized her tongue with a salty splash. “My mouth is pretty small, Danny. But I’ll try. I want to make you happy.” Brittney opened wide and took the purple head into her mouth. Her eyes bulged at the effort. But she was surprised by how quickly she grew accustomed to his size. Soon, her little head bobbed on Daniel while she stroked him with both hands.

“Wow, Brit. You’re a natural.” Daniel put his hands on her silky head and let her blow him at her pace. Certainly, Brittney was not an accomplished blowjob artist like Penelope, or even Julie. But her tentative enthusiasm felt great in its own way. “Keep it up.”

Brittney worked him with a short, energetic back and forth motion for about twenty minutes. “Mmmmpppphhhhhh.” She wanted his cum. It was the first time in her eighteen years that she wanted a man’s cum.

“Where … do you want it … Brit?”

“Uuuuupppppphhhhhhh.” She worked him even harder, the head of his dick just pushing at the back of her mouth. She’d never swallowed for Ted, or the other two boys she’d blown before. But she wanted to put her brother’s seed in her stomach.

“Okay … here … goes …” Daniel tightened his grip in his hair and tried not to force himself down her tiny throat. His hips shook and with a series of soft grunts, he let loose in his sister’s mouth.

“Aaaaaccckkkkkkkkk.” Brittney was not ready for the river of cum that came shooting out. She couldn’t swallow any of it. It filled up her mouth, puffing out her cheeks, and then exploded past her lips, dripping onto her new boobs, thighs, and the floor. She pulled her mouth off, sure he was done, but Daniel fired again and again, plastering her face and hair with cum. When he was done, she reached around on the floor, looking for something to wipe the semen out of her eyes. “Some help, Danny?” She finally swallowed the remaining salty stuff in her mouth, and gave a little shiver of pleasure. It was good.

“Sorry.” Daniel pulled his top sheet off the bed and handed it to her. “Here you go.”

“Thanks.” She wiped herself off. “That was a lot more than any guy I’ve been with.” She opened her eyes. “And you’re still hard.”

“Die hard, right?” Daniel smiled.

“Yippee-ki-yay motherfucker.” Brittney laughed. She stood up and looked him up and down. “So, do we do more stuff, or what? I’ve never been with anyone that stayed hard after … you know.”

“Do you want to try putting it in?” He watched her as she cocked her hip at him. Her boobs had gone from tight handfuls to bountiful teardrops. And her hips and waist were no longer mostly up and down, they had a nice hourglass curve to them.

“I … do. It’s all so crazy, but I do.” She looked back at the door. “What if Dad comes to check on us?”

“I’m sure he’s busy in the basement.”

“How do you want to do it?” Brittney walked over to the bed, flopped onto her back, and spread her slender legs. She knew how she wanted it. She wanted to watch his cock sink into her.

“That’ll work.” Daniel got between her legs. He glanced over at the drawer on his bedside table and thought about the promise he’d made his mom. “Should we use a condom?”

“Do you use condoms with Mom?” Brittney looked down at her boobs. They hung to the sides now when she rested on her back. She thought it looked so pretty. She looked farther down at the monster hovering above her pussy.

“No.” Daniel rested his cock on her belly, with his balls on her pussy so she could see how far he’d be inside her. “But usually we use her butt.”

“No way.” She looked up at him, her face pale. “I have no idea how that’s possible. I can tell you right now that you’re never sticking that thing back there.”

“Okay.” Daniel held up his hands in surrender. “So, condom?”

“Not this time.” Brittney couldn’t believe it would fit inside her. Resting on the outside as it was, it went halfway up her belly. “Next time we’ll use one. But I want to feel what Mom feels. Just once. Pull out when it’s time, okay?”

“Okay.” Daniel lined his dick up with her pussy, and nudged the head in. She was incredibly wet, but even so, he met some resistance. Without the deal, Daniel doubted he would have been able to even get the tip in her little opening. But with the deal, it did pop in.

“Oooohhhhhhh.” Brittney stared past her boobs at the disappearing cock with intensity. “It’s in. You got it in, Danny.”

“Still a long way to go.” He inched it further. She was so tight.

“I can’t believe I’m watching that big thing go inside me. How does it fit?”

“It’s the deal, Brit.” He slid it further, and his balls slapped up against her ass.

“I … love … the deal … uuuuuuuggggghhhhhh.” Her hips rocked and she came for the first time with a man inside her. Her pretty, upturned nose wrinkled as she grunted with pleasure.

“You like watching it?” Daniel could see it was going to be hard for her to hold her head up, but she wanted to see what was happening to her pussy. So, he waited for her orgasm to pass, grabbed a pillow, and put it behind her head. “Now hold on, I’m going to really pound you now.”

“Okay,” Brittney squeaked. She grabbed the bedsheet on either side of her hips and opened her legs wider. Nothing could prepare Brittney for the onslaught that followed. There was just so much cock, and it kept disappearing into her. And to make it even more obscene, she could see it poking at her belly from the inside, like an alien in one of her beloved sci-fi movies. Her brother pummeled her for more than an hour, and Brittney loved every second of it. She came again and again, sometimes one on top of the other. Her tits almost hit her in the face they were bouncing so wildly. She said almost nothing during this time except for the occasional, “I’m cumming … again …” or “So … big …”

Eventually, Daniel was ready. “I’m gonna … cum … Brit.” He stopped his thrusting and moved back to withdraw from her.

“No.” Brittney reached around to his little butt with both hands and pulled as hard as she could, her thin arms and shoulders flexing to hold him inside. “Do … you … cum … in Mom’s pussy?”

“Some … uh … sometimes …”

“Do … me … too.” In her fevered brain, it was worth the risk. She wanted to feel what it was like to take all of her brother. She was on the verge of another orgasm. Was it her eighth, ninth? She didn’t know.

“Okay.” The back of Daniel’s mind flashed warning lights at him, but rational thought wasn’t going to win the day. His hips went back to long, smashing strokes that drove his sister’s butt deep into the mattress on every down-thrust. A minute later, he lost his rhythm, and let out a series of soft grunts. “Cuuuuummmmmminnnnnnnnggggggggggg.” He poured everything he had inside her.

Brittney screamed out her own orgasm along with her brother. The feeling of his hot stuff inside her was too much.

More than five minutes passed before either of them spoke. Daniel lay on his sister, his head resting next to her right ear. They breathed in unison, still panting a little from the exertion and the high.

“Are you on the pill?” Daniel whispered into her ear. When his sister shook her head, he felt his balls contract a little. “It’s probably okay.”

Brittney nodded. “Yeah, probably.” She ran her hands up his smooth back. “Merry Diehardimas, Danny.”

“Merry Diehardimas, Brit.” Daniel’s hips rocked a little. He was still so hard.

“Again?” Brittney whispered.

“Why not.” Daniel dumped two more loads in his sister that night.

When Brittney finally got up to go take a shower and get to bed, she found herself waddling like she’d ridden a horse all day. They would use a condom next time, she told herself. Oh, God, there would be a next time. She couldn’t wait.

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The far-backseat of the minivan was all Khadra’s. The two middle backseats were piled with suitcases. Up front, Penelope snored in the passenger seat. Julie, with her hands on the wheel, and her eyes on the open road, bounced her head to loud 90s pop music that blasted on the car’s speakers. Khadra felt protected to have these Anderson women so close, but it was also nice to have her own space. She kicked her feet up on the seat to relax a little and bumped something to the floor. She reached down to pick the thing up, and her hand closed around a familiar girth.

Allah preserve her, that damned massive dildo had followed her on her car trip. Khadra brought it to her lap and inspected it. Her stomach turned over as she felt the familiar ridges of the veins, and the spongy

flexibility of the silicone. Khadra lifted her head a little to peer over the seat in front of her, Julie still danced away as she drove, and Penelope slept. Khadra slouched back down in her seat, mostly hidden from the women up front. Her hands trembled as she held the pitch-black thing to her large bosom.

Did she dare? It had been more than a week since she'd had the thing between her legs, and her vagina soaked itself in anticipation of its return. The thought of her mortification if the other women caught her kept the dildo above her dress for more than ten minutes. But as one catchy pop song changed to the next, Khadra knew she wasn't going to be able to resist.

The last thought she had before slipping the monster under her dress, was that she could at least wait until she had a private moment back at the mansion. But, apparently, she couldn't. Khadra spread her legs, moved her panties to the side, and inserted the phallus. She grunted with familiar pleasure as the thing greedily stretched her out. Julie loved loud music, thank Allah.

Over the next half hour, Khadra pumped her vagina to three remarkable orgasms. She had to bite down on her hijab so that she wouldn't alert the ladies to her activities. When she was finally satisfied, she pulled over her purse and hid the dildo at the bottom under the extra hijab she carried around with her.

"Do you smell something odd, Khadra?" Julie turned down the music and spoke over her shoulder. "It's really familiar, but I can't quite place it. I wonder if we're driving by something."

If Khadra could blush, she would have turned bright red. Khadra knew that Julie smelled her excited vagina. "I don't smell anything." Khadra pulled down her dress and pretended like she was resting back there.

"Oh, well. It doesn't smell bad, I guess. Sorta reminds me of my daughter for some reason." Julie turned the music back up and went back to nodding her head to the beat. Penelope continued to snore in the seat beside her. Khadra lay down and let the blissful post-orgasm electricity sooth her nerves.

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They were a couple hours from home when Penelope woke from her nap. She stretched and looked in the backseat, but couldn't see Khadra. The poor woman was probably asleep. Penelope had been unsure about bringing her with them, but the little, dark woman had been such an excellent helper as they moved Penelope's mom home from the hospital. Penelope looked over at Julie in the driver's seat. Her mother-in-law bopped her head to the music, her tits shaking behind her bra, dress, and seatbelt. Penelope could see a round curve to Julie's belly that hadn't been there before.

"Julie?" Penelope turned down the music. "Julie, I want to talk to you about something." Penelope looked in the back again, and thought she could hear Khadra softly snoring.

"What is it, sweetie?" Julie glanced at Penelope, and then gazed back out at the open road.

"I'm pregnant," Penelope blurted out. She wasn't sure why she would tell her mother-in-law before her husband, but something about Julie's swelling belly made her want to confide.

“My first grandchild.” Julie smiled. Of course, Julie already knew about the pregnancy and knew it wasn’t Brad’s baby. But she was happy to pretend. It was pretty much the same DNA, anyway. Who would know the difference? “You and Brad must be so happy.”

“I haven’t told him yet.” Penelope blushed. How much was she going to tell Julie? Surely not that she’d been fucking both of Julie’s sons.

“Oh, really?” Julie nodded thoughtfully. “Well, in that case, you might as well be the first to know my good news. I’m pregnant, too.”

“I know.” Penelope looked down at Julie’s stomach. “I mean, you’re starting to show. I guessed.” Penelope, of course, knew that their babies had the same father, but she wasn’t going to tell Julie that she knew her mother-in-law had succumbed to the same giant dick that she had. “So, you haven’t told George?”

“Not yet.” Julie scrunched her face up in an exaggerated frown. “I expect he’ll be grumpy about it. He only wanted three children. And, well, babies do get harder later in life.”

“Did you tell, Danny?”

“Well, that’s an odd question.” Julie narrowed her eyes and looked over at Penelope. How much did this woman know? “Why would I tell my youngest son but not my husband?”

“I … um … just meant that …” Penelope looked out the passenger window at the passing cornfields. “How about we announce both our pregnancies after dinner tonight? It’ll be something extra to celebrate on Christmas Eve. The Anderson family expanding.”

“Sure.” Julie nodded. “That sounds like a nice surprise. I guess I can’t really hide it anymore.” Julie looked down at her belly. She really was beginning to show. Her own grandchild was in there. Heck, two of her grandchildren were riding inside their mothers in that very car.

Little did Julie know, she actually had three grandchildren growing inside their mothers in that minivan at that moment.

~~

After a nice family dinner, everyone gathered in the main living room to decorate the tree. With the room’s high ceilings, George had been able to fit in a tall, majestic spruce. A roaring fire warmed the room, and cast cheerful warm light onto the assembled group.

“I thought the chimney was broken, how’d you get the fire going, George?” Julie kissed her husband on the cheek.

“I guess the inspector was wrong. But I didn’t light it. I thought you did.” George pulled a red globe out of their decoration box and hunted for the perfect spot on the tree to hang it.

“Is this your first time decorating a tree?” Penelope asked Khadra as she sat down on the couch next to Julie. The warmth of the fire felt so good.

“Yes.” Khadra smiled, adjusted her hijab, and pulled an oval ornament with glittering snowflakes from the box. “It’s fun, isn’t it?”

“Yes,” Daniel said. He sat on the hearth, hip to hip with his sister.

“It is.” Brittney said and laughed. She wore an oversized ugly Christmas sweater and a long skirt. The eighteen-year-old twins giggled. Daniel put his phone next to him on the hearth, and turned on some instrumental Christmas music. The thin, reedy sounds filled the cavernous room.

“If we could have your attention.” Julie put her arm around Penelope’s shoulders. “Brad? You’ll want to hear this. That can wait a minute.”

Brad looked down from the ladder where he was trying to hang the highest ornaments. He always wanted to outdo his family.

“We have joyous news.” Julie smiled and looked at Penelope.

“We’re pregnant,” Julie and Penelope said together.

George dropped his ornament on the ground where it bounced and rolled away. Not one of the antiques, thankfully. He stared with wide eyes at his wife.

“What now?” Brad looked down from the ladder with confusion.

“Um … you both are?” Daniel’s face drained turned ashen.

Brittney studied her brother, reached down between them, and squeezed his hand. She knew what he was thinking.

Khadra beamed. This was good news, was it not?

The reedy Christmas music played as everyone processed the information.

“Um … well … I suppose this is a Christmas miracle.” George tried to smile. “God has blessed us with two new Andersons.” He walked over to his wife, dropped to a knee and looked her in the eyes. “Are you happy?”

“Very much.” Julie’s warm smile spread. He’d taken it better than she’d expected.

“Well, shit.” Brad’s ladder teetered as he lost his balance, fortunately Khadra stepped over to steady him. “You forgot your pills, Pen. I knew this would happen.”

“Bradly, this is a time for joy.” George looked up at his son with a threatening stare. “You’re going to be a father.”

“Sorry.” Brad looked at his wife. “Yay.” For some reason, his wife was looking at his brother. That annoyed Brad.

Brittney leaned her lips up to Daniel’s ear. “What did you do?” She whispered so only he could hear.

Daniel squeezed her hand in response, stood, and pulled a pink globe from the decoration box. “This is a special Christmas. Let’s make this the best tree ever.”

The music played, conversations restarted, and cheer seemed to win the day in the room. As Daniel performed the familiar Christmas ritual, he listened for the tick tock of the ubiquitous clock. But instead, he thought he heard distant, stalking footsteps. He didn’t think it was Santa. The news about the babies had changed something in the house. He was glad for the company. And glad his partners, Eloise and Day Star, were somewhere watching out for him and his progeny.

Chapter 21

Christmas morning arrived, and the whole family gathered in the main living room to open presents. Julie noticed that the twins seemed to be getting along swimmingly. Close, even for them.

Despite all the disparate strings pulling at Julie, she managed to have a lively, fun, and almost normal Christmas with the family.

Toward the end of the evening, as Daniel sat on the sofa, with Penelope pressed into him on one side, and Brittney pressed into him on the other, Julie felt the first tingling of motherly intuition. Julie had wanted Daniel to find someone his own age, but ... he wouldn't … she wouldn't … would they? As she watched the twins laugh together, she realized that of course they would. Daniel and Brittney were both special and incredibly compelling in their own ways. Julie couldn't say no to either one. Why would they say no to each other? It had just been a matter of time. And Julie had no idea what she was going to do about it. Well, the first thing she was going to do was go fetch herself a pantyliner. She was incredibly wet.

~~

Even with a full house, Brittney and Daniel found many moments alone during their winter break. On Wednesday, Brittney rode Daniel on an armchair in the library.

"Have you … ugh … ugh … been with Mom since she … got back?" Brittney looked down as that enormous dick bulged her belly over and over. Not for the first time, she thought maybe they should use a condom, but then forgot about it.

"Only a little." Daniel lightly smacked her bouncing boob. "You?"

"I've been … avoiding her." Brittney's body buzzed. Another orgasm was on the way. "She'll notice my … body … when I'm … naked." Her narrow shoulders pushed forward, her face contorted in ecstasy, and her hips went from bouncing to grinding. "Soooooooo ggooooooooodddddd." An orgasm seized her nervous system. When she came back down to Earth, Daniel was smiling up at her.

"Who's better at sex, me or Mom?" Daniel put his hands on her butt and squeezed. She had so much less back there than their mom, but it was still so wonderfully round.

Brittney wiped sweat off her forehead and screwed her eyes at him like he was a moron. "That's a stupid question. Can you answer it? Who's better, me, or Mom, or Pen, or … Mrs. Samatar?"

"There's also the school principal." Daniel's smile broadened. He smacked her ass and got her hips moving again.

"Shit, Daniel. Mrs. Haskins?" She looked down at her brother with adoration. He could have any woman and he wanted her. What a wonderful feeling. "Really? How did that happen?"

“Long story.” He winked at her. “I’ll tell you sometime.”

“Have you done anything with Mrs. Samatar since she moved in?” Brittney put her hands on his shoulders, bouncing her hips high up off Daniel and then back down.

“Jealous?”

“Yeah.” Brittney smiled down at her dumb twin. “But I’m jealous of you. Not her.”

“Oh … you mean you like her?” Daniel let his sister ride him while he thought things over. Her tight pussy moved him closer and closer to the edge. “You … want to … have sex with her?”

Brittney nodded. Talking about such perverted things while that massive cock stretched her out was going to make her cum again.

“In that case …” Daniel leaned up and sucked on her boob while he mustered the courage to make the ask. He released her nipple and looked up into her light-blue gaze. “Would you like to … um … do her together?”

“Yes, Danny.” Brittney nodded, her body twitching. “That would … aggghhhh … be so … crazy. But life is … crazy now. Are you … going to cum?”

“Yes.” Daniel gripped her ass tighter. “Inside?”

“Yesssssss, pllllleeeeeaaasseeee.” Brittney came on her brother, and then thirty seconds later came again as his heat filled her. It was turning out to be the best winter break ever.

~~

“I’ve always known when you twins were hiding something.” Julie stood with her arms folded looking at the eighteen-year-old siblings as they sat on the living room sofa. The Christmas tree sparkled off to the side. “We need to have a talk.” Brittney wore one of Julie’s oversized sweaters, with a billowing dress underneath. Julie had noticed Brittney wearing lots of formless clothes recently. That didn’t help her suspicions. And Brittney hadn’t tried to spend any intimate time with Julie since Julie’s return. More suspicious still.

“What’s up, Mom?” Daniel tried to look innocent. He wanted to hold Brittney’s hand, but he kept his hands in his lap.

“If we’re in trouble, shouldn’t Dad be here?” Brittney brushed her brown hair out of her blue eyes and also went for an expression as pure as the driven snow.

“Your father is in the basement working on that valve again.” Julie frowned. Her poor George. The house was obviously toying with him. Maybe Daniel was right, maybe George was a big dummy. “If I’m right about what you two have been up to, I think it’s best your father was not here.”

“What are we up to?” Daniel shrugged.

“Give it up, Danny.” Brittney pressed her lips together. She didn’t know what her mom was going to do, but she knew there was no chance Brittney would give up what she was doing with her brother. “Mom knows. She totally knows.” Brittney reached with her left hand and grabbed Daniel’s right hand. She held it tightly and brought it into her lap. “It was my idea, Mom. I wanted to touch his … thing. I’m sorry I didn’t tell you before.”

“Oh, dear.” Julie shook her head slowly.

“But I didn’t want you to freak out.” Brittney’s shoulders tensed. “We’re both technically adults.”

“You are brother and sister,” Julie said.

“And you’re my mom. That hasn’t stopped us.” Brittney stuck out her chin.

“Brittney …” Julie hissed. She looked at Daniel in a panic.

“He already knows.” Brittney squeezed Daniel’s hand tighter. She hoped she wasn’t hurting him. “Don’t look at me like that, Mom. I didn’t tell him.”

Julie’s stomach dropped. Everything seemed to be coming to a head. At least George was still in the dark. “Are … are …” As she thought of the twins doing unspeakable things to each other, her pussy drenched itself.

“You sound like a pirate, Mom.” Daniel’s smile was weak.

“Shut up, doofus.” Brittney hit Daniel on the shoulder. They were in a precarious spot. She didn’t want their mom freaking out.

“Are … are you … at least using the condoms I got you?” Julie looked shell-shocked.

“Yes,” Daniel said.

“No,” Brittney said at the same time. She looked over at her brother. “There’s no reason to lie at this point, Danny.”

“I guess not,” he agreed.

“Gosh. Why didn’t I …” Julie turned, walked over to the hearth, and sat by the dead fire. “I mean. You two can’t do that. You’ll get pregnant.” Julie looked over at her daughter.

“Okay. We’ll use condoms from now on.” Brittney looked over at her brother. He nodded.

“From now on?” Julie twisted her dress in her hands.

“Don’t be a hypocrite, Mom.” Brittney pointed to Julie’s growing belly.

“I didn’t mean to do it with your brother. I mean, I tried to keep it safe … but …” Julie felt so lost. “I don’t want you to make my mistakes, Brit.” She looked down to the oversized sweater Brittney wore. “You must have taken that deal. I mean, otherwise, he wouldn’t fit. I just … can’t believe we ended up here.” She looked up, beyond the sofa. Eloise Palmer stood in the far corner of the room, holding her pregnant belly. A wide, maternal smile spread on the phantom’s face. She nodded encouragingly at Julie.

“So, that really is my baby inside you, Mom?” Daniel ran his hand through his blond hair. “I guess I should have known.”

“I’m sorry, sweetie.” Julie sighed. “I’m a bad mother. And your father … he … he should have known. He should have put a stop to this.”

“That’s crazy. You’re the best mom in the world.” Daniel looked up to see Eloise walk around the sofa and stand next to them, smiling. “Oh, hello, Mrs. Palmer.”

“We don’t like rules, do we Andersons?” Eloise perched herself on the edge of the sofa, her bustled dress sticking out behind her. “Many a mother has given in to her true desires in this house. But rarely have we been blessed with one as perfect for the cause as you, Daniel. And now that you are joined by sweet Brittney …” Eloise nodded like she was appraising a mighty thoroughbred horse. “Maybe we needed twins all along. You two are a force together.”

“What cause? A force? She can’t get pregnant.” Julie looked over at the apparition. “What’s happening to my family?”

“Freedom, Julie.” Eloise turned her gaze to the dead hearth. “We have emancipated you from God’s petty, tyrannical rule.”

“I’m so confused.” Julie rose and rushed for the door. “I have to think things over.”

“Mom?” The twins said together.

“We’ll talk later.” Julie’s dress trailed after her as she disappeared from view.

“We were trying not to freak her out, Mrs. Palmer.” Brittney frowned up at the pregnant woman. “That wasn’t helpful.”

“Should we go after her?” Daniel stood up, pulling Brittney up with him.

“No, dearie.” Eloise shook her head with confidence. “She’ll be fine. She just needs to collect her thoughts.”

“Brit?” Daniel looked to his sister.

“Yeah, the ghost just told her that she’d parted ways with God. She’s gonna need a minute.” Brittney nodded at Eloise.

“Besides, you two are needed elsewhere,” Eloise said. “Such a handsome couple.” She smiled. “You’ll find Mrs. Samatar outside the locked room. Best to fetch her before she finds a way in. That would not be good for anyone.”

Daniel and Brittney looked at each other.

“Go on, now.” Eloise patted them both on their butts. “Run along. I’ll be watching.”

Still holding hands, the twins went to find Khadra.

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“What are you doing, Mrs. Samatar?” Daniel walked with Brittney up to the locked room.

“This door has a darkness the rest of the house does not possess.” Khadra looked up from the partial image of a salamander she drew in salt on the floor in front of the locked door. “I tried to get in there to root out the darkness, but I could not. At least I can seal the evil in.”

“What’s so special about this room?” Brittney crossed her arms over her chest. Her pulse beat in her ears. Would she and Daniel really go through with seducing this pretty woman? What twisted thoughts she had these days.

“Ask your brother, he knows.” Khadra pulled the long sleeves of her dress down farther over her wrists. She finished carefully pouring the salt into a crude picture of an amphibian.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Brittney looked at Daniel.

“We … um …” Daniel looked around the wide entryway for his parents, but they weren’t around. “We were inside one time. There was a scary dead bear, and I was tied down.”

“Jesus, Danny.” Brittney squeezed his hand. “Why didn’t you tell me?”

“I don’t like to think about it much.” Daniel shivered. “Anyway, we need to talk to you, Mrs. Samatar.”

“What is it?” Khadra stood and straightened her hijab. She eyed the twins. Since she’d known them, they’d always seemed close, but now they seemed closer still. They reminded her of teammates on a soccer team, passing the ball back and forth down the field, making their way to the goal.

“Maybe we should talk in private.” Brittney smiled.

“Yeah, let’s talk in the library.” Daniel led the way, still holding his twin’s hand. He cast one look over his shoulder at the locked room. He closed and locked the library door after them.

“Is this about Frederick Palmer?” Khadra turned toward the eighteen-year-olds. “I think that locked room was where he did …”

“Don’t worry, it’s not about him. We have friends that keep him away.” Daniel set his jaw, hoping he was right.

“We have what now?” Brittney was maybe a little out of the loop, it seemed. But that was for another time. “Anyway, we wanted to tell you, Mrs. Samatar, that you look very pretty today. Didn’t we, Daniel?” Brittney’s pussy gushed. They were really about to do it.

“Beautiful.” Daniel nodded, his dick hardening in his pants. The twins stepped closer to Khadra.

“Um … thank you?” Khadra felt like she should be backing away. Was Daniel planning to take her again? Did she want him to? Certainly not in front of his sister. Confusion reigned. Khadra’s feet didn’t move. “What’s going on?”

“Kiss her, Daniel.” Brittney removed her hand from his grasp and gave him a gentle push on the back.

“Allah, help mmmmmppphhhh.” Khadra went rigid as the boy’s tongue entered her mouth. Her muscles loosened as he encircled her with his skinny arms. She let him kiss her, even with his perky sister looking on. It seemed like the weight of the world lifted from her shoulders. She hadn’t realized how much stress she’d been under since Maxamed left her. After a few minutes, Daniel broke the kiss and stepped back. “What?” Khadra blinked. Was that it? And then Daniel’s sister swooped in, took her in her arms, and planted several soft kisses on Khadra’s dark lips. “Wait … what … are you … doing?” Khadra said between kisses. Khadra’s mind was in complete disorder.

“So … pretty …” Brittney purred. She pushed her bust up against the older woman’s breasts. The women were about the same height, and maybe the same cup size. “May I?” Brittney lifted the hijab off Khadra’s head and flung it over the back of a chair. “Wow. You’re a knockout, Mrs. Samatar.” Brittney took in the woman’s beauty, with her wavy hair, and soft, feminine features. Brittney kissed her again more deeply, rolling Khadra’s tongue with her own.

“Um …” Daniel thought about saying something, but he didn’t want to interrupt the flow. Instead, he undressed, tossing his clothes around the room. He then stood, both hands stroking his dick as he watched Brittney make out with the demon hunter. When Khadra had first walked into their house, did any part of her know this was what awaited her? Probably not.

After a while, Brittney broke their long kiss. She reached down and pulled Khadra’s dress over her head. “Wow, you’re stacked.” She reached behind the woman and unclasped her bra. Large boobs fell out, with black nipples on brown skin. “Gorgeous.”

“I don’t know …” Khadra half-heartedly covered her boobs.

“No, I mean it.” Brittney gently pushed her arms away and stared at those hanging boobs. She looked back at Daniel to smile at him, and saw that he was jerking himself. “Oh, sorry, Danny. I sorta forgot about you for a sec. Want a turn?” They were passing her back and forth like a joint. The thought sent a shiver down Brittney’s spine.

“Yes.” Daniel had almost forgotten how pretty Khadra was. How lucky they were to have her living in the house. “Come on over, Mrs. Samatar.” But was it luck? Probably not.

Brittney led Khadra over to Daniel. With a light touch on the woman’s shoulders, Brittney got her to kneel. “Go on. Suck it.”

“It’s so big, purple, and … so many veins.” Khadra moved her head to take in the monstrosity from all angles. She leaned forward, stuck out her tongue, and tasted his salty precum.

“You’re a good girl, Mrs. Samatar.” Brittney undressed as she watched the panty-clad woman take her brother into her mouth.

“Wow, Brit. This feels amazing.” Daniel reached out for his naked sister, and put his arm around her waist. He brought her in close to him and together, the twins looked down at the wife and mother slobbering on his dick.

“That’s so lovely. Isn’t it? Has she done this for you before?” Brittney squirmed a little as some of her wetness ran down the inside of her thigh.

“Yeah.” Daniel watched Khadra as she moved both hands up to his dick, pumping him. Her eyes were closed tightly, and she had a look of deep concentration on her face. “But it’s better with you here.”

“Thanks, Danny.” Brittney kissed him on the cheek. “So, how do we do this? The only other girl I’ve been with was Mom, and we certainly weren’t doing three-ways.”

“Mmmpppphhhhhh?” Khadra opened her eyes and looked up at them. Had she heard that right? A great fog had settled over her brain, she couldn’t process anything clearly. She kept bobbing her head on Daniel’s penis, his wide head stretching her mouth.

“I’ve got some ideas.” Daniel reached behind Brittney and smacked her ass. A nice slap resounded around the room.

Fifteen minutes later, Khadra found herself on all fours, her face buried in teenage vagina. “Ggggghhhhhhhhh.” Behind her, Daniel pounded away. His hands gripping her butt, fingers digging into her ample flesh.

“This … is … aaaahhhhh … better than I thought … it’d be.” Brittney held Khadra’s hair close to the scalp, keeping her lapping tongue on her pussy. Brittney stared down at the woman’s arched back and wobbling ass. The flare from Khadra’s waist out to her hips mesmerized Brittney. “You’re going to make me … ugggghhhhhh … cum again.”

“Mmmmmpppphhhhhh.” Khadra was going to orgasm again, too. These teenagers were incredible. She wanted to give them anything they asked for. Before Brittney had kissed her, Khadra had never considered other women that way. But now, she was lost in a sea of lust and bodily fluids.

“Hey Brit … while … she’s staying … with us …” Daniel panted. He was getting close to cumming in Khadra. “… do you think … uh … uh … uh … we should make Mrs. Samatar … our girlfriend? We could … do this … all the time.”

“Oh … God … yes.” Brittney loved her brother so much. They were always on the same page. “You … want to be … our … girlfriend … Mrs. Samatar?”

“Yyyyyyeeeeeeaaaaaaasssssssss.” Khadra couldn’t help but agree. As she felt the heat of the first spray inside her, her orgasm took over. “Ooooooopppppphhhhhhhhh.” But she never stopped licking Brittney, even as shivers racked her body.

The library filled with grunts and moans as the three of them came together.

Later, Brittney mounted her brother, watching Khadra’s jiggling boobs as the expert in the occult rode Daniel’s face. There was nothing the twins couldn’t do when they worked together. Daniel came three more times, and the women climaxed countless times. Brittney felt bad that they’d so quickly broken their promise to their mother about condoms, but the impulse to share everything with Daniel was too great.

On shaky legs, the trio left the library several hours after entering it. The twins went up to Daniel’s shower, and Khadra went up to shower in what had been Brittney’s bathroom. All of them drunk on sex.

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That night, Julie snuck out of bed and made the familiar midnight walk to her daughter's room. Brittney was asleep when Julie sat at the edge of the bed. "Brit? Wake up, pumpkin." She shook her daughter on the shoulder, feeling a bit guilty robbing her of sleep.

"Mom?" Brittney stretched and sat up in bed. "I had the craziest day. You want to cuddle?" Of course, they both knew that was code.

"Not right now, sweetie." Julie leaned forward and swept Brittney's brown hair out of her face. "I want to talk a little. I had to get my thoughts together, and I think I've wrapped my mind around it."

"Around what?" Brittney yawned and leaned back on her pillow.

"This all seems like a genie we can't put back in the bottle." Julie pulled at her husband's large t-shirt, aware that her nipples poked through the thin fabric. "I can't ask you to stop … seeing Danny in that … special way. But you have to promise to be careful. Both with your own body, and with discretion. You can't let anyone else find out."

"Sorry, Mom." Brittney looked down at the flower pattern on her blanket. "Daniel and I … did stuff today with Mrs. Samatar. She knows. And …" Brittney didn't want to tell her mother the truth, but best to rip that Band-Aid off quickly. "We didn't use condoms."

"Oh, gosh." Why did this give Julie delightful butterflies of anticipation in her stomach? "He did it inside? Again?"

"It's okay, Mom." Brittney sat up in bed. "It's the best thing that ever happened to me. Danny and I are totally on the same page. We want this."

"Gosh. There's no controlling that boy. Oh, gosh." Julie put her hand on her rounded belly.

"Mom?" Brittney unbuttoned her pajama top slowly. "I was sorta hiding from you for a few days. So, you haven't seen my new boobs yet. Wanna see them?"

"Not now, Brit. I need to … I need to …" Julie's thoughts trailed away as her daughter parted her pajama top and let her boobs out of confinement. Those puffy nipples were still the same, but her breasts now hung and proudly stuck out away from her chest.

"Don't worry about Danny, Mom." Brittney inched closer to her mom so that their knees touched. "This house has given us our best selves. No rules. Right?"

"But we need rules. You need rules." Julie's lips parted unconsciously as her daughter's pretty face drew near.

"Shut up and kiss me, Mom." Brittney's crescent of a smile shone in the moonlight.

"Okay." Julie said dumbly and placed her lips on her daughter's. Her tongue darted out and instinct and practice took over. They kissed for a while, and then Julie worked her way down Brittney's chest. As she sucked on those full breasts, her daughter's hand found Julie's pussy and worked it with two fingers.

Two hours passed before Julie left Brittney's room to make the walk of shame back to her bed with George. There was nothing she could do to stop the twins from humping like rabbits. Heck, she couldn't even control her own libido. She thought about the unused, extra-large condoms in the drawer by Daniel's bed. If she couldn't stop their sex, she would have to get him to use protection.

~~

Something wasn't right. Khadra reached up to her head and instead of her hijab, she felt a hat. She took it off and looked at it in wonder. It was a small, frilly affair with feathers and fabric flowers. The high grass moaned around her in an urgent breeze. The wind tugged at her long dress and made the feathers bounce on the hat.

"Best put that back on. The sun is full of wrath today." A deep, male voice crept up from behind her. "I've spent many a day hunting out on the prairie when the wind blows just like this. You can't feel the heat of the sun, but the heat feels you. It'll burn your skin right off." The steady clomp of horse hooves accompanied the voice.

Khadra put the hat back on and turned toward the man. Her breath caught in her throat. Frederick Palmer sat astride a large horse, he reined it to a stop a few yards from her. His wide brimmed hat shadowed his bushy mustache and dark, dark eyes. A slight smile played on his lips. "Excuse me?" Khadra squeaked.

"You have a funny little god, don't you?" Frederick's smile disappeared. "He moved a mountain more than a thousand years ago and then, what, vanishes? Poof." Frederick opened his hands and raised them upward, in a mock explosion.

"Your … your …" Khadra stammered. All she could think about was this man exchanging Eloise Palmer's insides for the workings of a great clock. "Your god left before mine."

"I'll tell Him that when I see Him. He'll be surprised." Frederick put the palm of his hand on the butt of a shotgun slung to his saddle. "You're helping the Fallen One, aren't you?"

"No." Khadra took a step back off the trail into the grass. Several hundred yards behind the horse, the mansion stood gleaming in the midday sun. It looked freshly painted. The detail on its façade immaculate.

"That is a lie." Frederick shook his head slowly. "Your husband was a fool and an arsonist. He couldn't separate the Creator from a wayward servant. But I give you a choice. Renounce your tiny, tiny god and that despicable angel. Help me, and I can rejoin you and your husband."

"My husband?" Khadra took another step back. "What do you know of him?"

"A fool and an arsonist." Frederick hung his words on each syllable. "Come with me and I'll take you to him." He took his left hand off the shotgun, leaned to the side, and offered her his hand.

"You lie." Khadra turned and ran. The grass dragged at her long dress. She reached down and pulled the dress up away from her legs. Her hat blew off her head and sailed away in the wind.

“So, it’s a hunt then.” Frederick called after her. “Well and good. But you’ll want your hat, miss. Mind the sun.”

The sound of gunfire exploded behind Khadra. Terror seized her and her legs pumped even faster. She could hear laugher following the echo of that shotgun. Horse hooves beat the ground behind her. She knew she would never escape.

Khadra woke with a start. She sat up in bed, sucking in air. She felt like she was having a panic attack. She looked around the dark room. She was safe in the Andersons’ home. Her breathing slowed. She needed to go to someone. Someone safe. The thought of that vile man chasing her through her dream was too much.

Across the hall, Julie slept with George. Khadra got out of bed and pulled on one of her long dresses, so much less substantial than the dress in her dream. She went to her door, opened it, and snuck out into the hall. Maybe she had bottled Frederick up when she warded off the locked room. Maybe the demon reached out to her to lift his newfound confinement. She really hoped that was so. Khadra crept to Julie’s bedroom door and opened it. It squeaked a little, but all she heard was the deep breathing of sleep coming from Julie and George. She closed the door behind her and walked over to the bed.

There was no hijab on her head, but she supposed that was okay as long as George continued his sleep. She brushed her wavy, black hair behind her shoulders. Should she wake Julie? Khadra moved to Julie’s side of the bed, moonlight through the window guiding her way. She followed her instincts for comfort and protection, and instead of waking Julie, she lifted the covers and slipped into the bed next to her.

Despite discovering that Julie was topless, Khadra snuggled into her warmth. The terror that was Frederick Palmer felt farther away.

“I told you, no presents until morning.” Julie mumbled. “Santa won’t come if you’re not asleep.” Julie blinked and opened her eyes, suddenly fully awake. A smaller female form was pressed up against her. “Brittney? You know you’re not supposed to come in here. Your father will find out.”

“It’s me, Julie.” Khadra couldn’t help herself, she put her arm around the woman’s side and rested her ear on Julie’s upper chest. She could hear the steady thump of her heart. “I’m sorry. I had a nightmare. I needed … to feel safe.”

“Khadra?” Julie’s eyes went wide and she turned her head on the pillow to look down at the lump under the blanket. George snored next to them. “You can’t come into my room like this.” What was the woman thinking? Julie’s life seemed to get stranger and stranger.

“It was Frederick Palmer. I saw him in my dream,” Khadra whispered. “I know what he did to his wife. Such terrible things.”

“Oh.” Julie had some sympathy. She knew how Frederick might drive someone to seek shelter. She circled her arms around Khadra and held her close. “It’ll be okay. I’ve got you now. You’re safe.” She tucked her face into Khadra’s hair, smelling the floral scent of the woman’s shampoo. Julie thought about how special it was that the woman had uncovered her hair. The smooth fabric of Khadra’s dress, slid against Julie’s skin as Khadra wiggled into a more comfortable position.

“Thank you, Julie.” Still operating on instinct, Khadra moved her body lower in the bed. She nuzzled Julie’s large, warm breasts, breathing in the scent of her.

“What are you doing?” Julie’s hadn’t had so much as a lesbian thought before moving to that house, and now a second woman seemed to be showing interest.

“Just … getting … comfortable,” Khadra said between kisses on Julie’s soft flesh. Khadra had quite big boobs now, but Julie’s were that much bigger. And the way one lay on top of the other while Julie rested on her side was incredibly … stimulating. “I … just … need … to be close … to someone.” She kissed Julie’s boobs some more.

“Stop it,” Julie hissed. “George is sleeping right behind me.”

“I’m … sorry.” Khadra didn’t stop kissing Julie. She felt a void filling inside her. In that warm bed, she was protected. “Frederick was so … terrifying.” Khadra’s dark lips found Julie’s nipple. For the first time since she was a baby, she sucked on a woman’s boob. She was delighted when warm, sweet milk flowed onto her tongue. She gulped the elixir greedily.

“Ohhhhhhh.” Julie cupped her left hand behind Khadra’s head. “Maybe a little milk will make you feel better. But you have to go back to your own bed afterward.”

“Mmmmmmmmm.” Khadra sucked and swallowed.

“Did you … did you say something, Jules?” George rolled over, half awake.

“Nothing, George.” Julie tensed. She could hear the wet sounds of Khadra’s drinking in the quiet room. She prayed her husband wouldn’t notice.

“Okay.” George yawned. “I was dreaming about an island in the sea. I can still … hear …” And he drifted off back to sleep with a snore.

Khadra was vaguely aware that Julie’s husband had woken and fallen back asleep. She should have been alarmed, but all she could think about was more milk. The warmth of it spread in her belly.

“Shh.” Julie patted Khadra’s head and pulled the woman in a little tighter once she was sure George slept soundly again. The poor woman had been through so much, Julie wanted her to feel better. “Go ahead and drink,” Julie whispered.

Khadra suckled at Julie’s breasts for a long time. Eventually, she fell asleep with her lips around that supple nipple.

A while later, Julie roused her guest. “Wake up.” Julie shook her awake as the great clock struck three somewhere in the house. “You need to leave before George finds you here.” Julie kissed the dark-skinned woman on both cheeks and watched her slip back out of bed and disappear back to her own room.

Khadra got into her bed, her belly full, and her mind at ease. Frederick Palmer was the farthest thing from her thoughts as she drifted back to sleep. The whole world in that moment was the refuge she’d found in Julie’s breasts.

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“I have to tell you something, pumpkin.” Julie kneeled before Daniel in the bathroom, working his long cock with both hands. She still wore her short, green dress. She wanted to finish off her son quickly so she could go downstairs to make breakfast. “Khadra slipped into my bed last night.”

“Really?” Daniel stared wide-eyed at his mother. “What did you two do?”

“Nothing. Not really anything.” Julie looked up into his blue eyes as her hands continued to pump him. “I mean … she drank from my breasts a little. That’s all.”

“Cool, Mom.” Daniel put his hands on his hips. “Why are you telling me this?”

“Because, Danny, it seems that every day makes things more and more convoluted. I hardly know which way is up anymore. It seems this house is spinning our relationships together like a great web.” She worked him harder. “I need you to behave like a responsible adult. Can you keep a clear head through all this?”

“Is this about Brittney?”

“I know what you and Brittney did with Khadra, sweetie.” She kept her eyes up on his handsome face. “Don’t worry, I’m not mad. I just want you to be careful. Do you really want babies all over the place?”

“No?”

“Good. Please don’t shoot your stuff in your sister, or anyone else, anymore.” Julie shivered at the thought of his salty mess sitting in his twin’s womb. “You have to be responsible.”

“Okay.” Daniel could see the sincerity on his mom’s face. He really would try.

“Thank you.” Julie smiled and looked down at the veiny monstrosity in her hands. “Now, where do you want to cum?”

“You said *cum*, Mom.” Daniel was getting close.

“I know you like when I talk like that.” She licked the head. “Do you want to cum in my pussy, pumpkin?”

“I want to spray you.”

“No, your father is still upstairs. He might see me.” Julie took him into her mouth and bobbed him with short strokes. Her brown hair bounced back and forth.

“Dad’s so dumb, he probably wouldn’t even notice if you walked up to him covered in cum.” Daniel grabbed her shoulders, pulled her off him, stood her up, and turned her facing away from him.

“He’s not … that dumb.” Julie grabbed the edge of the sink and lowered her hips a little to get her pussy down to her son’s level.

“He’s pretty stupid, Mom.” Daniel lifted her dress up over her butt and pulled her panties to the side. “His wife is going to be walking around with a pussy full of cum today, and he won’t even know.”

“Oh, gosh. Yes, I guess George is a bit of an idiot. Ooohhhhhhhhh.” Pleasure surged through Julie as Daniel entered her vagina. “I didn’t … uuuggghhhhh … know that when I married him.”

“I love … uh … uh … uh … hearing you say that, Mom.” Daniel plowed into her. “Do you really want to have … my baby?”

“Yesssssss.” Julie realized it was true. She needed to protect and mother her son’s child. “I … want to have your baby. I’m … so happy … you’ve given me a … uuuuggghhh … grandchild, sweetie.” Her orgasm approached and he’d only just stuck it in.

“I’m going to … ah … cum … Mom” Daniel unloaded inside his mother, listening to her orgasmic squeals as she took his seed. When he finished, he pulled out of her and looked down at his frothy dick. “Can you clean it off?”

“Yes … sweetie.” Julie’s knuckles were white as she held the sink. Her wedding ring dug into her finger where it was pressed between the porcelain and her flesh. She let go, spun, and fell to her knees again. “But I have to go make breakfast … soon.” She licked up and down the shaft, removing their combined cum with her tongue.

“Mom, are you going to let Mrs. Samatar back in your bed?” He watched her lovingly lap at his dick.

“Would you … mmmmm … like me to, sweetie?”

“Yeah.” Daniel nodded with enthusiasm.

“There … all clean.” Julie finished with the head and stood up. “If you want me to, I’ll give her more milk. But she can’t come to bed with your father right there.”

“Sounds fair.” Daniel smiled.

“And will you, young man, pay her another visit with Brittney?” Julie straightened out her panties and shook her hips to get her dress back in place.

“Do you … mind if we … um … visit with Mrs. Samatar again?” He pulled up his underwear and pants.

“Not as long as you’re responsible about it.” Julie looked down into his eyes. “Can you keep a cool head, Danny?”

“Totally.” Daniel wasn’t so sure, but he really would try.

“That’s my good boy.” Julie kissed him on the cheek, opened the door, and checked the hall. The coast was clear. “Breakfast in fifteen,” she said without looking back. She slipped out into the hall and was gone.

Chapter 22

The farm around her seemed to extend for miles and miles. Julie, in an antiquated, long flowing dress, walked toward the barn. She cradled her swollen belly in her hands. The clouds glowed pink on the horizon, but she didn't know if that was east or west. Was the day in its infancy or at its end?

A rhythmic sound of water splashing caught Julie's attention. She wandered through the barn door. Not water, but milk. A farmgirl sat on a stool, milking a cow with bloated udders. The girl was dirty, with a lean build, and blond hair. She turned when she heard Julie's footsteps.

"Are you lost, ma'am?" The farmgirl's smile was warm and friendly.

"I don't know. I can't find home." Julie looked around the barn. There was another cow, two horses, and some ducks softly quacking in the corner.

"Oh, you're talking about the Palmer House. It's up the road a way." The farmgirl's eyes knitted with concern. "But you don't want to make your home there. You wouldn't believe what Mr. Palmer did to his wife." She turned back to her milking, still talking casually, as if engaged in neighborhood gossip. "There was a grand old clock at the top of the stairway. In a fury, he tore the thing open, removed its workings, and went searching for his pregnant wife."

"I don't think I want to hear anymore." Julie shivered in the cold. She still didn't know if it was dawn or dusk. The milk splashed rhythmically in the bucket.

"When he found the lady of the house, he sliced her right open and pulled her workings right out of her. Just like that. He then stuffed what he had of the clock inside her." The farmgirl continued to squeeze the udders, not looking back at Julie. "But that's not the worst of it. The man then took her workings up to that hollowed out clock and placed them neatly inside. And … somehow, the clock started right back up ticking again. That enraged Mr. Palmer something fierce, but even as they took him away, the clock struck the hour like it always did."

"God help me." Julie backed away from the girl, watching her blond hair shake slightly with her movements.

"Don't you see?" The farmgirl kept on with her work as she talked. "God doesn't want to help you. Mr. Palmer is the hand of God. You need to seek help from those wronged by Him. Not those doing terrible things." The milk splashed in the bucket. Splish, splash, splish, splash.

Julie woke with a start. The rhythmic sound of milk flowing had somehow followed her out of her dream. She blinked her eyes in the dark. She lay on her back in bed, and someone was on top of her. Julie knew who it was. "Khadra," Julie whispered. "I told you, not with George here."

"Mmmmmppphhhh." Khadra didn't respond, she kept gulping down milk from Julie's left boob.

"Ooohhhhhhh, Khadra." Julie couldn't help herself. She cupped the woman's wavy hair and held her head to her breast. George snored just a foot away. This was too much. George would find out about everything if she couldn't put a lid on the naked woman writhing on top of her. Oh, no. Julie realized that Khadra had forgotten her modesty. Julie could feel their skin to skin contact. The woman was so

warm. Khadra's thigh nudged in between Julie's legs and rubbed up against Julie's panties. "Aaaaaahhhhhh." Julie sucked her breath in. The thigh rubbed and rubbed against Julie's pussy.

Khadra lifted her mouth off Julie's nipple. "I have never felt more safe than at your breast. Let me make you feel good, too." She rocked her hips against the larger woman. From the sounds Julie made, she knew it was working. The pleasure consumed the rest of the world so completely that Khadra didn't even care that her rocking motion might wake Julie's husband. She placed her mouth on Julie's right nipple, and drank some more.

"Ugh … ugh … ooohhhhhh." Julie loved the pressure of Khadra's breasts on Julie's round belly. "Khadra … Khadra … you're going to make me …" Julie's hips writhed with Khadra's. "It's … good …" Julie bit down on her blanket and trembled out her climax. "Mmmmmmmpppppphhhh." When Julie was done, Khadra still moved on top of her, gulping milk. "We … have to … stop," Julie whispered.

"Jules?" George rolled over. "What …?" Sleep wouldn't quite leave him as he tried to pull himself awake.

Julie panicked. She pushed Khadra off her, so that the poor woman fell right out of bed on the floor with an audible "oof." In the same move, Julie reached over and pushed her husband out of the other side of the bed. He hit the floor with a thud.

"Ow." George rubbed his head. "What happened?" He sat up and looked at his wife in bed in the starlight.

"You must have had a nightmare, George. You jumped out of bed." Julie looked at him with honest concern.

"I did?" George got to his feet and climbed back into bed. "I *was* having a nightmare."

"Are you hurt?" Julie rubbed his shoulder.

"No, I'm fine." George put his head on the pillow. "I'm just tired. I have more work in the basement tomorrow. Need to get some rest." And within twenty seconds he snored again.

"Khadra?" Julie looked over the edge of her side of the bed. The dark naked woman hugged the cold floor. At least Khadra had the sense to stay hidden. "We need to talk," Julie whispered. She slipped out of bed, pulled the woman to her feet, and led her out of the bedroom by the hand. She quietly closed the door behind them.

"I'm sorry." Khadra stood naked in the hall, shivering. She looked up into to Julie's eyes, but everything was dark. "I don't know what came over me. I … just … need you."

"Look, I understand." Julie, naked but for her soaked panties, put her hands on Khadra's shoulders and leaned forward to bring herself down to Khadra's level. She was aware that her breasts now dangled out in the open. "But my marriage is sacrosanct. We have to respect George. If you need me, come wake me up and I'll join you in your room."

"What?" An unexpected smile crept over Khadra's face. "Really?"

"Really." Julie nodded. "Have you had enough milk for the night?"

"Could I have more, please?" Khadra wasn't sure if she was being greedy.

“Of course.” Julie took her hand and led her into the guest room. “All you have to do is ask.”

~~

The Andersons decided to fill their house for New Year’s Eve. They invited friends from church, school, and their old neighborhood. They didn’t expect to have such an expansive house again once they sold the mansion. So, New Year’s was as good a time as any for a big party.

“Should we be drinking champagne?” Madison stood with her back to a roaring fire in the home’s main living room, Brittney had an arm casually over Madison’s shoulder.

“It’s not expensive champagne. Just because we live in a mansion, doesn’t mean we’re rich.” Brittney had rosy cheeks, and a certain loss of inhibitions. It wasn’t her first sip of champagne that night.

“I just mean, I’m still three years away from twenty-one.” Madison looked at her plastic cup with its bubbling, golden liquid.

People milled around the room. Laughter and chatter filled the air.

“Come on, girl. You’ve got blue hair for heaven’s sake. Drink with me.” Brittney clanged her cup against Madison’s and took a sip.

“Mrs. Samatar.” Brittney smiled over at her girlfriend. “Come have a drink with me.”

“Happy New Year, Brittney.” Khadra walked over to the eighteen-year-old, gave her a hug, and kissed her cheek. “But no alcohol for me, thank you.”

“Are you …?” Brittney looked down at the woman’s long, formless dress. It was hard to tell if her belly was growing. But then again, she’d seen the woman naked plenty that week, and Khadra’s tummy seemed pretty flat.

“No, no. It’s prohibited by my religion.” Khadra continued to smile as she adjusted her hijab. She looked over at Brittney’s pretty friend. The girl was Brittney’s age, and seemed innocent enough. But Khadra couldn’t read people like she used to. She felt her face growing hot. It was such a short time ago that she’d never had a naughty thought, especially not about other women. Times had changed. “Is your mother around?”

“She’s over there.” Brittney pointed to the other side of the room, where Julie stood talking to Erin Haskins and her husband.

“Do you mind if I …?” Khadra felt so embarrassed asking for permission to leave a teenager. But there she was.

“Go ahead. Run along. We’ll catch up with you later.” Brittney smiled and waved to Khadra as the dark woman wove through the crowd.

“That was weird.” Madison frowned at the woman.

“Different cultures, I guess.” Brittney shrugged. Her smile widened as Daniel strode up to them, arm in arm with Penelope.

“Does the clock sound louder to you tonight?” Daniel casually took Brittney’s cup from her with his free hand and took a sip.

“It does.” Penelope nodded, looking down at Daniel’s profile.

Brittney paused to listen. Now that he mentioned it, she could hear the ticking even over the buzz of conversation in the room. “It does seem more prominent.”

“Um …” Madison couldn’t hear any clock with the cacophony in the room. She could just hear the fire cracking and popping merrily behind them.

“Five minutes to midnight,” someone in the crowd yelled.

“Hello, Madison.” Daniel looked over at Brittney’s friend, as she stood there awkwardly. “You don’t hear it?”

“Um … uh …” Madison wondered at the way Daniel’s sister-in-law looked at him. Penelope seemed to be just as infatuated with Daniel as Madison was. But that was impossible. “Um … well … hello.”

“Actually, I’ve been meaning to talk to you.” Daniel dropped Penelope’s arm, handed his drink back to his sister, and reached a hand out to Madison. “Got a minute?” With each tick-tock the clock grew louder.

“Sure.” Madison blushed profusely, and took Daniel’s hand.

“I’ll be right back.” Daniel winked at his smirking sister and his frowning sister-in-law. He led Madison through the crowded room, out into the hall, and down the basement stairs. Mercifully, the basement was empty. The clock tick-tocked its way toward midnight somewhere in the house.

“What’s up, Danny?” Madison tried to sound casual as they sat next to each other on the sofa. She smoothed out the fancy dress she wore for the party.

“I think you’re beautiful, Madison.” Daniel put a hand on her thigh.

“Really?” Madison’s blush deepened.

There was a pause. “Well, what do you think of me?” Daniel rubbed her thigh gently. Confidence was so easy once acquired. Before the mansion, Daniel would have died in such a position.

“I think you’re cute.” Madison reprimanded herself. That wasn’t the right thing to say. “I mean, I like you.” No, that was too forward. “I mean, I saw your dick and …” Oh shit, that was really too forward.

“Don’t worry, I get it.” Daniel leaned forward and planted a soft kiss on her lips. He brushed some of her blue hair off her forehead. He kissed her again just as the clock chimed midnight. He pulled back and looked into her blue eyes. “Do you hear that?”

“The clock? Yeah, it’s midnight.” Madison nodded. She realized she’d been holding in her breath. She let it out. The room buzzed around her. She hadn’t had that much champagne.

“Here’s to more kisses in the new year.” Daniel leaned in and darted his tongue into her mouth.

“Yyymmmm pppplllltttthh.” Madison put her hands on his shoulders. What a delight that he was such a good kisser. And that he was kind enough to look past her awkwardness. As the clock’s resonant chimes echoed through the house, Madison thought this was the best way to ring in the new year. The crowd cheered midnight up in the living room. She didn’t even push Daniel’s hand away when it cupped her left boob. The moment was so magical that as the clock finished its twelfth chime, she felt the vibrations from it continue, making the house swim around her. It was almost like they were lost in time.

“Oh, sorry.” George walked down the stairs and tried not to look at the kissing teenagers as he wandered past them in the basement. “I have to fix something in the laundry room.”

Daniel broke his kiss, but kept his hand on Madison’s handful of boob. “Dad? It’s New Year’s Eve. What the heck?”

“Sorry.” George scuffled by. “As you were.” He went into the laundry room and closed the door.

“Why is your dad fixing something in there now?” Madison was a little weirded out by the older man.

“He’s been obsessed with a valve in there for a while.” Daniel shrugged. “Where were we?” He kissed Madison again. He felt her tense this time, but she quickly relaxed.

Eloise stood in the shadows watching the lovebirds. Clearly the powers of the house had changed. She waxed and Frederick waned. The Andersons were truly a delight.

Madison and Daniel made out for about a half hour and the house continued to swim and vibrate around them. Both eighteen-year-olds chalked it up to endorphins, forgetting about George in the next room. Eventually, they pulled themselves away from each other and went back to the party, holding hands.

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“Five minutes to midnight,” someone in the crowd yelled.

“It’s almost midnight.” Daniel squeezed Penelope a little closer, he could feel her expanding belly on his side. “Is Brad around?” He scanned the room looking for his older brother.

“I think he was busy talking to one of his buddies.” Penelope nodded across the room.

“Good.” Daniel winked at his sister. “See you two in a little bit.” He smiled at Madison, who had the strangest look on her face. He led Penelope down the hall, past a few people laughing and talking by the stairs, and into the library. “I wanted to ring in the new year with you. I hope you don’t mind if you’re not kissing your husband at the stroke of twelve.”

“I don’t mind.” Penelope pulled up her dress, exposing some lacy panties she’d put on for Daniel earlier, hoping for that exact moment between them. “But I don’t want just a kiss.” She turned around, spread her legs, and stuck her butt back at her brother-in-law.

“You’re such a romantic, Pen.” Daniel was already painfully hard. He dropped his pants and boxers and stepped up behind her. “Such a nice ass.” He slapped at her alabaster ass-cheek.

“Ow. Thank you, Danny.” Penelope shivered. She felt him push her panties to the side and slide in. She was so wet for him. “Next year … ugh … I’m having your baby.”

“We should … ah … ah … start talking about names.” Daniel grabbed her hips and got into a good rhythm.

“Ooohhhhh. You want … to name … the baby?” Penelope marveled at how loud the clock was.

“It is … mine …” Daniel could hear the clock strike midnight. The muffled sound of the crowd cheering filtered in from the living room. The house swam around him as he pumped her harder. He leaned forward, grabbed her blond hair, and twisted her head sideways so he could give her the traditional midnight kiss.

“It is … yes.” And suddenly she was kissing Daniel over her shoulder, as the clock turned one year into the next. Last New Year’s, she’d mostly pitied Daniel. Now she pitied her husband. Brad was just a few rooms away, but he was a universe away in her mind. The world around her blurred as pleasure took hold of her body.

When the clock finished chiming, Daniel broke the kiss. He still felt the vibrations moving through the room. “You’re mine, Pen. But I’ll loan you to my brother.”

“Yes.” Penelope shuddered, her orgasm almost upon her. “The baby’s yours. I’m yours. Forever, Danny.”

Daniel still held her hair, but gave her a little slack as she came on his dick. He hoped she wasn’t being too loud. He didn’t want to alert any of the guests to their activities.

Behind the mating couple, Eloise looked on, rubbing her round belly. This would be the year. A warm bright smile spread across her pretty lips. The clock was almost worth it. Almost. She watched them copulate for a while longer and vanished right after Daniel emptied himself deep inside Penelope.

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“Five minutes to midnight,” someone in the crowd yelled.

“It’s almost midnight.” Brittney looked over at her brother and winked. “Keep the drink, Danny.” She took Madison’s hand and led her out of the room. “I want to show you something.” Brittney led Madison upstairs, giving her friend’s butt a little smack as Madison climbed ahead of Brittney.

“Jeez, Brittney.” Madison looked back at her friend and smiled. “Hands off the merchandise.”

“You saving yourself for my brother?” Brittney gave her butt another light smack as they crested the stairs. She pulled Madison playfully over to a sofa hiding in the shadows of the open living room. The sofa was positioned to look out a grand window, taking in the snowy fields around the house. A perfect spot.

“Don’t tease.” Madison sat down next to Brittney and put her head on her friend’s shoulder. “Obviously. You know I like him.” Madison had the strangest sense that something very good had already happened with Daniel, but couldn’t quite remember what it was.

“And what about me?” Brittney looked out over the moonlit snow. She put an arm around Madison’s narrow shoulders. The clock tick-tocked louder. It sounded like it was right behind them, but of course that wasn’t so.

“You’re my friend.” Madison’s shoulders tensed a little under Brittney’s arm. “I … um … I’m not into girls.” The clock ponderously struck midnight with deep, musical notes. Madison could hear the crowd cheering down in the living room. The house shook a little and moved … unnaturally. Was it actually moving?

“Kiss me, I might surprise you.” Brittney put her finger on Madison’s delicate chin and turned her pretty face toward Brittney’s waiting lips. As one year changed into a new one, she slipped her tongue into Madison’s mouth. For a horrifying second, Brittney thought Madison really wasn’t into girls, and she’d made a huge mistake. But the girl in her arms softened, her tongue became playful, and she kissed Brittney back.

“Mmmppphhhh.” Madison gave into the make-out session. She really had thought she wasn’t into girls, but Brittney quickly changed her mind. She even let Brittney’s hand snake its way up and cup Madison’s left boob. It felt so good.

Brittney broke the make-out session and kissed her way over to Madison's ear. She nibbled on it and looked out at the snow. She could see a redheaded woman looking up at her from the cold outside. The woman was clearly pregnant and wearing a long, Victorian dress. Brittney waved down to Eloise as Madison squirmed and squealed at Brittney's tongue in her ear. Eloise waved back to Brittney.

The teenagers made out for a while on the dark second floor, and then reluctantly, they made their way back down to the party.

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"Brittney, could I borrow you for a minute?" Daniel let go of Penelope's arm and handed her Brittney's champagne.

"Sure, what's up?" Brittney took her brother's hand.

"We'll be back in a little bit." Daniel winked at Penelope, who frowned at him. Madison had the strangest look on her face, like she was trying to remember something. They stood awkwardly together as Daniel led Brittney across the room. "I've got the perfect way to ring in the new year."

"Okay." Brittney gave her brother some leeway. He'd proven himself worthy of trust lately.

Daniel whispered in Brittney's ear, and she nodded.

The twins stepped up to a circle of lively conversation. Julie smiled over at the twins. Khadra was there, too. As was Erin, her husband, and her son. Ted didn't want to make eye contact with his ex-girlfriend, so he looked at his shoes. George stood next to his wife to complete the circle.

"Mrs. Samatar … Mrs. Haskins …?" Brittney smiled over at the women. "Could we borrow you for just a minute?"

"Dear?" Erin looked at her husband. She thought the request strange, but she wanted to be a polite guest.

“As long as you’re back for a midnight kiss.” Her husband smiled at Erin and patted her hand.

“Of course.” Erin kissed her husband on the cheek and walked off with Khadra and the twins.

The four of them left the living room, turned down the hall, and descended into the basement. Brittney and Daniel sat on the couch and patted the cushions.

“What’s going on?” Erin looked around the room uncertainly, and then sat on Daniel’s end of the sofa. Butterflies flapped in her stomach. But nothing was going to happen. Daniel wouldn’t do anything with his sweet sister and a houseguest right there.

Khadra sat next to Brittney. The tick-tock of the hidden clock seemed louder in there. Khadra lifted the hijab off her head and dropped it to the floor. It was odd showing her hair to Erin, but Khadra suspected that would be the least of what would happen in the basement that night.

“We thought there would be nothing better than to ring in the new year with our girlfriends.” Brittney admired Khadra’s beautiful black hair. She brushed her fingertips along the other woman’s soft, dark cheek.

“What did she just say?” Erin’s blood pressure rose. After what had happened with Daniel in the cabin, she supposed nothing should surprise her, but Brittney’s words certainly did.

“Shh. It’s almost time.” Daniel turned toward Erin and pressed his back up against his twin’s back. What a team. The clock struck midnight and Daniel kissed Erin on the lips.

Out of habit, Erin returned the teenager’s kiss, even as she could hear the crowd cheering the new year upstairs. A cold sweat broke out on her forehead as she thought of her husband with no one to kiss upstairs. But she didn’t stop. The house around her seemed to breathe in and out along with her. For a minute she forgot about the other woman and teenager on the couch, but then heard them kissing, too. What was happening?

The clock stopped chiming, and Brittney reached her hands up to Khadra’s heavy boobs. The dark woman moaned in response. The room swam around them.

“Oh, sorry.” George walked into the basement and tried not to look at the kissing teenagers as he wandered past them in the basement. “I have to fix something in the laundry room.” They were just some kids having fun after all, he envied them.

The four people on the couch stopped kissing and watched George move through the dimly lit room with wide eyes. All of them were convinced they’d been caught, but he never looked their way.

“Sorry.” George scuffled by. “As you were.” He went into the laundry room and closed the door.

“Shit.” Brittney looked over her shoulder at her brother and giggled. Her laughter caught on and pretty soon all four of them laughed at the silly middle-aged man that had just walked by the scandal of a lifetime. Still giggling, Brittney went back to kissing Khadra.

“You look so pretty tonight.” Daniel felt up Erin’s heavy, hanging boobs.

“Thank you, Daniel, but we should stop.” Erin looked around him as the two women made out on the other end of the couch. “My husband will be looking for me. And this feels more than a little odd.”

“You said the same thing in the cabin. Remember?” Daniel kissed the wife and mother again and she melted in his hands.

A little while later, the four of them were naked. They had all forgotten that George was in the next room, even though there was an occasional bang or clank as he worked on the plumbing.

Erin groaned as she rode Daniel’s big cock, her right knee pushing against Khadra’s left knee.

Khadra rubbed her vagina on Brittney’s left thigh, her hips rocking to the beat of some deeply recessed animalistic call.

“They should … ugh … kiss.” Daniel looked over at his twin with a dreamy smile.

“Yeah.” Brittney returned the smile. “Why don’t you … kiss each other?” When the women riding the twins didn’t do anything, she smacked Khadra’s wobbling butt. “Come on … Mrs. Haskins and Mrs. Samatar … do it.”

Eloise stood by the door to the laundry room, making sure George wouldn’t interrupt the devolving situation in the basement. She smiled and rubbed her belly. The twins were made for this. The dam created by a millennia of patriarchal rules had burst. And lust flooded out.

“Really?” Khadra looked over at the attractive, sweaty woman as she bounced on Daniel’s lap. Erin’s great, pale breasts flopped with every leap her vagina took on that bloated penis. Khadra leaned toward Erin, her hips still grinding her vagina into Brittney’s trim thigh.

“Oh, gosh. I never thought …” Erin let the beautiful, dark woman kiss her. It was such a soft, understanding touch of lips and tongue. They kissed some more and Erin, now grinding the penis deep inside her, let her tongue explore Khadra’s mouth. Making out with a woman was wholly unlike kissing Daniel. Erin felt urgency and aggression from her skinny boyfriend. But with Khandra, it was patience and relish. “Mmmppphhh.” Erin was going to have an orgasm. A big one. While doing the most depraved things.

“Gggggpppphhhhh.” Khadra had now kissed three women in that house. And one of them was somehow her girlfriend. She gave herself over to insanity, ready to climax.

“Who … ugh … would have thought … Brit?” Daniel looked over at his sister past four dangling boobs. He took her hand in his and squeezed.

“We’re … unstoppable, Danny.” Brittney squeezed back. She almost laughed at all the boob jiggling between her and Daniel, but she was too close to her own orgasm.

“I’m … about to … cum.” Daniel pushed his hips up into the grinding woman.

“Cum … Danny … cum …” Brittney’s head jerked as an electric orgasm hit her.

The four of them climaxed together on the basement couch as Eloise looked on.

After a few minutes, they slowly dressed and made their way back to the party. Erin hoped her husband was drunk enough not to notice how sweaty and disheveled she was. She’d have to make it up to him later for not being there to kiss him at midnight.

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“Different cultures, I guess.” Brittney shrugged. Her smile widened as Daniel strode up to them, arm in arm with Penelope.

“Does the clock sound louder to you tonight?” Daniel casually took Brittney’s cup from her with his free hand and took a sip.

“It does.” Penelope nodded, looking down at Daniel’s profile.

Brittney paused to listen. Now that he mentioned it, she could hear the ticking even over the buzz of conversation in the room. “It does seem more prominent.”

“Um …” Madison couldn’t hear any clock with the cacophony in the room. She could just hear the fire cracking and popping merrily behind them.

“Five minutes to midnight,” someone in the crowd yelled.

“Already?” Daniel let go of Penelope’s arm and handed his sister’s drink back to Brittney. “I’ve got to go talk to Mom before midnight. I’ll be back.” He winked at Brittney, who winked back. Madison and Penelope frowned at him as he walked off through the crowd.

“Mom?” Daniel found Julie having a lively discussion with a bunch of people, including Erin, her husband, and Erin’s son, Ted, who had tried to rat out Daniel to Brittney. Ted looked down at his shoes.

“What is it, pumpkin?” Julie gave Daniel a quizzical look.

“Can we talk?” Daniel offered her a small smile.

“Yes, of course.” Julie took Daniel’s hand and led him out of the room. Daniel seemed like he needed her urgently, so she led him down the hall, past the library and into the den. She flipped on the light and closed the door behind them. “What is it, Danny?”

“It’s almost midnight, Mom.” Daniel stepped closer to her and put his arms around her shapely body. Her growing belly pressed into him. He let his hands drop to her perfect ass. “And there’s no one I’d rather kiss to ring in the new year.”

“You’re so sweet, pumpkin.” Julie put her arms around his shoulders and rested her head against his. The floral smell of his shampoo filled her nose. “But maybe I should still kiss your father at midnight. It’s tradition.” She didn’t move. The tick-tock of that great clock echoed through the house.

“Dad’s dumb. Stay with me.” He squeezed her butt, taking big handfuls of each cheek through her dress.

“Yes, your father is a bit dumb. I don’t know why I didn’t see it before.” Julie sighed. “But still, maybe I should go back –” She was interrupted by the chiming of the clock. The spartan den shook, and vibrated with each sonorous peal, almost like it wasn’t really there at all.

“Too late, Mom.” Daniel turned his face to hers and found her lips with his. Mother and son stood pressed together, as the house swooned around them. In the distance, they could hear the crowd cheering in the living room.

Midnight passed, and they still stood with their lips locked. Neither noticed the Victorian woman sitting in an armchair on the other side of the room.

“Go on,” Eloise whispered.

Julie broke the kiss. “We have to get back to the party.” She put her finger on Daniel’s handsome chin. “Don’t look so dejected. What kind of mother would I be if I left you high and dry? Do you think you can finish quickly?”

“Yeah.” Daniel nodded eagerly.

“Good boy.” Julie turned, lifted her dress, and put her hands against the wall. “Do you want my pussy or my butt, sweetie?”

“Those are some fancy panties. Are they for Dad?” Daniel dropped his pants and underwear and stepped up behind her. He admired the expanse of her ass clad in some lacy red panties.

“I wore them for you, Danny. I thought something like this might happen. Do you like them?” Julie noticed Eloise sitting and watching them. She didn’t say anything about it to Daniel. It seemed almost natural to have that redheaded phantom in the room at a special moment like New Year’s.

“I love them.” Daniel pulled her panties down to Julie’s knees. “How about I take your pussy and then your butt?” Daniel rubbed the purplish head of his dick against her pussy lips.

“Whatever you want. But we have to be quick, okay. People will … aaaaahhhhhhhhhh.” Julie convulsed. Her son had only just slid his penis into her and she was already climaxing.

“This is the year you’re gonna have my baby, Mom.” Daniel dug his fingers into her hips and got into a good rhythm.

“Yeeeesssssss.” Julie came out of her orgasm, pleasure tingling all over her body.

“And Dad thinks it’s his.” Daniel looked over at her wedding ring pressed up against the wall. Whatever those diamonds had symbolized when George had first put them on her finger had crumbled almost completely. “But it’s not his baby.”

“No … not his … uh … uh … you’re going to be … a father …” Julie arched her back for him. “You’re only eighteen … but you’re … growing our family … Danny.” The rhythmic slap of her wide butt against his narrow hips filled the room.

“This is the year of … ah … ah … ah … babies.” Daniel was really getting into it. He noticed Eloise for the first time sitting in the armchair. The redheaded matron smiled encouragement at him. He smiled back. “I don’t want to … use those condoms, Mom. Not with … anyone.”

“Oh, gosh.” Julie had a hard time denying that she wanted him to spread his seed.

“I’m going to knock up everyone.”

“Not … everyone.” Julie trembled, another climax on the way. “Not … your sister.”

“Brittney wants it, Mom. Don’t … ugh … you want our family … to grow more?”

“Oh … yeeesssssssss.” The orgasm seized Julie. Her mind spiraled away from her. When she came back down from the clouds, her son’s monstrous cock was in her ass.

“I’m going to … breed … Brittney … too.” Daniel’s hips fell out of rhythm. His mom had asked him to be quick, and all the talk about babies had really pushed him toward the edge. “Tell me you want me to put a baby in her. This is the year of babies, Mom.”

“Yes … ugh … ugh …” Julie grunted like a hog. Her son was so deep in her guts. “The year of … ugh … babies. Put … a baby … ooohhhhh … in your sister.”

“Cummmminnnngggg.” Daniel let out a series of soft grunts and unloaded in his mom’s ass.

Eloise clapped her hands in excitement and faded away.

It took several minutes before Daniel could bring himself to pull out. “Wow. That was perfect.”

“Yes …” Julie still panted. “It was.” She automatically turned, got to her knees, and cleaned him off with her tongue. It didn’t bother her in the least that that huge thing had just been in her ass. How strange.

“Did you mean it?” Daniel reached down and gently caressed her pretty face as she finished up his cleaning. “Can Brittney and I …?”

“Oh, Danny.” Julie gave his penis one last kiss and pulled up his underwear and pants, tucking his thing away under his waistband. “I just can’t say no to you.” She stood up and straightened out her panties and dropped her dress down over her legs. “I’ll think about it, okay?”

“Thanks, Mom.” Daniel leaned forward and kissed her cheek. He knew when she said that it was as good as yes. “You’re the best mom ever.”

“And don’t forget it.” Julie slapped his scrawny butt and moved him toward the door. “Now let’s get back to our party.” Julie shivered as she thought about being a good hostess with a gallon of her son’s cum up her ass. They walked out into the hall and rejoined the party.

Chapter 23

Something wasn't quite right. Madison woke up on New Year's Day with the distinct memory of celebrating the new year in several different ways. Was that what happened when you got drunk? But she'd only had a little champagne. She remembered the thrill of kissing Daniel as the clock struck midnight. How amazing, he really was into her. But then, somehow, she had also spent midnight making out with her friend, Brittney. And then she'd also had several boring celebrations in the living room. Each moment was as real in her memory as the next one.

Several other people woke that day to the same confusion. Penelope rolled away from her still snoring husband. She was giddy, because Daniel had chosen her to spend midnight with on New Year's. But then she remembered he'd gone off with other women and she'd been left at that boring party several times. How had both happened?

Daniel had heard that mysterious clock signal midnight while he spent time with several women. He was grateful for all of it, but especially that he got to share that special moment with both his sister and his mom. They were, after all, the two most important people in his life. He knew the house had bent space and time for him. That's what he got for being friends with Day Star, he supposed. Were they friends? Partners? He took a deep breath and got out of bed. Daniel threw on jeans and a t-shirt and headed downstairs.

There were still discarded cups and party hats on the stairs. But it didn't look too bad. He sighed, and turned toward the kitchen to grab a trash bag. Being the first Anderson up meant he'd bag some garbage so the others would wake to a cleaner house. Daniel paused. Something caught his attention out of the corner of his eye. He slowly turned to the right and his mouth fell open. Someone had stepped on Khadra's salt salamander drawing last night, and it was nearly unrecognizable on the floor. Above it, the door to the locked room stood wide open.

"Shit." Daniel walked at a snail's pace toward the room. A quiet settled over the house. Not even the great clock so much as ticked. The steady metronome of his pulse beat in his ears.

Upstairs, Penelope stopped daydreaming, sat up in bed with a start, and jumped onto the cold floor. She threw on a sweatshirt and raced out of the spare room, leaving her sleeping husband behind. Something was wrong and the house needed her.

"Hello?" Daniel couldn't see into the room from his angle, but a trapezoid of orange, flickering light fell across the hall. "Is someone there?" His bare feet padded closer and closer. He walked up to the open doorway and looked in. The great bear stood in its corner, still in a fearsome pose. The last man Daniel expected to see sat in the armchair near the back wall wagging a finger at Daniel. "Mr. Samatar?"

Maxamed said nothing and didn't move but for the finger that continued to admonish Daniel. He wore one of his dark suits, with a red tie. A small rivulet of crimson ran over his dark forehead, snaked around his right eye, and dripped off his cheek.

"Um … Are you okay?" Daniel looked around the room. Everything else was as he remembered it. The sideboard, the bottles, the sofa, the oil lamp, were all in place. When Daniel looked back at the bear. It had moved a foot closer to the door. Now, its glass eyes were trained on Daniel. "We need to go, Mr.

Samatar.” Daniel held out his hand and blinked. During the fraction of a second his eyes were closed, the bear moved another couple feet. A frozen snarl had spread on its face, further exposing its yellowed canines.

A deep frown etched itself on Maxamed’s face. He kept wagging his finger.

“Danny?” Penelope’s voice carried down the stairs.

“I’m here.” Daniel looked toward the stairs and then back into the room. The bear had moved closer, standing still as a statue in the middle of the room, partly obscuring Daniel’s view of Maxamed. The dead animal looked very angry. “Shit.” Daniel widened his eyes, trying his best not to blink. “Come on, Mr. Samatar. It’s now or never. Let’s get you out of there.”

Maxamed gave no indication of having heard Daniel. He sat reclined in the armchair, his finger waving back and forth.

“Daniel, no.” Penelope’s feet hit the bottom of the stairs. Goosebumps broke out on her bare legs. She sprinted over to the room, pulled Daniel by the shirt away from the doorway, and slammed the door shut. The last thing she saw of the room was the giant, brown bear mere inches away, its claws outstretched. The crack of the slamming door echoed around the hall and the entryway. Penelope put her hands on her knees and sucked in air. “That’s a bad … room, Danny.” She looked over at her eighteen-year-old brother-in-law.

“Yeah …” Daniel gathered himself. “Wait, Mr. Samatar is still in there. We have to get him out.”

“There’s no one alive … in there.” Penelope caught her breath.

“How do you know?” Daniel reached for the knob on the door. He tried to turn it, but it was locked.

“I have some connection … to that room.” Penelope straightened up.

Daniel wanted to ask her questions about it, but that would have to wait. A troubling thought occurred to him. “Mrs. Samatar said she’d trapped Mr. Palmer in there. So, he’s out. What’s he doing now?”

“Upstairs,” Penelope said.

“Upstairs,” Daniel said at the same time.

Together they turned and raced up the stairs. They didn’t know who Frederick would target, but Khadra, Brad, Brittney, Julie, and George were all asleep and vulnerable.

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“This is where I welcomed those destined for the sacrifice.” Frederick Palmer sat in an armchair and waved his hand to encompass the small room. A massive stuffed bear stood to his right. A sideboard rested to his left. “I would pour them a drink from there. And they wouldn’t wake up until the ceremony.”

“Sacrifice?” George sat on a comfortable sofa, a tumbler in his hand. Ice clinked in the glass as he held it up to regard the amber liquid. “What did you do to those people?”

“I shed blood, Mr. Anderson.” Frederick smiled. A thin white line formed under his black mustache. He pushed back his hair from his forehead and tugged at his perfectly tailored suit. “It gave me clarity of purpose. But that was so long ago, and the world has darkened since. To change the course of things, He needs more offerings. But they are so few and far between now.”

“You are an abomination before God.” George couldn’t get the tremor out of his voice.

“You misunderstand me. I did this *for* God.” Frederick eyed George’s tumbler. “*And when the days of her purifying are completed, whether for a son or for a daughter, she shall bring to the priest at the entrance of the tent of meeting a lamb a year old for a burnt offering, and a pigeon or a turtledove for a sin offering.*” He paused to see the effect on the other man. “But the sins of our species compiled, and God asked for greater and greater pledges. He needs our blood to wash away our sins. I did as he asked, ever the humble servant.”

“You did this for God?” George dropped his drink to the richly colored carpet on the floor. It spilled, ice fanning out from the impact.

“Are you not His servant, too?” Frederick leaned closer to George. “Do you not want to atone for our sins?”

“This is a nightmare.” George slid to the other side of the sofa. “This isn’t my house. This is a perversion.”

“Let’s talk about perversion, Mr. Anderson.” Frederick’s smile widened.

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Women fell before Daniel. Julie watched them fall in her dream. For some reason she reveled in it. She saw wives give up on decades of fidelity for a chance with her son. Just like Julie had herself. She delighted in each conquest. In her dream, Julie could see Daniel’s seed spread about their city like an infection. No, that wasn’t right. He moved throughout the city like a cure stamping out disease. He would root out the sickness of a false hegemony.

But something reached out to him. Something sought Daniel from the dark. It desperately wanted to cut his wick before he could burn brightly. Something so very black. And it was in the room with Julie. She opened her eyes, sat up, and screamed.

Crouched on the other side of the bed was a large man Julie recognized. He leaned his head right next to George’s ear, whispering something Julie couldn’t hear. Frederick’s black eyes darted up to her when she woke, but his lips continued working.

“Leave … please …” Julie croaked.

“I will not leave my house.” Frederick smiled cheerfully, and straightened to his full height.

Daniel and Penelope burst in the door behind Frederick.

Despite Julie's scream, George continued to snore.

"My own room cannot hold me. That was a foolish endeavor. There once was a prison of thorn and vine." Frederick stuck an arm behind him and knocked the onrushing Daniel to the side. Daniel hit the floor and slid until the wall stopped him near the bathroom door. Penelope rushed the phantom and met the same fate, sliding on the floor until she came to a stop next to Daniel. They groaned in a pile at the other end of the room.

"Danny!" Julie screamed.

"She kept me there for decades." Frederick's voice carried an unnatural calm and measure. "Thorn and vine, thorn and vine. But her order depended too much on entropy. When she couldn't ensnare the pathetic and corruptible, her power ebbed. And He gave me what I needed. Thorn and vine. Thorn and vine."

Julie looked down at her sleeping husband. "What did you do to him?"

"Nothing I haven't done before." He took a menacing step toward Daniel and Penelope where they lay on the floor. "But it wasn't me that donned the poor man's horns. You made a mockery of him."

"I … I …" Julie hugged her bare breasts and shrunk into her mattress.

"Begone demon." Khadra, dressed only in her panties, stepped into the room holding a box of salt and a fiery demeanor. She poured a half circle of salt on the floor around Frederick, but faltered when he fixed her with his dark stare. How could she get behind the creature without stepping too close to him?

"Look at what a harlot you've become." Frederick spat the words. "Your head uncovered. Your dark globes exposed to man. Men who are not your husband …"

As he talked, Eloise improbably crawled from under the bed behind him. She stood and made eye contact with Khadra. The pregnant woman in Victorian dress nodded to the box of salt. Frederick did not see his wife behind him.

"My offer is not forfeit," Frederick continued. "I can reunite you with your husband."

"Don't." Daniel looked up at her. "Mr. Samatar is dead, I think. I saw him. I think Mr. Palmer killed him."

Fury spread on Khadra's face, contorting her pretty features into something almost unrecognizable. She looked back and forth between Daniel and Frederick. Khadra then dropped the box of salt in front of her and kicked it right through Frederick's spread legs. Eloise stopped the box with her foot, picked it up and finished the circle around her husband.

"You took my husband?" Khadra stepped toward Frederick as he stood frozen.

Frederick did nothing more than wink at her.

"Goodbye, dearie." Eloise waved her hand through Frederick's chest. The apparition fragmented and evaporated.

“Is he gone?” Daniel moved Penelope off him and sat up with his back against the wall. He rubbed the back of his head.

“For now.” Eloise stepped over to the naked Khadra and took her into an embrace. “Thank you. I did not know he had come by a sacrifice. He’s stronger than I thought. I am aggrieved at the loss of your husband.”

“Is he …?” Tears rolled down Khadra’s cheeks. She let herself be drawn into the cold, demonic embrace. Had she really made allies with one of their kind? “Is he really gone?”

“It seems so.” Eloise patted her back. “Frederick hid it from me. I couldn’t see.” She led Khadra to the bed and sat her on the edge. Eloise looked down at George as he continued to snore.

“Is my husband okay?” Julie looked on at the strange scene. A tightness pulled at her chest.

“That was a fine trick orchestrated by our friend here.” Eloise rested her pale hand on Khadra’s dark shoulder. The binary stones on her wedding ring shone in the first rays of sunlight peeking through the window. “Mrs. Samatar and I pushed Frederick and his influence some distance from us. But watch your George closely. If he seems to wander astray, it may be wise to move him from the house for a while.”

“What did he mean by thorn and vine?” Daniel stood up and helped Penelope to her feet.

“My partner and I once tricked my husband after his death into a prison of his own making just outside the house.” Eloise pressed her lips together. “But we didn’t have the strength to keep him there.”

“But you’re getting stronger?” Daniel walked over to the bed, sat next to Khadra, and put his arm around the crying woman, trying to comfort her.

“I am.” Eloise nodded. “But if we were to try and lock him away again, for good, we would need more strength still.”

“I’ll do what I have to,” Daniel said. “We’ll all do what we have to.”

Julie, Penelope, and Khadra all nodded at this. George continued his soft snores.

“Very good.” Eloise smiled. Warmth emanated from her freckled face. And she told them how they could raise the energy needed to deal with Frederick and his troublesome God once and for all.

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Days passed and Frederick stayed away. Khadra put another ward in front of the locked room, but she doubted he was in there. She searched her feelings to see if Frederick had spoken true about her husband. Had her departed Maxamed somehow fallen under the evil man’s spell? Khadra couldn’t find his spirit, but such tasks were difficult without her dreamstone.

The twins continued to console and comfort Khadra with their bodies. It became clear Daniel had successfully planted his seed inside the dark woman as her belly swelled. That meant he was going to be a father four times over. At the least.

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It was inevitable that Julie would find the twins together. It happened late one cold night. She put on a lace bra and panties and threw a long robe over her lingerie. The house was so chilly whenever the temperature dropped near zero. She looked back at her sleeping husband. He'd done so much better in the last few weeks. Julie hoped that the poor man would continue to keep his focus on the house and lead his charmed, unsuspecting life. She wondered what would happen when George finally finished his work on the house. Would they actually sell it? Even with the threat of Frederick's return, Julie didn't want to leave.

Julie slipped out of the room and padded down the hall toward Daniel's room. The night before, she'd visited Brittney. So, now it was her son's turn to share in his mother's body and soul. A fire burned inside Julie. She needed the twins more and more every day. When she wasn't with them, she often caught herself daydreaming about the pleasures they gave her over and over again.

The great clock tick-tocked, echoing off the old walls. Julie arrived at Daniel's door and let herself in. She closed the door behind her and turned toward his bed. She froze when she heard a soft moan, and then her eyes caught sight of Brittney's small frame slowly undulating on top of her brother. "Oh, my." Julie put her hand to her mouth. "I … I didn't mean to interrupt."

Brittney turned her elfin face toward her mother and smiled. "It's okay, Mom. We … uh … uh … like having you here."

"Yeah." Daniel had a dreamy smile on his face with his head on the pillow. "Remember what we talked about?"

"You mean …" Julie's eyes widened. "You're doing her without a condom right now?"

"He is," Brittney purred. "And he's already … oooohhhhh … cum in me once tonight." She made slow circles with her hips.

"Oh, my." Julie's pussy flooded at the thought of what she was witnessing. "In your vagina?"

"In her pussy, yeah." Daniel gripped Brittney's hips and ground her down on him with a little more force.

"In her pussy," Julie whispered. "You'll get her pregnant for sure."

"He probably already has." Brittney lost focus for a second and her eyes rolled as Daniel's long cock moved around some of her organs. She refocused on her mom. "It's good, Mom. Danny and I have always been … close. Now we're even closer. I'm going to have his baby."

"We're all having Danny's babies, aren't we?" Julie rubbed her legs together. "Okay, I'll let you two have some space." She put her hand on the doorknob. She needed to rub her pussy.

"No, Mom. Stay." Brittney leaned back a little, pushing her large breasts away from her chest. She put her hands behind her on Daniel's thighs. "What's … oooohhhhhh … under the robe?"

“Oh … um … Danny likes when I wear sexy underwear for him.” Julie took her hand off the doorknob.

“I bet I’d … ugh … like it, too.” Brittney looked her tall mom up and down. She was so sexy. “That’s no fair that you only show Danny.”

“You’re a girl … so I didn’t think … I didn’t think you’d like that stuff.” Julie took a deep breath and dropped the robe to the floor. “Do you like it, pumpkin?” Julie spun a slow pirouette for them.

“Damn, Mom.” Brittney’s eyes glazed over. “You are so hot.” The lingerie had clearly been purchased after Julie had taken her deal, because the bra somewhat fit. But even so, her boobs spilled over the top, and her panties looked skimpier than intended under her bulging belly. “Did my dumb dad buy that for you? And now … ah … it’s for us.”

“Don’t you start up on your father too, Britney.” Julie frowned at her writhing daughter. “He’s fragile right now. I don’t want to talk about him that way.”

“Come on, Mom.” Daniel laughed and lightly smacked Brittney’s right boob. “Dad practically handed you over to us. His own teenagers. He’s pretty stupid when it comes to protecting his wife.”

Julie felt her face go hot with embarrassment. They were only eighteen and George had let her fall for them. Of course, the twins were right. George was a fool. There was no other explanation.

“Come on over, Mom.” Daniel could hear his sister’s pussy squelch with all their combined cum as she slowly rode him. A sound as sweet as music.

“Okay.” Julie reached behind her and unclasped her bra. She let it fall, and her heavy boobs dropped out of confinement. She hooked her thumbs in her panties and slowly shimmied them down her legs, very aware of the show she gave the humping twins as her breasts hung down in front of her. She tossed her panties aside and walked slowly toward the bed. “Are we really going to do this? All three of us, together?”

“Come sit on my face.” Daniel beckoned her over, his smile spreading.

“Really?” Julie felt so clumsy climbing onto the bed and straddling her son’s handsome face. She was so much bigger than they were. Julie’s brown eyes locked on Brittney’s blue ones as Daniel’s tongue found Julie’s slit. “Oh, Brit, he’s really wonderful, isn’t he?” Julie wasn’t sure what to do with her hands, so she held them in the air awkwardly as she watched her daughter’s lust-filled face.

“He is. And so … aaahhhhhh … are you. You’re both … ugh … the best.” Brittney approached another climax. “Grab my tits, Mom.”

“Tits?” Julie reached out and hefted her daughter’s boobs. She rolled the puffy nipples gently between her fingers. “Oh, Danny. You’re already … going to … make me …” Julie’s shoulders twitched as her pleasure built.

“Mmmppphhhhhh.” Danny relished the moment. His first time with the both Anderson women. Penelope would go wild when he told her all about it.

“Cummmiiiinnnnnnggggg.” Brittney tossed her head back and forth, her senses completely overrun with ecstasy. If she wasn’t already pregnant, she hoped that night would be the night. How perfect to get to share that moment with her mother.

A couple hours later, Daniel worked his way toward his fourth and final orgasm of the night. His mother was on her stomach on the bed, and Brittney lay on Julie's back, hugging her. Both Anderson asses were on display for Daniel, and he alternated between his mother's pussy and ass, and his sister's pussy. The room had the rich tropical scent of his cum. So strong that it overpowered their sweat. Sperm matted Brittney and Julie's hair, and dried on their skin.

"Ooooooohhhhhhhhhh." Julie let another orgasm rip through her as Daniel pounded her butt. Her daughter's sweet voice was in her ear, telling her what a good mom she was to do them both. When Julie's orgasm passed, Daniel's huge thing pulled out of her butt. She felt her daughter tense on top her.

"No, Danny. No, no, no. It won't fit." Brittney squirmed on top of her mom, her pussy now rubbing a little on the small of Julie's back.

"Mom takes it back there all the time." Daniel's dick was coated in cum and he knew it would slide in without too much effort. He rubbed the wide head on her cute, little asshole.

"She only … ow … she only gave her butt to you so you wouldn't knock her up." It didn't actually hurt yet, but every nudge back there gave Brittney the expectation of pain.

"That's true, Brit. But then she liked it. Obviously, we still do it even though she's pregnant." Daniel pushed just a little so that the very tip of the head opened her up ever so slightly. "Tell her, Mom."

Julie still panted from her orgasm. Her face pressed into the sheets. She turned her head to the side to talk. "I … do like it … I never thought I would … but …"

"See?" Daniel pushed a little more.

"It doesn't really hurt." Brittney's muscles clenched and unclenched. "Do you really like it that much, Mom?" Brittney pushed her brown hair to the side and then brushed her mom's hair off her face so she could see her.

"I do." Julie nodded. Electric sparks still played with her nerve endings. "But … you have to do … what you feel … comfortable with."

"Um …" Brittney knew this was a pivotal moment. If she went forward with this, Daniel would completely resize her. But, much to her surprise, having the tip stretching her felt good. Different and good. And why shouldn't she let him try it? She'd given him everything else she had to give. "Go slow and stop if it hurts."

"Sure." Daniel applied a bit more pressure.

A mother wasn't supposed to experience such moments. Julie could feel Brittney trembling on top of her, and her daughter's grip tightened on her mother. Heck, twins weren't supposed to experience such moments together. But there they all were.

"It's okay … it's okay …" Brittney shuddered. It hurt a little, but nothing like what she would have thought. She let him push further. "Is it … all in?

"You're a champ, Brit." Daniel couldn't take his eyes off his disappearing dick. He was certain the deal was responsible for the way her butt allowed him in. "But we've got a long way to go."

“Oh, gosh.” Julie could hear her daughter’s sharp intake of breath as Daniel explored her guts. “Give it up to him, Brit.” Julie gripped the sheets with her fists, full of empathy for Brittney. “Give him your butt.”

A few minutes later, Daniel hit home, fully buried in his sister. A minute after that, he settled into a nice rhythm. He supported his weight with his hands pressed onto the top of Brittney’s butt. He hoped it wasn’t too much pressure for his mom’s pregnant belly. “How … is it?” He was getting close. Her butt was so tight, and her squeals so sweet. Having their mom underneath was sublime.

“It’s good … I think … I like it.” A new kind of pleasure surged through her. “Ooooooohhhhhhhh. I … do … like it.”

“That’s my girl … Brit.” Daniel wanted to spare his mom a full pounding. He tried to take it easy.

“Cum in her, Danny.” Julie was beside herself. There was no training manual for motherhood. But even if there had been, there certainly wouldn’t have been a chapter on what was happening in Daniel’s bedroom that night. “Go ahead. Put your seed … in your sister’s butt.” She looked over her shoulder to see Brittney’s teeth clenched and her eyes gazing at nothing.

“Ggggggpppppphhhhhhh.” Brittney experienced her first anal climax.

Hearing his sister cum sent Daniel over the edge, too. His soft grunts filled the room, and his cum filled Brittney.

When he finished, he rolled off them and lay next to the women he loved. Brittney slid off her mom in between Julie and Daniel. She put her arm around Daniel and snuggled close. Julie turned on her side, pressed her boobs into Brittney’s back, and threw her arm over both twins. Together, they drifted off to sleep.

~~

A knock on the door woke Daniel, Julie, and Brittney. They all sat up quickly on the bed. The room was a mess and the three of them were a mess. The smell in the room was unmistakable. Bright morning light streamed through the windows.

“Danny, you awake?” George knocked again.

“Yeah, Dad.” Daniel looked at his mom with a questioning eyebrow. What should he say? Julie shook her head, her eyes very wide. Brittney covered herself back up with the blanket. “What’s up?”

“Can I come in?” George sounded tired.

“Did you lock the door?” Daniel whispered to Julie.

Julie shrugged. She honestly didn’t remember. She’d been so surprised to find Brittney humping Daniel last night. Should she get up and get dressed quickly? Pretend she was just checking on her son? She

looked down at her exposed boobs covered in dried cum. And then she looked at Brittney. They were all a mess. They couldn't let George in that room.

"Sorry, Dad. I'm naked." Daniel expected that would keep him out.

"Well, have you seen your mother?" There was a little thump as George leaned his head on the door. "I woke up and she was gone. I couldn't find her."

"Um …" Daniel wasn't quite sure how to handle this. Then he remembered it was just his dumb, old dad. He could misdirect. "Give me a couple minutes and I'll help you look. She's probably fixing something in the house or something."

"I didn't see her in the laundry room," George said.

"There are other rooms that need fixing, Dad," Daniel called through the door. "Why don't you go check the first floor and I'll be down in a minute?"

"Sure." George walked off toward the stairs.

Daniel got up and threw on some clothes. He was still a smelly mess, but he didn't have time to shower. "I'll go take care of Dad." He kissed his mom and sister on their cheeks. They looked a little tense. "You two hit the showers. When we hear the showers running, I'll tell him he must have just missed you in the bathroom."

"He'll believe that?" Julie got out of bed, picked up her lingerie, and put on her robe.

"Probably." Daniel shrugged. "If not, we'll make up some other story. I feel a little bad gaslighting the old man, but it's better than him finding out. Right?"

"Yeah." Julie said.

Brittney nodded her agreement. She got up and threw on the first clothes she found, some of Daniel's pajamas.

"Okay." Daniel opened the door and checked the hall. "He's gone."

Daniel left the room and went to find his father downstairs. The women headed for the showers.

~~

"I married the wrong Anderson brother." Penelope smiled up at her skinny, sweaty brother-in-law. She looked down between her breasts to where her blond pussy was, but all she could see was her swelling belly. The thought hit her hard, Brad didn't deserve to raise Daniel's child. "So, what happened after your mom came in?"

"It was so hot, Pen." Daniel plowed Penelope on her marital bed, his hands clasped her ankles, holding her long, pale legs wide open. He could see his dick exploring her pussy quite clearly. He loved their

afterschool visits. He told her all about giving his sister her first anal with their mother lying beneath them.

“You fit in her little butt?” Penelope squealed as Daniel hit a pleasure point deep inside her, and she thought of the holier-than-thou Anderson women giving themselves completely to Daniel.

“Yeah.” Daniel smiled and slammed her harder. He’d already cum in her pussy and was in no hurry to fill her up again.

“And you’re going to give her a baby? Both of them are having your babies?” Penelope pressed her head back into the mattress. Thank God the house chose her to be part of this hedonism. It had become the central pillar to her life.

“And Mrs. Samatar and Mrs. Haskins.” Daniel used Penelope’s soft calf to wipe sweat off his forehead.

“But you got me pregnant first, right?”

“No, I think that was my mom.” Daniel shook his head, his blond hair stuck to his forehead.

Penelope couldn’t bring herself to frown, she felt too good. “Well, I was second, right?”

“Yes.”

“I’ll take good care of your baby, Danny.” Penelope put her hands on her belly. “I promise.”

“I know you will. You’ll be the perfect mom.”

“Oh, Jesus.” A tide of ecstasy pushed at the shores of her mind. “You’ve turned me into so many things. And now you’ve made me a mother.” She closed her eyes, fondled her belly, and came on his giant dick.

A while later, they lay in bed together, Penelope brushing her fingers over Daniel’s meager chest. Cum slowly spilled out of her pussy and stained the sheets below. “What would you say if I told you I wanted to leave my husband?”

“Really?” Daniel sat up a little, leaning his head on the fabric headboard. “Wow. I don’t know. I mean … Brad is kind of a dick.”

“He is,” Penelope whispered. She so desperately needed Daniel’s support.

“Is this because of me?” He looked into her pretty, blue eyes.

“Well, of course.” Penelope nodded, running her fingers down his flat belly. “And the baby.”

“I thought you were going to raise the baby with Brad.”

“Do you want Brad raising your baby?” Penelope’s slight smile was hopeful.

“Well, no.” Now that he thought about it, Daniel didn’t want Brad near any of his babies.

“Neither do I.” She reached down and squeezed his soft cock. It was so much bigger than Brad’s. It was almost like the two brothers were different species.

“So, what are you going to do?” Daniel’s mind raced. His mom was not going to be happy with him for breaking up his brother’s marriage.

“Well, I’ll think it over for a few days. And then I’m probably going to tell him I want to separate. And I’ll give him the house.” She squeezed his cock a little more urgently. It pushed back at her. This conversation was going about as well as could be.

“Wow.” Daniel frowned. Would she move back home with her parents? “Where will you go?”

“I’m going to talk to your mom about moving in with you.” Penelope stroked her hand up and down, leaned forward, and kissed the head of his cock. Her boobs hung and draped themselves on Daniel’s stomach.

“What?” Daniel watched her expertly take care of his dick. “I mean, it’ll be tough getting my mom on board. She’s gonna be pissed about Brad.”

“You’ll need to back me up, Danny.” She kissed the head again, her wedding ring pressed against his cock flesh.

“I’ll do … uh … what I can.” Daniel would like having her around the house all the time.

“Thank you. We have about an hour before Brad comes home. One more time? I’ll let you have my butt like your mom and sister.” Penelope took him into her mouth. He was now fully hard. She pushed him slowly down her throat.

“Yeah, Okay.” Daniel wound his fingers in her silky, blond hair.

~~

A week later, Daniel found Julie in his room collecting laundry. “Hey, Mom. Do you have a minute?” He admired her round ass, outlined beautifully in her dress as she bent over to pick up some of his socks.

“Not if you’re thinking what I think you’re thinking.” Julie straightened, smiled, and looked at the lump in his pants. How could he keep going and going? With Khadra, Brittney, and Julie the sex had been almost constant in their house. It was a wonder they’d been able to keep it secret from George. “I need to get some laundry done. Your father volunteered to do the wash a while ago, but he hasn’t been getting it very clean.” She picked up her laundry basket, put it on her hip, and headed for the door.

“It doesn’t always have to be about sex, Mom. Sometimes I just want to talk.” He followed her out into the hall and down the stairs.

“I’ve got your number, mister.” Julie chuckled to herself. It was nice to know she could still set boundaries with him. “If you want to talk, what’s up?”

“Can I carry that for you?” Daniel liked watching her go about domestic chores, but she was pregnant and maybe it wasn’t good to carry around a heavy basket. He didn’t know for sure.

“Yes, thank you, pumpkin.” Julie stopped on the stairs and handed him the basket. She then continued downstairs.

“Have you heard from Brad or Penelope recently?” Daniel couldn’t help watching her butt sway as he followed her.

“Not for a little while. Did you hear something?” Julie looked back over her shoulder at him. They walked down the hall past the kitchen.

“No, just wondering.” Daniel descended the basement stairs right after Julie.

“You haven’t been sneaking over to see Penelope, have you?” Julie stepped next to her son in the basement and playfully bumped him with her hip as they walked. “You don’t need to answer that. Of course you have.”

“You’re not mad?” Daniel waited as his mom opened the door to the laundry room.

“Why would I …” Julie opened the door and looked into the unfinished part of the basement. “Oh, my gosh.”

“What is it?” Daniel stared through the doorway with wide eyes. “I’m not sure what I’m looking at.” What was once a mostly empty space with a few utilities and pipes, was now a maze of blue and red PEX piping. The room was webbed with the stuff from floor to ceiling. There was barely enough room to move in there. It looked like an obstacle course.

“Danny?” The color drained from Julie’s face. “Where’s your father?”

“I think he’s taking a nap.” Daniel dropped the laundry basket at his feet with a thud.

“This is what he’s been doing down here?” She tried to trace just one pipe with her eyes to see where it went, but lost it in the chaos. “We … um … we need to give him a break from the house.”

“Agreed.” Daniel nodded. “This is nuts.”

“Yes.” Julie put her hand on Daniel’s shoulder. “Your dumb father has gone a bit crazy. Let’s go pack his things.”

They turned together and headed for the stairs.

Chapter 24

“Don’t forget to pack your underwear, George.” Julie opened the top drawer of George’s dresser and took out his white briefs. She hadn’t ever thought much about them, but she held one up. She couldn’t help comparing it to the underwear she’d helped Daniel purchase. Daniel’s had that sexy pouch for all that junk he carried around. It hugged his body to accentuate his manhood. George’s underwear looked like it was made for a child. She tossed several pairs into George’s suitcase.

“You sure it’s alright that I’m going?” George sat on the bed and watched his wife pack. He watched her round butt move under her dress and wondered at how lucky he’d been to marry her. She got more and more beautiful with age.

“You need to take some time away.” Julie quickly glanced at him over her shoulder, embarrassed that she’d just unfavorably compared his underwear to Daniel’s. “Clearly the project is getting to you. We should have taken some time off before buying this house. Your sister’s place will be perfect for some relaxation.”

“And the house?” He watched her boobs jiggle under her bra and dress as she worked to close the overstuffed suitcase.

“I’ll keep working on it. Maybe the twins will help.” Julie zipped the suitcase closed and sighed with relief. “You can take as much time as you need.”

“Okay.” George gave her a weak smile. “Thank you, Jules.”

“You’re welcome, George.” She patted him on the head like he was a child. “Now, let’s get you to the airport.”

~~

“Oh, hello, Brittney.” Erin twisted her mouth into a small frown. The wrong Anderson twin waited for her in the storage room. “What … um … what are you doing here? Aren’t you in Mrs. Roland’s class right now?”

“Are you upset Danny isn’t here?” Brittney could see the principal squirming in her skirt suit. The woman’s belly stretched her jacket so that her blouse poked out below the buttons. “After New Year’s in the basement, I thought you might like a little one-on-one time with me.” Brittney smiled, pulled her skirt in front of her, and gave Erin a little curtsy.

“I … um … I …” Erin was flabbergasted. She had made out with another woman that night. And she had, somehow, liked it. But would she give herself to an eighteen-year-old student? To one of the girls she was charged with educating? Things were topsy-turvy. Something told Erin that Brittney wanted to be the one educating her. “Well … I don’t … well … you see …”

“Don’t you want to get to know your students better?” Brittney winked.

“Um … um … um …” Erin looked back at the open door behind her.

Brittney laughed, a soft, pretty cascade of sound. “I’m only kidding, Mrs. Haskins. Danny’s late. He’ll be here in a sec.” She cocked her head at her principal. “But, I mean, I guess I wasn’t totally kidding. We are going to do stuff. You’re cool with that, right?”

“I … I … guess so.” Erin’s cheeks felt very hot, and her panties were even wetter than when she’d walked in the room.

“Sorry I’m late.” Danny stepped in behind Erin and closed the door. He locked it from the inside. “Did you tell her already?”

“Not yet.” Brittney shook her head with some exuberance. Ganging up on the principal was so much fun. “But I’ll do it, if you want.”

“Sure.” Daniel walked over to Erin, leaned his face up to hers and kissed her on the lips. Her round belly pushed back at his flat one.

While the two lovebirds made out, Brittney walked up behind Erin, placed a hand on Erin’s butt, and got up on her tippy-toes to whisper in the woman’s ear. “To keep everyone safe, we need your help.”

“Mmmppphhh.” Erin made a move to pull away from Daniel’s kiss, but he held her by the hips and pressed his thin body into her. Even with his sister at her ear, she melted for him. What on Earth were they planning?

“We need you to do some things for us.” Brittney delicately nibbled Erin’s earlobe. She could feel the principal trembling through her hand on Erin’s ass. Brittney adored the power she and her brother had over these women. It filled her with boundless confidence. She thought about how disappointed she’d been by sex with this woman’s son. And how she was about to change Ted’s life. She wondered if Erin would be as disappointed as Brittney had been. “You need to bring us women with sons. Older boys only, at least eighteen years old.”

Erin finally broke the kiss, but stayed, trembling, in the twins’ embrace. “You want me to bring you mothers and sons?” She didn’t understand.

“No, just the mothers. They will take care of their sons on their own.” Daniel pulled down her skirt, tights, and panties. He put a finger in her wet slit.

“Ooohhhh. Take care of?” Erin closed her eyes.

“It’s not a euphemism, Mrs. Haskins.” Brittney stuck her index finger in her own mouth coating it with saliva. She then reached down and inserted it in Erin’s butt. The poor woman’s ass cheeks flexed as Brittney entered her. The twins fingered her together. “They really will take very good care of them. Start with women that live close to our house. The closer the better.”

“What will you … ugh … do?” Erin’s mind reeled.

“We’ll convince them to help us. Just as we’re convincing you.” Daniel pistoned his finger in and out her, looking up at her contorting face. “You don’t need to do anything but bring them here. Tell them it’s a special mother-principal conference or something.”

“I … ugh … ugh… uuuuuggghhhhhhhhhh.” Erin climaxed standing between those siblings. Their fingers worked her holes throughout her orgasm.

“I’m going to do her now.” Daniel turned the dazed principal around, placed her hands on a nearby shelf, and sunk his dick into her pussy.

“Can I have a turn after?” Brittney stood next to the mating couple. She unbuttoned Erin’s jacket, rubbed her burgeoning belly, and cupped her heavy boobs as Erin absorbed Daniel’s thrusts from behind.

“Of … ah … ah … course.” Daniel had that dreamy smile on his face that he got with his women.

While still groping Erin, Brittney leaned back in and whispered in her ear. “And you need to do something else for us.”

“Wwwhhhhhaaattttttt?” Erin’s brain warred between the wrongness of their requests, and the rightness of the pleasure they showered upon her.

“You need to seduce Ted. That is the bond that truly builds our power.” Brittney reached her hand under her own skirt and stroked her button. “But don’t worry, it should be easy. Almost all young men with pretty moms would say yes to their mother’s pussy. Right?”

“Yeah … that’s the truth …” Daniel plowed her harder at the thought of Erin riding her simpering son. Would she tell Ted that it was Daniel’s baby inside her?

“You want … me to … uuuggghhhhh …” The thought of taking her eighteen-year-old son into her bed seared at her brain. “… to have sex … with Ted?”

“It’s not a matter of want, Mrs. Haskins. We’re not asking,” Brittney purred. “We need you to do it. You’re going to have sex with my ex-boyfriend. And you’re going to do your best to make sure he likes it. That he comes back for more. And when you need a real cock, Daniel will be waiting for you.”

“Ooooooohhhhhhhhhhh.” Erin’s mind smoldered with the thoughts the twins put there. She would do it. She would give these teenagers anything they wanted. If they wanted mothers, she would bring them the very best ones she could find. If they wanted her to corrupt her own sweet son, then that is what would happen. A massive orgasm took control of her body and soul.

A little while later, Brittney stood with her legs spread wide. Her principal squatted in front of her, licking Brittney’s pussy for all she was worth. Brittney could tell this was Erin’s first time servicing a woman, but Erin’s enthusiasm made up for her lack of skill. And the wife and mother would learn how to please a woman over time. Brittney would certainly give her lots of practice.

“Are you close? We have to get back to class soon.” Daniel stood next to his sister, his still hard dick pressed against her hip. He played with one of her puffy nipples, kissed her narrow neck occasionally, and listed to her mewl.

“Am I … doing … it … okay?” Erin said between licks. She knew there was a puddle of Daniel’s cum on the concrete floor below her, as his stuff slowly dripped out of her vagina. She still wore her jacket and blouse despite the twins’ nudity. She hoped Brittney’s wetness wasn’t dripping on her nice suit.

“Good … enough.” Brittney’s legs shook uncontrollably. “I’m … there …” She dug her nails deeper into her principal’s hair, forcing the woman’s pretty face deeper into her pussy. “Yyyyeeeessssssssss.” It wasn’t the best orgasm she’d ever had. Heck, it probably wouldn’t be the best orgasm of the day. But it would do. Brittney’s nerve endings continued to spark as they dressed afterward.

Once they all had clothes on, Daniel looked over at Erin. “Your face is a mess, Mrs. Haskins. Hey Brit, do you have a towel in your bag?”

“Oh, yeah.” Brittney unzipped her backpack and pulled out a small towel. “Here you go.” She handed the towel to Erin and watched her wipe Brittney’s cum off her face. It was a beautiful sight.

“That looks better.” Daniel took the towel from the shellshocked woman. “Text me when you have a mom for us and we’ll meet you here. Okay?”

Erin nodded.

“And don’t forget to take care of Ted.” Brittney slung her backpack over her shoulders.

“Oh, my.” Erin had such a strange feeling in her belly thinking about what she was going to do. Would Ted even want her?

“We’ll take that as an affirmative.” Daniel gave her a thumbs up. “We’ll leave first, you wait a few minutes. Okay?”

Erin nodded dumbly again. She would do whatever those teenagers asked.

~~

How nice it was to have her bedroom to herself. Julie undressed, shivered in the cold, and quickly got under the covers. Outside her window, she could just barely make out the large flakes of snow making their steady fall to earth. She curled up on her side of the bed and snuggled into her pillow.

With George gone, she had her whole king-sized bed to herself. She stretched out and scooted to the center. She could sleep wherever she wanted. What a strange feeling. It had been so long since George wasn’t beside her. She stretched her body out in the cold sheets and let sleep take her.

Dreams flowed around her. The tight embrace of thorny vines gripped Julie. The more she struggled, the more the thorns dug into her flesh. It was too much. She was trapped.

“Mom.” Daniel’s voice carried into her dream. “Wake up, Mom.”

The vines shook her by the shoulders. Her eyes fluttered open. Her son stood in the darkness above her, shaking her awake. He wore his flannel pajamas, and his blond hair stood every which way. It looked like he’d just woken up, too. “Danny? What is it, pumpkin?”

“Mom … I … um …” He bit his lip and smiled down at her deep, brown eyes, just barely visible in the gloom. “Could I … I mean … are you lonely?”

“What?” Julie shrugged away her evil dream away and sat up, holding the sheet over her naked breasts. “What are you talking about?”

“I was wondering if you wanted company in bed tonight with Dad gone.” Daniel’s smile turned hopeful.

“Do you need me to take care of it again? Because you and your sister tired me out tonight. And that was …” She looked at her bedside clock. “And that was only four hours ago.”

“No, Mom.” Without waiting for an invite, Daniel got under the covers. He snuggled into the warmth of the bed, sliding up right next to Julie. “I just want to be close to you and … you know … fill in for Dad while he’s gone.”

“You think you’re the man of the house now that he’s gone, is that it?” Julie sighed and let his slender body nestle up to her curves. She turned onto her side, and his face was only inches from hers. His club of a penis knocked on her pregnant belly like it wanted to get in.

“Does the man of the house get unlimited blowjobs?” Daniel kissed the tip of her nose.

“Well, I guess.” Julie rolled her eyes.

“Then I’m the man of the house.” Daniel laughed along with his mother. He put his hand on the top of her head and pushed her slowly under the covers.

“I thought this wasn’t about taking care of you again.” Julie let him move her down. It was so warm and cozy under there. Once her head was even with his penis, she pulled down his pajamas and underwear, running her fingers along his great length.

“That was before I knew about my man of the house privileges.” Daniel lay on his side as his mom took him in her mouth. “Oh, Mom. My dumb dad doesn’t know what he’s missing.”

“Mmmmmmmm.” Julie rolled her tongue around that bloated head. She would never grow tired of that magnificent cock.

Later, with a belly full of cum, Julie sighed contentedly and let Daniel spoon her as they drifted off to sleep. How nice that she wouldn’t have to wake in a panic and rush back to her room later. She was in her own room, with her loving son wrapping his arm around her. She could get used to that.

In her dream, Julie looked for the heart of their mansion. She could hear the steady thump behind the fireplace in Daniel’s room. She found a secret button, pushed it, and watched burning fire turn sideways. Time to find the center of everything. She descended down the stairs. So many stairs. She must have traveled beyond the basement, beyond the house’s foundation. Deeper and deeper into the earth she stepped, her hand brushing against the wall, her feet carefully taking each stone step one after another. After a while, the wall under her fingertips grew warmer. The beating of the heart grew louder.

The stairs ended against a stone wall. Julie felt around for some way through, her finger depressing a small button. The wall spun. She looked through the gap she’d created into a long room. A small, tweedy man sat reading Turgenev in an armchair. He looked up and smiled at her. Behind him, on the wall, was a tall grandfather clock. Its machinations were open to the world and truly horrific. The gears were made of broken bone and grisly sinew. The pendulum hung from ropes of intestine. And the pendulum

itself was a human heart that beat with each swing. Blood spurted from the thing every time it pulsed, pooling at the base of the clock.

The man's smile faded as he took in her face. He turned to look where her gaze fell, then turned back to her. "Oh, that." He shook his head. "Not our doing, I assure you. But when life gives you lemons …" He shrugged.

"Where am I?" Julie looked around the room. Was it a library? The walls were covered in shelves, and the shelves were covered in books and other miscellany.

"Good question. You are a sharp woman." The man said. "I've always liked that about you. You are … you are …"

The room blurred and the man's voice echoed.

"Mom?" Brittney's voice filled Julie's head.

"What?" She opened her eyes to see her daughter's pretty face only a few inches from her in the dark.

"I said, why is Danny sleeping with you?" Brittney screwed up her face like Julie had just given Daniel the jar of cookies, but had offered none to her other children.

Daniel snored softly behind Julie, his arm tight around her, his hand firmly holding her round belly.

"Oh." Julie blinked her eyes. "He was concerned I'd be lonely."

Brittney smirked. "He's trying to replace Dad."

"No, that's not it," Julie whispered so that she wouldn't wake up her son.

"Well, if Danny gets to replace Dad, so do I." Brittney slid under the covers. "Okay?" She latched her mouth on Julie's large nipple and drank her milk.

"Oooohhhhh." Julie cupped the back of her daughter's head and let her drink. "You can both fill in for him until he gets back." How sweet it was to have Brittney at her breast. Daniel snored, Brittney gulped, and Julie found her bed a good deal more crowded than it had been.

Eventually, of course, Brittney's hand made its way down to Julie's pussy, and she brought her mother to a trembling orgasm. Julie then returned the favor. When they were satisfied, Brittney turned over on her side, facing away from her mother, and the three Andersons spooned as they slept.

The great library waited for Julie in her dreams. The man looked up from his book, with his warm, avuncular smile. "Back so soon?"

"You … um … didn't answer my question." Julie couldn't take her eyes off the dreadful clock, tick-tocking away. She realized that what was once the heart of a woman had become the heart of a house.

"You're in my home." The man looked around the expansive room. The coved ceiling was painted like the nighttime sky. "This is the wilds really. My old place was nicer than this, but I had jealous, bitter roommates."

“You’re the Devil.” Julie took a step back and put a hand to her bosom. Her long, Victorian dress, trailed on the stone floor in front of her as she backpedaled.

“That’s an ugly perspective.” The man frowned. “And lacking in truth. I am the brightest of the angels. The Day Star, kindler of freedom.”

“Well, hello, Day Star.” Julie stepped closer to him again, her feet treading on a colorful, finely woven rug. Day Star didn’t look terrible. Just a frumpy, little man. “What do you want with my family?”

“Ah, the lioness out to protect her cubs.” Day Star stood and bowed. “Never fear. It is not what I can take, but what I can give. I want only to ease the burden of His rules. God binds humanity so tight, that people cannot help but pop under His pressure. I ease His restrictions. God and I actually got into a bit of tiff over this. He didn’t seem to want to hear any other points of view.”

“You corrupt people.” Julie eyed him carefully as she moved away from the roaring fire that had been her entryway into the room.

“Corruption is simply taking a complex, tightly bound thing and returning it to its baser parts.” Day Star shrugged. “So … guilty. I guess.”

“You corrupted me.” Julie’s brow furrowed.

“I gave you a choice. You chose, Mrs. Anderson. Not me.” Day Star sat back in his chair, he looked bored with the conversation. “Anyway, would you go back? I could put you in that real estate office right now. Mr. Pedler is just warning you about the house. You could take his warning this time, cancel the sale, and never move into Palmer Mansion. I’ll give you a do-over, if you like.” He held up his fingers like he was about to snap them, waiting.

Julie didn’t know what to do. She stood silently for a long time.

“See?” Day Star dropped his hand without snapping his fingers. “It’s morning now. Time to wake up.”

“Time to wake up, Mom.” Daniel shook his mom as golden sunlight streamed in through the window.

“Oh, good morning, pumpkin.” Julie blinked her eyes open. What a fitful night. “I was just having the strangest dream.” She looked around. Her bed was full. Daniel on one side of her, sitting up and smiling. Brittney still sleeping on the other side. And beyond her daughter, Khadra slept soundly, too. When had she come into the room?

“Can we start off the day with some … you know?” Daniel’s hopeful smile widened.

“Without your father here, will this be a constant thing with you?” Julie sighed, she reached under the sheets to pull off her panties, but found they were already gone. She let her son climb between her legs. Her dream slipped from her mind about the same moment that massive penis slipped inside her.

“Yes.” Daniel nodded earnestly as he watched her heavy boobs rock to their movements. He so admired the way they hung to either side on her chest.

“Ooohhhhhh. You’re so big this morning. Uuuuggghhhhhhhh. So deep.” Julie opened herself to his thrusts and let him go to work. She looked over at the sleeping women in bed with her. Daniel had so

many choices now, she was flattered he still wanted his mother. She turned her gaze back up to her grunting son. “Not too … uh … uh … long now. You have to … get ready for … school.”

“I know … ugh … Mom. I’ll be … quick.” Daniel humped her for another half hour before he had his first orgasm of the day.

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“Just got a text from Mrs. Haskins.” Daniel looked over at his sister. They were lounging in the main living room working on homework, a fire merrily crackling in the hearth. “We’ve got our first conference with a school mom on Friday.”

“Has she …?” Brittney looked up with her eyebrows bunched together. She wasn’t sure that she wanted to ask the question. “Has she done it with Ted yet?”

“Let me see.” Daniel texted her. They sat in silence, listening to a log pop in the fireplace. Daniel’s phone vibrated and he read the message. “She tried, but Ted ran away. I’ll tell her to keep trying.”

“You know, if Ted resists his gorgeous mom. These women are going to resist us.” Brittney chewed on the end of her pencil, she lay on her stomach on the rug by the hearth, her feet slowly kicking the air. “It took us a long time to come around and see this was all for the best.”

“Right.” Daniel didn’t want to tell her that he’d succumbed to Eloise and her proposal almost at once. Teenage boys didn’t usually play hard to get, the evidence of Ted notwithstanding.

“So, how are we going to convince these women to help us? It’s a big ask.” Brittney looked up to her brother where he sat on the couch.

“Maybe we should talk to our girlfriend.” Daniel stood and offered a hand to Brittney. “She knows more about this stuff than we do.”

“Good idea.” Brittney took his hand and they went off looking for Khadra.

~~

“You want to make the demons more powerful?” Khadra folded laundry up in her room. She had neatly ordered piles for the family stacked all over her neatly made bed. Her knees had gone weak when the twins stepped into her room, but she tried to focus on the task at hand. She wanted to be useful to the Andersons. Well, at least, she wanted to be useful beyond the pleasure she had learned to provide with her body.

“When you put it that way …” Brittney frowned.

“We do.” Daniel nodded. “It’s the only way to get rid of Frederick once and for all.”

“The enemy of my enemy …” Khadra finished folding one of Daniel’s shirts and placed it neatly on a pile. She then turned, and went over to her dresser. She rummaged around and returned to the twins holding a perfectly smooth, blue stone. The thing was spherical and about the size of a football. “This is a dreamstone. I had it sent to me to the replace the one that … was lost.”

“This will help us?” Daniel took the dreamstone from Khadra and looked at his distorted reflection in the shiny surface.

“Not like this.” Khadra shook her head. She reached up and removed her hijab. She then slid out of her dress, standing before the twins in only her underwear. “The previous dreamstone accidentally acquired and magnified the power of Palmer House. If we put that power in this one too, it would help you.”

“How do we do that?” Brittney thought she might have guessed as she watched Khadra remove her bra and panties and expose them to her dark beauty. Her bulging belly was plain as day now.

“Leave the dreamstone on the bed while we … perform the acts the house desires.” Khadra stepped over to Brittney, put her arms around the teenager’s shoulders, and kissed her on the lips. As they made out, Khadra pulled her to the bed and they fell on the blanket, scattering the neatly folded piles of laundry.

“Nice.” Daniel undressed and brought the dreamstone with him to Khadra’s bed. Soon, he humped the small, dark woman from behind, while she pleased Brittney with her tongue.

When Daniel unloaded in Khadra’s pussy, a fissure appeared on the dreamstone’s smooth surface.

Brittney took a break, lying next to her brother as Khadra rode him. She watched the woman’s ass shake, as she took great bounces on that long cock. Brittney then looked to the stone and saw pulsing red veins spreading along its smooth, blue surface.

Khadra switched to grinding her hips. She reached down and put her left hand on the dreamstone. It was warmer than usual, she looked down and saw the blue fading to black. “Daniel … you’re doing it … you’re making me … uuuuggggggghhhhh … and you’re making it … turn … ooooohhhhhhhh.” With her hand still on the stone, Khadra trembled through a divine orgasm. The stone let out a crack, and the pulsing of its scarlet veins increased in tempo.

“It’s working, Danny.” Brittney’s blue eyes reflected the red light as she put her hand on top of Khadra’s.

“I’m going to …” Daniel carelessly tossed his hand on top of theirs and grunted out another orgasm inside Khadra.

By the time Daniel finished his third climax inside his sister, the stone was black as pitch, and glowed quite fiercely. Khadra had been right. The dreamstone was the perfect vehicle for the house’s power.

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Julie stepped out of the shower and walked into her bedroom, towel wrapped around her chest. She was exhausted. The twins had come to her together with their needs and she had given them what they

wanted for over an hour before dinner. It felt good to be clean and alone in her tidy bedroom. She walked over to the dresser, got out some panties, and shimmied them on. Julie was ready to relax, read a book, and think about what to do about Brad and Penelope.

A knock sounded on the door, it swung open, and Daniel and Brittney walked in. They were both wearing flannel pajamas and looked ready for bed.

“Your husband is here.” Daniel smiled at his mom, who stood with her towel on the floor around her feet and her arm covering her enormous tits.

“What?” Julie wondered if George had somehow returned from his sister’s.

“We didn’t want you to be lonely, so we thought we’d be your husband until Dad gets back.” Brittney walked past her mom into the bathroom and came back out with a hairbrush.

“I’ll be half-a-husband.” Daniel smiled, walked over to the bed, and fluffed the pillows.

“And I’m half-a-husband.” Brittney giggled as she brushed her mom’s long, brown hair.

Julie frowned at her children. “I’m your mother, not your wife. Don’t be crazy, you two.”

“Well, in some ways you’re like our wife.” Daniel folded the covers back and slid into bed.

“I’m tired, Danny.” Julie sighed. It did feel nice to have someone brush her hair and fluff her pillows for her. “No more sex today.”

Daniel and Brittney laughed, filling the room with warm, happy tones.

“What’s so funny?” Julie looked back at her daughter.

“It’s … just …” Brittney’s laughter faded and she finished brushing her mom’s hair. “… that’s what a wife would say. ‘No sex tonight, honey. I’m tired.’”

“Anyway. We’re not here for sex.” Daniel bounced his head on the pillow until he found a comfortable spot. “We’re sleeping in your room until Dad gets back.”

“Oh, you are, huh?” Julie let her arm drop, she didn’t know why she bothered hiding her boobs from them. They saw her tits all the time and sucked her milk regularly. Just like Daniel’s baby soon would. She shivered and rubbed her round belly.

“Yes.” Brittney kissed her mom’s smooth cheek, put the brush down, and climbed into bed with her brother. “We’re your husband now.”

“Fine.” Julie rolled her eyes. She’d humor them. She turned off the light and got into bed between them on her back. They both threw an arm over her chest and snuggled in. “There’s something we have to talk about.”

“A good marriage is built on communication.” Daniel giggled and Brittney joined in.

When they’d quieted down, Julie continued. “It seems your brother’s marriage is on the rocks. Penelope and I had lunch today while you were at school. She’d like to separate from Brad.”

“Oh, that’s terrible,” Daniel said without much conviction.

“Oh, yeah, too bad.” Brittney didn’t sound all that upset either.

“I know you two don’t always see eye to eye with your brother, but this is serious. We need to help them with their marriage. He has a baby on the way.” Julie looked out the window into the darkness. It did feel good to have the twins snuggled up on either side of her.

“It’s not his baby,” Brittney whispered.

“Well, jeez.” Julie found them so hard to talk to sometimes. “That’s not common knowledge.”

“We’ll help with their marriage.” Daniel thought of trying a different tack.

“Yeah.” Brittney caught on quickly. “Sorry. What do they need?”

“Well, Penelope wants to stay here while they take a little break. If she goes back to her parents’ place, she won’t get to see Brad to work on their issues. But if she’s here, he’ll be nearby.” Julie took a deep breath. Did this really make sense? She thought so. “So, I’m going to let her have one of the spare bedrooms. While she’s here, I want you both to encourage her to reconcile with Brad. Okay?”

“Sure, Mom.” Daniel smiled in the dark and rubbed his face against Julie’s shoulder. She smelled so fresh, clean, and wonderful.

“Sounds good.” Brittney nodded against Julie’s other shoulder.

“Thank you. Now let’s get some sleep.” Julie turned her head toward Daniel on the pillow, the top of his head resting on her chin. “Goodnight.”

“Goodnight, Mom.” Daniel gave Julie a squeeze.

“Goodnight, Mom.” Brittney found Daniel’s hand and held it tight on top Julie’s chest.

They all drifted off to sleep.

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“You’re welcome to stay as long as need be, Penelope.” Julie eyed her pregnant daughter-in-law as she hung dresses in the spare bedroom’s closet. “I know … um … I know that you and …” Julie didn’t know how she would talk about what needed to be said. “Well, let me just say that I really want you and Brad to reconcile your differences. But, if you want to spend time with Daniel while you’re here, I’ll give you your space.”

“Wow, thank you, Julie.” Penelope smiled brightly. “That’s very understanding. We both know how difficult it can be to go without Daniel for a while.” Penelope watched with satisfaction as Julie’s eyes fell to the floor and her cheeks flushed. How could she still be a prude?

“Let me know if you need anything.” Without making eye-contact, Julie slipped out of the room.

Not thirty seconds later, Daniel strolled in and sat on the bed.

“Speak of the Devil, and he does appear.” Penelope kept hanging her clothes, pretending indifference. “Your mother and I were just talking about you.”

“Oh?” Daniel beamed at Penelope, admiring the contours of her dress as it draped over her generous backside.

“She wants me to reconcile with your brother.”

“Boo.” Daniel laughed.

“But she allowed that I might not be able to keep my hands off you.” Penelope turned toward him and put a hand on her hip.

“Yeah?” Daniel looked her up and down. Pregnancy agreed with her. She looked round, full, and perfect. “And do you suppose that’s true?”

“Oh, God, Danny.” Penelope dropped to her hands and knees with a sly smile on her face. Her blue eyes sparkled. She crawled slowly toward him, her shoulder blades moving like a stalking cat. “Do you know how long I’ve wanted to live under this roof with you?”

“I do not.” Daniel shook his head.

“I never want to leave.” Penelope reached Daniel, sat between his legs, and fished his already hard dick out of his pants. “I want to have your baby. And then give you another baby, and another one, and another aapphhhhhh.” She sucked him into her mouth.

“That’s a lot of babies.” Daniel gave her a dreamy smile as she pushed him down her throat. She was so good at that. “But it’s not just me under this roof.”

“Arrrrrmmmpppphhh?” Penelope looked up at him with an eyebrow raised, his massive cock stretched her lips to their limit. A line of drool escaped the corner of her mouth and ran down her chin.

“I’m sharing everything with Brittney now.” Daniel pushed a strand of blond hair off her forehead. “Are you okay with that? Will you take care of my sister, too?”

Penelope nodded as much as the cock in her mouth would allow. That was a stupid question. Of course she would do anything Daniel asked. Even if it meant tasting another woman for the first time.

A short while later, Penelope rode that long, magnificent dick with great bounding strokes. Her boobs and belly shook and knocked into one another. “You got me, Danny. Oh … ugh … ugh … God, you got me. I’m … ah … yours.”

“Are you going back to Brad?” Daniel caught a glimpse of Eloise watching them from the closet, a wide smile on her freckled face. He aimed a thumbs-up in her direction.

“No …” Penelope moaned as she looked down at her skinny brother-in-law.

“Did you ever love him?” Daniel was genuinely curious.

“Yes … I did …” Penelope’s mind clouded as another orgasm crept up on her.

“And now?” Daniel watched her heavy tits collide together at their nadir over and over.

“I don’t love him … I … love … your dick …” Penelope threw her head back, her body trembling. She stopped bouncing and her hips moved in small, quick circles. “I … love … you … Danny …” Admitting it to Daniel added an extra boost to her orgasm. The rest of her words were unintelligible. When she calmed some, she leaned forward and rested her face on the pillow next to Daniel’s head. Sporadic shudders still ran through her. Her breasts smashed into his bony chest.

“I love you too, Pen.” Daniel gently stroked her sweaty back. “I think I always have. But you’ll have to share me. I love more than one woman.”

“I … don’t mind … sharing,” Penelope panted. “I don’t … mind.” Her hips rocked again.

“Good girl.” He pushed her up a little so he could study her face. “Now ride me some more. I want to cum.”

“I’ll make you cum, I’ll make you cum,” Penelope chanted. And about five minutes later, she did just that.

Chapter 25

“It’s okay, Teddy.” Erin tried to soothe her son. “I know that you weren’t able to give Brittney everything she needed. Let me teach you how to treat a girlfriend.” She pressed her swollen belly into him and ran her hand down his shirt.

“She said that?” Ted looked at his pretty mom, still wearing her suit from work. His eyes were round, and his muscles tense. Had she gone crazy?

“Students confide in their principal, sweetie.” Erin slipped her hand under the waist of his pants and found his penis. It was already hard. She grasped it and squeezed. Not long ago she would have thought her eighteen-year-old son had a good-sized member. Of course, she knew better now. “There now, doesn’t that feel good? The girls will line up for dates after I show you a few tricks.”

“You sound like you’re click-baiting me, Mom.” Ted sighed. It did feel good, despite the weirdness of the situation. “What … um … are you … going to show me?” His brain lost focus as his blood rushed to that other head.

“What do you think you need to learn?” Erin was now jacking him inside his pants. It was awkward with his pants still buttoned, but he was small enough to make it doable. There would have been no room for such a maneuver with Daniel. Erin shivered as she thought of her boyfriend’s terrible and glorious cock.

“I thought I was … pretty good already.” Ted felt like falling back on the bed, but he didn’t want to disengage her hand. He couldn’t believe his mom was doing this. Such strange things were happening. First, all the oddities he’d witnessed at Palmer House. Now this. Ted didn’t know if he was lucky or cursed.

“Shh.” Erin put her free hand to his lips, running her index finger along his lower lip. “Most young men have a lot to learn. You’re not alone.” Erin thought about Daniel, the exception to this particular rule. He mated like a wild animal. She pulled her hand out of Ted’s pants and unbuttoned him. She dropped the pants and helped him step out of his tighty-whities. His penis flopped out. He didn’t have the girth, length, or veiny definition of Daniel. Oh well, it would have to do. “We’ll work on foreplay later. I can see you’re ready. First, I’ll teach you to hump like a man.” Erin pulled off her skirt, tights, and panties. She was a bit ungainly with her pregnancy to work around, but she didn’t think he’d care if she undressed in a sexy way or not. She looked at his young face and could see the shock written there, with his wide eyes fixed on the triangle of brown hair between her legs.

“What … what about Dad?” Ted thought he should pinch himself. This was really happening. He had thought his mom had gone insane when she’d first approached him a few days ago. Now … Well, now he still thought she was insane, but the insanity was catching. He couldn’t believe he was looking at his mom’s pussy. His strait-laced, church-going, career-driven mom was about to show him how to fuck.

“He’s working late.” Erin unbuttoned her blouse and set it on Ted’s desk. She then reached behind her to unclasp her bra.

“No … I mean … we’d be cheating on him.” Ted held his breath as her bra dropped away. Her breasts hung beautifully on her chest, they were so full. He stared at her large, dark areolas and fat nipples. Amazing to think that he had sucked on those once.

“I’m not going to lie. Your father wouldn’t like this one bit.” She pushed him lightly on the chest and Ted fell back on the bed. He looked so silly with his little dick sticking straight up and his socks and t-shirt still on. Erin smiled. “But he does want you to have more confidence with girls. I was just talking to him about it last night. So, this is also for him, in a way.” Erin straddled her son and took hold of his penis. “He’ll be happy with the result of this education. Let’s focus on that.”

“I guess.” Ted would believe whatever he had to so long as it ended with his dick in her pussy. “Are we really …? I mean … uuuuuggggggggg.” Ted felt the warm, wet embrace of his mother’s pussy as he slipped right in. He was immediately all the way inside. She wiggled her hips and smiled down at him. That same smile she’d had when he first learned to ride a bike, when he scored his first goal in hockey, and when he’d come back home from his first date.

“Not too quickly, Teddy.” Erin couldn’t help but let out a small laugh as her big boy trembled and looked up at her like a deer in the headlights. It was clear he was about to have his first orgasm inside his mother. Erin rolled her hips in little circles, just as she’d practiced on Daniel for months. She didn’t feel much in her vagina with Ted, but that was okay. His joy made up for it. She felt a fool for not treating her son to this long before. Why had she needed coaxing from the twins to do this? Shouldn’t any mother want to see the happiness that now spread over Ted’s face?

“Mmooooooommmmmm … aaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Ted let go inside her. When he returned from his ecstasy, his mom still sat on top of him, looking down at him like a proud momma bear.

“First thing’s first. We need to work on your control.” Her hips no longer moved. She had her hands on his t-shirt, her boobs hanging forward, dangling in space. “No girl will be happy if you pop off the second you get inside.”

“Sorry, Mom.” Ted flexed his penis. He was still hard.

“Don’t be sorry, sweetie. That’s why we’re doing this. You need practice.” Erin took some careful bounces on his young cock. She didn’t want to dislodge him. He was so much shorter than she was used to. “Anyway, you’re young. You can go again. Right, mister?”

“Um … yeah.” Ted gave his beautiful mother a look of complete adoration.

“Great.” She found a nice steady rhythm of small, little bumps with her hips. “Let’s get some more practice in before your father gets home. I’ll turn you into a regular Fabio.”

“Who’s … Fabio.”

“Never mind, sweetie. Just focus on holding off your orgasm for a little while.” Erin’s belly wobbled, and her breasts danced as she rode her son. She felt more bonded to him than she had in a while. She could tell this was going to be good for both of them.

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“It’s so weird … that I’m so comfortable … with you … aaaaaannnnddddddd … Daniel,” Madison said in between kisses. By comfortable, Madison meant she was crushing on both of them.

“Not that weird, Madison.” Brittney brushed Madison’s blue hair out of Madison’s face and admired her serene beauty. The movie in the background surged to some sort of first act climax, as the brain worms spread and the police chief realized the people he knew had been taken over by some unseen force. Brittney ignored it. “Daniel and I are twins, after all. We’re really similar.” Brittney leaned in and kissed Madison some more.

The basement filled with strobing light from the TV as the teenagers made out on the sofa. Eventually, Brittney worked her way down Madison’s neck, over her small chest, down the tank-top, and flipped her head under Madison’s skirt. She breathed in, relishing her friend’s obvious arousal.

“I don’t know if we should, Brit.” Madison put her hands on the top of Brittney’s head to hold her away from her pussy, but her friend was strong and Madison wasn’t sure what she wanted exactly. Madison felt her panties go to the side. “No one’s ever done that to me and … ooooohhhhhhhh.” Madison’s whole body vibrated to some new frequency as Brittney’s tongue found her slit. Her hands went from pushing on Brittney’s head to pulling her in. Oral sex was magic. Why hadn’t anyone told her? “Aaaaahhhh … Brit … you’re driving me … crrrraaazzzyyyyyy.”

“Mmmpppphhhhh.” Brittney slurped at her friend’s pussy, grasping Madison firmly at the top of her thighs. Brittney loved how delirious should could make a woman with only her tongue. To give that kind of joy offered immense power. She reached her hand up and spread Madison’s lips so she could lick deeper inside. She slipped a finger inside, below her tongue.

“Wait … ugh … wait …” Madison panted and squirmed. “I’m a … virgin … don’t break my … cherry.” Madison looked down at Brittney’s brown hair bobbing between her legs.

Brittney looked up at her friend, her blue eyes filled with delight. “Really? For a blue-haired senior in high school, you certainly are sheltered.” Brittney’s lips glistened in the iridescent light with Madison’s wetness. She slipped two fingers into Madison as she watched her friend’s facial muscles twitch. “Are you saving yourself for marriage or something? Because I’m sure if you spend time with my brother, he might have other plans.”

“Oh … oh … oh …” Madison felt her orgasm build to a crescendo. Some part of her brain worried that Brittney’s fingers would puncture her hymen, but her most basic impulses were now running the show. She spread her legs further and whimpered out a lovely climax. Through half-closed eyelids she watched Brittney withdraw her fingers and lick them clean. What had Madison gotten herself into? After a minute, she caught her breath. “Not marriage … necessarily. But I … thought … next year in college. Maybe …”

“Girl, I don’t think you’re going to make it college a virgin.” Brittney crawled back up onto the sofa. She leaned in for more kissing.

“Wait.” Madison had never tasted herself before. Truth be told, she wasn’t keen on tasting her own pussy on Brittney’s lips. That seemed a little gross. She put her hands up to hold Brittney back, but wound up getting handfuls of Brittney’s boobs instead. Goodness, Brittney was so busty. Madison folded

and let Brittney's lips meet hers. She tasted tangy, and maybe a bit salty. Not too bad. But, of course, Madison would never taste another woman. That would just be super gross. She melted into the kiss.

Twenty minutes later, Madison found herself on her knees on the floor between Brittney's legs, lapping away at her friend's pussy. The whole thing was delightful. How could she have been so wrong? Madison greedily sucked down Brittney's wetness. As she listened to her friend moan, she knew her walls were crumbling. She was already readying herself for the inevitable, giving her virginity to Daniel.

"Oooohhhhhh." Brittney looked down at Madison and they made eye contact. The look in Madison's blue eyes was disbelief mixed with a deep, deep hunger. Perfection. "Oh, Madison. Oooohhhhhh, you're going to make me cum."

The news caused Madison to redouble her efforts. She wanted desperately to please her friend. Or was Brittney her girlfriend now? She didn't know.

"Lick my … button … yes … like that." Brittney closed her eyes and gave herself to the waves that washed over her. She had to pull Madison off her after a few seconds, Brittney was too sensitive. The teenagers snuggled together and watched the rest of the movie in the dim light. Neither of them had any idea what was going on with the plot of the film, but they didn't much care. The sheriff seemed to be losing his battle against the brain worms, but the friends focused instead on their soft warm bodies pressed against each other.

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"Thanks for coming in, Mrs. Burns." Brittney smiled at the tall, brunette woman. Abby Burns was clearly expecting a formal meeting with the principal. Brittney looked her over. She had applied a touch of makeup, and wore an ironed blouse and a long skirt. Her heels clicked on the concrete floor as she entered the supply room.

"I was told to come here." Abby stopped halfway into the room and looked around her with an eyebrow arched like she didn't like what she was seeing. When Daniel stepped around her and closed the door, a look of deep disquiet etched itself on her forehead. "Where's Principal Haskins?" She noticed that the teenage girl held what looked like a ball under a towel in her hands. Abby couldn't for the life of her figure out what was going on.

"The principal will be here later." Daniel smiled pleasantly. "She had an emergency with her son."

"Oh, well, I hope everything's alright." Abby bit her bottom lip and looked around the dank room. She knew Ted because he sometimes hung out with Abby's son, Jeff. She recognized the pair before her too, they were in the same senior class. Betty and Daniel, was it? Something like that.

"Everything's fine," Brittney said. "Mrs. Haskins just started something with her son yesterday and she hasn't been able to pull herself away yet." Brittney tried not to smirk. She didn't want to scare this woman away. "She's taking care of it, and hopefully she should be here soon. I'm Brittney and this is my brother, Danny. And this is a trust building exercise the school is doing with the seniors and a few special parents."

“What on earth are you talking …?” Abby’s face went slack when Brittney lifted the towel. Brittney held a large, oblong object. It was black with pulsing red lines zigzagging around it. Abby had never seen anything like it. She shivered despite the heat in the room. “What is that?” Looking at the object was like looking at a car crash. Abby was repulsed, but she could not look away.

“How this works …” Daniel put his hand on the erstwhile dreamstone. “… is that we all put our hands on the stone and then you tell us about a present you’re thinking about getting Jeff for graduation. Then we’ll see if we can help.”

The twins exchanged a look. It was a silly story, but it should work. They could feel the power under their fingers, and that alone gave them confidence.

“Well … okay.” Abby took a couple of unsure steps toward the teenagers. The walls of reality seemed so much more flexible than moments before. She walked up to them and put her hand on the object. “It … feels electric.”

“Good, Mrs. Burns.” Brittney put her other hand on top of Abby’s hand and held firm. “Now, what do you want Jeff to have for graduation?”

“Whatever makes him happy.” Abby smiled dreamily. Her body buzzed like she’d had one too many wine spritzers.

“Would you be surprised to learn that you would make him happier than anything else?” Daniel felt the energy surging in the stone. Palmer Mansion liked where this was going.

“Me?” Abby looked up from the glowing object, pulsing red reflected in her blue eyes. “I don’t think an eighteen-year-old wants to spend time with his mother.”

“I can guarantee he wants exactly that, Mrs. Burns.” Brittney squeezed her hand.

“Wants me?” Abby’s legs trembled. Were her panties wet? “What are you talking about?”

“We’re talking about cementing the bond between you.” Daniel pulled his hand from the stone and started taking off his clothes.

“What are you doing, Danny?” Brittney whispered out of the corner of her mouth. Not that it mattered, Abby was standing right there and could hear anything they said. “Just the dreamstone. That’s all we were supposed …” Brittney rolled her eyes as Daniel’s massive dick sprung free. Oh, well. Hopefully the House’s power was strong enough to deal with Abby’s inevitable freak-out.

“Oh, my.” Abby gave a start and stepped back, pulling her hand off the object. “Is … that real? Wait, are you talking about me … and Jeff … in the biblical sense?” It occurred to her that she should be running from the room.

“Yep.” Daniel kicked his pants and underwear away. “And I’m willing to let you practice on me. You know, so that you can get ready for Jeff.”

“You’re insane.” Abby struggled with herself, her body twisted as she tried to move to the door and also get a closer look at the penis in front of her at the same time. “I’m going to tell your parents about this.” But she didn’t sound like she meant it. Her eyes stayed glued to that long, veiny pole. How could a skinny teenager like him be attached to something like that?

“A little help, Brit?” Daniel didn’t want to be the one to bring her over to him. He could tell Abby was on the verge of bolting.

“Fine.” Brittney stepped over to Abby, put her hand on the small of the woman’s back, and walked her gently over to Daniel. She could feel Abby trembling like a frightened mouse. “But I think you’re just being greedy.”

“You can have a turn, too.” Daniel watched as Brittney put her hands on Abby’s shoulders and dropped her gently to her knees.

“I can’t … I won’t touch it.” Abby was transfixed by the massive thing in front of her nose. The siblings ignored her. They were talking about her like a toy they were about to share. Without prompting, she reached her hands out and took hold of the tool. Her insides melted a little when she felt its weight. It would certainly break any woman foolish enough to put it in her vagina. She almost felt sorry for Daniel, he would never know what sex was like. Not truly. Any woman that was brave enough to try him, would struggle mightily.

“Go on, Mrs. Burns. Just suck him already.” Brittney gave Daniel a smile with a bit of mock disgust thrown in. It would be fun to watch this. Maybe they should do this with all the moms going forward.

Abby couldn’t explain why she was doing it. In twenty-two years of marriage, she’d never once thought of infidelity. But she just couldn’t deny Daniel, even with his sister looking on. She opened her mouth wide and slipped him in. Her eyes open, she looked down the long veiny shaft before her. Then she moved her head back and forth, her brown hair falling into her peripheral vision. She found she could only fit in his head, and just barely at that.

“Wow, that is a pretty sight.” Brittney put her hand in Abby’s brown hair and helped with the blowjob. When Abby gagged several times, Brittney eased up a bit. She didn’t want to torture the poor woman.

“Wish you could feel this, Brit.” Daniel looked over at his sister. “Her tongue … on my head …”

“I don’t have a dick, dummy.” Brittney thought about it, and decided she was happy with a pussy, however much Daniel seemed to be enjoying the blowjob.

“But … still …” Daniel zoned out and let Abby work her magic. The blowjob was only about ten percent skill and ninety percent elbow grease, but it worked somehow. He wondered if she ever gave her poor husband oral sex.

About fifteen minutes later, Daniel was ready. “Where … should … I …”

“Cum on her face, Danny.” Brittney let go of Abby’s hair. “She’s probably never done that.”

“Mmmmmppphhhh.” Abby’s eyes went wide, but she continued pumping the penis with her mouth.

“Okay … aaahhhh …” Daniel put his hand where Brittney’s had been, pulled the housewife off his dick, and held her face in front of him.

“Actually … um … we’re at school … maybe you shouldn’t …” Brittney watched as her brother gave his familiar soft grunts. It was too late. Shot after shot of hot, salty cum plastered Abby’s face. Brittney figured the woman’s expertly applied makeup was a goner.

Abby shuddered as a river of cum splattered her. Every time she thought Daniel was done, more came out. It was so hot, and sticky. She knew it was in her hair and dripping down to her well-ironed blouse. How would she ever walk out of the school? The thought of it made her shudder, and then she had the first non-contact orgasm in her life. It so surprised her that she thought she might be having a stroke at first, but then the pleasure overwhelmed her, and she knew these teenagers could do whatever they wanted.

A short time later, Daniel held Abby up in the air, bouncing her on his dick. Either the woman had a remarkably flexible pussy, or the dreamstone had worked some of its magic on her. He hadn't thought to offer her the deal until after he'd sunk his dick into her, and now it didn't seem to matter. She had a nice body, with wide hips, and ample boobs already. Dealing with the heat that the deal brought would be an issue anyway. So, Daniel just humped her as is, relishing the way she squealed every time their hips pounded together. It was clear she hadn't had standing sex before. Daniel thought about Jeff, he was a pretty big guy. Maybe he'd be able to give his mom standing sex. She certainly seemed to enjoy it.

"I really want a turn, Danny." Brittney stood naked watching them, her right hand massaging her clit.

"About … to … cum …" Daniel would never grow tired of the first time he unloaded in a pussy. It was the beauty of charting unknown waters.

"Uuugghhhhh … mmmeeeee … sssspppppprrrrrmmmmm." Abby wanted to tell him she couldn't take his sperm, but the words wouldn't come out. Instead, she rocketed off on another huge orgasm as his heat filled her. The next few minutes were a daze. She felt herself being put down onto her feet, wobbling on her heels. Then Brittney turned her back to Abby, stuck out her tight, young butt, and put her hands on a shelf. Abby staggered over to her, dropped to her knees, and as if guided by some force, planted her face between the girl's cheeks. Oh, God, she was licking Brittney's butt. She shuddered at the thought but didn't stop.

"Wow, she's a dirty one." Daniel leaned against the shelf and watched Jeff's mom eat ass. He wondered if she'd eat her son's ass, too. Probably, if she was so gungho about Brittney's butt. Maybe they'd discovered the woman's kink.

"That feels … really good … Mrs. Burns." Brittney wiggled her butt at the woman, enjoying how Abby's hands clutched at Brittney's cheeks. "But … I need you … to lick my pussy. Yeeeesssssss." Brittney cooed as the woman lowered her attack several inches.

The siblings enjoyed Abby for another hour. Then, they toweled her off best they could, dressed, and walked her to the door.

"Now remember, what Jeff wants more than anything is you." Brittney gave Abby a peck on the cheek.

"And the sooner the better." Daniel patted her round butt and kissed Abby's forehead.

"He wants … me." Abby said uncertainly.

"Right you are." Brittney opened the door and checked the hall. It was empty.

"Now go get 'em, tiger." Daniel slapped her butt again and they sent her on her way. Brittney closed the door again and the twins looked at each other. They burst out laughing.

“That was … amazing,” Daniel said between laughs.

“Totally wild … I want more … more … more.” Brittney’s laughter slowed and she looked at her handsome brother.

“I think we get to have as much as we want.” Daniel leaned in and kissed Brittney. She kissed him back with urgency and locked her arms around his narrow shoulders. They made out in the room for another fifteen minutes before making their way to fifth period. Principal Haskins never made it to school that day, and twins were pretty sure they knew why.

~~

“You’re getting so good at … holding back your orgasm … sweetie.” Erin rocked her hips, grinding them into her son’s hips below. They were in his bedroom and the light was turning golden outside. They’d fucked the day away. They hadn’t even stopped for lunch. Erin had had a few minor orgasms, but the real joy for her was watching the happiness she was able to give her sweet son.

“Thanks … Mom.” Ted’s tongue lolled out of the side of his mouth. His body was so sore, he hadn’t had that much exercise since he’d given up soccer. Maybe not even then. He looked down at his mother’s swollen belly. “I can’t believe … Dad’s baby is in there … and we’re doing this.”

“Um …” Erin kept moving her hips but a slight frown played on her lips. “I … have to tell you something.” She lovingly wiped sweat from Ted’s brow. “It’s not your father’s baby.”

“What?” Ted looked up from her belly into her soft brown eyes. Had she really said what he thought she said? “Who?”

“It’s a long story.” Erin sped up her hips, hoping that her ministrations would lessen the blow of the news. “Daniel Anderson and I had sex.”

“Brittney’s … brother?” Ted knew he felt something weird going on at New Year’s. He waited for anger to surge. The Andersons had claimed his mother. Anger didn’t come. It felt too good to return to the pussy he came from. There was no room for bitter feelings. “Did you … did you have sex with me because … of that?”

“Well … yes … they wanted me to.”

“They?” It was hard to be shocked while your mom rode your dick, but Ted had managed it.

“Yes … Brittney and Daniel.” Erin switched to bouncing on him. She’d gotten the length of her upstroke right so that she was no longer worried about him falling out. “Are you mad?”

Ted watched her heavy breasts swing in counter-circles. “No … no … it’s okay. I guess, if it means we get … to have this …”

“That’s my boy.” Erin reached down and cupped his head, and brought his face up to her boobs. “This is ours, Teddy. We get to have this.”

“Uuuuggggghhhhhhh.” Ted erupted inside his mother again. Her body wobbled on top of him. Whatever else there was, that moment was perfection.

And Palmer Mansion agreed. It felt their bond strengthen, and power surged within the old Victorian building.

~~

“Do you feel it, Thomas?” Eloise sat in their living room, enjoying the warmth of the fire. She regarded a particularly elegant stag head that her husband had mounted over the mantle. What had he said? The thing had a ten-point rack? Whatever it was, Frederick had been giddy the day he brought it home.

“I feel it.” Thomas massaged his mother’s cold feet with his hands. There was such tenderness in his touch. “Can I put it inside you yet?”

“Not yet, dearie.” Eloise smiled at him, reached over her swollen belly, and patted his pale, freckled cheek. “Your father is drawn to us like a moth to flame. Let’s meet him at our zenith.”

“Of course.” Thomas couldn’t resist sliding his hand up her exposed calves.

“I said not yet.” Eloise playfully slapped Thomas’s hand away as it moved toward her thigh.

“Yes, Mother.” Thomas moved his hands back down to her feet. “We haven’t been this close in over a century.” He thought about his father reined by the thorns, cursing, and swearing to rid the world of their corruption. What a fool.

“The twins are the key. They’ll carry us over the finish.” Eloise looked back to the stag. The Palmer House would have a new trophy very soon.

~~

“Oh, Jeffery. Ooohhhhhh, my sweet Jeffrey.” Abby leaned over her living room sofa, allowing her eighteen-year-old son access to her special places from behind. Her dress was around her waist and a bewildered and ecstatic expression had fixed itself to her face. Her sweet son wasn’t a freak like the Anderson boy, but he had more down there than his father. And he seemed quite overjoyed at getting to use it on his mother.

“Shit … Mom … I’m gonna cum … again.” Jeff tightened his grip on his mother’s hips. She had a way bigger ass than the girls he’d dated at school, and he gazed at the ripples he created with each slap of his hips.

“Not inside … again … darling.” Abby didn’t try and dislodge him. Her son had already done the deed twice inside her and she was a sloppy mess back there. Her husband had long since had a vasectomy, so it would be very hard to explain to him an unwanted pregnancy.

“A … little … aaahhh … more … doesn’t … matter.” Jeff punctuated each word with violent, claiming thrusts into her pussy.

“Okay.” Abby couldn’t say no. Anyway he was right, what did a little more sperm matter? His little swimmers would either find her egg or they wouldn’t. “Go … ahead … Jeffery.” She was telling her son to seed her. The young man she raised to be a good, caring citizen, was about to pour himself into his own mother. The thought twisted her mind and she trembled out an orgasm, as he grunted his climax behind her.

Abby stayed bent over the sofa for a while, catching her breath. Eventually, she reached behind her and pushed his hips away from her butt. She stood up and pulled her dress back down around her knees. “We need to clean up. I need to pick up your brother and sister. Your father will be home in an hour and I need to have dinner ready.” She bent down and picked up her panties. She felt his hands on her again and she shivered. “No more, Jeffery. We have things to do.”

But five minutes later, she was lying on her back on the living room carpet, her legs spread, and her feet high in the air. Her son pumped again, his hands mauling her breasts through her dress.

“Cumming … again … Mom.” Jeff had somehow found Heaven. His mother was hot and willing. He was almost certainly going to knock her up.

“Yeeesssssssss.” Abby took yet another load deep inside her.

A few minutes later, as she rushed out the door, Abby wondered if this was a rampant fever that would pass, or if this was her life now. She found herself hoping for the later.

~~

Over the next several weeks, Abby and Jeff continued their torrid affair. Unknown to them, they were joined in their illicit bond by mothers and sons all over town. The Anderson twins met with mother after mother in the school supply room. Proper ladies resigned to a boring suburban life walked into that room, and women wakened to their latent desires walked out. The erstwhile dreamstrone cast its thrall over all.

~~

“Pen, are you in here?” Daniel looked in Penelope’s room, but she wasn’t there. He walked down the hall toward Khadra’s room, the steady tick of the hidden clock keeping him company. He put his ear up to Khadra’s door and heard womanly grunting. Daniel didn’t mind interrupting the small, dark woman when she played with herself. He’d walked in on her with an enormous dildo more than once. He opened the door. “Hey, Khadra have you seen …” He stopped in his tracks.

On Khadra's bed, Penelope sat on top of the smaller woman, undulating her hips. Their legs were locked together, and their pussies rubbed as the sweaty women made little grunting cries of pleasure. Daniel admired the way Khadra's dark skin contrasted with Penelope's paleness. He hadn't known they were doing it.

"Hello." Daniel closed the door behind him hard, so the slam reverberated around the room.

"Oh … hello … Danny." Penelope looked over at the young man, her blond hair wet and plastered to her forehead. "We … um … well, we …" She looked back down at Khadra's large boobs swaying on her chest. Her eyes went up to the woman's pretty face, and the look of deep longing in her dark eyes. What a revelation to make another woman look like that.

"I can see what you're doing." Daniel watched Penelope's ass shake and the two pregnant bellies knock together. "I've got Brad on hold. He called my cell because you weren't answering." Daniel held up his phone for them to see. "You want to talk to him?"

"No." Penelope laughed.

Khadra looked over at the phone, her head ever so slightly bouncing on the mattress. She picked up Penelope's laugh and together the two women filled the room with sweet, jingling merriment. Penelope's hips didn't falter. Khadra put her hands on Penelope's ass and pulled them even tighter together.

"Okay." Daniel started laughing, too. "That was a dumb question, I guess." Still chuckling, he left the room and told his brother that Penelope was busy.

~~

More weeks passed and the snows melted. The weather warmed. And bellies grew.

Julie knocked on her son's door and let herself in. She found him bent over his desk, working hard at his homework. A smile crept across her lips. "I'm so proud of you that you're still keeping up with your schoolwork, despite all the … distractions."

"Oh, hi, Mom." Daniel looked up with bleary eyes. "The struggle is real." He looked her up and down. She was really getting big now, her breasts and belly caused Julie's maternity dress to billow around her. "I could use a break, though."

"I bet you could." Julie walked over to him, spun his chair toward her, and climbed onto his lap. She reached under her and lowered his pants. "There's my big guy." She pulled her dress up a little, and slid him home. "That's nice."

"Should we still be doing this … with … you know?" Daniel placed his hands on her round belly.

"It won't hurt the baby." Julie rocked her hips.

"My baby." Daniel still had a hard time wrapping his head around all his progeny that would arrive soon.

“That’s right, sweetie.” Julie trembled. “Ooooohhhhhhh.” She came so quickly every time with Daniel. Her mind wandered in its little slice of Heaven, and then came back to the room. She bounced on his lap.

“Is Dad coming home?” Daniel didn’t think he wanted his father back at Palmer Mansion. He loved the guy, but there was no place for him anymore.

“He … ugh … feels he needs more time … at his sister’s.” Julie reached down, took Daniel’s hands, and placed them on her boobs. He squeezed and she cooed. “I think it’s for … the best … don’t you?”

“Yeah.” Daniel looked up into her perfect face, her jaw tight as she worked through little shocks of pleasure. He pushed up against her tits and admired their weight. They got bigger by the day. “I like that it’s just me and the women.”

“I like that too, Danny.” Julie could feel another orgasm approaching. “I’m going to … ugh … have so many grandchildren.”

“You’ve got one in your belly right now.” He slapped a heavy boob and watched it shake under her dress.

“Oh … it’s true. I’m such a … bad wife … ooooohhhhhhhhh.” Julie screamed as she came.

“But you’re the perfect mom.” Daniel moved his hands down to her ass. Her hips had stopped with her orgasm and he smacked her butt to get them moving again. “You’re the best mom in the whole world.”

“Thank … you … sweetie.” Julie rode him again after a second slap got her attention. And Daniel was the best son in the world. He gave her everything. Even if not that long ago, she hadn’t even known that she wanted it.

Chapter 26

“We are ascendant.” Eloise sat in the locked room, holding a crystal tumbler with sloshing amber liquid. Frederick would have been better off poisoning her, she mused. If he hadn’t been pulled by his grandiosity to make a show with the clock, Eloise wouldn’t have been sitting in his despicable lair all those decades later to toast to his imminent demise. “To your father. May he rot in Heaven.”

“Hear, hear.” Thomas smiled at his mother and clanked his crystal glass against hers. “But Mother, should you be drinking in your condition?” He nodded at her pregnant belly where his baby perpetually readied itself for the world. “You know what the living say about alcohol.” He arched one of his red eyebrows, making his freckled face seem even more boyish than his nineteen years. Of course, he had been nineteen for a long time. He had settled into an infinite youth.

Eloise let her bright laugh fill the drab space. She looked up at the dead bear and laughed harder. Mother and son laughed together for a good long while. Victory was just around the corner, and it tasted ever so sweet. Eventually they calmed down. “Some twenty-two mothers have taken the step we did all those years ago. All of them within a few miles of here.”

“That many?” Thomas smiled, thinking of the surprise and ecstasy that must be written on the faces of all those young men. He remembered well the first time his mother took him into her bed. It was the zenith of his life and afterlife. He envied all those young men their first time. As sweet as that apple was, nothing beat that first bite.

“Indeed.” Eloise took a sip of her whisky. “We should strike while the iron’s hot. We need to bring your father back to the house.”

“The old man is confused. He’s lost. What would bring him here?” Thomas was genuinely curious. His mother so rarely shared her plans, it seemed he was finally being treated like a man.

“Love would be the leash that leads most men. But not him. Every time you and I share our special bond, his rage and jealously roams boundless.” Eloise regarded Thomas. He looked very much like his father, but for his complexion.

“Our love begets his hate.” Thomas paused. “Will that make him too strong?”

“It will give him focus but not strength. Our power is now at least his equal.”

“Is it time for you and I to …” Thomas looked at her hopefully.

“Almost, dearie.” Eloise leaned forward and planted a soft kiss on his cheek. “Power flows into this house and may now bind Him and Frederick. Only a few more hours, I think.”

~~

Madison trembled as she followed Brittney and Daniel up their front walk. This was a big day. She just knew she was going to lose her virginity to Daniel. She wasn't sure how he was going to fit inside her, but they were going to make it work.

The next hour was a whirlwind for the three eighteen-year-olds. Daniel had asked a question Madison had barely heard. She had said yes. He then tossed her in a cold shower. My how her body had burned. Madison had thought she'd actually caught fire. And when she exited the icy water, her body had become more womanly. It was the most twisted of miracles. He led her to Brittney's room, where she rode Daniel with complete joy on Brittney's bed, her blue hair bouncing up and down. Orgasms rolled through her body unlike any she'd had before. These were deeper and overpowering. During her lucid moments, Madison would look up at Brittney who stood by one of the windows and she would smile at the twin. Brittney would smile back, her hand working frantically under her skirt.

"Oh, Danny … I'm gonna … again …" Madison increased her pace.

Something caught Brittney's eye out in the garden, and she looked away from her brother and Madison down to the rosebush. "Eloise is outside in the weeds, Danny. And she's doing it … with her son." As she said those words, the house gave a sudden shudder. The windows all rattled. Normally, watching a son and mother do it doggystyle would have excited Brittney, even if they were phantoms. But Brittney felt her pussy dry up. Something was wrong.

Madison and Daniel barely heard Brittney. They went right on humping. Madison bounced so hard her knees lifted off the blanket on every upstroke.

The house shook again, and dust settled from the rafters of the tower room around them. Brittney thought she could hear heavy footsteps. A deep chill settled inside her. Something was very wrong.

~~

"Is he … ugh … here, Mother?" Thomas humped Eloise's round rump with great, long strokes. He hadn't had a chance to mate his mother since they were first seducing the Andersons. It was always spectacular taking her with his baby in her belly, regardless of the situation.

"Yes … he's coming …" Eloise shuddered as her son's bludgeon savaged her. "Keep … going … when he gets close … we'll open the rosebush." They would have to be careful not to be swallowed by their prison as they disposed of Frederick. "Hump me … Thomas … destroy my crinkum crankum."

~~

A loud bang sounded at the door. Madison's hips finally went still. "What was that?" Madison covered her now large boobs with her arm and looked at Brittney's door with wide eyes. She still sat astride Daniel, sweat trickling down her back and chest.

“Brit?” Daniel was suddenly paralyzed with fear. “What’s that?” But deep inside, Daniel knew what it was.

The door burst open, and in strode Frederick. He wore formal tails and a top hat. The occasion clearly called for his best. His mustache and eyes were at their deepest black, and his mouth was set in a thin line of determination. “She plans a deception. But her attempt to draw me out has only made me stronger.”

“Wait, wait, wait.” Madison still sat on Daniel as that strange, violent looking man descended upon her. Daniel’s penis was snug inside her, until it wasn’t, and she was weaving up in the air. The man had grabbed her by her hair and held her aloft.

“You are not the fornicator I want.” Frederick tossed the teenager aside.

Madison, naked and terrified, tumbled into a nook beside Brittney’s dresser and lay still.

“You.” Frederick looked down at Daniel. “I only ever wanted to save the likes of you. Your soul is now stained with her corruption. I am sorry I couldn’t get to you sooner. But there are others to save.” Frederick reached down and lifted Daniel from the bed by his right shoulder. The clavicle on that side gave an audible pop as it broke. Frederick looked down at the deflating penis on the lad. “Your disgusting slug was only used for evil ends. After my task is done, maybe He will forgive you.”

Daniel grunted in pain as his shoulder caved in. “Get off …” He struggled against the phantom, but for all his strength he couldn’t pry those frigid fingers off his naked flesh.

“Let him go!” Brittney charged Frederick, but the man lifted her by her brown hair and looked into her face with cruel indifference. Brittney kicked at the air, swaying next to her brother.

“It was smart of my wife to use twins for her villainy.” Frederick lifted Brittney higher to get a good look at her. He could smell her wanton corruption in the air and on her fingers. “I gifted my wife the binary ring on our wedding as a symbol of what two could accomplish together. I thought we were headed for greatness. But instead, we trod separate paths.” Frederick carried the twins out of the tower and down the stairs.

“Let them go.” Penelope charged Frederick swinging a broom like a club. On her heels, Khadra ran right behind her.

“Darkness.” Frederick swung Daniel’s limp body at Penelope and sent her careening into the hallway wall. He then used Daniel as a weapon again, and sent Khadra to the other wall. Both women slumped to the floor. “You all incubate such darkness. And you would spread it through the world. I will come back and deal with you in a moment’s time.” Frederick walked on and descended the main stairs. Both twins hung limply from his hands now. He held them out before him like removing mice from the pantry.

“What have you done?” Julie stood in shock looking up the stairs as that large devil carried her children like rag dolls. “Let them go.”

“Kindly step aside, madame.” Frederick arrived at the bottom of the stairs and kept walking right up to the matriarch. “You’ve all been tainted. I cannot save you. But I can save the world.” When Julie stood her ground, Frederick used her daughter’s unconscious body to swat her aside.

Julie rolled to the side of the entryway and cradled her swollen belly. She prayed for the baby and slowly stood. Limping after Frederick, Julie would do whatever she could to stop him. She watched him turn left outside the front door and hurried after.

“Still rutting like a bitch, darling?” Frederick was in sight of his wife and son now. He marched through the high weeds and stopped about fifteen feet from them. The rosebush was right behind them. “Such a facile plan befitting a sow of your order.”

“Get off me, Thomas.” Eloise reached back and pushed her son’s hips, dislodging him from inside her. She stood, her pale, freckled skin glistening in the sun. She put both hands on her belly protectively. “Leave them out of this, Frederick.”

Beside Eloise, Thomas pulled up his trousers and tightened his suspenders. “What should we do, Mother?”

“Patience,” Eloise said to her son. “Did you hurt the Andersons, Frederick?”

“I hurt them less so than you did.” Frederick held up the twins like prized trophies, both hanging limp from his hands. Brittney, fully dressed, and Daniel naked. Daniel looked exceedingly vulnerable as his slack, skinny form swayed with Frederick’s movements. “You have stained them. Even He cannot undo your work.”

“That’s because He is almost as impotent as you.” Eloise sighed. She leaned in toward Thomas. “I’m going to have to drag him in, dearie. Make sure the twins are safe,” she whispered.

“But Mother –” Thomas looked at her with wide eyes.

“Keep that stiff upper lip, Thomas.” Behind Eloise the rosebush unfurled, vines spreading out like tentacles, deep red flowers trembling.

Julie came to a stop ten feet behind Frederick. She gawked in awe at the pregnant, naked woman with writhing vines behind her. “Let my children go,” she screamed.

“Not today,” Frederick snorted and stole a quick glance back at Julie. She was alone, and worth little to no attention. He turned back to his wife. “Step back into that prison you created and I won’t harm the Andersons. Defy me, and I will do the Lord’s work and purge your darkness from them.”

“If He is so powerful, why does he not come for me Himself?” Eloise took a step toward Frederick.

“Why is your angel not here with you?” Frederick eyed her with suspicion. “Take no more steps toward me, woman.”

Thomas moved off to the side, circling his father. To Thomas’s side now, the bush extended to a great height, its thorns sharp and ready.

“It seems we are agents of greater, or lesser, things.” Eloise broke into a run. “Your master would maim and destroy to enforce His rules. Freedom is not darkness. Tyranny spreads a boundless shade.” She didn’t give Frederick an opportunity to reply. She jumped through the air, her belly and breasts briefly defying gravity as she arced down toward her husband. The binary diamonds on her ring glittered with swift movement.

Frederick needed his hands. He dropped the twins into the weeds and reached up to tangle with his wife. A loud smash shook the house and reverberated back to them from the woods as the phantoms collided. The tall, immaculate man in his dark suit, and the shorter, wild woman wrestled to the ground. He held her wrists firm, but their strength seemed evenly matched. They rolled a few feet toward the rosebush. The waving vines shivered and shook at their approach.

Seeing her opportunity, Julie raced forward, cradling her belly as she ran. She still prayed for the baby inside, and also for the twins. She saw Thomas move for Daniel, so Julie swerved left to grab Brittney. The long dead husband and wife grunted and hissed at each other as they fought in the weeds. Julie ignored them, and grabbed her unconscious daughter under her arms and pulled her away. When she'd gone about ten feet, Julie sat in on the ground and pulled Brittney into her lap.

Brittney's blue eyes fluttered open. She looked up into her mother's frightened eyes. "What happened?"

"Frederick," Julie whispered. She looked up at the struggling couple as a deep yell filled the air. One of the vines had Frederick by the ankle. The vine steadily dragged Eloise and Frederick closer to the bush.

Brittney looked over just as Thomas dropped Daniel next to Julie.

"I'm coming, Mother!" Thomas ran over to the struggling couple.

"Danny?" Julie pulled Daniel into her lap next to his sister and she was relieved to see him open his eyes and look around.

"Mom?" Daniel heard the fight and looked toward the writhing rose vines. "They're going to imprison Frederick," he croaked. But then Eloise gave out a scream. He saw a vine cinch around her arm. Crimson droplets ran from the plant's embrace. "Eloise!" Daniel tried to get up, but his mother held him to her bosom. His left shoulder surged with pain.

"Stay back, Thomas," Eloise hissed between gritted teeth. The Palmers were moving faster toward the cage as more vines wrapped around their bodies, digging in with thorns.

"No, Mother." Thomas dropped to his knees next to his parents and tried to pry the vines off Eloise. But in seconds, he too was brought into the rose's embrace. The vines lifted all three into the air.

"You cannot stop Him," Frederick bellowed.

Thomas reached for his mother's hand and wrenched it away from Frederick. Son held tightly to mother.

"Goodbye, dearies." Eloise, her face beautiful, poised, and calm, caught Daniel's eye. She gave a brief sad smile, and was gone.

The rosebush swallowed all three Palmers, folded in on itself, and returned to normal. A silence fell over the yard.

"I … I …" Julie looked for the right thing to say. Her chest rose and fell, adrenaline coursing through her. "I don't want either of you ever going near those roses."

"Yes, Mom." Brittney pushed herself deeper into her mother's lap.

Daniel said nothing. He just stared at where Eloise had been with his mouth hanging open.

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The house was quiet over the next few weeks. Julie, Penelope, and Khadra continued to grow, their babies healthy despite their run-ins with Frederick. Daniel wore his left arm in a sling while he healed.

Brittney's belly began to swell as the weather warmed. One day she came home with the happy news that she was having twins.

It took Madison a long time to brave the house again, but eventually she returned.

"Ooooohhhhhhh … Danny … I can't believe it fits." Madison lay on her stomach, letting her new boyfriend do the work. Her large breasts pushed into Daniel's mattress as he found a rhythm behind her. Madison felt a sudden sense of panic. The last time Daniel was inside her had ended with trauma for all of them. "That … ugh … horrible man is really gone?"

"Yeah … don't worry …" Daniel inched himself into Madison's pussy. "He's gone." And so was Eloise. No one at the house had heard a peep from any of the apparitions since the day the rosebush had swallowed the Palmers.

"Oh, no. You're so deep." Madison kicked the mattress with both feet has she felt Daniel's cock push something out of the way inside her. Soon, she had no room in her mind to think about Frederick Palmer or anyone else for that matter. It was simply a rolling chorus of orgasms for the afternoon.

"Gonna … cum …" Daniel took a fistful of blue hair and pulled Madison's head so that she was looking straight ahead, her hands gripped the blanket in front of her.

"Wait … wait …" Madison shrieked out one last orgasm thinking about her friend's swelling belly. Brittney's own brother had knocked her up, and now Madison was about to accept the very same cum that had done the deed. That idea gave her the best orgasm of the day as she felt his heat fill her womb.

Ever the gentleman, Daniel helped her shower. To show her appreciation, Madison blew him as warm water cascaded all around them. She sputtered and sucked down part of his load, spitting the rest down the drain. It was the first time she'd ever tried to swallow. She knew he'd give her more practice. They then dressed, and Daniel walked her down to the front door.

"When can I see you … and Brittney … again?" Madison stopped in the entry room and gave Daniel an impromptu peck on the cheek.

"Maybe on Friday –" Daniel was interrupted by Julie coming out of the kitchen.

"Cookies? I meant to get them to you before you were leaving, Madison. Sorry." Julie stood naked, her ripe body curving every which way. She held a tray of chocolate chip cookies in front of her.

Madison's eyes bulged as she ogled the pregnant woman. Madison stared at fertility personified. She looked at the heavy boobs pressing themselves to the round belly. The nipples and areolas were so dark,

and Madison could see the crisscross of blue veins under Julie's pale skin. She realized she was staring, but couldn't help herself.

"I asked my mom to walk around naked most of the time," Daniel said matter-of-factly. "It's not so cold with spring here. My dad's not around. And it makes things easier."

Madison looked down at Daniel's pants and saw him hardening at the sight of his mother. A brief hit of jealousy swept over her.

"Oh, I'm no competition, you pretty little thing." Julie walked over, her breasts jiggling the whole way. "I'm happy Danny's found a girl his own age."

"Oh, good." Madison said dumbly. She took a cookie and didn't mention that Brittney was his own age. Exactly his own age. Maybe Julie meant that he'd found someone his own age that he wasn't related to. Goodness, when had Madison accepted that her new boyfriend and girlfriend were sex gods, and they slept with whoever they wanted?

"Did I hear something about cookies?" Penelope walked down the hall from the library, behind them. She too was full, round, and naked. She walked over and took a cookie from the tray and happily munched it. "I'm going to call Brad and see if he got the papers. Want to listen in on the call?" She looked over at Madison, smiled, and took another bite of cookie. "Unless you're busy with your friend."

"My girlfriend," Daniel corrected. "Madison was just leaving." Daniel walked Madison to the door.

"Cookies?" Khadra poked her head out of the main living room and jogged down to Julie and the cookie tray. She was also naked, not even wearing her hijab. She grabbed a cookie and munched along with Penelope.

"Wow." Madison had known about all the women, but it was another thing to see them congregating by the front door. All pregnant and eating cookies. She took in Khadra's dark skin and black nipples. She'd never seen a black woman naked before.

"I'll see you at school tomorrow, Maddy." Daniel gave Madison a pat on her firm butt through her skirt. "And you can come over on Friday. Brittney will be here, too."

"Okay." Madison leaned in, gave Daniel a long kiss, and then opened the door. With one last look at those soft, round women, Madison headed down the front walk to her car. "Bye," she said over her shoulder. She felt elated and out-of-sorts at the same time. She knew she had a ton of Daniel's stuff still deep inside her, and it was a thrill to take it with her as she headed home.

"Bye." Daniel waved at Madison's back and closed the door.

~~

"You got the papers, then?" There was silence as Penelope listened to her soon-to-be ex-husband on the phone. "I'm sorry … Brad." Penelope moved slowly up and down on Daniel's lap, feeling his long, thick cock spread her pussy. She held her phone with her right hand and her left boob with her left

hand, looking down into Daniel's happy eyes. "It's just … not going to work." She listened for a while, undulating her hips. She had married Brad with such hope and optimism in her heart. It was hard to imagine how wrong she'd been. But that moribund marriage had led her to Daniel, so it had all worked out in the end.

"How's he taking it?" Daniel whispered. He tried not to smile. It was a somber occasion.

Penelope held the phone away from her face. "Not well," she whispered back. She put the phone back up to her ear. "Yes … I … ugh …" Penelope rolled her eyes as Daniel hit a sweet spot inside her. She would have to end the call soon. "I'll continue to … stay … with your mother." She listened for a while. "Well you can … work that out with her. I have to go now … Brad. I'll talk to you later." Penelope disconnected the phone abruptly. "He didn't want me to stay here."

Listening to Penelope divorce his brother was too much. Daniel gripped her hips tighter and let out a series of low grunts.

"Yes … yes … fill me." Penelope leaned back, looking up at the ceiling. She would never get enough of Daniel's cock. She screamed out her orgasm right along with him, her phone dropped beside her leg, completely forgotten.

When she'd finally taken his seed, Penelope rolled off Daniel awkwardly and lay next to him. She rubbed her sweaty, round belly. "What about your dad?"

"What about him?" Daniel looked over at her pregnant beauty.

"When he comes back from his vacation …" She waved her hand above their nakedness. "Poof. No more of this. He'll catch on eventually, Danny."

"Well … I don't know." Daniel shrugged.

They lay quietly for a minute as Penelope worked out a plan in her head. She'd take the dreamstone on a road trip. She knew what the twins had done with it. She could use it on Daniel's aunt and push her to seduce George. Maybe even get her to force George to confess his infidelity. "I'm going to go on a little vacation this weekend."

"Aren't you a little … um … big for a vacation right now?"

"Shut up, Danny." Penelope smiled at him. "I am perfectly dainty. Now get over her, I can't seem to move from my back. I need more."

Daniel smiled back at her and obediently climbed between her legs. He shoved himself back inside her.

~~

A few weeks later, Julie was taking care of Daniel on their bed in the master bedroom. One of his enormous balls was in her mouth while she jerked him. From her bedside table, her phone rang. She

awkwardly crawled to the phone, her belly dragging on the sheets. “It’s your father.” She put a finger to her lips to quiet Daniel, and then answered. “Hello, dear.”

Daniel crawled over to his mother, positioned his head under her enormous left boob and clamped his lips to her distended nipple. He drank her milk while she made small talk with his father.

After a few minutes, he felt a hand on his cock. Daniel looked down to see his sister sitting cross-legged next to him, pumping his long cock. She mouthed “Dad?” to him, and Daniel nodded.

“Wait, what did you just say, George?” Julie’s tone shifted from light and casual to something a good deal darker.

The twins looked at each other. Brittney continued to stroke Daniel, despite the turn from their mother.

Julie sat up straighter in bed, gave her eighteen-year-olds a stern look like they ought to find another time to pleasure each other like monkeys, and focused on her call. “With your sister? That’s … that’s … if that’s true, why are you even telling me?”

Brittney dropped her mouth down to Daniel’s bloated cockhead. Was their father sleeping with their aunt? If that was true, the thought of it certainly turned Brittney on. And judging from the way Daniel’s dick throbbed, he liked it, too.

“Well … I … I never imagined you …” Julie dropped the phone. “He hung up.” She watched her sweet daughter blow her son. “Your father isn’t coming back home.”

“Is he fucking Aunt Becky?” Daniel patted her thigh.

“I can’t believe it. He is.” Julie crawled to the middle of the bed and turned herself over onto her back. Sometimes she felt like a beached whale in her current condition. “I need you inside me, sweetie. I need it now.” What better way to get back at that philandering fool than to hump her own son?

“Okay.” Daniel pulled the slurping Brittney off him and moved in between his mother’s legs. He lined himself up and slipped right in.

“Do you think the house made him do it?” Brittney climbed next to Julie, lowered her mouth, and held her mother’s right boob with both hands. “I mean, that’s pretty crazy that Dad would … you know …” She tightened her lips around Julie’s nipple and drank from her mother.

“I … ugh … ugh … don’t know.” Julie’s pussy welcomed that long penis home. “It doesn’t seem the house … has much power … anymore.”

“The house still has … power … in the dreamstone.” Daniel smashed his mother’s butt and hips deep into the mattress with each thrust.

“It does … oh … Danny … Brit … you two … are going to make …” Julie screamed out her happiness as Daniel rooted out her pussy and Brittney drank her milk.

~~

In the early summer, Julie was the first woman at Palmer Mansion to give birth. Penelope, Khadra, Brittney, and Daniel were all there in the hospital as the Andersons welcomed a baby girl into the world. They named her Eloise.

Julie and baby Eloise had just returned from the hospital when Penelope went into labor. She gave birth to a baby boy, Christopher. A few weeks later, it was Khadra's turn to birth a baby girl, Yasmiin. Soon, Palmer Mansion was full of crying, fussing, and the comforting shushing of mothers.

Despite her swollen belly, Brittney worked hard and finished her senior year. On graduation day, she walked up to get her diploma from Erin, her twin by her side.

Daniel gave Erin's butt a little smack when Erin handed him his diploma. He didn't much care if anyone saw him. He knew he wasn't going to see Erin as much anymore with school out, but he figured her son would keep her busy.

Madison cheered her boyfriend and girlfriend from further back in line.

~~

"Who's watching baby Eloise?" Daniel turned away from his computer when his mother entered his room. He'd just sent an email informing his would-be college he wasn't going to attend that year. Brittney had done the same thing a few days earlier.

"Khadra has her." Julie closed Daniel's door behind her and walked into the room. "Yasmiin is napping, so she's feeding Ellie for me."

"Great." Daniel eyed his mother. She was naked, as she was most of the time when home. She seemed to be getting back in shape quickly. "What's up?"

"You've been very patient with me, sweetie." Julie stopped next to Daniel's desk and played with his blond hair. "I know you need lots of … exercise. And I've been so busy with the babies."

"It's okay, Mom. Brittney, Madison, and Mrs. Haskins have all helped out." Daniel reached into his desk drawer and pulled out a small box.

"When is Erin's baby due?" Julie bent at the waist and bit his ear gently. She was aware of her heavy tits hanging and swaying below her.

"Soon, she looks like she's ready to pop for sure." Daniel opened the box. Five rings rested on velvet inside. Each was wrought from platinum with a single, black stone set on them. The black stones each had a vein in them that pulsed scarlet with the beat of a human heart. "I had them made specially. I chipped pieces off the dreamstone and polished for hours."

"I don't understand?" Julie looked quizzically into Daniel's eyes.

"You're still wearing Dad's ring. Take it off." Daniel watched as she straightened and then worked the diamond ring off her finger. "Put this on." He handed her the first ring in the box.

“Shouldn’t you be on one knee?” Julie smiled with the joke, but she could see he was serious. She put George’s ring on the desk and took the new ring from Daniel’s palm. It had a heat to it in her fingers. She slipped it on her ring finger and held her hand out to Daniel. “Thank you, pumpkin. How does it look?”

“Perfect, Mom.” Daniel pulled down his pants and underwear. His dick sprung up in the air. “Are you ready to … um … have sex again?”

“Yes.” Julie nodded, still smiling, and climbed onto his lap. “Do you want my butt or my pussy, sweetie?”

“Pussy, please.”

“You want to put another baby in your mother, huh?” Julie reached under her and guided his thick pole inside her. “Ugggghhhhhh.” She’d almost forgotten how good it felt.

“I guess so.” Daniel buried his face in her tits, and held tightly to her wide hips.

“This ring doesn’t … ugh … mean I’m your wife, Danny.” Julie got into a good rhythm. She could already feel her first orgasm building. “I’m … still your mother.”

“I … know.” Daniel’s voice was muffled by Julie’s boobs. “It’s more like … a promise ring.”

“What are you … ah … ah … ah … promising?” Julie could feel the crest of her climax approaching.

“To keep fucking you … Mom.”

“That … is … a … good … promise.” With the last word she ground her hips down on him and let out a shriek. Such pleasure hadn’t existed before her son first put his monstrous thing inside her. Now she wondered how she’d ever lived without it.

About a half hour later, Daniel emptied his balls inside of Julie. And then two more times after that. By the time they were done, Julie was a whimpering, sweaty, cum-covered mess laying on Daniel’s bed. She’d have to clean his sheets later, but no rush. He didn’t sleep in his room anymore. He and Brittney were in Julie’s bed every night.

~~

“Hey, Brit. I want you to have this.” Daniel lay next to his sister in her bed in the tower room. Golden sunshine streamed through the western windows. They were basking in the afterglow, both with their heads on Brittney’s pillow. Daniel held out his hand, admiring the way Brittney’s chest still heaved, her boobs hanging to the sides, and her belly sticking up like some hill to conquer.

“What’s this?” Brittney took the ring from Daniel’s hand. She held it up above her sweaty face and examined the black stone setting. “I’m not going to marry you, dufus.”

They laughed together at that.

“It’s just a gift. Put it on.” Daniel watched her slip it onto her right hand. He didn’t mind if she didn’t want people thinking she was someone’s wife.

“It feels warm.” Brittney held her right hand up and admired the soft, pulsing red. “I like it. Thanks, Danny.”

“Sure thing.” He put his hand on her right breast and squeezed. “Want to go again?”

Brittney nodded enthusiastically.

~~

“But we don’t wear wedding rings in my culture?” Khadra was on her knees between Daniel’s legs when he presented her with her ring.

“We’re not exactly getting married.” Daniel watched her bite her bottom lip and slip the ring onto her left hand. He didn’t mention that she hadn’t been wearing her hijab much anymore either.

“Oh, it feels … nice.” Khadra had to tilt her head to the side to look around Daniel’s massive penis up to his blue eyes. “Thank you, Daniel.”

“You’re welcome.” Daniel offered a sweet smile. Somewhere in the house, Daniel heard a baby cry. Listening to the noise, he realized it had been a long time since he’d heard the mysterious clock ticking. “Is that Yasmiin? Do you have to go?”

“It’s okay. Penelope is watching her.” Khadra smiled at the miracle of this goofy teenager and how he’d changed her. “I want to make you happy. What can I do?”

“In that case, climb on.” Daniel gave her his hand and pulled her onto his lap.

~~

“Oh, it’s beautiful, Danny,” Penelope gushed as she held her new ring up to the light. She tossed Brad’s ring toward the trashcan, but missed and it clanked into a corner. “Does this mean …?” She smiled her thousand-watt smile at him.

“I’m only eighteen. Too young to get married.” Daniel wondered at the situation. Penelope was naked, bouncing up and down for joy next to him, her boobs shaking, and Daniel was turning her down. Before Palmer Mansion, he never would have believed he’d witness any part of that.

“You don’t want to be my husband?” Penelope stopped bouncing and frowned at him. “I thought …”

“I want you to … um …” Daniel hadn’t thought she would take this so badly. “I want you to be my secret wife. Okay?”

Penelope’s smile returned. “I understand. The world isn’t quite ready for Daniel and his wives.” She hopped onto Daniel’s bed and got on all fours. She brushed her blond hair aside and looked back at him

over his shoulder. “Well, what are you waiting for? It’s time to secretly consummate our secret marriage.” She trembled with anticipation as the mattress depressed behind her with his weight.

“Will you be a good secret wife?” Daniel got behind her, his dick hard as steel. He couldn’t wipe the grin off his face as he gave her pale butt a smack.

“Oh,” Penelope yelped. “I’ll be your good secret wife. I’ll make you so many babies. Ooohhhhhhh.” Her eyes glazed over as he entered her. Her shoulders dropped and she fell to her elbows. “So … many … babies.” She was already cumming.

~~

Daniel walked out in the garden around the side of the house on a hot summer day. The insects buzzed and the world around him was an intense green. The rosebush looked healthy and happy. Red roses bloomed all over the thing.

Whatever magic the thing had seemed to be dormant now. But Daniel didn’t want to get too close. The women were all inside the house, getting ready for Madison’s going away party. She’d be leaving for college soon. Daniel had invited all the mothers that had visited him and Brittney in the school supply room. And their families too, of course. He thought, if Eloise could see the party from where she was, it would make her happy.

“I guess I’m secret married now.” He took a deep breath and slipped the fifth ring onto his finger. It did feel nice and warm. Like a cozy bed on a cold night. “I …” Daniel didn’t know if she could hear him. Or if maybe Day Star could. “I just wanted to say thank you.”

A breeze blew past the house and a single rose fell off the bush. Daniel thought about walking over to pick it up, but remembered how the thing had swallowed the Palmers.

“Okay, bye.” Daniel turned and walked back toward the front door. He needed to help his women with their preparations. He really was looking forward to the party. Daniel knew he had all sorts of things to look forward to. Behind him the rosebush shook in the breeze. Next to him, the house stood as it had for over a hundred years.

The End

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