The Palmer Legacy

By Rawly Rawls © 2022

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

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Chapter 1

The Woman in the Painting Comes to Life

"That's new." Jessica Reader pointed a delicate finger across the street. A quaint store had opened right next to Café du Nord. There were interesting paintings behind the windows.

"Ohhhh. The Belle Dame Gallery." Mara Rizzuto read the sign with a smile. "Let's check it out." She brushed her black, curly hair out of the way and glanced over her shoulder where her daughter, Ella, was goofing off with Jessica's son, Noah. They were both eighteen and she suspected they'd stop in at the café with hopes of flirting with other teenagers. There weren't many places for young people to congregate in their town. Café du Nord, with all its caffeine, was the main attraction.

Noah glanced at the new store. "Looks boring. Really boring." He exchanged a glance with Ella. "Can I have some money, Mom? We'll wait for you in the café."

Mara laughed. "I knew it. Good luck chasing boys and girls, you two." She reached into her purse.

"Have fun, Noah." Jessica smiled and pulled money from her purse. Each mother handed over some spending money and sent them on their way. Jessica watched the teenagers run off and disappear into the café. The wind suddenly picked up, penetrating her outer layers. She shivered, pulled her coat tightly around her, and followed Mara, careful not to slip on the icy sidewalk.

A tinkling bell rang when they opened the glass door and walked in. "It's so warm in here," Mara said. It felt like a tropical paradise. Which wasn't actually much of a paradise with so many layers on.

"It's like a sauna." Jessica unzipped her coat, unwound her scarf, and took off her knit hat. She shook her red hair and swept it behind her shoulders. "Oh, look. This is pretty." Her eyes were drawn to a large oil painting to her left depicting a woman playing with an odd, glowing Rubik's cube. The pretty woman sat on a sofa, a young man beside her pointing to some unrecognizable markings on the puzzle. A young woman sat on her other side, smiling knowingly. They all had similar features and the same shade of brown hair. It was clear they were a happy family.

"I don't know. There's something unsettling about this one." Mara looked the painting up and down. She didn't like the body language of the subjects. "Oh, look at this one." She moved to her right and stood in front of a portrait of two women with captivating cold beauty. The subjects were identical twins with dark hair. Each wore a patinaed

copper crown and a long flowing dress. One had a stern expression, the other stared out at the viewer with … Mara wasn't sure. Was the woman hungry? She was so busy studying their faces, she didn't notice the strange lump under the dress of the hungry woman, right between her legs.

"Welcome to my gallery." A small, tweedy man walked toward them from the back of the gallery. He was impeccably dressed, with a quick, deliberate gait. The place was larger than it seemed. Although the space was narrow, the room carried on and on. "I am Mr. Luci, and it is a pleasure to have you here."

"Hello." Jessica turned and gave the little fellow a warm smile. "I'm Mrs. Reader, and my friend is Mrs. Rizzuto. How long has your shop been here?"

"I opened today. You are my first customers." Mr. Luci stopped a few feet away from the ladies. He adjusted his bow tie and clasped his hands in front of him. "But I've been planning this place for a long time. There are so many licenses and permits in Clover Falls. And I … chafe at rules. But finally, our adventure begins." His smile broadened. The lights spotlighting the paintings reflected off his glasses, obscuring his eyes.

"Um … yes." Jessica thought it very presumptuous to include them in *his* adventure.

"Is it Mr. L-u-c-c-i?" Mara cocked her head. "Are you also Italian?"

"Only one C in my name. I'm pre-Italian." Mr. Luci nodded like he had answered her question.

"I see." Mara did not see at all, but she was well-mannered enough to not pester the man with questions. Small town living puts a premium on politeness. She moved to another painting. This one depicted a pregnant woman and a young man hiking by a pristine, high-country lake. The art was exquisite. "Is the price next to this one correct?" She wouldn't be able to afford anything in the store.

"My work is very affordable." Mr. Luci nodded.

"You made these?" Jessica eyed him with new respect.

"In a manner of speaking, yes." Mr. Luci nodded again. "Do you see anything you like?"

"I find the twin ladies captivating." Mara gestured back to the women wearing copper crowns. "But my husband has my purse on a tight leash. It's out of my price range."

Mr. Luci turned his attention to Jessica. "How about you, madam? Are you on a budget today, too?"

"I own my own business, Mr. Luci. I'm an interior designer." Jessica glanced at her friend. "But of course, raising children is very much its own profession."

"No offense taken, Jess." Mara waved a hand dismissively at her friend.

“And do you see anything you like, Mrs. Reader?” Mr. Luci could smell her growing interest.

“I would be the first one in town to own one of your paintings?” Jessica liked to be on the cutting edge.

“Yes, indeed.” Mr. Luci nodded.

“What about this one, Jess? The woman looks just like you. She even has your freckles.” Mara moved down the aisle and pointed.

“Oh, my. She does.” A quiver ran through Jessica, although she wasn’t sure why. It felt almost like the first time she had set eyes on her husband, Andrew. She followed her friend and stood next to her. “What is the story behind this painting?” The portrait depicted three people in Victorian clothes in front of a grand mansion. There was a rose bush nearby, with crimson flowers that nearly leapt from the canvas. A dour man with a mustache stood to one side. A young man with red hair and freckles stood to the other, he was smiling. Jessica’s doppelganger sat in a wicker chair between the men. Her smile was radiant. All three wore black. Jessica noticed that their clothes were ripped, like they’d just wrestled with the rose bush before posing for the painting.

“The more you regard the portrait, the more you will learn their story.” Mr. Luci laughed, a warm pleasant sound that died quickly in the long, narrow room. “I rather think that’s my gift as an artist.”

“It is quite gripping.” Jessica pictured the magnificent work of art in her living room. She would certainly be the talk of the town. She stared at the painted woman’s green eyes. Jessica’s heart drummed in her chest. She imagined the woman attending to her mansion, walking the long corridors … naked. How odd. The woman was chasing someone playfully. A clock ticked in Jessica’s mind, matching the thump of her heart. The sound compelled her to seek it out.

“Jess … Jess?” Mara shook her friend’s arm. “Are you okay?”

“What? Oh, yeah.” She had to have that painting. Jessica looked at the price. “Nine hundred is too much for me. Would you take five hundred?”

“I don’t normally negotiate, but since you and the portrait’s main subject could be sisters, we can work something out. How about seven hundred?” Mr. Luci would have given the thing away for free, but an exchange was a necessary part of the process. They negotiated until Jessica was the proud owner for five hundred fifty. He waved goodbye to the women as they carried Jessica’s new prize to her car, each holding one end. His first sale had gone very well.

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“It’s creepy, Jess. I don’t want it in our living room.” Andrew eyed the painting like it might bite him. He was a fit man with glasses and sandy brown hair. “You should return it.”

“Come on, Dad. I think it’s … interesting.” Noah reclined on the sofa, his skinny legs propped on the coffee table. His features matched his mother’s, but he had his father’s complexion. “There’s a spot right there for it.” He pointed over near the Christmas tree.

“I was actually thinking it could go above the mantle.” Jessica bit her lower lip. She hated to disagree with Andrew. “I do know design, and I think it would look wonderful. Can we put it there, please?”

“You want to replace our family photo with that thing?” Andrew stared wide-eyed at the painting, then glanced at the framed photo of him and his wife and their three children that hung above the fireplace. Only Noah was still at home, his sisters had left for college and beyond. Andrew loved that family portrait. He looked back at the painting. The man with the mustache seemed to be staring daggers at him. “I feel strongly about this, Jess. It can’t go in here.”

“Fine.” Jessica’s lip quivered. “I’ll put it in my office, then.”

“You know, Mom.” Noah contemplated the painting for a while. “That woman sort of looks like you.”

“I know, honey.” Jessica nodded. “Can you help me move this to my office?” She shot her husband a sharp look so that he would know she didn’t want his help. The glare wasn’t needed, Andrew was already walking away.

“Sure, Mom.” Noah got up. He was about the same height as his mother. His dad was taller and more fit than him, a better man for hanging a large, heavy painting. But he could tell she didn’t want his father’s help. They rarely argued, so it was odd to experience the chill between them. Noah was glad when he and his mother were out of the room, carefully moving the painting to its new home.

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Jessica ran through the mansion, her breasts bouncing unconstrained. Her son had just turned nineteen. Not Noah, he was only eighteen. No, this was her son from the painting. They were playing a game to celebrate his birthday. She caught a glimpse of

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his alabaster skin up ahead. She could see the smattering of freckles on his shoulders. Between his legs swung a prodigious tool. He possessed a gift designed to please women. The sight of it pleased her very much.

She ran faster, her toes digging into the thick carpet that ran down the middle of the hall. She turned to follow him down the stairs, her whole body shaking with each bounce. Suddenly, she was in his arms. Her son had been waiting for her. He said something she could not hear and then his lips were on hers.

A knock on her door roused Jessica. She lifted her head from her desk and wiped drool from her chin. Friscalating dusklight fell through her windows. Where had the afternoon gone? She picked up a paper and fanned herself with it. She was sweaty. The knock on the door sounded again. The ticking clock echoed in her office. She had been napping for hours. Could that really have happened? Her computer had gone to sleep. She stood and moved to the door, straightening out her dress. “Coming.” She opened the door and there stood her husband.

“I thought it was your turn to make dinner tonight.” Andrew frowned at his wife, but his face softened when he saw her bewildered expression. “Are you okay?”

“I’m fine.” Jessica leaned forward and kissed Andrew on the cheek. “I must have dozed off. I didn’t get any work done this afternoon. And … I meant to start dinner before you got home. Sorry, dear.”

“It’s okay.” He gave a forced smile. “I’ll order pizza. Maybe you should take a shower.” He could see the sweat glistening on her forehead. “That must have been some nap.”

“It was.” Jessica nodded and watched her husband depart.

When she was in the shower, she vigorously cleaned her body. No matter how thoroughly she scrubbed with the loofa, she still felt dirty. The woman in her dreams had kissed her son. They had both been naked and sweaty. And Jessica had been a part of it somehow. Maybe she should take the painting back to Mr. Luci. It had stirred something inside her that was better left still. But she didn’t want to be a bother to the gallery owner. How awful would be it be for the poor man to have his first sale returned? And she didn’t want to give her husband the satisfaction of being right about the painting. She would leave it on the wall in her office.

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“When does Hailey get in, Mom?” Noah nibbled on his slice of pizza. His mother stared into space, her hand on her wine glass. “Mom?”

“Oh, sorry, honey.” Jessica’s smile was brief and flat.

“Your mother fell asleep in her office today. She’s a little out of sorts.” Andrew gulped his beer. “Ella’s family will be over for dinner tomorrow night. Hailey will fly in the day after that. Paget and Clive should arrive on Christmas Eve.”

“Do you need me to pick up Hailey at the airport?” Noah loved any excuse to drive his clunker of a car.

“I’d like your sister to come home alive.” Andrew smiled. “Your mother will pick her up.”

“Yes … yes …” Jessica had been daydreaming. Right in the middle of dinner. In her mind, she had been running naked in the ornate mansion, but this time something had been hunting her. A shiver went down her spine. “I’ll pick up Hailey. You’ll be in school anyway, Noah. No cutting class.” She wagged a finger at him.

“I’m almost done, Mom. What does it matter if I cut class?”

“Don’t remind me. You’ll be graduating before we know it. I’m going to miss you so much, Noah.” She ruffled his hair. Touching him felt electric. Her hand recoiled and her pulse quickened. “Don’t cut class,” she said shortly.

“Your mother’s right.” Andrew eyed his wife with raised eyebrows. “You can’t take your foot off the pedal until the end. We’re proud of all you’ve accomplished, but it’s not over.”

“Sure.” Noah shrugged and took another bite of pizza. They ate the rest of their dinner in relative silence.

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“The bond, the pact, the contract made.” Noah’s mother watched him closely with mercurial, green eyes. “We paid and received and the Devil took his due. All we need from you is your approbation, honey.”

“No … no …” Noah backed away. It wasn’t his mother. Her sweet voice was wrong, and even in the shadows he could see he had mistaken his mother’s face for the woman in the painting. He ran blindly through the mansion. “Never … I will never …”

Noah’s room was pitch-black when he awoke and shot up in bed. “Just a nightmare,” he muttered to himself. He crawled out of bed and stumbled to the window. He pulled back the curtains and moonlight flooded his room. He exhaled and relaxed. But held his

breath all over again when he heard the sound of footsteps outside his room. He walked to the door, opened it, and peeked out.

For a second, he thought it was the woman in the painting come to life. His blood froze. But then he recognized his mother's familiar gait. She was walking down the hall with her back to him. She wore only a t-shirt and panties, and her pale legs glimmered in the moonlight. She turned down the stairs and disappeared.

"Mom?" Noah stepped out from his room. He didn't hear a response. "Mom?" He said a little louder. Still no response. He was dressed only in his boxers and the house was quite cold. He cursed his dad's energy-saving thermostat policy, hugged his bare chest with his arms, and followed his mother. He caught a glimpse of her at the bottom of the stairs and hurried after her. Once in the kitchen, he saw just her pale legs moving down the hall. Noah stopped outside her office door. Inside, she stood facing her new painting.

"It's too big … too big," Jessica mumbled. Her hands hung limply by her sides. Her shoulders drooped.

"Mom?" Noah took an uncertain step into the office. "What are you talking about?" He was mystified.

"It's so … cold." Jessica made no effort to hug herself for warmth. She stood perfectly still, half-naked, next to her desk.

"It is frigid." Noah walked around in front of his mother. Her eyes stared blankly at the portrait. He waved a hand in front of her face. There was no response. She didn't see him. "You're sleepwalking, Mom." He took her shoulders in his hands and shook them. He was shocked when she leaned forward and planted a kiss on his lips. He backed away quickly.

"Noah?" Jessica recoiled when she realized what had happened. "You kissed me!" She blinked as she took in her surroundings. How had she gotten into her office?

"I did not!" Noah panicked. He would die of embarrassment if his sweet mother thought he'd kissed her on the lips. "You were sleepwalking. You must have kissed Dad in your dream."

"Oh … yes, it was … your father … in my dream." Her gaze returned to her son and her eyes widened when she realized he was practically naked! He was a skinny teenager, but that made the large lump in his boxers seem all that much larger. She put a hand to her mouth and quickly looked away. "What are you doing up?"

"I had a nightmare and then heard you in the hall." Noah shrugged. He snuck a surreptitious peek at her nipples poking through her thin shirt. Had it gotten even colder in her office?

“Well, go back to bed.” She moved to hug him, but stopped herself. That would not be appropriate under the circumstances. “I’m sorry about what happened. I don’t think I’ve ever sleepwalked before. In the future, wake your father if it happens.”

“That way you’ll kiss the right guy.” Noah tried to laugh, but his voice quickly died away. “Goodnight, Mom.” He waved awkwardly and left the office. He was a little surprised that she didn’t follow him upstairs, but shrugged it off. She was clearly out of sorts.

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The bell jingled merrily when Jessica entered The Belle Dame. The heat of the place instantly made its cloying presence known. She unzipped her coat, removed her hat and scarf, and looked about. She was startled to see about a half-dozen patrons admiring the paintings. She knew them all as mothers from PTA meetings and other school functions. When several looked her way, she offered a closed-lip smile. Thankfully, none of them seemed interested in chatting. After they’d made their greetings, the women turned back to regarding the artwork.

“Hello, Mrs. Reader.” Mr. Luci ambled up to his first customer. He adjusted his bow tie and stuck out his hand. “How do you do?” He cocked his head quizzically.

“Hello, Mr. Luci.” Jessica grasped his hand loosely and shook it. She noted the firmness and dryness of his shake, despairing that her grip was neither. When her hand was freed, she wiped her palm on her coat. “What is your policy on returns and exchanges? I have the painting in my car.”

“Oh, my. What seems to be the problem?” He gently put his hand on her shoulder and guided her away from the other women, toward the back of the gallery.

“Well, Mr. Luci … um … may I ask your first name?” Jessica was distracted for a second by a painting they passed. It had a science fiction setting, but was clearly a take on da Vinci’s *The Last Supper*. Instead of apostles, pregnant women sat on either side of the Christ figure. They all had their hair in Amish braids, and their futuristic uniforms reminded Jessica of Amish clothing. The Christ figure was a young man with a serene smile. Some of Mr. Luci’s works were quite odd.

“My first name is Fleur,” he said.

“Fleur Luci,” Jessica said the name quietly to herself. “That is unusual.”

“My father can be severe.” Mr. Luci smiled. “But he is prodigiously creative.” They were now a good way from the browsing women. They stopped in front of a depiction of a

wild-looking woman howling at the moon. In the background, the shadows of her companions could barely be seen running on all fours into the woods.

“So, can I return the painting, Mr. … um … Fleur … sir?” Now that she’d learned his first name, she wasn’t sure she wanted to use it.

“What seems to be the problem, Mrs. Reader?” Mr. Luci steepled his hands in contemplation, or maybe prayer. “You and that painting were made for each other. You are the spitting image of Mrs. Palmer.”

“Mrs. Palmer?” Jessica perked up. “So, there *is* a story that goes with the painting?”

“Mrs. Palmer lived in the nineteenth century. Like you, she was a timid woman.” He smiled at her look of shock at his forward comment. “She discovered a truth that gave her strength. She became quite brave, even when others sought to constrain her. Eloise Palmer’s indomitable spirit lives on. I pray it will be a guiding light to women everywhere.”

Jessica set her jaw. She liked the cut of Eloise Palmer’s jib. Her fears receded in her mind. “I have been very silly, Mr. Luci. If she could be brave despite all that she faced in her day, then I can shrug off a few nightmares. She goes back up on the wall. What else can you tell me about her?”

“I have to return to my other customers. Maybe when I’m less busy I can tell you her full story.” Mr. Luci anxiously looked back at the other women, two of whom were heading for the exit.

“Yes, of course.” Jessica nodded, dismissing the diminutive man. “I think I’ll browse for a little while.”

“As you wish.” Mr. Luci hustled to head off the women before they left.

Jessica listened to him entertain the women and steer them toward a painting with a tall blond knight racing down a curving stairway, accompanied by armored women.

Hoping the place would quiet down so that she could get the story out of Mr. Luci, Jessica moved from painting to painting, biding her time. After a half hour, there were more customers than before, so she gave up and headed home. She would get Noah’s help hanging the painting in her office again.

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“I hope you don’t feel weird about last night, honey.” Jessica stood a few feet from Noah. They were both regarding Eloise Palmer, back in her spot on the office wall. “I was just

confused." She frowned. It occurred to her that she didn't know the other Palmers' names. Of course, she knew that Eloise's son was nineteen, and built like a model. She shook her head. She didn't know any such things, those had only been dreams. Anyway, a modest and courageous woman like Mrs. Palmer wouldn't do something so abhorrent. Jessica's shoulders gave an involuntary shake.

"It's fine, Mom. You were asleep. Let's forget about it." Noah rubbed his chin. "Hey … I didn't notice before how far away the man with the mustache was from the other two. I could have sworn he was standing there." He pointed to a place just to the woman's right. "Wasn't his arm behind her?"

"Yeah … I could have sworn …" Jessica tilted her head and looked at the dour man. His expression was even more disapproving than she remembered it. "That is odd. But people in paintings don't move." She let out a nervous laugh.

Noah shrugged. "There's this theory called the Mandela Effect, that when multiple people remember something that didn't happen, they're actually remembering a parallel universe. It has something to do with quantum mechanics. It turns out a ton of people thought Nelson Mandela died in prison in the 80s, but of course he didn't die until much later. The most famous example of the Mandela Effect is the Berenstain Bears. Remember those books? How would you spell the name?"

"I remember." Jessica turned her attention away from the painting and watched her son give his mini-lecture. He looked so confident and handsome. Her heart warmed. "B – e – r – e – n – s – t – e – i – n."

"You're not alone. That's how most people remember it. But it's spelled a – i – n. Berenst*ain*." Noah caught the confused look in her eyes and laughed. "Did I just blow your mind? You remember that from a parallel universe."

"Yes … well … really?" She laughed with him. The sound released tension she didn't even know had been building.

"Well, no. Of course, it's all bullshit." Noah's laughter faded. "It's only people misremembering and being so sure about their false memories that they have to invent a bogus quantum mechanical theory to explain it."

"Language, Noah."

"Sorry." He offered a sheepish grin. "It's hogwash."

"That is interesting." She turned her attention back to the painting. "Because I really do feel like that man stood closer to the other two."

“Yeah, but we’re just remembering it wrong.” Noah followed her gaze back to the painting. It was uncanny, he was almost certain the man had stood in a different spot. “Something about this painting tricks the mind, like the Berenstain Bears.”

“I guess so.” Jessica shivered. It suddenly felt very cold in her office. “Thank you for your help, honey. Now run along. You’ve got homework to do before the Rizzutos arrive. And I have a design I need to get to a client.”

“Sure. See you later, Mom.” Noah gave the painting one last glance and left the office.

Jessica followed him to the door, closed it, and turned back to her desk. She sat in her chair, turned on her computer, and spun to her keyboard. Her hand froze reaching for her mouse. Lying on her keyboard was a leatherbound book she’d never seen before. She picked it up and read the spine. “*First Love* by Ivan Turgenev,” she whispered. She had work to do. But instead, she opened the book and started reading.

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“Did you hear what Ben Shapiro said about that new song W … A … P?” Antonio Rizzuto shook his head slowly, looking around the table. His wife gave him her *knock it off* look, but he continued. “I won’t say the name of the actual song, but it’s disgusting. Ben’s wife is a doctor, and she said that wetness *down there* is a sign of poor health.”

“Oh, stop it, Tony. No one wants to talk about this.” Mara put a hand over her eyes and bowed her head.

Andrew came to his friend’s aid. “It’s true. Isn’t it, Jessica?” He looked to his wife for approval.

Jessica stiffly nodded her head.

“It’s so crazy that kids these days think something so disgusting is worth celebrating in a song,” Andrew said.

“We were young once, too.” Jessica frowned and stood. She started clearing dishes. “You may be right, but it’s not something to discuss at the dinner table.”

Mara stood and helped her friend clear. “Let’s talk about something else. How are you enjoying the painting? I’m so jealous …” She followed Jessica into the kitchen.

“It’s just science,” Antonio called after them.

In the den, Ella and Noah could hear their parents. Ella sat leaning forward on the sofa, trying her best to beat her friend in their FIFA game. Noah sat on the floor. He was up by two goals.

“That’s … crazy.” Most of what Noah knew about girls was from porn, so he wasn’t sure how wet a normal woman would get, if at all. He’d kissed a few girls and felt one up, but that was it. “Ben Shapiro’s wife isn’t right … is she?”

“Are you really asking me that?” Ella could tell he was distracted. Her player stole the ball and streaked down the sideline for a crossing pass. “Gross … dude.”

“Sorry. I was just wondering.” He went quiet.

“I’m not Google, Noah. Ask your phone if you want to know about women.” Ella’s team scored.

“Will do.” Noah kept his eyes on the television. He had the sudden notion that instead of the computer, he should ask his mom’s new painting. His mom’s doppelganger knew everything there was to know about sex. He was so sure of it one moment, and the next he realized how insane that was. The lady in the painting might have known some things about sex or not. But she had been dead for more than a century. She wasn’t going to tell him anything.

In the dark of Jessica’s office, Eloise Palmer patted her son’s arm, turned her face toward him and smiled warmly. Her husband took another step toward the edge of the painting.

Chapter 2
Your River Flows

The AP History essay on nineteenth century architecture was not coming along easily for Noah. He leaned back in his desk chair, his eyes closed, trying to collect his thoughts. He didn't even hear his mom enter the room. He jumped and opened his eyes when she thumped something down on his desk.

"You left your book in my office." Jessica stood with her arms crossed, looking down at the leatherbound copy of *First Love*. "I'm not sure if you should be reading stories like that. It's a bit racy."

"That book looks ancient." Noah picked it up and examined it. "It's not mine." He opened it and read a few lines from a random page. The narrator threw himself from a twelve-foot wall because a woman asked him to. "Seems interesting."

"This isn't your book?" Jessica cocked her head, puzzled. "I thought you left it when you helped me with the painting."

"Nah, never seen it before." He handed the book back to her. "Maybe Dad left it for you?"

"Maybe." Jessica was nonplussed. "I really thought …" She stared down at the book's cover. The leather was cracked and worn around the edges. It really was an ancient thing. "Well, I'm glad it's not yours. You should be reading wholesome things."

"Sure, Mom." Noah's brain turned back to his homework. "Can I take a few pictures of your new painting? I have to write an essay on nineteenth century architecture, and there's that mansion in the background. Might be cool to tie that in somehow."

"Of course, honey." Jessica patted his sandy hair absentmindedly. "Whatever you like."

"Thanks, Mom." He watched her turn and slowly walk from his room without another word. He shrugged and went back to work on the essay.

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Jessica's husband denied ownership of the book, too. She couldn't think where it had come from. And to make matters worse, she had a strange reaction to the thing. With her husband in bed, she locked herself in the bathroom with it like she was hiding smut, and read it through again. The way the young man threw himself after the older woman with such unbridled lust and disregard for social norms made her feel

weightless, like she'd just stepped off the edge of a cliff. Her vagina tingled in an entirely new way.

Just that very evening, she had agreed with her husband that a woman with wetness "down there" had to be ill in some way. That was what she'd been taught, and experience had never dissuaded her. But if that was true, she was sick herself. Because when she finished the book, she stood, lifted the waistband of her panties, and saw that she was soaked. She wondered if she should see a doctor. But her middle child was arriving the next day, and there was no way to find the time. It was all so bewildering.

After a cold shower, Jessica bundled herself into a pair of flannel pajamas. She climbed into bed next to her husband, trying to think flattering thoughts of Andrew. But her mind was fixated on the young narrator of the book, who lusted after the unobtainable, untouchable older woman. She was beginning to understand why Mara read those tawdry romance novels.

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"Say cheese." Noah took several pictures of the painting from different angles. All six eyes seemed to follow him wherever he went in the office. "Is it just me, or is it cold in here?" He put his phone back in his pocket and admired the portrait. For the first time, he noticed that he could clearly see the woman's nipples through her dress. That was odd. That seemed like a detail he would have noticed.

"I guess it's cold where you are, too." Noah stepped closer to the painting, peering at the woman's heavy breasts. He wondered what sort of underwear Victorian women wore. Did she have a bra on? The expression on the painted lady's face was insouciant. Her playful gaze seemed to be telling him that she wouldn't wear such constraining undergarments. "Is it weird that I think you're hot? I mean … it's weird because you look so much like my mom." He quickly checked the door. Such an admission would be incredibly embarrassing if one of his parents were listening in. But he was alone.

"I can see my breath in here." Noah rubbed his arms. He walked over and checked the vents in the office. He could feel them blowing heat. He shrugged. If it bothered his mom, he was sure she could deal with it herself. He gave the painting a finger-gun on the way out and stopped dead in his tracks. He blinked. For a split-second, he thought the painted lady was aiming a finger-gun back at him. But now he could see she was in her normal pose, one hand in her lap, one resting on her son's arm. "I need some sleep." Noah left the office quickly and got ready for bed.

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It was more than a little unsettling for Jessica to wake up in the middle of the night standing in her office. Once again, she was in front of the painting. She immediately hugged herself against the penetrating cold, shivering in her flannel pajamas.

"What on Earth am I doing here?" she whispered to herself. Silver moonlight fell through the office windows. She blinked, trying to get her bearings. For some reason she was holding the mysterious book.

"You are here to regale me with tales of your conquests, darling." A soft woman's voice filled the room. "Or maybe it is the other way around. I am every bit as confused as you. I am here with you, but not here. I am dreaming but awake. I am floating like one of those marvelous new dirigibles, high in the clouds." Laughter echoed off the walls, ringing like a clear bell.

Jessica froze and looked around the room for the source of the voice. She saw no one. Her heart thumped in her chest. Her muscles tightened. "Excuse … me?"

"Over here … yes … there you have it. I'm Eloise Palmer." Eloise waved from inside the painting. She was now clearly pregnant under her bustled dress. Her son still stood to her left, but the space to her right was vacant.

"I'm … Jessica … Reader." So, she hadn't woken at all. She was still in bed next to Andrew, in the grip of another vivid dream.

"A splendid meeting, Mrs. Reader." Eloise bowed her head, her gaze dropping to the book in Jessica's hand. "Oh, you have a copy of my precious story. Not just *a* copy, *my* copy. How did you get that?"

"It was on my desk." Jessica held up the book like she was offering it back to the painting.

"I can't take it back … in my present condition." Eloise shrugged. "Oh, how rude of me. I haven't introduced you to my son. This is Thomas. Thomas, wish Mrs. Reader a good evening."

"Good evening, Mrs. Reader." Thomas's smile was warm and welcoming.

"Where is the other man?" Jessica nodded to the vacated space in the painting.

Eloise's smile disappeared. "You mean my husband, Frederick? He is off only God knows where. Quite literally." Her frown deepened. "He can't stand us, nor we him."

A grandfather clock chimed two o'clock somewhere in the house. Jessica didn't remember owning a chiming clock. Come to think of it, she could now hear a slow and

steady *tick … tock*. "I'm very sorry to hear about your husband. Andrew and I are so close, I don't know what I'd do without him. Did Frederick do something to you?" Jessica flinched at the sudden dark horror that spread from Eloise. The roses wilted and fell from the bush behind her. The bright Victorian house faded and deteriorated. A miasma of gloom spread from the painting into the office. The temperature dropped. "I'm sorry. That was very rude of me," Jessica took a step back. The darkness quickly receded.

"Think nothing of it, darling." Eloise stood, her hands on her pregnant belly. "The night progresses and we have much to accomplish." She cast a proud glance at her son. "Go ahead and undress, Thomas. Let her see a young man's body."

"Of course, Mother." Thomas slowly began removing his torn clothes.

"Wait … what?" Jessica's eyes widened. The book landed with a thump on the floor next to her. "I don't want to see a young man's body." But that wasn't true. She thought back to how lean, tight, and hard her son's body had looked when she'd seen him in his underwear the night before. He was so different from Andrew. Her eyes were glued to Thomas as more and more of his pale skin came into view.

"Yes, there is something breathtaking about a man of nineteen. There is so much potential bound in his strength." Eloise licked her lips as she watched Jessica. "You can clearly see his carefree exuberance and joyful abandon. This is, of course, true at eighteen, as well. Your son is proof of that."

"*My* … son?" Jessica's eyes widened when Thomas's penis came into view. It hung and swayed between his legs as he finished undressing. "My son doesn't look like that." She stared at Thomas. Something trickled down the inside of her thigh. She realized that she was so wet that a rivulet had escaped her panties.

"Your river flows at the sight of him." Eloise laughed again. "What was it your husband and his friend were talking about earlier? I mean the moment where they made their ignorance of women so very plain. It was a song they referenced. What is W … A … P?"

"It's vulgar … I can't say it." Jessica hugged herself tightly, her eyes never leaving Thomas. Was it her imagination or was the monster between his legs growing?

"I must know." Eloise's words were soft and playful.

"I can't."

"Tell me now, Mrs. Reader." Biting steel entered Eloise's voice. She could see that the woman was a timid thing, and might be better moved by a stick than a carrot.

"It means … 'Wet Ass Pussy,'" Jessica whispered. She cleared her throat. "I haven't heard the song, only what people have said about it. I thought it was fiction." Her heart was in

her throat. The penis in the painting had grown significantly, raising itself to half-mast. Her stomach was doing cartwheels and somersaults. Her mouth hung open.

“Fiction? How else would a woman ready herself?” Eloise fanned her face with her dress in mock embarrassment. “You have birthed three, so you must have some knowledge of how to work a man’s bludgeon.”

“Go easy on her, Mother.” Thomas was almost fully hard. His long cock cantilevered out in front of him. “Imagine what she has had to work with. Remember how you were before you found *First Love*.”

“Oh, I remember. I was one such as Mrs. Reader. Meek, timid and beyond naïve.” Eloise giggled. “I thought I existed to fit on the arm of a man. It was the dogma of the day that I serve, forsaking my own pleasure. Indeed, pleasure was singularly a man’s domain. But then I found that a woman’s satisfaction could thrive. And that my crinkum crankum was indeed … mine. It did not belong to my husband. Does any of this sound familiar?”

“Yes,” Jessica squeaked.

“Except for the last part?” Eloise rubbed her round belly.

“Yes.” Jessica nodded. Her body hummed and her head buzzed as she watched Thomas. “Wait … no … don’t touch it, Thomas.” To her horror, she saw his hands grasp his great, big thing and pump. She had never seen a man do that before. The thought of what she was witnessing threatened to overwhelm her brain.

“Don’t faint, darling.” Eloise moved to the fore of the painting, like she might catch the woman if she fell. But she could not.

“This is a dream.” Jessica’s legs trembled.

“Will you touch yourself if we tell you it is a dream?” Thomas raised an eyebrow at her.

“I would never.” Jessica put a hand to her mouth. “Not even in a dream.”

“What if I showed you how?” Eloise began undressing herself. “No need to look so horrified, Mrs. Reader. We don’t judge. Every woman must start somewhere. And your journey starts here, with us.”

Jessica looked back and forth between the undressing woman and the masturbating young man. Her gaze lingered on Eloise’s body. Her belly was impossibly round, and the woman’s boobs were swollen with fat, dark nipples.

“First, I’m going to teach you to find pleasure on your own.” Eloise, naked now, sat back down in her wicker chair. “Pay close attention now.” She spread her legs and revealed her red bush and pink lips. She reached her fingers to either side and spread for Jessica. “You will learn the where, how, and when of your quim.”

“Okay.” Jessica’s voice was barely audible. She felt like she might explode. She closely watched the woman masturbate. Her brain continued to overheat. She wavered on her feet. Eloise showed Jessica how to properly tend to her clitoris. The world swam around Jessica. When the pregnant woman climaxed, the dam burst inside Jessica’s brain. Jessica’s eyes rolled back in her head and she pitched sideways in a dead faint.

When she woke, her husband was shaking Jessica’s shoulder. Cool morning light streamed through the bedroom window.

“I think you had a nightmare again, dear. You were moaning and grunting.” Andrew stared at her sweaty face with concern.

“Andrew?” A faint frown crossed her lips. Her forehead creased with a vertical worry line. “Yes, it was … a nightmare.” She wasn’t used to lying to her husband. But she wasn’t about to tell him that he’d rudely disturbed a wet dream. “I don’t feel well.” She saw that her husband was already dressed for work.

“I gathered.” Andrew stood and closed the curtains. “Why don’t you rest in bed? I’ll see Noah off to school. Will you still be able to pick up Hailey at the airport?”

“I think so. Yes.” Jessica nodded and pulled the covers up to her chin. She desperately wanted her husband to leave the room. “I’m sure I’ll feel better soon. Have a good day at work, dear.”

“I will.” With a wave, Andrew left the bedroom and closed the door behind him.

The second he was gone, Jessica’s right hand went between her legs. Once again, she found her panties a sopping mess. She reached under them and caressed her lower lips just as the painting had taught her. She then slowly worked a finger barely inside, collecting wetness by moving up and down along her slit. Then, the finger slipped in up to the first knuckle. Then farther, finding the spots Eloise had suggested. “Oh … Andrew,” she whispered. “Let me see you touch yourself.” She pumped her vagina, imagining what her husband might look like masturbating. The rustling sound of her blankets filled the room. It was almost comical the way her bedding flapped with her movements.

“Oooohhhhhhhh … I need … I need …” Jessica knew her husband was still downstairs with Noah, and yet she fervently chased her own passion. Her husband … her husband … the image of him did nothing for her. He was so much smaller than … Thomas. “Oh … Thomas … you’re so … *big*.” Her left hand crept down between her legs and found her clitoris. She pumped with one hand while rubbing with the other. She stupidly thought Eloise would be proud of her.

“Bye, Mom.” Noah’s muffled voice came through the door.

Jessica froze, her right index finger still inserted, and her left hand on her button. She then heard Andrew admonishing their son not to disturb her. Noah … Noah … the sound of his voice unlocked something inside her. The image of Thomas faded away. Now, she imagined what her son looked like when he masturbated. She had never considered it before, but he must do it all the time. Teenage boys were insatiable. And Noah had a big one. She had seen the outline of it in her office. Not as big as Thomas's … but still quite heavy and full. Eloise was right, there was so much potential bound in Noah's tight, strong body. What had Eloise said? "… carefree exuberance and joyful abandon."

Without thinking, her hands went back to work on her vagina. Pressure mounted inside her. "Oh … gosh … what's happening … ugh … to me?" Her face contorted and she lifted her head off the pillow, her body tightly wound. "I don't … oh my … I … uuuuuuggggghhhhhhhhhhh." She shuddered as the first orgasm of her life swept over her. When it was done, she prayed her men hadn't heard her. She panted in bed, listening. Maybe they were already gone.

With the coast apparently clear, she went right back to honing her new skills. Five minutes later, she was screaming with delight, surrendering to her second orgasm.

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The painting hung over the mantle. Lauren Keitaro stood naked in the middle of her living room, regarding the work of art. Her husband had left for work early. Her daughter had spent the night at her boyfriend's house as she often did since starting community college. Lauren had the house to herself, so she'd taken a nap. But somehow, she found herself awake and far from bed.

The portrait of the lovely woman regarding herself in a mirror seemed … different somehow. The subject herself was the same, with her sweet smile, fashionably cut brown hair, and long dress. The mirror was the same. She could see the intricate brush strokes where the artist had captured the writhing creatures carved into the oak frame of the mirror. She blinked. The woman's reflection had changed.

"What in the world?" Lauren stepped closer to the painting and peered at the front of the reflection's dress. It bulged out quite oddly. It was almost like the woman was pretending to have a penis. She looked back at the smiling woman engaged in admiring her reflection. She could plainly see there was no mound in the front of the woman's dress. She looked back at the reflection and shivered. It was, of course, impossible, but she could have sworn the bulge was bigger now. "It's the bacchanal," Lauren whispered.

The second she said it, she wondered at the nonsense coming out of her own mouth. What did that even mean?

“It means it’s time to revel.” A woman’s voice startled Lauren, and she jumped away from the painting.

“Who?” Lauren looked around her living room, covering her boobs with her arm, and placing a hand over the black hair between her legs. “Who said that?”

“I did.” The woman’s reflection in the painting turned her head to look directly at Lauren.

“Oh …” Lauren could plainly see that the painting was talking to her. Her head swam.

“Would you like to see what I have for you under my dress?” Without waiting for an answer, the reflection slowly lifted her dress. A cock with a bright, purple head and runes written down the shaft came into view. “I was once high priestess to the god Pan. I was a dryad who bathed in jubilation. Mankind destroyed my forests. But that did not stop my debauchery.”

“I’m dreaming.” It was the only thing that made sense to Lauren.

“You have a lascivious imagination then.” The reflection turned her gaze down between Lauren’s legs.

Lauren didn’t need to follow the reflection’s gaze. Her trembling fingers that had been covering her modesty already felt it. Something huge hung between her legs. Lauren shot her hand away like it had been stung. She slowly lowered her gaze and leaned forward to look between her legs. Her eyes were round as saucers, and her mouth hung open. Dangling down there was a purplish penis covered in runes. Lauren screamed and ran from the room, her new appendage bouncing crazily with each step. The world swirled and went black.

“The bacchanal!” Lauren sat up suddenly in bed. She was covered in sweat. Her sheets were soaked in it. “It was a dream.” She sighed. Very slowly, she lifted up her covers. There was no penis down there. She explored the area with her hand just to make sure. She only found her vagina. Once down there, her fingers lingered. Soon, she was furiously masturbating, her mind focused on that odd dream. She didn’t know if she was grateful or terrified to have purchased that painting from The Belle Dame, but she did know that she was about to have a monster orgasm.

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The phone beeped on her bedside table, but Jessica didn't hear it. She was too busy exploring a new world of sensations. It was incredible that her clitoris had been there all these years without giving her a hint of its capacity for pleasure. How many orgasms had she had that day? She wasn't sure. She hadn't eaten, showered, or even thought about work. Was this why the world hadn't told her? Was this a secret kept so that women would carry on with their humdrum lives?

Another urgent beep filled the room. "Humdrum lives … oh … my gosh." Jessica removed her hands from between her legs and reached for her phone. Her hands were so slick she dropped it to the floor. She wiped her hands on the sheet and reached for it. There were numerous missed texts from her daughter Hailey. She had forgotten to pick her up at the airport. "Oh … no … no … no." Jessica texted her daughter to tell her she was on her way and jumped out of bed. Even though she needed one, there was no time for a shower. She threw on some clothes and ran downstairs.

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"You were napping?" Hailey frowned at her mother from the passenger seat, crossing her arms over her modest breasts. "You can just say you forgot me, Mom. I'm in the middle. I'm used to it."

"I didn't forget you." Jessica inwardly cringed at the lie. "I wouldn't forget your brother or sister either. It has nothing to do with when you were born. I slept through my alarm. I'm so sorry, honey."

"Whatever." Hailey ran her hands through her brown hair and looked out the window. She sighed. "Is that a new perfume?"

"Perfume?" Jessica hadn't put anything on. She inhaled without smelling anything.

"It smells sort of earthy and … I don't know … tangy?"

Jessica's cheeks turned scarlet, and her knuckles went white on the steering wheel. Her daughter was smelling the mess Jessica had made of herself. "Oh … um … I don't smell anything." Maybe this is what Ben Shapiro's wife meant when she said that a wet vagina was a sign of illness. She had lost herself in pleasure and completely shirked her responsibilities. She swore that she would never touch herself again.

Hailey shrugged, still looking out the window. It was a nice scent, even if her mom couldn't smell it.

"How's college going? Met any boys yet?" Jessica made small talk with her daughter for the rest of the drive.

When they arrived home, Hailey grabbed her bags, ran straight up to her room, and closed the door. Jessica stood by herself in the kitchen. She wandered into her office and closed the door as the thump of her daughter's muffled music started from above. The painting was perfectly normal. Eloise wasn't pregnant. She sat in her chair fully clothed. Thomas wore all his Victorian layers. Frederick was in the picture, looking as dour as ever. She blinked at him. He looked like he was a little further from his wife than he'd been the day before. Jessica shook her head. That was just the Mandela Effect. She smiled thinking of how confidently Noah had explained it to her.

"Time for work." Jessica walked to her desk. She had a client expecting an update on her design. Jessica sat in her chair, swiveled once around, and turned on her computer. While she waited for it to warm up, she regarded the painting. "Gosh … Mrs. Palmer … I wish you hadn't shown me how to turn myself on." Her brain turned foggy and her stomach flipped. If it had all been a dream, how had her dream known all those naughty things? She realized she was staring at the front of Thomas's pants. Was she … gushing again?

The subjects in the painting didn't move. Jessica stared at them and pushed her chair back from her desk. She lifted her dress up to her waist and pulled her panties down to her knees. Excitement and expectation tingled her nerves. "How did I learn this? Was it always … inside me?" Her hands went back to her vagina. Her fingers gently caressed her lips. She could hear the slickness of her wetness. "Am I sick? Is there something wrong with me? Or … ooooohhhhhhhhhhh … is this just … aaaahhhhhhh … perfection?" She slid a finger inside. The room filled with squelching sounds and heavy breathing. She closed her eyes and conjured images of Thomas's young, hard body.

It hadn't taken her long to break the promise never to touch herself. But it wasn't like she was forgetting her daughter this time, and work could wait. Everything could wait as she slipped closer and closer to another orgasm.

The office door swung open. "Mom, I was looking for …" Hailey's thought flew away. Her body and mind came to a halting stop. She stared at her mother. Even with the monitor obscuring much of her mother's body, it was clear what she was doing. Hailey's cheeks grew hot.

Jessica's eyes shot open. "Hailey! I … I …" She frantically pulled her dress down. She stood up, realized her hands were wet, and put them behind her back. "I was just thinking about my project."

"It's okay, Mom." Hailey backed away. What a bomb to drop on her the first day of winter break. When she still lived at home, she had worried about her mom walking in on her when she was experimenting with herself. But she'd never thought it would be the other way around. Her mom wasn't that kind of woman. Or … maybe she was. "I

was just … I found what I was looking for." She looked at the console table by the door and grabbed one of her mom's magnifying glasses. "Got it."

"Oh, good. You can borrow that as long as you like." Jessica took a step toward her daughter. She had neglected to pull up her panties and they made her stumble. Her hands came back out into the open and she caught herself on her desk, leaving streaks of wetness on the wood.

"I … gotta go." Hailey turned and fled. How totally embarrassing for her mom. What a disaster. She raced upstairs, closed her door, and went searching for her bong and stash. She needed something to help her forget what she'd just seen.

In her office, Jessica slowly pulled up her panties and smoothed her dress. "This is all your fault," she said to the painting. "You should never have told me those things." The painting didn't speak. It didn't move. It was an inanimate object. "I think I'm going crazy. I need … I need …" She took a deep breath and pictured the shocked expression on Hailey's face. It was more powerful than dunking her head into an ice bath. "I need a shower."

Jessica left her office, praying she wouldn't run into her daughter. She might have to have a talk with Hailey at some point, but she needed to compose herself first, to wash away the stench of her bad deeds. Gosh, she'd more or less cheated on poor Andrew in her imagination. She entered the bathroom and stripped. She turned the shower on and let it run cold. She gasped when she stepped into the frigid water. The bracing chill further clarified her mind. She made a solemn promise to never touch herself again. This time, she meant it. Instead, she would see if she could spice things up in the bedroom with Andrew. As she scrubbed herself, she formed a plan and repeated it to herself in her mind. Later that night, she would seduce her husband and teach him her new skills.

Chapter 3

It's Very Spooooooky

"What do you think, Andrew?" Jessica spun around in their candlelit bedroom. Her lingerie was the most modest thing Victoria's Secret made, no more revealing than a one-piece swimsuit. But it did make her feel naughty.

Andrew whistled. "I forgot you had that outfit." He regarded her from the closet where he was putting on pajamas. "What's the occasion?"

"Well …" Jessica wanted to walk over to him with some sexiness. But she couldn't quite picture what that would look like. She pressed her lips together. *Catwoman*! Everyone thought she was sexy, and Jessica had seen her in a movie once. She strode toward her husband like a frisky cat. "It's been over a month since we did it, and I thought you deserved to have some fun."

"That's sweet of you, Jess." Andrew's face pinched. He hated disappointing his wife. But he wasn't in the mood. "Not tonight. Maybe later in the week, okay?" He stepped around her on his way to bed.

"But I thought we could try some new things." Jessica did her best not to pout. She leaned forward a bit so he could get a good look at her freckled cleavage. Once upon a time, that would have driven him mad with lust. When they were younger, he'd get so hot that he sometimes orgasmed the minute he put it in.

"New things?" Andrew laughed and got under the covers. "That doesn't sound like us, does it? No need to reinvent the wheel." He blew out the candles on the bedside table. "New things are dangerous. And so are candles. Please blow them out before you brush your teeth."

"Okay, dear." There was defeat in Jessica's voice. Did he want her to masturbate and cheat on him in her thoughts? Because that's what he was pushing her toward. "We'll do the regular old thing when you feel up for it. Maybe tomorrow." She walked around the room with her shoulders slumped, blowing out candles. As she pulled off the lingerie, she thought about what Andrew was missing. More importantly, what she was missing. The image of Thomas touching his penis flashed in her mind. She pulled on an oversized t-shirt and panties and tried to think about something else. Her husband was sweet most of the time. That was a nice thing to think about. Then her mind wandered to Hailey. Goodness, she was going to have to talk to her daughter about the incident in the office.

Reflexively, Jessica's thoughts turned to other things. She focused on the conversation they'd already had on the car ride home from the airport. Hailey was dating a boy. That was excellent news. Her daughter had blushed when they talked about it. She seemed really into him. Jessica sighed and rubbed her thighs together when she climbed into bed. She tried to plan out the next day. "Goodnight, Andrew." Her husband didn't respond. He was already asleep. The thought occurred to her that he would never know if she touched herself. But then she remembered her promise and pressed her legs more firmly together. Mercifully, sleep didn't take long to find her.

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Noah raced down endless darkened halls. Frigid air tugged at his exposed skin. The *tick … tock* of a clock beat like the pulse of a great leviathan hiding somewhere nearby. Maybe he was inside the creature. But no, he could see the moon as he passed window after window. His feet padded through rectangles of silver light cast on the floral-patterned runner carpet.

"Come back here … boy. You have trespassed in forbidden caverns." A man's deep, booming voice followed Noah down the endless hallway. "I have already cleansed your mother of her sins. Now come seek penance!" A gunshot rattled the windowpanes and reverberated in the house. Noah looked down at his body, but saw no blood. No bullet holes. Only the tattered waistcoat, vest, shirt, and trousers that he wore. Adrenaline surged and his body somehow moved faster. Another gunshot crashed around him like an angry rhinoceros. His feet didn't falter.

The moon vanished. Blackness greeted him. Noah's next step found nothing at all. He screamed as he fell into empty space. He twisted about, falling and falling. The landing was much softer than expected. He found himself in a tender, cool embrace, his head resting on the ample curve of a breast. He looked up into sweet, caring green eyes. His heart slowed when he took in the broad smile set in a heart-shaped, freckled face. For a second, he thought he was in his mother's arms. But it was the lady from his mother's painting that held him close.

"You're lucky I was here to catch you, darling." Eloise brushed his sandy hair out of his eyes. "My, you're so pale. You look like you've seen a ghost." She laughed, a pleasant ringing that filled the open space outside her mansion.

"I … I thought you were my mom." Noah blinked up at her. His heart melted, his mind slowed, and a great swelling of longing filled him.

“We do look very much alike, agreed. Quite uncanny. But I am not your mother, Noah.” She bent her face toward his, her boob pressing harder into his ear. “My name is Eloise Palmer, and you can call me Mother if it makes you feel more comfortable.”

“Um … no thanks.” The thought of calling this woman “Mother” made him far from comfortable.

Eloise giggled and moved her face even closer to Noah. His hot breath steamed where it met her frosty exhalation. “You are a handsome young man. I so love the vigor of youth. You have eighteen years, yes?”

Noah nodded. He was enthralled.

“And you have lain with a woman?” Her red eyebrows arched with the question.

“I … um … no … I’ve only kissed girls.”

“Well, then that’s where we’ll start, darling.” Eloise planted a kiss on his warm lips.

Noah shivered when her icy tongue entered his mouth. He knew he should pull away, but couldn’t bring himself to do it. Instead, he ran his hands over the coarse fabric of her dress and kissed her back.

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The mirror sparkled. Lauren stared at her reflection. She didn’t recognize the woman she saw. She was naked with an ugly, twisted expression on her face. It was lust. Her face was transformed by desire. Her hips drove forward again and again, her heavy boobs shaking absurdly. There was a woman in front of her, doubled over, with her tight butt rippling every time Lauren’s hips slammed into her. It took her overheated mind a moment to grasp that she was humping another woman from behind. She looked from the mirror to the woman in front of her.

Lauren’s hips faltered, and her grip loosened on the woman’s hips. A soft, beguiling voice filled her ears and enflamed her desire. Her hips sped up again.

“I wish you to find your truth, Mrs. Keitaro.” Erato’s words flowed like water around the room, ebbing and flowing, lingering and then vanishing. “And nothing has the heft of veracity like hunger. Nothing is more honest than desire realized. Authenticity is at the heart of yearning … for your daughter.”

Shock and horror filled Lauren. She looked down at the back of the woman’s head as it bounced with each shock she absorbed. The hair was the same shade of blue as Melanie’s and the same length. Was she … was she humping her twenty-year-old daughter? That

was impossible for so many reasons. Melanie was sleeping at her boyfriend's house that night. And, more to the point, Lauren didn't have a penis. Finally, she stopped and backed away. A long, rune-covered shaft sprung from between Lauren's legs, making slurping sounds as it left Melanie's poor vagina.

"Aaaaahhhhhhhhhh." Lauren was shaken awake.

"Gods alive, Lauren. You're going to wake the neighborhood." When he saw his wife's eyes open, Kenji put his head back on the pillow. "You were having a nightmare. It's the middle of the night."

"Oh … sorry … honey." Lauren listened to her husband fall back asleep. Nightmare indeed. It had been so vivid. Lauren picked up her phone and scrolled Twitter. She needed something to keep her awake. She did not want to go back to that dream.

~~

The office was lit only by the streetlamp outside. Jessica found herself shivering, standing in front of the painting. "Not again," she whispered.

"Welcome back, darling." Eloise smiled from inside the portrait. "What more would you like to –"

"Zip it, Mrs. Palmer." Jessica wagged a finger at the painting. "I know I'm dreaming and you're just some part of my subconscious or something, but I've had about enough of you. You have put a real strain on my marriage."

"I was simply trying –" Eloise was cut off again.

"Zip … it!" Jessica screamed. "I don't want any more lessons from you."

Eloise put a hand over her bosom, a pained expression on her face. "If you would allow me to explain –"

"I will not!" Jessica's yell rattled around the room. "Wake up … wake up … wake up!" And to her amazement, it worked. She woke up, opening her eyes in her own warm bed. But … something was wrong. She felt her husband pressed up against her knees on one side of her. But on the other, someone was holding her shoulder and rubbing themselves on her butt. She shoved a hard elbow back and knocked the person off the bed. She heard an "oof" that she recognized and rolled over to look. "Noah? What on Earth are you doing?"

"Mom?" Noah rubbed his eyes. "I was dreaming that I …" He looked around from his vantage on the floor. "What am I doing here?"

“Shh.” Jessica could hear Andrew’s even breathing. Thank goodness they hadn’t woken him up. “You must have been sleepwalking.” She thought about what to tell him. Imagining his embarrassment if he learned that he had been rubbing his … privates against her, she opted for a white lie. “I heard you fall on the floor. You must have walked in and tripped. Are you okay?”

“My ribs hurt.” Noah rubbed his side, speaking in a whisper so as not to wake his dad. “But I’m fine.” He stood, shook his head in bewilderment, and left.

Jessica was so bewildered she forgot to say goodbye to her son. She stared at the door as he closed it behind him. He always slept only in his underwear, and she had never thought much of that choice. But she’d only ever seen his package when it was soft. What she had just seen wasn’t soft at all. He was so hard that the head of his penis had stuck above the waistband of his briefs. He must have been so discombobulated from his sleepwalking that he didn’t notice.

First, her daughter walked in on her while Jessica was … doing things to herself. Second, she saw the uncovered tip of her son’s long, turgid erection. Her belly felt like she’d stepped into nothingness. Events always happened in threes. She prayed there wouldn’t be a third unbearably awkward thing. With her husband still sleeping, Jessica forced her hands not to wander down between her legs. She didn’t pray as often as she should, but she prayed even harder that she would have the strength not to give in to temptation. And it worked. As she lay in bed waiting for morning, she was able to keep her hands away from pleasure.

~~

The Belle Dame was packed when Jessica entered, announced by the ringing bell on the door. The familiar heat of the place oppressively enveloped her. She looked around the room. All women, some of whom she knew. She spotted Mr. Luci toward the middle of the room engaged in a conversation with Lauren Keitaro. Jessica knew Lauren, their daughters had been in the same class together all the way through high school. She was used to seeing a warm smile light up Lauren’s angular face. But the woman was frowning deeply as she talked with Mr. Luci.

Smiling at a few women as they made eye contact, Jessica walked toward Mr. Luci. She gazed at the walls. Some of the paintings were new. She guessed they had replaced sold pieces. People in Clover Falls were buying this hot new commodity. She would have to include The Belle Dame in her customer designs.

She sidled closer to Lauren and eavesdropped while regarding a painting of a woman playing a violin deep in the forest. A young man reached out for the woman from the shadows. Jessica saw that the two subjects shared the same features and hair. It seemed a good many of the paintings depicted mothers and sons, or maybe aunts and nephews. It was hard to say. Jessica leaned forward. The young man held a short staff of some kind and the head of it glowed red. She shivered. The head of the staff reminded her of what she'd seen that morning. Her mind clouded and the trickle between her legs started anew. As she rubbed her thighs together, she decided it wasn't a trickle, but more of a cascade. She shifted her weight and listened to Lauren.

"I can't tell you what the dream was about, Mr. Luci. But it was … uncomfortable. And it had to do with the painting." Lauren listened to the purveyor of art, but his voice was too low for Jessica to make out his words. "Yes … I suppose you're right. But I … um … yes …" Lauren let Mr. Luci talk some more. "I don't know …" she said.

Jessica could wait her turn no longer. She felt the first rivulet run down the inside of her thigh. She was soaked. She bundled back up and raced from the store. She would have to learn more about the painting another time.

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"Oh, God. Let's just forget it." Hailey put her hands over her eyes, trying to block the moment out. "I didn't see anything yesterday."

"We're both grown women and … um … we should be able to …" Jessica looked at her daughter's slender form. Her mind fogged. When she'd returned home from The Belle Dame an hour before, she'd taken a cold shower. She'd thought the bracing water had washed away her dirty thoughts. But despite what Ben Shapiro's wife said, her vagina was gushing again. Bravely, Jessica soldiered on, trying to clear her head. "You caught me at an intimate moment."

"Oh … *God* … Mom." Hailey peeked at her mother through her fingers. She thought she might die from embarrassment. Her mother's cheeks were scarlet, and her eyes darted around the room. It was clear this was no easier for her.

"Watch your language, Hailey. I …" Jessica couldn't bring herself to share the truth. "I was told by my doctor to do a self-check periodically. It turns out I may not be one hundred percent healthy."

Hailey dropped her hands into her lap and leaned forward, her eyes even wider than before. This was much worse news than what she'd thought. "Are you going to be okay? I mean … if anything happened to you … I … I …" Tears welled in her eyes.

“Oh … no … it’s nothing serious.” Jessica was both grateful that her daughter had swallowed the lie and disgusted at herself for telling it. She held out her arms to Hailey and tightly squeezed her when they hugged. “I should be fine. I’ve just been having symptoms of … a possible underlying illness. I’m not sure the doctor even knows what she’s talking about.” That was true. What did Ben Shapiro’s wife know anyway? Why should she listen to her?

“Do whatever you have to do to take care of yourself, Mom.” She put her ear on her mom’s chest, listening to her heart. It was beating fast. Hailey wondered how sick she really was. “But next time, lock the door. Okay?”

“Yes. Sorry about that. Will do.” Jessica tummy flipped feeling her daughter press against her bosom. She ended the embrace and quickly left her daughter’s room. It was time for another icy shower.

~~

The cafeteria buzzed with students. Noah sat next to Ella in silence as they poked their food with forks. His mind kept playing over his dream and how it abruptly ended when he fell in his parents’ room. The lack of control involved in sleepwalking was deeply upsetting.

“Hey, you two.” Samantha Owens walked over with Kathy Bly towering next to her. They both held lunch trays. “Mind if we join you?”

“Sure.” Ella waved hello. She smiled at the odd couple. Samantha was a petite thing, and Kathy was a basketball star with nothing petite about her.

“Hi Noah.” Kathy sat next to her friends and placed her tray in front of her.

“How you two doing?” Samantha put her blond hair in a ponytail.

“Okay, I guess.” Ella shrugged.

Samantha paused before digging into her lunch and eyed Noah. He was usually so friendly. “What’s his problem?” She looked at Ella.

“Bad dreams last night. The poor guy didn’t sleep a wink.” Ella elbowed Noah in the side.

“Ow. What?” He blinked and smiled at the newcomers. “Hello … sorry.” He rolled his eyes at Ella and rubbed his ribs. “That’s the problem. I did sleep. And my dreams were … weird. Ever since my mom got a new painting … I’ve … I don’t know. It creeps me out.”

“Did she get it from The Belle Dame?” Samantha lowered her voice conspiratorially. “My mom bought one from there, too. And it creeps me the eff out, too!”

“My mom’s painting is of a woman that looks almost exactly like her. She’s sitting for a portrait with her family in front of a mansion.” Noah sat up. This was interesting. “How about you?”

Ella and Kathy ate and watched the back and forth between their friends.

“My mom’s painting is set in the 1950s. It has three guys posing with their moms, I think. There’s also a retro futuristic looking metal ball next to them.” Worry lines creased Samantha’s elfin face. “It’s fucking strange. You won’t believe me, but one of the guys looks like Eddie. And his mom in the painting looks, well …”

“She looks like your mom?” Kathy tossed her head to get her short black hair out of her eyes. “Sooooo … spoooooky.” She laughed and Ella joined in, but Noah and Samantha’s faces stayed serious.

“So, the guy in the painting is chubby? That doesn’t mean he looks like Eddie.” Ella gave up on her lunch and put down her fork. The thought of Samantha’s twin brother turned her stomach. As sweet as she was, he was a jerk.

“No … they really do look similar.” Samantha pushed her tray to the side and leaned closer to her friends. She dropped her voice low enough so that they could barely hear her over the buzz of the cafeteria crowd. “You can come over and see sometime. Not today, I have dance lessons. But maybe later in the week. You’ll see.” She somberly looked around the table. “And I’ve been having strange dreams, too.”

Ella folded her arms. As the practical one, it was time to shut this down. “We’re all eighteen. We graduate in months. Everything is changing around us. Of course, we’re going to have strange dreams. It doesn’t mean there’s something weird going on.”

“Do you have a Belle Dame painting?” Samantha pressed her lips into a thin line, leaning away from Ella.

“My mom actually wants one, but my dad won’t let her get it.” Ella shrugged.

Noah looked questioningly at Kathy.

“Me?” Kathy laughed again. “No. But I’ll let you know if we get one. It’s very spooooooky.”

The bell rang and they all got up. Noah and Samantha exchanged a meaningful glance and they all went to put their trays away.

~~

“You like the idea?” Jessica leaned back in her desk chair, a wide grin on her face. She held her phone up to her ear, nodding along with her client’s requests. “That sounds good, Mrs. Vitova. Yes, I’ll see you at The Belle Dame tomorrow at one … yes … yes, I’m sure we’ll find the right painting for that space. Yes … okay … goodbye, Mrs. Vitova.” She disconnected and sighed. Her client had heard from a girlfriend about the new shop and seemed quite excited. Jessica was always happy to please a client. She closed her eyes and pictured the Vitova living room.

Three rapping knocks broke her reverie. Jessica opened her eyes. “Come in.” She waited but the door didn’t budge. There wasn’t a sound. She wondered if it was Noah returning from school. Or maybe Hailey was making sure she wasn’t giving herself another exam. “Coming.” Jessica stood, walked around her desk, and opened the door. There was no one there.

> “*Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer*,” Eloise’s silky voice filled the room.
> *“‘Sir,’ said I, ‘or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;*
> *But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,*
> *And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,*
> *That I scarce was sure I heard you’—here I opened wide the door;—*
> *Darkness there and nothing more.*
> *Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,*
> *Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before.”*

The high, trilling ring of Mrs. Palmer’s laugh filled the suddenly frigid air.

“Am *I* dreaming?” Jessica turned and closed the door. In a trance, she walked across the office to the painting. Frederick had vanished again. Eloise sat naked in her wicker chair, her sparkling green eyes full of gaiety. She was not pregnant as she had been before. As she leaned forward, her nipples lightly caressed her thighs. Standing next to her, Thomas was also naked. His rigid penis pointed almost directly at Jessica. “Oh … my. Is that … because of me?” She pointed at the veiny, gargantuan thing.

“Do you want it?” Thomas stepped toward the foreground of the painting, his penis swaying with his movements.

“I *am* dreaming.” Jessica nodded to herself.

“It’s like pulling teeth with you, darling. Why hem and haw?” Eloise leaned back and hefted one breast in her hand, then the other. “You are built just as I. Surely, you see the stares and covetous glances as men watch you walk by. You see the desire smoldering in the eyes of young men like my Thomas. Just like me, you are a hot ticket. And, just like me, Thomas would like to punch that ticket.”

“Why would I dream something so … wicked? Did he get you pregnant?” Jessica didn’t want to anger the woman again. “Don’t answer that. I should ignore you like I did last night. Wake up! Wake up! Wake up.” She waited, but the dream continued.

“You seek to wake with your son rubbing up against you?” Eloise giggled. “That does sound cozy.”

“I know there is something wrong with me, and I’ll see a doctor just as soon as …” Jessica’s hand went to her mouth when Thomas pressed himself against the barrier between her world and theirs. His penis protruded out into the room. It was larger than it appeared in the painting. She realized that was because in the painting, it was scaled down to the size of the portrait, but in her world, it was as if the man were standing before her with only his veiny thing made real.

“You mastered the first lesson readily enough. I see no need to waste time teaching you more self-pleasure.” Eloise gazed proudly at her son. “It’s time you learned to please someone other than yourself. Does the look of his bludgeon meet with your approbation?”

“No,” Jessica squeaked. This was another lie. The penis was swollen, burgeoning beauty personified. The head was bulbous and a distinct purple color that reminded her of a ripe fruit.

“You ogled Noah’s one-eyed colossus this morning, and you wondered. Did you not?” Eloise turned her gaze back to Jessica. “As you say, you are dreaming. Consequences are for times other than these.” The *tick … tock* of a clock filled the silence as Eloise waited. After a moment, she pressed on, “My Thomas is stouter than your Noah in frame of body and bludgeon. But perhaps Noah will one day find his potential. In the mean time, reach out and see what a full-fledged man feels like. Forget all the lies and half-truths you learned about the other sex. Try for yourself and learn firsthand.”

“I shouldn’t.” Jessica slowly reached out with slim, trembling fingers. The diamond on her ring caught the light, reminding her of Andrew. She had worked so hard to push her husband into her mind recently, but now she pushed him out. Instead, she zeroed her focus on the bloated head of the penis waiting for her.

“Go ahead, Mrs. Reader.” Thomas confidently nodded to her from inside the painting.

Jessica flickered a glance at his face. “You look so much like your mother,” she whispered.

“Which means he looks like you, darling,” Eloise said. “You could even pretend he was your son. Not Noah, but another.”

“Another … son.” Jessica gripped the penis in her hand. She held it softly, running her fingers around the half-dome of its head. “What do you want me to do with this?”

“You’re doing fine, Mrs. Reader.” Thomas smiled. “Get used to the size. Feel the gravity of my cock. Imagine what it could do to your quim.”

“Oh … my.” She hefted it, her hand ever so slightly pumping back and forth. “It’s so … it’s so … um …”

A knock on the door broke the spell. Jessica blinked. The penis was gone. The painting was back to normal. She stared uncomprehendingly at the door as it opened.

“Hi, Mom. I just got home and …” Noah didn’t find his mother at her desk as he expected. He looked around and spotted her right next to the painting, her hand outstretched toward the canvas. “What are you doing?”

“Hello, honey.” Jessica forced a smile. “I was just … taking some measurements. Some of my clients want paintings from The Belle Dame, and I was … um … taking measurements.”

“Right, okay.” Noah’s eyes narrowed. “Is everything okay? I mean, you seem a little distracted lately.”

“I’m fine. Did you need something?” She pushed her red hair out of her face, smoothed out her dress, and walked back to her desk, keenly aware that she was sweating all over and leaking between her legs.

“No, it’s okay.” Noah gave her a half-hearted wave. “I’ll catch up with you soon.” He left to get himself a snack and think things over.

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In the Owens’ house, Eddie stood before the new painting fapping his monster erection. He stared at one of the women in the painting. The one that looked like his mother. “What … the fuck … is happening?” He was sure the day before his dick had been half the size it was now, and all his sexual energy had been focused on the girls at school. But now … he desperately wondered what this woman looked like under her conservative, 1950s housedress. And what his own mother might look like under her stupid sweaters and mom jeans.

Not just his mother. His bitchy sister, Samantha, too. Sure, she was built like a twig … and that wasn’t normally his thing …

It was a good thing he had the house to himself. His round belly shook as he pumped himself closer and closer to completion. “Aaaaahhhhhhh … Mom …. uuuggggghhhhhhhh … Sam … I’m going to … I’m going to … shit …

aaaaaahhhhhhhhhh." He had never before reached such a high or cum so much. There was practically a lake in front of him when he stopped shaking. He pulled up his pants and went to find a towel to clean up.

Chapter 4
A Woman Peaks in Your Age Range

"Come in." Hailey looked toward her bedroom door as her brother walked in. She gave him a placid smile and went back to brushing her hair in the mirror. "You're going to be late for school."

"I've got time." Noah sat on her bed. He made eye contact through the mirror. "Have you noticed anything strange about Mom lately?"

"No, why?" Hailey wondered if Noah knew anything about their mother's illness. She stopped brushing and held her breath.

"There's this painting that Mom bought. The one in her office. I think it's doing something … strange. I don't know." Noah's words flooded out of him in a rush. "I've been having weird dreams and sleepwalking. And Mom's been sleepwalking. And the woman in the painting looks almost exactly like Mom. And my friend Samantha's mom bought a painting. And there's a woman in that one that looks like *her* mom. And a guy that looks like her brother. And that painting creeps her out. And …" He stopped when he saw his sister was laughing at him. "What?"

"I thought you were going to talk about something else." Hailey went back to brushing her hair. "You're never going to find a girlfriend living in a fantasy world." She stared at her reflection as she talked. "You ever think of dating Samantha? Or Ella? You two are practically joined at the hip. I have a boyfriend now, you know. And it's the best. He takes me out on dates and treats me …" She looked over and saw that her brother was gone. He'd slipped out while she'd been talking. "Typical." She shrugged, closed her door, and retrieved her bong from the closet.

Noah was disappointed. But his sister's reaction didn't surprise him in the least. He walked downstairs and found his father eating breakfast. "Where's Mom?"

"Good morning, sport." Andrew paused the spoonful of grapefruit on its way to his mouth. "Your mother hasn't been sleeping well the last few days. She's still in bed."

"Oh, okay." Noah nodded. "Can I go check in on her?"

"Better let her rest. She has an important meeting with a client today." Andrew smiled helpfully.

"Right." Noah shrugged. He fished out his phone and texted Samantha. "I'll just grab some toast and head off to school."

“Good idea, champ.” Andrew smiled at his son, watching him fiddle with his phone and get himself ready for school. He wasn’t sure how Noah was able to get anything done watching his phone all the time.

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Samantha put her blond hair in a ponytail and picked up her buzzing phone. Noah was sending a barrage of texts about the paintings. She texted back. *Yes, things are strange around here*. *No time now. Talk at school*. She went to her dresser and pulled out a bra. The fit was too tight. She tried another one with the same result. And another. After the fourth bra didn’t fit, she figured it was her and not a sartorial malfunction. She held her boobs in her hands speculatively. She had given up years ago on growing big ones. But maybe at eighteen her body wasn’t done maturing. They were definitely bigger. She tried on a sports bra and that fit better. She finished getting dressed, brushed her teeth, and went downstairs.

“Hello, everyone.” Samantha stopped in her tracks. Her brother and mother were in the middle of a protracted hug. She was rubbing his back vigorously. Her father sat at the kitchen table with a blank expression on his face, his coffee mug steaming in front of him.

“Oh … um … hello, Sam.” Lindsey pushed away from her son, still holding his shoulders. During the hug she had felt his massive erection poking her belly, so she angled him away from Samantha. She didn’t want to embarrass her sweet son. “Ready for school?”

“Um … yeah.” Samantha didn’t like the expression on her mom’s face. She looked like she’d just been caught with her hand in the cookie jar. She liked her brother’s sweaty face even less. He smiled at her over his shoulder. Something smelled saccharine and sickly in the air. “Does anyone else … smell that?” She picked up her backpack. Her heart was suddenly beating a mile a minute, and her stomach was warm and queasy with excitement for a reason that she didn’t understand. “Dad … do you smell that?”

“Melvin … Melvin?” Lindsey tried to catch her husband’s attention, but he stared into space without giving any indication that he heard them. Lindsey looked at her daughter. “He’s resting, sweetie.”

“Want a hug, sis?” Eddie leered at her like a maniac.

“I need some fresh air. I’ll walk to school.” Samantha couldn’t think straight. She turned, grabbed her jacket, threw on her shoes, and raced outside. The chill morning air scoured the cloying smell from her lungs. She took several deep breaths as she walked to the

street, watching her breath float away. Her mind cleared. She pulled her phone from her back pocket and texted Noah. *Just had the strangest morning. We really do need to talk.*

~~

Jessica was groggy when she finally dragged herself from bed. She had been having the most lurid, inappropriate dreams. Her panties were a mess. She hauled herself into the bathroom, stripped, and turned on a cold shower. When she regarded herself in the mirror, she gave a start. She looked exhausted and harried. Then she looked down and screamed. Right next to her sink lay an enormous dildo. It was jet-black, had ridiculous veins, and was eleven or twelve inches long. Jessica stopped screaming and forced her mind to reason through the situation.

"Hailey didn't leave the horrible thing here. Noah certainly would never," she whispered to herself. "Either Andrew … or … I'm dreaming again." She poked it with her finger. The spongy mass of it felt real enough.

"Mom? Are you okay?" Worried about the scream, Hailey walked into her mom's room and peeked into the bathroom. She saw her mother naked, moving quickly.

At the first sound from her daughter, Jessica picked up the phallus and threw it in the trash. "I'm fine, sweetie. Just saw a spider. A little privacy, please."

"Yeah, okay." Hailey shook her head as her mother's curves disappeared behind the closing bathroom door. She went back to her room.

Jessica shivered, thinking about what it had felt like to grasp the large thing. Almost like when she'd held Thomas's penis. Her knees trembled as she entered the shower. Gasping, she let the frigid temperature of the water penetrate her skin. She clearly wasn't dreaming. Maybe Andrew had listened to her about spicing things up? Possible, but very out of character for him. At any rate, she thought she would ask him about it after work. She scrubbed off quickly, and got out of the shower.

When she checked her trashcan, the thing was still there. She'd hide it in her closet to show her husband. When she caught sight of the clock, she dried off in a hurry. She had a busy day, and she was in danger of running late.

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In biology, all four friends sat at a table in the back of the room. Samantha and Noah had their heads together, whispering urgently.

Ella sat with her chin resting on her arms, barely listening to the teacher.

Kathy leaned her long frame to the side, trying to listen to her friends. Samantha was talking about her brother being a creep that morning. That was no surprise to Kathy, he was a creep every morning. It was time for Kathy to cut into the conversation. “I’ve got something that might interest you two weirdos.”

“What?” Noah looked over at Kathy’s mischievous grin.

“Quiet back there.” The teacher glared at them.

“Sorry, Mr. Spellman,” Samantha called to the front of the room, smiling innocently. She stirred the beaker in front of them. That seemed to be the right thing to do because Mr. Spellman continued with his lecture.

“My mom bought one of those paintings. She hung it in the living room last night.” Kathy raised her black eyebrows like this was very good gossip.

“And?” Noah raised his sandy eyebrows higher.

“And?” Kathy snickered.

“Does anyone in the painting look like a family member?” Samantha’s whisper was sharp with impatience. “Is your family acting … strange?”

“No on both accounts.” Kathy shrugged her wide shoulders. “It’s just a painting. Although …” She glanced at the teacher and leaned in closer to her friends. She could smell the mint gum Samantha was surreptitiously chewing. “The painting itself *is* a little creepy. It’s like Halloween-themed or something. There’s a wild woman in torn clothes howling at the moon. In the background, you can barely see some people running on all fours into the woods. I don’t know why my mom likes it. Or why Dad let her put it up.” Kathy shrugged elaborately again. “Go crazy with that, you two.”

“You sure it’s from The Belle Dame?” Noah didn’t know how Kathy’s painting fit into the puzzle that he and Samantha were trying to unravel.

Kathy nodded and went back to staring at the front of the class.

“I think we should all see it. We should see yours, too, Sam. I don’t …” Noah stopped talking when Mr. Spellman glared at him. He tried to pay attention the rest of the class, but his mind was racing. Something was going on.

~~

“I don’t know what else to tell you, Mrs. Reader. You seem perfectly healthy.” Nancy Kommis peeled off her protective gloves and threw them in the waste bin. Her smile was a little thin. This wasn’t the first time a woman had come in with questions like this, and it never ceased to amaze her.

“But what about … what about … my symptoms, Dr. Kommis? There is a *lot* of … wetness.” Jessica’s freckled cheeks turned a deep shade of scarlet. This was the third terribly awkward event that week. It was horrible, but since such things came in threes, at least she knew she was at the end of it all.

“It’s not uncommon for a woman your age to start feeling these feelings. I don’t know if you know this, but a man’s sexual peak is in his teens. But a woman peaks in your age range.” Nancy pulled out a blank piece of paper and drew two curves like dueling rollercoaster tracks. One rushed up early, and then fell toward the end. The other built up slowly and crested much later. She held up the diagram for Jessica to see. “The first one here is men. This one here is you.” She pointed to the late-rising rollercoaster. “I could give you a pamphlet on healthy sexuality. We have them around here for teenagers, but … let’s see.” She opened a drawer and rummaged around.

“No pamphlet, thank you.” Jessica averted her eyes. “What do I do to … make it stop?”

Nancy closed the drawer and looked back at her patient with an arched eyebrow. “You’ve had three children, Mrs. Reader. You and your husband know what to do. I suggest you make regular romantic plans with him. Is … everything still working on his end? If not, his doctor can prescribe –”

“Oh, he’s quite able. That’s not a problem.” Jessica stood and smoothed out her dress nervously. “Please don’t tell anyone about this.”

“I’m your doctor, Jessica. Even if I wanted to, I am prohibited from –”

“Thank you, Dr. Kommis.” Jessica quickly walked to the door and opened it. She desperately needed out of that office. “Have a great day.” She turned and fled the building. It was perfectly natural to gush from her vagina? She had suspected it wasn’t an illness, but had hoped her condition might be something modern medicine could cure. It seemed there would be lots more cold showers in her future.

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The echoes of multiple basketballs ricocheted around the gym. Ella and Noah walked side-by-side, doing laps rather than engaging in the shootaround. They waved to Kathy

after she sank a jump shot, a big smile spread on her face. Kathy wagged her finger at the boy trying to guard her.

“Do you think it’s weird that the biggest jock we know is a girl?” Noah sighed.

“No. Why? Do you?” Ella smirked. She liked making her friend uncomfortable.

“No. I mean … um …” He looked for a way to quickly change the subject. His mind went right back to the paintings. “Would you think it’s strange if I suddenly discovered that I like curvy redheaded women with freckles?”

Ella glanced at him sidelong and snickered. “I read somewhere that most boys want to ‘date’ their moms. It’s not weird, Noah.”

“No … that’s not … I …” Noah ducked as a wayward basketball sailed past his head. He straightened up and continued his brisk walk. “I didn’t say anything about my mom. I met someone. Well, not really met her. But … I don’t know … she makes me feel different. When I’m with her my mind goes blank … and my knees feel all tingly … and my stomach ties itself into knots.”

“Is the introverted Noah Reader in love?” Ella pushed out her bottom lip like she was very impressed. “Who is the lucky woman? I can’t think of anyone at school that looks like your mom.”

“She doesn’t look like my mom.” Noah knew that wasn’t true. Eloise had even suggested that he call her “Mother.”

“Why did you even ask me in the first place? You said ‘Would you think it’s strange …’” Ella was now genuinely curious. “It’s because she looks like your mom that you asked, right?”

“I don’t know. There are some similarities.” Noah shrugged. “So, am I a pervert or something?”

“Big time pervert, Reader.” Jimmy Ronning overheard them and chucked his basketball at Noah.

Noah wasn’t able to duck in time and the ball caught him in the face, sending him sprawling to the floor. Kathy raced over and slapped Jimmy hard enough that he staggered back. She had a few inches on him and she clenched her fists in fury. Jimmy turned and walked away quickly. Kathy and Ella helped Noah back to his feet.

“Ow.” Noah could see the concern on their faces. “Am I terribly disfigured?” His smile stung his split lower lip.

“You’ll live.” Ella clapped him on the back. The coach blew the whistle and people turned toward the locker rooms. “Jimmy is such an asshole.” She looked up at Kathy. “I’m glad you smacked him.”

“Me too.” Kathy shook out her hand. “Time to hit the showers. Stay clear of Jimmy, Noah.”

“Will do.” He gave her a salute and they went to their respective locker rooms.

~~

Jessica was early for her one o’clock meeting at The Belle Dame. She parked in the back lot. Shutting off the car, she sat and thought about the chart her doctor had drawn for her. Jessica’s arc was ascending as her husband’s arc descended. She was peaking. It wasn’t her fault. She looked around. There was no one about. Hardly anyone ever parked back there. Street parking was so much more convenient.

“If I touch myself once a week, that isn’t so bad.” There was nothing stopping her. The memory of the feel and heft of the dildo blazed in her mind. She slowly pulled up the hem of her dress. Her mind fixed on how dainty Thomas’s mammoth penis had made her feel when her trembling fingers had tried to encircle it. Her hand crept between her legs. “Oooohhhhhhhh.” She was so close to feeling another orgasm. It was okay. She couldn’t help it. She was peaking!

A car pulled into the lot and Jessica tugged her dress back down her thighs in fright. Her chest rose and fell. She watched the car park. They hadn’t seen anything, but that had been stupid of her. This sort of desire was so new to her. She had escaped it her whole life … until now. But she could see that she would have to learn to live with it. She would have to be smart about it. She got out of her car. She didn’t bother bundling up since the store would be hot. She smiled at the driver of the car through the car’s window. “Okay, let’s make a client happy,” she whispered to herself.

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While Mr. Luci had convinced Lauren Keitaro to keep the painting, he couldn’t persuade her to enjoy it. She cleaned her living room slowly, careful not to look at the portrait with the woman gazing at herself in the mirror. Come to think of it, Lauren wasn’t sure how Mr. Luci had got her on board with keeping the damn thing. It made her skin crawl

to be near it. Memories of her dreams came flooding back to her as she dusted the coffee table.

“He didn’t have to convince you, timorous woman.” Erato’s sonorous words flowed around the room like running water. “You have been wound tight and you must decompress. Your very substance cries out to revel.”

“I don’t understand.” Lauren straightened and slowly turned toward the painting. “I’m not asleep. How can I be dreaming?” Her eyes widened in surprise when the art piece came into view. The woman gazing at the mirror hadn’t changed. But her reflection was Lauren’s daughter, a malevolent grin on her face. Melanie’s blue hair was back in a ponytail, and she wore a low-cut dress that ended at mid-thigh. Lauren would never let her real daughter wear any such thing. “You’re not Melanie.”

“Maybe not, but I am her reflection.” The mirrored Melanie danced to unheard music, swaying her hips seductively and holding her hands over her head. “What do you think, Mom? I’ve seen the way you stare at me when you think I’m not looking.” She turned her ass toward Lauren and wiggled it to an imaginary beat. “I felt how tightly you grabbed my butt when you were pounding me in your dream. What do you say? Let’s party.” She reached behind her back and unzipped the dress.

“I only … look at you because I’m envious of your youth. Of your beauty. You’re twenty and … I’m not anymore.” Why was she engaging the painting in conversation? Why couldn’t she leave? As Melanie seductively undressed, Lauren felt a strange tingling between her legs. She looked down to see that the front of her dress was tented. “Oh … no.”

“If I don’t turn you on, what’s that, silly?” Melanie pointed to her mother’s hidden erection. The young woman now only had her bra and panties on. She continued to dance as she removed her bra. “Pull it out. You know you want to.”

“Oh, my.” Lauren slowly lifted the hem of her dress. She could see that her daughter’s boobs were large like hers, but at twenty years old, they defied gravity. Her dark nipples and areola zigged and zagged as Melanie shook her breasts and laughed. “Is this what my husband feels like when he sees a woman?” Holding up her dress with one hand, she pulled down her panties. The long cock flopped out into the open. The runes on its shaft glowed brightly, competing with the midday sunlight falling through the living room windows.

“Yes, men are more naturally suited to join the bacchanal. They cannot help but hear the call. This is what my silly father feels. But Dad would never get to see me like this.” Little by little, Melanie inched her panties down her thighs, exposing the dark triangle of hair between her legs. She had a Cheshire Cat grin when she saw the formerly

reserved and guarded Lauren tentatively grasp her cock and experiment with new sensations.

“Oh … no … oh … no …” Lauren’s nerves vibrated. She pumped the magical cock and lightning bolts of pleasure shot through her body. It was awkward at first, but after a few minutes her movements were more fluid. Both hands manipulated the long thing. She found that attention to the knobby head increased her pleasure tenfold. “It’s marvelous … I don’t want to wake up.” She stared at the thing pretending to be her daughter, her eyes fixed on those wonderfully jiggling boobs. “Yes … dance for me … Melanie. So … pretty … so … pretty … aaaaaahhhhhhhhhh.” She was not prepared for the explosion of ecstasy or sperm that erupted from her cock. Her scream was loud and bestial.

Lauren woke on the couch with a start. She was breathing hard and soaked in sweat. Immediately she reached for her new penis to continue the ecstasy, but found only her vagina between her legs. “No … no, no, no.” She slumped in disappointment, looking up at the painting. It was just as it had always been. Her daughter was not reflected anywhere. Her mind swirled as she thought about what she’d witnessed and done. Looking around, she slowly stood. She must have fallen asleep while cleaning. She picked up the duster, but then dropped it immediately. She raced upstairs. She had the house to herself. She might not have a penis, but her vagina would more than make do. She desperately needed to masturbate.

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The meeting at The Belle Dame had gone exceedingly well. Mrs. Vitova had wanted to buy two paintings, but Mr. Luci had said that his policy was one per household. Jessica understood the tactic. There was a limited supply, and Mr. Luci clearly wanted to get his paintings into as many homes as possible. The art would do the advertising for him. At any rate, they had selected a fine one of two identical queens wearing copper crowns. Mrs. Vitova flushed with joy as they put it in her car.

Jessica sat in her office, regarding her own painting. She had been so busy with her client that she hadn’t found the time to ask Mr. Luci more about Mrs. Palmer or her family. “I won’t ask you, because I don’t trust you. But I trust him.” Jessica pointed a playful finger at the painting. All her immediate tasks completed, she could finally lock herself in the bathroom and relieve herself of what she had learned was natural sexual frustration. She stood.

“Hey, Mom. I’m home.” Noah stuck his head in the office door.

All thoughts of her impending climax dispersed when Jessica saw her son. “Gosh, Noah. What happened to your face?” She raced across the room, pulled him toward the light, and inspected his black, swollen eye.

“It’s nothing, just a basketball hit me in PE.” Noah flinched away from her when she tried to touch his tender cheek.

“It was Jimmy Ronning again, wasn’t it?” She saw him nod slowly, and she pressed his good cheek into her bosom. “I’m going to have a talk with Mrs. Ronning. This has gone too far.” She tenderly stroked his sandy hair.

“It’s fine, Mom.” Noah was now staring right at the painting. Movement caught his eye. Eloise had one eyebrow raised and her mouth wide open in mirthful shock. She cupped her own boobs, bounced them a bit, and then nodded toward the soft pillows supporting Noah’s cheek. He blinked, and the painting was normal again. He pulled away from his mom. “Kathy slapped him hard. I don’t think he’ll do anything again.”

“Oh. Well, I wish you … um … well, that was nice of her.” Jessica was a bit intimidated by Kathy Bly’s size. She could only guess how Jimmy felt with that tall woman coming at him. “I might still have a talk with Mrs. Ronning.”

“Don’t, Mom. It’ll make it worse.” Noah split his attention between his mother’s concerned face and the painting.

“Oh, your lip is cut, too.” She gently touched his lower lip. He had such full, strong lips. Her finger started to slip into his mouth.

“Gross. What are you doing?” Noah pulled her finger out his mouth and laughed. “I’m going to go grab an icepack and do some homework. Don’t worry about me.”

“Okay, honey.” Jessica’s eyes followed him out, but her mind was already drifting to other things. She wagged a finger at the painting on her way out. “Look what you started,” she whispered to it. Jessica made a beeline for her closet. But the mysterious dildo wasn’t where she’d left it. She had wanted to hold it again, to feel its girth. But now it was nowhere to be found. Had she dreamed it that morning? The phallus’s appearance and disappearance made no sense. She shook her head, gave up the search, and locked herself in the bathroom.

“I’ll only do this when I really need to blow off some steam.” She carefully undressed, sat on the toilet lid, and spread her legs. She was about to start when she realized she might make some noise. Both Hailey and Noah were home and might hear her if they wandered into her bedroom. She stood, flipped on the noisy bathroom fan, and got back in position. Her belly cartwheeled over and over and her nerves tingled. As she gently explored her lower lips, she was reminded of the ascent of a roller coaster, slowly clacking to the crest of the tracks. The anticipation was better than the actual thing. She

collected moisture on her fingertips and playfully moved to her clitoris. Her other hand slowly lodged a finger inside. No, this was better than the anticipation. It was pure heaven on Earth.

Thoughts flittered through her racing mind. She had never had any fantasies and couldn't think of anything titillating. Jessica closed her eyes, pushing Andrew into her mind's eye. He was fit and still handsome at his age. But her ecstasy receded when she pictured him. She sped up her hands and valiantly tried to think sexy thoughts about her husband, but he faded away. The next image was not a surprise. The icy expanse of Thomas's penis crept into her mind. A high whining sound rose deep from inside her. Her thighs trembled and pleasure surged. "You look … oooohhhhhhh … so much like me … Thomas," she whispered.

The thought that rose up next caught Jessica off guard. It was the feel of Noah's head pressed against her breasts. What if … what if … he was with her at that moment with his head pressed against her while she manipulated herself? What if … she was manipulating him? These were not the sort of thoughts a mother should ever have. But the self-admonition only seemed to spur on her out-of-control libido. "Eeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii." Jessica keened as her climax overtook her. Her hips bucked, her boobs shook, and her feet slapped the floor with each shuddering wave of ecstasy. At that point, her mind turned off completely.

When she came back to herself, she was a wet, sweaty mess. Jessica had the strong inclination to start all over again. But she knew she would never finish dinner in time if she went down that road. Her family was counting on her. She had let the pressure out, and now her duties called. She stood on shaky legs and turned on a cold shower. She gasped when she stepped under the icy water, letting it wash away all those dirty thoughts. The doctor had said that most women peaked at this time in life. Maybe she would talk about it with Mara sometime. Her friend was so practical. Maybe Mara had found a way to turn peak sexuality into a marital asset, rather than a thing that had come between her and her husband.

Chapter 5

The Woman Doesn't Look Like My Mom

"Wow, you were … really worked up … this morning." Kenji rolled off his wife, his penis quickly softening.

"Yes … thank you for that … dear." Lauren watched her husband's doughy body rise and head for the bathroom. The second he closed the door, her hand found her unsatisfied vagina. "That wasn't enough," she murmured.

Echoing inside her head, straight from her dreams, she heard the mirror's voice say, *Do you accept that it is time to revel? Do you give yourself freely to the High Priestess of Pan?*

"Yes," Lauren whispered through clenched teeth. "I need more. My life … needs … more."

Very well. Then on this day, I give you your freedom. The voice faded in Lauren's mind.

"Oh … goodness … oh … my … ddddddaaaaaaaammmmnnnnnnnnnn." Lauren stifled a scream as she came. She could do to herself what her silly husband could not. As she came down from her high, she wondered if she had time for another before he returned from the bathroom. Her fingers went back to work. She thought so.

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In his dream, Noah buried his face in freckled breasts. At first, he wondered if they belonged to Eloise or his mother. But then he realized that the soft, inviting flesh was warm, not ice cold. He was nuzzling his mother's cleavage. Even in the dream, he knew it was wrong, but pulling away uprooted him from sleep. He sat up in bed, his heart racing. "It doesn't mean anything," he said to his dark, quiet bedroom. Outside the window, he could see a glow in the east that presaged a Saturday sunrise. He hopped out of bed, dressed, and went downstairs.

"Morning, Dad." Noah sliced a bagel and dropped it in the toaster. "We're the only ones ready to greet the day. What's the plan?" He mouthed the word "tournament" in sync with his father. Andrew always spent a big chunk of Saturdays playing online poker tournaments.

"How about you, sport?" Andrew smiled and sipped his coffee.

“I’m hanging with friends today.” Noah shrugged. “We think the Belle Dame paintings might be evil or something, so we’re going to do some research and inspect the ones at our houses.”

“That’s nice.” Andrew went back to reading his magazine.

“I think it’s why Mom hasn’t been sleeping well.” Noah plucked his bagel out of the toaster and bounced it around in his hands, enjoying the heat.

“That’s a real shiner you have there.” Andrew didn’t look up from his magazine. “Your mom said that the Ronning kid hit you. Need me to talk to his father?”

“I’m eighteen, Dad. I think I can handle it.”

“I thought your friend Kathy handled it for you. That’s what your mother said.” Andrew sipped his coffee.

“I have to go get ready. Good luck in the tournament.” Noah bit into his bagel, exhaling around the heat as it burned his tongue. He went back upstairs where no one would bother him.

The women of the house hadn’t risen by the time Noah headed out. But he did see his dad parked in front of the computer in his study, grinding away at his tournament.

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“Why are we starting here? I thought the lady in Kathy’s painting didn’t look like anyone in her family?” Samantha walked next to Noah, her hands thrust deep in her jacket pockets.

“Might as well start with the odd one out.” Noah ran his tongue over the inside of his cracked lip.

“Why not go to The Belle Dame and see a bunch of paintings in person?” Ella walked a few paces behind, physically manifesting her indifference to her friends’ game of mystery. “That might be a *little* interesting.” She didn’t mind implying that they were wasting their time. Because they were.

“I mean … yeah … we could do that.” Samantha tied her blond hair in a ponytail. Her eyebrows knitted in thought. “Maybe we could question the owner. See if he seems suspicious.”

“Yeah, that’s good.” Noah nodded. They turned onto Kathy’s driveway and walked toward the front door. “My mom said he seemed really nice, but it would be worth looking into.”

“Welcome to your first stop on the tour.” Kathy waited next to the open front door, her long, curvy frame leaning on the wall. “Come in. And take your shoes off. Mom is a neat freak.” She eyed Noah when she said this. Boys were always dirtier than girls.

The friends shuffled into the house, said hello to Kathy’s dad and mom as they sipped coffee in the dining room, and made their way to the living room. Kathy was an only child, so the house was quiet. It caused the friends to speak in hushed voices. All four of them fanned out in front of the painting.

“See, the woman doesn’t look like my mom.” Kathy smiled. “Or dad.” She added a sarcastic shrug.

“You’re right about that.” Noah stared with wide eyes at the piece of art. Kathy’s dad had dark skin, and he was, well, not a woman like the subject of the painting. Kathy’s mom had blond hair and pale skin. The woman in the painting had olive skin, black hair, torn clothes, and howled at the moon.

“Um … Kathy?” Samantha looked over at her olive-skinned, black-haired friend.

“See, it doesn’t look like anyone in my family.” Kathy shrugged again. “They’re just paintings.”

“Do *you* see it, Ella?” Noah nudged his friend. Ella had been very still since they’d entered the living room.

“I mean …” Ella looked back and forth from the painting to Kathy. “It’s uncanny.”

“What is?” Kathy folded her arms over her chest, suddenly looking unsure of herself.

“You haven’t had any strange dreams or anything?” Noah watched Kathy closely.

Kathy shook her head slowly. “All dreams are strange. I’m not going to tell you about my dreams.” She frowned.

“I hate to break it to you, but the woman in the painting looks like you, Kathy. Not exactly, but … I mean … just look.”

“Ohhhhhhhh …” Kathy saw the painting with new perspective. She hadn’t expected to see herself there, so she hadn’t seen it. Now that she looked for it, it was impossible to unsee. “Oh, shit.”

The four eighteen-year-olds stood in silence for a while.

“Okay, this is weird.” A quick shiver shook Kathy’s shoulders. Fighting the urge to leave the room, she stepped closer to the painting and examined the subject. The brush strokes made it impossible to see the finer details in the woman’s face, but she had Kathy’s wide-set eyes, turned-up nose, and coloration. Under the shredded clothes, the woman possessed a familiar big booty, with boobs that always got in her way during basketball. “What’s going on, you guys?”

“We’ll figure out what’s going on.” Samantha walked up to Kathy and put a hand on her back. She felt her friend’s muscles tense. “What about the people running into the forest?” She pointed at the shadows running on all fours.

“It’s too dark. I can’t see who they are.” Kathy squinted at the painting.

“I think … they’re all female.” Ella stepped up next to her friends. “But it’s hard to be sure.”

“Did your mom say why she wanted this painting?” Noah looked around the living room. The new art didn’t seem to fit with the cheerful décor.

“You can ask her.” Kathy shrugged.

Noah did just that. He found Kathy’s parents charming and friendly, but all he could get out of Mrs. Adeline Bly was that she loved the painting’s whimsy.

The next house on their list was Samantha’s. The friends walked together down quiet suburban streets. All but Kathy had bundled themselves in warm jackets and hats. Kathy only wore a light sweater. Ella chatted away about school and boys, trying to lighten the mood. It didn’t work.

When they arrived, Samantha let them in the front door. “My dad’s out with friends, but my mom and brother are around somewhere. If we’re lucky, we won’t see Eddie.” Her friends all nodded their agreement. “Hi Mom, I’m home,” she called into the house. Not getting an answer, she shrugged. “It’s in the living room.” Samantha beckoned her friends to follow.

“Yeah, you weren’t kidding about it being from the 1950s.” Noah eyed the painting. It was just as Samantha had described. There were three guys posing on a rickety looking dock with women who were probably their moms. Halfway submerged in the water next to them was a retro futuristic-looking metal ball. And, as Samantha had said, one of the guys looked like Eddie Owens, and one of the mom’s looked like Mrs. Lindsey Owens. “Well, other than your mom and brother, I don’t recognize anyone in the painting.”

“Other than my mom and brother? Do you know how strange this all is?” Samantha felt her heart start to flutter. “And there’s been this smell in our house lately. I think it’s

related." She sniffed the air. "There it is. The air is all sickly sweet. Does anyone else smell that?"

Kathy raised her hand. "No offense, Sam, I don't like the way your house smells."

"That's not how it should smell. There's something in the –" Sam was interrupted when her mother walked into the living room.

"Oh, hello everyone." Lindsey smiled and tried to straighten her dress. Her hair was a mess, her lipstick was smeared, and one shoulder of her dress hung on her upper arm, exposing her bra strap. "I was just … um … busy upstairs." Her eyes darted around the room.

Ella, Kathy, and Noah murmured greetings. They could all see that Mrs. Owens, who was normally very put together, was out of sorts.

"Hi, Mom. Where's Eddie?" Samantha was suddenly more nervous than usual about her brother, although she wasn't sure why.

"Your brother is … um … busy upstairs." Lindsey gave a start and stepped out of the doorway like she'd just been slapped on the rear.

"Hello, ladies." Eddie stepped into the room past his mother. His shirt was untucked, and his sweaty face wore a leering grin. He winked at Noah to let him know that he hadn't forgotten him when he'd addressed them all as ladies.

"I feel strange." Ella's brain began to fog. She could now smell the scent Samantha had been talking about.

"Me too. My mind's going fuzzy." Kathy rubbed her thighs together. "And I feel hot."

"I think we need some fresh air." Samantha could feel it, too. She herded her friends toward the front door.

"Won't you stay for a little while?" Lindsey frowned. "I'll make lemonade." But she watched her daughter and friends leave. When the front door slammed, she locked eyes with her son. "I'm sorry I didn't get to finish."

"We can finish now." Eddie dropped his pants and briefs, his fat, hideous cock flopping out in the open.

"Can we go back upstairs, sweetie?" Lindsey cast a nervous look around the room. "What if they come back? Or your father?"

"Dad's gone for the day." Eddie jerked his cock while he waited for his mother to comply. "And those bitches fled the second they saw me. They are so fucking stuck up."

“Please don’t call your sister and her friends that word.” Lindsey was so confused. She found herself walking to her son and dropping to her knees in front of him. “I’ll continue if you promise to be nicer to Sam.”

Eddie smirked. “I promise to be nicer to my sister.” He had noticed that Samantha jiggled more than usual when she was running out of the living room. Was it his imagination, or were her boobs and butt rounder than before? He watched his mom swallow the bulbous head of his cock. Come to think of it, *her* boobs looked bigger, too. He leaned to the side to look at her cleavage around his dick. Whatever was happening, he was here for it. “Ooooohhhhh … shit. Suck it … Mom. I’m going to … cum … down your throat again.”

“Mmmpppppphhhhhhhh.” Lindsey knew he wasn’t lying. She reached a hand to cup his balls and could feel them contracting in a way she’d learned meant he was going to orgasm.

“You going to swallow it all? Are you my cum dump, Mom?” Eddie leaned his head back, grabbed her ponytail, and forced her lips down his shaft. He didn’t mind her choking gurgles in the least. He smiled at the sound of her shallow breath whistling through her nose. “I’m cumming … aaaaaahhhhhhhhh.”

Lindsey didn’t agree with the things he was saying, but she gulped down his sperm all the same. As expected, the amount overwhelmed her. When he finished, she ended up on her hands and knees, coughing her son’s stuff onto her elegant Persian carpet. She gave a jump when he slapped her ass on his way out of the room.

“That was good, Mom.” Eddie laughed and buttoned his pants as he walked. “Maybe you can suck me off one more time before Dad gets home. Come up to my room in a half hour.”

“Okay.” Lindsey stared at the stain on her carpet. It was all so confusing, but she’d do it. It seemed her son had needs she had never imagined, and she was the only one who could take care of him.

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“Your husband is playing poker through a screen of some kind?” Eloise cocked her head in bemusement and smiled. “And he finds this enjoyable?”

“Yes. He spends every Saturday competing in a tournament. He’s very good … at poker.” Jessica nervously wrung her hands together as she stood in front of her painting. “It can take all day if he does well.”

“I see.” Eloise’s carefree laugh bounced around the room. “And sweet Noah is no doubt out seeking revenge upon the ruffian that accosted him. He would need to satisfy his honor, I trust. That’s what you would do, right dear?”

“Oh, yes.” Thomas stood next to his mother, slowly undressing. “My honor is paramount.”

“No. Not at all. Noah is a good guy. Anyway, his friend, Kathy, slapped Jimmy Ronning. It’s taken care of.” Jessica emphatically shook her head. She couldn’t take her eyes off Thomas’s freckled muscles as they came into view. “He’s out with his friends doing … something … about solving … a mystery.” The more of the twenty-year-old man she could see, the less her mind seemed to work.

“A woman raced into battle for him?” Eloise clapped her hands with joy. “That sounds lovely. I hope I get to meet Kathy someday. Maybe I’ll ask Noah to bring her over for a viewing.”

“Ask Noah?” Jessica pulled her eyes away from the veiny monstrosity emerging between Thomas’s legs. “You’re in my dreams. You can’t talk to Noah.”

“Oh yes. So it seems.” Eloise shrugged. “Now, let’s focus on your education.”

“I already touched myself yesterday. I can’t do it again so soon.” Jessica’s hands slid over the front of her dress. She reminded herself that the pleasures of her clitoris would still be there later. She didn’t need it at the moment, even if the roller coaster of her sexual maturity was peaking.

“Your Puritan thinking bores me, Mrs. Reader.” Eloise rolled his eyes. “If you won’t touch yourself, then touch Thomas. Yes, drink him in with your eyes. I see your hunger as plain as day. You must learn how to handle a real man.”

“A real man? But I’ll only ever be with Andrew.” Jessica only realized after the words were out that she was conceding an aspersion upon her husband’s manhood.

“Not in your dreams, dear. Here you can have anyone you like. You can feast with no one to stop you.” Eloise offered a polite smile, like she was bearing the tedium of explaining it all to a child.

“Unlike that artificial thing you found, I am not machined by man.” Thomas thrust his hips forward. His cock rose and rose, until it cantilevered out of the painting into Jessica’s world. He laughed softly, like he’d caught himself in a silly lie. “I suppose I was machined of man *and* woman, in her belly.” He turned his hips so that his penis tilted toward his mother. “What I mean is that I was once flesh and blood, and you may know every ridge and curve on my bludgeon. That is, if you desire it.”

Jessica bit her lip and nodded. His mighty penis was hers to fondle again. This was a temptation too great to resist. She glided across the room and stood a foot in front of the portrait. The Palmers were silent as she grasped the penis. “So thick … and cold.” She caressed it, running her fingertips over the pronounced veins. Andrew was so smooth by comparison. “These are the ridges you meant?”

“They are.” Thomas’s voice was calm and reassuring.

“Bend over and inspect it closely.” Eloise’s words buzzed with expectation. She leaned toward the foreground, rubbing her pregnant belly. “Today you will learn about using your tongue to pleasure a man.”

“Oh, I don’t think so.” But Jessica bent over and brought her eyes within inches of the flaring dome at the head of his penis.

“We’ll just have to see, won’t we?” Eloise laughed. The Reader woman really did bedevil her every step of the way.

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With her husband and daughter out of the house, Lauren found herself drawn to the painting. She walked into the living room, her pulse already thumping in her ears. The reflection was an image of her daughter again, gazing out at her with a mischievous smile. Even the woman in front of the painting had turned to look at Lauren, her face full of … revelry.

“Well?” Melanie’s reflection used Erato’s voice. “Are you ready for the bacchanal?”

“I’m not dreaming, am I?” Lauren pinched her own arm. “Ouch.”

“This morning while you debauched yourself in bed, you accepted us. You accepted this. We bleed into your world now.” Melanie’s reflection lifted her sweatshirt and tossed it behind her. She shook her shoulders, bouncing her dark nipples and areola so quickly that they were hard to follow. “Your dreams are realized.”

“I want this.” Lauren nodded. “I want to feel that … penis again.”

Melanie’s reflection snapped her fingers. “And there you have it.”

“You grow girl.” The woman standing before the painting, pointed between Lauren’s legs and let out a maniacal laugh.

“Mom?” Melanie’s voice carried into the living room from the foyer. “I’m home. Rich had something to do at …” She stopped in the doorway. She barely recognized her mother,

who had never looked that happy for as long as Melanie could remember. “Is someone here with you, Mom? I thought I heard voices.”

“You and your boyfriend sit in his apartment all day and night and … you never … party!” Lauren prowled slowly toward her daughter.

“We go out sometimes. I mean, Rich is tired from school. And …” Melanie could have sworn that she caught movement over her mother’s shoulder. She looked and her mouth dropped open. In her mom’s new painting, there was an image of … her. Somehow Melanie could see herself reflected in the mirror, but she was topless and … twerking. “What … the … fuck.” She dropped her duffle bag to the ground.

“You’re twenty years old, honey.” Lauren stepped slowly toward her daughter. “I would kill to have perky tits like yours. You should go out carousing every night. Rich is dead weight. He’s holding you down. I’ll show you the way. Together we can … party.”

Melanie’s brain swam. Her conservative, Japanese-American mom had never before used the word “tits” or said anything positive about partying. She was far behind the situation that was unfolding around her and didn’t know how to catch up. She glanced at her own round, twerking ass in the painting. “I don’t understand, Mom. What’s happening?” A giddiness pushed the cloud of confusion to the far recesses of her mind. Melanie surprised herself with a laugh at the absurdity of it all. “I do … want to party.”

“That’s right. You’re no stick in the mud.” Lauren had no idea where her words were coming from, but they thrilled her. She had never been more free. Decades devoted to a docile and sedentary life disappeared. Her shoulders relaxed, the weight of the world no longer upon them. “Life was made to be lived.” Lauren’s body paused its prowl toward her daughter. Awkwardly, her arms waved over her head, her hips swayed side to side, and she moved to a new rhythm. She had no practice, so it took her a moment to comprehend her movements. She was dancing, and it felt wild … and unrestrained.

Melanie let out a long, hysterical laugh. “Oh … my God, you’re … dancing, Mom. I wouldn’t have … believed it unless … I saw it with …” Holding her belly as the laughter pealed out of her, Melanie’s attention was drawn to the front of her mom’s dress. Something tented and bounced the fabric between her legs. “What’s … that?”

“The key to our freedom, honey.” Lauren gyrated her hips slower, seductively raising the hem of her dress. The rune-covered penis came into view.

“Oh … my … God.” Melanie knew their lives were about to change. She could feel it in her bones. But whatever was happening in that room had swept her away in a flood of exuberant joy. She thought about how she would explain to Rich that her mother danced in front of her with some sort of crazy purple strap-on. She laughed even harder, thinking about the expression on Rich’s face. She was so caught up in her thoughts, she barely registered her mother’s hands on her shoulders, forcing her to her knees. Her

mind returned to the present when her laughter was cut off by the dildo entering her mouth. She looked up into her mother's crazed eyes. "Mmmmpppphhhhhhh." Clarity seized her. This was her *mother*. The whole world had gone insane in a matter of minutes. But when her mom grabbed Melanie's blue hair and started bobbing her lips on the cock, everything went muddled again. This was no ordinary dildo. It was warm and supple. From the expression on her staid and prim mother's face, it seemed to be giving her pleasure. Melanie was blowing her mother and they were both loving it. Her hands went to her mom's round ass to get some leverage, and she really went to work. Rich had the biggest penis she'd been with. This one was bigger than that, but close enough that Melanie knew what she was doing.

"Yes … yes … let's … fucking … go." Lauren didn't break eye contact with her daughter. She knew she would soon cum down her throat, and she wanted their souls to be locked when that happened. "We're going to party forever, honey." She thrust her hips forward and listened to her daughter gag. "Forever."

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"I'll admit, things are a little strange. Maybe the art shop makes these to order? Or like, adjusts the subjects so they look like the purchaser?" Ella followed her friends into Noah's house. It was time to view his painting.

"Kathy didn't buy that painting, her mom did." Samantha looked back at Ella with a frown. "Did the owner of The Belle Dame stalk her before selling it to her? How do you explain that he knew what Kathy looks like?"

"Did you go with your mom to buy it?" Ella looked up at Kathy towering above her.

"Nope." Kathy shook her head as they walked toward Mrs. Reader's office.

"Well then, I don't know. Maybe when we talk to the owner, we can …" Ella's voice trailed away when Noah opened the office door.

All four teenagers tried to understand what they were seeing.

Jessica was rolling the lovely frigid penis with her tongue. It was delightful. She was so caught up in her first foray into fellatio that it took her a second to notice she had company.

"Mom?" Noah squinted at her. She was bent forward, with her hands on her knees. Her eyes were closed and her mouth was open about a foot from the painting. He would have thought she was inspecting the painting but for her shut eyelids.

Jessica tried to spit out the penis, but found it wasn't there. A jolt of pure fear hit her. She straightened, opened her eyes, and saw her son and his friends staring at her. Adrenaline pumped into her system. Her whole body tightened into knots. "Oh, hello, Noah. Hi, Ella, Kathy, and Sam." Her voice cracked with tension, and she waved at them pathetically. *Had they seen Thomas's penis?*

"Hello, Mrs. Reader," the three teenage girls mumbled over each other. A long silence followed.

"Is there something wrong with the painting?" Ella pointed at the portrait. When Jessica didn't respond, Ella continued. "You were looking at it really closely." Despite the fact that she was sure Jessica's eyes had been closed, this was the only explanation that made any sense.

Jessica could barely hear Ella over the thundering pulse in her ears. "Yes … yes … that's what I was doing." She smiled weakly. "I thought I noticed something … but it was nothing." This was the fourth embarrassing nightmare to hit her in the last few days. Weren't they supposed to only come in threes? She walked quickly toward the teenagers, who stepped aside for her. "I have to go to the bathroom," Jessica said stupidly.

When his mom was gone, Noah looked at his friends. "See what I mean? She's acting really weird," he whispered. They all nodded their agreement.

"Do you want us to go?" Samantha could see how uncomfortable Noah was.

"No, let's look at the painting." Noah took a deep breath and walked across the room. He stuffed his hands into his pockets so that no one would see them shaking. "What do you all think?" His friends followed him and stood at his shoulders, a few feet from the work of art.

"Well, that lady does look almost like your mother." Ella pressed her lips together in thought and rubbed her chin.

"Yeah, we're three for three today." Samantha sighed. "What does it mean?"

Kathy stood silently. She was the only one to actually be in one of these paintings. And the thought creeped her out to no end. Goosebumps rose on her arms as she stared at the likeness of Mrs. Reader.

"Do you know anyone who looks like the men?" Ella pointed at who she supposed were the husband and son.

"No." Noah shook his head. "Do you?" His friends shook their heads. Noah shrugged. "Let's go to my room and figure out what to do about all of this."

“Yeah, sounds good.” Samantha followed him out of Mrs. Reader’s office. “I don’t really want to go home right now.” As she left the room, she glanced back. For a second, she thought the red-haired woman was pregnant. She blinked, but the painting hadn’t changed. No pregnancy. She hurried to catch up with her friends.

~~

“Ugh … God … Mom … you’re in my … belly.” Melanie lay on her back on the living room floor, her feet bouncing high in the air. She knew the women in the painting were watching her, but she couldn’t bring herself to look away from the woman conquering her pussy. “I think … I’m going to … cum … again.”

“Yes … revel … yes … revel … yes … revel …” Lauren chanted between huffs and puffs, humping into her daughter with long, punishing strokes. Sweat dripped from her naked body, flying from her bouncing boobs in small droplets that covered Melanie and anything else close by. “Will you go back … to Rich’s boring … apartment … or will you … uh … uh … uh … stay home … with me?”

“I want to … party … ooooohhhhhhh … I want to … partyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy.” Melanie’s eyes rolled back, and she lost herself in another orgasm.

“Yes … you’re so pretty … at the height of … oooohhhhhhhhhh … I can’t … take it.” Lauren gripped her daughter’s boobs and let her own climax rip through her. She shut her eyes tight and flooded Melanie’s pussy.

Chapter 6
Matrimonial Difficulty

A branch snapped somewhere up ahead. Kathy stopped and sniffed the air. The scent of her prey mixed with peat, fern, and an old owl that watched from above. “Awwwwooooooooooooooo.” She could smell that her quarry was ready for her. On all fours, she bounded on damp earth, exhilarated by her freedom.

There was no question why the woman was so easy to track. She wanted to be caught. The scent grew stronger. Kathy let out a series of excited barks, as coyotes do once the outcome of the chase is forgone. And then … she could see the small running shadow.

“No … Kathy … this isn’t you … don’t …” Panic surged through Adeline as she glanced over her shoulder. Her daughter was naked, filthy, and the most feral thing she’d ever seen. With her gaze behind her, Adeline tripped and sprawled on the soft earth. She turned on her back, frantically scooting away as her daughter drew nearer. She stared at Kathy’s impossibly long tongue as it hung past her chin. “We can talk … about this … sweetie. I … don’t …”

Words were of no interest to Kathy. She coiled and leapt on top of her mother, roughly spreading her legs. It was time to eat. She savored her mother’s squeals as the feast began.

“Holy shit!” Kathy sat up in bed, panting. Her skin was clammy and feverish. She wiped her lips. She could still taste her mother’s vagina. She shuddered, leaned over the side of the bed, and retched. When she was done, she hung over the side, her panty-covered ass up in the air. “It’ll pass … it’ll pass … it’ll pass.” She had no plans to tell her friends about the nightly visions, even as the dreams turned up their intensity. She would die of embarrassment if they knew. She was, however, starting to believe that Noah and Samantha were onto something. She wouldn’t complain about more research sessions in the future. They needed to get to the bottom of things.

~~

“How was the tournament yesterday?” Noah munched on his breakfast at the dining table, watching his parents in their robes move about the kitchen.

“I was in the money.” Andrew stopped and smiled proudly.

“My big, strong man. I’m so proud of you.” Jessica gave her husband a kiss on the cheek and a lingering hug.

Hailey walked into the kitchen, stretched, and looked around, bleary-eyed. “Why is everyone up?”

“It’s late.” Noah tried not to look at his sister as she paraded around in nothing but an oversized shirt and panties. “You’ve been hitting the bong too hard.”

“Shut up, idiot.” Hailey looked around for something to throw at her brother, but didn’t see anything that wasn’t a knife or a ceramic mug. He didn’t deserve *that*.

“Too much pot will make you irritable. You might have a problem, Hailey.” Noah could see he’d gotten under her skin.

“Seriously. Shut the f …” Hailey glanced at her mom nervously.

“Knock it off, both of you. I won’t have that kind of language in my house.” Jessica stood with her hands on her hips, trying to look fierce. She stared into the dining room. “Your sister doesn’t do drugs,” she glared at Noah.

“Don’t tell me you can’t smell it. Come on, Mom.” He caught her expression. “I mean, you’re right. Hailey wouldn’t do that.” He shook his head, marveling at the power of denial.

“Say something, Andrew.” Jessica hit her husband’s shoulder.

“Listen to your mother.” Andrew sipped his coffee.

“Thank you.” Jessica smiled, happy to put the kerfuffle behind her. “I want you both to put on something nice. We’re going to church this morning.”

“I don’t want to go.” Hailey frowned and grabbed an English muffin.

“No one wants to go to church, Hailey. But we haven’t been in a while, and I think we could all use some grounding. We could stand to listen to God a little more around here.” Jessica marched off to get herself dressed.

“You heard your mother. Get dressed.” Andrew followed his wife. His children grumbled, but set about getting ready for church.

~~

Jessica was just finishing her makeup when she noticed the massive dildo on the bathroom counter. “Oh my!” She quickly closed and locked the bathroom door. “How on

Earth …?" She moved around the bathroom, taking it in from different angles. It stood upright, a tall, fat, veiny tower of temptation.

"Everything alright?" Andrew said through the door.

"Just a tummy ache. I need a few minutes of privacy, and then we can go." She barely noticed the lies slipping off her tongue. "Make sure the kids are ready."

"Yes, dear."

Jessica listened for her husband. She heard nothing. Acting purely on reflex, she quickly hiked up her church dress and lowered her panties. Any recent promises of waiting to touch herself vanished from her mind. "Ohhhhhh … Thomas." With her left hand she captured the dildo and squeezed it. Her glittering ring looked so bright next to the blackness underneath. Her right hand went to work on her clit. She made sure to avoid looking into the mirror. She didn't want anything to take her out of the moment.

The interruption yesterday had come before Eloise could teach her everything about pleasing a man with her mouth. But she knew how to roll the head with her tongue. She had been doing that to Thomas when her son and his friends had walked in. "So … big …" She licked it, expecting something magical. But it tasted like what it was, a silicone phallus. Her son popped into her mind. *Just like Thomas, Noah would want my lips on his penis.* Would he really? That seemed unlikely. But the thought of it drove her wild. Her right hand moved in faster circles. "Noah …" she whispered. She licked the dildo again.

"Mom." Noah knocked on the bathroom door. "Hailey says she's not going. Dad asked me to come get you. Are you ready? Can you talk to her?"

"Yes … Noah." Pulling her hand away from her clitoris was torture, but she was needed as a mother. She found the strength, pulled her panties back up, and smoothed out her dress. "Not on … my watch … Hailey." Jessica finally ventured a look at her reflection as she washed her hands. She looked prim and ready for church. No one would ever know what she'd been doing, unless she leaked through her underwear. She quickly hid the dildo, put in a panty liner, and opened the door. "Ready. I'll handle your sister." And she did.

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"Hey, Melanie." Hailey stopped in front of her old high school friend. They hadn't seen each other in a while.

“Hello there, Hailey.” Melanie had one arm around her mother’s waist. With the other she gave Hailey a finger gun greeting.

“Did your mother drag you here, too?” Hailey looked inclusively around the church.

“I’m right here, Hailey.” Lauren made a show of frowning, but she was riding such a high that nothing was going to bring her down.

Hailey laughed awkwardly. “Sorry, Mrs. Keitaro. It’s just a figure of speech.” It did strike her as odd that Melanie and her mother were joined at the hip. Hailey had distanced herself from her family the second the service was over. Come to think of it, she didn’t remember Melanie ever being that close to her mother. She had thought that Mrs. Keitaro had a stick up her butt way back when.

“It’s fine, Hailey.” Lauren smiled magnanimously. “And how is college going? I hope you’re spending every night partying with men … or women. Whichever you prefer.”

“Um … yeah … I have a boyfriend.” Hailey pressed her lips together in confusion. Was Mrs. Keitaro on drugs?

“Don’t let a dead weight pull you down.” Melanie laughed, and her mother joined in. “Text me if you want to party sometime.” She pulled her mother past Hailey, and they walked out of the church.

“Sure … see ya.” Hailey watched them go. As they made their way out over the brown, winter lawn she thought she saw their hands slip down to each other’s butts. She blinked her eyes, but people moved into the doorway, and she couldn’t see them anymore. “Oh, hey, Mr. Keitaro. Your wife and daughter just left.”

“Really?” Kenji looked around in confusion. Usually, they stayed for a while to meet and greet. “Thanks for the heads up.” He rushed to the door.

“That was weird.” Hailey shrugged and looked around for anyone else that might be interesting. She didn’t find anyone.

~~

“Hey, Sam. Can I come in?” Eddie opened his sister’s bedroom door without waiting for a reply. He was pleased that she’d left it unlocked.

“What the fuck, Eddie?” Samantha looked up from her phone. She was mid-text with Noah, who was stuck at church. They hadn’t found anything with their research the day before, and both were sharing ideas about how they should question the owner of The Belle Dame. “You can’t just come into my room.”

“We don’t spend enough time together.” Eddie’s hair was slicked back from the shower he’d recently taken. “Twins should be really close, don’t you think?”

Samantha stuck out her tongue in disgust. “Get out of my room.”

“Come on, Sam. You’ve grown so much lately. I thought you’d be mature enough to hang out with me.” He stared at her tits while he talked. Had they gotten even bigger? He didn’t know why they were both maturing at eighteen, and he didn’t care.

“Gross.” Samantha put down her phone, stood, and walked over to her brother. “Why are you making that face?”

“I thought you might want a brotherly kiss.” He puckered his lips, expecting her eyes to turn glassy.

“Get … out … of my … room,” Samantha growled. She shoved him and smiled when he staggered backward. She shoved him again and sent him into the hall, his arms pinwheeling until he hit the far wall.

He watched the door slam and heard it lock. “Bitch.” Eddie didn’t understand why sometimes women went crazy for him, and other times they smacked him. His mother had been the same way … at first.

“Is everything okay, Eddie?” Lindsey hesitated at the top of the stairs. She could see her son was upset.

“No, Samantha is a bitch.” He marched back to his room, opened the door, and stepped inside. He looked back at his mother. “Well, are you coming?”

She put a finger to her lips and tiptoed over to him. “Your father and sister are both home. I can’t,” she whispered. “Maybe later we –” She felt his strong grip on her wrist. Much to her shame, she let him pull her into the room and lock them in.

“I don’t want to spend the afternoon thinking about Sam. Take my mind off it.” He quickly undressed, his cock rising as the clothes fell on the floor around him.

“I … I … can’t.” She could see a sheen of sweat on his Rubenesque body. “You must be very upset.” Her mind fogged over, and her attention focused on his ungainly penis.

“You say ‘I can’t’ one more time, and I’ll make you give me your pussy.” Eddie’s cheeks turned red with anger. He saw the slack expression on her face. This was the response he’d been going for with his sister. Well, his mother would have to do.

“You said we wouldn’t do that again.” She sank to her knees. “I can’t do that, but how about my mouth?”

“I told you not to say those words.” He placed the head of his cock under her chin and tilted his hips until their eyes met. “But I’m not crazy. You can give me your pussy later. A blowjob will do for now.”

“Okay.” Lindsey was so relieved. She seized his penis and took as much of him into her mouth as she could. Soon she was humming and pumping his giant thing in a frenzy. She barely slowed down when her daughter’s footsteps thumped down the hall just outside Eddie’s door.

Twenty minutes later, she rushed out of her son’s room with sperm dripping down her chin and the front of her dress. She prayed her husband was still downstairs as she crept to her bathroom to get cleaned up.

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When Jessica went to retrieve the dildo, it had disappeared again. Suspicion settled over her as she searched the bathroom. Was her husband playing some sort of sick joke on her? Later, she questioned him in a roundabout way, but found out nothing. Without asking him directly, it was nearly impossible to pin him down. Her suspicions calcified. What game was Andrew playing? Did he not know that she liked the thing, that holding it gave her a sense of power? “I have to cancel our bike ride today, dear. I’ve got some work to do for a client.” This wasn’t true, but she needed to exact some sort of vengeance.

“Really?” Andrew’s face sagged into a frown. “I was looking forward to getting out with you. Maybe you’ll have time later this afternoon?”

“Not likely.” Jessica stalked off to her office, a storm cloud of dark feelings hanging over her.

“Oh, dearie, I can see marital trouble a mile away.” Eloise stood in the center of the office, wearing a bustled dress. She was pregnant again. The painting behind her was empty of Palmers. There was no sign anywhere of Frederick or Thomas. “I know about difficulties in matrimony.” Eloise let out a curt laugh. “Believe me.”

“I don’t understand.” Jessica stepped into the room. The world seemed to move slowly around her. “What are you doing … out here?” She knew she was dreaming, but the moment was pregnant with a compelling certitude that this was indeed real.

“The more you accept me and Thomas, the more we can be with you. Or so it seems.” Her smile was warm and welcoming. “And you’ve made great strides in your education.”

“What is it you said about matrimonial difficulty? What happened with you and Frederick?”

The temperature dropped in the room. Eloise’s hair moved as if buffeted by a gale, her eyes narrowed into black slits, and all the shadows in the room slowly gathered around her. She opened her mouth in a silent scream, her hands holding the grisly, dripping ribbons of what had been her insides.

“Sorry!” Jessica took a step back and cowered in fright. She glanced toward the door, planning her escape, but when she looked back at Eloise, the woman was again calm and unafflicted. She could have been Jessica’s twin. Jessica exhaled slowly, her pulse drumming in her ears. “Let’s talk about something else.”

“Yes, let’s talk about Thomas.” Eloise let out a light mirthful laugh and picked up a book from Jessica’s desk. It was Turgenev’s *First Love*. She casually flipped through the pages as she spoke. “Answer me honestly, did you pretend he was your son while you were rolling his nether-head with your tongue?”

“Where *is* Thomas?” Jessica licked her lips nervously. She had already forgotten about Eloise’s tantrum.

“Answer me.” Eloise stopped on a page and noted a passage with her finger.

“I … um … I …” Jessica searched for the words. “Um … it’s not right.” She glanced around the room hoping that Thomas might appear any minute and begin undressing. But Eloise was the only other person in the room.

“You attach too much to what is right and wrong. Those are rules written by hypocrites to contain the rest of us. What matters is what’s in here.” Eloise put a hand to her heart, a solemn expression on her face. “And what’s in here.” She dropped her hand to her vagina and gripped her dress, a hungry grin curving her lips. She returned her finger to the passage in the book. “Listen to this: *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.”* She looked up from the old, leatherbound tome. “Do you understand?”

Jessica nodded slowly. Why was this woman so good at riling her up?

“So, were you pretending that Thomas was your son when you educated yourself with his bludgeon?” Eloise held her breath, waiting for the admission that was bound to come.

“Yes,” Jessica squeaked. “God help me, I did.”

“You’ll find God’s help is a long wait for a train that does not come.” Satisfaction wrote itself on Eloise’s smirk.

“Speaking of waiting, I was wondering if … I mean … is Thomas … um …?” Jessica spun her wedding ring around on her finger like a nervous schoolchild. “Can we continue my education?”

Eloise put down the book and slowly walked behind Jessica. She stood inches from the staid housewife and put her hands on Jessica’s hips. “We can continue your education, yes. It’s time you learned about playful repartee. How often do you and your husband kiss?”

“Um … I kiss him all the time.” Jessica stood very still, feeling the woman’s round belly and large breasts press into her back.

“Forgive me. Perhaps I wasn’t clear. How often do you kiss *passionately*?” Eloise spoke softly into the woman’s ear.

“Well … not for a couple years now.” If Jessica were to tell the truth, a couple decades would have been more accurate.

“In that case, we’ll have to work on your technique.” Eloise moved her head to Jessica’s shoulder and reached a hand to Jessica’s chin, turning her face far enough to the side so that they could lock eyes.

“I understand … but I don’t think I could kiss Thomas.” Jessica’s voice was barely audible. She was twisted, looking over her shoulder, pressed back tightly on Eloise. She felt helpless.

“For this lesson, you won’t have to.” Eloise moved her hand to Jessica’s breast, holding her in place, and leaned into position. She was pleased when Jessica didn’t recoil from the touch of their lips.

“Mmmmpppppphhhhhhh.” Jessica kissed a woman for the first time. Despite the ice of Eloise’s touch, Jessica was scalded by the heat of the woman’s intensity. The book was right. It was sweet to burn and melt with passion. She let the frigid tongue explore her mouth, wiggling her butt back into Eloise’s hips, so the pregnant belly rested perfectly in the arc of Jessica’s back. It had been so long since she’d made out with anyone that she wondered how much of the fire that suddenly kindled inside her was caused by Eloise’s skill, and how much was the thawing of Jessica’s hibernating desires.

Eloise gently toyed with Jessica’s tongue, coaxing it into more energetic games. She found that the woman made no moves of her own volition, but quickly reciprocated the duel between them. She felt the wife shudder when her cold hand slipped under Jessica’s dress and bra. Eloise deftly rolled Jessica’s fat nipple between her fingertips, eliciting muffled moans.

Eventually, Eloise spun Jessica toward her and put the woman’s arms over her shoulders. She was pleased when Jessica ran her fingers through her hair, cupped her

skull, and pressed their faces together more forcefully. Eloise's hands dropped down and held Jessica's round ass, encouraging her to rock her hips slowly.

When Jessica felt the other woman pull away, her hips continued to sway and her eyelids fluttered. She still swam in an ocean of new and returning longings. "Oh … my …" She smiled dreamily.

"You need more practice." Eloise held out a hand and kept Jessica at bay when she tried to relock their lips. "But not with me."

"Thomas?" Jessica's smile widened. "Is Thomas coming for kissing?"

"No, he is not." Eloise walked back toward her painting, watching Jessica over her shoulder. "You will not hear from either of us until you have practiced in your world."

"I don't think Andrew will want to make out with me." Jessica frowned. "But I'll try."

"Andrew is neither here nor there." Eloise stepped back into the painting, her colors becoming less vibrant, her clothes changing, and her pregnancy vanishing. "If you want to see me, or Thomas, or that black phallus again, you must kiss Noah." She held up her finger to silence Jessica's protestations before they began. "Don't worry about the code of hypocrites. You will burn as in a fire in his presence. And he in yours. It will be sweet to burn and melt." And with that she went back to her accustomed pose and said no more. The men that always bracketed her returned to their poses as well.

"Wait. What?" Jessica shook her head. "What? You're responsible for the obscene toy that appears and disappears all the time? And you want me to kiss my own son? Like we just did?" The painting was just a painting again. "Never … happening. And I don't care if you don't come back to my dreams ever again. Do you hear me?" The painting made no response. "I don't care. Wake up, wake up, wake up!" But she didn't wake up. As she rushed to the bathroom to masturbate, she started to doubt she would wake. After two desperate orgasms, she took a shower and went about the rest of her day. She became convinced that she had not dreamed Eloise. It seemed that the last two days she had been visited by the Palmers in her waking hours. By dinner time, she was quite sure that was so. She had no idea what it meant for her sanity. But she took solace in the fact that she would never touch or talk to the Palmers again.

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"You want me to … ugh … nut in your … pussy … Mom?" Eddie held his mother's black hair with his left hand, watching her slender frame absorb each punishing jolt he delivered from behind.

“No … ugh … Eddie …” Why did he have to be so good at such a vile deed? Lindsey loved her son, and she was falling in love with his penis. “Do it … uh … uh … uh … outside … please.”

“Yeeeeeeehhaaaaawwwwwwwww.” Eddie lifted his right arm and moved it like he was about to throw a lasso. “I’d … rather … drop another load … inside.” He smiled maniacally as he watched her ass shake. Was it his imagination, or was her butt getting bigger? He liked the look of it. Her soft flesh matched the quivering of his belly as they smashed together. “You’re my … cum dump … Mom.”

“Ohhhhhhhhhh … mmmyyyyyyy … Gooooddddddddd.” Lindsey clenched her teeth and came. He was going to put all his potent stuff inside her. And she was going to let him. Thank goodness her husband was in one of his recent stupors downstairs, because otherwise there was no way he would miss the sounds they made in their bedroom. Her bed rattled like the screws might fall out at any minute. Her son was hollering like a cowboy. And she was screeching like a woman in love. Which she was. She would do anything for her son and his monstrous cock. When he roared out his climax, she pushed back at him. She was a lunatic in a fit of raving madness. “Yes … ugh … yes … ugh … yyeeeeessssssssssss.” Her own orgasm quickly swept her away.

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The four friends exchanged uneasy glances as they approached The Belle Dame. They crossed the street and stood outside looking into the shop. There were several women browsing at the moment. The owner, a small, bespectacled man in a tweed suit and bow tie stood by himself smiling at them.

“Well, he seems friendly enough.” Noah offered a tense laugh.

“Famous last words.” Samantha took a deep breath.

“He’s harmless. Look at him.” Ella waved to the man in the store. He waved back.

“No time like the present.” Kathy, the only one not dressed for the cold, opened the glass door. A charming bell announced their arrival. Her friends followed her in.

Immediately, Noah, Ella, and Samantha began unzipping their coats and removing their hats.

“Christ, it’s hot in here.” Noah jumped when he realized that the shopkeeper was only a few feet away.

“Jesus, bless him, has little to do with our thermostat here at The Belle Dame.” Mr. Luci offered an avuncular smile. “A big welcome to you four. Are you interested in one of my paintings?”

“No.” Kathy said.

“Sorry, she means no thank you.” Ella added quickly.

Samantha cleared her throat. “What they mean is that we won’t be buying today, but would love to learn more about your work here. We are very interested.”

“Oh, lovely.” Mr. Luci led them over to a portrait of a woman and a man standing on a suburban street with a gothic castle looming over them in the background. The man had his arm around the woman’s shoulders, holding her possessively. She wore a vacant, wide-eyed stare as she gazed toward the viewer. “What would you like to know?”

“Um … are all of these painted to order, or are they done beforehand?” Samantha noticed that the woman in the painting wore a wedding ring, but the man did not. Also, he was quite pale and severe looking. She thought he might fit seamlessly into an old monster movie. She shivered and hoped no one would buy this painting.

“Is this for a school paper or something?” Mr. Luci made a show of studying the painting.

“Yes.” Noah nodded. “We’re working together on a school project. I’m Noah. This is Ella, Samantha, and Kathy.”

“Pleased to meet you. I’m Mr. Luci.” Mr. Luci did not extend his hand, but nodded to each of them. “I would love to help with your research. All the paintings were created beforehand. But sometimes I do a little touchup before they leave.”

“You’re the artist?” Kathy could smell a fib here, but she didn’t have the foggiest notion what it was.

“Is the gardener that plants the seed the author of a flower’s life?” He shrugged.

The bell above the door rang as new customers entered the store. “Gosh, Mom. I was just thinking about a poster or something,” Paul Botti said loudly to his mother, Shannon. He smiled when he spotted Noah and waved. They had several classes together. Noah waved back.

“I want to get something nice for you, Paul.” Shannon fidgeted with the cross on her necklace as she looked around the store. “Do you see anything you like?”

“How about that one? It reminds me of The Last Supper, but in space.” Paul made his way to the painting. He just had to have it. All thoughts of tasteful, Christian posters were gone. This would go up on his wall.

“Um … right.” Samantha turned away from the intrusion and furrowed her brow. She wasn’t sure if Mr. Luci had answered the question or not.

“Look, here’s the thing.” Kathy stepped closer to Mr. Luci. She towered over the short man. “My mom bought a painting and the woman in it looks just like me. Well, not exactly, but really close. And Noah’s family and Sam’s family have paintings and the subjects look similar to people in their family. What gives?” She balled her hands into fists and pressed them into her hips. “Are you pranking us? I mean, what is going on here?”

Some of the women in the store looked over at the outburst with worried faces. Mr. Luci smiled at them and held up a reassuring hand to let them know everything was fine. He then turned his attention back to the eighteen-year-olds. “I have noticed that customers love the look of the familiar rendered in new and different ways.” He spoke in a calm, soothing voice. “Often the ladies that shop here gravitate to artwork that reminds them of themselves or loved ones. I think it’s heartwarming that your mother bought a painting with a subject that reminded her of you.” He smiled up at Kathy.

“The painting has a woman with torn clothes, howling at the moon. How is that heartwarming?” Kathy shook her head slowly.

“It’s playful whimsy.” Mr. Luci laughed.

“That’s what her mom told us,” Noah whispered to Samantha.

“I hope I was able to help with your project, but now I must return to my customers.” Mr. Luci nodded to each of them. “If you ever want to purchase something, please come again.” He gave them one more smile, turned, and glided off toward Paul and Shannon Botti. He could smell a sale.

Confused and deflated, the four friends left The Belle Dame. They walked back to Noah’s house discussing their meeting with Mr. Luci. They agreed that he seemed friendly, but he had failed to shed any light on the mysteries that surrounded them.

Chapter 7

How Long Wilt Thou Sleep, O Sluggard

A creeping, insidious feeling followed Samantha after their trip to The Belle Dame. She could sense she was lost. Her friends were lost. Her mother was lost. Her father was lost. The only person who seemed to have found himself was her twin brother. And Eddie was much worse for his period of self-discovery. He swaggered, made obnoxious declarations, and seemed to get away with whatever he liked. Several days passed, and Samantha found herself leaving the house before her family woke and staying out as late as she could, usually rolling in right before her school-night curfew of eight o'clock.

From time to time, when she was at the house, her mind would suddenly fog over. She would lose track of her homework, or messaging friends, and find her hand in her panties rubbing away at her clit. She had rarely masturbated before the painting arrived. Now it was a daily occurrence. Sometimes, Eddie would knock on the door and ask to be let in, but even during those strange spells, Samantha kept enough wits about her not to open her locked bedroom door. Making matters even worse, her clothes were all too small for her. Inexplicably, her body had waited until age eighteen to fill out.

The days passed in a similarly confusing fashion for Kathy. Dreams of hunting women through the forest haunted her nights. She would wake up with sopping wet panties and a strange tangy taste on her tongue. Curiosity got the better of her. One morning she put some of that wetness on her fingers and placed it in her mouth. That was how she tasted pussy for the first time. And yes, the taste was quite similar to what she'd experienced in her nightmares. She could scarcely admit it to herself, but the woman she prowled most often was her own mother. The first few times she had woken up retching. But it seemed that repetition had acclimatized her mind to the huntress within her dreams.

As odd as his days were, things weren't as strange for Noah. He spent hours falling down rabbit holes on the internet, but found nothing helpful. The unsolved, unfolding mystery of the paintings caused some anxiety, but he still felt the comforting pull of normalcy. The rush of the last week of school before winter break was familiar. Bickering with Hailey was a day-in and day-out affair. And his oldest sister, Paget, would be returning home soon with her fiancé. Noah's father seemed quite normal. And his mother was … distracted, but still herself.

After their visit to The Belle Dame, Ella barely gave the whole "mystery" a second thought. Sure, there were odd aspects to the paintings, but it wasn't a big deal. A minor prank at best. Her mother, Mara, mentioned several times at the dinner table that she might be the only woman in Clover Falls who didn't have a painting from The Belle

Dame. Ella's father, Antonio, told Mara that she was being ridiculous. "There are hundreds of women in town, and certainly nowhere near hundreds of paintings." That didn't stop Mara from pouting.

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"Oooohhhhhhhhh … my … she owns … his heart." Jessica sat naked from the waist down on the bathroom counter, holding *First Love* with one hand while she fingered herself with the other. It wasn't pornography by any stretch, but it was racy. And more than that, it spoke to something inside her. She longed to be worshiped the way Volodya, the younger man, burned for Princess Zasekin, the older woman. Thoughts of her husband, Andrew, lay abandoned in her fantasies, collecting dust. Her fantasies focused on Thomas, whose monstrous, icy penis had parted Jessica's lips. She moved her fingers to her clit and rubbed out a trembling orgasm. "Ooooohhhhhh … my … my … ooohhhhhhhhhhh."

When the wave of pleasure had passed, she closed her legs and the book. She had only had her first orgasm a little more than a week ago, but already the ecstasy had ebbed. Her satisfaction now paled in comparison to what it had been. When she'd first noticed the trend, she had thought it was the happy end to her sexual rollercoaster. Maybe her peak would be short-lived. Unfortunately, while the act itself diminished in intensity, her hunger for that missing feeling only increased. She soon found that myriad minor orgasms did not make up for fewer mind-shattering ones.

"Jessica?" Andrew knocked on the door. "You've been in there a while. Everything okay?"

"Give me some privacy!" Jessica spat out the words and regretted the venom in her voice almost instantly. But she said nothing else. Instead, she turned and washed her hands in the sink.

"Okay, well, I need the bathroom, too. I don't want to be late to work." Andrew sounded almost apologetic.

Jessica shook her head. "Sorry, dear. I'll be out in a minute."

Later, at breakfast, Jessica tried to settle her mind. She reminded herself, as she did most mornings, that once her men were off to school and work, and her daughter went back to her room, Jessica would have more time to touch herself. Maybe she would find the spark that she'd lost. If only the black dildo would show up again. She knew holding something thick and veiny like that might do the trick. Hailey and Noah were arguing on the other side of the kitchen, intruding into Jessica's thoughts. "Cool it, you two."

“But … Mom … Noah’s hogging all the –” Hailey started.

“I said … effing … *cool it!*” Jessica shouted. She watched both her kid’s eyes go wide. But rather than cool it herself, she let her feelings vent. “Gosh … *darn* it. I’ve had it up to here with your bickering.” She held her hand up to her hairline. “Not … another … word.” When Hailey opened her mouth, Jessica stood and stepped toward her daughter. With satisfaction, she saw Hailey’s lips quickly shut. Jessica looked to Noah. His lips were also tightly shut. He had strong, full lips. She stared at her son’s mouth. Would he let her kiss him? He might. She saw the way he stared at her sometimes.

Noah exchanged a look with Hailey. Their mother’s gaze had been burning holes through his face for a while. Hailey shrugged and rolled her eyes, suggesting their mother had gone bonkers.

Eventually, Noah risked speaking. “Mom? Are you okay?”

“Why does everyone ask me that? I’m fine.” Jessica refocused her vision and looked into Noah’s worried eyes. “You know what? I’ll drive you to school today. Get your things.”

“I’m fine walking. I like –” Noah wasn’t able to finish.

“I’m driving you.” Jessica waved her hand dismissively and walked off to find her purse.

“What’s gotten into Mom?” Hailey whispered. “She almost swore at us.”

“I think it’s the painting. I’ve been feeling –” Noah watched Hailey turn her back to him.

“Not that again. Jesus, Noah.” Hailey exited the kitchen. She was stressed, and her bong was calling to her.

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“Paul, sweetness, are you still asleep?” Shannon knocked gently on her son’s bedroom door. “*How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep?”* She smiled to herself. She had a Bible quote for everything, even her hormonal eighteen-year-old son oversleeping.

“Don’t come in, Mom. I’m naked.” This was true. Paul had been lying on his bed mesmerized by what his penis had become. The change had started only a few days ago, and now he barely recognized himself. It wasn’t just the length or girth that alarmed him, it was that the thing moved about like it had a mind of its own. Even when he was fully hard, it writhed and twisted, as if eternally searching. He threw his blanket over it. “I’ll be downstairs in a little while.” He seized the thing and began pumping under the covers. He had learned that the only way to get it to a manageable size was to drain it. If

his mother noticed him washing his bedding every day, she hadn't mentioned anything. "I just … need … to pray … before school."

"That's my boy." Shannon beamed at the door, fingering the cross that hung around her neck. She hummed to herself as she walked back toward the kitchen.

Paul stared at the new painting hanging in his room while he committed unspeakable acts on himself. There were so many women gathered around the table, and they all seemed to be bursting out of their futuristic uniforms. He was learning that his orgasm would arrive faster if he stared at their boobs. The penis in his hands thrashed about like it was experiencing the same pleasure as Paul. His parents had sheltered him from sex-ed, so he wasn't sure if this was normal or not. He had his doubts, but he couldn't ask anyone, and he wasn't about to search for such a thing on the Godless internet. "Uuuuuuggggghhhhh … feels … really … gggooooooooddd." His penis erupted, coating the inside of his blanket.

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"Isn't it nice to have a little alone time with me?" Jessica smiled at her son as she backed the SUV out of her driveway.

"We already spend a lot of time together." Noah watched her freckled face closely. She had a mischievous look about her lips that he wasn't used to. He took a deep breath. He had seen that look on Eloise's face. The woman in the painting often looked like she might enjoy a bit of mischief.

"Not enough. And soon you'll be graduating." Jessica pressed her lips into a frown and slowly pulled out onto their empty suburban street. "I worry about you sometimes, honey. You haven't really dated anyone, and high school is almost over."

"Oh." Noah folded his arms tightly over his chest and slouched into his seat. He turned and gazed out the passenger window. He didn't elaborate on his enigmatic answer.

"Oh?" Jessica tried to smile brightly, but she could see him withdrawing. "Samantha is really pretty. Did you ever ask her out? What about Kathy?"

"Sam and I are just friends, Mom. And Kathy's a giant and I'm … not."

Undeterred, she continued. "What about Ella? Mara and I are best friends. Wouldn't it be a riot if our kids were dating?"

"She's practically my sister." Noah wanted the drive to be over as soon as possible, but his mom seemed to be taking a circuitous route.

“I think you might lack some confidence.” Jessica pulled the car to the curb near a wooded area. “Did you brush your teeth this morning? I did.” She bared her teeth at him so he could see her pearly whites.

Noah turned back toward his mother. “What are you talking about?” He could see the outline of her bra under her sweater. A dream from the night before flooded back to him. He had been nuzzling her magnificent boobs, licking and sucking her large nipples. Or had those been Eloise’s boobs? The two sets were so much alike that they ran together in his mind. Then, he remembered their warmth and knew it had been his mother’s.

“Eyes up here, mister.” She pointed at her eyes and smiled when he made eye contact. “Maybe you need some practice. And if you won’t do it with your pretty friends …” She shrugged innocently.

“Mom, I have no idea what you’re talking about.” This was true. Noah was nonplussed. “Does this have something to do with the painting?”

Jessica started to speak and stopped. She blinked at him. “Why do you ask?” *Did he know something?*

“The lady in the painting looks just like you. And Kathy and Samantha also have paintings. And there’s a subject that looks like Kathy, and others that look like Sam’s mom and brother. And –”

“I thought you were going to say something else.” Jessica laughed. “She does look a bit like me.” She shivered remembering Eloise’s chilly lips on hers, the icy tongue darting blissfully into her mouth. “Kissing, Noah. As I was saying, you need practice kissing.”

“I’ve kissed girls before, Mom,” Noah muttered.

“I’m sure you have. I just think you might need to get more comfortable with it. A little confidence goes a long way with a girl.” Jessica made a show of looking him up and down, shaking her head. “Look at the way you’re sitting. That does not convey the right attitude.”

Noah slouched further into the seat.

“Look. I went to the doctor’s office last week, and she told me something interesting.” Jessica took a deep breath. She was doing what Eloise Palmer had asked. She would get through one awkward kiss with her sweet Noah, and then Thomas would return. And so would the magnificent dildo. And maybe Eloise would force another kiss on Jessica. That wouldn’t be so bad. “The doctor said that at eighteen, you’re at your peak … um … of … sexual maturity.” Jessica worked hard to maintain her bright smile through all the awkwardness. “This is not an age when you should hide from women, honey. This is a time to spread your wings and take flight.”

“I thought … you said you expected me to be abstinent.” Noah’s stomach turned over in panicked confusion. Pressure built in his chest. His breathing became more shallow.

“I do.” Jessica nodded earnestly. “Of course I do. But that doesn’t mean you can’t date a nice girl. And kiss her. And hold her hand.” She reached out with her fingers, took Noah’s hand, and squeezed it. She rested their clasped hands on the center console. She prayed he wouldn’t notice her clammy palm.

“Mom?” Noah’s heart just about beat out of his chest. He finally understood what she was driving at. This was too much like one of his dreams. His lungs tightened further.

“I want you to be happy and healthy, sweetie.” Jessica leaned closer to her son. Her gaze fell to his strong, full lips. One kiss and she could go back to the lost pleasures of the Palmers. “Give me a kiss and build your confidence. Mommy is here for you.” She closed her eyes and pursed her lips. Noah’s warm hand squeezed hers tightly, then it was yanked from her grip. She heard the passenger door open. By the time she opened her eyes, Noah had unbuckled his seatbelt, grabbed his backpack, and fled the car. His face looked pale and worried. Jessica put a hand to her mouth, horrified at his expression. This was another excruciatingly awkward moment. They certainly weren’t coming in threes.

“Thanks for the ride … Mom. I’ll walk … from here.” Noah closed the door and quickly walked down the street. He took deep breaths, trying to keep the panic attack at bay. He was relieved when he looked back to see his mother turn the SUV around and head back home. After a few minutes, the pressure in his chest eased. It wasn’t an easy walk to school, partly because of his swirling thoughts, but mostly because he had to repeatedly wrestle the weirdest boner back under his waistband.

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Lauren’s phallic power no longer seemed proximate to the painting. She had learned to summon the magical cock at will. Despite this, the second Kenji left for work each day, she would meet her twenty-year-old daughter in the living room by the painting. That’s where they spent most of their time fornicating. That’s where the party was. They enjoyed having an audience. The woman in the painting and her reflection cheered them on and often got into similar, naughty activities inside the canvas.

“We need … more people … for a proper … ugh … ugh … bacchanal.” Erato had replaced the usual woman inside the painting. The high priestess of Pan humped her own reflection standing before the empty mirror. Erato wore nothing but her branching,

wooden crown as she held her likeness by the hair and slammed into her from behind. She had a feral look in her eyes, and her hair flailed wildly about her.

“She wants … ssqqquuueeeeeee … more … people … ssqquuuueeeeeee.” Melanie stood with her ass out and her hands on either side of the painting’s frame. Her nose almost touched the canvas. She braced herself against her mother’s onslaught from behind. It was only ten in the morning, but there were empty beer bottles spread on the floor around her blue-painted toes.

Lauren let out a long laugh followed by a series of grunts. She loved the way Melanie squealed when she was really taking cock. Her once-rebellious daughter sounded like a tame, frightened pig. It was an endearing sound. “I could invite … Kenji … but I fear … he’d be a stick … uh … uh … uh … in the mud.” She took a handful of Melanie’s blue hair in her fist and used it to make her daughter arch her back even more. It was a marvelous sight. Lauren watched sweat drip down her daughter’s curving spine, settle above her ass, and then spray every which way with each shockwave traveling through her ass.

“We need … revelers.” Erato locked eyes with the squealing Melanie, and then with Lauren. “We don’t want … the wretched.” Her eyes grew larger while her pupils shrunk into vertical slits. “Bring me … energy … bring me gaiety … bring me … uh … uh … the life … of the party.” She slapped her reflection’s ass for emphasis.

“Yes … yes … yes …” Lauren mirrored Erato’s movements and slapped her daughter’s butt with her free hand. “The life … of the party … aaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh.” She threw her head back and came deep inside Melanie.

“Ssssquuuuuueeeeeeeeeee.” Melanie’s eyes rolled back. Her body jerked with her own orgasm. She would do anything her mother and the painting asked.

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“I don’t believe you.” Ella was masterful at frowning, creating deep lines from her forehead to her mouth. She gave Noah one of her best frowns as she listened to his story. “Your mom would never. You misunderstood her or something. No way. There’s no way.” She shook her head and looked to Kathy and Samantha for support. She could see from their worried faces that they might believe him.

“I don’t know. It could be … like … mind control or something?” Samantha shrugged. “My mom and Eddie have been so strange lately. I honestly can’t believe I’m going to say this, but if I caught them kissing, I wouldn’t be surprised.” Her pink lips turned down in a sour expression.

“Jesus.” Ella shook her head. She turned from her friends and looked out over the empty football field. It was lunch and they were walking the track for some privacy. None of them were hungry.

“Are you sure?” Kathy looked down at Noah. She only wore a tank top and leggings. Her friends were all bundled up. They stopped walking and formed a small circle, their breath misting between them. She put her hand tenderly on Noah’s shoulder. “Maybe you misread it?”

“I didn’t. She basically said I should kiss her for practice.” Noah’s shoulders bunched with tension. He should have seen this coming, but he hadn’t expected to have to defend himself. “Then, she puckered her lips, closed her eyes, and leaned toward my mouth. If I hadn’t left the car, we would have made out.”

“Whoa.” Ella’s head-shake intensified. “Even if that’s all true, there’s no way Jessica Reader would make out with anyone that isn’t your dad. Especially not *you*. If anything, she was going to peck you on the lips. For confidence, like you said. But I doubt even that –”

“Look at him, Ella.” Samantha’s shoulders were bunching, too. “It happened.”

Ella glanced between Samantha and Noah. “You’re enabling him, Sam.” She turned and walked away.

“Wait, Ella.” Kathy rolled her eyes at Samantha and Noah. “I’ll talk to her.” She set off after her friend.

Samantha and Noah stood next to each other with their hands stuffed in jacket pockets and watched their friends walk away. A breeze picked up and billowed the exposed part of Samantha’s dress.

“Has she texted you or anything?” Samantha started walking the track again.

“Yeah.” Noah fell into step on Samantha’s right. “She texted me: *think about it* with a smiley face.”

“Seems like corroborating evidence.” Samantha pressed her lips together in thought. Noah’s courage to share what happened with his mother inspired her. “I think Eddie is trying to … um … kiss me. He keeps ogling my boobs and saying … stupid … dirty things. Lots of innuendo. And I think that sickly sweet smell is his BO or something. I notice it when he’s sweating. It’s so gross. And when Eddie’s sweating, my dad just zones out. I don’t know what any of it means.”

“That’s crazy.” Noah didn’t know what else to say. He figured she just wanted to share and didn’t expect him to fix anything. He didn’t have the foggiest idea how to fix things anyway. “Maybe we can do some research in the library after school?”

“I have my dance class today.” Samantha cocked her head as the bell rang. They turned back toward the school. It was time for class. “Maybe tomorrow. And … you can text me anytime if something else happens with your mom.”

“Sure. Same for you.” Without other plans, Noah would head home after school. He prayed his mother would have forgotten the whole thing by then.

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A soft knock on his door broke Noah’s concentration. He looked up from his homework. “Hailey?” It was wishful thinking.

“It’s me, honey.” Jessica tried the door. It was unlocked. She opened it, stepped in, and smiled at her son. “You didn’t say hello when you got home. I like it when you stop by my office.”

“Just busy.” Noah’s pulse skyrocketed. His eyes fell to the swell of her boobs under her dress. His gaze followed the outline of her bra up to her delicate shoulder. Her exposed bra strap looked so vulnerable where it snuck out from under her dress’s neckline. He realized where he was looking and quickly returned his gaze to her green, smiling eyes.

“Okay, well, you seem a bit grumpy, and I understand why.” She closed the door and walked over to his bed, sitting on the edge near his desk. She swiveled his chair so that their knees were touching. “I’m sorry about this morning.”

“You are?” Noah blinked at her. He couldn’t stop the memory of his dreams coming back to him: her floral scent, the warmth of her breasts, his joy at being shown her exposed flesh. The way her little blue veins meandered under her freckled, alabaster peaks and valleys had captivated him. He blushed when he caught himself staring at her deep cleavage. He met her eyes again. His stomach did cartwheels. His breathing quickened.

“Yes. I shouldn’t have sprung that on you. You were ready for school, and I wanted to peck you on the lips.” Jessica forced a laugh. The ringing bell of her giggle came out easier than expected. “Here’s the thing … I can’t really explain it … but we *have* to kiss. We just have to. On the lips. It can be brief. You could call it practice, or motherly affection, or plain old trying something new. But we have to kiss.”

“Mom … I …” Noah’s head grew light and his thoughts distant. His chest felt like an elephant had decided to make a bench out of him. He wheezed, struggling with each breath.

“Oh … my …” Jessica’s eyes widened in concern. “You’re hyperventilating. You haven’t had one of these attacks in ages.” She took his shoulders and pulled him close, resting

his head on her upper chest. “There … there … it’ll pass in a minute. You’ll be okay. I thought you had outgrown your panic attacks.” She caressed his hair, calming him down.

Noah’s face was buried in her cleavage. He was so close to living out his dreams. As the seconds passed, the elephant moved on. His lungs moved again. He shuddered out a sigh, somewhat aghast that he was drooling on her exposed skin.

“There now. Feel better, honey?” Jessica held his shoulders and lifted him up so they were face to face again, sitting next to each other on the bed. Her eyes fixed on his full lips. He seemed relaxed. It was now or never. She closed her eyes, puckered her lips, and leaned forward. There was no magic when their lips met. What had she been expecting? It was just a peck on the lips. *That should do it.* She gave him another peck for good measure and let her lips linger on his. When she felt his hand move on her thigh, something stirred inside her. Jessica was reminded what it felt like to be touched again. Other than Eloise, no one had touched her with the desire she felt through her son’s hand. She tenderly bit his bottom lip, pulled on it, and let go. His other hand dug into her hip, and she felt a million butterflies in her stomach. She opened her eyes, saw his scorching gaze, and kissed him again. This time her tongue slipped into his mouth, much the same way that Eloise had shown her.

Noah squeezed the flesh of her thigh and hip. Her tongue was in his mouth. The kiss burned the remnants of his panic attack to the ground. He melted into her, letting her hands on his back pull them tightly together. He had kissed a few girls, but it had always been tentative and uncertain. There was nothing but confidence and truth in the way his mother’s tongue coaxed him to kiss her back. His mind tried valiantly to catalogue each of their movements, but he quickly lost himself in the moment, vaguely aware that their tongues were now dancing.

“Mmmmpppppphhhhhhhh.” Jessica had found the magic. Or, perhaps, Eloise had led her right to it. It didn’t matter. Jessica luxuriated in sensuality. It was hard to remember if she’d ever made out with anyone like she was with her son. Aside, of course, from the cold lips of the painted lady. She was sure Andrew had never kissed her like either of them. The thought of her husband hit her like stepping into one of her cold showers. She pulled away and gasped. “I’m sorry … Noah. I got a little … carried away.” Kissing her son was only supposed to be a means to an end.

“Wow … Mom … I …” He melted all over again when she put a finger to his lips.

“Shh. We both have been a little pent-up lately. You need a girlfriend, and me, with … your father. I …” She snapped her mouth shut. She didn’t want to drag him into all her insanity. “It was just supposed to be a peck. I can’t really explain.” She stood, straightened out her dress, and looked down at him. His gaze was on her boobs again.

“Mom … I …” He wanted to tell her he loved it. He wanted to smother his face in her boobs. “I’m sorry.”

“We’re both sorry.” Jessica nodded. Sorry though she was, she was thrilled she would see Thomas again soon. “Don’t mention this to anyone, okay?”

“Yeah, of course.” Noah nodded.

“Great.” Jessica offered a nervous smile. “I’ll see you for dinner.” She quickly turned and left the room.

Noah reached for his phone and started texting Samantha. She was the only one who’d believe him.

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Two doors down the hall, Hailey picked up her phone. There was a text from Melanie. She regarded the phone for a while before swiping it open. Melanie wanted to hang out with her. “Hmmmmmm.” Hailey slowly exhaled the smoke from her lungs. It had been a couple years since she’d hung with Melanie, but what else was she going to do during winter break? She started to text back.

“Wait … I promised myself I wouldn’t text while high,” she said to the empty room. “Wait … what was I saying? Oh … Melanie.” She laughed at her short-term memory and texted her erstwhile friend. They quickly made plans.

Chapter 8
You Buried Them

“Come out of the shadows, boy.” The man’s voice was pitched low, just on the edge of audible. “Seek the Lord’s light. I know what you’ve done.” The boom of a gunshot rattled the windows of the long, chilly hallway.

“I didn’t do anything!” Noah knew that was wrong. He had kissed his own mother. Her tongue had been in his mouth. Whatever justice sought him out, he deserved it. Noah ran away from the violence that followed him, running blindly down the never-ending hall. The moon hung right outside the rattling windows as he fled. Each window passed slower and slower as his legs turned to lead. His lungs seized and panic gripped him. Despite another bone-jarring shockwave from the pursuing gunman, he stopped under a cascade of silver light. He put a hand up on the cold pane of glass. “Can’t breathe.”

“I do not know this house.” As the voice drew nearer, it softened. The sound of spent shells falling to the carpet jingled like muted bells. “But I know one that has tasted the forbidden fruit. You compound the original sin, boy. You bring folly down on us all.”

“H… h… help.” Noah stood frozen. A cold hand seized his wrist and pulled him sideways. He was suddenly in a bedroom, staggering behind a woman in a bustled dress.

“Shh.” Eloise looked back at him in the moonlight and gently closed the door behind them. “He almost had you. You can’t let him catch you standing there like a stupefied rabbit. Heavens, you wouldn’t want my husband’s hands upon you.” For a split second she appeared ashen and cadaverous, with a black rivulet running from her lips down her chin. The moment passed, and she was her rosy, freckled self again. “Come this way. He is confused, but he’ll check in here eventually.”

“Pl … pl … please …?” It occurred to Noah that he was dreaming. That knowledge eased the invisible elephant on his chest.

“I’ll take care of you, dearie. Eloise Palmer is on the case.” She moved a hidden switch by the fireplace, and the hearth swung open, revealing a staircase within. She held his hand tightly as they descended into darkness. “Look, there’s light ahead. You need not stumble so.”

Just as she described, increasing light filled the stairwell as they descended. As they rounded the steady curve, Noah could see a window. He slowed to look through it. “This is … Sam’s room. Wait … slow … down.” He was still winded from his panic attack.

“That doesn’t concern us, dear.” Eloise’s tone was firm but gracious. She pulled him on.

Noah steadied himself and slowed his feet. “Eddie’s trying to kiss Sam … he *is* kissing her. Ewwwwwww.” He took one last look at the twins locking lips and was past the window. Soon, darkness swept over them. And then, again, it steadily grew lighter. Noah barely noticed. He was turning over the scene from Samantha’s room. He shivered as he thought it over. Another window came into view. This one looked out on a moon-lit lawn. Noah slowed as they passed. He saw a long form loping on the wooded edge of a broad lawn. In the moonlight, it took him a second, but he recognized Kathy. No, it wasn’t just the moonlight, the fact that his friend was running on all fours, dressed in torn and tattered pajamas, made it hard to place her. “That’s Kathy! Wait.”

Eloise stopped and then took a step up so that she was next to Noah. She put her chin on his shoulder and stared through the window, her free hand gently caressing the contours of his back. “I have heard about Kathy. She’s the pugilistic one, yes? The one that satisfied your honor with that Jimmy boy?”

“Um … yeah. How did you know about that?” It was a stupid question. She was his dream. She knew everything he knew.

“Your mother told me.” Eloise sighed. The sight of the bounding eighteen-year-old girl pleased her handsomely. “You pick your friends well, Noah. I am impressed.” She continued their descent, pulling him along with her.

“What’s happening to her?” Noah followed Eloise into growing darkness.

“That’s outside my purview. I’m but a shadow of a shade of a woman.”

The gears in Noah’s mind were grinding. He needed to ask the right questions before she bared her breasts to him again, and he lost all cohesive thought. “What *is* your purview?”

“*You*, silly. And your mother.” Growing light cast her face in half-shadow as she looked over her shoulder and winked at him. “And your sisters. And … your father.” A sour expression flickered across her face.

Noah could see another window up ahead as they rounded the curve. He had seen two friends already, so naturally he expected to see Ella. But he was looking into a hallway he didn’t recognize. “What’s this?”

“Someone else’s purview, I imagine.” Eloise shrugged.

Noah stared at the hall, slowing down again. He hoped to get some clue about what he was looking at. Sudden pandemonium erupted as a door slammed open and a woman burst into the hall. She came running right at the window, the cross around her neck bouncing on top of her dress in time with her large breasts. Her face was pure anxiety. She passed by the window and went out of sight. “I know her. That’s Mrs. Botti. Paul’s mom. What was she running from?” Noah resisted Eloise’s pull and craned his neck as

they moved past. Just before he lost his view into the window, Paul walked out into the hall scratching his head. Noah gasped. The eighteen-year-old religious zealot was naked from the waist down and sported the biggest dick Noah had ever seen. “Wait … there’s something wrong with him. It’s moving … holy shit … what’s wrong with it?”

“Not my purview.” Eloise tugged him ever downward, away from the windows.

“What were those things? Is this a dream, or …” Noah’s foot failed to find steady purchase. The icy hand that had been firmly clasped in his disappeared. He fell through blackness. He landed in the soft cradle of his mother’s breasts. His worries fluttered away on swift wings. He spent the rest of his dream nuzzling warm, pliant slopes and mindlessly sucking on thick nipples.

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“Goodness, gracious.” Adeline stopped in the hall, staring at the open sliding door that led to the backyard. She was wearing a robe and slippers and had been on her way to make coffee. “Have you been out this morning?” It was perfectly clear that Kathy had. But her strange appearance in the doorway begged the question. It begged lots of questions. “What on Earth?” Adeline completely forgot about getting her coffee started.

“I … I’m … not … sure,” Kathy stammered. She looked down at herself. Her pajamas were torn and stained with dirt and grass. She tried to remember what had happened.

“What on Earth?” Adeline stood gaping at the situation. Her mind short-circuited. When her daughter’s eyes fell to Adeline’s now open robe, she quickly closed it and tied her terrycloth belt tight.

The fleeting sight of her mother’s breast triggered something in Kathy’s mind. Words flowed from her lips without her knowing where they came from. “I spent all night among the trees. I see the weakness in your knees. I once was good at many things. For you I jumped through circus rings. But now that you are near your fall. You’ll learn … my tongue’s no good … for basketball.”

Neither woman noticed a change to the painting hanging over the fireplace. The eyes of the portrait’s subject glowed like hot coals as she gazed out into the living room.

“What? What did you say?” Adeline was quite certain that her daughter was on drugs.

Kathy realized that she was slowly prowling toward her mother. She shook her head and stopped. “I’m sorry. I think I was sleepwalking or something.” She shook her head again and tried to clear it. “I’m going to go take a shower.” She walked past her mother and went upstairs.

Adeline stood, her knees shaking. She stared at the muddy footprints her daughter had left on the carpet. “Get it together, Adeline,” she whispered to herself. “It’s drugs. It’s drugs, and your daughter needs you.” Coffee forgotten, she went upstairs. She needed to talk to her husband.

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Shannon walked down the dark hall. Paul had been sleeping in far too often, and it was her duty as a mother to make sure he met the day. She opened his door and stepped inside. She couldn’t see much but what the faint ambient light from their small town illuminated near the window. She closed the door and fumbled for the light switch.

“Mom? Get out of here. What are you doing?” Paul’s blood froze. He removed his hands from his cock in a reflex, so as not to get in trouble for touching himself.

“The Bible says, *You also must be ready, for the Son of Man is coming at an hour you do not expect*.” She laughed to herself, found the switch, and turned on the lights. It took her eyes a moment to adjust. She blinked repeatedly, trying to dispel the vision before her. “What is … that?” She pointed a finger of accusation at the horrible, gargantuan penis that writhed on the bed. It was somehow attached to her son. “I don’t … I … don’t understand.” Even as her mind rebelled at her discovery, a calm fell over her. She breathed in deeply and tranquility spread throughout her body. She pulled her gaze away from the horrid thing and took in the rest of the scene. Paul wore only a Bible-study t-shirt and his socks. He held his hands up as if she was there to arrest him, and his eyes were wide with shock. His testicles were absurdly large, and were tinged a frightening blue hue. Her attention went back to his penis. It contorted in an impossible and rageful fashion. “What do you need, Paul?” She took a step toward the bed. She had to do something.

“I need … I need …” His eyes fell to the swell of her bosom under her dress. He had spent so much time staring at the busts of the women in his new painting, that what happened next seemed almost natural. “I need …” His hands quickly went back to his penis. “I need to see your boobs, Mom.”

The absurd request jarred her mind. She had never seen a man touch himself before. But she imagined that what he was doing with that hideous appendage was a gross parody of what most men did. “Stop it. Just stop it.” Her hand flew to the cross around her neck and tightly held it. When he didn’t stop, she screamed, flung open the door, and ran down the hallway.

“Mom?” When she was gone, Paul stopped his masturbation. He got up, walked to the hall, and looked for her. But she was gone. He scratched his head. *Now I’ve gone and done it.* He was a dead man for sure. His mother was going to tell his father. It was going to be terrible. He walked back into his room and closed the door. There was no reason that he had to face the upcoming punishment with blue balls. He sat on the bed and went right back to stroking himself. He stared at the painting as he always did. And the painting, as it had done the night before, helped him out. He assumed this was God’s work. He didn’t know how else to explain it. The women in the painting smiled at him, zipped down their uniforms, and thrust their enormous bosoms out before them. “Hello, ladies.” Paul smiled at the women and pumped himself to completion.

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Samantha dressed and got her backpack ready. As she did every day recently, she planned on slipping out before the rest of her family woke. When the door swung open, it became apparent that she had failed at that task. The first thing to hit her was the familiar sickly, sweet smell. A sheen of sweat covered Eddie’s brow. The second thing was his enormous erection running up from his briefs under his t-shirt. She twisted her mouth in revulsion. Despite her disgust, her pussy flooded. She couldn’t help it. The scent did things … to her. “You’re gross. I could have been changing. Get out of my room.” She threw a pillow at him.

Eddie clumsily dodged the pillow. “You weren’t changing. Why do you always have to be like that?” He approached his sister slowly, his hands out to the sides, palms up. “We should be close. We’re twins! Don’t you want to be close to me?” He gave her an unctuous smile.

Samantha inhaled the air deeply. Her nerves vibrated. She nodded.

“What do I have to do to be a better brother?” He stopped about a foot away from her, their blue eyes locked.

“You want to be a better brother?” Samantha’s elfin face relaxed. Her whole body felt like jelly.

“Remember when we were little and we used to play with your Furbies?” His smile widened.

“You buried them and never told me where they were.” Her voice was uncharacteristically faint and reedy.

“That was your fault. You … um … never mind.” Eddie inched closer to her. “Before I buried them, remember how much fun we had out on the back deck?”

“Yeah.” Now receptive and open, Samantha’s thrumming body was a beacon calling her brother home. She thought about the text from Noah the night before. His mother had kissed him. With tongue! And now … she was fairly certain her brother was going to do the same to her. Was there something in the water? Was all of Clover Falls slowly going mad? Did she want this? The answer to that last question was caught in a civil war between two very different parts of her brain.

“You’re pretty.” Eddie leaned closer. He could see that her eyes still had some fight in them. If she was anything like their mother, after a few make out sessions, her resistance would erode. “I take that back. I always thought you were pretty. Now … you’re beautiful.”

“You really think … mmmpppppphhhhhhh?” Samantha’s words were cut off by the kiss. Her brother’s wet lips were on hers. A second later, his tongue aggressively barged its way into her mouth. She rubbed her thighs together. The war between her id and ego was almost over, and one side was ready to be crowned victor. She ran her hands up his arms. Why did she have to like it? It made no sense. She held his shoulders and gently pulled away from the kiss.

“You like it, Sam?” Eddie smiled. “There’s more where that … ooooooffffffffffff.” He doubled over in pain, his balls on fire. Agony surged into the core of his being. His sister had kneed him right in his overripe testicles. “You … bitch.”

“No, you don’t. You don’t get to stay in my room.” Listening to him moan and wheeze, it was impossible for Samantha to keep a lopsided grin off her face. She pulled him by the back of his t-shirt into the hall, grabbed her backpack, and quickly left. The last she saw of Eddie, he was curled up in the fetal position outside her closed door. Running into him at school that day was going to be awkward. Heck, Samantha’s whole life was now incredibly awkward. Leaving early and getting home late wasn’t going to work anymore. As she walked down the sidewalk with the first rays of sunlight lighting her way, she breathed deeply. The fresh air cleared her head. She pulled out her phone and texted Noah. She needed a plan. And he’d help her out.

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When his alarm sounded, it took Noah a long time to pry himself away from the soft warm embrace of his dream. The clarion bell of Eloise Palmer’s voice rang through his mind as he lay in bed, staring at the ceiling. *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, dearie. Of course, he had rejected her. He always rejected her. It was clearly a deal with the devil, and Noah was no fool. However beguiling she was, he wouldn't fall for that one. A soft knock on the door disturbed his thoughts. "Come in."

Jessica entered her son's room, closed the door behind her, and looked around. "Oh, you're still in bed." She sat down on the edge of his bed and patted the down comforter over his chest. "I wanted to talk. It'll only take a minute." Her gaze fell to his full, strong lips. Had that kiss really happened? It was too surreal to believe. When she made eye contact, she saw his deep, hazel eyes searching hers. "We need to talk about what happened yesterday."

"Yeah, okay." Noah nodded with apprehension.

"That must have been very surprising for you. And I promise it won't ever happen again." She straightened her spine and mustered all her authority. "But you'll have to trust me that we had to … do that thing. And you were a good guy for helping me." Her heart thumped like a drum in her chest. Much to her disappointment, she had passed a dreamless night. Now, all her prayers were focused on what would happen when she was alone with the painting in a few short hours. She felt almost frantic thinking about what would happen if Thomas didn't return. "Can you trust me on this?"

"Yeah, Mom." Noah noticed her flaring nostrils. Her eyes were wide and bright, and she excitedly glanced about the room as she talked. It couldn't be that their kiss had riled her up. He supposed no woman would be exhilarated about him, especially his mother. So, what was causing her excitement? "Just … um … one thing. Why did we have to … do that?"

She patted his chest again. "I won't always be able to share my reasoning with you, honey. I'm sorry about that. As your mother, that's just how it is sometimes. Have faith that you helped me. And hopefully …" She forced a big smile. "It'll give you confidence with girls at school."

"Yeah, okay." He knew not to push it. He watched her get up, smooth out her dress, and leave. When the door closed, he picked up his phone. He nearly dropped it when he read the texts waiting for him from Samantha.

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"Bravo, bravo." Eloise enthusiastically clapped her hands, standing in the middle of Jessica's office.

Thomas, also clapping his hands, stood next to her with a warm smile on his freckled face.

“Oh, my.” Jessica blushed and quickly closed the door behind her. A flood of euphoric expectation moved through her. Or was it the expectation of euphoria? Whatever it was, it felt sublime. When they continued applauding her, Jessica waved her hand at them to stop. “Really … I don’t deserve that.” But in the moment, Jessica luxuriated in their adoration.

“Give us a curtsy.” Thomas wore his usually tattered nineteenth-century garb.

“Huzzah!” Eloise had a flat belly and wore her tattered dress from the painting.

“Okay, okay.” Cheeks turning scarlet, Jessica lifted the skirt of her dress and gave them a deep curtsy. “What’s all the fuss about?”

“You know very well why we cheer.” Eloise’s clapping tapered off. She put a hand to her son’s arms to still him.

“That kiss was no mean feat. We’re proud of you, Mrs. Reader.” Thomas folded his arms and beamed at her with satisfaction. “That’s how it all started with Mother. A single kiss.”

“Oh?” Jessica’s smile disappeared.

“Stop that nonsense, Thomas.” Eloise ruffled her son’s copper hair. “We only asked of her a kiss. One kiss. And she came through in record time.” Eloise walked toward her quarry with steepled hands, a pensive look on her face. “And what, pray tell, would the lady desire as her just reward?”

“Oh … I’m … I’m … happy enough just to see my friends again.” Jessica’s smile returned. It occurred to her that she didn’t have to do the coy dance with Eloise that would be required if she were talking to a woman in town. She added quickly, “Perhaps I could learn more from you and … Thomas?” She turned her focus to the protruding crotch of the nineteen-year-old’s trousers.

“Perhaps.” Eloise giggled. “But there is something we need from you first.”

“But I already …” Jessica composed herself and smiled sweetly. “What is it you need?”

“The bond, the pact, the contract made.” Eloise watched Jessica with mercurial, green eyes. “We paid and received and the Devil took his due. All we need from you, dearie, is your approbation.”

“Approbation?” Jessica squinted and rubbed her neck as she tried to puzzle out what Eloise had just said. *What was that about a “devil?”*

“It means you have to approve.” Thomas slowly unbuckled his belt. “And then we can begin our new lessons.”

“I’m not sure what you’re asking.” Jessica’s forehead furrowed. She desperately wanted to be done talking, but she was a smart business woman. She wouldn’t agree to anything without understanding it. Her focus was drawn back to Thomas’s pale, muscled body as the young man slowly stripped. Jessica was a gushing waterfall downstairs. Ben Shapiro’s wife be damned.

“Thomas and I have a powerful friend who shares our antipathy toward the hypocrisy of our formerly regimented lives. He yearns only for you to burn and melt in the most delicious fire.” Eloise nodded solemnly. “Just as you read it in *First Love*. You must agree that it’s lovely.”

Jessica bit her lip and nodded. She ogled Thomas’s bare upper half. She could clearly see the outline of every one of his six abs. *What a body.*

“Without the knowledge of what you forfeited, you long ago entered into a covenant with a petty tyrant. This toddler of a deity is small and full of wrath. He has denied you what is your birthright. He seeks to keep you in the dark while He himself follows his own joys unrestrained, mostly bloodlust.” Eloise stepped next to Jessica, and brushed her red hair behind her shoulders. “That He should deny you but partake Himself seems unjust. Is it fair?”

“Not fair,” Jessica whispered. Her eyes grew round as Thomas lowered his trousers. Even soft he was huge. But she could see he wouldn’t be soft for long. A warmth spread in her chest knowing that she had such power over this magnificent man.

“Your husband would keep you in the dark.” Eloise’s soft voice wove around them. “Your father kept you in the dark. Your pastor would keep you in the dark. My friend would light your path. He is the Day Star.” She tenderly took Jessica’s hand and clasped it in hers. “We ask only that you approve of the path offered to you and that you have faith in us. You must answer yes. You have already seen what happens when we’re apart.”

“I … um …” Not long ago, she had never had an orgasm. And that had been just fine with her. But now that she had seen the breadth of pleasure the world had to offer, there was no going back. All she had to do was say yes. “You have my approbation.”

“Oh, excellent. I knew we could count on you.” Eloise sighed with pleasure.

“Now can we continue the lessons?” Jessica walked toward Thomas and his rising penis. She stopped. “Wait … I feel warm.” Jessica trembled. A heat built in her vagina, hips, and breasts. At first, it was pleasurable. She rubbed herself through her dress. But soon it became too much. She turned and ran out of the office in a panic, headed for her

bathroom. “I need to cool down.” Jessica raced through the house, turned on the shower as cold as it would go, and slammed the bathroom door. She stepped under the water with her dress still on. Not only were her breasts unbearably hot, but they now pushed uncomfortably at her bra. Her mind raced. Was her bra somehow shrinking?

“Calm yourself.” Eloise gave her a reassuring smile.

“You accepted our gifts.” Thomas, still naked, stepped into the shower with her.

Jessica pulled off her dress and dropped it to the shower floor. She unclasped her bra and dropped it, too. She looked down to see that her breasts glowed a crimson red, as did her hips. She lowered her panties. The same red light shone from between her legs, too. “What’s happening, Thomas? Help meeeeee.”

“Never fear, I am here.” Thomas stepped up behind her and placed his hands on her hips.

“Oooohhhhhhhh … yes … that helps.” His icy skin had never felt more wonderful. The flames inside her hips receded. “My breasts … now … my breasts … too.” She pushed backward into him, his freezing penis poking into her spine. His heavy balls rested against her left butt cheek. She was too consumed with her internal fire to notice. When he reached around and cupped her breasts, she whimpered. “Thank you … oh … thank you …” As he massaged her boobs, she cooled considerably. But she still burned in one place.

“Shall he cool your nether lips?” Eloise folded her arms and leaned against the wall, looking like a woman very happy with her view. “Is your crinkum crankum alight? Let him soothe you.”

“Yes … yes … my vagina.” In her right mind, Jessica would never have asked for the young man to put his icy fingers *down there.* But her right mind was far from that bathroom. “Cool me … ooooooohhhhhhhhhhh.” When his fingers found her once closely-guarded box, her eyes rolled. She leaned her weight back, making him support her. The blaze inside her turned to a smoldering heat. “Oh … my … I never … I never.” The icy fingers parted her lips and found places that had been hidden even from her. “Eeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” Jessica convulsed on the intruding fingers, her hips bucking. The freezing water cascading down her enlarged breasts did nothing to quell her orgasm. She gritted her teeth and surrendered to ecstasy.

“You will finally be pleased by another.” With his free hand, Thomas brushed aside her wet, limp hair. He kissed her neck, feeling the trembling aftershocks move through the woman.

“It’s … uuggghhhhhh … good … it’s … good … uuuggghhhhhhhh.” She looked down to see that the glow had disappeared from between her legs. But still, Thomas worked her

with his fingers. She made no effort to stop him. He seemed to be seeking a place on the roof of her vagina. She angled her hips to help him and was instantly rewarded with bliss. Whatever that spot was, it melted her in the most wonderful way.

“You did miss us, didn’t you?” Eloise laughed.

Jessica turned her head to look at the woman, but could get no words out. Her mouth hung open, water dripping from her chin. It should have been shameful to be watched in any intimate situation, especially while committing adultery with a teenager. She stared at Eloise and found the shame. But those feelings were outcompeted by ecstasy. She let Thomas finger her for what felt like ages. When he turned his attention to her clit, her fingers were already pruning, and her teeth were chattering from the cold. But the cascade of earth-shattering climaxes took her mind off such things. Jessica knew that on one level, she was still in her bathroom. But on another level, a more important level, she was in Heaven. Eventually, she feebly pushed his hand away. “You have been … so selfless … with me.” She shut off the shower, turned, and stood dripping in front of Thomas. “Is there … something … I could do … for you?” She slowly lowered herself to her knees.

“Let’s see how well you remember your lessons.” Thomas smiled.

“Mom?” Hailey pounded on the door. “Are you okay? It sounded like you were shouting?”

“Darn.” Jessica looked up at Thomas. But before she could say anything else, he and Eloise quickly faded into nothingness.

Chapter 9

You Have Grasped the Serpent

"Darn, darn, darn." Jessica shivered and turned off the frigid water. "I'm fine, Hailey. Just singing in the shower." She pressed her lips together and stepped out of the shower, goosebumps rising all over her skin. Her body moved awkwardly, but she willfully ignored the strange sensations as she reached for a towel.

"Weird singing, Mom. Really weird." Hailey shrugged on the other side of the door. "Anyway … I'm going over to Melanie's house for a while. I'll be back for dinner."

"Sure … have fun, honey." Jessica's mind raced. She'd have the house to herself now. Maybe when she went back to the painting, the Palmers would be there. Really there, on this side of the canvas.

"Bye, Mom." Hailey went back to her room, stuffed her bong and part of her stash into her backpack, and left the house.

Jessica dried off slowly. It took a minute for her mind to focus on what was wrong. She tentatively felt one of her breasts. She felt the other one, dropped her towel, and screamed. "What the heck … what the heck?" She stared down at herself with wide eyes. She had always had boobs that were bigger than most. She had thought of them as a burden, until Andrew had said how much he enjoyed their size. After that, she carried them with a sense of pride. But now … now … her boobs would clearly be a burden again. They were humongous. "What … happened?" She thought about the heat. It had been in her boobs, hips, and vagina. She carefully stepped in front of the mirror and stared in horror. "I'm an effing joke. Insane … not possible …"

Wider hips were paired with her unchanged waist, and the proportions were just … wrong. Jessica turned a little and gave another shriek. "My butt!" She's always had a round bottom, but now it curved much more dramatically. "How is this even … possible? It's not … not possible. I'm dreaming." A chill went down her spine. She knew she wasn't asleep.

The deal. She agreed to that mumbo jumbo about asking and receiving the Devil. Why had she been so stupid? The Devil always made terrible deals. She had let her peaking hormones speak for her.

Rushing to the closet, she pulled on a pair of panties and tried to wiggle into her favorite pair of jeans. She couldn't get them buttoned. Not even close. Her new breasts bounced wildly as she worked. She gave up on the jeans and went to put on a bra. Then, another … and another … After the fifth bra, she realized that a good part of her wardrobe was

obsolete. Jittery anxiety raced through her nerves. She could taste bile at the back of her throat. “How am I supposed to hide this?” She threw on a loose-fitting dress and looked at herself in the mirror. It was clear that she was a different woman. “Forget this. Change me back.” She raced out of the closet. “Change me back!”

The office was dark and empty when she entered. The painting held its subjects in their familiar positions. Although, as she looked at it, she thought Frederick was maybe even farther from his family than he’d been before. She marched up to the painting and stood before it with clenched fists. “Come out here right now.” Jessica stamped her foot. “Change me back! Hello? I know you can hear me.” The muscles in her shoulders bunched. “I look and feel ridiculous. My clothes are worthless. Change … me … back!”

The painting did nothing. Eloise didn’t change her pose on the chair, her face locked in an enigmatic smile. Thomas stood protectively next to his mother, a placid smile on his face.

“Please … you can’t … I can’t …” Jessica broke down into tears. “My husband … will wonder what happened … to me.” She turned from the painting, and plodded back to her bedroom. She slumped onto the bed, looking at the ceiling. The ungainly weight of her breasts pressed on her chest and shifted to the sides. She cursed the trick that had been played on her and her own stupidity for falling for it.

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“I kneed him in the balls and got the hell out of there.” Samantha sat on a dilapidated bench between the overgrown bushes behind the gym. It was third period. She hardly ever cut class, but circumstances seemed to call for it. “And I … I …” She wanted to tell Noah that she’d *wanted* to kiss her brother. Or a part of her did. But she couldn’t admit such a horrible thing.

“This is going to sound crazy …” Noah’s hands trembled. He sat on the other end of the bench and stared at his friend.

“Crazier than my brother kissing me? Or your mom kissing you? Perfect Mrs. Reader doing something that …?” She scrunched her face in disgust.

“I don’t think it’s my mom’s fault. It’s the painting. And the painting showed me that you would kiss Eddie. And that Kathy would be out running last night. And … something really strange with Paul Botti.” Noah took a deep breath. He was talking so fast he’d forgotten to breathe.

“The painting showed you?” Samantha shook her head.

“In a dream. Eloise Palmer, the lady in the painting, came into my dream and rescued me from … something evil. Then we walked past a bunch of windows and I saw those things, Sam.” He watched his friend, waiting for her to tell him that he was just dreaming. Or that he really had gone crazy.

“Well, Eddie did kiss me. Tell me everything from the dream. Maybe we can use this.” Samantha sat back and listened.

The only part Noah omitted was the later half, nuzzling breasts after they caught his fall. He told her everything else. Even the part where he caught a glimpse of Paul’s gargantuan, twisting dick.

“Daaaaammmmnnnnnnnnn.” Samantha stared at him. “Okay … okay … so we have to see if Eddie was just a coincidence. If the other two things are true … hhhmmmmmm … maybe we can use this. Painting Lady might be able to tell us what’s actually going on.”

“Right.” Noah hadn’t thought of that. Mostly because Eloise didn’t give off the vibe that she’d be into helping them stop whatever was happening.

“I’m going to text Kathy.” Samantha pulled her phone from her backpack and went to work.

Noah silently watched her. She looked different somehow. It wasn’t her clothes. He’d seen her wear them before, but something about her top seemed wrong to him.

“Kathy says that she was sleepwalking outside last night, came in with her pajamas torn, and now her parents think she’s on drugs.” Samantha looked up with concern in her eyes. “It sounds like what you saw.”

“Poor Kathy. Is she okay?” Noah’s blood froze. He’d seen her running on all fours. Was that what she’d been doing? Was she turning into an animal? Could he get the truth out of her? He was sure of only one answer, Kathy wouldn’t confide anything like that to them.

“You know her, she made a joke out of it.” Samantha put her phone away. “But it’s not funny. We need to figure this out and stop it before something really bad happens.” An uncontrollable shiver seized her at the memory of the excitement that accompanied her brother’s aggressive tongue. She thought about how strange her mom had been acting and wondered if it wasn’t already too late.

Seeing her shiver, Noah placed what was different about his friend. She had boobs. Well, she’d always had boobs, but the ones stretching her shirt were bigger than he remembered. He almost asked her about it, but thought better of it. Things were crazy but hadn’t yet reached the level of insanity required to ask a woman about her breasts.

The bell rang in the distance. Samantha glanced over her shoulder and back to Noah. “I don’t want to go home tonight. Can I stay at your place?”

“What?” Noah blinked at her. “You want to sleep over?”

“I already asked Ella. She said her parents wouldn’t allow it on a school night.” Samantha shrugged.

“What about Kathy?”

“Honestly. I’m getting a weird feeling from her. I didn’t want to ask her before the sleepwalking thing. And now …” Samantha shivered again. “I would rather deal with your kissing mother than deal with … whatever’s happening at her house. You saw her painting. It’s flat-out spooky.” She caught the look on his face. “Sorry for what I said about your mom. I know it’s not her fault. It’s not Kathy’s fault either, but …” She shrugged more elaborately. “You know what I’m saying.”

It was Noah’s turn to shiver. “Yeah, I know. But she’s still our friend.”

“Of course. Nothing will ever change that. I would just rather sleep at your place.”

“Okay, I’ll ask my mom.” He stood and slung his backup onto his shoulders. “I better get to class.”

“Sure. But one more thing.” Samantha stood and hugged her backpack to her chest. “We have to confirm the thing about Paul. To … make sure your dream wasn’t just a bunch of coincidences. And also, just to know what’s going on.”

“I was afraid you’d say that.” Noah nervously licked his lips. “How?”

“I don’t think he’d tell us if we asked him. Is he even in school today?” Samantha hugged her backpack tighter. She watched Noah shake his head in answer to her question. “Then I guess we have to stop by his house and peek through his window or something.”

“I was afraid you’d say that, too.” Noah nodded his head slowly.

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“There now, are you happy?” Jessica dropped the shopping bags on the floor in front of the painting. “High-impact, bounce-control bras. ‘Guaranteed to make you look smaller,’ the saleslady said. And several dresses that make me look … almost normal.” She moved closer to the painting and inspected it. No change. “I’m a businesswoman, not someone who’s going to throw a pity party. So, I went shopping. Now I’ll be presentable until you change me back.”

It felt empowering to have taken care of the problem. Jessica folded her arms and almost smiled. “Fine, don’t talk. But I’m not sure how much time we’ll have until everyone gets home.” She looked around the office. “Are you in there, Thomas? If you want that thing … I was about to do in the shower, now is the time. I forgive you for the deal-with-the-Devil stuff. I know you didn’t mean it. We can continue with our lessons.” Nothing. The painting just kept on being a painting. “Fine. Your loss. I’m going to go put my new clothes away.” Jessica picked up the bags, turned, and marched out of the office with her head held high.

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“Wow, Mrs. Keitaro. I didn’t know you smoked.” Hailey watched her friend’s mom inhale deeply from the bong and hold it in. “High school would have been really different if I’d known you were so cool.”

“I didn’t smoke back then.” Lauren’s words came out thin and constricted. She hadn’t yet exhaled. “I didn’t learn how to party … aaaahhhhhhhh.” The exhale was pure joy. “… until we bought the painting.” Her words came out normally. She nodded to the portrait over the mantel of the woman staring at her reflection in the mirror.

“My mom has changed a lot.” Melanie laughed and took the bong from her mother. “I even dumped my boyfriend for her.” She lit the bowl and inhaled.

“What?” Hailey giggled uncontrollably. The painting made Mrs. Keitaro party? Melanie dumped her boyfriend for her mom? “I must be really high. I have no idea what you two are talking about.”

Lauren giggled with the young woman. Hailey was attractive and reveled in intoxication. She would fit right in. Melanie had done well to invite her over. She popped the top on another beer and handed it to Hailey. She popped one for herself and clanked the cans together. “To having a good time and living it up.”

“Cheers.” Hailey took a gulp of beer and smiled. “So, you two want to watch a movie or something?”

Lauren burst into laughter. Melanie joined in, the smoke from her lungs escaping into the room.

“What? Did I say something funny?” Hailey frowned. She felt like she was missing an inside joke. “I like to watch movies when I’m high.”

“Sorry … sorry … Hailey.” Lauren put her hand on the woman’s shoulder, enjoying how delicate it was. “It’s just that we don’t stare at screens anymore. We’re too busy living life. If you want to watch something, turn your attention to the painting.”

“The painting?” Hailey knitted her brows in confusion, but her eyes followed Lauren’s pointing finger. The woman in the painting … *moved*. She looked over her shoulder and winked at Hailey. And her reflection didn’t mirror her. In fact, it wasn’t her reflection at all anymore. It was a wild-looking woman with a crown of living branches and black hair flowing in the wind. She was dirty, naked, and sported the biggest cock Hailey had ever seen. “I am really fucking high right now,” Hailey mumbled. The reflection’s penis had strange writing on it that glowed, pulsing like a heartbeat.

“Do you see her? Do you see Pan’s high priestess?” Lauren clapped her hands, giddy at what would come next.

“What did you say, Mrs. Keitaro?” Hailey couldn’t pull her eyes away from the painting, even when the priestess began stroking her freakish dick.

“That’s High Priestess Erato. She bound her essence into a mighty oak, and men felled it to make that mirror.” Melanie didn’t even know what she was saying. She felt like a puppet but didn’t mind it one bit. She had grown quite fond of being used.

“Okay … but like … that’s just a painting of a mirror.” Hailey was used to stoned philosophy. The slow rolling of her brain was familiar ground. “So … um … why would the painting have her essence or whatever? I assume that’s why she’s moving about, right? It’s some sort of essence. Is the frame of the painting also made from that oak tree or …” There was a whole string of strange possibilities. “I am so fucking high right now.”

“I am a penumbra cast in shadow.” Erato’s pupils turned to vertical slits, and she stared at Hailey with all the intensity of one committed to a god. Her hands moved faster on her cock. “I am mirrored by another Erato. But who cares about trivialities? You came to revel. And now you will revel until you cum.”

“Uh … what?” Hailey stood on shaky legs. “Maybe I should go. I think this batch of Aunt Mary was off or something.” She glanced at the painting. Erato was still masturbating furiously. Hailey had seen her boyfriend do that a few times, but he had looked timid compared to the feral woman in the painting.

“Nonsense.” Lauren stood and pulled off her dress. Her panties could not contain the glowing cock between her legs. It stuck halfway out at an odd angle. She quickly lowered her underwear so it could be free. It pointed directly at Erato’s newest merrymaker.

“Holy shit … Mrs. Keitaro.” Hailey stared at the giant cock between the older woman’s legs. Lauren was a petite, pale lady, and that made the rune-covered phallus look even bigger. “I’m … soooooooo … high.”

Melanie stepped up behind her friend. She giggled as she lowered Hailey’s shorts, and then lifted her tank-top over her head. “You’re going to love it.” Melanie’s voice was a purring whisper in her friend’s ear.

“I’m tripping.” Hailey offered no resistance when Melanie unclasped her bra and pulled it from her shoulders. “This can’t be happening. I mean …”

“So pretty.” Melanie squeezed a butt cheek, and then stole a peek over Hailey’s shoulder. “She’s got puffies! Look at her nips, Mom.”

“They *are* puffy. How delightful.” Lauren closed the distance between them, until the head of her cock pressed against Hailey’s hip. She took hold of the young woman’s breasts and hefted them in her hands. “Full. So full of life. Just perfect.” Lauren leaned forward and took a fat nipple into her mouth.

“Oooohhhhhhhhh … God … what are you …?” Hailey leaned her head back, resting it on her friend’s shoulder. Blue hair fell over her face, obscuring her vision. She moaned and shook. “Crazy … trip … I’m having a …” Her body convulsed when a hand found her pussy. The narcotics had shut off the parts of her brain that might have saved her. When Melanie’s lips touched hers, Hailey let the whirlwind of desire pick her up and carry her away. Within minutes she was making out with her friend from high school, while her friend’s mother made her cum with nimble fingers.

Lauren pulled herself off Hailey’s tit. “She’s gushing … Melanie. She’s ready.”

“Mmmmpppppphhhhhh.” Melanie didn’t break the kiss. She wanted to revel in the feeling forever.

“Okay … okay … we’ll party standing up then.” Lauren lowered Hailey’s panties and spread her legs. The young woman was leaning back into Melanie’s arms as they kissed. Lauren pulled her hips a little forward so she’d have more room to work with. “You are only the second woman brought into our bacchanal. Only the second woman … I’ve … ugh … entered.” Lauren eased her cock into Hailey’s vagina.

“Ooooooopppppphhhhhhhhhhh.” Hailey’s words were lost in the kiss, but whatever she had to say sounded like it might have been urgent. Her friend didn’t remove her tongue from her mouth.

“Tight … soooooo … tight.” Lauren steadily explored Hailey’s insides. “Your boyfriend doesn’t … ugh … have much of a … cock. Or maybe … he doesn’t use it. Either way … uuuuuggghhhhhhh … I knew he was … dead weight.” With satisfaction, she hit bottom,

waited a little for Hailey to adjust to her size, and started sawing in and out of Pan's newest worshiper.

"Uuuuuggggggpppppphhhhhhhhh." Hailey convulsed. She stopped kissing Melanie back. She let Lauren lift her off the floor, and she scissored her legs behind the woman's ass. She was held in the air now by mother and daughter, getting seriously humped by the former. The trip had quickly gone from bad to good to phenomenal. As her orgasm arrived at its peak, she prayed it wasn't all a hallucination. If her friend's mom really had an amazing, magical dick, she could hump it again. If this was all in her head, she might never again find such pleasure. Quickly, she stopped worrying. She stopped thinking about anything and surrendered herself to ecstasy.

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"Are you still touching it, Paul?" Shannon leaned against her son's closed door and fingered the cross around her neck.

"Yeah … Mom." Her son's voice sounded strange. It was muffled by the door but also strained by his efforts.

"When I agreed to let you miss school, you promised you could make it smaller again." She tapped her foot and tried to ignore the butterflies in her stomach. *How was his thing still hard after all those hours? Was it still moving unnaturally?* "I told your father to go out with his friends tonight, but he'll be home eventually. Should I call the doctor?" It was a bluff, she wouldn't want a doctor, or anyone, to know what had happened to her sweet Paul. She listened at the door, but his only response was a long, agonized moan. "That's it, I'm coming in."

"No … Mom … don't." Paul watched the door open. He didn't stop masturbating. He couldn't. Even when their eyes locked, he continued to pump himself with both hands.

"Goodness gracious." Shannon put a hand to her mouth, her eyes wide with shock. Her senses were assaulted when the door swung open. There was semen all over the bed, and the pungent, overripe scent made her knees weak. The sight of her skinny, eighteen-year-old son grasping that monstrous, wriggling organ took her breath away. The squelching sound of his hands moving on the thing made her heart skip a beat. It should have been horrific. It *was* horrific. But she wanted nothing more than to be a part of it. She took several steps into the room, clutching her cross tightly with one hand. "*And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil*."

"I said that … already … it didn't work." Paul's voice went higher as he saw his mother approach. "I even said '*Behold, I have given you authority to tread on serpents and*

scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy, and nothing shall hurt you.' But it didn't work either."

"Instead of treading upon it, you have grasped the serpent." Shannon found her eyes drawn to the thing. The head was so wide she wondered if a woman could fit it inside her. Then, she wondered why she would wonder such a horrid thing. She was so captivated, she stumbled over a soccer ball left on the floor.

"I can … ugh … see it in your eyes, Mom." Paul watched her stare at his dick. "You have the same look as those … women … in the painting … when they … show me their … boobs."

Shannon barely heard what he was saying. Something about showing boobs. "If you must see them. If it really helps." She let go of her cross and pulled off her sweater, tossing it behind her carelessly. She slowly unbuttoned the front of her dress. Her gaze moved away from her son's penis to see what his face would tell her. He was practically drooling. He *was* drooling. "This will help you?"

Paul nodded slowly. He carefully noted every jiggle and curve as she spread her dress open and unclasped her bra. He had seen boobs before in the painting. But this was different. These shared his reality, they were his mother's, and they were magnificent. Her skin was pale, with meandering blue veins just below the surface. Her areolae were wide, her nipples pink and thick. "Oh … gosh … ooooooooohhhhhhh … gosh … ooooooohhhhhhhhhhh." Paul's penis erupted for the fifth time that day, covering his bed, his mother's leg, and even her heavy breasts.

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Not only was her masturbation session frustrating, but Jessica's boob awkwardly bounced against her arm as she worked herself. It was a constant reminder of her changes, and she was furiously rubbing her clit in an effort to forget. "Oooohhhhhh … Thomas." She remembered his frigid fingers inside her and closed her eyes. She sat on the lid of the toilet in her bathroom wearing nothing but one of her new, supportive bras.

When Jessica opened her eyes, a wide grin spread across her face. The enormous dildo stood upright on her bathroom counter.

"I come bearing gifts." Eloise leaned against the wall, wearing a bustled dress and a warm smile.

Jessica gasped and stopped her masturbation. She had been so focused on the black phallus, she hadn't noticed the woman. "Is Thomas here?" She looked quickly around the bathroom but didn't see him. She pulled back the shower curtain, and there was no one there.

"My son will continue your lessons later." Eloise stepped forward, lifted the dildo from the counter, and handed it to Jessica like it was a sacred object. She gave a little curtsy when Jessica took it from her. "For now, I wish to help you learn how to gain satisfaction when there are no Palmers to help you. We cannot always be by your side."

"Why not?" Jessica caressed the dildo, feeling its veins with her fingertips. "Whenever I need you, I could just come here and lock the door." She gestured at the bathroom.

"We are not here to do your bidding, Mrs. Reader." A harsh note entered Eloise's voice.

"Of course." Jessica looked down, was reminded of her boobs, and looked back up with pleading in her eyes. "I didn't know what I was agreeing to. You've turned me into a cow. Everyone will notice that there's something wrong. Change me back."

"Shall we continue with your lessons?" Eloise's voice cooled even more.

"Please? I'll keep my end of whatever else was in the deal. Just give me my body back." A thought occurred to Jessica. "What else was in the deal?"

"Lessons, dearie. We must focus on your lessons." Eloise swept to her knees in front of Jessica, spread Jessica's legs, and took the dildo back from her. "We must continue."

"And my body?" Jessica looked down at Eloise as the freckled woman inspected her vagina.

"If it pleases you, I'll think about changing you back." Eloise ran a finger between Jessica's puffy lips. "Like a monsoon. How lovely." She licked the wetness off her finger and brought the phallus to bear.

"Thank you for thinking about it. Oh, thank you, Mrs. Palmer." She bit her lip as she watched the wide, silicone head approach her vagina. "You're going to try to put that in? It's way too big."

"Think nothing of it." Eloise glanced at Jessica's face, looking past that ridiculous undergarment holding back her breasts. The material strained like a dam fighting a mighty river. "There is a concept you have been circling a while now, but you have yet to let it sink in: you were made for this." She rubbed the head of the toy on Jessica's vagina. "Your crinkum crankum was made for bigger and better things than it has known. Your ruby-tipped globes should have tamed all who encountered them. Especially, the strong and virile."

“I don’t think … I don’t think … I don’t … ooowwwwwwwwww.” Jessica howled as the head of the dildo pushed into her. It met with resistance for seconds that felt like an eternity. And then, with a pop, the head was inside of her.

“Put your hand on it. Hold it at the base.” Eloise took the wife’s left hand and placed it at the bottom of the dildo. She smiled at Jessica’s glittering diamond and pale fingers made to look so stark by the black background. “There now. Together we are going to pleasure you like no man has.” She cradled Jessica’s hand and together they slid the massive thing into her. “You will learn to do this yourself. It will be almost as good as the real thing.”

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” Jessica stared at the woman. Freezing fingers took control, helping Jessica take something enormous for the very first time.

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“If it wasn’t Paul, I wouldn’t agree to this. But he’s about the only man in Clover Falls that we could spy on with zero chance that we’d see something dirty. I bet he doesn’t even touch his junk to pee.” Ella strode down the dark sidewalk with her friends. An owl hooted in the distance.

“I hope we don’t catch him doing … anything.” Kathy smiled to herself, thinking of what his uptight face would look like at the heights of pleasure. She chuckled to herself.

“Me too.” Samantha spotted Paul’s house in the shadows ahead. “You know which room is his?” She looked over at Noah.

“Yeah, it’s in the back. We hung out a few times years ago.” Noah took out his binoculars. They had one pair for the four of them. But if there was nothing to see, it wouldn’t matter much. He didn’t know if he wanted to confirm his dream or not. Dread formed a pit in his stomach. He would soon have answers to his questions. “This way.” He led them into the back yard.

Chapter 10

He Clings to Rules that Always Fall

"Do you feel it?" Eloise squatted on the bathroom floor between Jessica's legs. Her hand was on top of Jessica's hand, helping the neophyte manipulate the dildo. "These are the depths to plumb. Right here. And … *here*. Yes, I can see by your expression that we hit a magical spot. Can you do that again on your own?"

Jessica nodded her head. She took the lead with the fat, veiny thing and worked it deep inside her. Sweat beaded on her brow. "What is … ugh … that place … inside me?"

"Mr. Reader never hit that spot?" Eloise gave her a mock scowl and then broke out in laughter when Jessica shook her head. The wife's brows were knitted. Eloise wasn't sure if the expression was confusion, concentration, or consternation. She did not care which it was. What mattered was the woman was cramming the massive cudgel up her crinkum crankum. "Women have been doing this for millennia when they didn't have a husband at hand. Or, when, like you, he couldn't perform. Or, just for fun. How does it feel to finally join in the sorority of self-pleasure?"

"It feels … good. Oooohhhhhhhhhhh … it feels really good … Mrs. Palmer." Jessica relaxed her grip and let Eloise take the lead again. "Show me … more."

"Are you going to arrive at your great delight for me? Have I spurred you over a lover's rainbow?" Eloise worked the thing with long, steady strokes. With the hand not holding the phallus, she rubbed Jessica's button in tight circles.

"What … uggghhhhh … do you … mean?" Jessica's toes pointed to the tile floor, and her thighs trembled.

"Your climax, dearie." Eloise spoke patiently, like the poor woman was hard of hearing. "Will you be arriving at your destination soon? If so, I would very much like you to tell me as you approach."

"You want me … to tell you … when I orgasm?" Jessica bit her lip. Her whole body trembled. Through half-lidded eyes, she saw Eloise nod her pretty head. It struck Jessica how odd it was to have a woman in command of her vagina as the Painted Lady was. "Okay … then … I'm almost … there." Jessica gritted her teeth and tensed. "Almost … there. Keep … doing that … Mrs. Palmer. Oooohhhhhhh … yes … right there … right there."

"Very good. You can do this to yourself whenever you like. I'll leave this toy for you." Eloise increased the tempo of her thrusts. "You could even open yourself to a real man and feel the sublime desire in his hands and the power of his hips. Would you like that?"

“Ohhhhhh … yes … it’s happening.” Jessica’s eyes rolled back. In her delirium, she only heard the sweltering tone of Eloise’s voice, not her words. “Ooooohhhh … gosssshhhhhh.” Jessica arched her back, lifting her butt off the toilet lid. She screamed out her climax, her body spasming. As the peak of her pleasure passed, she became aware that Eloise was wiping sweat from Jessica’s cheeks. Or maybe the wetness was tears of joy. “Oh … my. Oh … my … goodness … Mrs. Palmer. What have you … done to me?” She stared at her companion, basking in the pride written on Eloise’s face.

“I have given you an important life skill. You are ready to take control of your own pleasure now. You will be irrepressible.” Eloise released her grip on the dildo and placed her hands on Jessica’s thighs. “Now I want to see you do it on your own, just like I showed you.” She watched the wide black thing stretch Jessica’s nether parts. It made a splendid, frothy mess. “Burn and melt, dear. You’re doing very well indeed. Burn and melt.”

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“This is a good spot.” Noah climbed to the abandoned treehouse in the Botti’s backyard. “Those trees block out most of the streetlight, and it’s high enough to give us an angle to see into his room.” He pointed to a window on the second floor, maybe fifty yards away.

“Quiet … shh … do you smell that?” Kathy’s five senses were on high alert, all blending together. She held her head high and sniffed the air.

“Um … what is it, Kath?” Samantha waited her turn to climb the structure, looking up at the large shadow of Kathy hanging from the side of the ladder.

“I don’t know. It smells raunchy.” Kathy took one last whiff and continued climbing. “Do you guys smell that?”

“Nope.” Noah found a perch at the top of the play area and fiddled with his binoculars.

“No.” Samantha’s blond hair could barely be seen shaking in the gloom.

“No.” Ella exchanged a glance with Samantha, seeing the whites of her eyes clearly. “What does ‘raunchy’ smell like? Like something died in the forest?” The woods bordered the back lawn. Ella shivered thinking about what might be back there. She saw Kathy’s shadow reach the top, so she started up the ladder.

“It smells like a boy I once dated.” Kathy didn’t have a lot of experience with boys. It was the curse of her height, she supposed.

“Gross.” Samantha followed Ella up the structure.

“Shh. His window is open.” Noah focused the binoculars. They were in a decent location to see into Paul’s room. “Oh … shit.”

“What?” Samantha whispered. “Do you see it? Is it like in your dream?” She arrived at the top of the tower and perched on the railing, trying to get as high as she could. She prayed Mr. Botti had built the structure sturdy enough to support four teenagers. She squinted at the window. They were pretty far away, and the light in the room was dim, but she could see Mrs. Botti standing in Paul’s room. She stared harder. “Is she … is she …?”

“Yeah, she’s topless.” Kathy nodded in the dark. “She’s only wearing a necklace, as far as I can see. And … Jesus Christ, I can see Paul’s dick. It’s huge and … moving.”

Ella and Samantha gasped.

Noah handed the binoculars to Samantha. “How can you see all that without magnification?” He squinted at the window.

Kathy shrugged to nobody.

“Oh … my … God.” Samantha kept her voice low, but she wasn’t too worried about being heard. Even with the window open, they were a good distance away, and the noise of branches rustling in the wind provided cover. She shivered under her jacket as the breeze picked up, blowing in from the woods. “I don’t even understand what I’m looking at. How is it moving like that?” Samantha had seen a few penises in her day, and she was pretty sure they didn’t writhe like Shai-Hulud.

“Let me see.” Ella reached for the binoculars.

“Not yet.” Samantha watched intently. “Mrs. Botti is sitting down on the bed. She’s full-on naked and sitting on her son’s bed. And she’s … no!”

“Is she …?” Noah turned away from the window. He felt like he was somehow responsible for Paul and his mother, since he’d seen them in his dream.

“Yep, she’s holding his … dick.” Kathy’s voice tightened. “She’s moving her hand up and down.”

“What are you doing, Mrs. Botti?” Samantha whispered to herself and handed the binoculars to Ella.

“I don’t want to see.” Ella joined Noah in looking away from the window. “You’ve all gone crazy.”

“You have to look, Ella. Otherwise, you won’t believe us. You know you won’t.” Samantha put the binoculars in Ella’s lap.

Ella took them, turned her head, and put them up to her eyes. “Oh … no. She really is … and he is … and it is …” She watched Shannon give her son a handjob. The woman used one hand at first, while the other held the cross around her neck. Paul said something to her, and then she put her second hand on the monstrous penis. “I don’t … understand.”

The wind shifted and blew in their faces. Kathy breathed in the smell that carried over to her. Paul had clearly already had at least one orgasm, and she was smelling his sperm. She wore a short-sleeve top, but even so, her body felt feverish and woozy. She rubbed her legs together. “No one else smells that?”

“I smell it.” Samantha’s tummy filled with butterflies. Her panties dampened. “Not again.”

“I feel really strange.” With her free hand, Ella cupped her boob through her jacket without thinking. She stared at the perversity in Paul’s room.

“Give me the binoculars back. We should go.” Noah stared into the woods.

“No.” Ella needed to see more. “We’re not leaving.”

“Okay.” Noah gave up just like that. He wasn’t usually so meek, especially with Ella. He tried to say something else, but the words didn’t come.

“She’s lowering her head.” Kathy’s voice was taut and flat. “She’s going to blow him, I think. Wow … she’s …” Kathy’s vagina gushed as she watched the strange sight of Shannon stretching her mouth wide for her son. The mother’s large breasts hung below her as she bent down. The cross dangled and twinkled in the room’s low light. Kathy lifted her nose and smelled the air again. Not only could she clearly detect the scent of Paul’s room, she could also smell the excitement of her two female friends. Their pussies were gushing, too. “Maybe we should go.” The redolence of Ella and Samantha’s excitement drove Kathy crazy. Her pulse beat in her ears. She was suddenly unsure if she could control her own actions. A hunger built inside her. She felt like grabbing one of her friends and running off with her into the woods. She bit her tongue and tried to suppress her strange urges.

Samantha turned back toward the window. She squinted at it. She could just make out Shannon’s bobbing head. “It’s my turn, Ella. Give me the binocs.” Samantha glanced at Ella.

“No.” Ella stared at the scene in Paul’s room. She was riveted. Nothing had ever grabbed her the way the horror she was witnessing took hold of her mind.

“Are you … touching yourself, Ella?” Samantha’s mouth dropped open. She could see the shadow of Ella’s free arm moving rapidly between Ella’s legs.

Noah tried to say something, but couldn't. He just stared into the woods hoping everything would be over soon.

"I'm not." Ella stopped touching herself but continued to stare at the blowjob. It looked like Paul was enjoying himself.

"What the fuck? You were, I saw you." Samantha raised her voice.

"Shut up, Sam." Ella was practically shouting now, but she still kept the binoculars plastered to her face.

"I can't … I just …" Kathy grabbed Samantha and tucked her under one arm. She swiped Ella with the other arm, and bounded out of the structure. She ran across the lawn, panting with the effort of carrying her two friends.

"What are you doing? Put me down!" Ella shouted and pounded her fists into Kathy. The way she was being held, it meant she was beating at her friend's bouncing butt.

"Holy … shit … holy … shit." Samantha watched the grass fly past as they moved out of the backyard. She was sideways, her belly rubbing against Kathy's rolling hip. She had never been handled by anyone like that. As the surprise of it wore off, she realized her whole body was buzzing. She rolled when Kathy dropped her on the lawn next the sidewalk. Ella bounced on the grass next to her, still putting up a fuss. But Samantha didn't care. She watched Kathy's round bottom bounce as she ran back into the darkness, presumably to get Noah.

Noah found he had no agency of his own. When Ella and Samantha disappeared in Kathy's arms, he could only watch. When she came loping back for him, he waited patiently. He watched her shadow approach, bounding on all fours. She leapt into the structure, grabbed him, and tossed him over her shoulder. It was a jarring ride back to the sidewalk. When Kathy dropped him on the grass, he took several deep breaths. The night air had never smelled so good. Almost immediately, he felt normal again. "That was weird."

"Yeah." Samantha sat up. "Hey, where's Kathy?" She looked around, but saw no trace of her friend.

"I don't know." Noah sat up and looked around.

"'Weird?'" Ella's cheeks turned crimson as she thought back to what had just happened. How had she been so out of control? "That was disgusting." She stood and dusted herself off. Her desire had passed like a summer storm. She was left with only embarrassment and confusion. "I'm going home." She turned and walked away from her friends.

"Wait … Ella." Noah stood on shaky legs. "We'll walk you home."

Ella waved a dismissive hand at him without turning around. She marched on.

“It’s okay.” Samantha stood, and moved her legs awkwardly. Her panties were an uncomfortable, sticky mess. “Her house is only a few blocks away.”

“I guess.” Noah watched Ella disappear into the night. “We should get home. My mom will have dinner ready soon.” He checked his phone. No texts from his mom, so at least they weren’t keeping her waiting.

“Yeah, okay.” They walked next to each in silence for a while. Samantha inhaled deeply and exhaled. She felt more and more like herself. “So, your dream was right. We have to figure out how to use that to stop all this.”

“Yeah. We do.” Noah desperately hoped he’d never feel as powerless as he had when that smell overtook them. He silently prayed Eloise would help. “Let’s plan.”

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“Mmmmpppppphhhhhhhhh.” Shannon lifted her mouth off the wide, purple head of her son’s penis. “Did you hear something?”

“What?” Paul was in heaven. Listening to his mother choke on his penis was the most magical sound in the world. “‘*Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth: make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.’* I only heard you, Mom.”

“I could have sworn.” Shannon stood, picked up a pillow, and used it to cover her breasts. Her knees felt like jelly as she walked to the window. She looked out but saw only darkness. “I thought I heard voices.”

“The holy chorus, Mother.” Paul stared at her panty-clad butt as she leaned out the window. He felt like he was being watched, so he turned his head toward the painting. The roundest blond woman winked at him. He thought of her as the matriarch of the painting. His grin widened, he winked back, and turned his attention once more to the heart-shape of his mother’s ass.

“I guess it was nothing.” Shannon’s whole body buzzed with excitement and expectation. She prayed Paul wouldn’t see the wet spot on her panties. She shut the window and closed the curtains. When she turned back to her son, an unsure smile settled on her face. “You still want to see my boobs, big guy?” She would never have called her eighteen-year-old son “big guy” before seeing his giant thingy. But now the nickname suited him.

“Yes, please.” Paul’s penis lurched from one side to the other. It was excited to get past the interruption.

Shannon dropped the pillow. Her cheeks heated and her stomach flip-flopped. The way his eyes devoured her breasts was indecent all by itself. She’d never seen such a provocative or licentious expression on a man’s face before. And it was for her. *His desire was for her.* “And would you like me to finish what I started with that?” She pointed at the unholy penis. “Will it finally go down if I get you there?”

Paul nodded. He watched the way her body jiggled as she climbed onto the bed and crawled between his legs.

“My word. The way you stare at me, Paul.” She got on her knees and bent over so that her face was right above that wide head. She held his thing in both hands. It stopped squirming, quieting at her touch. She felt like she had tamed it. *She was the penis whisperer.* She giggled at the thought. That was good, because someone had to get a handle on things. She lowered her lips and kissed the head. It was salty and spongy. Without thinking, she licked up the copious amount of clear fluid that leaked from him, her tongue fully extended and moving slowly. She made eye contact with him while she did that, and that made her cheeks even more crimson. “You love this, don’t you?”

“I do, Mom.” He nodded earnestly.

A light bulb went on inside her head. “This must be His plan for us. He has given you this for a purpose, Paul. We just have to figure out what it is.” She rubbed the purple dome very slowly along her cheek, feeling the trail of fluid it left there. Her mouth hung open. Her son was so powerful. She was holding the most powerful instrument in Clover Falls. She was sure of it. And like any tool, they would only need to find out what it was meant for. “‘*But when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof.*’”

“Am I that big?” Paul watched his mother rub his penis on her cheeks with an enraptured expression on her face. His love for her grew and grew.

“My eighteen-year-old man has grown into a mighty tree. So … mighty … so … mmmmmpppppphhhhhhhhh.” She opened wide and took him into her mouth. No more words were said for a long time. She bobbed her head with dedication and purpose, doing her best to use her mouth like it was a vagina. It was obvious that his thing needed a woman’s front passage, but since that was impossible, her mouth would have to do. After much work, he finally trembled under her. She lifted her mouth off him and pumped with her hands.

“No … Mom … no … mouth … back … on …” Paul stared at the painting. The blond matriarch was miming a blowjob to him. He understood that he was supposed to come to completion in her mouth.

“Okay … mmmpppphhhhh.” She did as he asked. Moments later, his salty mess burst into her mouth. A nebula of pleasure carried her away. Nothing had prepared her for the pure ecstasy of his sperm. Her mouth popped off him while he was still spraying.

“Mom …?” When he was recovered enough to look, Paul saw that his mother had her face pressed into his thigh with her butt up in the air. She shook and made the most hapless sounds. “Mom? Are you … okay?” He sat up on his elbows, wondering if he’d given her a stroke. “Should I call the doctor?”

“Noooooooo … It’sssssssss ffffffiiiiiinnnnnneeeeeee.” Shannon rose up, her shoulders swaying a little. “I juussssssst haaaaaaaad a mmmmmooooommment … dddearrrrrrrr.” She was a sweaty, sperm-soaked mess. “Ssssoooofffft.” She tapped his now slumbering penis with her hand. “Gooood. Nnnnnnnnnooooow I nnnnneeeeed a sssshhhhhhhhhhower.” She stood and stumbled out of the room with only her panties on, completely forgetting to pick up her clothes.

“Yeah … me too.” Paul got up and balled his sheets and cover together. The whole thing would have to go in the wash. With his nerves still vibrating, he made his way to his own bathroom to clean up before his father returned home.

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“Hello? Mom? Hailey?” Noah led Samantha into his dark house. “That’s weird. Usually, Mom’s in the kitchen about now.” He turned on lights as he made his way through the house. “Any word from the girls, Sam?”

“They haven’t texted back.” Sam walked quickly past Jessica’s office and the painting she knew was inside.

“I’m sure Ella’s just trying to process what we saw.” Noah shivered. He went to the garage. His mother’s car was there. “And Kathy’s probably the same.”

“Noah … you know something’s wrong with Kathy. She carried Ella and me like we were children. Not even that, like we were babies.” Samantha eyed Noah’s back. She could see how tense his shoulders were. “And I saw her running on all fours.”

Noah inspected the stove, expecting to find a pot of something his mom had left for them. He only found an empty, clean pan. “Yeah, but we can’t go searching for her. What are we –?”

“Hello, honey.” Jessica walked into the room looking disheveled. Her unkempt red hair went in all directions, and her mascara streaked her cheeks like she’d been crying. The dress she wore looked too big for her, and the tags still hung from it. “Hi, Sam.” Jessica

smiled like nothing was wrong and gave Samantha a little wave. “I talked to your mom earlier. I think I caught her in the middle of a workout. She said it was fine if you want to sleep over.”

“Thanks, Mrs. Reader.” Samantha plastered a smile on her face.

“Great.” Jessica opened the fridge, bent over, and looked in. “I think I’ll order takeout tonight. Is your sister home yet?”

“I haven’t seen her.” Noah stared at his mom’s ass. It looked bigger than normal. He rubbed his scalp in confusion. “We’ll be upstairs doing homework.”

“Sounds good, sweetie.” Jessica rummaged in the fridge and came out with a bottle of sparkling water. “I’ll come up in a little bit and help get Sam’s bed set up on the floor. A good old-fashioned sleepover. How exciting.”

“Yeah, it’ll be fun.” The excitement in Samantha’s voice rang hollow.

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“You’re late for dinner, Kathy.” Adeline sat at the dining room table across from her husband, sipping her wine. The plate in front of her had only a few string beans left. She could hear her daughter coming in through the sliding glass door in the living room. “If we smell drugs on you, we’re going to have to have another talk.”

“Your mother and I have been worried about you, young lady. And I …” Joe recoiled from the sight of his daughter when she walked into the dining room. The legs of his chair screeched on the floor. “Good God.” Kathy had leaves in her hair, dirt on her skin, and torn clothes. One of her large, olive-toned boobs spilled out of her top where the fabric had been ripped right through her bra. She walked slowly, her shoulders hunched forward. But that wasn’t the worst of it. Her eyes glowed red as her gaze moved from one parent to the next. But even that wasn’t the worst of it. Her tongue, somehow impossibly long, lolled out of her mouth all the way down past her chin. She panted like a dog.

“The night is young, and so am I. Stay in your seat, little guy.” She pointed at her father even though he was not a small man.

Joe stood, stretching himself to his full height. “I don’t know what’s going on around here, but I’ve had enough of it. You’re going to go to your room and your mother and I are –” He was suddenly moving sideways. His daughter cut across the room like lightning, grabbed him by the collar, and carried him away. “What are you …? Put me down, Kathy … put me down!”

Adeline sat fixed in her seat. She was the only one in the dining room now. She heard thumping from upstairs and her husband yelling. She prayed he wouldn't hurt Kathy and … that they wouldn't make a mess. Of course, he would overpower their daughter. The only question in Adeline's mind was what would happen after that. A few minutes later, she heard heavy footsteps coming down the stairs. "What happened, Joe? Is she okay?" But her husband didn't answer.

"He clings to rules that always fall. I've tied him in the upstairs hall. I smell your fear while you sit on your bum. I'll ease your mind with Kumokum." Kathy stepped back into the dining room.

"Oh … I see," Adeline said feebly. She brushed a lock of her blond hair behind her ear and reached for her wine glass. Her trembling hand sloshed the wine onto the table. "Do you mind if I make a call, Kathy?"

"Tonight, we live in a world without phones." Kathy prowled around the room and settled in her father's chair. She pulled it to the table and stared at her shaking mother.

"Joe? Are you okay?" Adeline called upstairs.

"She tied me up. But I'm … alright," Joe shouted to his wife. "Call the cops."

"Quiet!" Kathy's voice boomed through the house. Her eyes blazed. "No more." Silence ruled for several minutes.

After a while, Adeline could no longer bear her daughter's carmine stare. "Kathy, honey?" She stopped trying to get the wine to her mouth and put the glass down. "Why are your eyes … glowing like that? And what happened to your tongue? It's like a Halloween costume." She glanced down at her daughter's exposed breast. The black, inverted nipple looked angry. She wished her daughter would put it away.

"When the sun sets, I feel the coyote inside." Kathy held her father's wine glass up to the light and regarded it.

"You can't drink that. You're only eighteen." Rules were suddenly very important to Adeline. She grasped for anything that would bring order to the chaos that sat on the other side of the table. All her years of mothering had somehow ended in turmoil. Where had she gone wrong?

"Stop me." Kathy turned the glass upside down and poured the wine onto her father's empty plate. It splattered, staining the tablecloth red. She then lowered her face and extended her long tongue.

"Oh … goodness … no." With wide, fearful eyes, Adeline watched her daughter lap the wine noisily from the plate. Kathy's dexterous tongue was such an absurdity. "What sort of Halloween costume is that?" It looked so lifelike … and wicked.

Kathy took her time slurping. When she was finished, she straightened up, wiped off her mouth, and burped. “Wine is but the vine decayed. My hunger is over-delayed. Bring me dinner, and I’ll eat. Stand and scamper on little feet.”

“You’re hungry? You want me to get you dinner?” Adeline stood. “I’ll get you something to eat.” She took several unsure steps. When Kathy didn’t move, she ran into the kitchen. She reached for her purse, fishing for her phone. “Just getting you some yummy green beans,” she said toward the dining room. “It’ll just be a minute.” She found the phone. Her hands were shaking so much, she had trouble unlocking it. “Dinner is coming, sweetie.” She looked over her shoulder and froze. Kathy stood right behind her, looking down at her mother with a snarl on her face. Adeline gulped, her throat felt dry. “I was just … I was just …”

“I said … phones … do not … exist … tonight.” Kathy’s voice turned into a growl. She lifted her small mother and threw her over her shoulder.

“Oh … my … oh … my … ooooohhhhhh … mmmmmyyyyyyyy.” Adeline dropped her phone as her home spun about her. They moved so fast she couldn’t tell where they were until she saw the family pictures hanging on the stairway. She got a glimpse of her husband lying with his arms and feet tied in the hall. Then she found herself flopping down on her bed. “Ooooooohhhhhhhhh … mmmmmyyyyyyyyyyyyy.” Her daughter’s strong hands were quickly on her, tearing off her dress. Adeline had no idea what was going on, but she knew drugs were to blame.

Chapter 11
The Readers Are Within My Ambit

"So, how do we talk to the Painted Lady?" Samantha sat on Noah's bed, hugging her knees and rocking slightly.

"Eloise Palmer," Noah muttered. "She said her name is Eloise Palmer. Her son is Thomas. I didn't catch her husband's name … but he …" He swiveled slowly in his desk chair, staring blankly at the wall.

"Well, Mrs. Palmer showed you the three windows. She knows what's happening to Clover Falls. How do we contact her?" Samantha took a deep breath. She looked at her bed on the floor. Whatever Jessica was going through, she had been very sweet to Samantha all night. She even put a mint on the pillow. Samantha stared at the glittery, green rectangle. "Do we need a Ouija board or something?"

"I only see her in my dreams." Noah shook his head and looked over at his friend. "You look scared, Sam."

"I *am* scared." She nodded and sighed. Eye contact with Noah eased a little of her anxiety. "Ella is in denial. Kathy is off doing God knows what. And we're trying to talk to a painting." His faint smile slowed her heartbeat a little more. She offered the dimmest outline of a smile in return. "Do you see her every night in your dreams?"

"No."

"Well, that's a problem. We need to talk to her tonight. Paul, Mrs. Botti, Kathy, and my brother can't wait." She didn't mention her own mother, silently praying that nothing was going on between her and Eddie.

"I've seen my mom acting strange around the painting. Maybe she's been talking to it. If we go down to her office after everyone goes to bed, Mrs. Palmer might talk to us." Noah didn't like the thought of heading down there in the middle of the night.

"Yeah, sure." Samantha nodded. "Maybe we should bring an offering or something?"

"An offering?" Noah didn't like the sound of that. Images of a bloody goat on an altar popped into his mind.

"On Passover, we leave out a glass of wine for the Prophet Elijah. Something like that?"

"Oh, sure. Mom and Dad usually leave leftover wine on the counter after dinner." Noah rubbed his chin. "We can bring a glass to the painting." He looked at his phone. "Speaking of wine, dinner is probably about ready. Want to help me set the table?"

“Yeah, sure.” Samantha stood and shook out her arms and legs. It would be good to do something.

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“Wait … wait …” Adeline lay on her back on her own bed with her arms crossed over her bare boobs. She stared down at her daughter’s substantial body. She tried to keep her legs closed, but Kathy’s strong hands were too much. “It’s the drugs that are making you do this, Kathy. You don’t want to humiliate me.”

“You are right and wrong, Mother.” Kathy gripped her mother’s panties with her teeth and tore. Only fragments of fabric were left when she was done. She spit out the spandex and cotton, a wolfish grin spreading across her face. Her glowing eyes took in the sight of her mother’s pussy for the first time. Adeline had much smaller and pinker lips than Kathy, and her bush ran a little wild. It was a compelling sight. “I am not on any drug other than deliverance. You are wrong about that. But you are right that I have no interest in humiliating you. Together, we’ll travel the path. You can’t escape the math.”

“‘Deliverance’ … ‘path’ … ‘math’?” Adeline tried to make sense of what was happening. “Are you okay, Joe?” She called toward the hall. She couldn’t see her husband, but knew he was outside the open bedroom door.

“I’m fine … but you need to call the cops … before she does something to us.” Joe struggled against his restraints, but couldn’t budge them. He wondered where his daughter had learned to tie knots.

“She took away my phone, Joe. I don’t have … eeewwwwwwwww.” Adeline shuddered when the tip of Kathy’s tongue gently probed her belly button. Her eyes went wide, looking at the distance the tongue traveled. It stretched from Kathy’s mouth hovering above Adeline’s vagina, past her bush, all the way to her navel. She risked moving an arm from its protective position over her breast to shoo the tongue away. “That’s not funny, Kathy.” She was pleased when the long, pink thing retreated. But shocked when it ran up the inside of her thigh instead, leaving a long streak of saliva on her pale skin. “Oohhh … that feels strange. Don’t do that.”

With a finger, Kathy spread her mother’s lips. She barked a laugh when her mother jerked her hips and screeched. “Father’s left you high and dry, but I’ve got something we might try.”

“You can’t.” Adeline stared with wide eyes. “No one has ever … you simply can’t.” She shook her head slowly. That hideous tongue slowly extended again, and she knew

exactly where it was going. “Think about what you’re doing, Kathy. Joe? Joe? Can you get free? If so, now would be a good time.”

“What is … ugh … she doing?” Joe could not free himself no matter how much he tried.

“I can’t say … I can’t … ooooooooohhhhhhhhhhhhh … holy smokes … she’s … she’s … ooooooohhhhhhhhhh.” Whatever Adeline was expecting, a bolt of pure joy hadn’t topped the list. But that’s what Kathy gave her. A shock of pleasure moved through her as the tongue slowly pushed its way in. Adeline arched her back, her hands reached to grip the blanket, her modesty forgotten. “She’s doing … things … Joe. Bad … things … and I’m … eeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiii.” The tongue was clearly longer than her husband’s penis, because it found a secret place deep inside her. Adeline experienced her first orgasm from oral sex. Her body strained under the pressure of so much unexpected ecstasy.

There was a rhyme that was trying to burst its way out of Kathy. But it would have to wait. Speech wouldn’t be possible until she withdrew her tongue. And she was nowhere near ready for that. Kathy explored the inside of another woman for the first time, probing her mother’s vagina, gauging her weak spots by the yelps, groans, and convulsions she elicited. The slender legs resting on her shoulders spasmed and pressed on her ears. That was fine by Kathy. She snaked her hands under Adeline, took hold of her butt, and sent her mother from one high to the next.

“Adeline? Honey? What’s happening?” Joe struggled harder, nearly dislocating his shoulder. “Are you okay?” It sounded like his wife was being murdered in the next room. The sound of slurping was so loud he was afraid Adeline was being eaten alive.

“I’m … I’m … okay … Joe.” In between orgasms, Adeline’s mind was almost lucid. She knew her poor husband must be worried sick. “She’s just … she’s just … I can’t explain … what’s happening. Our daughter is just … oooohhhhhhhh … she’s going to … I’m going to … again … eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.”

Kathy had removed the veil from her mother’s eyes. They were both seeing clearly now. The world was a base, feral place pretending to be something grander. But it was easily broken down, torn into its lowest common denominators. And that’s what she was doing, breaking her mother into her most basic instincts. Kathy’s hand snaked down inside her torn leggings and panties. She thrust two fingers inside her own pussy and pumped while continuing to work on her mother.

“Oooooohhhhhhhhhh … Joe … she’s stretching meeeeeeeeeee.” Adeline’s knuckles turned white, her grip on the cover tightening. It seemed that the nefarious tongue was learning and finding her sweet spots faster, playing with them in a way that really set Adeline off. Not only was the thing longer than Joe’s penis, it was thicker, too. “It’s big … so big … and it’s found … my weakness. I didn’t … oooohhhhhhh … even know … that was there … eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiii.” She thrashed her way through another orgasm.

“Fight it, Adeline!” Joe gave up his struggle and let his weight press into the hallway floor. He tried to imagine what was happening, but found he could not. Maybe Kathy was forcing some sort of new drug on his wife. “It isn’t real, whatever it is. Fight it!”

“Oooohhhhh … gosh … ooooohhhhhh … my … again … it’s happening *again*!” Adeline’s scream filled the house.

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The house was dark when Noah and Samantha left his room. He held her hand so she wouldn’t trip. He knew every bit of his home, even in the dark. His friend did not. “Wait, someone’s coming.” They paused on the stairs. There were no nearby windows, so it was dark. Footsteps plodded toward them. “Mom? Dad?” The dark seemed to swallow Noah’s voice.

“It’s me … dummy.” Hailey stopped at the bottom of the stairs and burped. The ambrosial taste of Lauren’s magical cum came back to her. She licked her lips. “I’m going to bed.” She walked up the stairs. She could just make out the shadow of her brother.

“You missed dinner. Mom was worried about you.” Noah could smell pot and alcohol on his sister. And something else too, pungent and briny.

“I don’t need to report to Mom, dweeb. I’m in college.” Hailey burped again. Her words slurred slightly. She passed her brother and paused, her slow mind trying to process what was wrong. Turning her head, she stared at a shadow standing behind her brother. “Is there … is there a girl … with you?”

“It’s Sam.” Noah squeezed Samantha’s hand tighter. “She’s sleeping over tonight.”

“Hi, Hailey.” Samantha’s voice was barely audible.

“No shit?” Hailey laughed. “Good for you, Noah. I never thought you’d make the move.” Still laughing, she continued on toward her room.

“We’re just friends,” Noah said.

“Party on.” Hailey went into her room and closed the door.

“She seemed …” Samantha let the thought hang in the air.

“That was odd. She smokes pot. But the drinking is new. And she seemed pretty out of it.” Noah led the way downstairs.

“Yeah.” Samantha held Noah’s hand even when they moved through the main floor and there was enough ambient light coming in through the windows to see. She squeezed him, glad for the anchor of his sanity on an insane day.

“Let’s get the wine.” When they reached the kitchen, Noah dropped his friend’s hand and poured some wine from the bottle on the counter. Glass in hand, he led on toward his mom’s office. He held the wine carefully. His mom would be pissed if he spilled any for a number of reasons. He was so focused on not sloshing any out of the glass, that he missed that the office door was open a crack and light spilled out.

“Someone’s in there,” Samantha whispered and put a hand on his shoulder.

“My parents should be asleep.” Noah kept his voice so low, he wondered if Samantha could hear it. He slowly put his eye up to the opening and looked. His mother was bent over in front of the painting, moving her head back and forth in a steady rhythm. She wore a baggy dress, but it didn’t completely hide her heavy breasts swaying under her. “What’s she doing?”

Samantha bent down and looked through the crack below her friend. Jessica’s hands seemed to grip the air right in front of the painting, like they were holding an invisible water bottle or … “I know what she’s doing.” Samantha had sucked a few dicks. It was obvious that Jessica was blowing … an invisible man. She guessed that the only reason Noah didn’t recognize it was that the woman doing the act was his mother. Samantha leaned back from the door, her back to the wall. “She’s … um … pretending to have oral sex with the painting.” She tried to be as gentle as she could with Noah. After everything else they’d been through, it couldn’t have been too big a shock.

“Oh … my … God.” Noah watched his mother give an incredibly loving blowjob to thin air. And judging from her grip and how wide she opened her mouth, the air had a huge dick. A gurgling noise came out of the office. It took him a second to realize his mother was making that sound. Samantha tugged at his shirt. “Just a … sec.” He waved her off and continued to stare into the office.

“Noah!” Samantha risked raising her voice a little. She tugged at his shirt harder. “You need to see this.”

“What?” He turned away from the door. Even before his eyes adjusted to the dim light in the hall, he could see the woman approaching. Her pale skin and green eyes floated in the semi-darkness.

“Do you see her?” Samantha pressed her back into the wall, wishing she could disappear.

“That’s Eloise Palmer.” Noah stood straighter, trying to collect his thoughts.

Eloise approached the eighteen-year-olds. When she arrived, she gently closed the office door. She casually straightened a framed print hanging next to her. Once the silence had

gone on for long enough, she smiled. “I don’t believe I’ve had the pleasure.” She extended a hand toward Samantha. “I’m Mrs. Eloise Palmer. Pleased to meet you.”

“I’m … uh … Ms. Samantha Owens.” Samantha took the ice-cold hand, gave it a brief shake, and released her grip. She put her hand under her armpit to warm it back up.

“Well, I knew you weren’t Kathy, the dashing creature I’ve heard so much about.” Eloise looked Samantha up and down. “You are not nearly robust enough to match the stories.”

“You know about Kathy?” Samantha squeaked.

“Pardon my loquaciousness. I don’t want us to get sidetracked.” Eloise spoke at a normal volume without any fear of disturbing what was taking place in the office. “What are you two doing snooping about?”

“This is my home.” Noah’s mind started to get itself in order. “My mom is doing something … in there.” He pointed to the office door. “What’s happening to her?”

“She’s learning. She is expanding beyond the hypocrisy that has suppressed her.” Eloise leaned against the wall opposite the teenagers and crossed her arms. “Now, I asked my own question. Please answer.”

“Are you making everyone in town go crazy? Is it you?” Samantha’s pulse beat a swift rhythm in her ears.

“I already explained this to your esteemed companion.” Eloise gave her an absent smile. “Noah?”

“I think … she only has power here, near her painting.” Noah glanced at the office door. He was anxious to stop his mother. He reached out his hand to knock.

“Stay your hand. We aren’t finished here.” Eloise’s skin turned pallid and her eyes sunk back into her head until there was nothing but dead sockets staring at Noah. “Stay your hand.” Inwardly, she laughed at the teenagers’ horror-stricken faces. When he hastily shoved his hand into his pocket, her face returned to itself, vivacious and cheery. “The lad is right, my purview extends only to those here, in this lovely home.” She spread her hands to encompass all around her.

“Can you help us stop what’s happening out there?” Samantha pointed to the front door. “My brother is acting crazy, and my mom is … not herself.”

“I’m quite sure she’s never been more herself.” Eloise laughed. “Now what are you two doing skulking in the shadows?”

Samantha told her. She told her everything. How her brother had kissed her. Her friend had carried her like a toy. What they saw at Paul's house. How odd Hailey had been on the stairs. She laid it all bare.

"I see." Eloise rubbed her chin. "Your sister has taken a lover at school? She is monogamous?"

"I guess." Noah pressed his lips together. "What does that have to do with –"

"What did you smell on her when she passed on the stairs?" Eloise's face became quite animated.

"Weed … I mean … marijuana." He wasn't sure that Eloise would know about drugs. "And alcohol and something that smelled like the ocean."

"That last smell was sex." Samantha knew what cum smelled like. "She smelled like sex."

"And would she step behind the back of her silly partner? Would she break her vows to him?" Eloise paced the hall a few steps and studied a family portrait on the wall.

"Can we stop my mom now? I *really* don't want her to keep doing … that." Noah didn't understand what Eloise was so worked up about.

"Answer the question." The Victorian woman spun quickly and moved her face against his, so that his warm nose pressed against hers.

"I don't … know." He shivered. He stared into her unblinking green eyes, the cool miasma of her breath chilling his face. His body was stiff with fright. It was like he'd been sharing a cage with a wild animal that had suddenly bared its teeth at him. "I think Hailey likes her boyfriend. I don't think she'd cheat on him."

"This won't do." Eloise backed away from Noah, an apologetic smile on her lips. "This won't do at all. The Readers are within my ambit. If this is to the be the way, then …" She looked over at Samantha. "You seem a smart, sensible girl. Would you like my help with your family?"

"Yes." Samantha nodded. "Can you help us?"

"Maybe." Eloise took the glass from Noah and took a generous sip of wine. She swirled the wine in the glass and gazed at its deep red color. "Yes, I think I can help you."

"What about my mom?" Noah tried to keep the pleading out of his voice.

"Don't be foolish, Noah. We will not interrupt them. Not now." Eloise sipped some more wine and thought. "Before we decide anything, we should visit the windows and see what your friends and family are up to. Come with me." She opened a door in the hall that hadn't been there a second before and stepped through.

“Um … do we follow her?” Samantha answered her own question. She took Noah’s hand again and pulled him toward the door.

Noah looked back at the office. “What about my mom?”

“We’ll get this all sorted, Noah. She’ll be fine. It was empty air anyway. It wasn’t like she was touching anyone for real.” Samantha tugged his hand. “We’re going to fix everything, don’t worry.” She dragged him through the door, and they started descending the spiral staircase.

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With her face buried in the sheet, Adeline moaned and cursed. She had surprised herself when the cursing started a little while ago. Like a broken dam, her mind could no longer hold back the wickedness that had been hiding inside her. “Yes … yes … Kathy … ride me … like a fucking … bitch.” She was flat on her belly, pushing her butt back at her grinding daughter.

“Adeline … stop … just … stop.” Completely defeated, Joe listened to his wife and daughter have sex. Their bed creaked, the headboard thumped into the wall hard enough that he knew it was denting the drywall. Kathy growled steadily while his wife cursed. They were both broken. Kathy had somehow twisted Adeline’s mind into mush.

“Ohhhhhhh … Joe … she fucking … has me … she’s rubbing her goddamned pussy on my … ass. It’s wet … so fucking wet.” Even though her own vagina had been abandoned, Adeline was filled with desperate arousal.

“You belong … ugh … ugh … ugh … to me.” Naked now, Kathy undulated her hips on top of her mother, her hands pressing into the smaller woman’s back. “I’ll take my … pleasure … on your bum. We both … belong to … Kumokum.”

“Yes … yes … whatever you say … Kathy. Just don’t stop. Don’t … ever … stop.” Adeline smiled like a maniac when Kathy’s growling grew louder. “Yes … cum on me … cum on meeeeeeeee.”

Joe listened to the long howl of pleasure. Eventually, the bed stopped creaking, and all he could hear from his bedroom was panting. He waited in the hall for something to happen. After what seemed like ages, heavy footsteps approached. He saw his daughter’s dirty feet enter the hall and stop before him. He looked slowly up her stained, glistening body. “What are you doing?”

Slowly, Kathy bent down to get their eyes closer together. “Tell no one what happened. You are bound by the Coyote now.”

Joe locked his eyes with his daughter's crimson gaze. He stopped trembling. He felt his muscles relax. "I won't tell anyone."

"Now you see where you were blind." Kathy moved over to the cord that held him and made short work of it with her teeth. "We'll drop the rope, but the ties still bind." She stood tall while her father lay on the floor, rubbing circulation into his arms. "At night I will take your place. You'll disappear without a trace."

"What?" Joe tried desperately to understand.

"Sleep on the couch in the basement." Kathy turned and walked back into her parents' bedroom. "Mom and I need our rest." She closed the door.

Confused, but eager to please, Joe stumbled downstairs and quickly fell asleep on the couch.

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"Mmmppphhhhh." Jessica took her mouth off the penis and looked toward the door. "Did you hear something?"

"No, Mrs. Reader." Thomas smiled. "I heard only the strange music you make." He looked down at her from inside the painting, his cock projecting out into the office.

"I do sound indecent when I do that, don't I?" Jessica's cheeks turned crimson. "Would you … um … like some more?"

"Perhaps I should step out of here and join you?" Thomas raised an eyebrow in question.

"Yes, please." She watched him step out of the painting, paying close attention to each muscle that moved under his pale skin. He was beautiful. And he was hers. "I deserve this. I really do," she whispered to herself.

"What was that?" Thomas stood before her, hands on his bare hips. His cock pointed directly at the copper triangle between her legs.

"Nothing. You're just … really impressive. It's almost like you're a different species than Andrew." She tried to remember her husband's lean body, but the sight before her pushed him out of her mind. "Shall I continue?" She dropped to her knees.

"I would be happy to let you hone those particular skills." He nodded amiably. "Or we could do more. I know Mother prepared you with that bauble. Your crinkum crankum is ready for a cudgel such as mine." He moved his hips back and forth, wagging his stiff penis in front of her face.

“Oh … I don’t know.” Jessica grasped the penis to stop it from swaying. The cold of him seeped into her fingers. What would his stout, icy dome do to her insides? She shuddered. “I’m not ready for that.” She bit her lip once the words were out. Did that mean she would be ready at some point? Would she do that to Andrew? “I mean …”

“It’s no matter. You may continue.” Thomas pushed his hips forward and sighed when her mouth opened for him. She swirled her tongue around the head perfectly. Her timing with her pumping hands and bobbing head had improved. She wasn’t an expert by any means, but she was something far more than the novice she had been a short time ago. “Look up at me, Mrs. Reader. Yes, like that.” They locked eyes. “A man wants to connect with a woman while she’s about her task. Yes … I can … ugh … see into your soul. And it burns. Your spirit is alight with flames of desire. If only … you could see … what a splendid figure you make … in that pose.”

“Mmmmmpppppphhhhhhhhh.” Under her dress, Jessica’s panties were soaked through. This young man was driving her crazy. She stared up at him and sucked for all she was worth. She removed one hand from his shaft and gently squeezed his testicle. It was heavy and tumescent with seed. She would empty it for him. A thrill went down her spine knowing she had the power to please such a gorgeous, virile man.

“I know that you do not like what the deal made of you. But … ugh … it only accentuated what you already had.” Thomas slid his hand into her hair, gently urging her on. “I for one, would consider myself a man of fortune should you grace me with a view of your figure. It would be a bountiful boon.”

Jessica slowed her pace on his penis. She closed her eyes and thought about showing herself to him. After a few seconds, she quickly shook her head. She then continued the blowjob.

“It would be … fair. What you behold of me … is what the deal … refined of my … raw material.”

“Mmmpphhhhh?” Jessica opened her eyes and arched questioning eyebrows. She hadn’t considered that he had also taken the deal and been changed by it. *Of course he had.* She spit the penis out of her mouth with a plop. “It would be … fair … I suppose.” She let go of him, and he released her hair. She stood, catching her breath. She reached down and held the skirt of her oversized dress, paused, and then quickly pulled it over her head. Without giving herself time to think, she removed her bounce-control bra and slipped out of her sopping panties. She held her hands out to her sides. “Ta-da.”

“Be still my heart.” Thomas ran his eyes up and down her freckled curves, taking his time. He wanted her to know how much pleasure the sight of her voluptuous form brought him.

When Jessica saw his eager smile shift into an awed expression, her confidence grew. She pushed her hip to the side, put her hand on it, and posed for him. “You do like it, don’t you?”

“You are beautiful.” Thomas’s gaze lingered on the slope of her breasts. Eventually their eyes met.

“So are you,” Jessica said in a breathless whisper. She reached out and pulled him into an embrace, her skin cooling where it touched his. Their lips locked and tongues intertwined. It took her a moment to realize that his hips were moving, sliding his penis between her thighs. She was leaking so much that there was hardly any friction. *Goodness, this is practically sex.* But she didn’t put a stop to it. Indeed, her hips began to match his rhythm. Their bellies made faint slapping sounds as his hands explored the fullness of her backside. She could see where this road led and look for no alternative path. *We’re going to do it. Oh, my gosh. We’re totally going to do it.*

Chapter 12

The Bond, the Pact, the Contract Made

The stairway was pitch black. Noah could hear Eloise murmuring to herself. It sounded like she was thinking out a puzzle, but he only caught a few words here and there. "… salty … promised me … still in the rose … I'll muster my …" Noah trailed one hand along the stone wall, the other held Samantha's hand. Her heavy breathing was the only sound she made. They spun slowly down the spiral staircase. The faintest bit of light shone ahead. It was a warm, flickering golden light.

"Light ahead." Samantha's stomach flipped and her nerves buzzed with anxiety. She desperately needed to see what the Painted Lady would show them, but she suspected it would be bad news.

"Whose house do you think it'll be?" Noah's voice died away quickly. The stairway dampened all sound.

"I'm not ready for my house." Samantha pressed her lips together. She wondered if she might vomit. "Anybody else's house." The window came into view. Samantha cringed.

"I was not expecting this." Eloise stopped next to the window, making room for her teenage companions. "How odd."

Noah stopped with his hip touching Eloise's bustled dress. He stared into the room in front of him. There was a roaring fireplace. Victorian furniture filled the expansive room. The mounted heads of various snarling animals dotted the walls. Another version of Eloise Palmer sat on the sofa, reading a book, or at least pretending to. Her eyes were not on the pages, but instead stared up at the ceiling. Her mouth hung open. And there was clearly a man under her dress, the bulge of his head visible between her legs. "Who is that?"

"Why me, of course. Don't be daft." Eloise shook her head.

"I think he means … who's that between your legs?" Samantha looked at the man's trousers and shiny shoes. She had a feeling he wasn't Eloise's husband.

"That's Thomas." Eloise glanced at her companions like they were unbearably slow. "The real question is why are we seeing this? It happened long ago. It was a day without consequence."

"You don't … control the windows?" Noah ran his fingers through his hair. The expression on the other Eloise behind the glass was deeply erotic. He tried hard to suppress an erection.

“Your son!” Samantha’s free hand went to her mouth. “Wait … he’s … I mean … we all know what he’s doing.” She stared at a son eating out his mother. “Without fucking consequence?”

“Don’t take that tone with me, young lady.” Eloise turned away from them and continued her descent.

“Sorry.” Samantha pulled her eyes away from the strange room. “*Not* sorry,” she whispered in Noah’s ear. He nodded and followed Eloise. Samantha was grateful for the warm strength of his hand. She gave it a squeeze.

They moved back into darkness. Noah could hear Eloise murmuring with a faster cadence but didn’t pick up any of the words this time. *What was she saying?* He wondered if they would see Kathy next. Or maybe Paul and his mother. The first window might set up something horrible on the next one. He could sense a mind working in the stairwell. If it wasn’t Eloise’s doing, then it was someone equally perverse.

They reached the nadir of darkness and light gained again. This time the illumination was softer and silver. They turned the bend and a window came into view.

“Is that … Kathy?” Samantha could see her naked friend by the light of the full moon falling into the room. She was lying on a bed with a woman in her arms. “I … um … I …” She tried to process what she was seeing. Her friend’s olive skin and dark hair contrasted with the pale skin and blond hair of the woman in her arms. Kathy was also much larger than her naked companion. They both slept, the woman’s face buried in Kathy’s cleavage.

“That’s not her room.” Noah stared at the women through the window. The erection he’d been trying to fend off finally arrived. He needed to move it under his waistband, but he was afraid Eloise or Samantha would see him. He could turn his hips away from one of them to hide the maneuver, but the other would see. He decided he’d rather Samantha knew his dirty secret, so he turned his hips her way and quickly adjusted. She was so busy staring into the room, he didn’t think she noticed.

“It’s her parents’ … oh … my … God. It’s her parents’ room.” Samantha saw Noah shift his boner out of the corner of her eye. She might have judged him but for her own wet pussy. Shame seized her. She tried to look away and failed.

“She’s sleeping with her mom.” Noah didn’t mind stating the obvious. It needed to be said. “I mean … I think they did it. It looks like …” His voice trailed off. “Where’s Mr. Bly?”

“Mrs. Palmer?” Samantha rubbed her legs together.

“Mmmmmmm?” Eloise folded her arms and glanced at her eighteen-year-old companions.

“Are we seeing something that might happen if we don’t do something?” Samantha refused to believe that what they were witnessing was real. There had to be some way to reason it away. “Like … is this a warning? If we don’t act now, this will happen?”

“This is not Charles Dickens.” Eloise shook her head. “I am nooooot … the Ghooost … of Christmas Paaaaast,” she said in a mock spooky voice.

“Oh.” Samantha frowned. It did not seem like a moment for levity.

“Come along then. I grow tired watching them sleep.” Eloise yawned and descended the stairs again.

As they drew closer to the next window, Samantha could see a corner of her brother’s room. They edged nearer and nearer, and her worst fears were realized. “Oh … no …” A lump formed in her throat. She saw her brother first. He was on his knees, naked, slamming into a woman in front of him. His belly jiggled violently with each thrust. As they moved still closer, Samantha saw who belonged to the rippling, round bottom her brother was nailing. Her mother’s face was covered in cum and twisted nearly beyond recognition. She was screaming something, but the windows seemed to be soundproof. “I knew … they were doing it … but … seeing it …” Samantha stood next to her friend and stared at the horrid mating. “She looks so … tortured.”

“Incorrect, dearie. That is a woman’s bliss. Is this the first time you’ve seen such a thing?” Eloise’s tone flattened, like she was guarding her words against upsetting the girl.

“Not like that.” Samantha shook her head.

Noah stared at mother and son. He remembered why they were there. “So … how do we stop them?”

“That is a good question.” Eloise rubbed her chin. “When thorny situations cropped up in the past, there was a man I would consult. But I don’t trust him at the moment.” She watched the pair fuck with a thoughtful expression on her freckled face.

Samantha put her face on Noah’s shoulder, closing her eyes. “My mom’s not like this. It’s the painting.”

“I know.” Noah patted her back.

Eloise bit her tongue. She wanted to assure the young woman that her mother was exactly the ecstatic, fornicating woman before them. But it wasn’t the time. “Come along. There is one last window before the end.” She led them down the stairway.

“Are you okay?” Noah squeezed Samantha’s clammy hand in the darkness.

“No. I don’t think so.” Samantha shuddered. “The worst part is that I can’t stop thinking that I’m lucky my brother isn’t … doing that to me. My poor mom is … is …” She took a deep breath. “I’m selfish.”

“It’s a lot to take in. You’re an amazing person, Sam. We’re just trying to get through this.” He hoped his words were comforting. “If it was my mom, I don’t know what I’d do.”

“Yeah.” Samantha wanted to change the subject. “You think the Botti household will be next?”

“Maybe we’ll see Mrs. Botti praying the devil away.” It sounded stupid, but Noah said it as a way to manifest it into reality. He said a prayer as they approached the final window. But it wasn’t the Botti household they saw. It was his mother’s office.

“Oh … no.” Samantha’s voice fell. On the other side of the window, Jessica had her hands up on the wall. Her clothes were strewn on the floor. Thomas controlled her completely with his hands on her hips, and his monstrous cock stretching her pussy. She had the same expression on her face as Samantha’s mother. It was pure ecstasy. They had gone with Eloise to find out how to stop what was happening in Clover Falls before it was too late. They had found that it was already too late.

“Mom?” Noah watched his mother, his eyes darting. Her whole body shook, sometimes in different directions, and sometimes it would sync up. It was mesmerizing. He wasn’t sure, but her body seemed to have more dramatic curves than it should. He watched her dangling breasts bounce. Yes, she was different. “What did you do to her?”

“This is what she wants, Noah.” Eloise shrugged, thinking things through. “Your mother is now free of …”

“I know you brainwashed her, or something.” Bitterness entered Noah’s voice. “Not that. Her body. What did you do to her body?”

Samantha had been trying not to look directly at Jessica out of embarrassment for the poor woman. But now she let her gaze drift over her. Her body looked like it belonged to a fertility goddess. She thought back to what Jessica looked like a week ago wearing jeans and a sweater. She *had* changed. Samantha understood why Noah’s mom had been wearing an oversized dress all evening. She turned to Eloise, waiting for a reply.

“The bond, the pact, the contract made,” Eloise said. “She took the bargain of her own free will.” She turned to the teenagers. “And you should, too.” Her eyes brightened, a plan forming in her mind. She held her hand up to fend off Noah’s protests. “This is how we best the other paintings. I cannot leave this house. But you can. And with my power flowing through you, you will be protected from whatever else lies waiting for you.”

“You’re not planting your flag on us. Eff that!” Noah turned to Samantha. “She wants us to make a deal with the devil.”

“No, you would strike the bargain with me. Not him.” She spat out the last two words.

“I think … I think it’s too late for me anyway.” Samantha released Noah’s hand for the first time since they’d entered the stairwell and cupped her breasts. She hefted them for dramatic effect. “Whatever happened to your mom, Noah, is already happening to me.”

“You made the deal with your painting?” Noah pulled his eyes away from his mom’s shaking body and looked at Samantha’s bouncing boobs. “I thought … I mean …” He really wished his boner would disappear. He prayed the women didn’t notice.

“I didn’t make any deal.” She shook her head.

“It was some passive effect from the other painting. If you make the choice to join with me, that would be an active approbation. It would trump whatever the other painting did to you. I know it would.” Eloise wondered if she should make the full pitch. “I … um … you would … well …” She wasn’t used to feeling less than confident about anything. “My point is you would travel about with my protection around you. Like how the *Nautilus* protects Captain Nemo.”

“What would the deal do to me? Would I be myself? Would you brainwash me?” Samantha stared at Eloise. It was ridiculous that an earth-shattering event like Jessica Reader getting humped by a Painted Man was happening nearby, and none of them were watching.

“No, Sam. Don’t even think about it.” Noah remembered how powerless he’d been in the Botti’s tree house, and a sliver of doubt entered his mind.

“The deal only accentuates what you already possess. It primes you for the most honest and meaningful moments in your life. It does nothing to your mind.” Eloise had never made her pitch like this. She was like Captain Nemo herself, truly in uncharted waters.

“Are you lying to me?” Samantha put her hands on her hips. She studied Eloise’s face. “No, you’re not.”

“I’ll do it, too. But only if you don’t change my body.” Noah straightened himself to his full height. Eloise was still taller. “Give me your protective energy, but don’t do what you did to my mom.” He glanced through the window and his penis jumped in his pants. He told himself that he would respond to any woman who looked like that and was doing … that. It wasn’t his fault that it was his mom.

“This is all very unusual.” Eloise spread her hands palms up. “I’ve struck this deal dozens of times over the years. No one has asked for –”

“Give it to us without the changes.” Samantha nodded, backing up her friend.

After a long pause, Eloise forced a smile. “I cannot undo what the other painting did. I can only prevent it from doing more.” *Maybe*. Nothing was sure here, but it might work.

“Let’s make a deal.” Samantha gave Noah a grim glance.

He nodded back at her.

“The bond, the pact, the contract made.” Eloise frowned as she worked her way through how to word the second part. “I paid and received, and the Devil took his due. But you … owe the Devil nothing. I give my protection to you freely. All I need from you is your approbation.”

“I approve,” Samantha said.

“Yeah, do it.” Noah felt heat spread all over his body. It tingled at first, then it burned. He looked for flames, but saw only a red glow. It even shone through his clothes. The window fell away. The stairs disappeared. Eloise was gone. He fell through black nothingness next to Samantha. Their combined glow was the only light in the whole world. They screamed together. When she reached out her hand, he took it, and they tumbled into the void as one.

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“Am I … uh … uh … better than your … black bauble?” Thomas gripped folds of Jessica’s upper ass, slamming his full length into her.

“Nnnnnnnggggghhhhhhhh,” was all Jessica could say.

“Am I … better than … your silly husband?” When he got no reply, Thomas slapped her ass just as his mother had taught him. “Your husband … Mrs. Reader?”

“Eeeeeggggghhhhhhhhhh.” Her response was something between a croak and a groan.

“I’ll take that … uh … uh … uh … as an … affirmative.” Thomas smiled. Even though he was working hard, his skin was dry. He hadn’t worked up a sweat in over a century. The only moisture on his person was the frothy mess covering his cock and splashing onto his hips, stomach, and thighs. “There is one other … and only one other … who could produce this feeling … inside you. Can you guess the man?”

“Uuuuggghhhhhhhh.” Jessica spasmed. The monstrous, icy thing stroked in her belly, sending sparks flying in front of her eyes. She was aware that he was asking her questions, but she was completely unable to answer.

“Would you … like a hint?”

“Too … good … it’s … uuuuuggggghhhhhhhh … too …” Her body jerked and another orgasm swept through her. Her consciousness faded and faded until there was only the cool sound of the young man’s voice and the pleasure he imparted as he turned her inside out.

“He lives … in this very house. And once he accepts the deal … he will possess a body such as mine.” Thomas’s laugh was full of joy. “With me and him … uh … uh … uh … you need never go without … a life-changing cudgel.” He humped for a while, the only sounds in the room were her slurping pussy, her low wailing, and their slapping skin. “Three of us.” Thomas corrected himself. “You will have … ugh … the bauble … when Noah and I … are unavailable. Never a moment … without … cock.”

“Nnnnnnnggggggggggggg.” Jessica’s teeth rattled together. Her brain may have been too compromised to process his words, but his message soaked into her subconscious. She wanted more … more … more …

“Enough … of this.” Thomas pulled out of her. He put his hand on her back to keep her bent against the wall and lowered his head behind her ass.

“Oh … goodness … oh … my …” Jessica panted. She trembled and let him inspect her.

“You gape, Mrs. Reader.” Thomas held her cheeks. It wasn’t necessary for the view, but he had a flair for the dramatic. “I’m afraid there’s no turning back now.”

“No … no …” Jessica shook her head. She wasn’t sure if she was agreeing that there was no turning back or disagreeing with such lewd statements. His fingers sent tendrils of chill through her nerves, spreading from her butt into her lower back. She continued to tremble.

Thomas inserted a finger in her vagina and moved it in a circle. “What a mess you’ve become.” He withdrew his finger. “Let’s continue to stretch your crinkum crankum. Have you ever ridden a horse?”

“No.” Jessica felt his absence acutely. She wanted him back inside her with fierce intensity. She straightened up and inspected her vagina with her fingers. He was right, she was a gaping mess. Her fingers came away covered in wet excitement. Ben Shapiro’s wife was a fool. She couldn’t have been more wrong about her own sex. Maybe … even … Ben Shapiro was foolish for believing her. Maybe … his wife had lied to him to preserve his manly self-worth. She was seeing everything about her old life differently now. When she looked behind her, she saw that Thomas was lying on his back. His long penis glistened in the low light.

“Well, I imagine you have observed a horse at a gallop.” Thomas waited for her to nod. When she did, he continued. “Imagine I’m your horse, and a gang of desperados are after you. Ride me like that.”

“Okay.” Jessica walked over to him, straddled him, and lowered herself slowly. Soon, she was squirming on him. His penis was back in her belly. Her hips undulated rhythmically. “Ooooooohhhhhhhhhhh.”

“No, no, no, Mrs. Reader. I did not say ‘writhe like a snake on me.’ There is a time and place for what you’re doing, and it is not now. I said ‘ride me.’ The desperadoes are after you.” He took handfuls of her ass and guided her up and down for several minutes. “Put your feet firmly on the floor. Yes … ugh … like that. Good. Now … ride … ride …”

“Oh … my … oh … my …” Jessica held her enlarged breasts to slow their bouncing. She thought they might smack her right in the face without restraint. She looked down at the beautiful young man. She didn’t know if he was twenty years old, or more than one hundred twenty. Either way, they weren’t the right age for one another. Or perhaps … they were perfectly matched. Swirling bliss spread from her core through her body. “I’ve never … uuuggggghhhhhh … done it … like this … before.”

“That much … is obvious.” Thomas’s lips curved in a boyish smile. “You still need … practice. But one day … you will much surprise Noah … with all you’ve learned.”

“Noah?” Jessica thought of kissing her son’s strong, full lips. Then she thought of his penis. He wasn’t as large as the monster moving inside her. But he was big. She looked down at the grinning Thomas and imagined it was Noah’s happy face she saw there. In that moment, she had no doubt that her son would be awed by what his mother had learned. “Is this … what all boys … want? To see their … mothers … the way you see me … ah … ah … ah … now?”

Thomas nodded. “It is a joy … that I would sacrifice everything … for. That I *did* … sacrifice … uuuuggggghhhhhhhh.” His face suddenly became serious. “I’m going to … release inside you.” He saw a look of concern pass over her face. “Fear not … I cannot impregnate you … I leave that pleasure to … another.”

“Okay … okay … do it then.” Jessica rode him faster. She didn’t expect to orgasm that moment, but when Thomas roared, and she felt his frozen stuff deep inside. Her screaming climax swiftly wiped her mind away. She shrieked and begged for more.

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Falling and falling. Samantha gripped Noah’s hand like it was her last anchor to sanity. The burning pain had lasted longer than she thought possible, and then it had scalded her some more. Finally, the pain and its accompanying glow faded. She tried to say something into the darkness, but the howling wind swallowed her words. They fell and fell.

Just when she thought they would tumble through the void forever, they landed on something soft and warm. Samantha had the odd sensation that she and Noah were tangled on top of a welcoming pair of boobs. She blinked her eyes and looked around. No boobs. They were on his bed, she was laying on top of him. They were perpendicular. "Holy … shit. We're in your room." She sucked in air, her mind slowing down to match the still room around her. Outside, it was still night. "You okay? That heat … hurt! Didn't it?" She heard only gasping under her. He sounded like a fish out of water. "Noah?"

Panic surged through Noah. He didn't know how long it had been since air filled his lungs. He tried desperately to breathe, clawing at his friend as she lay on top of him.

"Noah!" Samantha scrambled off him. She could see he was having an attack. It had been years since he'd had one. She tried to remember what the adults had done to help him. "Hold on." She remembered what she had done. It had happened back in fifth grade and they were on the playground. She had gone for help. Samantha jumped off the bed. His parents would know what to do. She raced across the room, opened his door, and spotted Jessica down the hall. "Mrs. Reader!"

Jessica felt like she was floating back to her bedroom. She could add postcoital bliss to the list of things she finally understood. She heard their guest behind her and turned. "Oh … hello, Sam. Do you need something?"

"It's Noah, he's having one of his attacks." Samantha gestured frantically for Jessica to join her in the room. She watched the woman's dreamy face harden into motherly concern. Samantha got out of the way as Jessica ran down the hall, the front of her dress bouncing wildly. *I saw the woman in front of me having sex with a character from a painting.* Samantha watched her pass, staring at the woman's rolling butt as she jogged to her son's bed and knelt down.

"Another one?" Jessica pulled her son into her arms. She pressed his thin body against hers, forgetting to hide her changes from him. "I'm here. Everything's okay. Mommy's got you, Noah." She rocked him slowly, rubbing his back. It took her a moment to realize that he was erect, and it was pressing into her hip. Vivid images of riding her son popped into her mind. She closed her eyes and focused on his need for her. "There we go … good work, honey. There's a breath. And another one." She felt his back rise and fall steadily.

Samantha stood in the doorway and watched mother and son rock together. Jessica was still on her knees, holding Noah close to her. It felt inappropriate witnessing such an intimate moment. But that seemed to be the theme of the night. Cognitive dissonance hit Samantha hard as she tried to square this loving mother with the woman they had seen getting plowed just minutes ago. She couldn't make it work in her mind, so instead she committed to the present.

“Thanks … Mom.” Noah took several shuddering breaths. “I don’t know … what came … over me.” When she held him at arm’s length, he found that he couldn’t look her in the eyes. If the window told the truth, she had cheated on his father that night. He breathed in deeply. He could smell her sweat, and that briny, ocean smell that he’d caught from Hailey. Samantha had said it was sex. He supposed she was right. “I’m okay now … you can go back to bed.” He looked at her oversized dress. She clearly had not been in bed.

“I’m glad you’re feeling better.” She eased him back onto his bed and stood. “Goodnight, you two.” She patted his head and ruffled his hair. She turned and smiled at Samantha as she walked out.

Samantha smiled back. The dreamy look was still in Jessica’s eyes. Samantha wondered if they really were too late to save Clover Falls.

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Last night was crazy. Ella thought about what she had seen at the Botti’s house. She wondered what her friends thought. Surely, none of them had ever seen anything like it. She thought about texting them, but she was still mad at them for making her see Mrs. Botti do that stuff to Paul.

“Morning, muffin.” Mara walked into the dining room with a steaming mug of coffee and a big smile on her face. Her curly black hair was lustrous in the first warm rays of sunlight that cut through the room.

“Morning, Mom.” Ella cocked her head. “Why are you so chipper?”

“Well, your father and I had … um … a nice marital moment last night.” Her smile widened.

“Gross.”

“And I struck while the iron was hot, so to speak.” Mara was quite sure that her eighteen-year-old daughter was old enough for some harmless innuendo. The girl knew her mother wasn’t a nun.

“Grrrooooossssss.” Ella curved her lip in disgust.

“And your father promised me the painting I’ve been asking for.” Mara sipped her coffee. “What? You look like you’ve seen a ghost.”

“Don’t get one of those paintings, Mom.” Ella’s heart beat like a drum in her chest. “Um … please … please … have him take you on a vacation instead. Somewhere nice.”

“Well, that would be pleasant.” Mara nodded like she was thinking about it. She was not. “But every woman *but me* seems to have one of The Belle Dame’s gorgeous paintings. You don’t want your poor mother left out, do you?”

Ella could see that arguing would only entrench her mother. She shifted tactics. “Let me come with you. I’ll help you pick one out.” She would make sure they got the most innocuous painting. Nothing that could do anything nefarious in a million years. If The Belle Dame had a portrait of a puppy parade, that’s the one they would get.

“Oh, lovely.” Mara clapped her hands. “Winter break starts after school today. Your father and I will pick you up, and we can celebrate the end of school with some shopping.”

“Great.” Ella plastered a smile on her face. “I can’t wait.”

Chapter 13

The Unhappy Emoji with Pinwheel Eyes

The sound of heavy, rhythmic breathing filled Noah's ears. He opened his eyes a crack. Faint morning light greeted him. He took a few seconds to orient himself, listening to the huffing sound. It was clearly a woman. It sounded like she was working out, or … thoughts from the previous night came back to him. Everyone around him seemed to be having animalistic sex. And now he was hearing … was that Samantha's breathing? He sat up and looked at the floor where his friend had spent the night.

"Oh … hey … you're up," Samantha said between pushups. Sweat glistened on her face. "It's … the strangest … thing. I've been … doing pushups … for … like … an hour."

"You … what?" He would have thought he heard her wrong, but there she was in her pajamas working out, her body straight as a board. Noah scratched his head and furrowed his brow. "But … um … you never work out."

"I … have … dance … lessons." She smiled up at him.

"You know what I mean."

"Yeah … I … know." She pushed off from the floor and propelled herself into a sitting position. She wiped sweat from her forehead. "I'll be honest … with you. After everything we've … been through … together. I'll tell you … that I woke up … really … like … full of hormones." She took a deep breath. "You know what I'm talking about." She nodded to the tent his erection made out of his sheet. "And I had so much energy. I was either going to do something bad or do something good. You know? So, I just … started doing pushups. And I didn't stop."

"I don't understand." That wasn't totally true. Noah understood the horny part, not the energy part. He shook his head.

"It's got to be *the deal*." Samantha rubbed her arms. "Mrs. Palmer said it would accentuate what we had. It pumped up our hormones and strength. I'm sure it did something else, but I'm not sure what." She looked at the tent. "Did she lie about changing our bodies? Because that looks … pretty big."

Noah lifted the sheet and his boxers. He measured with his hand as he always did. He dropped the sheet and looked back at his friend. "It's normal."

"If you say so." Samantha looked dubious. "Why don't you do some pushups and see if it's the same for you?"

“Um …” Noah thought about banging his boner on the floor over and over again. “Maybe later.”

“Oh, yeah.” Samantha gave the tent one last embarrassed look and turned her attention to a poster on the wall of a cat *hanging in there*. “I was thinking that we should test ourselves today and see what the deal did.”

“Or we could just ask Mrs. Palmer.” Noah shrugged. “I have to … take a shower.” He needed to unload like never before. He got out of bed, angling his body so he wouldn’t give her a full view of his morning wood.

“Sure, I’ll take one after you.” Samantha stared at the poster until he was gone. Then her hand immediately slipped under her panties. Her mind bounced between her friend’s boner and what she’d seen through the windows the night before. “I just … need to get this … out of my system.” She tried not to think about the ecstasy on Jessica’s face, the cum and bliss on her mother’s face, and Kathy sleeping in the nude with her mother. But when she managed to push those things out of her mind, she circled back to Noah’s big dick. She fell on her back and rubbed her clit. She prayed Noah wouldn’t return until she was satisfied.

In the shower, Noah gritted his teeth. “Uuuuuuggggghhhhhhhh.” He pumped his cock and spewed on the tile wall, his whole body jerking. Like any eighteen-year-old, he’d had lots of fapping practice. But when he opened his eyes, he’d never seen so much cum. The white stuff slowly slid down the wall. “She … tricked us,” he whispered to himself. “She didn’t change … the outside … she changed the inside.” His hands went back to work. And try as he might, he couldn’t get the image of his mother bent against the wall out of his head. Her jiggling, bouncing body had seared itself into his brain. He worked himself to another orgasm, praying that he would get it all out of his system.

By the time they were ready for school, Noah and Samantha were surreptitiously riding post-orgasmic waves. They felt so good, they completely forgot to ask the painting what it had done to them.

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It was a magnificent morning stretch. Kathy’s body felt wonderfully sore, like it did after a basketball tournament. She arched her back and extended her arms over her head. When she opened her eyes, she was startled to find herself in her parents’ bed. Bewildered, she looked around. The bed smelled like sex. She pulled down the blanket and saw that she was naked and dirty. “What the hell?” She quickly got out of bed. “Mom? Dad?” There was no one about. She went into her parents’ bathroom and took a

shower, trying to remember what had happened the night before. They had seen Paul's uptight mother do unspeakably perverted things. And then … Kathy couldn't remember the rest of the night.

Wrapped in a towel, she went back to her room and dressed. When she went downstairs, she found her parents sitting at the kitchen table. "Morning." They both stared at her with inscrutable expressions. "So, I woke up in your bed this morning. And I'm sort of hazy on last night." She slowly poured herself a bowl of cereal so she wouldn't have to make eye contact. "Did something happen?" She ventured a glance. Her mother gave her an unsure smile. Her father looked away. Her parents' coffee mugs poured steam into the air in front of their faces.

"I told you." Adeline looked at her husband. "She doesn't remember."

"Well, I goddamn remember." Joe's voice was low and faint.

Kathy went to the fridge for milk. Her blood ran cold. She wasn't used to her father swearing in front of her. Her mind ran a mile a minute, trying to fit the different pieces of the puzzle together. She had woken up in their bed. Her parents' must have had sex before she got there, based on the smell. Her father was pissed. Maybe she sleepwalked in there in the morning and interrupted them? It didn't make any sense.

"It's drugs. We need to intervene, Adeline." Joe continued to stare at his coffee.

"It's not drugs! I don't do that stuff. I keep telling you." Kathy's pulse quickened, and her face darkened. She held the gallon of milk in her hand, paused right before the pour. It shook with her rage. "Just … just … get out of my face with that *bullshit*!"

Joe stood quickly and left the kitchen. It was now only Kathy and her mom. Adeline put a hand to her mouth. Her eyes went wide, but she stayed seated.

The surge of anger passed. Kathy poured her milk, grabbed a spoon, and sat in her dad's seat across from her mom. "Well … that was odd." She picked up her father's mug and sipped his coffee.

"You don't … drink coffee, Kath." Adeline stared at her daughter's mouth, wondering if that monstrous tongue would slip out. Her mind was barely present. It was too busy replaying the raptures her daughter had given her throughout the night.

"Well, Dad left it here. And since he was a jerk, I feel like taking his stuff. Is that weird?" Kathy gulped half the coffee and put the mug on the table with a thud. A dark trickle of coffee ran down her chin. She dug into her breakfast, shoveling spoonfuls into her mouth as quickly as she could.

"You're eating like an animal." Adeline didn't know what she'd tell her daughter if she decided to ask more about the night before. But it wasn't an issue. Kathy finished eating,

drank the rest of her father's coffee, and left for school. When she was alone, Adeline stood and went off in search of her husband. They had to come up with some sort of strategy before their strange daughter went completely crazy again.

~~

"Oooohhhhhhhhh … Mom … thank you … thank yyyoooouuuuuuuuuuu." Paul's mother had come into his room, discovered his writhing erection, and immediately set about relieving him with her mouth and hands. Paul's gaze traveled down the arching back of her dress out to the flare of her hips and butt. *What a magical sight.*

"Mmmmmpppppphhhhhhh." Shannon bobbed her head vigorously and pumped his rotund appendage. She knew the Lord would reward her work with marvelous rapture when she brought her son to his finish. The thought spurred her frantic fellatio. She needed to feel that heaven again.

"Welcome to the epistle of fecundity." A clear, confident woman's voice filled the room.

"What?" Paul tensed his muscles and sat up.

With a *plop*, her son's penis fell out of her mouth. Shannon looked wildly about the room, her heart in her throat. They had been caught! The only salient thought she had was that the intruder couldn't be allowed to take this new pleasure from her and Paul.

Mary's laugh teetered on the edge of harshness. "I'm in the painting. Yes, over here." She waved at them, walked around the table, and stood in the foreground. No one else in the painting moved. "You two are walking His path now. You will spread his righteous glory all over … um …" She looked around the room. "Where are we?"

"Clover Falls." Paul opened his arms for his mother, and she climbed onto him, practically curling up on his chest. She didn't know the painting could move, so he guessed the matriarch had given her quite a fright.

"Then, you shall spread your seed about Clover Falls like a mighty dandelion." Mary's smile was broad and inviting. "His will be done."

"Paul … honey. Do you see the woman in the painting? Do you *hear* her?" Shannon outweighed her son by a non-trivial amount, so it was a precarious perch she found on his upper body.

"I can't see her now." Paul's words were muffled by his mother's breast. "Your boob's in my face. But I hear her."

“How charming you two are.” Mary nodded at Paul’s suddenly neglected penis. “I did not mean to interrupt. Please continue.” Mary went back to her seat next to her son, found her familiar pose, and froze in place.

“That was wrong, Paul.” Shannon climbed off her son and sat next to him on the bed. Her heart raced. “Paintings don’t talk.”

“All sorts of new things are happening, Mom. Can you imagine telling yourself a week ago that you would be helping me with my penis?” He watched her shake her head slowly. “You said it, and the painting said it. It’s the Lord’s plan. This is a miracle. Who are we to turn our backs on Him?”

“Yeah … okay.” Shannon put her hands back on her son’s penis and slowly pumped him. “*Trust in the Lord with all your heart* … mmmmmpppppphhhhhhhhhhh.” Her mouth enveloped that great wide head, and she continued from where they were interrupted.

“… *and lean not on your own understanding; in all your ways submit to him, and he will make your paths straight.*” Paul leaned his weight back on his pillow. He gently stroked his mother’s auburn hair. “Like the dandelion … I’m going to … going to … uuuuggggghhhhhhhhhhhh.” He erupted in her mouth.

~~

“Any word from Kathy?” Noah walked down the corridor with Samantha and Ella.

“She only texted me this.” Samantha held up her phone so he could see the unhappy emoji with pinwheel eyes.

“That about sums it up.” Noah stopped in front of room twenty-nine. He knocked. They were early, but Mrs. Price always let them hang out in her classroom when it was chilly out.

“Just a … minute.” Mrs. Price’s voice was faint and muffled.

“Can I just get a reaction to having to shop for one of those paintings with my parents?” Ella stood hunched against the cold, hands thrust in her pockets.

“Don’t do it, Ella.” Samantha frowned at her friend. “Convince her not to buy one. Both my mom and Noah’s mom –”

The classroom door opened and there stood Mrs. Julia Price. She was fixing her hair and straightening her dress at the same time. “Sorry to keep you waiting out in the cold. I was just … um … tutoring your brother, Sam.” She tried, but couldn’t hide her anxiety with the thin smile on her face.

Eddie waddled up behind her and leered at his sister and her friends. “I thought you might stop by here, so I visited Mrs. Price bright and early.” He pinched her round butt out of sight from the others and enjoyed the blond teacher’s little jump of surprise. He was already quite sweaty from humping Julia, but he didn’t want his perspiration to stop, so he started jogging in place, his big belly bouncing in languid W’s under his sweater. “I didn’t get a chance to see you last night, Sam. I wanted to catch up.”

Noah exchanged a look with Samantha. They were both thinking the same thing: Mr. Price would be very unhappy if he knew what sort of tutoring Mrs. Price was giving Eddie. Noah looked over at Ella, but she didn’t make eye contact. She was staring at Eddie like she was a star-struck fan, and he was a movie star. Eddie noticed the attention and smiled at her.

“Hey, Ella. You’re looking pretty this morning.” Eddie nudged Julia out of the doorway.

Ella giggled. “Thank you.”

“I think we’re going to go for a walk before class starts. Sorry to bother you, Mrs. Price.” Noah took Ella by the elbow, Samantha took her other arm, and they dragged her away.

“Later, Mrs. P.” Eddie kissed his teacher on the cheek and jogged after his sister. Blushing profusely, Julia closed her classroom door.

“Don’t follow us, Eddie.” Samantha looked over her shoulder as they quickly hurried away.

“Wait up for a sec, Sam. I want to talk. We can go back to Mrs. P’s class and have a chat.” Eddie caught up to them. He had to dodge a few students heading the other way as the school filled up.

“She’s not going anywhere with you.” Noah spat the words.

“Easy there, cowboy. No one invited you. She’s my sister.” Eddie tried to laugh it off, but the scathing looks he was getting threw off his game.

“We saw what you did. You’re an effing animal.” Noah feinted toward Eddie with a fist and was pleased when he flinched. Noah didn’t even notice how odd a move that was for him.

Eddie stopped in his tracks. *What had they seen?* There were lots of things they could be referring to. He didn’t want to ask. He could tell Ella had been ready for him. But not his sister. He shrugged. Their time would come. He turned around and headed back to room twenty-nine. He still had enough time for one more quickie.

~~

“Hey, Mom.” Hailey found her mother typing away in her office. “I’m going over to Lauren’s place today. I’ll be back late.” She tried to suppress the idiotic grin that spread across her face at the mere thought of spending more time with that magical dick inside her. She carefully slung her backpack onto her shoulder. It contained her trusty bong and some of the best weed in her stash.

“Who’s Lauren?” Jessica’s pussy gushed at the thought of having the house to herself again. She felt like a trained dog with the dinner bell ringing. She looked over at her daughter with a polite smile, her fingers poised about the keyboard.

“You know, Lauren Keitaro?” Hailey shrugged.

“What?” Jessica screwed up her face. “You’re hanging with your friend’s mom? You mean Melanie, right?”

“Oh, yeah. It’s just that it’s Lauren’s house. I mean it’s Mrs. Keitaro’s house. So, I just thought …” Hailey raised her shoulders high in a more elaborate shrug.

“Sure … whatever. Have fun, honey,” Jessica said brightly. She waved as her daughter left, waiting like a statue with her fingers still poised over the keyboard. When she heard the front door close, she shot to her feet, her half-composed email forgotten. She pranced over to the painting, taking off her oversized dress as she moved. She tossed it behind her and stood in her panties, wool socks, and bounce-control bra. “Thomas? We’ve got hours until Noah and Sam come home. Are you there?” She swayed her hips in front of the static image of Thomas, hoping her movements might be described as seductive. The painting didn’t change. “Oh, come on. Don’t make me grab that dildo … that ‘bauble.’ Wouldn’t you be jealous?”

The room was silent while she waited for an answer.

“Come on, Mrs. Palmer … Eloise. Send your son out to me.” Jessica’s brows furrowed. Her whole body suffered from the pins and needles of anticipation and anxiety. “I’ll let you do whatever you want with me, Thomas. You can teach me something new. You can use my mouth. You can even …” She was going to say that he could stick his big thing in her butt, but that was ludicrous. There was no way that would ever happen. “Thomas?”

Jessica stomped her foot. “Fine. I like the dildo better than you anyway.” The lie sounded pathetic even to her ears. She stormed out of the office. Once she was in her bedroom, she paused at the window. Her neighbor was working on his siding. He was in his twenties, tall, and very fit. She stared at him, wondering if he was tall everywhere. “No, Jessica,” she said to herself. “It’s one thing to sleep with a painting. It’s another to seduce a living man. You would never forgive yourself. And neither would Andrew.” She

looked around the room, expecting a counterargument from a materializing Eloise. But she was alone. She took one last long look at her neighbor's backside, and then rushed into the closet. She was thrilled when she found the dildo waiting for her.

~~

The four eighteen-year-old friends took a stroll at lunch. Kathy had just finished telling them about her puzzling morning.

"Well … that is strange." Samantha glanced at Noah. He shook his head at her. It was clear he didn't want to be the one to tell their friend the truth. Samantha didn't either. "I … um … wonder what it means."

"Yeah, really weird." Noah nodded. "Your parents' bed?"

"I must have sleepwalked in there after my mom and dad got up." Kathy scrunched her face up, thinking about the smell. That bed reeked of sex. She didn't tell her friends that part. She caught the scent of someone's lunch on the chilly breeze blowing across the field. Her stomach rumbled. She knew it was cold out, but still she only wore a sleeveless top and leggings. Her friends were all bundled up. She wondered if that was another piece of the puzzle.

"Yeah, maybe." Ella had an idea. "Forgetting a whole evening and sleepwalking is serious, Kathy. Maybe you should convince your mom to exchange the painting for something … less creepy. I mean … it has to be related to that painting."

"No … I think we're going to keep that painting." Kathy said it in a low, confident voice.

Noah and Samantha exchanged another wide-eyed glance. They were going to have to figure out how to protect their friend. Preferably before she went home that night.

Samantha leaned her lips to Noah's ear. "She has to take the deal."

Noah nodded. "Let's hang at my house after school."

"Sure." Kathy gave her friends an odd stare. She wondered what "the deal" was.

"I'll come over after I go shopping with my parents." Ella wasn't really paying attention to her friends. "I'll tell you all about The Belle Dame. It'll work out. You'll see."

"Fine, Ella." Samantha nodded. "Just pick the puppy parade. Nothing creepier than that, okay?"

"Of course." Ella sounded almost pleased with herself.

~~

“Ugh … ugh … ugh … you’ve got me … Lauren.” Hailey looked over her shoulder at the woman plowing her from behind.

“Have you dumped … uh … uh … your boyfriend … yet?” Lauren smiled at Hailey, and then turned her gaze to her daughter where she lay on the floor. Melanie’s legs were spread and cum leaked from her pussy.

“I … will … I … promise.” The only reason Hailey hadn’t dumped him yet was that she’d been too distracted by her sexual awakening. The Keitaros were right. He was worthless. In fact, college itself seemed worthless to Hailey now. She wanted to spend the rest of her days in an ecstatic haze.

“No … more … dick … after today … unless you dump him … and give yourself … to Erato.” Lauren took Hailey’s hair in her hand and pulled her head back. She wanted the young woman to know who she belonged to.

“I swear … ooooohhhhhhhh … I swear … ooohhhhhhhh … I will … give myself … to Erato.” Hailey couldn’t turn her head while in Lauren’s grip, but she looked at the painting in her peripheral vision. She could see Erato humping someone new. Someone with red hair, freckles, and … “Mom!?”

“Giving yourself … won’t be enough.” Erato’s hips slammed into the image of Hailey’s mother. Just as Lauren controlled Hailey, Erato held Jessica by her thick hair with one hand and just under her jaw with the other. “If we are to … truly revel. We need more … more for the bacchanal.” Her crown of branches was crooked on her head, dipping more and more with her body’s jerking movements.

“You want … Mom?” To Hailey’s stoned mind, it made sense. There was symmetry if she brought her mother to them: mother and daughter and mother and daughter. She wondered if her mom would grow a dick like Lauren? Would her mother turn into a rapacious, horny dick-with-legs like the woman behind her? The thought sent her over the edge. “Cumming … I’m cuuuummmiinnnngggg.” Her eyes rolled back in her head.

Later, they had lunch delivered. Lauren made Melanie answer the door naked. Laughing, she came back to the living room with a large bag.

“You should have seen his face. His eyes were this wide.” Melanie made circles with her thumbs and index fingers and held them in front of her face. “Now that I think about it, that’s about how thick your cock is, Mom.” She pushed her sweaty, blue hair out of her face and dropped the bag on the coffee table.

“What cock, sweetie?” Lauren’s tone was demure. She pointed between her own legs where only a pussy could be found. They all laughed, even though it wasn’t particularly funny. It didn’t matter. Everything was hilarious when you were partying. The three women ate noisily as they traded jokes, making a mess of the place. When they finished, the cock returned, and they entwined.

Hailey rode Lauren’s dick, staring into her friend’s eyes.

Melanie sat on her mother’s face, bolts of pleasure shooting up her nerves. “Are you really … going to bring your mom … to us?” She held onto Hailey’s boobs, rubbing her puffy nipples with her thumbs.

“Yes … yes … I was made to party … Mel. I don’t care if she is … uuggghhhhhhhh … my mother. She’s a woman … and she needs … this dick.” Hailey kissed her friend.

“Mmpppphhhhhhhhh.” Melanie needed to tell her friend something. She pushed on Hailey’s tits, removing the probing tongue from her mouth. “There is … nothing better … than fucking your mom … Hailey. You’re going to love it. My whole life … has changed. Yours will … too.”

“Yes … yes … we’re going to teach her to party.” Hailey arched her back, thrusting her chest forward. Another orgasm was bearing down on her. “We’re going to … teach my mom … to fuck … eeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.”

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“And what were you looking for?” Mr. Luci gave the Rizzutos a solicitous smile. The store was empty but for the new arrivals. The Belle Dame had saturated the market, and there were more slow days than busy days lately.

Mara worked hard not to squeal with delight. She couldn’t wait to show off her new painting. She put an arm around her husband, and nodded to her daughter. “Ella is going to help us decide. Why don’t you show her around? We’ll follow.” She slid a hand down to Antonio’s butt at an angle no one could see. He was certainly going to get lucky that night.

“Very well. What are you interested in, Ms. Rizzuto? Setting, theme, subjects?” Mr. Luci led the way toward one of his favorite paintings. It pained him that it had not yet sold.

“Um …” Ella eyed the painting before her with deep mistrust. It depicted a woman playing a violin deep in the forest. A young man reached out for the woman from the shadows. Jessica saw that the two subjects shared the same features and hair. The young man held a short staff of some kind and the head of it glowed red. She shivered.

Ella's attention turned toward the river where a man with blue skin stared covetously at the woman. "Nothing like this, please. Do you have something less …" She wanted to say *creepy* but didn't want to upset her parents. She knew her mother could rescind the offer at any time and pick the most vile painting in the store.

"Anything … less?" Mr. Luci nodded thoughtfully. "You sound very much like my father." He wanted to add, *you're both judgmental bitches*. But he didn't think they'd get the joke, and he could smell a sale. He guided them along the north wall, Ella rejecting painting after painting.

"Ella, sweetheart. You're saying no to everything." Mara didn't care which painting they picked, she simply wanted one of them to call her own. She was running out of patience with her daughter.

"Rather than saying what you *don't* want, why don't you tell the nice man what you *do* want?" Antonio smiled at his sage wisdom.

"Um … well …" Ella found she couldn't look Mr. Luci in the eyes, so she stared at his bowtie. "Do you have anything with puppies?"

Mr. Luci snapped his fingers. "I have the perfect painting for your family." Again, he refrained from adding *you judgmental bitch.* Instead, he chuckled softly to himself as he led them to the back. "This is one of a kind. A painting that is truly a matter of perspective."

Ella stood to the left of the painting and laughed. She saw a round table with dogs playing poker. It was a boring, ubiquitous trope. Completely harmless. "That's the one, Mom. Let's get that one."

"Really?" Mara approached the painting from the right. She saw a round table with women playing poker. They all seemed to be having a good time. One of them even looked a bit like her. "What do you think, Antonio?"

"Sounds good to me." He thought the women looked pretty, especially the one with black, curly hair.

"Fantastic." Mr. Luci guided them to the cash register. "I'll wrap it up for your journey home."

It wasn't until the Rizzutos had the painting hanging on their wall at home that they understood Mr. Luci's comment about perspective. Ella was the first to figure it out. She stared at the painting from the right side of the mantel. Clearly, she could see women playing poker, one of whom looked just like her mother. The dogs had disappeared. But when she moved to the left, the women morphed into dogs. "It's one of those optical illusion paintings." Her heart beat fast as she went back to the right and studied the thing closely.

“An optical illusion?” Mara laughed when her daughter explained it to her. “Well, so it is.” She walked back and forth, changing the painting from women to dogs and back again. She clapped her hands with delight.

“We have to take it back, Mom.” Ella frowned deeply.

“Nonsense, Ella.” Mara smiled at her daughter. “Don’t you see? This is unique. No one else in Clover Falls has an optical illusion painting from The Belle Dame. Just wait until my friends see this.”

Ella was not nearly so pleased. She would have to do something, but had no idea what.

Chapter 14

Eloise's Clutching Finger Marks in the Dirt

"Sorry I'm late." Jimmy Ronning stepped out of the bushes in front of Samantha, Noah, and Kathy. When Kathy stiffened and stepped toward him, he put up his hands like he was under arrest. "Don't hit me. Sometimes today you hit me." He looked over at Noah. "Not every today, but it hurts when she does."

Confused, Kathy put herself between Jimmy and her friends. "What did you just say?"

"Look, I'm just trying to do it right." Jimmy started walking down the sidewalk like he expected them to all go for a stroll. When no one followed him, he backtracked and leaned against a gnarled tree. "I think I figured it out, thanks to you. So, I wanted to give you the message that you wanted me to give to you."

"What are you even talking about?" Samantha tried to be kind whenever she could, but Jimmy had earned brusque treatment. "Just … go away."

"Fair … that's fair." Jimmy smiled wistfully, like he knew a sad truth they didn't. He looked at Noah. "I'm sorry I picked on you. You didn't deserve it. I'm sorry for a lot of things. You don't know how many times I spent today in bed, feeling sorry for *myself*. But that's over. Now that I've kissed her, I think I'll finally see tomorrow." His smile widened into something showing real joy.

"Are you high?" Noah barely recognized his bully. It was like he had turned into a theater geek overnight.

"I wish." Jimmy shook his head. "Anyway, again, I'm sorry I'm late." He looked at Samantha. "You asked me to tell you, so here I am. Don't let Ella come over."

Samantha and Noah exchanged a mystified look.

"And Kathy, don't meet the Painted Lady." Jimmy clapped his hands together like his work was done. "I'm not sure what it means. I've been busy with my own stuff. But you keep telling me to tell you those things. Usually I do it at school, but you probably noticed I skipped today to spend time with my mom. Anyway, I owed you that. We're even now. With any luck, I'll see you all on the flipside." He waved and disappeared back into the bushes.

"What in the heck was that all about?" Kathy looked over at her friends.

"That made no sense." Noah shook his head.

“But …” Samantha thought things over. “Maybe it’s the painting his family bought. Something like an *Alice in Wonderland* type thing.”

“He did seem mad as a hatter.” Noah nodded.

“What was that stuff about me and the Painted Lady?” Kathy started walking again and her friends moved quickly to catch up with her long strides.

“Well … um … the lady in Noah’s painting might have a solution for your sleepwalking.” Samantha frowned. “But I have no idea how Jimmy knew about that. Noah?”

“I didn’t tell him anything.” Noah’s frown matched Samantha’s. “Maybe Ella said something? What did Jimmy say about Ella?”

“He said she shouldn’t come over.” Kathy felt like she was missing something big. But she didn’t know what it was.

“Well, that’s stupid. She has to tell us about her new painting.” Samantha considered all the fires that she needed to put out. Her mother and Eddie. Noah’s mom, and maybe his sister. Ella’s painting. Kathy’s mom. Jimmy … and whatever he’d gotten himself into. Paul and *his* mom. She was probably forgetting something. It was all too much, and she was sure it was just the tip of the iceberg.

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“Hi, Eddie.” Ella smiled shyly when her friend’s brother opened the door. “I got your text. What did Sam need me to pick up?”

“Come on in, Ella.” Eddie knew he looked ridiculous jogging in place, but he didn’t care. “I’ll get it for you.”

“Okay.” Ella stepped inside the house. Her pussy tingled. Her mind fogged over.

“Hello, dear.” Debra Wright stepped into the hall. “Here, let me help you with your shoes.” She bent down and began untying Ella’s sneakers.

“Mrs. Wright?” Ella stared down at the woman, her attention drawn to her glinting wedding ring as her fingers worked the laces. “What are you doing here?” Mrs. Wright lived next door to the Owens family. Ella knew that Samantha cat-sit for the Wrights when they went on vacation.

“I have a few of the neighborhood moms helping out around the house.” Eddie smiled at them over his shoulder. “Mrs. Wright is one of the best.”

“I’m sorry, dear. He told me I had to take off your socks, too.” Debra neatly lined up Ella’s shoes by the door and slowly pulled off Ella’s socks. “And I’m really sorry about the next part. But I’m supposed to make sure your toes are clean.”

“You … what?” Ella’s brain felt so fuzzy, she was sure she hadn’t heard right.

“Did you get the toes, Mrs. Wright?” Eddie called. He had disappeared into the kitchen.

“Just doing it now,” Debra called back. She lifted the eighteen-year-old’s foot, bent her head, and sucked Ella’s toes into her mouth. Carefully and diligently, the wife and mother rolled her tongue from one toe to the next.

“Holy … shit.” Ella watched the woman obscenely make out with her foot. She was too confused and buzzed to do anything but stare. Once she got over the shock, she realized that Mrs. Wright’s tongue felt delightful.

“Let her treat you like a princess, Ella.” Eddie’s voice echoed down the hall to them. “You deserve it.”

“Ooohhhhhhh … I do?” Ella watched the woman remove Ella’s foot from her mouth, gently put it on the ground, and then lift up the other one. The toes of her other foot were soon in her mouth. “Ooooooooohhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Ella’s pussy had gone from tingling to full-on cascade.

“Mmmpppphhhhhhh,” Debra said around the girl’s toes. She took the foot out of her mouth and placed it on the floor. “There now. All clean. Do you need anything else, dear?” She looked up at Ella from her kneeling position with hope in her eyes.

“Um … no thank you.” Ella watched the woman stand, straighten her dress, and rush away. Alone in the hall now, Ella walked slowly in the direction Eddie had gone. “That was … really weird, Eddie.”

“I’m in the kitchen,” Eddie said.

Ella knew where that was. She turned a corner and saw Lindsey Owens preparing dinner. Eddie sat on the counter next to her. He moved his hand quickly into his lap. Ella couldn’t be sure, but she thought he’d been touching his mom when she walked in. “So …” Ella tried to get her bearings. “Hello, Mrs. Owens.”

“Hello, Ella.” Lindsey looked over at Eddie’s classmate, smiled, and went back to chopping garlic.

“What was I supposed to pick up?” Ella stared at her friend’s mom’s backside. Mrs. Owens was wearing a very tight dress, and sporting a very curvy figure. The dress hugged her body so closely, Ella could clearly see that the woman wasn’t wearing a bra or panties. It occurred to Ella that alarm bells had been going off in her head since Mrs.

Wright had done … that thing … to her toes. But the alarms were faint, a distant lighthouse in a storm.

“You’re here to pick up the Big D.” Eddie laughed.

Lindsey swatted her son’s arm. “Don’t talk like that.”

“Big … D?” Ella was so confused.

“Just show her and get it over with,” Lindsey whispered to her eighteen-year-old son.

“Fine.” Eddie hopped down from the counter. Quickly, he dropped his pants and underwear. His massive erection flopped out in the open for all to see.

Ella took in several shuddering deep breaths. The air in the Owens’ home smelled overly saccharine and cloying. She stared at his thing. It curved to the right, and the fat, bulbous head was a much darker shade than his light skin. She put her hand to her mouth. She could see his pulse beating as it bounced ever so slightly. She had only ever been with one boy, and he was nothing like this. She didn’t even remember seeing veins on that other penis, but Eddie’s was crisscrossed with evil-looking blue wonders. Ella didn’t realize that Eddie’s mom had moved until she felt a gentle touch on her shoulder.

“She has such pretty hair, Eddie. It’s even blacker than mine. And so curly.” Lindsey brushed some of Ella’s hair behind her ear. Her hand continued down Ella’s top and cupped her boob. “She’s a bit skinnier than you like.”

“Skinnier than you, you mean.” Eddie laughed.

“Um …” Ella was so mesmerized by the giant penis that she hadn’t fully registered that Samantha’s mother was feeling her up.

“She’s short, too.” Lindsey was a tall woman, and Ella was maybe eight inches shorter.

“Stop finding fault, Mom.” Eddie scowled at his mother. “She’s hot. Undress her so we can see just how hot.”

“Um … I don’t … um …” Ella’s thoughts couldn’t find any traction. “Undress?” She offered no resistance as Lindsey pulled down her leggings and panties in one go. “I have to go. I have to go tell Sam and Noah about the new painting. The women turn into dogs … playing poker.” Despite her words, she stepped out of her clothes when her friend’s mother bent down to tug them off.

“Painting?” Eddie took his eyes off her slim legs and focused on her distant, brown eyes. “Did the painting … um … talk to you? There’s this thing that lives under the lake and it’s been telling me …” Eddie burst out laughing. His guffaws bounced around the kitchen. “That sounds fucking crazy. Never mind about that shit. You can tell my sister about your painting when you see her.”

“She has a small butt, Eddie.” Lindsey turned Ella around to show her son the small, heart-shaped ass. She gauged his reaction and saw his frown. “Sorry, honey. I didn’t mean to find fault. I’ll do what you asked.” Lindsey pulled the girl’s top off.

Ella was now facing away from Eddie. She looked over her shoulder to keep his dick in view while Lindsey pulled off her bra. Any other time, Ella would have covered her boobs in a panic, but she didn’t seem to care at the moment. She let them hang out in the open.

“Say something nice about her, Mom.” Eddie agreed with his mom that Ella’s butt was a little small, but its shape pulled at his heartstrings. Well, maybe not his heartstrings … maybe … his ball-strings. That was a weird thought. She made him horny, that was the important part.

“Well, her breasts are big for her stature.” Lindsey spun the girl back to face her son and stepped back. “And they’re perky.” Most teenagers had perky boobs, but he’d asked her to say something nice. She didn’t approve of the girl being naked in her home, but her vagina gushed nonetheless.

“You can go back to making dinner, Mom.” Eddie waved away his mother. He watched her return to the counter and turned his attention to Ella. “Do you have much practice with blowjobs? Giving them, I mean.”

Ella shook her head, her eyes never leaving Eddie’s dick.

“Well, Mrs. Wright is pretty good, and she can teach you later.” Eddie took off his shirt and tossed it on the neat, folded pile of Ella’s clothes his mom had left on the chair. “But she had to go home for dinner. Gotta keep up appearances, right?” He stepped close to Ella and traced his finger down her tit. “You’re trembling.” He playfully bounced her nipple with his fingertip. “Are you … also wet?” With his other hand, he reached down between her legs. “Like a fucking swamp. I guess I have that effect on women.”

Lindsey made a snorting noise but didn’t look over from her knife work on the broccoli.

Eddie ignored his mother. “Since you’re ready, we can get right down to fucking.” He took Ella by the elbow and moved her over to the counter a few feet away from where his mother was working. He leaned Ella on her elbows and got behind her.

“I’m not sure we should … eeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” Ella’s body clenched as he entered her. Her whole universe was reduced to the very large thing worming its way into her way-too-small hole.

“Shh … ugh … relax … it’ll fit.” Eddie could see every muscle on her back tense. The room vibrated with the guttural wail that escaped her throat. He’d heard myriad strange sounds from women lately, but never anything like that.

“Nnnnnnnggggggggggg.” Ella surprised herself by pushing her hips back into Eddie. “Gonna … make … it … fit.”

“She certainly has a can-do attitude.” Lindsey tore some parchment paper and put it on a sheet pan. Her tone was light, but the rutting was getting to her. It was impressive to see this girl throw herself onto what must have been her first real penis.

“How … deep … Eddie?” Ella’s strange wail was only interrupted by her strained words.

“You love … the cock … huh?” Eddie slid his hands into place on her hips. Her ass was still too small for him. Their relative size made him self-conscious about his belly. But otherwise, this was better than expected. “It’s about … halfway … in.”

“It feels like … you put a tree … in meeeeeeeeeeeee.” Ella wiggled her hips, trying to stretch herself around his cock.

“It takes some time getting used to.” Eddie looked over at his mother. “How long before you got used to it?”

“I still haven’t gotten used to it, honey.” Lindsey put some carrots into the oven. “But the first time it took …” She screwed up her face while thinking. “… about five minutes to feel good. And then another five to feel *really* good. And by the look on your friend’s face, I’d say it’s already feeling pretty sweet.” She quickly turned away from them so Eddie wouldn’t see the jealousy on her face.

“You’re … in … my … belly.” Ella had come over to pick up something for Samantha. In the short time since she’d knocked on their door, her world had been flipped and scattered. There was no room left in her mind for her friends or the poker painting.

“That’s because … ughhhhhh … I’m all the way … in.” He took a few tentative thrusts. Her pussy was a wet vise. The sensation was delightful. “I … love your pussy … Ella. I have to … uh … uh … uh … fuck more people … my own age.” He glanced at his mom. “No offence, Mom. You’re great … too.” He was now humping Ella in earnest. The fine muscles in her back relaxed each time he pulled back and tensed into little knots when he pushed in.

“That’s fine …” Lindsey reminded herself that when all the other women went home, she was still there for her son. She was the most important woman in his life. “Just watch your language, Eddie. I know you have your needs. But being crass is a decision.”

“Sorry … Mom.” Eddie wasn’t sorry in the slightest. He’d probably make his mother say some dirty words later. He had learned over the past few days that women could care less about him when he wasn’t sweating. After working up a good sweat, they were inclined to give him what he wanted, but some still might bolt. Like his sister had done. Once he had his dick inside them, they would pretty much do whatever he asked. “Hey … uh … uh … Ella … tell me how much you love … my cock.”

“Nnnnnnnggggggggggggg,” Ella said through clenched teeth. Her eyes rolled back and her head bounced each time she absorbed an impact from the rear. Pleasure surged through her like a dry wash hit with a flash flood. Her mind was beyond speech. “Lllllllllvvvvvvvvvvv.”

“Okay … maybe later.” He supposed women gave him what he wanted as much as their brains would allow. Ella was too far gone at the moment. Eddie gripped her hips tighter and concentrated on the mating.

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“Have you heard anything from Ella?” Noah brought Samantha and Kathy glasses of water from the sink.

“Nah.” Kathy shook her head and chugged the water. She wiped her lips, smiled, and handed Noah back the glass. He went to refill it.

Samantha pulled her phone out of her backpack and checked. “Nothing. Just the text about the dogs playing poker.”

“Yeah, okay.” Noah handed Kathy another glass of water and watched her gulp it down.

“So, do we go to your mom’s office and ask the painting directly?” Samantha sipped her water.

“I don’t want to interrupt my mom … in case she’s …” Noah’s face darkened.

“If she’s … you know … shouldn’t we *try* to interrupt her?” Samantha put her phone back in her backpack.

“Good point.” Noah nodded.

Kathy looked back and forth between her friends. Noah and Samantha seemed to be on a different wavelength than her lately. “And what about Jimmy’s warning? About me and the Painted Lady. And about Ella coming over here.”

“He looked at me and said ‘Don’t let Ella come over.’ I’m not sure he meant don’t let her come over here. Maybe it was my house … or something else.” Samantha rubbed the back of her neck. “I wish I’d asked Jimmy what he meant. I was too confused by how he was acting.”

“He was acting crazy. I think it’s safe to ignore anything he said.” Noah balled his fists. *The less time they spent thinking about Jimmy Ronning the better.* “So, let’s try my mom’s office.” Noah led the way.

Samantha put down her glass and followed, Kathy between them. Her tall friend always moved like an athlete, but Kathy's body now had an additional languid grace. Samantha flexed her arm. Her muscles hadn't grown, but she'd experimented with her strength throughout the day. She wondered who was stronger now that she'd taken the deal, her basketball star friend or petite Samantha? Then she remembered Kathy carrying both her and Ella with ease. She would probably defer to her friend's strength.

"Mom? Are you in here?" Noah peeked around the open doorway. He audibly exhaled when he found the office empty. He turned on the lights and closed the door after them. His mother had never said anything about his not being allowed in her office. Despite that, he felt like he was trespassing. "Mrs. Palmer?" He walked slowly across the room toward the painting with his hands in front of him, like he was approaching a wild animal. No one moved in the painting. Noah frowned. There were only two subjects present. Thomas was missing. "We need to talk, Mrs. Palmer." As he studied the artwork, Mr. Palmer turned and walked out of frame and disappeared. Noah blinked. Eloise sat like a statue. He turned to his friends. "Did you see that?"

"Yeah … dude wanted no part of this." Kathy tried to chuckle, but it came out strained. Heat ran up and down her body. Her ears filled with the crashing waves of her pulse. *I should be outside … running.* She looked around the room, trying to fight the sensation that the walls were closing in on her.

"I'm getting a bad feeling. Maybe we should have listened to Jimmy." Samantha twisted her blond hair in her hand. "We can find another way to protect Kathy from her –"

"Did you say Kathy is here?" Eloise stood and walked to the foreground of the painting, shielded her eyes like she was looking a great distance, and gazed out at them. "Kathy Bly? Oh, goody." Eloise clapped her hands and seamlessly stepped into the office, leaving the painting empty.

"I feel … I feel …" Kathy's mind swam.

"Hello, Mrs. Palmer." Samantha could hear her tall friend's heavy breathing. She put a hand on Kathy's back. "Don't be scared. It's okay."

Kathy wasn't frightened in the least. She was hungry.

"Kathy, this is Mrs. Eloise Palmer. Mrs. Palmer, this is Kathy." Noah stepped between them.

"Charmed." Eloise's smile faded as she moved closer to the teenagers. She pulled her hand back from an offered shake.

"Kathy?" Noah looked over at his friend. She was breathing so heavily he could see her shoulders rising and falling. Her tongue hung out of her mouth. "What the … ? Your tongue … it's … *long*." He took an involuntary step back.

“You’re scaring me, Kathy.” Samantha stepped away, too, angling toward Noah.

“The woman before you is a lie. Her spurious world will swiftly die.” Kathy took a step toward Eloise and paused before shifting her weight as if testing the floor. She could smell a wild scent wafting off the Painted Lady. Kathy’s nostrils flared. Eloise was the queen bitch of a rival pack, intent on marking Kathy’s territory and making it her own. A low growl vibrated from the back of Kathy’s throat.

“Hello … Kathy … I’ve been wanting to meet you.” It was Eloise’s turn to hold her hands up like an animal tamer. “If we could have a conversation, I’m sure we could –”

Noah watched in horror as Kathy launched herself at Eloise. They crashed together, and the force of the attack carried them across the room. Before he could get another word out, Kathy pinned Eloise’s back to the painting.

“Stop this … at once … young lady.” Eloise turned her face to the side, her lips pressed together when Kathy’s long tongue probed her icy cheek.

“Kathy … don’t!” Samantha reached for Noah and they hugged each other for want of a better plan. Slowly, the struggling women pushed into the wall. It took Samantha a moment to realize they were sliding into the painting. “The painting!” But it was too late. Both Kathy and Eloise tumbled into the painting. Now just pigment and brushstrokes, they tumbled and struggled in front of the rosebush. Eloise managed to free herself long enough to reach for her chair, but only managed to push it on its side. Kathy got hold of one of the woman’s ankles and dragged her. The last Noah and Samantha saw of them, Eloise was clawing the ground for purchase. And then they vanished out of frame.

“Kathy?” Noah tried to keep the panic out of his voice. “Kathy!?!” He approached the painting. Eloise’s chair was still on its side and a patch of flowers was uprooted. He could see Eloise’s clutching finger marks in the dirt. The world squeezed in on Noah, and his lungs took shallower and shallower breaths.

“Holy … shit!” Samantha stared at the painting. “Noah?” She turned to her friend. He was wheezing in her arms. “It’s one of your attacks. Shit … shit … what do I do?” They were too late to save Clover Falls. And it seemed that Samantha was even too late to save her friends. She was torn between racing to find Jessica and staying with her friend. She decided she couldn’t leave him all alone with the painting, so she pulled him close like his mother had done and stroked his back. “Shh … it’s going to be okay. I’m here. I’m here. It’s going to be okay.” But she knew they had wandered far, far away from okay.

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Ella lay on the dining room floor, her legs spread wide. She looked up at Eddie and his mother eating dinner like this was all normal. He was naked, Mrs. Owens still wore her dress. Ella opened her mouth to say something, but didn't know what would come out. She needed someone to bring some sanity back into that house. It clearly wasn't going to be Lindsey Owens, who nibbled on some broccoli and ignored Ella. "Where's your dad?"

"She speaks." Eddie laughed and looked down at her. "He's in the living room. He always zones out when I get … frisky. Another hour or two and he'll be asking about dinner. You should probably close your legs before then."

"He just sits there … while you …?" Ella closed her legs and sat up.

Eddie shrugged. "That's what he does. I think deep down he knows Mom needs what I've got, so he just gets himself out of the way."

"Now … Eddie." Lindsey blushed but didn't argue.

"Wait … your dad was in the house the whole time I've been here. He listened to … what we did. *Both* your parents know?" Ella looked for some clothes to cover herself up, but her things weren't in the dining room. She covered her boobs with her arm and her pussy with her hand.

"He's in the living room … like I said." Eddie picked up a piece of broccoli and tossed it onto the floor. "Are you hungry? You were working really hard for …" He checked the clock. "… a couple hours."

"I have to go." Ella stood on shaky legs.

"Sure, you could go. Or we could go for one more round." Eddie smiled pleasantly at her. "After today, no more dick for you. So, if you want to get the Big D out of your system, this is your chance."

Ella looked at Lindsey.

"I live here, sweetie." She raised an eyebrow. "I get to have it all the time."

"Um …" Ella licked her lips. "I don't know."

"I think it's time for that blowjob lesson. You're going to love having it in your mouth." Eddie picked up his phone and sent out a text. "I just asked Mrs. Wright to come back over. She can tutor you and whatnot. Let me tell you, that woman can do things with her tongue that you wouldn't believe." Eddie rubbed his chin. "Well, actually, you would believe it. She's amazing with those toes, right?"

"What do you want me to do?" Ella's voice dropped. "If this is really the last time …"

“Climb under the table like a good bitch and get to know my dick.” Eddie spread his legs for emphasis. “I’m going to continue having a pleasant dinner with my mother. When Mrs. Wright comes over, she’ll help you with the finer points.” He looked over at Ella, who stood staring at him, her breasts still covered with her arm. “Well? Get to it.”

Ella dropped to her knees and crawled under the table. If Eddie hadn’t had that intoxicating dick, there would have been an Ella-shaped hole in the door. But he did. And she couldn’t pass up on one more round with it. When she got close, she could smell the sex on him. Their combined cum was pungent and overpowering. He was soft now but still much longer than she would have thought possible. His penis hung off the front of his seat, its many veins forming little ridges. She reached out and touched it. Electricity moved through her fingers. In no time at all, she was nursing it back to life with her mouth.

“You under-salted the broccoli, Mom.” Eddie was still munching away.

“I’m sorry, Eddie. Would you like me to get the salt?” Lindsey pushed her chair back and headed into the kitchen without being asked. When she returned, her son had his head leaned back and his eyes closed. Lindsey didn’t think Ella would need much training from Debra based on her son’s reaction. But no one had asked Lindsey what she thought. She sprinkled salt on his food, sat in her seat, and continued her dinner.

Chapter 15

The Rest of Clover Falls Could Burn

"Thomas! Thomas!" Eloise twisted away from Kathy's grip, pushed her into the rosebush, and ran into the mansion. She paused, wondering where best to hide. It was quiet and still. Thomas didn't show. He wasn't going to save her. He was busy with Jessica Reader.

The rhythmic *tick … tock …* of the grandfather clock beat much slower than her pumping heart. Or maybe it beat with her actual heart. What was her current body but a shadow of a dream? A howl reverberated through the doorway. She slammed the door. Would her husband's evil room work? She imagined what the bear could do to the young Miss Bly and shuddered. She didn't want to kill the poor girl.

The front door thumped and rattled on its hinges. She had spent too long deciding. She raced toward the living room. She could hear wood splinter and glass crash to the floor behind her. She hadn't been hunted in over a century. It was almost thrilling. Almost.

"A painted house and painted door." Kathy snarled. She pulled off her socks and shoes and tossed them away. Her bare toes pressed into the polished wood floor. "Now I'm hunting a painted …" A scent caught her. She lifted her nose and followed the woman's trail. She moved to her right down a hallway, past the kitchen. At the end of the hall was a large living room with a roaring fire. Kathy tore at her clothes as she entered, shredding them. Soon she was wearing only her panties and one leg of her leggings.

Eloise paused, her hand on the hidden switch that opened the hearth. She turned toward the predator who had clearly been reduced to her most basic instincts. She put her hands on her hips and gave Kathy an icy smile. "You'll find me implacable. It would be best if we talked things out."

As Kathy leapt across the room, her mind glanced off the surface of several thoughts. There were trophies of dead animals on the walls. She hated that. Her quarry looked so similar to Noah's mother that Kathy's heart almost melted. Jessica Reader had always been warm and kind to Kathy. And she was … beautiful. Kathy reached out as she flew through the air, grasping at the woman.

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“Wait … ugh … wait … Thomas.” Jessica was bent over the sink in the main floor bathroom. Her dress was up around her waist and her panties down around her ankles. Thomas’s majestic, frigid penis thrust into her from behind. She stifled her grunts and listened. It was hard to hear anything with the door closed and the slapping of her butt cheeks on Thomas’s hips. “Wait.”

“I cannot wait … uh … uh … uh … and neither can … you.” Thomas reached for her hair, but she turned and dislodged him before he could grab on.

“Just … wait.” Jessica panted and listened. There it was again. The sound of Samantha screaming Jessica’s name. There weren’t many things that could get her to willingly leave Thomas right after they started, but the thought that her son was in trouble was certainly one. “I … have to … go.” She pulled up her panties and dropped her dress. “I’m sorry. If it’s nothing, I’ll be right back. Stick around.” She kissed his cheek and left the bathroom.

It occurred to Jessica that she’d forgotten about dinner again. Maybe Samantha was calling for her because she and Noah were hungry. No, she was too polite a girl to do that. She heard her scream again. That didn’t sound like hunger. It sounded like desperation. Had something terrible happened to Noah? “Sam … honey?” She heard the scream again and located it. They were in her office. She changed directions and ran down the hall.

“Mrs. Reader! Mrs. Reader!” Samantha held Noah close. She could hear him gasping. “Breathe … Noah … breathe.” She rubbed his back hard, trying to break the panic that gripped him.

“Oh … my. Another one?” Jessica swept into her office and raced across the room. She dropped to her knees next to the eighteen-year-olds. “Give him to me, honey.” She held out her arms and took her son. She gently rested his head against the upper slope of her bosom and caressed his hair. “Mommy’s here. It’s okay, Noah. Mommy’s here.”

Samantha scooted back until she reached the wall. She felt herself an intruder to an intimate moment. Thankfully, the Readers seemed perfectly unaware of her. Samantha breathed a sigh of relief when she saw Noah’s back expand with a breath. She wondered what Jessica could do that Samantha couldn’t. She watched them lovingly cuddle, and then Noah lifted his head off his mother’s breast.

“I’m … okay … Mom.” Noah looked into his mother’s beguiling green eyes. With his face near her cleavage and her warm, spicy breath on him, he was so close to his recurring dreams. “But Kathy … she fell into … the painting.”

“Shh.” Jessica put a finger to his lips. His full, strong lips. She didn’t focus on his words, she was so drawn to his comely face. Her whole body buzzed from her interrupted session with Thomas. She was high on bliss, but also frustratingly cut off from it. And

Noah was hers, and full of life, and his face was so easy to look at. She could see the shape of her own eyes in his, and they had almost the same nose. He had his father's jaw, but … Jessica found her lips pressed against his. She had kissed him without meaning to. Rather than recoil, her tongue slipped into his mouth. A thrill went down her spine when he kissed her back. They had done this before, and the familiarity rushed back to her. Her vagina was wet from Thomas, but it was still gushing without him. She was creaming for her son. "Mmmmpppppphhhhhhhh." She ran her hand up the back of his head, took a fistful of hair, and pressed his face into hers.

Samantha tried to say something, but no words came out. Her jaw dropped. She could do nothing but stare. After what she'd seen with her own mother and brother, this seemed almost wholesome, and … she had been horny ever since she took the deal. Now her libido went into overdrive. *Noah's kissing his mom right in front of me. Noah's kissing his mom. He's kissing his mom. Noah's kissing his mom.* Her mind was stuck in a loop. She fought to keep her hands from touching herself. The Readers would notice her eventually.

"Mmmmmpppphhhhhhh." Noah melted in his mother's arms. This was different than the first time they kissed. There was more passion. More longing. And he was … hornier. He allowed himself to think of his mother's curves, to run his hands along them. He let the crashing wave of the moment roll over him. She was more than her lofty position in his life. She was a woman. A gorgeous woman who was clearly into him. He was well and truly lost for what seemed like an eternity. And then Kathy popped back into his mind, and he broke the kiss.

"Oh … Noah." Jessica stared blankly at her son's face, only inches from hers. Her eyelids fluttered, her lips parted, and she slowly leaned in for another kiss.

"No … Mom." Noah scrambled away from her. He backed right into Samantha. His heart froze. She'd been sitting there the whole time. He didn't wallow in his shame. "Kathy. Kathy fell into the painting, Mom."

"What?" Jessica wiped her lips with the back of her hand. She looked at the smeared lipstick on her skin like it was some sort of mystery.

Samantha came to a decision. She would completely ignore what had just happened and focus on saving the people that needed saving. "Kathy was in a fight with Mrs. Palmer. They were struggling and fell into the painting."

"Nonsense." Jessica slowly stood and looked at the work of art. It was bereft of subjects. "Where did they all go?" Well, Thomas was probably still in the bathroom. *Did a painted man need to masturbate if his partner left before they finished their sex?* Frederick always disappeared whenever the others started moving. And Eloise was … she was … "Eloise wouldn't hurt anyone." Jessica prayed that was true. Her blood ran cold.

“She didn’t start the fight, Mom. Kathy did.” Noah explained what had happened.

While Noah talked to his mom, Samantha tested the canvas with her finger. It was as solid as could be. There was no way inside that she could see. The fallen chair and Eloise’s finger marks in the dirt were the only evidence that Kathy had fallen into the painting.

When her son finished his story, Jessica ran her fingers through her copper hair. She took several deep breaths. “Not long ago, I would have said you were crazy. But I’ve seen things … all sorts of things. So, Eloise has been *talking* to you, Noah?” She tried to gauge his reaction. She wondered if the Painted Lady had seduced her son. Then she wondered what the two of them would look like entwined. The thought flustered her, and she decided that would be one of the many things she would pointedly not think about.

“Yes, she offered to help us with the other paintings.” Noah looked to Samantha for support. How much should they tell his mom?

“Strange things have been happening in Clover Falls.” Samantha told their tale, almost all of it. She was light on descriptions, however.

“Oh … my … oh … my, my, my.” Jessica turned and sat heavily in her desk chair. “I’ve been recommending The Belle Dame to clients. How many people have I …?” She looked at the teenagers. She almost told them the nefarious and erotic deeds she had committed. But she couldn’t bring herself to do it. “Sweet Margaret Vitova. I had her buy that painting with the two queens. And Peggy Ronning purchased that one with the family looking at a strange Rubik’s cube. And …” She thought about all of them. Wondering what had become of them. What did those paintings mean? She turned her focus back to Noah and Samantha. “How do we rescue Kathy? Tell me what to do. And I’ll do it.”

“I don’t know.” Noah felt panic building in him again. When Samantha slipped her hand in his, the gesture calmed him. “Mrs. Palmer was our only lead to help Kathy. And now she’s gone.”

“There’s another Palmer that might help us.” Jessica stood and headed out of the office. “Come on.” She looked over her shoulder to make sure the teenagers were following her. It warmed her heart to see them holding hands. Thank goodness she hadn’t blown it for Noah when she’d kissed him in front of that sweet girl.

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“I don’t like the way Paul has been behaving the last few days. And you’re enabling him.” Matthew frowned at his wife. They sat on the sofa in his office, overlooking the backyard.

“Paul and I have always been close, Matthew.” Shannon plastered the best smile she could on her face. “We raised him to honor his mother and father. He loves us.”

“You let him skip several days of school. And he hardly comes out of his room.” Matthew shivered. Somehow the thought of his son coming out of his room was worse than him hiding in it. “You’re too easy on him. *Whoever spares the rod hates his son, but he who loves him is diligent to discipline him*.”

“Are you planning on using your rod, Dad?” Paul ambled into his father’s office and stood before his parents. He had his hands behind his back. His writhing penis was full and obvious under his corduroys. He wanted both parents to see. His mother would know he needed her attention. And his father would understand what was replacing him. “I see you’ve both noticed.” He smiled when their gazes fixed on his crotch.

“There’s something going on …” Matthew’s words trailed off.

“Take a hike, Dad. Mom and I want to be alone.” Paul continued to smile pleasantly.

“How dare you talk to me that way. You’re eighteen. I’m your father. This is my office. If you and your mother have something to discuss you can –” Matthew was interrupted.

“I’m going to use my rod on Mom.” Paul chuckled. A rush of pleasure surged through him. He had always been his parents’ humble servant. Now he had all the power. God’s power. Paul only served Him now.

“Okay.” Matthew lowered his head, stood, and quickly exited the office, closing the door after him.

Shannon stared at her son. “This has gone too far, Paul.” Her face was slack. She could almost taste his saltiness in her mouth and the ecstasy that came with it. “What I’ve been doing with you has to stay a secret. Your father suspects now. What if he asks me directly? I can’t lie to him.”

“Oh, he knows. Did you see the way he looked at me when he closed the door? I like that he knows.” Paul shrugged. “Now, we don’t have to hide.”

“Paul, dearest, I think we should stop and think –”

“I’ve been talking to Mary in the painting, and she says it’s time for some changes.” Paul lowered his pants and underwear. He kicked them away, and they landed on his father’s desk. “You know how you keep saying that you try to make your mouth feel like a vagina when you give me oral sex?”

Shannon nodded slowly. She gazed at the miraculous wonder between his legs. His poor testicles were a very frustrated shade of blue. “Don’t you like when I do that, sweetie?”

“Yeah, sure. But I think it’s time we cut out the middle man or … um … the middle mouth.” He took her hand and pulled her to her feet. He removed her dress, bra, and panties. She didn’t help him, but she didn’t hinder his efforts either. “Gosh, Mom. I think your boobs are getting bigger.” He pushed her back down on the sofa. She looked up at him with expectation.

“I think you’re right.” Shannon’s eyes were wide with wonder. She reached out and stroked his penis, a movement that had become an almost reflexive action around her son. It quieted in her hands, bringing her pride at having tamed it yet again. “My breasts have been achy too. I feel almost like I’m going through a second puberty.” She leaned her mouth toward his penis, but he moved before she could suck him in.

“Cool.” Paul spread her legs and squatted between them. It was awkward with her sitting on the sofa, but he didn’t think to move her. His only thought was to put it inside her. Apparently, his smaller head had the same idea. It squirmed as if it could see her opening and pushed its way in.

“Ooooooooohhhhhhhhhh. It’s too … big.” Shannon’s face twisted.

“Your mouth doesn’t need to … ugh … be a vagina anymore. Your vagina is the only vagina I need.” Paul watched her carefully. He would remember this moment forever. Her eyes bulged and her mouth opened and closed repeatedly. She looked like a fish out of water. He leaned his hips into her and let his penis slide in. “Your mouth … is good … but this … is better. It’s tight … so tight.”

“Oh … Paul.” She held out her arms to him like she was welcoming him home after long travels.

“A good son does not … uggghhhhhhh … spare his mother … the rod.” He pulled his hips back and thrust forward. He did this again and again. Soon, they were violently smashing together. He watched her breasts shake and jiggle as her body absorbed what he gave her. Her silver cross bounced from one boob to the other. “Will you … be a good mommy … uh … uh … uh … and take the rod?”

“Yes … Paul … yes … Paul.” She found that he hadn’t destroyed her as she’d feared. He fit better than her husband ever had. His penis moved inside her, seeking out her weak points. “God … made us … so that we might … fit together … like this. It’s … oooohhhhhhhhh … His plan. And I’m … oohhhhhhhhhh … going to … eeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” She tried to throw her head back, but the sofa prevented her. Instead, she pressed into the cushion, her body rigid. Over the last few days, when she had swallowed his seed, she had been transported to Heaven. What would it be like to take his sperm in her womb? Would it be even better? She was going to find out. Her first

orgasm ripped through her. “Eeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” She hit a high continuous note that was loud enough for Matthew to hear anywhere in the house. Heck, her neighbors might have heard her. Shannon didn’t care in the slightest.

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“My … you are a strong one.” Eloise stood with her back pressed to the hearth. Her dress was in tatters, some of the fabric burning by her feet where the roaring fire had ignited it. Kathy pressed her face to Eloise’s vagina. Eloise might have scissored her head and twisted her into the fire. But she had other plans. Also, the long tongue inside of her was … surprisingly delightful. “You mean to conquer … my crinkum crankum, is that it?” She felt silly for running from this.

“Nnnnnnnggggggggggggggg.” Kathy’s tongue was quite warm, but the inside of Eloise was like ice. They fought a war of relative temperature, even as their physical struggle was over.

“Well … mmmmmmmnnnnnnnn … congratulations.” Eloise reached out her hand to the hidden switch and flipped it. The fireplace opened, revealing the passage behind. “If you had said my crinkum crankum was … your plan from the beginning … I would have surrendered right away. But I thought … you intended to … eat me in a different way.”

Kathy wished the woman would be quiet. She dug her nails into Eloise’s ass and worked the spot on the roof of her pussy with her tongue.

“Oooohhhhhhhhhh … where did you … learn that?” Eloise slowly edged into the dark passageway.

“Mmmpppphhhhhh.” Kathy was so focused on her work, that she didn’t notice where they were going. She thought the Painted Lady was simply trying to edge away from her. She held on tightly and continued her work. Eloise tasted different than Kathy’s mother. There was not much tang, but lots of sweet.

“Ohhhh … ohhhhhh … ooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Eloise ran her fingers through the eighteen-year-old’s black hair. Kathy kept it trimmed to just above her shoulders, shorter than Eloise would like. She wound her fingers into it and let an orgasm overtake her. When she was done trembling, she pulled the girl gently up. They were well within the passage now. Once standing, Kathy bent and kissed her. It wouldn’t be easy to navigate the stairs while locking lips, but Eloise could do it. She backed down the first stair and Kathy followed, her tongue occasionally gagging Eloise. Of course, she was well-practiced in taking a long cudgel down her throat. She allowed Kathy to rake her

back with her fingernails, and otherwise handle her as she wished, so long as they continued their slow descent.

“Mmmmpppphhhhhhhh.” Kathy luxuriated in the woman’s submission. This fine, pale creature with freckled skin now allowed Kathy whatever she wanted. This alpha bitch of another pack could belong to her pack as a beta. They stopped descending and Kathy lifted her into her arms. They continued to make out, ice and fire pressing together. Eloise was tender and receptive. Kathy brash and daring. It was a lovely pairing. Eventually they broke the kiss. Kathy still held Eloise dangling in the air so that they were face to face. She stared at the woman’s beauty. Her hunger grew, and she lowered her mouth to waiting breasts. She licked and kissed her way around the soft, heavy flesh.

“Oooohhhhhhh … that’s nice,” Eloise purred. “So lovely to find a woman with a taste for ruby-tipped globes. Aaaahhhhhhhh … yes … chew on them … but not too rough.”

Kathy did as she liked. She pressed Eloise up against the stone wall and moved her face from one breast to the other.

“When you … ooohhhhhhh … have a moment.” Eloise almost didn’t want to put an end to their playtime. She would have to figure this girl out, maybe they could meet again without enmity or surrender. Eloise couldn’t roll over and show her belly every time. She held Kathy’s hair and gently pulled her head away from her breast so that they were eye to eye. “If you’ll look to your right, you’ll see a window.”

“A window?” Kathy looked. Indeed, a window was set in the curving wall. Through it she could see her own house. Her parents were arguing. She set Eloise down and moved to the glass. She couldn’t hear what they wear saying but it was heated. “My parents.”

“I can’t be sure, but I think they need you.” Eloise stepped up behind Kathy. She softly caressed the shapely ass in front of her. Their skin contrasted beautifully. “And I’m not sure what to do with you here, in *my* house.” The tone of her voice sharpened on the last three words.

A rhyme swam into Kathy’s mind. “Wicked is the home with the grizzly clock. You might want –” She didn’t have time to brace herself. Eloise shoved her butt hard and Kathy lost her balance and toppled into the window. But she wasn’t met with glass. Instead, Kathy slipped inside and tumbled. With a heavy thud she landed in her own living room.

Joe and Adeline stopped shouting and turned to look at the commotion. Their daughter, naked but for a small torn section of her leggings, lay in a heap on the floor. Kathy collected herself and slowly rose to her feet.

On the other side of the window, Eloise slapped her hands together like she was removing dust. She settled in to watch what would happen next in the Bly household. “I still have no idea what I’m doing.”

“This isn’t like old times.” Thomas, fully dressed, came around the turn of the stairway. “You always had a plan.”

“Where were you?” Eloise gave him a crooked smile. “Miss Bly nearly devoured me whole.”

“You seem intact, Mother.” Thomas smiled back and peered through the window. He nodded approvingly and pulled away from the glass. He eyed his mother’s nakedness and quickly dropped his trousers. “I was with Mrs. Reader. And then I had a devil of a hard time finding you.”

“Don’t speak of him.” Eloise put her hands on the wall next to the window and struck her butt out behind her. She sighed when he entered her. “Let’s … uuuggghhhhhhh … watch what happens … with Kathy.”

“I could just stare at this … all night.” Thomas slapped his mother’s ass. “More than a century … and I never … uh … uh …. uh … grow tired of you.” His hips got into a familiar rhythm.

“Me too, Thomas.” Eloise watched the window closely. “Now pay … ah … attention. We might learn … something … by watching … the Blys.”

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Jessica led Noah and Samantha on a search for Thomas from the basement to the attic. But they couldn’t find him. When they returned to her office, the painting was still empty. Andrew picked that moment to arrive home from work, and they couldn’t very well explain any of their worries to him. So, Jessica took him to the kitchen to make dinner, pretending she had lost track of time while working. Noah and Samantha went up to his room.

“Do you think Kathy’s okay?” Samantha sat on the floor cross-legged facing Noah.

“I’m more worried about Eloise.” Noah’s face was still pale. From Kathy to his panic attack, he’d been through the wringer. “Kathy was wrecking her.”

“She’s a painting … so …” Samantha tried to smile but couldn’t do it. She kept picturing Noah kissing his mother. Nerves vibrated throughout her body, and the feeling

centered on her pussy. “You have some lipstick … um … smudged.” She reached a trembling finger to his mouth and wiped.

“Sorry. It must have freaked you out seeing that, Sam.” He let her clean him up. The caring focus on her face as she furrowed her eyebrows buoyed his spirits. “I meant to stop Mom, but …”

“It’s okay, Noah. It actually seemed … um …” Samantha stared at his full lips. She couldn’t believe that they had been pressed against his mother’s pretty mouth not long ago.

“Sam? You’re staring.”

“Oh, sorry.” Samantha dropped her hand. He still had lipstick smeared on him. The world was coming apart around her, and she had utterly failed to help anyone. She needed something to anchor her. She needed …

“Sam?” Noah watched his friend lean toward him with the most intense kiss-me face he’d ever seen. The primacy of the moment was exactly what he needed. He let all his worries fall away. He closed his eyes. Her kiss was timid at first. Even the first time his mom had kissed him, she had a confidence that Samantha lacked. The shock that he was kissing one of his best friends, and that he was comparing her to his mother almost fractured the moment. But then Samantha slid her tongue past his lips and played with him gently. He circled his arms around her and let his tongue dance with hers. He moved his hips to make sure his boner wouldn’t press into her.

Samantha leaned back. “I like kissing you, Noah.” Her smile was warm and genuine. She planted her lips back on his before he could answer. He was getting better by the moment, or maybe they were getting more comfortable. She pulled off his shirt, breaking the kiss again. “Noah … are you … okay with this?” She smiled when he nodded back at her. She found his lean frame adorable. Normally she liked guys with some muscle. It was obvious to her that she was crushing hard. She kissed him again and pushed him onto his back.

“Mmmmpppppppphhhhhh.” Noah was in a daze. He could feel her boobs pressing into his chest through her top. He ran his hands down her sides, thrilled by the flare out to her hips and butt. He knew it was insane, but it didn’t matter. The rest of Clover Falls could burn. He wanted only to be in Samantha’s arms. He didn’t dwell on it. Sanity was on the back burner. What he had with his friend was immediate and real and that’s all that mattered.

Chapter 16

One More Glimpse of Her Zaftig Form

"I was just telling your mother that I've had enough. This family has become twisted beyond recognition." Joe found that he couldn't meet his daughter's crimson gaze. "Where the devil did you come from, anyway?"

Kathy stalked over to her trembling mother, lifted her, and slung her over her shoulder. "The basement for you tonight, Father." With satisfaction, she watched his shoulders slump and his head sag.

"Okay." Joe walked toward the basement stairs. He paused when his wife's phone rang.

"Give it to her." Kathy turned her back to her father, putting her parents face to face. Kathy and her mother were a study in contrasts. Kathy tall, and curvy, with only the torn leg of her leggings on. Her features were dark. Her mother wore a conservative dress, her blond ponytail hanging next to her face, and her skin even more pale than normal.

"Thank you, dear." Adeline took the phone from her husband. "It's Jessica Reader. Should I answer it?" she said to Kathy.

"Yeah." Kathy had no idea where her own phone was. It was either in her backpack at the Readers' house, or she'd dropped it in the painting when she'd shed her clothes. She thought there was a good chance that her friends were calling to check up on her, and she didn't want them coming over.

Joe disappeared into the basement.

"Hello, Jessica?" Adeline held the phone to her ear as her daughter carried her upstairs. "No … she's home with me. Yes … everything's fine. Kathy's just …" She squealed when Kathy pinched her butt. "We're watching T.V. Oh … it's just a dumb show … I'm … ugh …" Adeline lost her breath when her daughter dropped her on the bed. She put her hand over the microphone. "Don't tear my clothes … I'll take them off. Just let me get rid of Jessica."

Kathy paused her hands on the bust of her mother's dress. She relented and didn't shred the material. Instead, she moved down, lifted up the hem of her dress, and crawled under it.

"Sorry, Jessica. Yes … no … oooohhhhhhhh … everything's fine … still." Adeline's eyes rolled as she tried to fight the pleasure. Not ten minutes ago she had told her husband that nothing would happen with Kathy ever again. That it was some sort of temporary

insanity. They had been so convinced they could control their daughter right until the second she had come tumbling out of nowhere and stared at them with her glowing eyes. So freakish. And that devilish tongue that hung past her chin. The same tongue that was now deep inside her pussy. Adeline's lunacy seemed like it might be permanent. "Yes … I have to go … but everyone is doing … A-okay … really … goodbye … Jessica." She disconnected and let the phone fall to the bed, forgotten.

"Mpppphhhhhhhhh." Kathy worked her mother. After the night before, she had learned her buttons. Her mouth was already flooded with her mother's excitement.

"Oh … shit … I thought … fucking … Jessica Reader … would never … get off the … fucking phone." Adeline let the cursing flow out of her. She had no idea that so much was pent-up inside. "Are we going to … goddamn … fuck all night … again?" She grabbed the sheets in her fists and writhed. She looked down at the massive lump under her dress that was her daughter. She could see her head nod. "You're digging me … out … Kath … you're changing me … I … I … I'm going … crazy!" Her yell bounced in the room. She wondered if her husband could hear them from his hiding spot in the basement. "Ooooohhhhhhhhh."

Kathy worked her mother through a thrashing climax. She dug her nails into her mother's ass to hold her hips in place.

"You got … me … you got me … aaaaaahhhhhhhhh." Adeline calmed a little as her orgasm passed. She reached for her wedding ring, pulled it off her finger, and tossed it away. She heard it clank against something and it was gone. "I thought … last night …was a fluke … but this is … my new … fucking … religion … Kath."

"Mmmmmpppppphhhhh." Kathy worked her mother's pussy. She was the alpha, and she was ready to expand her pack. But first, she had a night to spend with her mother.

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Jessica opened her son's door. "Noah, honey. I just talked to Adeline Bly, and she says Kathy is fine. There's no reason to … oh!" Jessica's cheeks turned scarlet when she saw what the eighteen-year-olds were up to. "I'm so sorry, I should have knocked." She turned her face away from them, but watched the teenagers pull apart out of the corner of her eye. Noah's lean chest was on full display, and she could see the large lump in his pants. Samantha was blushing almost as much as she was. She wore leggings and an overflowing sports bra that she covered with her arms.

"Thanks … Mom." Noah searched for his shirt on the floor.

Hailey walked down the hall and stopped behind her mother, peering into the room. “Right on, little bro. I knew you were hitting that. It’s a fucking party in here.”

“Hailey!” Jessica turned toward her daughter. “How dare you talk like that. Go to your room.”

Hailey shrugged. “I’m going to crash. See you tomorrow.”

Jessica waved a hand in front of her nose to disperse the scent of alcohol and … other things … that wafted off her daughter. Maybe she would have to figure out what was going on at the Keitaro house. Lauren was such a sensible woman. Jessica couldn’t imagine that she would let her daughter drink all day with Hailey. Jessica’s blood ran cold. *What if Lauren had one of the paintings?*

“Thank you for telling us about Kathy, Mrs. Reader.” Samantha pulled her dress back on. “We were really worried.”

“Right … um … yes.” She looked back toward the teenagers. “Of course you were worried. But whatever you think you saw, it all turned out for the best. You two should come down for dinner. When … you’re ready. I’m sorry for intruding.” She closed the door quickly and stood in the hall. Could she let Samantha sleep in Noah’s room again after what she’d caught them doing? The old Jessica would never have allowed that. But as she slowly headed downstairs to set the table, she found that the woman she had become was happy for them. “Teenagers should get up to a bit of mischief,” she whispered to herself. “Just not too much.”

Jessica scowled thinking about what she would do about Hailey’s behavior.

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“Now, do you remember what you’re going to do?” Eddie was exhausted. He had pounded Ella and Mrs. Wright for hours. As tired as he felt, he could see that Ella was even more out of it. She lay on the bed with his slumbering dick on her thigh. Her vacant eyes looked up at the ceiling. When she didn’t respond, he patted her cheek. His hand came away sticky with drying cum. “I asked a question.”

“She’s going to bring Sam home without anyone else. No Kathy or Noah.” Debra Wright was also naked, covered in cum, and lying on the bed. Her head rested on Ella’s petite shoulder.

“I’m glad you were listening, Mrs. Wright. But I want to hear Ella say it.” Eddie frowned in annoyance. When he wasn’t sweating or rutting his women, they were more difficult to control.

“I’ll bring Sam … here … to your painting … tomorrow morning at ten.” Ella’s voice was low and slow. “Are you going to … do it with her … too?”

Debra snickered. “He’s a one-trick pony, sweetie. You know he is.” She laughed some more. “The size of a pony, too. Goodness, I still can’t believe I found a dick like that after all these years of marriage. It’s like finding a unicorn.” Her chuckles continued. “A really … hung … unicorn.”

“Knock it off, Mrs. Wright, or no dick tomorrow.” Eddie smiled when her laughter abruptly vanished. “And on that note, Ella, you won’t get this again …” He slapped Ella’s thigh a couple times with his heavy, limp cock. “… unless you do as I say. Otherwise, you’re cut off. Got it?”

Ella nodded.

“Okay, go take a shower. Mrs. Wright will help you get cleaned off.” Eddie put his arms behind his head and stared at the poster of a swimsuit model on his wall. *I could have that chick. I could have anyone.* The thought was beyond intoxicating. “I think your clothes are downstairs or something.”

“Okay.” Ella climbed out of bed and stumbled to the door. Debra took her elbow and steadied her.

“Would you like me to clean your toes again?” Debra eyed the eighteen-year-old with optimism.

“Oh … no thank you … Mrs. Wright.” Ella was suddenly aware of her nakedness and covered her boobs. “Maybe another time.”

“Okay, dear. I understand.” Debra led her to the shower. She thought about Eddie’s twin. *Maybe Samantha likes her having her toes cleaned?* She wondered if she would find out soon.

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After Andrew had gone to bed, Jessica had a productive session in the bathroom with her dildo. It didn’t quite satisfy the itch that had started when she’d had to leave Thomas, but at least it scratched the itch. Exhausted, she went to bed thinking she’d fall right to sleep, but her mind was a whirlwind.

So many paintings in Clover Falls. Were people copulating all over their sleepy town at that very moment? She broke out in a sweat feeling helplessness, guilt, and … something else. She wondered if Samantha was kissing her son just down the hall. Or …

if they had moved beyond kissing. She imagined the teenagers engaged in vigorous … activities. As a good mother, she told herself she should check in on them and make sure they weren't making youthful mistakes. She rose from bed, wearing a voluminous nightgown. She was still trying to hide her body from her husband, even though he'd made a comment about her weight during dinner. The bounce-control bras could only do so much concealing.

The hall was dark and quiet. Jessica moved down to Noah's room and listened at the door. She couldn't hear anything. Opening the door softly, she peered in. Ambient light spilled in through the window. She could see her son sleeping on his side, his narrow hips barely curving the blanket. Samantha's more shapely form lay still in her bed on the floor. They weren't up to any funny business. Just sleeping.

The image of her son's full lips flashed in Jessica's mind. The feeling of his tongue on hers was visceral. Without knowing what she was doing, she crept over to his bed and shook him awake. "Noah? Noah?" Her hand gently nudged his hip side to side.

"Mom?" Noah sat up quickly, rubbing the sleep from his eyes. "What's wrong?"

"Come with me." Jessica rubbed her legs together. Her panties were already sopping. It seemed that someone had set the tap for her vagina to the permanent *on* position. Thank goodness her doctor had told her it was healthy and normal. Although, she doubted most women gushed all day. She turned and walked out of the room. When he didn't follow, she beckoned him.

Bewildered, Noah got up. He straightened out his bunched flannel pajamas and followed his mother. Whatever had happened couldn't be good. She never woke him up in the middle of the night. He carefully stepped around his sleeping friend and followed his mother. When he was out in the hall, he caught sight of her nightgown disappearing down the stairs. He found her waiting for him in the middle of the stairway. "What's going on?"

"Come here, honey." Had she gone completely insane? Probably not. She was thinking clearly for the first time in her life. Thomas was right. When the Painted Man couldn't be with her, why not Noah? He was so full of youthful vigor, and he adored her. And she adored him. When he was close enough, she pulled him into an embrace.

"Mom? I don't understand. What's – mmmmpppppphhhhhhhh." Noah melted into her arms. Her massive tits pressed into his chest, and her sweet tongue was in his mouth again. Kissing her was almost familiar. He didn't turn his hips. He let his erection poke her belly. His hands moved down her sides. The flare of her waist out to her hips was so much more dramatic than with Samantha. And when he reached around to her butt, he found so much more to hold than he had with his friend.

Jessica's fevered mind was in a frenzy. Her hands went under his shirt. His torso didn't bulge, but there were so many tight muscles to run her fingernails over. "Mmmmpppppphhhhhhh." She pushed him against the wall with a thump. One of the family portraits that lined the stairway fell and broke with a clatter.

The kiss ended. Mother and son looked upstairs with wide eyes to see if the noise would draw anyone's attention.

"What … are we doing … Mom?" Noah let her take his hand and guide him downstairs. They were careful to step around where shards of glass were likely to be. "Should we clean that up before someone –"

"We'll clean it later." Jessica pulled him into the living room. She turned on a lamp, dropped his hand, and faced him. "This feels right, doesn't it, honey?"

"Mom, I … oh, boy." He watched her remove her nightgown. She was only wearing panties underneath. He had seen her naked through the window, but that was at some distance, and she had been bent over. Now, she was standing right in front of him. She shifted her hips a little to the side, giving him a better angle to ogle her boobs. He didn't pass up the opportunity. "Wow. I mean … wow." He openly stared at her beauty.

"Well?" Jessica bit her lip. The hunger in his eyes twisted her stomach in knots. The Palmers were right to want this for her and for themselves. Noah was hers, she was his, and together they were perfect.

"I … um … I …" He took a step back, trying to reel in his mind. "You're beautiful, Mom. But I –" She rushed into his arms. The force of her charge toppled them onto the couch. The body that settled on him was amazingly soft, pliant, and heavy. Her lips pressed against his again. Noah surrendered. It didn't matter if this was wrong or right. It was basic and undeniable, and it was … happening.

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Samantha could see the light on at the bottom of the stairs. She slowly moved down each step, wondering about the object lying on the carpet about halfway down. By the time she saw it was a broken framed portrait, it was too late to avoid the glass. "Oh, shit!" Her words were a sharp hiss. "Son of a …" Pain shot from the bottom of her foot up her leg. She leaned against the wall. It took her a moment to collect herself. Carefully, she moved away from the frame and avoided more broken glass. On one foot she hopped down the rest of the stairs, clutching the railing.

Warm light fell out of the living room. She limped toward it. She could hear low voices murmuring. She was about to call out, but then thought better of it. When she peeked into the room, she forgot about her throbbing foot completely.

Wearing only her panties, Jessica leaned against her son, her curving body spilling over his narrow one. They were on the couch. Her boobs rested heavily on his chest, one of her legs was draped over Noah's thighs, and her hand was moving quickly in his lap. Samantha blinked. His dick poked out of his bottoms, and she was lovingly stroking him. The diamond on her finger twinkled at Samantha. Mother and son kissed passionately.

Too many thoughts tried to share Samantha's brain at once. She wondered if her head would explode. Even with his dick out, Noah and Jessica looked almost wholesome together. But maybe that was relative to everything else she'd recently witnessed. She remembered thinking that she'd brought Noah out of his shell when they made out in his room. And then his mother had caught them, and he'd retreated. And here she was catching him with his mother. As her mind raced, she saw Noah reach for his mother's boob and gently massage it. Her breast was enormous. Her freckles stopped on the upper slopes. The boobs themselves were pale white with meandering blue veins that Samantha could just see from her vantage. Jessica's areolae and nipples were large and pink.

Leaning her shoulder on the wall, Samantha's hand moved under her pajamas and panties. It was not the right thing to do, but her pussy was soaked. They were all being manipulated. That much was plain. But making that realization matter in the moment was impossible. With all her weight on one foot, Samantha masturbated while watching her best friend and his mother.

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Jessica broke the kiss and looked at her son's face from inches away. His expression was pure bliss. He was just how she'd imagined him with Eloise and Thomas's prompting. "Are you happy, honey?" She stroked him with a quickening pace.

"Yes … I mean …" Noah stared at her pouting lips. He wanted her with every fiber of his being. Every fiber … but one. A neuron fired repeatedly in the back of his brain telling him that this was the woman who had taught him table manners, taught him to ride a bike, and taught him that this sort of thing was massively wicked. "No … I don't think …"

“Shh.” She pecked him on the lips. “I’ve been learning new life skills. And I want to share.” She looked down at his turgid penis. “You have such a nice one, Noah. It’s so tall and strong. I’m proud of you. And I want you to feel good. Tell me that you feel good.”

That pesky neuron stopped firing. “It … feels good … Mom. I’m … close.” Noah looked down at her shaking boob. Her stroking arm pressed into her wobbling flesh just above the elbow. “Really … close.”

“That’s good. Let it out. Mom’s here to make you happy. Let me make you happy. Yes … yes … yes.” She could feel his body tremble. “That’s it …”

“Ugh … Mom … ugh … uuuggggghhhhhhhhhhh.” Like any teenage boy, Noah had logged many, many orgasms. At least once a day, sometimes twice. But they all paled in comparison to the one that hit him with his mom’s hand wrapped around his dick, and her encouraging words in his ear. His hips bucked off the couch, cum shot in the air, and his mind rocketed off to the moon.

“Oh … my … oh … my.” Unlike the icy chill Thomas’s effluence, Noah’s sperm was hot as it landed on her hand, boob, and arm. And there was so much. Jessica had thought that Thomas made copious amounts because he was … well … magically visiting her from a painting. But her son’s volume equaled Thomas’s. It kept coming and coming, shooting majestically into the air. Jessica heard laughter and realized it was her. She was so elated that her giggles bounced around the quiet house. Between Noah’s grunts and her laughter, it was a wonder that Andrew, Samantha, and Hailey weren’t awake. She looked toward the stairs and caught a glimpse of disappearing blond hair. Maybe someone else was awake. But the thought didn’t dim her joy in the least. She focused on coaxing the last of Noah’s load with her strokes, just as the painting had taught her. Eventually, he stopped bucking and spewing. Her hand slowed. He would be sensitive, and she didn’t want to cause him any discomfort.

“Holy … smokes … I can’t believe … you did that … Mom.” Noah opened his eyes to half-mast. His smile was sluggish and languid.

“I really needed that.” She kissed his sweaty cheek. “And it seems you did, too.”

“I guess so.” Noah shook his head, mystified. “My stuff is … all over you. Aren’t you … grossed out?”

“I think your stuff is beautiful, honey.” Jessica’s smile shone like a beacon. She looked down at her handiwork. “You’re still hard. Would you like another …” She searched for the word. “… hand … thingy?”

“No … thank you.” Ever polite, Noah gently pushed her hand away from his dick. “We should get cleaned up before someone comes down. We were pretty loud … I think.”

Jessica rolled onto her back and pulled her panties down her long legs. “Actually, I wonder if you might even things out.” She wiped her hands and carelessly tossed her panties away. She didn’t want to get any of his dangerous sperm near her unprotected vagina. She spread her legs and put her fingers on either side of her lips, spreading her box for him.

“I … can’t …” Noah stared at her pussy. Her triangle of hair seemed even a brighter shade of copper than her long locks. Her lips were dark pink and the inside even pinker. “I mean … I’ve never.” He slipped off the couch and crawled between her legs. “This is … where I came from.” He was an iron shaving next to a powerful magnet. He looked up to where her boobs hung perfectly to the sides of her chest and licked his lips. He continued his gaze upward and saw her warm smile.

“Actually, you came from here.” Jessica moved her hand up and pointed to the c-section scar. “And so did your sisters.”

“Oh … right.” Noah reached out, but couldn’t bring himself to touch her pussy. His fingers instead brushed the tender insides of her thighs. “What … do I do?” He had only kissed girls before. That included his tumble with Samantha a few hours earlier.

“Would you try licking it, honey?” Jessica wanted to tell him that Thomas seemed to enjoy giving her oral sex, but she couldn’t very well tell her son what she’d been up to.

“Really?” Noah made a dubious face, looking back and forth between her green eyes and her pink pussy. “I mean I know people do that … it’s just …”

“I promise you’ll like it.” Who was this woman? Jessica hardly recognized herself. She was corrupting her sweet Noah, and it was one of the most exciting things to ever happen to her. “Just lean forward … and lick … yeeesssssss … that’s good … feel free to explore … ooohhhhhhhhh … honey … that’s good. How is … ooohhhhhhh … it?”

“It … tastes … good … Mom,” Noah said between licks. “Good” might not have been the right word. But the tangy and salty stuff that leaked out of her was primal and made his dick even harder than it had been. He put his hands on her thighs, spread her legs a little more, and went to town on her pussy. He had no idea what he was doing, so he licked and sucked on anything and everything. Her little moans and gyrating hips told him he was doing something right. That went on for a long while. By the time his tongue was getting tired, he could feel her thighs quaking.

“Noah … Noah … Noah … I can feel … how much … you want me and I … ooooohhhhhhhh … I …” By contrast, Jessica now understood how skilled Thomas was with his tongue. But the urgency and passion Noah demonstrated was going to send her over the edge. That, and knowing that she had never been closer to her son. “You’re making me … uuuggghhhhhhh … see stars … I’m … having a … eeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiii.” Jessica tossed her head side to side, her hair flying. Ecstasy coursed through her veins.

She soared in the heavens for a long time. When she came to, she found that Noah was sitting up between her legs and smiling at her. “Oh … my … your face is … so wet.” She let out a bright laugh.

“That’s okay, Mom.” Noah didn’t even bother trying to wipe his face off. He beamed with pride. He had made her cum on his first try. He stood on shaky legs. “You were pretty loud that time, too. We should get cleaned up.”

“Okay … okay …” Jessica’s limbs were still twitching with pleasure. “But … promise me one thing.”

“Don’t worry, I won’t tell anyone. I promise.” Noah put away his hard dick. It tented his pajamas right where they were soaked through with cum.

“Not that.” Jessica shook her head. “Promise me …” She stared into his eyes from her reclined position on the couch. “Promise me … we can do this again … sometime.”

“Oh … I …” Noah nodded slowly, his smile fading. Even though he was still committed to reversing what the paintings had done to Clover Falls, he knew that his mother was indelibly alluring. He looked inward and realized that he lacked the willpower to say no. She had him. It was all he could do not to fall back into her arms that instant. “Yes … we can do it again … sometime.” He turned to go.

“That makes me so happy, honey.” Jessica sat up and looked around. “Why don’t you take a shower and go to bed. I’ll clean up down here.” She stood and picked up her nightgown. “And Noah?”

Noah stopped in the doorway and looked back. He got one more glimpse of her zaftig form before it slipped under her nightgown. “Yeah?”

“Watch out for broken glass on your way up.” She gave him a wink.

“Okay.” Noah turned and carefully made his way upstairs. He showered and dumped his sticky pajamas in the hamper. Wrapped in a towel, he returned to his room, expecting to find it dark and Samantha asleep. The lights were on, and she was sitting at his desk in her pajamas, holding a pair of tweezers. Her left foot was propped up. Noah could see she’d been bleeding. “What happened?”

“I have a piece of glass in my foot. Can you get it out?” Samantha gave him a wan smile and held out the tweezers to him.

“Yes … but … how did you get glass in your foot?” It was a stupid question. It seemed Samantha was going to witness to all of his collapses into depravity. When she didn’t respond, he carefully tucked his towel around his waist and sat on the bed next to her. “You saw, didn’t you?”

“Get that shard out of my foot. It hurts.” She bit her lip, ready for him to go to work. “Then I think we need to talk.”

“Yeah, okay.” Noah bent over and examined the bottom of her foot. He could see the shard just poking out. He took a deep breath. “This might hurt.”

Samantha gripped the armrests and gritted her teeth. “Do it.”

Chapter 17

Erato Will Protect Me

"Here it is." Noah handed Samantha the bloody shard of glass he'd extracted and set about bandaging her foot. "You'll be good as new in a minute."

"You're a real Florence Nightingale, Noah." Samantha looked at his stoic face as he concentrated on her foot. She knew for a fact that she was crushing hard, because even though he had just mashed his kissable lips all over his mother's vagina, Samantha still wanted to smooch him. "So … you and your mom, huh?"

Noah paused his nursing for a moment, his cheeks blushing. He glanced up into her blue eyes and went back to wrapping gauze. "I didn't start it, Sam. She woke me up and started kissing me. I was really happy with what you and I did earlier. What happened with my mom didn't have anything to do with … um … it means … uh …" He was now overwrapping her foot, not wanting to stop for fear he'd have to make eye contact again.

"Noah, stop … stop." Samantha pressed her lips together. "You're turning me into a mummy."

Noah stopped and tied off the gauze. "I know I blew it with us. And I'm sorry." He looked up at her. "We've known each other all these years, and we *finally* … kiss … and then I do that stuff with my mom. You kicked Eddie in the balls when he tried … and I just fell into my mom's arms. I'm sorry."

"Look, Noah. I get it. Your mom is amazing. And the paintings are messing with us. I'm not mad." Her smile was soft and warm.

"You're not?"

"I'm not." Samantha nodded. "The paintings are messing with me, too. I … I'm not talking about Eddie. I have to tell you the truth so this isn't one-sided." Her cheeks turned scarlet. "I … um …" She could plainly see how confused he was. He had no idea what she was about to say. "I touched myself while watching you with your mom. I thought it was … um … hot. I liked the way you looked with her."

Noah stared at her dumbfounded. He had believed that boys were horny and girls were not. He and Samantha were both eighteen, and he just assumed that his teenage hormones were the only ones in overdrive.

"Say something. You're staring at me like I'm deranged. I just made myself really vulnerable. What are you thinking?" Samantha's shoulders tightened.

“I’m thinking I want to kiss you again. I’m so lucky to have you in my life. Even if we’re friends and nothing more. You’re brave, and smart, and beautiful. And you’re a mystery. I would never have guessed that –”

“Why don’t you then?” Samantha arched her eyebrows.

“Why don’t I what?”

“Kiss me.” She leaned a little closer to him, and her eyelids fluttered.

“You want to kiss me after what I did with my mom?” Noah felt like his brain was playing catch-up with the situation and not doing a good job.

“I just told you what I did while I was watching you. Kiss me before I change my mind.” She parted her lips and leaned a little closer.

“Yeah … okay.” Noah was still holding the roll of gauze when their lips met. He tried to feel up her boob with it, and they both laughed. Soon enough, they were groping and rolling together on the floor again, their tongues entwined. They didn’t part for more than an hour. It was very late when they returned to their beds and drifted off to sleep. Until morning, they both dreamed of burying their faces in freckled cleavage that turned into milky white boobs.

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“Paul, sweetness, rise and shine.” Shannon opened Paul’s bedroom door. “*How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? When wilt thou arise out of thy sleep?”* She smiled to herself. She didn’t blame her hormonal eighteen-year-old son for oversleeping. She had been joined with him like a lock and key for most of the night. It surprised her that she had risen so early to put together their plans. She supposed His grace energized her so that she might accomplish His will.

“Not now, Mom.” Paul rolled over, facing the wall and pulled his blanket over his head.

“You won’t escape me that easily.” Shannon laughed. Normally, when he was slow to wake up, she would rouse him by poorly singing hymns. But she had a better plan. She moved to the bottom of the bed, lifted his blanket, and climbed under it. She inhaled deeply. The smell of teenage sweat and sperm was heavy in the confined space. It made her dizzy and increased her wetness. She rolled him onto his back, pleased to find him still naked. His penis squirmed a greeting in her hands. It was thick, full and ready for another joining. She opened her mouth wide and sucked him in while pumping the shaft.

Twenty minutes later, Shannon was sweaty, naked, and riding her son. “Ugh … deep.”

“Ride faster … Mom.” Paul stared at her wobbling boobs. He wanted to see them bounce.

“I’m … still … adjusting to this … new experience … uuggghhhhhh.” Shannon gritted her teeth.

“Tell him about the pastor’s wife.” Mary stood in the foreground of the painting, practically leaning out of it. “Tell him about our plan.”

“Have you two been talking … without me?” Paul met his mother’s distant gaze.

“You fell right to sleep … when I put you to bed last night … but I was … too jazzed … uh … uh … after what we did. And then Mary … came to me … in a vision.” Shannon looked over at the painting with a brief smile. “Pastor Mills and his wife … will be coming by the house … today.”

Paul was feeling too good to frown. But his mouth twitched downward at the news. “I don’t want to see them … there’s no … uh … school today … I want to spend every minute … with you.”

“Awwwwww … that is heartwarming.” Mary put a hand to her ample breast. “But remember the epistle of fecundity. We help those lost in the wilderness find their way.”

Shannon’s hips sped up. She no longer felt sore. She braced her hands on her son’s meager chest. She swelled with pride at the pure joy on his face. “Mary has shown me … the righteous path … uh … uh … uh … I will help you … bed Mrs. Mills. Once she … has seen the way … Mrs. Mills will aid us … with the rest of the church.”

“Really … Mom? I get to … sleep with her? That’s … awesome.” He tried to imagine the prim Mrs. Mills naked, but he couldn’t. She was beautiful, but had always been sexless. “You’re really doing this … for me?” Wild thoughts and his mother’s tight vagina spiraled him toward the edge. He gripped her hips tightly.

“For God … Paul. We’re doing this … for Him.” Shannon could see he was about to release. The anticipation of his stuff inside her again was a high all of its own.

“Aaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhh.” Paul thrust his hips up and emptied himself inside his mother. Sparks danced in front of his eyes. Far off, he could hear those strange animal sounds she made whenever she accepted his sperm.

~~

“Can we speak a moment, Sam?” Jessica stepped into the hall bathroom where Samantha was brushing her teeth and closed the door behind her.

“Uh … sure.” Samantha spit in the sink, put the toothbrush down, and wiped her mouth. She tried not to stare at the steep slope of Jessica’s boobs poorly hidden by an oversized sweater. “What’s up?”

“I know you saw us last night.” Jessica tried to keep her tone gentle. She didn’t want this young woman thinking she was in trouble. “I found some blood in the living room doorway, and I see that you’re limping this morning. Is your foot okay?”

“Um … yes. Noah patched me up.” Samantha tried to smile, failed, and bravely waited for the other shoe to drop. This talk clearly wasn’t about her foot.

“What you saw last night was an intimate moment that needs to be kept a secret. My husband would never understand.” She looked deep into Samantha’s pretty blue eyes. “But you understand, don’t you? You understand the special bond I have with Noah?”

“Yes … Mrs. Reader.” Samantha nodded slowly.

“Good. I knew it. You’re a smart girl.” Jessica smiled. “And I see no reason why we both can’t be there for Noah in our own ways. Do you want to date my son? I understand that it’s a tricky situation.”

“I … um … I … well …” Samantha wanted to disappear.

“You have my blessing.” Jessica stepped forward. “And I hope that I have yours.”

“Yes,” Samantha squeaked.

“Excellent.” Jessica pulled Samantha into a hug, pressing the eighteen-year-old’s face against her heavy boobs. “I’m so glad we see eye-to-eye on this.” She released the hug and held Samantha’s shoulders. “You can stay here as long as you want. And if you want to talk to me about whatever is going on at home, I’m here for you.”

“Thank you.” Samantha’s nose was filled with the rich aroma of coffee from Jessica’s breath. She stared at pink lips that had so recently been locked with Noah’s lips. Heck … by the transitive property, she had practically kissed Jessica Reader herself.

“I’m glad we had this talk.” Jessica opened the door. “Have a great day.”

“You too, Mrs. Reader.” She watched Jessica’s round butt disappear down the hall. She looked back down to her phone on the counter and saw she had a text from Ella. “It’s about time.” She picked up the phone. “What have you been up to, Ella?”

~~

“I’m glad you’re coming with me, Mom.” Hailey openly stared at her mom’s boobs from the passenger seat. The sweater wasn’t doing as much to hide them as her mom thought. Hailey imagined what her mom would look like squirming on Lauren’s magical cock. She decided it would be quite a sight.

“Me too. It was nice of Lauren to invite me. I haven’t been over to her place in years. But since you’re spending so much time there …” Jessica glanced at her daughter and saw a distant look on her face. “Is everything okay, honey? Did anything happen with your boyfriend? I know the first year of college can be a difficult time.”

“I didn’t tell you? I broke up with him. He was dead weight.” Hailey shrugged.

“I see.” Jessica frowned. There was something … not right with her daughter, and Jessica was going to get to the bottom of it.

~~

Samantha didn’t pack up her stuff at Noah’s house before she left. She had no plans on spending another night at her own home. She would meet with Ella, see what was so important, and then leave before Eddie could show his ugly face. She found Ella waiting for her on the front walk. Her friend looked as tired as Samantha felt. “Hey, Ella. What’s going on?”

“Let’s go in and I’ll show you. It’s about the painting.” Ella walked to the front door.

“Is Eddie home? I don’t want to see him.” Samantha stayed on the walkway. She folded her arms over her chest. “Maybe we don’t have to go inside. Just tell me what’s going on. And while you’re at it, tell me what’s up with the dog painting at your house. Did it do anything weird?”

“I saw Eddie and your mom leave a few minutes ago. And yeah, the painting my mom bought and your painting are somehow connected.” Ella had listened to enough of her friend’s conspiracy theories to play along. “That’s what I want to show you. All The Belle Dame paintings are connected, Sam.”

Samantha pressed her lips together. It made sense. “Okay, let’s go in. Show me what you have to, and then we’re leaving.”

“Right, sure.” Ella’s smile wavered. She rubbed her legs together. It was hard to believe that she was serving up her best friend to Eddie. But the longer she was away from that magnificent dick, the more its absence ate at her.

~~

“Mrs. Palmer?” Noah stood in his mother’s office, carefully regarding the painting. All three Palmers were back in frame. “What happened with Kathy? Are you okay? Is she okay?”

Eloise stayed still as a statue seated in her chair, the male Palmers standing on either side of her. Frederick now stood very near the frame. He seemed farther and farther away from his wife.

“I’d like to talk, Mrs. Palmer.” Noah wasn’t sure how to summon her. “Please? My mom and I –”

“Shit … you’re still here?” Jimmy Ronning burst through the doorway. He was breathing hard. “Sometimes you go … with Sam. That makes my life … easier … you know.”

Noah turned at the intrusion and stared. His whole body tightened. “What the fuck are you doing in my house?” When Jimmy stepped toward him, Noah flinched.

“Relax. We’re friends now.” Jimmy held up his hands palms out. “Later today, you’re going to help me. Like I said yesterday, I’m really sorry about how I treated you before. I was terrible.”

“You’re in my house.” Noah backed up against the wall.

Jimmy looked around the room like he was just noticing his surroundings. “That’s true. The door was open, and you invited me in.”

“I did not.”

“On a different today you did. For sure. And we talked about your mom and my mom. You and Sam figured out the riddle.” Jimmy snapped his fingers. “We don’t have time for this. We have to be at Sam’s house …” He looked at his watch. “… like five minutes ago. Go get your bike.”

“My bike?” Noah scratched his head.

“Look. Sam’s in trouble. And Ella’s there too.” Jimmy retreated to the door, trying to get Noah to follow him. “I would have stopped Sam from going over, but I slept in today for some stupid reason. This is always the earliest I can get here. And sometimes she goes without you, like right now. And you need to be there.”

“I do?” Noah stared at Jimmy. He was earnest. Noah decided to trust him. “Okay, let’s go.” Two minutes later they were cycling as fast as they could, racing toward Samantha’s house.

~~

“Did you buy this painting from The Belle Dame?” Jessica stood in Lauren’s living room, her hands clasped in front of her. She gazed at the portrait of a woman staring at her reflection in the mirror.

Hailey and Melanie snickered in the corner of the room.

Lauren walked up to her guest with two glasses of white wine and handed one to Jessica. “Yes, I bought it there. And ever since, it’s been one big party.” Lauren wore a dress that gave the room an eyeful of cleavage, and she teetered in her highest heels.

Hailey and Melanie burst into a cascade of laughter.

“Stop it, Hailey. Act your age.” Jessica frowned at her daughter, but Hailey kept laughing, even slapping her knee. Jessica shook her head and put the glass on the mantelpiece. It was almost eleven in the morning. Why was Lauren serving wine? Jessica was too polite to say anything.

“We’re just having … fun … Mrs. Reader,” Melanie said between giggles. “You’ll learn to have fun … too … really soon.” With that, her laughter redoubled.

“Is this what they do all day?” Jessica’s frown deepened.

“They have fun, yes.” Lauren poured two more glasses of wine from a bottle on the coffee table and handed them to Hailey and Melanie.

“The girls are twenty, not old enough to drink.” Jessica was close to grabbing her daughter by the scruff of her neck and hauling her out of there. “Frankly, I’m surprised at you, Lauren. You’re dressed like a streetwalker. You’re enabling bad behavior for Hailey and Melanie. I thought you were a more responsible mother. What would they say at church if they knew you were supplying them with alcohol?”

“Oh, the mother hens at church would be very surprised if they knew what I’ve been up to.” Lauren gulped her wine and poured herself another glass. “But someday … perhaps … all of Clover Falls will join in the bacchanalia.”

“The … what …?” Jessica watched the once conservative wife and mother that she had known for decades chug her wine and toss the glass carelessly behind her. Thankfully, it hit the sofa and didn’t break. Jessica thought of the broken frame and Samantha’s

poor foot. “I’m not sure what’s …” Her jaw dropped as she watched Lauren pull off her dress. Underneath Lauren wore only a push-up bra. A giant penis flopped out into the open. The head of the thing was bright purple and the shaft was covered with glowing runes. “What the …?” Jessica was now so used to her vagina gushing, that it was almost no surprise that it happened in response to the sight before her. Almost … but then she reminded herself that this was a woman with an unnatural, unholy penis.

“We are here to revel.” Erato spoke from the painting. She had replaced the reflection in the mirror, staring out at the women with hungry eyes. The high priestess stroked her own rune-covered cock. “You try to hide it, but I can see that you’re built for this, Jessica. Almost as if Pan himself molded you from clay. You will be the very center of the celebration.”

“Oh … gosh.” Jessica glanced at the painting and took a step back. She looked over at her daughter and could see her undressing. Melanie was doing the same. The world around Jessica unraveled. She had known to be wary of the paintings – her sweet Noah had warned her – yet she had walked right into this snare. “You’re not going to …”

“I am.” Lauren’s cackle bounced off the walls. She danced around Jessica, thrusting her hips and making her magical dick sway in wild arcs. “I’m going to fuck you, Jessica. Just like I fucked your daughter … and my daughter. I’m going to fuck every woman in Clover Falls. When I’m finished, the streets will be lined with merriment. And all the dead weight, like my husband and yours, will be our servants. Perhaps we’ll allow them to serve us wine.” She stopped dancing and took hold of Jessica’s hair, pulling her down to her knees. “I’m sure you have much to learn about fucking, and I’ll be your dedicated teacher. Shall we start with blowing? Have you ever tried taking a cock in your mouth? Did your tepid Andrew ever ask for such a thing?” She slapped Jessica’s freckled cheek with her heavy cock, leaving behind a trail of clear liquid.

“What would … Eloise do?” Jessica could feel herself falling. A few short hours ago, she had shared the most precious moments with Noah, and here she was face-to-face with a horrific new penis. She hadn’t even put her son in her mouth. So, why was she considering giving Lauren that honor?

“Who’s Eloise?” Lauren pressed the cockhead to Jessica’s pink lips. She didn’t mind that the woman kept her mouth shut. The party was coming, and once it started, there was no stopping it.

Jessica turned her head so the penis wouldn’t enter her mouth when she replied. “Eloise and Thomas have shown me the truth. This is not it.”

“The only truth is celebration. Life is revelry.” Erato arched her back and masturbated with two hands. She looked like she was ready to spray the inside of her painting.

“You better guard the doors, girls. We don’t want her to escape.” Lauren, still smiling, nodded at Hailey and Melanie.

There were two exits from the living room. Naked, the girls each ran to one and stood with their arms out and knees bent, like they were ready for a tackle.

Jessica kept her face away from the penis, glaring at her daughter. “We’re going to have an uncomfortable conversation when this is all over, young lady.”

In response, Hailey burst into another fit of hysterical laughter.

“The woman I was, would have been cowed by your thing.” Jessica risked looking up at Lauren. Her friend’s eyes were maniacal.

“Was?” Lauren shrugged. “You talk too much. Suck … my … fat … cock.” She swung her hips so the head of her penis hit one of Jessica’s cheeks with each syllable.

“But the woman I am now, is a woman who won’t let anyone with a penis tell her what to do.” Jessica slapped the hideous rune-covered thing away from her face and stood. She picked up the wine bottle. She thought again about the shard of glass in Samantha’s poor foot. “I can see you need help.” Holding the bottle by the neck, she smashed it down on the coffee table. It exploded, sending glass and wine flying about the room.

Lauren, Hailey, Melanie, and Erato laughed uproariously at Jessica.

“Your Mom … is a riot.” Melanie looked at her friend. “I can’t wait until she’s … whimpering … on the floor.” She jerked her hips and slapped the air like she was giving it to someone doggystyle.

“Mom … just chill.” Hailey held up her hands palms outward. “When you’re fucked silly and covered in cum, I’ll give you a hit from my bong. I can’t wait to get high with you.”

“You can’t … hurt me … with that bottle.” Lauren wiped tears of laughter from her eyes. “Erato will protect me.”

“Right … Erato.” Jessica stepped back. The other women were so busy guarding the exits that no one stood between Jessica and the painting. “I don’t want to hurt you, Lauren. Just the thing that did this to you.” Jessica lunged for the painting.

The laughter vanished. Lauren leapt for Jessica, but it was too late.

With a slash, Jessica brought the sharp, jagged edge of the bottle onto the canvas. She slashed right through the image of Erato with a loud ripping sound. A strong wind moved about the room. Lauren fell to her knees at Jessica’s feet. Unimpeded, Jessica slashed again and again, shredding the painting, until no images were discernable. All that was left was tattered colors clinging to a frame. Behind the fragments of canvas

lurked a mesmerizing darkness. Jessica had the urge to touch it, but backed away instead. She tripped over Lauren and fell on her butt.

The dark from behind the painting reached into the room, unfurling tendrils and grasping the frame. It then coiled back on itself, pulling all traces of the painting into nothingness. The blackness shrunk as the last piece of frame disappeared. Where Erato's Mirror had hung, there was only unblemished bare wall.

"Oh … my … gosh … oh … my … gosh." Lauren looked around. "What … the heck!"

"Mom?" Hailey, still naked, stumbled over to her mother, dropped to her knees, and hugged her. "I feel like … I just had … a crazy trip."

"It's okay, Hailey." Jessica hugged her and patted her back. "That's what it was. Bad drugs."

"Yes … yes … it wasn't real." Lauren reached for her vagina, inspecting it with her hands. "It must have been … drugs." She stared at Jessica, trying very hard not to see the precum that still smeared her cheek. "Melanie … we took drugs."

Melanie put her back to the wall and slid to the floor. "Drugs?" Had she really done those things with her mom and Hailey? Had she really dumped her sweet boyfriend?

With her daughter still clutching her, Jessica stood. "Lauren, let me help you clean up. You must be exhausted."

"No." Lauren looked down at her pushed-up boobs like she was seeing an alien. "No … please … just get out. This didn't happen. None of this happened. Please … please … don't ever tell anyone what happened."

"Of course, Lauren. No problem." Jessica knew how powerful a tool denial could be. The woman she had been had used it often enough. She wouldn't rob the Keitaros of that. She guided Hailey to her clothes and quickly dressed her. "We're going now."

The Keitaro women didn't acknowledge her. They were both staring into space.

"Come on, Hailey." Jessica took one last look at the broken bottle lying on the floor, put her arm around Hailey's shoulders, and left the room. They quickly got in their car and drove home in silence.

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“Welcome home, Sam.” Eddie stepped into the room with a sheen on his face. His t-shirt was soaked through at the belly and pits with sweat. He winked at the strange metal ball in the painting, but it said nothing.

“I thought you said he wasn’t home.” Samantha stepped closer to Ella. She should have known something was wrong when they entered the house and that sickly sweet scent was there.

“I was wrong.” Ella shrugged matter-of-factly.

“Welcome home, sweetie.” Lindsey stepped into the room behind her son. White goo dripped from her chin onto her blouse.

“We’ve all been looking forward to this moment, Sam.” Debra Wright stepped into the room, too, a bright smile on her face.

“Mrs. Wright?” Samantha shook her head, trying to clear it. “Why are *you* here?”

“The Big D.” Debra smiled like that was the answer to all of life’s questions.

“You’ll love it, Sam. I promise.” A tiny note of apology crept into Ella’s voice. “There’s nothing else like it.”

“Just don’t get greedy. Okay, sweetie?” Lindsey’s forehead furrowed with concern. “I know you sometimes have trouble sharing.”

“I have to … go …” Samantha turned but stopped when she felt Ella’s small hand on her arm.

“He’s your brother, and he loves you, Sam.” Ella pulled her friend away from the door. “He really wants you to see it … to feel it. And then I can have a turn.”

“Oh … shit.” Samantha twisted her arm out of Ella’s grasp but didn’t run. She turned toward her brother’s smarmy smile. “You did it with Ella?”

Eddie gave her a boastful shrug. “She loves my dick. They all love my dick.”

“You’re disgusting.” Samantha’s mind raced, but her feet remained planted. She struggled to think straight. “The painting is manipulating you.” She nodded to the framed canvas where three guys posed with their mothers on a rickety dock next to a half-submerged metal ball. “The whole town is –”

“Hello, Sam.” Julia Price stepped into the room. The place was crowded with women. “Eddie asked me to be here to offer my testimonial. I was frightened of his thing at first, as I’m sure you are. I ran from the classroom the first time he took it out.” She twisted her blond hair nervously. Her brown eyes wide and earnest. “But honestly, I’m so happy I gave your brother another try. Being with him has changed my life.”

Samantha stared at her pretty teacher. She tried very hard not to picture their teacher bouncing on top of her fat brother. “I think … I’m in trouble.” When she took a step toward Eddie, all the other women clapped and cheered. When she took another step, Eddie dropped his pants and his monstrous dick fell into view.

Chapter 18

Over the Threshold Like They Were Newlyweds

"Are we too late?" Noah leapt from his bike, letting it crash onto the Owens's front lawn.

"I think we're okay. If they had started already, we'd hear Sam screaming through that open window over there." Jimmy let his bike drop to the grass too and pointed to the right of the front door.

"Screaming? What does he do to her?" Noah raced toward the front door.

Jimmy caught his arm, trying to hold it gently so he wouldn't freak out Noah. There was a lot of history that Jimmy had to atone for. "We're not going in the front door." He guided him around the house. "They're in the living room. Watch out for those windows just ahead." They ducked under the windows and continued to the backyard. "I know for a fact that you know what Eddie wants to do to Sam. Don't make me say it."

"Yeah, okay." Noah followed his large ex-nemesis, trying to wrap his mind around all the dangerous elements swirling around him. He looked at Jimmy's broad, hunched shoulders and shivered. *Why trust Jimmy Ronning?* "How do you know so much? We barely talked yesterday morning. What's going on?"

"We have talked so much lately." Jimmy looked over his shoulder and smiled. "You always ask me that question. Usually, I don't bother answering because … you'll just ask it again on the next today. But I think this is my last today, so I'll fill you in after we save Sam and Ella. Sound good?"

"Yeah, sure." It did not sound particularly good to Noah.

"Okay, the back door is unlocked. That's where we enter." Jimmy paused outside. "You're stronger than me, so if anyone needs carrying out of the house, you're in charge of that shit. Also, Sam might be kind of reluctant to go depending on what they're doing. You might have to decide for her what's in her best interest. Understand?"

"Got it." Noah wanted to scream that he didn't understand anything anymore. Instead, he nodded and tried to relax his shoulders.

Jimmy's grin was full of anxiety. "We'll go in on the count of three. One … two …"

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“What seems to be troubling the Botti family?” The Reverend Nathan Mills’s smile was warm and understanding. He sipped the tea Shannon had put in front of him.

“It’s our son, Pastor Mills. He’s … um … he’s … h … h … h …” Matthew’s stuttering petered out into silence.

Shannon ruffled her husband’s hair like he was her pet dog. She smoothed out the white strands at his temples. “My poor Matthew isn’t what he used to be.” Shannon gave her husband a pitying smile and turned her gaze to the pastor and his wife. “But he’s right. It’s about our son.”

“Well, he’s eighteen now. Discovering his manhood. About to head out into the world.” Nathan nodded sagely. “I’ll have a talk with him about how to walk with God as a man.”

“Actually …” Shannon nervously fiddled with the cross around her neck and turned her attention to Joanna Mills. The pastor’s wife was a slim, pretty woman. It didn’t matter to God’s plan whether Paul would enjoy her, but Shannon secretly hoped she would bring joy to Paul. “I think Paul would best respond to a woman’s touch. Would you be willing to speak with him about His plan for us, Mrs. Mills?”

“Oh … my husband takes care of troubled parishioners. I came along to catch up with you, Shannon.” With a furrowed brow, Joanna looked to her husband for guidance. She pushed a strand of blond hair out of her face and raised a questioning eyebrow. It startled her to see doubt in his eyes. He looked somehow diminished sitting hunched over at the Botti’s kitchen table. She waited for him to say something, but he did nothing more than stare back at her. Joanna cleared her throat. “Isn’t that right, dear?”

Nathan tried to order his unruly mind. “I think –”

“He thinks you should come with me up to Paul’s room.” Shannon’s heart thundered in her chest. She had never interrupted someone like Pastor Mills before. “My husband will keep your husband company in the kitchen. They can talk about lawnmowers or something.” Shannon stood and offered her hand to Joanna. She hoped the woman wouldn’t notice that it was clammy and trembling. “Come with me, Joanna. We have God’s work to do.”

“Well … okay, Shannon.” Bewildered, Joanna rose from her seat and took the offered hand. “I’ll see you soon, dear.” She let Shannon pull her out of the room, stealing one last glance at her befuddled husband. She followed Shannon up the stairs, down a hall, and into Paul’s room.

“Don’t you look darling, Paul.” Shannon found her son reading. He was wearing a button-down shirt, creased pants, and argyle socks. His brown hair was neatly parted. He put down the book, stood, and smiled when they entered.

“Hello, Mom. Hello, Mrs. Mills.” Paul pushed his hips forward, accentuating the undulating tent in his pants.

“This is a dream.” Joanna fixed her eyes on the wriggling bulge moving like a creature trying to break the surface of Paul’s pleated pants.

“He is dreamy, isn’t he?” Shannon looked into her son’s deep, brown eyes. She glanced at Joanna, followed her gaze to his not-well-hidden penis, and nodded her agreement. “Oh … that. Better than your most blissful dreams.” She licked her lips. “You have been chosen to take a new path, Joanna.” Confidence built inside her. This was going to work.

“Why do I feel so strange?” Joanna’s tummy flapped with butterflies, and her vagina contracted again and again. She looked down to see her stiff nipples were obvious through her bra and dress. “What … path?”

“It’s time, Paul. You can show her.” Shannon held her breath. She didn’t know what she would do if the woman ran. It wasn’t like God wanted her to tackle Joanna and drag her to Paul. This was supposed to be a blessed moment. Shannon’s hand went to her mouth. She chewed her nails as her son removed his pants.

“Evil temptation!” Joana’s eyes bulged when the unnatural penis showed itself. It was absurdly large and moved in a sickening way, with beastly veins jutting out all over it. And to her horror, it coughed out copious amounts of clear fluid from the bloated head. “Why do I feel this way?” She looked to Shannon for help but found none. “Infernal, carnal temptation!”

Downstairs, the men were interrupted by Joanna’s voice shouting “Evil temptation!” followed a moment later by “Infernal, carnal temptation!”

“What in tarnation?” Nathan put his mug down on the table with a thud that resounded in the kitchen. He stood, but quickly sat back down. He summoned God’s strength and stood again, but instantly returned to his seat. He looked over at Matthew’s wide eyes. “What’s happening, Matthew?”

“They say it’s His plan. And I think they’re right.” Matthew listened intently for the telltale thumping that always rocked the house when his teenage son and wife were alone together. He didn’t hear it. Maybe they wouldn’t debase Joanna the same way? Or maybe, they were taking their time with her. “It’s best if we just pretend it isn’t happening. So, finish your explanation of the pillar of salt, Pastor.”

“It’s an abomination!” Joanna’s voice carried down the stairs to them. Neither man rose from his seat.

“I cannot ignore my wife when she seems to be in distress.” But it shocked Nathan to realize that he couldn’t muster the strength to march upstairs either. He was somehow cowed by the thought of confronting the skinny teenager. “What’s happening to her?”

“I can’t say. I don’t know. I don’t know, and I can’t say.” Matthew nodded like his words were dispositive even though he understood rationally that they were not. “My son … has something … given to him by … something … and he is using it … and I let him. I can see you’re letting him, too.”

Nathan took a shuddering breath and decided to take Matthew’s advice and pretend everything was quite normal with the pastoral visit. “Okay … as I was saying about the pillar of salt …”

Upstairs, Shannon could see something extra was needed. She had hoped that Joanna would throw herself at Paul once his thing breached out into the open. But the pastor’s wife babbled absurdly about Satan and would not approach the writhing penis. Shannon lifted her own dress and reached under her panties. She had been leaking Paul’s seed all morning, so it was no surprise that she was able to scoop some from between her lips. She pulled her hand free and let her dress fall. She approached Joanna, careful not to spill any of the precious seed from her fingers.

“This is my test. I feel the draw to evil. But I will not bend. I will not fold. Satan will not take me. Not now. Not ever.” Joanna was so transfixed by the sight of the unholy penis, that she didn’t notice Shannon’s movements until the woman slipped two fingers into Joanna’s mouth. “Aaaaarrrrrrrgggggggghhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Joanna arched her back and convulsed. Then, her body went rigid. An exhilarating flood of rapture transported her mind far away. The experience was like nothing else in her boring life.

“Wow, she sounds so silly.” Shannon caught the falling Joanna and held her quaking body close, pressing Joanna’s twisted face into her bosom. “I don’t sound like that when we … um … join … do I?”

“Sorry, Mom. You do. I always think you sound like an injured animal.” He saw the look of embarrassment on his mother’s face. “But I like it. It’s a wonderful sound.”

“Thank you, Paul.” Shannon’s cheeks turned hot. “As long as you like it, I’m happy. It’s all because of the euphoria. You make us feel so good, sweetie.”

“Awesome.” Paul didn’t know what else to say. He watched his mother press Joanna to her breasts, the pastor’s wife still making those animal sounds, shaking, with her eyes rolled up. It was a pretty sight. Paul was ready to get to the Lord’s work in earnest.

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“Mr. Owens? We think your son is up to something … hey … Mr. Owens?” Noah stood in the doorway to the study. Samantha’s father sat at his desk staring out the window.

“He won’t help us.” Jimmy put his hand on Noah’s shoulder. “He’s seriously daydreaming or something. You can knock him out of that chair, and he’ll just lie there muttering something about football. I’ve tried it before.” He shrugged. “Whatever they did to him, it doesn’t seem to have an effect on us, though. That’s lucky.”

“Lucky.” Noah shook his head.

“Come on. I think they’re still doing the toe thing.” Jimmy left the doorway and headed down the hall.

“Toe thing?” Noah followed Jimmy to the living room. They paused in the doorway and took in the scene.

Ella and Samantha were the only ones facing them. When Ella noticed them, her eyes widened with surprise. Samantha had her eyes closed, her mouth forming an O. A woman Noah didn’t recognize with long brown hair knelt in front of Samantha, bobbing her head on Samantha’s foot. Noah tried to make sense of it. It looked like the woman was giving Samantha’s foot a blowjob. There were three more people in the room. Eddie stood between his mother and Julia Price. Noah couldn’t be sure, but from the way their arms were moving, it looked like they were both vigorously stroking Eddie’s dick. Samantha’s brother was the only one naked in the room.

“What are *you* doing here?” Ella pointed a finger at the intruders.

“It’s time to go, Ella.” Noah stepped into the room.

Eddie turned around, his mother and teacher continuing to stroke him despite their surprise. “What the fuck? Get the fuck out of here.”

“Jesus.” Noah blanched. He glanced at Eddie’s dick and looked away. The thing was an ugly goliath. “We’re not leaving without Sam and Ella.” He looked at his teacher. “And Mrs. Price.”

Julia blushed and removed her hands from the penis.

Noah looked over at Lindsey who was still stroking her son’s cock at a torrid pace. “And whoever else wants to leave.” He eyed the painting on the wall, waiting for it move. He wasn’t disappointed. The metal ball sprouted limbs and hauled itself up onto the dock, maybe to get a better view of the scene before it.

“Noah?” Samantha pulled her foot out of Debra’s slurping mouth and blinked at the unexpected arrivals. “What are you doing here?”

“I’m rescuing you.” Noah took another step into the room. His breathing burned in his lungs. The blinding white tendrils of panic pulled at the edges of his vision. “Not … now … not … now.” His chest heaved with each breath.

Eddie laughed. “Everyone wants to be here, dipshit. Anyone want to leave?” He looked around the room, ignoring his sister’s raised hand. “See, everyone’s happy here. Now fuck off.” Eddie took a closer look at Noah and laughed. “Oh, shit. Are you having one of those panic attacks you used to have?” He laughed harder.

“Yeah, he sometimes gets those today.” Jimmy clenched his fists. “Maybe this isn’t the final today. Keep it together, Noah.”

“It’s time for you two bullies to leave.” Finding herself, Lindsey finally released her son’s penis and placed her fists on her hips, trying to look imposing. “This is a private matter.”

“I … I …” Noah wheezed. He fell to one knee. His mother wasn’t there to chase away the chaos inside him. He was failing his friends.

“I can’t do this alone.” Jimmy gave Noah a gentle kick. “They need your help.”

“Noah!” The fog in Samantha’s mind lifted. Her heart reached out for him, but her hands reached for Ella, lifting her friend onto her shoulder. “We need you, Noah. What would Eloise do?”

“She … she …” Noah tried to focus his mind on the nineteenth-century woman. He saw her freckles. Felt her soft, cold skin. He remembered how she had wrestled with Kathy without fear or hesitation. He channeled that ferocity.

“We’re leaving, Eddie. Come with us, Mom. It’s time to go, Mrs. Price.” Samantha hopped over Debra. Holding Ella tightly by the butt, she jogged around Julia. But Eddie reached out and caught her, jerking her to a standstill. Samantha almost let Ella slip from her shoulder. “Mom? Mrs. Price? Help me. He’s hurting my arm.”

No one moved to help Samantha.

“Geronimo!” Jimmy raced across the room and aimed his shoulder at Eddie’s back. All five teenagers in the room were eighteen. Jimmy was the biggest and the fittest of them. Despite that, he had learned through various todays that despite his size he was maybe the fourth strongest. He slammed into Eddie. It was like hitting a brick wall. Jimmy’s shoulder popped, and the impact knocked the breath out of him. He spun and fell to the floor, but the effort was enough to make Eddie lose his grip.

“Come on, Noah.” Samantha had no idea why Jimmy was helping, and it was no time to ask questions. She stopped next to Noah, trying to hold the squirming Ella still. Well, maybe one question. “Can you run?” She looked up at her mom, Julia, and Debra. She saw the women had no intention of leaving. She would come back for them later. “I said, can you run?”

“Yes … yes … I can.” Noah stood. His lungs filled with air. He watched Samantha and Ella disappear toward the back of the house. Looking back in the room, he knew it wasn’t time to leave yet. Eddie bent over Jimmy, raining punches down on him. Jimmy tried his best to deflect the blows, but Noah could see it was a losing battle. Lindsey attempted to pull her son off Jimmy without effect. Julia and Debra stood frozen in horror, their eyes wide with fright. Without thinking, Noah ran toward the violence.

“You fucking ruined it … you fuck … you fucking … fuck.” Eddie’s pudgy body quivered with each punch he landed. He decided that violence was almost as satisfying as sex. He reared back for a mighty haymaker, but his fist missed its target. Someone had lifted him into the air.

“From now on … you’re going to leave … my friends … alone.” Noah spun Eddie over his head and tossed him across the living room. Eddie landed with a thud and rolled with a crash into the wall. The 1950s painting with the metal ball fell on top of him, but the frame didn’t break. Noah turned to Jimmy and lifted him into his arms. Before anything else could happen, he sprinted out of the room, carrying Jimmy over the threshold like they were newlyweds.

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“Iiiiiiiiiitttsssssssss … nnnniiiiiccccccceeeeee.” Joanna dropped to her knees in front of Paul and extended her fingers toward his penis. Her nerves were still awash in pleasure. Her brain was slowed by it.

“Wait!” Shannon stepped toward her now naked son and the fully-clothed Joanna. “Wait a moment. Your knees are on the hardwood floor. That can’t be comfortable. Come over here to the carpet.” She helped the woman up, guided her to the carpet in the center of the room, and lowered her to her knees again. “Paul, dear, you should always think of a lady’s comfort.”

“Okay, Mom.” Paul walked over to Joanna and stood before her with his hands on his hips. “Even when I put it in? I mean, it really stretches, doesn’t it? Isn’t that uncomfortable?”

“That’s a good question, Paul.” Shannon beamed proudly at her son while watching Joanna’s hands move toward his penis. “It does stretch and hurt at first. But that pain is needed to reach the heavens. Sore knees are completely unnecessary. Do you understand?”

Paul gave his mother a thumb’s up.

“Strrrrrretch? Whaaaat oooon Earth aaaare you taaaaalking about?” Joanna’s speech still slurred, but she had more control over her overstimulated mind. She couldn’t conceive of putting something so big in her vagina. It was silly to even think about. “Oooh … it’s hot ttto the tttouch.” Her fingertips bounced off the spongy flesh, fluttered in the air for a moment, and then settled onto the veiny thing. “Why … is this … thingamabob of yours … so amazing? Why … do I have to feel … every chiseled vein? And why … does it move like that?” But even as she said it, the penis calmed in her hands. She had tamed the thing with her touch. A surge of pride and arousal moved through her.

“That feels good, Mrs. Mills. Move your hands up and down … yes … like that.” Paul smiled. She was built differently than his mother. It turned out women of all shapes and sizes tugged at his desires. “Play with the head … yes … a little slower … good … I like that … Mrs. Mills.” He watched the small diamond on her left-hand glitter as it rubbed up against the engorged, midnight blue of his dickhead.

“Eww … your stuff … is on my hand.” She could see the sticky, gluey liquid on her fingers. Even her wedding ring was soon covered. Absurdly, she thought her husband would not be pleased if she walked downstairs to show him what she’d done. *Her husband … was downstairs … and he was allowing her to handle this teenager’s monstrosity. Why didn’t he intervene?* Very loudly, so that the men downstairs would be sure to hear, she said, “The head of your thingamabob is like a plum in size and color. I didn’t know there was anything in the world like what you have, Paul. I can’t believe I’m touching it.” If her husband didn’t come running now, she would understand that he was allowing this to happen. She worked Paul with her hands for another ten minutes. Nobody intruded.

“You’re truly doing His work, Mrs. Mills.” Shannon sat down in Paul’s computer chair, lifted the hem of her dress to her upper thighs, and spread her legs. She would have to touch herself soon. It was too titillating to watch their church find a new path. She glanced at the painting, and Mary had already removed her uniform in the foreground and was touching herself. Her blond hair – usually up in an Amish braid – was down around her shoulders, and Shannon could see the Lord’s bliss on her face. She looked back at the couple in the room. “But we must serve the epistle of fecundity. Which means, it’s time for Paul to put it inside you.” She smiled at her son. “Check to see if she’s wet. We may need to get some oil, but I don’t want to disturb the men in the kitchen unless we have to.” She shook her head. “I should have thought of this before we started.”

“It’s okay, Mom. I’ll check.” Paul pulled Joanna to her feet. He turned her around, lifted up her dress, and reached between her legs. He didn’t need to move her panties to the side. One quick touch of the sodden cotton told him she was more than ready for him.

“She’s wet, Mom. We don’t need anything else.” He moved his hand and squeezed her butt. She was so much smaller than his mother.

“Oh … my.” Joanna had no agency. She felt like she was on a roller coaster, moving her way up toward the first precipice. She knew she would go over and that it would be the ride of a lifetime. It was equally obvious that the time to get off the ride had passed her by. “If we’re going to … um … if I allow you to … put it … um. We have to use a condom.” She decided she would at least pretend that she still had some control.

“It’s the epistle of fecundity, Mrs. Mills.” Shannon frowned at the woman. “A condom is not possible.”

“Oh … I see.” She raised her arms and allowed Paul to remove her dress. “Well … Shannon, maybe you could wait outside … or something. I’ve never done anything like this … with a parishioner … or anyone else. And I would rather … I didn’t have an audience.”

“That is also impossible.” Shannon’s frown deepened. “I am his mother, Mrs. Mills. Like Mary before me, I guide and light the way on our path forward.”

Without a thought, Joanna let the teenager remove her bra. When he lowered her panties, she stepped out of them. The gears in her mind turned slowly. “Hold on. You haven’t … lain with your son … have you, Shannon?” Joanna tried to turn to face Paul, but he held her, keeping her back to him. She shuddered when his massive cock probed her butt cheek. On impulse, she spread her legs and lifted herself onto her toes, giving him access to her womanly secrets. Something that until a few moments ago, she had thought was reserved for her dear Nathan until death parted them.

“Yes, of course we slept together, Joanna.” Shannon puffed her cheeks in exasperation. They would be working closely together in the future, so she hoped the woman wouldn’t always be this slow. “I have taken his seed as our new path requires. It is all in His plans.” She could take it no longer and lowered her hand beneath her panties. “Oooohhhhhhhhhh.” She locked eyes with Joanna. The woman’s face showed shock, heat, fear, and delight. It was quite an intoxicating mix to behold. When Paul’s penis entered her, Joanna screamed her little head off. Much to Shannon’s relief, the husbands did not arrive to rescue her. They were all walking a new path now.

“Wow … wow … Mrs. Mills … you’re squeezing … it.” Paul held her hips and watched his fat shaft slowly disappear. Her ass, although small, had a lovely shape. He wondered if it would ripple like the sea as his mother’s ass did when he pounded her. He supposed he would soon find out. “Really tight … you’re going to … need to … stretch for me.”

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” Joanna waved her arms in front of her, looking for somewhere to brace herself, but they were standing in the middle of the room. “It’s … too much … this was a … mistake … Nathan! Aaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” The monster inched into her. It

moved to the left and found a special place that had been a secret to Joanna until that moment. “Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii … Nathan! Nathan! Come … pull me off … this thing!”

“That’s it. Good boy.” Shannon nodded and smiled when her son looked over to her for encouragement. “She needs some support. Hold her arms … yes … pull them behind her … and hold her steady. That’s great.” Shannon’s fingers were a blur on her clitoris. She glanced at the painting and exchanged a knowing look with Mary. They both understood the grace and bliss in a moment of maternal pride. “Never fear … Mrs. Mills … your moment of trial is … almost at an end. You will find joy beyond imagining … on the other side.”

“Sooooooooo … biiiiiggggggggg.” Joanna was huffing and puffing like she was running a marathon. Her eyes were glassy, and she could feel that Shannon was right. The pain waned and pleasure waxed. Her nerves tingled. Something novel and breathtaking was beginning to take over her body.

“It’s all the way in. Hump her … hump her … hump her … Paul. Ooooohhhhhhhhh.” Shannon let her first climax overtake her. “Aaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” She closed her eyes, and her tongue lolled out of her mouth. The moment was a pale shadow of the orgasms that accompanied her son’s sperm, but the pleasure was still fervent and fierce.

“Yes … Mother.” Paul followed his mother’s directions. He held onto the woman’s arms, pinning them behind her back. His hips got into rhythm. He soon found an answer to his earlier question. Joanna’s butt did indeed ripple. But the motion was much smaller and tighter than the way his mother’s ass moved. Each cheek seemed to wobble more as a unit. It was a less chaotic butt than his mother’s. He decided that he loved both chaos and order.

“What’s happening? Ooooohhhhhhh … I feel … so … strange … I … eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiii.” Joanna’s head snapped back as pleasure surged through her.

“You’re … ummmmm … having another orgasm … Joanna. The first was … at the taste of him … the second … with his fine tool buried inside you. Two precious miracles.” Shannon was coming down from her own high. Her fingers went back to work on her clitoris. “I think those are her first two orgasms. Ever, I mean. You should be very proud, Paul. You …” Shannon’s words trailed off when she saw something stretch out of the painting. Mary’s massive, bare breasts were the first thing to push their way from canvas into reality. Then the rest of the curvy, blond woman climbed out. She wore only the cross around her neck, very similar to Shannon’s necklace.

“Wo … wo … ugh … ugh … ugh … woman … woman … ugh … ugh.” Joana didn’t know if she was hallucinating or not. Nothing seemed real anymore. From what Shannon had said, she had finally experienced an orgasm. She understood why some women made a fuss over them. The ecstasy was life-changing. And the penis inside her seemed

determined to give her another one. It knew her weakest spots. And … now … a profoundly naked, busty woman had climbed out of a painting and was standing right in front of her. Joanna's arms were pinned behind her, so even if she wanted to, she could not resist when the woman cupped her head and pressed Joanna's mouth to her fat nipple. The milk was sweet and beguiling. Joanna gulped it down.

Paul's hips slowed, but he didn't stop humping. His mating partner was now all that separated him from Mary. "You're … uh … uh … here."

"Yes, Paul. I'm growing stronger." Mary's smile was reserved, but not unkind. "And we have much work to do." She lifted Joanna's face off her breast, swiped milk from her nipple onto her finger, and drew a cross with it on Joanna's forehead. "We will show them His way. And they will see it is good."

Chapter 19

Other Paintings Might Be Nefarious

"What … the …" Noah still had Jimmy in his arms when he stopped outside the window to the living room. The large metal ball was out of the painting, resting on what had been the Owens's coffee table. It was a muted color, with seaweed trailing off the strange details in its skin. Eddie, Debra, Lindsey, and Julia all stood in a circle around it. They were rigid, their arms and legs perfectly straight, and their eyes rolled back. "Are you seeing this?"

Jimmy had his arms around Noah's neck. He squeezed tighter. "I'm seeing it. This is new. We never stopped here before." His skin crawled looking at the sight.

"What are you two doing?" Samantha jogged back across the grass and looked through the window. The blood drained from her face. She was glad Ella had stopped struggling because she would have dropped her otherwise. "Oh … my … God. *Mom?* Mrs. Price?" Samantha moved closer to the window. She felt Noah's hand on her shoulder. Suddenly the people in the living room relaxed and looked about the room in wonder. Sam's mother jumped on her brother. Debra jumped on Julia. They tore each other's clothes off and humped each other right next to the dripping ball of metal.

"We have to go. We'll figure this out, Sam. We'll help them. But now, we have to leave." Noah pulled on her shoulder. He was relieved when she tightened her grip on Ella's butt and raced toward the street. He followed her closely, Jimmy's tight grip nearly strangling him. After a seven-minute run, they arrived at Ella's house.

Samantha opened the unlocked front door. Panting, she carried Ella into the living room and dropped her on the couch. "Mr. Rizzuto? Mrs. Rizzuto?" She looked at Noah, who followed her into the room and deposited Jimmy on an armchair. Jimmy's face was bloody and one of his eyes was swelling. Samantha bent down to check on Ella. "Are you okay?"

"You shouldn't have taken me away from him, Sam." Ella's eyebrows furrowed with anger.

"I'm sorry, Ella." Samantha sat her friend up. "Are you hurt?"

Ella shook her head.

"We need to check on Kathy. Things are getting worse. We can't stay here." Noah didn't want to carry Jimmy all day, but they'd left their bikes on Samantha's front lawn.

“Yes, Ella’s parents can watch her.” Samantha was thinking quickly. “We’ll tell them … we’ll tell them … something. And then we can go.” She walked to the doorway. “Mrs. Rizzuto?”

“Ruff … ruff.” Mara’s voice came from somewhere on the main floor.

Ella sat up. “Mom?”

“Ruff … ruff … ruff.” Mara trotted past Samantha on all fours. She had a big smile on her face, and her round butt was wagging back and forth. “Ruff … ruff.”

“Darn it, Mara. It’s not funny anymore.” Antonio followed her in with his arms folded and a deep frown on his face. “Hello, everyone.” He glanced around the room at the four eighteen-year-olds. “You’re embarrassing yourself, Mara.” He looked at his daughter. “I don’t know why, but she’s been doing this for an hour.”

Samantha, Jimmy, and Noah stared at Ella’s mother in utter confusion. Her curly, black hair hung over her face. Her boobs, encased in an athletic top, swung under her. Her yoga pants put her ass on full display.

“Stop it, Mom.” Ella found some clarity. Her family was what mattered, not Eddie and his magic dick. Her mom was having some sort of breakdown and needed her. “Stop! Stop! “

“Ruff … gggrrrrrrrr.” Mara’s smile disappeared.

Noah looked over at the painting on the wall. He saw women playing poker. He moved to the other side of the painting and saw dogs playing poker. He made eye contact with Samantha and mouthed the word “dogs.” She nodded at him.

“Mom, stop!” Ella clapped her hands hard. The sound bounced around the room.

Mara stopped wagging her butt and slowly stood up. Her cheeks turned crimson. “Oh … my … that was strange. I’m sorry, kids. I didn’t mean to startle anyone.”

“Thank goodness. What were you doing, Mara? You’ve been acting like a fool.” Antonio sighed in relief and exasperation.

“I don’t know what overcame me. Maybe I have the flu or something.” Mara looked around at all the wide eyes staring at her. “I’m so sorry.”

“I don’t think that’s how the flu works.” Antonio shook his head.

“She didn’t mean to, Dad.” Ella glanced at the painting, comprehension dawning on her face. She watched her parents walk out of the room, heatedly discussing what had just happened.

Samantha sat next to Ella and put her hand on her friend's thigh. "Your mom needs you to protect her from the painting. You brought her out of it. You can do it again if it happens. But only if you're here. If you go back to … my brother … she could run out in the street and get hit by a car or something." Samantha thought for a second. "Also, you might be able to convince them to return the painting to The Belle Dame."

Ella nodded slowly. "Don't worry." She took several deep breaths. "I won't go back there. Now that I'm home, I feel way better."

"Did you see what was happening through the window?" Samantha wished she had carried Ella in a way that would have given her a better view. "After we left, I mean."

"I caught a glimpse of the metal ball." Ella shivered.

"It was doing something to my family, Mrs. Price, and Mrs. Wright. Something … bad." Samantha didn't want to remember how rigidly they had all stood. "You can't go back there."

"I won't. I promise." Ella stood. "But I should go with you. You're going to Kathy's next, right? I can help."

"Stay with your mom, Ella. She needs you." Samantha didn't want to elaborate on the deal that had saved them at her house. She'd explain it all later. "We're going to take Jimmy home, and then check on Kathy. She's not answering her texts. Your mom needs you here."

"Okay." Ella nodded. "I'll text you guys if my mom starts acting weird again. And I'll try and get that painting out of my house."

"That's the spirit." Samantha hugged Ella.

"We'll update you about Kathy." Noah hugged Ella, too. He then offered a hand to Jimmy and pulled him to his feet. "I'm not carrying you home."

"I think I hurt my ankle saving Samantha." Jimmy did indeed look hurt.

"Fine." Samantha bent down in front of him and had him climb onto her back. "I'll carry you to your place." She slapped at his hand when it came too close to her boob. "And watch where you're grabbing."

"Sorry." Jimmy waved goodbye to Ella as they walked out. "I'll still need your help in a couple hours, Sam and Noah. I promised to fill you in on what's going on with me. So, here goes." As he rode Samantha's back, he told them all about the strange tree-man, Enki, and his godforsaken puzzle.

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“And that’s what happened.” Jessica finished telling Eloise and Thomas about her adventure at Lauren Keitaro’s house. “I still have to have a talk with Hailey. She’s in her room right now. But before that … could we …?” She slowly slipped the strap of her dress off her shoulder, hoping it was seductive.

Thomas winked at her and unbuttoned his trousers.

“Fantastic work, Jessica. Simply phenomenal.” Eloise’s smile was broad and warm. “Of course you can have a tumble with my sweet Thomas.” She paced the length of the office while Thomas and Jessica frantically undressed. “You think the creature in that painting was some sort of goddess?”

“She mentioned Pan.” Jessica tossed her dress onto her desk. “And revelry.”

“And her spell was broken when the painting … ate itself?” Eloise steepled her hands in thought.

“I think so. Lauren, Melanie, and Hailey all seemed shocked by what had happened.” Jessica removed her bra and panties and put her hands on the desk, arching her back and sticking her butt toward Thomas. She squealed with delight when his strong, naked form stepped up behind her and quickly entered her. “Oooohhhhhhhhh … Thomas … I feel so … complete … when you’re inside me.”

“So do I … Mrs. Reader.” Thomas took hold of her hips and found a rhythm.

“Yes … complete.” Eloise watched her son, forever stuck at nineteen-years-old, copulate with the beautiful wife and mother. “I feel more complete when he’s inside you, too. And when you and Noah had your moment last night, your bond called out to me. It filled me with purpose. When you realize your freedom, Jessica, we find our freedom, too. We are joined in our adventures.” Eloise walked behind them and put her hand on her son’s butt, feeling it clench repeatedly as he dredged Jessica. Eloise squeezed him playfully. “I need to move beyond my purview. I can help you with the other paintings that plague this town, but not if I remain tethered to my own painting. You must give me and Thomas the strength to break free.”

“Yes … ugh … yes … ugh … anything … you two want … I’ll do it … ooooooohhhhhhhhh.” Jessica shoved her hips back to meet Thomas’s brutal strokes. She prayed Hailey couldn’t hear what was happening in the office.

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Samantha rang the doorbell and waited. She rang it again. “What do we do if nobody answers?”

“Well, we could …” Noah’s words faded when the door opened.

“I’m supposed to let you in.” Joe stepped aside, but didn’t look happy about it. When they were inside, he closed the door behind him. “And I’m supposed to tell you that Kathy lost her phone. She didn’t want you to think she’d been dodging you.” Joe turned his back on them and walked toward the stairs. “Kathy, your friends are here,” Joe yelled. He doubled back and headed toward the basement.

“Is everything okay, Mr. Bly? Has anything … strange happened?” Noah thought the man looked tense.

Joe snorted and shook his head. “Strange?” He disappeared into the basement and left them there.

“You feel like waiting here?” Samantha locked eyes with Noah. She understood him perfectly. “Me either.” She held out her hand to him, and he took it.

“Let’s see what fresh hell we find.” Noah led the way up the stairs, gripping her hand tightly.

“You were really brave today … saving me … and getting through your panic attack.” Samantha fought the urge to pull Noah out of the house, to run away from everything together. To hide together, leaving Clover Falls far behind. But she would never abandon everyone she loved. “You gave me strength.”

“You would have done the same for me.” Noah’s hand turned clammy. He didn’t know if it was from what they might find upstairs, or Samantha’s gratitude.

“Of course I would have.” She lowered her voice as they reached the upstairs hall. “But you actually *did* save me. Also … um … I’m sorry … you saw what Mrs. Wright was doing to my foot. That was really strange.”

“Don’t worry about it.” Noah agreed that it *was* really strange, but wasn’t going to press it. “Shh. Here’s Kathy’s room.” The door was open a crack. He pushed and it squeaked open. “Kathy … are you in here?”

Samantha peeked over Noah’s shoulder. “She’s not here.” The room was dark and empty. They looked at each other, and then down the hall to her parents’ room.

As they neared the closed door, they could hear a woman softly moaning.

“Shit, that’s Mrs. Bly. Kathy’s killing her!” Noah’s shoulders stiffened. He tried to keep his breathing even.

“We’re strong. We can save her.” Samantha dropped Noah’s hand and bent her knees, ready to pounce. “Open the door on three.” The moaning grew louder on the other side of the door.

“One … two … three …” Noah turned the knob and threw the door open. He and Samantha leapt into the room, saw what was happening, and froze.

Kathy lifted her wet face from between her mother’s legs and turned her focus to her friends. “You were supposed to wait downstairs.”

“Oh … Kath … Kath … don’t … fucking … stop.” Adeline lay on her back, her hips bucking at the absence of her daughter’s tongue. She was so high on pleasure that she didn’t notice the intruders.

“You’re … both … naked.” Noah stared.

“And … you’re …” Samantha chided herself. She was a fool not to have guessed this after everything else that had happened. She looked at Noah. “What do we do?”

“I don’t know.” Noah kept his eyes fixed on Samantha so he didn’t have to see Kathy in such a compromising position.

“I’m fine.” Kathy stretched, giving an eyeful to anyone who cared to look. “I’m not having one of my spells. Go downstairs, and I’ll be down in a few.”

“Kath?” Adeline opened her eyes and screeched when she saw they had company. She covered her pink nipples with a wrinkled sheet. “Get out!”

“Sorry, Mrs. Bly.” Noah didn’t know what else to say.

“I’ll be down soon.” Kathy lowered her face to her mother’s pussy.

Samantha and Noah backed out of the room.

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Kathy told her story first. And then Samantha and Noah filled her in on everything that had happened to them. They mumbled their way through parts of it and used more than one euphemism. But after catching Kathy with her mother, they couldn’t very well omit the more embarrassing moments from the last day.

After they’d shared everything, quiet fell over Kathy’s room. It dragged on until Samantha cleared her throat. “So … if you take Eloise Palmer’s deal, it might fix all that stuff … with your mom and dad … and make things go back to normal. The deal made us stronger, like you, but without the … other stuff … from your painting. It helped us

resist the painting at my house." Samantha didn't add that it had made her exceedingly horny, too.

"You don't understand." Kathy's olive skin shone. Her black hair was slicked back from her shower. Her brown eyes were bright and filled with humor. She straightened her baggy sweatshirt. "I've never been happier. I don't want 'normal.' I like sending my dad to the basement. I like spending crazed nights listening to my mom curse and scream. I let the wild in. I would never chase it from my house."

"Oh," Samantha said.

Noah audibly gulped. "But we're … um … trying to fix … everything."

Kathy nodded and earnestly squeezed Noah's shoulder. "I'll help you. What happened at Sam's house sounds terrible. But not all the paintings are evil. Do you understand? I've never been more alive. And I can see you're happy about what happened with your mom. I mean, she's *gorgeous,* you lucky dog." She released his shoulder.

"I'm not … happy about it," Noah said weakly.

"I'm sorry I had that tussle with Eloise. She was kind enough to drop me back home after we finished fighting. I can see she means well. I promise to get along with her in the future." Kathy crossed her heart. "I was just feeling territorial. I'm learning to control myself."

"It's also the middle of the day. It seems worse for you at night." Samantha frowned. *Were they really going to agree to let her keep on having sex with her mother? Did they have a choice?*

"I've got it under control." Kathy's eyes flashed red, she snarled, but then quickly went back to herself again. She gave them a mischievous grin. "See? I'm in the driver's seat."

"You really want this?" Samantha sighed. If it was actually under control, that would be one less fire to put out.

"What's next?" Kathy shrugged.

"Sam and I have to help Jimmy with something this afternoon. We'll head over there in a few minutes. Then you, me, Sam, and Ella should sit down and try to come up with a plan. I'll ask my mom to invite Ella's family over for dinner. That'll get Mrs. Rizzuto away from her painting for a little bit, too. Birds and stones, right?"

"Right," Samantha and Kathy said together and laughed. For a moment it was almost like old times. Almost.

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“I don’t get why I need to be here for this.” Samantha tried not to dwell on how twisted her life had become.

“You being here was *your* idea.” Jimmy shook his head. “You said it would help if my mom heard it from a woman. It didn’t work when it was just Noah.”

“I said this on a different today?” Samantha sat cross-legged on Jimmy’s bedroom floor. Noah, who was not as flexible, sat awkwardly next to her. Jimmy sat on his bed.

“Exactly.” Jimmy checked his phone. “It’s almost time. She’ll be here in about a minute. You ready?”

“Ready.” Noah gave him a thumbs-up.

“Sure.” Samantha shrugged.

Downstairs, Peggy Ronning picked up a basket of folded clothes and held it to her hip. She didn’t want to interrupt Jimmy with his friends, so she planned to drop off his clean clothes and quickly leave. When she got to his door, she paused. It was open a crack, and she could hear what they were saying. She held her breath and listened.

“And you went all the way with her?” Jimmy said.

“It was the best night of my life,” Noah said. “I’ve always been close with my mom, but we bonded. We really bonded.”

“Wow. But are you sure she liked it? I mean that’s pretty crazy. How do you know how she felt?” Jimmy sounded uncertain.

“She talked to me about it.” Samantha said. “Since Noah and I are dating, she wanted to make sure I was okay with it. Mrs. Reader told me she had sex with Noah. And she said it was the best thing that ever happened to her. I told her that as long as Noah was happy, I was fine with it.”

Peggy nearly dropped the laundry. She put her free hand to her mouth. *Were they saying that Jessica Reader had sex with her son and talked to his girlfriend about it?* Shock was quickly replaced by relief. She wasn’t the only mother messing around with her son in Clover Falls. Maybe she hadn’t gone totally crazy. As she listened to the teenagers, she became more and more convinced that a mother should be there for her son in any way he wanted. Maybe sex was something worth trying with her precious Jimmy. After a while, she retreated down the hall with Jimmy’s laundry undelivered. She went to her room to find some of her own clean laundry. She needed to replace her soaked panties.

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“Okay, that’s settled.” Jessica patted Hailey’s thigh. Her daughter’s sober expression was full of remorse. “I’m going to throw these away.” Jessica picked up a box filled with Hailey’s marijuana and paraphernalia. She looked around Hailey’s room as if she might spot something they forgot.

“I’m never smoking again. Or drinking.” Hailey hugged herself and shuddered.

“That’s a good girl. I’m glad you learned your lesson.” Jessica offered a reassuring smile and headed for the door. She stopped and turned back. “What about your boyfriend? Were you able to fix things with him?”

“He’s a sweetheart.” Hailey almost smiled. “I explained that I’m sober now, and I apologized … a lot. He took me back. He wants to support my recovery.”

“That’s lovely.” Jessica nodded and opened the door. “Maybe this was all for the best.”

“No.” Hailey shook her head. “I did things … Mom. And I was going to do those things … to you.” She shuddered and looked away, she couldn’t bear to see the love and compassion in her mother’s green eyes.

“I already forgave you. Your boyfriend forgave you. And God will forgive you too. You’ll see, everything will be as right as rain in no time.” Jessica wanted to give her one last hug but could see that Hailey would best be served by some alone time. “I’ll check in on you later.” She left her daughter’s room and gently closed the door behind her. She walked downstairs and paused on her way to the garage when the front door opened. She heard Noah and Samantha talking excitedly about something called “Enki.”

“Hi, Mom.” Noah smiled when they spotted his mother in the kitchen. “What’s in the box?”

“Hello, honey. Hello, Sam.” Jessica smiled brightly. “You were right about your sister and drugs. I’m sorry I doubted you. Hailey and I had a talk, and she’s getting sober.” Jessica tilted the box toward the teenagers so they could see the bongs, pipes, and baggies. “She asked me to throw this all away for her. Why don’t you help me, Noah? Sam, you can run along to Noah’s room. He’ll be up in a few minutes.”

“I can help you throw that stuff away.” Samantha smiled.

“Thank you, dear. But I just need a moment with my son. Remember what we talked about in the bathroom.” Jessica locked eyes with Samantha and saw her eyes widen with understanding. “You can wait for him in his room.”

“Um … okay.” Samantha gave Noah a pat on the shoulder. “I’ll be in your room.” She had no intention of waiting for him. She had to see what Jessica had planned. But, for the moment, she left mother and son alone.

“You were gone a long time today. Having fun with your friends?” She would have to tell him about what happened at Lauren’s house, but that could wait. They had more pressing matters to attend to. She opened the door to the garage and went in carrying the box.

“I have so much to tell you, Mom. Today was crazy.” Noah followed her into the dark garage. Their voices echoed oddly in the musty space. “We aren’t the only –”

“We can talk about your day a little later.” Without ceremony, Jessica opened the garbage bin lid and dropped in Hailey’s addiction to weed. She closed the lid and slapped her hands together like that settled that. Which it did. “But first we need to spend a moment together.” She walked toward him and pushed his back up against the side of the minivan. She squatted in front of him and ran her hand over his pants. Her vagina gushed when she found that he was already hard. “You were so giving with me last night. It really touched me that you spent so much time … down there … giving me pleasure. It’s time I returned the favor.”

“Mom … I … um …” Noah watched his mother lovingly pull down his pants and underwear. Her lips were parted, and her eyes were wide with delight. There was no reason to stop her, not with the world going insane all around them. Not when he wanted to feel the heat of her mouth on his dick. “What … what did you and Sam talk about in the bathroom?”

“I’ll tell you about that later.” She kissed the head and rubbed it slowly on her freckled cheek. “You’re so big. And this is all you. No magic like Thomas. This is what your father and I made.” She slapped it lightly against her other cheek, feeling the weight and warmth of it. “This beautiful thing came from me. Oh, it’s leaking on my cheek.” She rubbed it some more and giggled.

“What happened … with Thomas, Mom?” Noah could feel his lizard brain taking over. He tried to stay in control of his thoughts, but the primal was never more present. All his worries faded. All the events of the day, so present a moment ago, floated away like clouds on a windy day. His mom’s half-lidded eyes, the way she rubbed his dick on her sweet face, and her fawning words kindled an inferno in Noah’s heart.

“I can’t talk now, honey.” She kissed the head again, and licked up the drop of precum. He was delightfully salty. “My mouth is …” She took him into her mouth, bobbed her head a few times, and then spit him out. “… busy.” She glanced up at his dumbstruck face and laughed. “Do you like it? It’s hard to tell.”

“Yeah … Mom … I like it.” His arms dangled awkwardly next to his sides. His back rested on the cool steel and glass of the minivan.

“Oh … goody. Let me show you what Mommy can do.” Jessica put a hand on his heavy balls and the other on his shaft. She pumped him for a minute and then lowered her lips to her son’s marvelous instrument. Thomas had taught her well, and in no time, she was stroking him with her throat, twisting her face to the left on the downstroke and to the right on the upstroke. She relished his little, suppressed grunts. He was only eighteen and didn’t know that a woman craves to hear a man express his pleasure. That would be one of the many things she would teach him later.

“Mom … that’s amazing … how did you …?” He pressed his hands on the minivan behind him. She was taking almost two-thirds of the shaft into her throat. Noah knew he was big. He didn’t think she would be able to take that much of it. What was happening would have seemed impossible on so many levels to the man he was just a few days ago. “I’ve never felt … uuuugghhhhh … anything … like it.”

Samantha crept into the dimly lit garage. What little light there was, entered from under the garage doors. From the wet gurgling sounds and Noah’s moaned words of appreciation, it was easy to figure out what was going on. Her boyfriend was getting blown by his mother, and it seemed Jessica was pretty good at it. Samantha moved closer. She could see the faint outline of Noah’s back and head pressed to the minivan’s window. She put her head next to the dirty concrete floor and saw their feet. Noah’s familiar sneakers faced Jessica’s bare, flexing feet. It was an incredibly erotic sight. The position of their feet and their noises told a story that begged Samantha to fill in the details. But she didn’t dare move closer. Instead, she put her hand inside her panties and worked to relieve some of the building pressure.

“Mom … uh … Mom … you should probably … stop.” Noah didn’t want to gross her out. She might not mind his cum on her arm, but he couldn’t imagine that his mother would be okay with sperm in her mouth.

“Mmmmmmmmmm.” Jessica worked faster. She wondered how different Noah’s semen was from Thomas’s. She remembered that Noah made copious amounts of it, so she backed off the depth of her strokes. She didn’t want him shooting it all directly down her throat. She’d made that mistake with Thomas once. Jessica put both hands on the shaft and pumped hard. She saw her wedding ring faintly glittering in the low light. She closed her eyes. It wasn’t time to think of her boring husband.
“Mmmmmmmmmm,” she encouraged her son. She was ready for his stuff, and he was ready to give it to her.

“Mom … I’m going to … cum … you should … take it out.” Noah stared down at her. Her pretty face was distorted by the size of his dick and her enthusiasm. When she hummed even louder than before, he realized she *wanted* to finish him in her mouth. “Mom …

Mom … ooohhh … Mom … I'm … I'm … cumming … aaahhhhhhhhhh." Noah's hips jerked but his eyes stayed fixed on his mother. He watched and listened to her gulp his load with zealous commitment.

Jessica drank and drank. Noah's stuff was warm, salty, and delicious. Her eyes fluttered as she finished him. He was perfect. Her perfect man. It didn't matter that pleasing him with her mouth helped Eloise. That was just icing. As she swirled the head one last time with her tongue, she promised herself that she would never lose the intimacy she felt with Noah at that moment. All the other paintings might be nefarious, but hers was a gift from God.

Chapter 20

What a Lovely Family You Are

"You're so … *big* … Jimmy!" Peggy rocked her hips slowly, soaking in her son's elated expression. "I … uh … uh … have a confession."

They were both naked on Jimmy's bed. His sister was at band practice. His brother was at basketball. His father was probably starting his commute home. They had at least an hour of uninterrupted time together.

"Yeah … Mom?" Jimmy held her boobs, feeling gravity's pull shift as her body gently bounced them. Her pussy gripped his cock like it never wanted to let go.

"When you asked me … for this special moment … this morning … I was going to say no." Peggy tried to corral her thoughts. Jimmy's thing felt so good that she was having a hard time concentrating. She hadn't expected sex with her eighteen-year-old son to be so … *so delightful*. With her husband, it had never been anything but forgettable. "I was … ooooohhhhhhh … going to say … no … but then … I heard you talking to your friends."

"Really?" Jimmy tried to look innocent. Although he'd lied to her for years with alacrity, he now hated misleading his mother. But he'd tried the truth on a previous today, and that had been a disaster.

"I can't believe Jessica … ugh … Reader … did it with her son. I always thought … she was so … stuck up." Her nerves vibrated. She was going to have her first orgasm with Jimmy inside her. She could tell it was going to be a big one. "And … I thought … you and Noah … didn't get along."

"We've become good friends … recently. I wasn't always nice … to him … in the past. I apologized."

"Well … I'm happy you apologized." A brief smile flitted across her lips. It was quickly washed away by the bliss of sex. "Well … it was lucky … for us … that he did it with her … and that I overheard … oh … gosh … and I … I … it feels *good* … Jimmy!"

"You can go faster … Mom." Jimmy smiled hopefully.

"You're so big … I'm afraid we'll break … the condom." Peggy remembered how silly his father's condom had looked stretched over the bulbous head of Jimmy's penis. It had been so out of its depth. And now she was too. "Even … going slow … I'm going to … ooooooohhhhhhhh … going to … eeeeeiiiiiiiii … going to … eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii."

“Cum for me … Mom. Uuuggghhhhhhhhhhh.” Jimmy watched his mother throw her head back and shriek out her climax. Nothing in his life had ever looked as beautiful as the sight of her riding him to orgasm. He couldn’t wait to tell Noah and Sam he’d done it. Hopefully, he’d get the chance *tomorrow*.

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“Why are you looking at me like that?” Noah tried to be as casual as he could after his mom’s blowjob. He and Samantha were scrolling on their phones, but she kept glancing at him.

“You really have to ask?” Samantha raised an eyebrow.

Noah put down his phone and sighed. “You saw us?”

“Duh.” Samantha nodded. She put down her phone, too. “And it’s burning me up.” She saw the look of concern on his adorable face. “Not literally burning me. I mean … the thought of it … and listening to you two … after your mom asked me for alone time, knowing that I knew what was about to happen. That she seemed so good at it and seemed to love it. The way she … she finished you.” Samantha thought of herself as a spitter. “That you tried to warn her. That it *happened!* Did I mention that? I keep telling myself that *it happened,* and I saw it.”

The eighteen-year-olds stared at each other for several beats. Noah sat in his chair, Samantha on the floor.

“Did it gross you out?” Noah felt dizzy. He took some deep breaths to keep the panic at bay. He couldn’t bear the thought of pushing Samantha away.

“As I said before, I find you and your mother … wholesome.” Samantha’s cheeks turned crimson. “And hot. You’re really hot together. I touched myself while listening to you.” She crawled over to him and knelt on the floor between his legs. She put her hand on his shorts. “You’re hard. Is that from before? Or … is it for me?”

“Both.” Noah stared at her small hands as they pulled down his shorts and underwear. His dick sprung straight up.

“Oh … my … God. I can still smell the blowjob. I mean … I guess you didn’t shower.” Samantha inhaled deeply and shivered.

“I’m sorry, Sam.”

Samantha rolled her eyes. “You’re not getting the message. If it’s about you and your mom, I like it. She’s sweet, and you’re sweet … but together you two are doing … bad

things. It makes me want to do bad things." She ran her finger up his shaft. "You're big … but not too big." She kissed the head, smelled his leftover cum, and shivered.

"Yeah?" Noah gripped his armrests. He was apparently going to get his second blowjob of the evening from a beautiful woman. The first, his loving mother. The second, his longtime friend turned girlfriend. "It's big?" He thought back to Eddie's hideous monstrosity.

"Bigger than anyone I've dated before, if that's what you're asking." Samantha inhaled again, smelling the earlier blowjob. Her panties were soaked through. "I'm not as good at this as your mom. It sounded like she was … amazing. But I'm going to give it my best. Since you're my boyfriend now, might as well, right?"

"Right." Noah nodded and watched Samantha's pink lips descend on his cock. "That's good, Sam." He watched her tentatively bob her head. She was right, she wasn't at the same level as his mother. But he more than appreciated her enthusiasm. "Maybe stroke it … while you do that."

"Mmmmpppphhhhhhh." Samantha clamped her right hand on the shaft and pumped him. She tried to get more of his dick into her mouth and gagged, her eyes watering. She wasn't just telling him what he wanted to hear, he had the biggest penis she'd been with. A brief image flashed in her mind of Eddie's unholy goliath. She pushed the thought away. Noah's was much better. Big, but manageable. She wasn't going to get much more than the head into her mouth, but she didn't have to unhinge her jaw either.

"You look … amazing … Sam." Noah brushed her blond hair from her elfin face. "But …"

Samantha's blue eyes looked up at him. With his cock still in her mouth, she raised a questioning eyebrow. "Mmmmpppphhhh?"

"I want you … to be my first. I think we should …" He held her hair and gently pulled her mouth off him.

"You want … to do it … now?" Samantha panted. "With your mom … and sister … in the house?" That gave her a thought. "You want to do it … with me … *before* you and your mom do it?" A jolt of pleasure hit her. She stood and undressed.

"My mom and I aren't going to …" Noah didn't want to say it.

"You know you will." She paused her hands under the side clasp of her sports bra. "I mean … it's obvious, Noah. But I want to be your first. Honestly, the thought of it is driving me a bit crazy. Do you have a condom?"

"I … never got past second base before. I didn't think I'd need one." Noah shrugged, trying not to stare as her large tits fell into view. He couldn't help it, they were

mesmerizing, especially as they jiggled while she removed her socks. Her areolae were proportionately large, and she had proud, pink nipples.

“Normally … that would be a dealbreaker, buster.” She waved a finger at him in mock outrage, aware that it made her boobs jiggle, and he couldn’t look away. “But I really … need this. Promise to pull out.”

“I promise.” Noah nodded.

“Like you promised to keep that secret about Penny Hastings in third grade?” She took his shoulders, pulled him out of his chair, and placed him on his bed. She pushed him onto his back. His dick stood tall like it wanted to salute her.

“I told you, it wasn’t me! I didn’t tell anyone about that.” Noah’s eyes widened as she mounted him. He couldn’t decide what deserved his attention most. Her pretty, lust-filled face, her magical tits, or the triangle of blond hair just above the head of his dick. He tried to look at all three and almost went cross-eyed.

“I still don’t believe you about Penny. But I trust you … about this.” She reached under her, grabbed his shaft, and rubbed his cock on her lips. “Listen to that. I’m so wet.”

“Yeah.” Whatever the opposite of a panic attack was, Noah was having it. He was filled with giddy, delightful tension. “You look beautiful, Sam.”

“You’re just saying that because you’re about to be inside me.” She settled her hips on him. “Ooooohhhhhhhhh … you’re a big boy, Noah. It’s … really … stretching me.” She gritted her teeth.

“I love you, Sam.” Noah blurted it out before he knew what he was saying. His face tensed in horror.

Samantha rolled her eyes. “Well … ugh … I guess … you’re like … the other guys … I’ve been with … in one way.” She let gravity push him in further. She leaned back and put her hands on his thighs. “They said the darndest things … when they were inside me … too.” She winked to let him know the declaration hadn’t bothered her.

“I didn’t really mean … to say that. It just came out.” He was relieved. It seemed like there was nothing he could do to upset her.

“Just chill … Noah … I get it. I think you’re … great … too. Now let me concentrate … on getting all of this … inside.” Samantha rocked her hips a little as she lowered herself down. With only the occasional moan or grunt, she worked on her task in silence. Finally, their hips met. “That’s good … it’s starting to feel … good. Let me just … adjust … for a minute.” She moved her hands to his chest and braced herself, giving him an eyeful of hanging boob.

“Whatever … you need.” Noah doggedly stared at her tits, his gaze following the meandering blue veins under her alabaster skin. “Can you imagine … what you’d be feeling … if I took the full deal … from Eloise?” He glanced at her twisted face, and they exchanged a smile. “Hey … Mrs. Palmer … I’ll take the full deal … now.” His laughter died quickly. “Can you … imagine?”

“I can’t … imagine … taking anything … bigger than you.” Samantha’s hips made little, circling undulations. Tendrils of pleasure spread through her. She felt a heat in her pussy. “Noah … does it feel … hot to you?”

“Yeah … is that … normal?” The heat in Noah’s cock grew and grew.

“I don’t think … I don’t think … it’s … ugh …” Samantha tossed her head back and forth. “Are you … uuugghhhhhhh … getting *bigger?”* She arched her back, her hips moving on their own.

“Oh … shit.” Noah stared at her belly. It was like the trick he’d messed around with as a kid when he would put a flashlight behind his hand. Except his dick was the flashlight, and he was seeing it through Samantha’s belly. He witnessed his dick growing inside her. “The deal … the deal … I was joking.”

“Aaaaaaggggghhhhhhhh.” Samantha looked down between her boobs in disbelief. She could see the outline of Noah’s cock glowing and enlarging itself. She tried to keep from screaming and bringing Noah’s whole family to view the spectacle outlined inside her. “It’s big … I feel it pushing at … my insides … I’m … cumming … Noah … I’m cumming … ooooohhhhhhhhhhh.” She bounced haphazardly on top of him, only the length of his dick keeping her from falling off.

Noah gritted his teeth as Samantha’s orgasm swept through her. He stared at her glowing belly and the cock encased inside. The pleasure of her constricting pussy mixed with the scalding pain of the curse’s fire. He hadn’t wanted Eloise to change him, but she had. And it had been his mistake. “It’s getting … tighter … Sam.”

“Nnnnnnggggggggggggg.” Samantha’s eyes rolled back.

“I can’t … take it … uuuggggghhhhhhh.” Noah was going to cum. He put his hands on her hips and mustered the strength to lift her off. He would keep his promise. “Gonna … cum … Sam.”

“Nnnnnnnnnggggggghhhhhhhhhhh.” Samantha was so delirious with ecstasy, she barely noticed when his dick plopped out of her, and she flopped onto the bed beside him.

Noah took hold of his enlarged cock with both hands. He was a monster now, just like Eddie. He shuddered but pumped the glowing thing to get his release. “Oh … shit … I’m going to … explode. Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhh.” Eerily glowing cum shot into the air.

Blast after blast erupted, raining down in a wide radius. As it landed on Samantha, Noah, the bed, and other collateral targets, the reddish radiance faded and it turned into the white, sticky mess Noah would have expected. There was so much of it.

"Oh … my God … Noah." Samantha reached out a hand and helped him stroke his cock. "You coated us … in your stuff." His cock jerked out a few last spurts and went still. When he removed his hands from it, so did she. "That's … um … not how I thought this was going to go." She licked her lips and tasted his saltiness. It was delicious. She lifted her arm to her mouth and licked up more cum, but stopped when she felt his eyes on her. "Sorry. Just cleaning up."

"You … don't have to … stop." He thought he might explode all over again when she stretched out her tongue and licked more cum from her arm.

"Mmmmmm. I've never … swallowed before." Samantha licked some cum off his chest, swallowed it, and sighed. She stopped herself from going back for more. "We have to get ourselves, and your room, cleaned up before your mom walks in, sees what we've done, and kicks me out of the house." She looked around at the enormity of the mess. "There's even some on the wall."

"What do we do about this?" Noah nodded to his softening cock. Even at half-mast, it was huge.

"I don't know. We'll talk to Mrs. Palmer. Tell her it was a mistake." Samantha crawled off the bed, aware that he was staring at her butt. "We'll figure it out."

"Yeah … Mrs. Palmer." Noah nodded and followed Samantha.

~~

Lauren sneaked into her daughter's dark room. She gently closed the door behind her, carefully making her way to Melanie's bed. She stubbed her toe when she reached it and bit her lip to keep from crying out. She hopped on her foot for a few seconds, her naked body jiggling in the dark, then lifted the covers and climbed into bed. Tentatively, she reached out and put her hand on Melanie's rounded hip. Her daughter was sleeping on her side facing the wall, wearing only panties.

"Mom?" Melanie opened her eyes, pulling herself out of her dreams. After so many intimate moments, she knew her mother's touch even in sleep. She could feel her mom's fingers gently running up her ribs. "What are you doing?"

"I couldn't sleep," Lauren whispered. "I know the thing that made us do those things is gone. And I'm happy it's gone. But …" She bit her lip again, this time in anxiety. What

would Melanie say? “But I miss being close to you. I never felt that way before and …” Lauren let her fingers linger on the side of Melanie’s breast.

Melanie turned onto her back, staring up into the dark. “And you want to feel it again.” She found her mother’s hand and laced their fingers together. “I want to be close to you, too. But I was afraid to say anything.”

“Shh. Don’t be afraid.” Lauren kissed Melanie lightly on the lips. “Mommy’s here.”

“Let’s just try kissing … and see if it’s weird … or whatever.” Melanie turned her face toward her mother. “Is that okay?”

“Of course, sweetie. I feel the same way.” Lauren kissed her daughter again. She was almost timid as she let her tongue explore that familiar mouth. It was the first time she’d kissed someone with passion in years, excluding Erato’s influence.

It didn’t take long for Melanie to melt into her mother’s embrace. It was clear that however strange their experiences had been, it had awakened an irreversible force. When the painting had eaten itself, Melanie had wanted nothing more than to put the whole experience behind her. But when her mother’s hand slipped inside her panties, she didn’t stop her. When two fingers found her g-spot, she moaned into the kiss. As she pushed her pelvis into her mother’s hand, all she could do was look to the future. They had so many wonderful moments ahead of them.

~~

“What is this place?” Paul looked around at the sleek, bright corridors. He stopped to gaze through a window at the stars. They weren’t twinkling, which meant … he was in space. “This is your starship, isn’t it?”

“You are aboard the Errand into the Wilderness.” Mary stopped next to him and contemplated a distant nebula. “Or more accurately, you are sleeping in your bed, snuggled between your lovely mother and her new deputy, Mrs. Joanna Mills.”

“I’m dreaming.” Paul snuck a peek of Mary’s enormous breasts, not so well hidden inside her black and white uniform. The color scheme, and her braid, reminded Paul of the Amish. But, of course, she didn’t eschew technology. He could feel the ship humming through the deck under his feet.

“Come with me.” Mary linked her arm in his, and they walked down the corridor.

“Where are we going? I’m …” Paul slowed to a stop again. The window before him did not show distant stars. Instead, he was looking at Samantha Owens riding Noah Reader.

She seemed overjoyed. Her impish features twisted in pleasure, her head thrown back. Her belly glowed strangely. Paul thought he could see … the outline of Noah's giant penis inside her. "What's happening?" He looked at Noah's face, which seemed a mask of pain and longing. Paul banged on the window. "Noah! Sam! There's something wrong! You have to stop … fornicating."

"They can't hear you." Mary's voice was low and authoritative. "But I commend you on your compassion for your friends. We must save them for they are your flock. All the women in your congregation will take your hand in marriage, and all the men will become attendants to Him. That is God's way."

"It is?" Paul was confused, but as is so often the way with dreams, he accepted her words as truth. "What's happening to them?" He watched in horror as Samantha's glowing belly heaved with her exertions.

"They are in thrall of a great evil. The Great Tempter, the Fallen Seraph, has blinded them to His truth. But we will show them. We will not leave them to their fate." Mary, her arm still interlocked with his, pulled Paul away from the window. They walked at a leisurely pace down the hall. They stopped in front of another window.

"Mrs. Vitova?" Paul could see his neighbor's face straining as she emerged, half-buried beneath the bed covers. There was somebody under her, but Paul could not see them. The blanket rose and fell like some piston machine was at work underneath. "What's happening to her?"

"She is copulating like a heathen." Mary laughed. "Well, she is a heathen copulating."

"But it looks wrong." Paul had learned much recently about how male and female bodies joined. Just then, Margaret Vitova threw off the covers. She was a sweaty, gyrating mess. Under her, a woman lay with legs spread wide and hands on Margaret's butt. Paul looked closer. "Mrs. Vitova has … she has a penis."

"So she does." Mary nodded her agreement. "Do you see what infects Clover Falls? Do you see the evil that has taken root among your friends and neighbors?"

"Yeah." Paul shivered. Both Margaret and the woman underneath her looked excessively happy. Just as Samantha had. But such were the methods of the Great Deceiver. He let Mary pull him from the window, and they walked on to the next. He had no idea what sort of perversity awaited him. He was surprised when the next scene was quite tame. A woman and man were joined in the missionary position, their hips moving slowly, their lips locked together. "What is this?"

"A mother and son locked in deep sin." Mary frowned.

"But … um … I've done it with my mom." Paul looked closer. He recognized Jimmy Ronning, a bully from school. "Am I … a sinner?"

Mary's laugh was light and reassuring. "You are the chosen one. You blessed your mother with your holy seed. But you are surrounded by heathens and polygamists. What you do in God's name, they do for the Great Tempter." She unlocked their arms and unzipped her uniform.

"They look happy together." Paul could see how Jimmy's mother tenderly stroked his back and welcomed him with wide-open legs.

"The most potent lies don't seem like lies at all." Mary pulled her heavy breasts from her uniform, one at a time.

"If I am to … mmmpppppppphhhhh." Paul's words ended when Mary forced her nipple into his mouth. The taste was divine … quite literally. He drank and drank her warm sweetness.

"Shh … No more questions now." Mary stroked his brown hair as he drank. The ship hummed around them. "You need your rest. Think about what I showed you. All of these dark threads have been wound around us. They would stop us if they could. But I will not let them. We will sanctify this town with your seed. We will spread the epistle of fecundity. The heathens will submit. We will prevail."

Paul drew strength from her milk and her conviction. She was right. God depended on him. And Paul had no notion of letting God down.

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"Well, you look different, dearie." Eloise smiled from her painting. She was in her pregnant incarnation, wearing a nineteenth-century dress without the bustle. Her male companions were absent from the canvas.

"You promised me that you wouldn't change my body." Noah closed the door after he and Samantha entered the office.

"I didn't change my mind. You did. You asked for that." She nodded down to the outline of his enormous cock, slumbering in his shorts.

"Oh … gosh … you knew he was joking." Samantha's face tightened in anger. "It was obvious. Change him back."

"His mother asked me to change her back after she made her bargain with us. Like mother, like son. She hasn't asked for that again." Eloise shrugged and persisted with her pleasant smile. "Once we exchanged due consideration and the pact was finalized, there was no going back. It's for the best, really. You should join your dear friend,

Samantha. Would you like me to grant you the same joys? He would fit so much better, and your womanly treasures would become even more beguiling."

"You want to turn me into a bimbo slut?" Samantha tried to be polite whenever possible. But sometimes it wasn't possible. "I get it. You're a whore and so the whole world should be one, too? I'm not a slut like you."

"Watch your words, young lady." Eloise's face sunk in, her flesh turning black and corrupted. The room swirled with terrible dark shapes. The steady *tick … tock …* of a cursed clock filled their ears. She watched the teenagers huddle together in fear. "Do not seek to undermine me. Do not try to …" Eloise took a deep breath, snapped her fingers, and the room was bright and cheery again. Her rot was replaced by rosy, freckled cheeks. "Forgive me. I've had many … difficulties over the years. My husband, who is not himself now, was once a formidable villain working at the behest of a powerful and petulant baby. He did … terrible things, and I bear the scars. I did not mean to cast my ire in your direction. Now, what were we talking about?"

Noah raised his hand. "You have to change me –"

"Oh, yes." Eloise cut him off. "The good news about the other paintings. Your mother was very clever. Of course, we can't go charging into every home with a broken bottle. Some of the others will be aware of the threat. They will seek to protect themselves. I think it best if you bring The Belle Dame's shopkeeper here so that I may speak with him. I think I see a way to free Clover Falls of the sundry nefarious paintings."

"What are you talking about?" Noah scratched his head.

"Oh … did your mother not tell you about Erato's demise?" Eloise could see the blank looks on their faces. "The painting that had its tendrils sunk into your sister? No? Well, I'm sure Mrs. Reader was waiting till the right moment to tell you. I'll fill you in." Eloise told them all that Jessica had relayed to her about Jessica's experience at the Keitaro's house.

"Mom … killed a painting?" Noah was stunned.

"There's a way to defeat them?" Samantha couldn't suppress a smile, Noah's condition temporarily forgotten.

"Yes, and yes." Eloise nodded. "And not only that, but you are making me stronger. When you two joined upstairs not long ago, I could feel my prison weakening. We are mapping out this mysterious landscape. What a lovely family you are. I was very lucky your mother selected me to come here." Eloise's face became very solemn and earnest. "And that brings me back to my earlier request. I need you to bring the shopkeeper here. I must speak to him. We have leverage now. Together, we can end the power the other paintings seek to hold over your town."

“I mean … we can try,” Samantha said.

“What about my … um …” Noah pointed at his dick.

“Since The Belle Dame is the source of my power, perhaps the shopkeeper will know how to reverse the magic upon you.” Eloise slowly looked Noah up and down, making clear that she liked what she saw. “But I hope you’ll reconsider. I think your mother will heartily approve of your slightly enhanced bludgeon.”

Noah blushed profusely.

Samantha nodded. “We’ll go to The Belle Dame tomorrow when it opens.” She rubbed her chin. “We’ll take Kathy and Ella with us. They were over here tonight. We all had dinner together. Did you know that?”

“Kathy Bly was here?” Eloise bit her bottom lip. “I did not know.”

“Don’t worry, she says she wants to get along with you.” Noah waved a hand at Eloise. “It sounds like you pulled your punches last time anyway. It was nice of you to send her home.”

Eloise nodded. “I’m glad we have a rapprochement. I look forward to being fast friends.”

“Yeah. I’m sure she does, too.” Samantha got the feeling that Eloise was holding something back … something important. Regardless, they had no option but to trust her for the time being.

Chapter 21
She Smacked Me Good

The bell over the door chimed merrily as Samantha, Noah, and Kathy entered The Belle Dame. They looked around in wonder. The place was almost completely bereft of paintings. Only two hung from the walls. “Mr. Luci?” Noah didn’t see anyone. He turned to Samantha. “Maybe he’s going out of business.”

“Oh, hello.” An old man with a white beard and a friendly face appeared through a door in the back. “We haven’t had any customers in a while. Market saturation and all that.” He trundled toward them with a smile on his face. He wore a cardigan, wrinkled corduroy pants, and looked as casual as Mr. Luci did formal.

“Is … Mr. Luci … here?” Kathy sniffed the air. There was something familiar about the man.

“He is not.” The man stopped before them and stuffed his hands into his pockets, his avuncular smile undisturbed.

Samantha realized she still had her coat on. “It’s not sweltering in here.”

The man let out a deep, ringing laugh. “Mr. Luci does put a heavy finger on the thermostat.”

“How can we reach him?” Noah scratched his head. Everything in the store was so unexpected, and he was trying to catch up. “Mr. Luci, I mean.”

“He’ll be back later.” The man shrugged. “I’m Mr. El-Kanna, I’m a partner in The Belle Dame. Can I interest you in a painting? The final two are both mine.” He gestured at a portrait of a big, blue alien firing a blaster and racing down a corridor with several women around him. Then, he nodded to a painting of an Asian woman staring at a laptop with a younger Asian man seated next to her. The screen wasn’t visible, but it was obvious from her expression that she was looking at something shocking.

“Yours? I thought Mr. Luci made all the paintings.” Noah was even more confused.

Mr. El-Kanna sighed like he’d had this conversation too many times. “Mr. Luci is boastful and prone to exaggeration. About half the paintings are mine and half his.” He nodded at Kathy. “You’re Mrs. Bly’s daughter, correct?” He smiled when she nodded. “Your painting is one of mine.” He pointed a finger at Noah. “Mrs. Reader bought yours, of course, and it’s one of Mr. Luci’s.” He then nodded at Sam. “You look just like your mother. Your painting is mine.” He held his hands, palms up, moving them up and down like he was weighing something. “About half and half.”

“Well, there’s a problem with my painting. Maybe you could come see it?” Noah’s stomach turned over. He felt very uneasy around this man.

“That’s impossible, I’m afraid. All sales are final.” Mr. El-Kanna ambled over to a small table and poured himself a steaming mug from a copper kettle. “Can I offer any of you some tea?”

“No thanks.” Kathy stalked toward the man, looking down on him with narrowed eyes. “You made my painting?”

“I did.” Mr. El-Kanna nodded. “One of my spookier pieces. *“Therefore, behold, I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak tenderly to her.”*

“Is that the Bible?” Samantha stepped next to Kathy. When Noah stopped next to her and held her hand, she squeezed it tightly.

“Yes, it’s Hosea 2:14.” Mr. El-Kanna frowned at the three of them. “You don’t know your Bible?”

“My family goes to church sometimes.” Noah shrugged.

Kathy shook her head.

“I’m Jewish.” Samantha smiled pleasantly.

“Hosea is from the Torah.” Mr. El-Kanna’s scowl deepened.

“We’re not religious.” It was Samantha’s turn to frown. Thinking of her family brought her mind back to the monster her brother had become and her mother’s fate.

“That is unfortunate.” Mr. El-Kanna sighed. “I fear Mr. Luci may have already won.” He sipped his tea slowly.

“Won what?” Kathy forced her breath to slow down. She couldn’t very well toss this kindly old man across the store, despite her inclination.

“You’re kindling violent thoughts, aren’t you?” Mr. El-Kanna’s smile returned. “Oh, don’t worry. I’m not opposed to wrath when it is well deserved. I am, however, but a simple old man. I deserve only your kindest thoughts.”

Noah could see Kathy’s shoulders bunching. He stepped between her and the old man. “We need Mr. Luci to come by my house and see the painting. When can that happen?”

“Never.” Mr. El-Kanna stood and walked to the front door. “We don’t make house calls.” He held the door open. “We’re closing early today. Time for you three to run along.”

“What did you mean by ‘Mr. Luci may have already won’?” Kathy let her friends pull her toward the door, but she resisted on the threshold. The chill winter air swirled around her and entered the store.

“You’re letting in a draft.” Mr. El-Kanna gave her a wink. “Goodbye now.”

Without meaning to, Kathy followed her friends out onto the sidewalk. The door closed behind them and clicked as Mr. El-Kanna locked it. He turned the “open” sign to “closed” and walked slowly through the store. The three friends watched him disappear through the door in the back.

“Is he leaving out the back?” Noah turned and raced down the alley. “Come on,” he called. But when the teenagers arrived behind the store, they found no door or any sign of the old man.

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“Mom! Mom! Snap out of it!” Ella clapped her hands, but her mother continued to crawl around on the floor, barking. “I wish Dad were here.” She pressed her lips together and tried not to think about how unseemly her mother looked in her tight yoga pants and her butt high in the air.

“Ruff … ruff … need … need … ruff …” Mara’s face tightened in concentration for a moment and then relaxed as the thoughts drifted away.

There was a knock on the door. Ella checked her phone. She wasn’t expecting her friends to stop by. The latest text from Samantha said they were going to The Belle Dame. She ignored the front door. The last thing she wanted to do was show the world that her mother thought she was a dog. When the doorbell rang, her mother barked louder and ran toward the front hall. Ella worked hard to pacify her. “Quiet, Mom, they’ll hear you. Quiet!” She guided her mother into the laundry room and closed the door. She then went to the front door and opened it a crack. Lindsey Owens was there with a wide smile on her face.

“Hello, dear.” Lindsey put her foot against the door so that Ella couldn’t slam it in her face. “Is your mother or father home?”

“Mrs. Owens?” Ella stared in confusion. She could hear her mother’s muffled barking behind her. “No … Mom and Dad aren’t home. You’ll have to come back later.” She tried to close the door, but it wouldn’t budge.

“We’re actually here to see you, sweetie.” Lindsey’s smile bordered on manic.

“I’m not supposed to.” Ella had a moment of weakness thinking about Eddie. But her mother’s barking reminded her of her duty to her family. “I’m sorry I … wait, what do you mean ‘we’?” She could see no one outside other than Lindsey.

“I’m disappointed we had to come to your house.” Eddie’s voice came from behind Ella.

“What?” Ella wheeled around to find Eddie inside her home.

“I hope you don’t mind, I let myself in.” Eddie leered at Ella. “I’m disappointed in you, Ella.” He waved a finger at her. “And speaking of bitches, can you please shut that dog up?” He looked around for the source of the yelping.

“Oh … shit …” Ella stood frozen, her mouth hanging open. With intruders in the house, her mom was now barking her head off and banging against the laundry room door.

“Shut … that fucking … mutt up.” Eddie looked at his mother. “It’s behind that door over there, Mom.” He pointed. “Go give it a steak or something.”

Lindsey exhaled in relief. For a moment she thought he was going to tell her to hurt the poor pooch, and she was worried she might have to tell him no. “On it.” She went to the kitchen, found some leftover chicken in the fridge, and went to the rattling door. She opened the door to the laundry room with the Tupperware open and ready. “Oh … my … gosh.” She gasped when she glimpsed inside the room. She quickly closed the door and retreated back to Eddie.

“I told you to feed it.” Eddie tried not to lose his temper, but the dog was grinding on his nerves.

“Let’s just go to your house, Eddie. I’ll blow you again if you want.” Ella stumbled when she backed up against the wall.

“We’re here now, and it can’t wait.” Eddie took the chicken from his mother and went to the laundry room himself. “Here doggy, doggy. I have a treat for you.” He opened the door and stared in disbelief. Ella’s mom was bounding around the room on all fours and barking like a maniac. “Holy … shit.” He dropped the Tupperware on the floor and burst out laughing. “You’re mom’s a bitch, Ella. Like … for real.”

“Wake up, Mom!” Ella clapped her hands to no avail. Her brain swam. This was all too much, and that sickly sweet smell from Eddie’s house had followed him here. It made her knees weak.

Mara sniffed the air and stopped yapping. She turned her rump toward Eddie and held it high in the air.

“What’s she doing?” Eddie shook his head, still laughing.

No one responded for several beats.

Finally, Lindsey piped up. “She’s … um … presenting herself to you … I think.” Lindsey cocked her head. “Mrs. Rizzuto? Mara?” The woman looked over her shoulder at them,

but her eyes were half covered by her curly black hair, and her gaze was uncomprehending.

"Wild." Eddie quickly discarded his clothes. Not long ago, he would have been self-conscious letting his belly hang out in front of three beautiful women. Now, he didn't give it a second thought. "Totally … fucking … wild." He heard Mara whimper when she got a look at his massive erection. "You want this, bitch?" He entered the laundry room and dropped to his knees behind her, grabbing the stretchy fabric covering her wide ass. He grunted as he pulled at it, trying to tear a hole. It was tougher than it looked.

Mara growled at his suddenly aggressive behavior.

"Behave yourself." He was pleased when she quieted down. "I guess we'll do this the old-fashioned way." He moved his hands to her waistband and pulled her pants and panties to her knees. He spread her legs a little and saw the moisture glisten on her folds. "You're fucking hot for me." He looked to the door where Ella and Lindsey stood staring with rapt attention. "We're facing the wrong way." He turned Mara on her hands and knees so that they were both facing the others.

Mara whimpered and rocked her hips in anticipation of the impending mounting.

"Oh … Mom … what are you doing?" Ella's eyes were wide, her gaze fixed on the mammoth cock as it slowly entered her mother.

"Eddie, sweetie, I'm not sure you really need to …" Lindsey's voice died away when Mara started howling. She watched the woman's eyes roll and her muscles spasm in a frenzy. Lindsey had become quite familiar with all sorts of new aspects of human sexuality, but the way Mara behaved was completely novel. As Eddie sank deeper and deeper, the howling grew in intensity.

"She's even … tighter than you … uuugghhhhh … Ella." Eddie grinned at the women ogling them from the doorway. "Your dad has been … ignoring … some prime … pussy." Eddie took handfuls of her ass. He pushed her forward until only the tip was inside Mara, then pulled her butt back onto him. In no time at all, they were humping at a frenetic pace.

"Oh … Mom." Ella stared at her mother's ecstatic face. Her expression was so twisted, it was hard to recognize her. There was a frantic joy in her face, in her strange wailing, and in the way she threw her whole body into mating with Eddie. It was a beautiful and terrible sight. Ella wondered if this was what she looked like with Eddie inside her. She was going to feel Eddie's magic dick again. It would be strange having him put his cock inside her after it'd been in her mother. She found that the thought actually thrilled her. "I'm going to … I'm … um … going to … let you … do it," she mumbled.

“What was that, dear?” Lindsey put a hand on her shoulder, her eyes never leaving the mating couple.

“I’m going to let Eddie do the same thing to me … when he’s … done with my mom.” Ella had failed her family. She had been put in charge of protecting them, but instead she had welcomed salacious chaos into her home.

“That’s a … good bitch … that’s a good bitch … ugh … ugh … a good … tight … bitch.” Eddie gripped her ass so hard he was sure the finger marks would be obvious hours later. He didn’t care. It didn’t matter what her husband thought. It didn’t matter what anyone thought. This yapping bitch was his now. And he wasn’t ever letting go. “You like that … you like that … you filthy animal?”

“Ruffff … ruuuuffffffff … uuuuuggggggghhhhhhhhhhh.” Mara threw her head back. Her body stiffened, accentuating the arch of her back. She gurgled out canine gibberish as her orgasm swept what was left of her mind away.

Lindsey sighed and squeezed Ella’s shoulder. “When Eddie gets this excited with a new woman, she’s a keeper. I’m going to be a grandmother so many times over.” She shook her head. “I suppose he’ll get you pregnant, too?”

Ella glanced at the woman, her mouth hanging open and her eyes wide. “Yes,” she whispered. “Whatever you want.”

Lindsey’s laugh was bitter. “It’s not what I want. It’s what he wants. And he wants you and your mother.” She nodded to her son, who was hooting and hollering and slapping Mara’s ass.

“Whatever Eddie wants.” Ella nodded her agreement.

“I want … I want …” Eddie looked over at Ella, his expression crazed. “I want to knock up your mom and you … on the same day. I’m cumming … I’m … aaaaahhhhhhhh … cummmminnnngggg.” He gripped Mara’s ass and buried himself all the way inside her. His belly shook as spasms passed through his body.

“Aaawwwwooooooooooooo.” Mara howled out her pleasure and collapsed to her belly on the floor, her mate still deep inside her.

“Shit … she’s so tight … I feel like I’m knotted … to the bitch.” Eddie, slick with sweat, rested his weight on her. His belly neatly fit into the curve of her lower back. “You like that … Mrs. Rizzuto? You like being … knotted?”

“Ruff …” Mara said feebly. Soon, Eddie’s long cock slid out of her with a sloppy plop, and it was her daughter’s turn. But Mara was so overcome, she scarcely noticed. Even when her mind returned to her, and she could form words again, she did nothing more than lie on her side and stare at Eddie and Ella smashing together like dogs.

“You’re mine … uh … uh … uh … Ella.” Eddie stared at the flare from her waist out to her ass. She wasn’t as slim as she’d been just the other day. He didn’t understand why it happened, but he’d noticed the trend toward curves with all the women he’d taken. A more curious person might have asked why. But it didn’t matter to him. Everything was going his way. And that was the way it should be. “You’re … ugh … mine … and … your mother’s … mine.”

“Okay … okay …” Ella squeaked. She prayed the moment would never end. A tide of pleasure surged inside her. She never wanted it to recede. “I’m yours … ah … ah … ah … we’re yours … forever … and … oooohhhhhhhhh … ever.”

Mara cast a glance at Lindsey. How odd that two mothers of eighteen-year-olds would be staring with longing at their progeny bumping uglies. She spotted Lindsey’s hand moving furiously under her dress. One mother was leaking sperm while the other pleasured herself. She could think of nothing more sordid than what was happening in her house. She had thought things couldn’t get any stranger than the uncontrollable barking. She had been wrong. After Eddie finished in Ella, it was Mara’s turn again. She rode him with abandon. He called her names no one had ever dared utter to her face. But she didn’t even wince.

“You’re the horniest … bitch I’ve ever fucked.” Eddie held her hips and forced her to bounce on him. Grinding was nice, but he wanted to see his length penetrating her again and again. He stared past his belly at the tight pink ring her pussy formed around his veiny shaft. “You’re … ugh … ugh … a total slut. You’re … my slut.”

“Yes … yes … yes … oooohhhhhhhh.” Mara’s large boobs bounced in unison on her chest.

“Say … it … bitch.” Eddie was getting ready to cum again.

“I’m … your filthy … bitch … Eddie.” Mara couldn’t believe the words coming out of her mouth. “I’m your … slut.”

“Language, Eddie.” Lindsey didn’t stop masturbating while reprimanding her son.

“Lay off, Mom.” Eddie winked at her. “This is the way … uh … uh … uh … things are now. And you love it. I know … ugh … you do.”

Lindsey had no reply.

Eddie took his sweet time at the Rizzuto house, cumming twice in Mara and twice in Ella. He finished with his mother while the Rizzutos watched. Afterward, they were famished. Mara made them all an early supper. They ate mostly in silence, Eddie making the occasional crude remark.

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“Hey there!” Jimmy jumped onto the sidewalk in front of Kathy, Samantha, and Noah.

Kathy growled.

Samantha stopped abruptly and put her hand over her heart. “You gotta stop jumping out of bushes, Jimmy.”

“Sorry.” He smiled like he wasn’t sorry. “I like to mix things up, otherwise today gets boring. Sometimes I come up from behind you. But Kathy really doesn’t like that. Sometimes I dance across the street, but there’s a speeding car in three … two … one …” A car screeched around the corner, tore the side mirror off a parked car, and sped past them. The eighteen-year-olds could see that the driver’s seat contained a woman riding a man with his hands barely on the wheel. It quickly disappeared with squealing tires around another turn. “The bushes are safer.”

“So, if you’re here today, that means that you solved the puzzle yesterday.” Noah rubbed his forehead and thought. “If I can remember yesterday, that means it had to be your last yesterday. And then … since I’m here right now talking to you and I’m aware of all this, this has to be your last today, right?”

“Yes, to the first part. No, to the second part.” Jimmy shrugged, looking a little bored. “You’ve made the second point before on todays that repeated. You always think this is your only today. But you’re almost always wrong.” He gave them a sly grin. “Except this time, you happen to right. Pure coincidence.”

“So … you and your mom …” Samantha raised her eyebrows. “I mean … if you passed yesterday … that means you and your mom did it?”

“Correct.” Jimmy shot her with a finger gun. “I won’t give you all the details. But let’s just say that you and Noah were doing it right about the same time my mom was riding me like a rodeo cowgirl.”

Samantha blushed. “How did you …?”

“Gross … dude.” Kathy curled her lip.

“We must have told him on another today, Sam,” Noah said.

“Right.” Samantha continued to blush.

“Correct again.” Jimmy shot Noah with a finger gun. “I just want to say that I really love you guys. Without you, I’d still be stuck on yesterday. Maybe forever. And it looks like I’ve solved today’s puzzle today. You helped figure that out on a different today. So,

thanks! I want to return the favor to you by telling you that sometimes today, you and your mom do it. And that makes everyone happy. So, you know, go for it."

"Oh, come on, Jimmy." Samantha folded her arms.

"Don't knock it until you've tried it." Kathy smirked.

"I'm not jealous or anything. I was just saying to Noah last night that … that …" Samantha looked around at everyone. "How did we get here? This is *insane*, isn't it?"

Everyone nodded their heads in agreement.

"So, we all agree that Noah banging his mom is fine and dandy." Jimmy smiled pleasantly. "Great! So, I'll fill you in on how it works out when it goes well. You're lucky really. I had to work so hard with my mom. Yours is …" He laughed. "Let's just say, I have a good feeling about this today. A very good feeling."

The four friends walked toward Noah's house, Jimmy sharing his thoughts.

Samantha fell a few paces behind and checked her phone. Ella wasn't responding to her texts. It was probably for the best. Samantha didn't know how she would explain to Ella that they were prepping Noah to have sex with his mother. Ella probably wasn't ready for that level of insanity.

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"If I remember correctly, this is the young man you struck to defend Noah's honor?" Eloise smiled warmly at Kathy like they were old friends. The Painted Lady stood with the teenagers in Jessica's office. The painting behind her was empty.

"She smacked me good." Jimmy nodded. He had watched this woman crawl out of her painting a few minutes before, and it hadn't bothered him in the slightest. It wasn't the first time he'd seen that trick. "And I deserved it."

"I'm sure you did." Eloise laughed. "But reliving old times isn't why you're here. How did it go at The Belle Dame?"

Noah and Samantha told her about Mr. El-Kanna, and their disappointing interview with him. Eloise rubbed her pregnant belly, deep in thought as she listened. A worry line creased her forehead.

When they'd finished the story, they waited for Eloise to say something. When she didn't, Noah pressed on. "There's something else."

"Yes?" Eloise raised an eyebrow.

“I’ve decided … I mean we’ve decided … um … that is … I’m going all the way with Mom.” He waited for a reaction, but Eloise’s eyes were still focused inward. “Today … I’m going to see if my mom wants to … have sex … today.”

“That’s wonderful news. If you’re asking for my blessing, you most certainly have it.” Eloise’s face radiated as she processed the latest news.

Noah looked around at his friends. Samantha and Kathy didn’t make eye contact. Jimmy smiled at him and gave him a thumbs-up. Noah sighed. “That’s not what I’m asking for, Mrs. Palmer. I need you to change me back. I can’t possibly do anything with … um … this dick. It’s too big.”

Jimmy snickered, but didn’t say anything. Samantha turned beet red. Kathy rolled her eyes.

“It most certainly is not!” Eloise put her hands on her hips. “You have a wonderful bludgeon. And I happen to know your mother does very well with that size.”

Jimmy burst out laughing. “I’m sorry … sorry …” He worked hard to suppress himself.

“About that …” Noah met Eloise’s green-eyed gaze. “I know that my mom and Thomas have been … together. If I do this, I want that to stop. No more Mom and Thomas.”

“Well, I give you a mighty bludgeon, and you start swinging it around, don’t you?” Eloise’s laugh was high and sweet.

Jimmy’s shoulders were still bobbing as he tried to control his chortling.

“Stop fucking around, Mrs. Palmer.” Kathy shifted her weight to the balls of her feet.

“Indeed.” Eloise glanced nonchalantly at Kathy. “Noah, I believe your mother is old enough to decide for herself how to best sate her womanly desires. I would never shackle a lady like that. If you want her to stop, bring it up with her. Perhaps if you gave her a good reason, she might forget all about my sweet Thomas.” She smiled innocently.

“Jeez.” Samantha grunted her disgust.

“And what is your role here exactly?” Eloise turned the full force of her gaze on Samantha.

“I’m Noah’s girlfriend. And friend. And … I’m pretty sure you know all that already.” Samantha stamped her foot.

“What a twisted web you’ve woven, Noah.” Eloise didn’t take her eyes off Samantha.

“Okay, fine. I’ll handle Thomas on my own.” Noah’s face flushed with anger and embarrassment. “Just change my body back to normal.”

“We’ve been over this already. You needed to get Mr. Luci over here if you wanted to reverse our binding agreement.” Eloise shrugged. “But you failed. And … I still need to talk to him.” She turned her back on them and walked toward the painting, her head bowed in thought.

“You’re not going to help us, are you?” Kathy relaxed. It was plain that their meeting was over.

“I am going to cheer my heart out. Huzzah, Noah! Huzzah!” Eloise smiled, slowly climbed into the painting, and seated herself on her familiar chair. “Please update me once the deed is done.” She winked at Noah.

“Come on.” Samantha took Noah’s hand and pulled him from the room. Jimmy and Kathy followed. They closed the door after them and stood in the dark hall.

“Your mom gets home soon?” Samantha squeezed Noah’s hand.

Before Noah could answer, Jimmy said, “She always gets home at 3:17. About ten minutes.” He slapped Noah on the back. “You got this, buddy. I believe in you. Now, I gotta get home. My mom’s baking and the rest of the family is out. She brings me warm cookies while I’m watching a movie and we –”

“Get out of here, Jimmy.” Samantha kicked him lightly on the butt.

“I’m gone.” Jimmy headed for the door. “I’ve got a good feeling about this today.”

“Kathy and I are going to go check on Ella. She’s not responding to my texts.” Samantha let go of Noah’s hand and kissed him on the cheek. She leaned her lips close to his ear. “This is so hot. I wish I could see it. You’ll have to tell me all about it later,” she whispered.

“You know I have super hearing now, right?” Kathy smiled. “Did I not mention that?”

“Shut up, Kath. You didn’t hear anything.” Samantha kissed Noah once more on the lips. “Come on Kathy, let’s make sure Ella’s okay. Break a leg, Noah.”

“Yeah, best of luck.” Kathy offered a feral grin as she turned to go.

“Later.” Noah walked them to the door and closed it after them. He had only a few minutes until his mom arrived home. Jimmy had assured him that Hailey was out with friends, but Noah thought he’d better check. As he walked through the house, he stopped by his dad’s study. His father sat there engrossed in his poker tournament. Noah stood in the doorway, staring. “Well … shit.” He’d forgotten about his dad.

Andrew glanced over his shoulder. “Oh, hey, sport. What did you say?”

“I said, I’m going to put on some music, so you might want to put on your headphones.” Noah did not flinch at the devious lies coming out of his own mouth.

“Yeah, sure. I’m in the money now. Don’t want to lose concentration.” Andrew turned his focus back to the computer screen. “I’ll listen to some music, too.”

Noah walked upstairs shaking his head.

Chapter 22
Final Table!

"Noah, honey? Can I come in?" Jessica entered her son's room with a bright smile on her face. She closed the door behind her. She found him at his desk jotting notes on a piece of paper.

"Hi, Mom." Noah turned his head toward her. He was too nervous to smile. He knew from Jimmy that his mother would come right to his room and offer a blowjob. He had been making notes about the paintings to keep his mind off what was likely to happen that afternoon. If he thought about it too much, he was fairly certain his head would explode. A wave of excitement swept through him, turning his stomach over and over.

"Your father is engrossed in his poker. Your sister is out. Paget and Clive arrive tomorrow." She crept toward him slowly with a sly look on her face. The way she pretended to stalk him reminded her of playing monster with him over a decade ago. But he was eighteen now. A man. It was a different game she had in mind. "This may be the best chance we get to have a little fun for some time. Would you like me to do what I did last time? You seemed to really like that."

"Actually, Mom, while I loved what we did last time, I thought we could try something … different."

"Oh?" She glanced at the paper on his desk. There were two short lists. On one side, there was a category with *Mr. El-Kanna* as the heading. Underneath, Noah had written *1950s/metal ball, long tongue/red eyes, spaceship*. He had drawn little pictures of each. The other heading read *Mr. Luci*. Underneath was written *nineteenth-century/family, woman in mirror?, others?* She cocked her head. "What are you working on?"

"Nothing, Mom. I was just killing time." He tried not to stare at the cleavage revealed by her dress as she bent toward him. "About us … um … I was thinking it might be special if you wore some lingerie."

"Oh … I don't know." She looked into his intelligent, handsome face and bit her lower lip. "If your father comes upstairs and sees me walking down the hall in skimpy underwear, he might have questions. Also, I don't think my lingerie fits anymore."

"He's not coming up." Noah was firm. It wasn't necessary to the plan, but he really did want to see her in a sexy outfit. "You're gorgeous, Mom. It would make me so happy if you did that for me. Please?" He could see she was still unconvinced. "Did you know that I dream about how beautiful you are?"

“No, I didn’t.” Jessica’s freckled cheeks flushed. She reminded herself that according to her doctor, she and Noah were both at the height of their sexual cravings. She had dreamed about him, too. “You really think I’m that … beautiful? As pretty as Sam?”

“Yes.” Noah nodded. “You’re the woman of my dreams.”

“But … I’m your mother.”

“My mother is the woman of my dreams.” Noah nodded earnestly. He kept his crotch hidden under the desk. It wasn’t time for her to ask questions about his size, and he was pretty sure she wouldn’t miss the erection tenting his pants if it was out in the open.

“My … gosh. That’s a *lovely* thing to say. Really lovely.” Her face went blank for a moment, and then her smile returned. “Mommy’s going to get changed. I’ll be right back.” She quickly exited her son’s room, wondering how she would squeeze into her lingerie. She hoped she wouldn’t look too ridiculous.

Noah leapt from the chair, closed the door, and undressed. He placed his phone on his desk so that the camera pointed toward his bed. He jumped on top of the covers and lay on his back. The time to avoid thinking about sex was over. He stroked himself with both hands as he waited. The time for sex was almost here.

Jessica’s lingerie was the most modest thing Victoria’s Secret made. When she bought it, it had been no more revealing than a one-piece swimsuit. But now it was a good deal more revealing since it was a few sizes too small. Her bust practically spilled out of the top. She told herself that Noah would love it regardless. She opened her bedroom door and peered out. It was clear that Andrew wasn’t leaving his tournament for anything. This was the perfect time. Otherwise, she’d have to wait until January to be with Noah again. Even her time with Thomas would be constrained with such a full house. *Carpe diem.* She trotted down the carpeted hall and entered Noah’s room. Without looking up, she locked the door behind her. “Well, I think it’s pretty silly but …” When she turned and saw him the blood drained from her face. “What happened to your thing? Oh, gosh! Did it get hurt or something?” She raced to the bed and knelt beside it.

“It’s okay, Mom.” Noah had expected this.

“But it’s so big … and red … and angry looking.” She reached for it, but didn’t touch. She was afraid of hurting him. “It didn’t look like that before.” She remembered being so proud of the penis that she’d made. The one between her son’s legs looked like the evil twin of the one she’d gotten to know. “What happened?”

“Mrs. Palmer.” Noah could see understanding lock in behind his mother’s green eyes. “It was an accident. She didn’t mean to. And I didn’t mean to. But it happened. We’re working on changing me back.”

“Does it hurt?” She leaned closer to inspect it, giving him a prime view of her overflowing freckled cleavage. She could see him staring out of the corner of her eye. She inhaled deeply. He smelled wonderful. This was something Thomas lacked. Her painted paramour had no discernable scent. But Noah smelled musky and wild. She remembered buying him deodorant when he’d entered his teenage years. Now, she was grateful he wasn’t wearing any. She lowered her nose to the short, curly brown hair at the base of his mammoth penis and inhaled deeply.

“What are you doing, Mom?” Noah watched her nostrils flare.

Jessica didn’t think Andrew had ever smelled like their son. She took one more deep breath. “I asked if it hurts.” She ventured a small, delicate kiss on the crimson head of his cock. “Answer me, please.”

“It doesn’t hurt.” This was a statement counter to Jimmy’s advice. But he didn’t feel like lying to her. “It feels really good … actually.” He took her left hand and placed it on the shaft. He stared at her sparkling wedding ring. Guilt took his next words away. Instead of encouraging her, he simply stared at her delicate, feminine hand squeezing his oversized veins.

“It’s still … really nice.” Her right hand joined her left, and she pumped him tenderly. “Well, as long as it feels good … and you and Eloise are going to change it back … there’s no harm in us having a little fun with your scary monster.” She giggled. This was a new monster game she was going to play. “You’d be surprised what I can do with something this size. Mmmmpppppphhhhhhhhhh.” She spread her jaws wide and took him into her mouth. Soon she was bobbing her head while pumping fiercely with her hands. It dawned on her that there was room for her mouth and both hands to move on the tall pole. He rivaled Thomas’s length and girth.

“Ooooohhhhhhhhh … Mom … that’s really … good.” He regrouped from the sight of the ring. His dad didn’t matter. She had already cheated on him with Thomas. The thoughts twisted and twisted, until Noah focused on how it would be better for the family if she chose him over Thomas. The blowjob had been going on for a while. Noah lost all track of time. “Mom … Mom … I want to try something else. But first … I didn’t really get to see you … in that lingerie.”

Jessica pulled her lips off her son’s penis and released it from her hands. “Okay … okay … we can try something else.” Her eyes watered from his size. She hoped her mascara wasn’t running. “Okay … I’ll give you … a little show. You’ve … earned it … honey.” Jessica stood next to the bed and posed for him. She thrust her hip to the side. She turned her back to him and bent over. She turned her side to him and arched her back. All the while, she watched the look of awe and wonder on his face. She reminded herself that *she* was the source of wonder. It thrilled her. “What do you think?”

“Better than my dreams.” Noah told the truth. The sight of her alluring curves hooked themselves deep inside his being and tugged at him. He had to have her. He was so close. He longed to bury his face in her milky cleavage just as he had in his dreams … but he had other things to do first. “I love you so much, Mom.” While she was still posing, he reached for her wrist and pulled her onto the bed with him.

“Oh … gosh … Noah.” Jessica could feel the heavy weight of his penis slapping against her bare thigh as they playfully wrestled. He was delightfully warm. She giggled. “You’re so … forceful … all of a sudden.” She found herself under him, their faces inches apart. His sweet breath filled her nostrils.

“Do you remember the first time we kissed?” He drank in the sight of her expectant, freckled face. She really was the woman of his dreams. She was easily as pretty as Samantha, and Samantha was gorgeous. And the way her mascara ran down her cheeks made her seem all the more vulnerable and lovely.

“Of course.” She trembled under him. Her poor lingerie was probably stained beyond cleaning. She had been creaming herself like crazy for the past twenty minutes.

“You never said why you kissed me. Was it because you wanted to?”

“Honestly, honey …?” She met his smoldering gaze. “I kissed you because of Eloise. Because Mrs. Palmer wanted me to. But now? *I* want to kiss you now. Will you kiss me?”

Noah lowered his lips to hers. He held each of her wrists pinned to the bed on either side of her flowing copper hair. He pressed his scrawny chest up against her soft, swollen bust. Their tongues quickly entwined. Without thinking about it, his hips rocked, sliding his cock against her lingerie-covered pussy. He could feel her wetness. The bottom of his shaft and the top of his balls were wet and sticky. They dry humped and made out for a long time. Noah eventually released her wrists. Her hands wandered, caressing his back and running through his thick hair.

It was time. Jessica broke their kiss and made eye contact again. “It seems … from the way … you’re moving down there … that you want something. Am I right?”

“Yeah.” Noah nodded. “I want … to put it in.”

“I was hoping you’d say that.” She reached down and pulled her lingerie to the side.

“Will it fit?” He took hold of his cock, but he wasn’t used to its size. And his knowledge of a woman’s anatomy needed work. He had trouble lining it up.

“Yes. Yes. It will.” Jessica nodded enthusiastically. This was it. She was going to let her sweet son claim his prize. She had travelled a long twisting journey to arrive at this point, but the destination seemed inescapable. “Let me help you.” She pushed his hands away and circled her fingers around his prodigious girth. She had become so habituated

to humping Thomas without a condom, that the thought of protection didn't even cross her mind. "It's a bit lower … yeah … right there … right there … ooooooohhhhhhhhh … Noah … you're inside me." She let go of his penis and held his butt. She pressed her fingers into his flesh, feeling his muscles contract as he pushed deeper. "Holy … moly … you're deep." She spread her legs wide in the air, curling her toes.

"Mom … Mom … you feel so good." He bottomed out, his balls resting on her ass. His impulses pulled him in so many directions. He wanted to rip the lacy material off her breasts and devour her nipples. He wanted to kiss her again. He wanted to pound her pussy into oblivion. But he did none of those things. He locked eyes with her and held himself all the way inside, watching her eyelids flutter and her mouth gape.

"Noah … honey … I've … uuuggghhhhhhhhh … never felt closer … to anyone … in my life. I think … ugh … that your penis … is pushing up against … ooooohhhhhhhh … my soul." Her body shook, her fingernails dug into his butt, and she made the oddest wailing noises. "It's … eeeeiiiiiiiiii … happening … and you haven't even … started yet."

"Mom?" Noah watched his mother loudly cum on his cock for the first time. "I can feel you squeezing me." It was true, her pussy spasmed on his dick. He prayed that his dad kept his headphones on, or it was game over. The noises she made were something between uncontrollable sobs and hysterical laughter.

"Noah … uuuggghhhhhhhhh … gug … gugggggggggg … ggggghhhhhhh … Noaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh … my sweet … my … uuuggggghhhhhh … sweet … perfect son." Slowly, Jessica returned from the peak of her high. Her eyes focused on the concerned face hovering above her. "Hump me … hump me … Noah … hump me." She pushed his butt to get him moving. "Yes … yes … I feel it … I feel it … yes … yes … you and me … we'll be locked together … forever … hump me … hump me … hump me." She continued chanting in rhythm to his squeaking bed.

Noah obliged her. His body seemed to know what it was doing so his mind got out the way. His hips were a blur. He wondered for a moment if his bed could take the abuse but decided he didn't care. It could collapse, and it wouldn't matter. Their house could fall around them, and he wouldn't stop pounding his mother. His hands wanted some leverage, so he let them do what they wanted. He reached under his mother and took hold of her round ass. They were now both firmly gripping each other, four hands digging into four ass cheeks. "Nothing else … feels like this …"

"Yes … yes … nothing else … like this." Jessica realized it was true. Sex with Thomas had turned her world upside down. But she didn't love her ghostly partner. Not really. Noah, on the other hand, she loved with all her heart, and now she lusted for him with every nerve in her body. She could have it all. She was having it all. It was clear that they had crossed the Rubicon. There was no coming back. This was her life now. "You're going to make me … uuugghhhhhhh … again … it's … eeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii … happening again …

aaaahhhhhhhhhh." Her eyes rolled back into her head, and she screamed out her second climax.

Downstairs, Andrew pumped his fist. "Final table!" The tournament went on break for five minutes. He thought about getting up to get some water, maybe visit the bathroom. But no, he was in the zone. He adjusted his headphones and nodded his head to the music. Maybe that was the difference. Music. Noah had unknowingly given him a gift. With tunes in his ears, there was no flop, turn, or river that could throw him. He was going to win the tournament. He could feel it.

Upstairs, Jessica could feel her son's massive cock pressing places only Thomas had touched. She was delirious with delight. "I'm yours … ugh … ugh … ugh … and you're mine … ugh … ugh … and together … ooooohhhhhhhh … we're perfect."

"Speaking … of perfect … Mom … show me … your boobs." It wasn't much of a segue, but he was tired of waiting. Noah would have torn the lingerie from her chest himself, but he didn't want to relinquish his hold on her ass. The leverage it gave him was exquisite, and her butt was so wonderfully supple, full, and pliant.

"Yes … yes … of course." In a frenzy, Jessica pulled the straps off her shoulders and lowered the frilly garment. She gripped her heavy boobs and pushed them together. Mother and son stared at her breasts as they undulated in time with Noah's thrusts. "Do you like … them? Ooohhhhh … please tell me … you like them."

"Yes!" Noah raised his voice, forgetting about his father. "I love them … so much." Her areolae and nipples were large, pink, and inviting. He lowered his lips to her nipple, sucking it in and nibbling on her flesh. He didn't know how to properly suck on a boob, and it didn't matter. He let his longing be his guide. After countless dreams and cravings, he finally had his face buried in his mother's breasts.

"Ohhhh … not so rough … oh … my … ohhhhhhhhh …" She squirmed but didn't try and stop him. Much like when he'd put his tongue on her vagina, he demonstrated little skill with her breast but made up for it with raw, unbridled desire. It was a trade she was more than happy with. His pinches and bites caused her to wince a few times, but the pain blended with the pleasure flowing from between her legs. "Take what you want … yesssssssss … Noah … I'm yours … take everything … that I have." Her hands raked down his back, feeling his pulsing small muscles working tirelessly. She listened to the wet grunting noises he made around her nipple. "Are you going to … ugh … ugh … finish?"

Noah lifted off her breast and stared into her eyes. He was a man possessed. Not by Eloise, or a painting, or Mr. Luci. He was under the spell of his own desires. The savagery of his thumping thrusts grew, but his hips didn't increase their speed. His body paused at the zenith of each backstroke, slammed his dick home, paused at the bottom, pushed

her hips deep into the mattress, and then moved to the next backstroke. It was instinctual, ferocious mating. “I’m … uuggghhhhhh … going to … cum.”

“Okay … okay …” Jessica gritted her teeth, trying to stave off another orgasm. She needed to have her wits about her. “Maybe … ugh … maybe … ugh …” Her eye lost focus and regained it again. “Maybe …” A crash echoed in the room. Suddenly, they were at an odd angle. The mattress under her sloped to the floor at her feet. They had broken his bed. She remembered the day she and Andrew had spent hours assembling it. They had argued the whole time, but finally put it together for their son. Now, it had snapped in two, but her son didn’t miss a beat. His hips continued to pummel her. “Eeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiii.” Her climax hit and bloomed when she felt the heat of his seed inside her. He was similar to Thomas, but so very different, too. Where the Painted Man was cold and otherworldly, Noah was hot and completely familiar. “Eeeeiiii … eeeeeiiiiii … eeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” Her eyes rolled back, her eyelids fluttered, and her cheeks turned beet red under the running mascara. She had never been happier.

“Cumming … cumming … Mom … aaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhh.” Noah matched her cries in a lower register, the two harmonizing as they came on his broken bed.

In his study, Andrew glanced away from the screen. Was Noah blasting his music? That was very unusual for their well-mannered son. Well, now wasn’t the moment to deal with it. The tournament was down to five players, and Andrew had the third largest stack. He adjusted his headphones, turned up his music, and focused on winning.

Time passed. Noah and Jessica hadn’t moved from his canted bed. He still lay on top of his mother, his cheek resting on her shoulder. They were still panting and sweaty. His hard dick connected them, but he wasn’t moving. “I’ve never … been happier … in my life.”

“Even with … Sam?” Jessica absentmindedly stroked his damp hair.

“Sam is amazing. But you’re … um … you.” His hand was resting on her tit. He gave her soft flesh a playful squeeze.

“Are you happier than when I finally let you ride the Madre Diablo rollercoaster that one summer? Happier than when you got that six-thousand-piece Lego set for Christmas? Happier than when you and your friends went camping, and you caught that giant trout?” She couldn’t wipe the smile off her face. Even when she thought about his swimmers busily working their way toward her eggs, it didn’t faze her.

“Yes, yes, and yes.” Noah nodded against her soft skin. “This is the best moment of my life.”

They were silent for a while, each lazily exploring their own thoughts.

“What was that list you were working on when I came in? Why was God on one side, and Mr. Luci on the other?” She gently ran her fingers down his back. All the fine muscles that had been working so hard had relaxed. His form was delicate and smooth without them.

“God?” Noah had no idea what she was talking about.

“El-Kanna.”

“What?” Noah was too comfortable to lift his head to look at her, but he was curious. “What’s El-Kanna?”

“This is my fault.” She sighed. “I should have sent you to Sunday school more often. El-Kanna is a name for God in the Old Testament. It means Jealous God. ‘A holy Jealousy that God has for his people because He is a consuming fire’ or something. I don’t remember much about it. *My* Sunday school days were a long time ago.”

“I didn’t know that’s what his name meant.” Noah needed the list to explain it to her. He slowly pulled out of his mother and stood. He forgot about his notes when he got a look at her gaping pussy. Her pink lips were enflamed, and her little copper curls were matted with sweat and cum. “Mom … I came inside you.” It was obvious, but he felt it needed to be said. He stared at the sperm leaking out of her. “We shouldn’t have … I mean … I shouldn’t have.”

“Shh. It’s okay.” Jessica climbed out of bed and stood on shaky legs. “I mean, it’s not okay. We shouldn’t do it again. And I’ll have to sit on the toilet for a while and drain as much as I … uuuummmpppppppphhhhhhh.” Noah’s lips were suddenly on hers, his hard penis wedging itself between her thighs. She kissed him back for a minute, darting her tongue into his mouth. Then, she pushed him away. “That’s very sweet, honey. But I have to get this stuff out of me. And your father isn’t going to be on his computer forever. It’s a wonder … that …” She lost her train of thought when she looked down at his mighty penis still covered in their combined froth.

“You’re right … of course. I just saw you standing there with your lingerie around your waist, and your amazing boobs. And your hips. And you looked so … so … mmmmmpppppphhhhhhh.” Noah was shocked by the ferocity of his mother’s kiss. She grabbed his butt and pulled him to her, lodging his dick between her thighs again. She writhed against him until he was humping her thighs while they made out.

Jessica broke the kiss, turned around, and put her hands on the wall next to one of his posters. “We’ll do this quickly … okay? One more time won’t matter. Not if we’re quick, and I take care of it … right afterward.” She felt his hands on her hips and then the expanse of his knobby head pressed against the wrong hole. She raised herself onto her toes to help him and sighed when he found his way into the right hole. She was so stretched out that it wasn’t too difficult for him to find. “Ooooooohhhhhhhhhh … I will

never … get … enough … of this." In no time, her son was plowing her mercilessly from behind. "When did you … become … so forceful? You were always … so sweet … with me."

Noah's hips slowed. "Sorry … Mom … I just never … needed anything … so badly … before." Even though he was abashed, he couldn't stop humping her, or tear his eyes away from her wide, rippling butt.

"No … no … I didn't mean … uuggggghhhhhhh …" Jessica shivered with delight. "I like what you were doing … I like it … keep doing it … I love it … I looooovvvve it." Her knees were so weak, she prayed she could stay upright. "Pull my … hair … I'm yours … honey … and you're … mine. Yes … yes … like that … make me yours … uggghhhhhhh." With her son's fingers tightly wound in her hair, and her breasts swinging wildly under her, Jessica visited pure rapture yet again.

It was clear to Noah from his mother's strangled sounds and the way her body spasmed that she was cumming. She had given herself completely to him. His cock was in control of her pussy, his hand gripped her hip, and his other hand directed the position of her head. He didn't know how he would explain any of this to Samantha. It didn't matter. That was a puzzle for another time, but all other times felt impossibly far away. The present moment was the universe. He was joining his mother completely, and he was going to leave part of himself inside her … again. "Gonna … cum … Mom … it's uuuuuggghhhhhhh … too good … gonna cummmmmm … again … inside you … aaaaaaahhhhhhhh."

"Please … please … eeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiii." Jessica sang her joyous harmony with her son as he filled her for the second time that day. It was paradise on Earth.

When they finally pulled apart, it took every ounce of willpower Jessica had to leave. She wanted desperately to pull him to his broken bed and cuddle Noah all evening. But that wasn't to be. Andrew would finish his tournament. And Hailey would return home. So, she slowly waddled back to her bedroom, trying hard not to drip on the carpet. She made good on her promise to drain as much as she could. That took a long time. She stared at the bathroom wall and thought about what her life had become, what she wanted, and what was possible.

Eventually, she stood, turned on the shower, and slipped into the warm water. She wondered what Noah was thinking about. She wondered what he wanted, and what he thought possible. She wanted to ask him why Mr. El-Kanna and Mr. Luci had dueling lists. She would find time to ask all those questions. It wouldn't be easy with Paget coming home for Christmas, but she would somehow find time for her son.

Chapter 23

The Christian Ladies of Clover Falls

Samantha and Kathy went to the Rizzuto house but couldn't find Ella or her mother. This was worrying. Samantha didn't want to bother Noah in the middle of whatever he might be doing with his mom, but as they fruitlessly searched around the home, she decided it was time to text him an SOS. Just as she pulled out her phone, she received a text from Ella letting her know that Ella's family had gone to her aunt's house for Christmas.

"That's a dicey decision. What if her mom goes canine on their trip?" Kathy read the message over her friend's shoulder.

"Maybe getting away from the painting will help Mrs. Rizzuto." Samantha was trying to make the best of it, but she didn't like Ella's decision either. "Maybe her dad didn't give her a choice." She texted Ella back, asking her to keep them in the loop if anything strange happened. Ella didn't respond.

When Samantha got back to the Reader's house that evening, the family was about to sit down to dinner. She didn't get the chance to debrief Noah. After dessert she sat and chatted with the Readers while he went straight to bed. By the time she got up to his room, he was already snoring. She stared at his sleeping form for a while, thinking about waking him. Was he giving her the cold shoulder? Had things changed now that he and his mom had done … whatever they'd done? And how on Earth had he broken his bed? It was sloped to the floor by his feet. How could he even sleep like that? Boys were so strange. She shook her head but didn't wake him. It took her a long time to fall asleep that night.

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"How nice to have you here, Lauren. You haven't attended one of our Christian Ladies of Clover Falls meetings before." Shannon smiled at her guest and handed her a cup and saucer filled with steaming tea.

"I … um … well …" Lauren Keitaro looked around Shannon Botti's living room. It was filled with six other chatting and smiling ladies. She did feel a little like a fish out of water. "I've been meaning to for a while. And now … with Melanie home … some things have been difficult. I'm really looking to connect with God."

“Well, we welcome everyone. Even those that seek Him only in stressful times.” Joanna Mill’s smile was tight and contained.

“Yes … thank you.” Lauren sipped her tea and looked away from the pastor’s wife. She knew all these women from church but didn’t see much of them outside Sunday services. Other than Joanna and Shannon, the group was made up of Holly Murphy, Zoe Haberle, Sofia Fischer, and Kim Kannur. They were all fine Christian wives and mothers. After what had happened with her mirror painting, Lauren didn’t feel worthy of breathing the same air as these upstanding women. Everybody was staring at her. “Thank you,” she said again. “Thank you for having me.”

“Well, it turns out you’ve arrived at a special moment for our church. And an extraordinary day for the Christian Ladies of Clover Falls.” Shannon paused to make eye contact with each lady in the room. “You will all be connected to God today in ways you only dreamed about before.” She beamed at the thought of getting to bring these women the good news.

“Really?” Holly brushed a lock of brown hair off her forehead and raised an eyebrow at the pastor’s wife. She leaned toward Joanna, who’d always been the unofficial leader of their group. “What’s Shannon talking about?” she whispered.

Shannon’s smile faded. There were frowns all around the room. *Did these women just want to sip tea and gossip at every meeting? Couldn’t they see that their lives were about to change?* “I am trying …” Her voice died away when Joanna raised a hand for silence. Shannon pressed her lips together and waited. She reminded herself that this was why they had recruited Joanna before anyone else.

“Breathe in deeply, ladies.” Joanna put down her teacup and demonstrated for them, inhaling deeply and slowly exhaling. She kept at it until everyone in the room joined in. She could see the intoxicating effect of Paul’s scent on their faces. Smiles sparkled. After five minutes of deep breathing, there were no complaints. She could see several of them squirming. Holly’s eyelids fluttered. Zoe and Sofia rubbed their legs together under their prim dresses. “Now then …” Joanna picked up her tea. The cup rattled faintly on the saucer, her fingers trembling. “How do we all feel?”

“Your house smells lovely, Shannon.” Kim beamed at her host.

“I feel something … something … wonderful.” Sofia gazed at her companions in awe. “Is this the connection to God?”

“It’s only the beginning.” Shannon nodded vigorously. “I am so glad you all feel His presence.”

“Indeed, we are eager for you to learn about the epistle of fecundity.” Mary strode into the room with confidence. Her blond hair was up in its traditional braid. She wore her

Colony Control uniform that was far too snug for her voluptuous curves. She stopped in the middle of the room and placed her hands on her hips, enjoying the expressions of surprise and wonder. “You will join with His holy purpose as a lock mates with its matching key. Your lives will be pregnant with divine design.” She clapped her hands together and rubbed them energetically. “Let’s begin.”

~~

“Hey, Mom.” Hailey rubbed her eyes, trying to wake up. Sobriety made her sleepy. Her mom was sitting on one of the cushy armchairs in the living room, a blanket thrown over her. There was already a merry fire crackling in the hearth. “Have you seen Noah?”

“Um … no … I haven’t.” Jessica had trouble focusing her green eyes. She wore a Christmas sweater, a crooked smile, and a distant expression. “I’ll tell him you were looking … ugh … looking for him. There’s … um … waffles keeping warm … in the oven.” She shooed her daughter away with a wave of her hand.

“Okay.” Hailey turned to go but stopped and looked back at her mother. Something odd was going on. The lump under the blanket seemed too large and … she spotted the bottom of Noah’s socks sticking out from under the blanket on the floor. His socks were clearly filled with his feet. Which meant that Noah was … on his knees between their mother’s legs. Hailey’s eyes widened, but her mother didn’t register her surprise. “Okay, I’ll go get those waffles.” Hailey turned and quickly left the room. She desperately wished she could think things over with the help of a few puffs from her bong. But it was long gone.

“That was … too close.” Jessica pulled her son out from under the blanket. His face was shiny.

“Can I finish, Mom? You haven’t even … you know.” Noah waited for her to give him the go-ahead to slip back under the blanket.

Jessica paused, her thoughts vacillating. She heard the clink of dishes from the kitchen, and that spurred her decision. “We have to stop.” She saw his face fall. “We really have to be smart about this. What if your sister discovered us? We can’t risk this family for a little bit of fun.”

“Even if that fun makes you whimper and tremble?” Despite his words, he knew she was right. Before she could respond, he put a finger to her lips. “It’s just hard keeping my hands off you, Mom. Now that I know I can have you.” He smiled at her. “Now that I know how you feel about me.” He reached into her hair and grabbed a fistful.

Jessica gasped and went limp in his grasp. When he quickly let go, she composed herself. “Yes … um … yes … we won’t stop, Noah. But we have to be smart.”

“Roger that.” Noah stood and saluted her. “I’ll check in on Sam. She was still asleep when I left her.”

“Do that.” Jessica nodded. “But clean your face first.”

“On it.” Noah left for his bathroom.

After a minute, Jessica stood and walked to the main floor bathroom. She needed to finish what Noah had started. She wasn’t about to begin the day with a deferred orgasm.

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“Hold her still. Don’t let her run again.” Mary gently lifted Kim off her breast and eyed the struggling Holly. Holly was the tallest of the group and had some meat on her bones. Shannon and Joanna could barely restrain her. “Mrs. Keitaro, would you kindly move Mrs. Kannur to the sofa over there?”

“Of course,” Lauren whispered. She helped the now docile Kim move to the sofa. When Mary had first bared her breasts ten minutes before, only Kim and Holly had tried to run. The rest of the women were already quiescent. Lauren situated Kim on the sofa and sat down next to her, stroking her hand. There was a time when Lauren had found physical intimacy strange and awkward. Whatever else Erato had done to her, the painting had cured her of that particular aversion. Soon, Lauren pulled up Kim’s dress and tenderly caressed her naked thigh.

“Bring Holly to me.” Mary’s tone was cool and firm. She sat in the armchair, waiting to quell Holly’s misgivings.

“Wait … don’t … this isn’t God’s plan … there’s something wrong with all of you … stop … Kim … help me … *please!”* No one in the room but Mary would meet her gaze. What sort of Christian ladies served up one of their own to something so horrific? Holly found herself pushed into Mary’s lap.

“It’s almost over … and you will understand on the other side.” Mary brushed her fat nipple on Holly’s lips. The woman in her lap shuddered and opened her mouth. “See? Of course you like it. The taste is the promise of a new covenant.” She pushed the nipple into Holly’s mouth and listened to the woman’s eager gulps.

“Will we all have to drink?” Sofia squeaked.

“Yes, but not from the fount of our esteemed Mother Mary.” Joanna looked toward the doorway. “You may enter now, Paul.”

Paul slowly moved into the room like he was in a processional. He wore white vestments that were open down the middle, showing his white chest, flat belly, and writhing cock. His face was placid, and he held his hands to his sides in a gesture of open invitation. “Hello, Christian Ladies.”

Kim, Sofia, Lauren, and Zoe gasped and stared in horror and wonder. Shannon smirked. Joanna licked her lips hungrily. Mary’s mouth curved in an icy smile. Holly continued to guzzle milk as she lay with her legs awkwardly dangling over the arm of the chair.

“Who wants to be first?” Shannon looked around the room. Nobody volunteered. “Zoe?”

“Me?” Zoe slowly stood. Even though they hadn’t been told explicitly, she knew what was expected of her. “I’m not sure about this. My husband –”

“Will be an attendant to Paul. He will serve the church in his own way, as you now serve it in yours.” Joanna sounded almost confident. She had soaked up Mary’s ideas in the night they spent together. “Fall to your knees before Paul and worship.” She watched the raven-haired woman tentatively move to Paul and lower herself in front of him. “Now, grasp his … thingamabob … and experience the rapture He has given us.”

“In my … mouth?” Zoe glanced at Joanna. When the woman nodded back, Zoe took a deep breath. The scent of this eighteen-year-old teenager numbed the parts of her brain trying to deny this moment and enflamed the baser parts urging her to obey. She reached out and took hold of the abomination that was Paul’s penis. It surprised her when it stopped squirming. A smile slowly crept across her lips. “It likes me. It stopped moving. It wants me to pet it.”

“It is not a dog. No petting. You must drink.” Mary rolled her eyes. It wasn’t easy building a new church out of heathens, but this was what she had to work with.

“Right … okay.” Zoe glanced at the other ladies. They were all staring at her with expressions that ran from thirst to horror. “Here goes nothing.” She leaned closer to the monster between Paul’s legs and slowly shoved it into her mouth.

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“I wish I had been there. I mean, you broke your darn bed. Was it as amazing as it sounds?” Samantha’s words were garbled by her toothbrush. She and Noah stood side by side, cleaning their teeth and talking about what had happened with his mother.

“Well …” Noah spit into the sink and rinsed off his brush. He locked eyes with Samantha in the mirror. “You said before it happened that you wanted to see me and Mom. So … do you want to spend the morning at home with me watching a movie?”

“A movie? I guess.” Samantha didn’t understand boys sometimes. She finished with her teeth. When she’d realized what her boyfriend meant, she paused. “Wait … did you record it?”

“Keep your voice down.” Noah glanced at the locked door. He turned on the overhead fan. “I didn’t tell Mom I recorded it. I wanted to, but … she’d never go for it. And you wanted it. So, I had to choose.”

“This is the best Christmas present ever.” Samantha spit, rinsed her mouth and toothbrush, and gazed at him with a broad, goofy smile.

“Christmas? You’re Jewish.” Noah matched her smile.

“Doesn’t matter. Best Christmas present ever.” She kissed him, letting their tongues dance. She quickly pulled back. “When does Paget get here?”

“Around two, I think.” Noah wanted to pinch himself. He was truly living his best life. The other nefarious paintings floated from his mind. “When she gets here, we’re going to set up the tree. Mom’s been waiting for Paget before we all put up the decorations.”

“That gives us lots of time.” She nodded. “Well, what are we waiting for?” Samantha pulled him back to his room and locked the door. “Is this why you wouldn’t tell me about it last night? You wanted me to see it.”

“That, and I was exhausted.” Noah sat on his canted bed.

“She gave you a workout, huh?” The anxiety in Samantha’s chest eased. She had been needlessly worried about Noah. He hadn’t been avoiding her. His mother had worn him out.

“See for yourself.” Noah grabbed his phone, swiped it on, and opened the video. He patted the mattress next to him. She sat down and put her head on his shoulder.

“Oh … my gosh … she’s wearing lingerie.” Samantha’s eyes got big. “And she’s spilling out of it. Oh … and she’s so worried about your big dick.” She giggled.

Noah enjoyed Samantha’s running commentary immensely. Right about the time he entered his mother in the video, he decided to reward her. “Here, hold this.” He handed her the phone and lowered her pajamas.

“What are you doing?” Samantha paused the playback. The screen was filled with two butts, a hand on every ass cheek. Noah’s heavy balls were resting on his mother’s asshole. It was a ravishing sight.

“I went down on my mom this morning.” Noah pulled down her panties and breathed deeply. Her scent was pungent and delightful.

“You did?” Samantha stared at his lips. Not long ago that mouth had been on Jessica Reader’s pussy, and soon it would be on hers. Samantha spread her legs for him.

“Yeah, Hailey almost caught us.” Noah laughed. At eighteen, he and Samantha were no longer kids, but he remembered what it felt like to wake up on Christmas morning when he still believed in Santa Claus. The excruciating anticipation, the tantalizing proximity to magical new surprises, and the certainty of mind-blowing satisfaction were so similar to the present moment. “But my mom was cool about it.”

“You aren’t being … aaahhhhhhhhh … very careful … ooooohhhhhhh … are you?” Samantha tensed as he went down on her like a hungry wolf. “Easy … easy … tiger … would you like some pointers … on what you’re doing down there?” When he looked up at her, she laughed at the exuberance and wetness on his face.

“Yes.” He nodded earnestly.

“Okay. Try going a little slower, run your tongue up the middle … yes … aaahhhhh … like that. And you can take the lips in your mouth … no!” Samantha gave a little jump. “Not with your teeth … not yet. Just use your lips … to grab my lips … yeah … ooooohhhhhhh … that’s good. You can do the same thing … with my clit.” She laughed again when he looked up at her with questioning eyebrows. “You are so cute, Noah. It’s the little button … at the top … here.” She pointed to it. “You can lick it and rub it and … suck on it … but not too hard … yes … like that … that’s good.”

“I lovfff yourfff pussy.” Noah’s words were slurred by his task.

“I can … tell … ooohhhhhhhhh. Best … boyfriend … ever.” Samantha lifted his phone up and hit play. “I’m going to watch the rest now … while you … do that … okay?”

“Keepfff talking.” Noah loved her commentary. He reached into his pajama bottoms and stroked his cock while he ate her out and listened to her take on the video. It was better than any Christmas morning.

“Gosh … I … ugh … can see why … you broke the bed.” Samantha’s legs trembled. “You’re nailing her. Where … ooohhhhh … is it all going? How … is she taking … that whole thing? Your mom has … a super pussy … or something. You would destroy me … ooooohhhhhhhhhh … if you … ever …” Samantha stared at the way Jessica’s pink pussy gallantly stretched to accommodate her son. She could see it for about half the time. The other half, his massive balls were in the way. “Oh … gosh … ooohhhh … gosh … I’m cumming … Noah … this is so hot … I’m cummmmminnnnggggggggg.”

Out in the hall, Hailey listened to Samantha’s orgasm through the door. Had Erato somehow infected her family? Her little brother was going crazy with all the women in

the house. Well, almost all the women. This morning had not been good for her recovery from Erato. Before her experience at the Keitaro's, she would have been shaken to her core by her discoveries of the past few hours. But it wasn't shock she felt. It was emptiness. She listened for a while longer and then slunk down the hall and back to her room.

"Wait … Noah … you didn't … cum in her … did you?" Samantha could see his hips moving erratically in the video. She blinked, staring at the frothy cock still plunging into Jessica. "You're not … ugh … wearing … a condom."

Noah gave Samantha's pussy one last kiss and came up for air. He moved back onto the bed next to her. "It was amazing, Sam."

"Oh gosh … it happened … this is when you broke the bed." Samantha's hand replaced Noah's tongue on her pussy. "I can see your balls contracting … holy shit … I'm watching you put it all inside her."

"Yep." Noah's hand was still on his cock. Together the teenagers masturbated and watched him fill his mother to the brim.

"You could get her … pregnant … Noah." She glanced at his hand working his giant dick under his pajamas and then looked back at the video where mother and son now lay in each other's arms.

"Mom said that she drained it all out of her after the second time."

"Does that work?" Samantha processed his words. "Wait, you came in her *again?"*

"We didn't mean to. We were standing over there." Noah pointed to the wall. "I kissed her, she kissed me, and then she turned around. It's not on the video."

"Nuh-uh." Samantha was light-headed. She thought of that meme from *When Harry Met Sally*. "I'll have … what she's having." She rubbed her clit in little circles.

"We could do that if you wanted." Noah's hand sped up on his dick. The thought of seeding his mother and his girlfriend was riveting.

"I don't really mean it … dummy." Samantha continued to stare at the small screen, even though mother and son were resting. "It wouldn't fit … and … I can't get pregnant. That's crazy."

"In case you hadn't noticed, our town's gone crazy." Noah knew his hormones were out of control, but he didn't feel like reining them in. "Let's go crazy, too."

"Slow … down … cowboy." Samantha hung on the edge of another orgasm. "You're not … putting that huge thing … in me … until we change it … back."

"Yeah … of course." Noah watched Samantha get herself off.

Outside in the hall, Jessica giggled at the sounds coming from her son's room. It was clear he was giving his girlfriend a good time. She wondered if Samantha enjoyed his enthusiasm as much as she did. Of course, Hailey was home, so they should be more careful. Jessica decided she would sit the teenagers down and lay down some ground rules for winter break. Soon, Hailey would go back to school, and Paget and Clive would go back to their cute, little starter home. Andrew would go to work. And then … Jessica and Samantha would have Noah all to themselves. A shiver ran down her spine. But until then, they would have to get a handle on things. Maybe Eloise would help them keep a lid on their runaway libidos. She would have to ask the Painted Lady when she had a moment. Jessica tiptoed away as the sounds of Samantha's orgasm died away.

Samantha shut off the phone and dropped it on the mattress next to her. She lazily turned her gaze on her furiously fapping boyfriend. "But … I can still fit it in my mouth." She pulled down his bottoms and smiled when his cock came into view. With its crimson head and enormous blue veins, it looked so much angrier than it used to. "You didn't think … I'd leave you high and dry, did you?" Samantha pushed his hand away and took hold of it. His dick looked even more ridiculous with her small, delicate fingers trying to encircle it. She opened wide and sucked him into her mouth, pumping him fiercely with her hands. She was going to try and swallow this time. She had been looking forward to trying since she'd discovered she loved the taste.

"Ohhhhh … Sam … you look amazing … with it in your mouth. I –" Noah was interrupted when a red-headed woman in a bustled dress walked through the wall and into the room.

"Speaking of high and dry, I must interrupt." Eloise glided across the room and sat herself on the crooked mattress next to Noah.

"Gggggaaaaaaa?" Samantha spit the cock out of her mouth and sat up, her eyes wide with shock. "What … the heck … Mrs. Palmer?" She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. She still wore nothing on her bottom half, so she folded Noah's blanket over her legs.

"I do apologize. I know my timing couldn't be worse." Eloise gave the teenagers a polite smile. "You were doing very well, Samantha. If you straighten your neck a little, you might find it easier to get more of him in. Like this." She leaned over, grasped Noah's huge penis, and took it into her mouth. Slowly, she lowered herself down its great length. When her nose hit his pubic hair, she held out her hands in a *ta-da* gesture and looked up at Samantha.

Noah gasped as her icy throat squeezed around his cock. "Um …" He looked down at the once pretty, freckled face that was now twisted by his size.

“Not impressed.” Samantha folded her arms over her chest. “You’re not real.” She glanced at Noah who was wincing. “How does it feel?”

“Cold.” Noah couldn’t make eye contact with his girlfriend.

Slowly, Eloise slid the cock out of her throat. She smacked her lips when they were free. “Not impressed?” She gave Samantha a mock frown. “I could do that trick with Thomas when I was still very much alive. Or the other me could at any rate.” She shrugged. “Now, speaking of such things, we come to the purpose of my visit. I really do need to speak to Mr. Luci.”

“We tried, honest.” Noah bit his lip and glanced at his dick. “Can we talk about this later?” He desperately wanted Eloise to depart so Samantha could finish him off with her mouth.

“Oh, you poor dear.” Eloise frowned like he was a lost puppy. “Your bludgeon is still so terribly stiff. I’ll help you while we talk.” She casually placed her hand on his cock and stroked the length of it. She deftly played with his foreskin and twirled her hand with each pump. “Better? Good.” She smiled pleasantly at Samantha who was staring daggers at her. “We’ll have to make another attempt. I’ll be happy to speak with Mr. El-Kanna if he’s the only one at the shop. But it must be done.”

“It’s … Christmas Eve. The store will be closed.” Noah watched her hand work, his gaze captivated by the ring she wore with its sparkling binary diamonds.

“Drat. I think you’re right.” Eloise nodded. “They are both quite busy on Christmas.” She went silent as she thought, the only sound in the room was the squelching under her stroking hand.

“We’ll try later.” Samantha’s fuse was burning dangerously low. “Get your hand off him.” She pushed Eloise’s icy hand away from her boyfriend’s dick and replaced it with her own. “You can go now, Mrs. Palmer.” Determined to outdo the stunning, nineteenth-century lady, Samantha put her other hand on Noah’s dick and pumped him two-fisted.

“If I am to wait, I’m afraid we don’t have time for another failed attempt at convincing them to come here. I must go to The Belle Dame.” Eloise rubbed her chin, regarding the handjob. “Excellent work on his bludgeon, by the way. I love your technique.”

“You can … ugh … go there?” Noah turned his gaze and met Samantha’s warm blue eyes. She looked worried.

“Sadly, I’m shackled to the painting. Try as I might I cannot leave your house.” Eloise curled her lip in frustration.

“So, how are you going to go to The Belle Dame?” Samantha didn’t bother looking at the intruder; she lost herself in Noah’s eyes.

“You are going to bring the painting there, of course.” Eloise nodded her head with certainty. “Make the arrangements. We’ll try as soon as The Belle Dame opens again. Perhaps the twenty-sixth?” She patted Noah on the back. “Well-settled. Samantha, you may now finish him as originally intended. Pardon the interruption.”

“But …” Samantha watched the woman vanish. She shook her head. “What were you saying about our crazy lives?”

“That … ugh … they’re crazy. Uuuuuggghhhhhhhhh … that’s good.” Noah flopped back onto the mattress when Samantha took the head of his dick in her mouth again. “I’m gonna … uuuuuggghhhhhhhhh.” His body shook, his balls contracted, and he erupted in Samantha’s mouth.

“Gggggguuuuuuuuuuuggggggggg.” Samantha tried her best to swallow, but there was too much. She managed to gulp down the first blast, but was drowned by the deluge that followed. She pulled off his dick and let him spray into the air like last time. He covered her face, hair, and arms. She got a look at his expression. He had the most goofy and adorable O face. Then cum landed in her eye, and she was temporarily blinded. Even without her vision, she finished him off. When he was done, she wiped his sperm out of her eye and put it in her mouth without thinking. “You taste so *good*, Noah!”

“So … do you … Sam.” Noah bathed in the sight of his dazzling, his cum-spattered girlfriend and the mess they’d made of his room again. “Cleanup … on aisle six.”

They laughed together and snuck to the bathroom to wash themselves. They needed to be fresh and presentable when Paget and Clive arrived.

Chapter 24

Under a Sprig of Mistletoe

It was such a fine morning that Kathy and Adeline Bly decided to walk to the Readers's house. They had been invited for Christmas Eve celebrations. Joe had been invited, too, but they left him at home. He complained until Kathy's eyes turned red, then he decided he'd spend the day watching football.

Mother and daughter held hands and made small talk. Kathy bathed in happiness. She'd nearly forgotten about the insanity unfolding all around her … until … a bit of Clover Falls's craziness walked down the street toward them.

"Does that man seem strange to you?" Kathy let go of her mother's hand and put an arm protectively around her shoulders. Her other hand tightened on the bag of presents they were bringing along.

"Fuck … he does look wrong." Adeline had recently acquired the habit of swearing everywhere but in polite company. What she had with Kathy had freed her in so many ways. "He's taller than you … there's something wrong with his teeth … and he's fucking green."

"He's also wearing Renaissance fair clothes." Kathy slowed her pace and looked around. There was no one else about, just the creature lumbering toward them.

"Maybe he's dressed up in a costume." Adeline nodded her head firmly. "It's cozy play."

"You mean cosplay." Kathy tilted her head up and sniffed the air with her turned-up nose. "And he's not fake. He smells … different … and real." She stopped on the sidewalk, placing her mother behind her. "What are you?" Her voice carried and echoed down the street.

The creature hurried toward them, not flinching or pausing, even when Kathy's eyes began glowing red. "I am Sontar." His voice was low and discordant. "I am an orc." He stopped five feet away from them. "I am looking for my mother. Only she can quell the fire inside me. I have spoiled so many women since crawling from my flat world into this one."

"Go away." Adeline squeaked. She grasped the thin material covering her daughter's round, firm butt, her knuckles going white. How odd that she hid behind her eighteen-year-old daughter, when only a decade ago Kathy hid behind her skirts. She peeked around Kathy at the strange man. She trembled when she saw fangs protruding from the lower side of his mouth.

“We haven’t seen any green ladies running around.” Kathy shifted her weight to the balls of her feet.

“Oh … my mother looks nothing like me. She is an elf, shorter than the young miss hiding behind you.” He pointed at Adeline.

“That’s my mother.” Kathy cocked her head at him.

“Forgive me. I am more familiar with elves. This is the first Realm of Man I have visited.” Sontar could see he was troubling the poor mother with fair skin who trembled behind her tall daughter with brown skin. “Have you seen a beautiful elf with flaxen hair?”

“Your mother is … an elf?” Kathy raised her eyebrows.

“Yes.” Sontar had explained this to humans so many times recently, he no longer cared to elaborate.

“Your flat world – the one you came from – was it painted?” Kathy winced as her mother’s fingernails dug into the soft flesh of her ass cheeks. She reached behind her and stroked her mother’s head. Her other hand still held the bag of presents.

“It was.” Sontar nodded. His hunger was growing. It had been hours since he’d sated his lust. The women before him were not elves, but they were beguiling. He had now mated many human women, but never anyone so near his own size.

“I suggest you go back to your painting and look for her in there. You won’t find your mother in Clover Falls.” Kathy slowly moved around him, careful to keep herself between her mother and the orc.

“I have tried.” Sontar frowned.

“Try some more, Sontar.” Kathy was now walking quickly away. They were only a few blocks from the Readers’s house. She held hands with her mother again, letting her lead them while Kathy kept her eyes on the orc.

“I will look here.” Sontar grumbled, and turned away from them. He looked around, decided on a path, and made his way into a nearby backyard.

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“I’m not sure … I have any more stuff … inside me.” Paul panted and watched the nervous woman approach. “Maybe I can rest a while … and … Mrs. Murphy can … have a turn later.”

“Nonsense.” Mary gazed at the church ladies. They were all in various states of undress. Some were staring fixedly at Paul’s still full and writhing cock. Others looked lost with distant, dreamy expressions. All but Holly, and Mary herself, bore Paul’s thick white sperm on their faces, hair, and chests. “We’re not sending anyone home unanointed. Did you think it would be easy being the Messiah?”

“No.” Paul tried to keep the petulance out of his voice. “Come here, Mrs. Murphy.”

“Okay.” Holly’s voice was barely above a whisper. She moved over to him as if in a trance and dropped to her knees. After watching all the other women fellate Paul, she didn’t need to ask any questions. She would open her mouth as wide as she could, bob her head with vigor, and pump her hands with all her might. With each successive church lady, it had taken Paul longer to climax. Holly prayed he wouldn’t last hours. Regardless, she knew she would give it her all. A belly full of milk had given her clarity about what was truly important. “Oh … it’s so heavy.” Her fingers pressed into the thick pole. She could feel muscles moving inside it, twisting it about, muscles that had no right to be in a human penis as she understood the organ. “Give me your seed, Paul. It is an honor.” She said no more after that since her mouth was otherwise occupied.

“I can see … your devotion.” Paul brushed her brown bangs aside to get a better look at her contorted face. “You made the right choice … to serve me. To … uh … serve Him. And you’re skilled … very skilled … with your tongue. Yes … keep doing that.” Paul had worried that it simply wouldn’t be in him to cum again. But those fears faded as he enjoyed Holly’s sloppy work.

“Holly is … skilled.” Lauren stared hungrily at the blowjob. The semen on her face had dried. She had been the second lady to please Paul. That seemed like an eternity ago. As she watched, she skillfully caressed Kim’s clitoris. She desperately wished the woman would return the favor.

“Ohhhhhh … ohhhhhhhhhhh … ooooooohhhhhhhhhhhhh … Kim watched Holly closely, too. Kim’s blouse was still wet, and she could feel the sticky stuff still dribbling from her chin. “We’re all going to taste it … all of us … we’re changing the church … together. Ooohhhhhhhhhh … Lauren … you’re going to make me …” She was quite happy that Lauren had decided to join their meeting. Her body went rigid, and she surrendered herself to pleasure. It was wonderful but paled in comparison to the ecstasy of drinking Paul’s stuff.

When Lauren crawled between Kim’s legs and wedged her tongue between the woman’s slick pussy lips, she absurdly wondered if she was cheating on Melanie. A woman couldn’t cheat on her own daughter, could she? She decided once Melanie drank from Paul too, any infidelity would be forgotten. What they did for God was the right thing to do by definition.

“Hey … Mom …” Paul held the back of Holly’s head, winding his fingers into her mousy hair. “You see what Mrs. Keitaro is doing for Mrs. Kannur?”

Shannon looked over at the *other* oral sex going on in her living room a few feet away. “Yes, dear. It’s hard to miss.”

“I like it. I like it a lot.” Paul’s eyes roved over to where Sofia sat with her boobs spilling out of her dress and her hands between her legs. She looked gorgeous with his cum on her. “I want you to do that to Mrs. Fischer.”

The room was filled with Holly’s gurgling moans and Kim’s plaintive cries of pleasure. Shannon thought over her son’s request. “I don’t know, dear.” She frowned, wondering what another woman would taste like.

“It’ll help me anoint Mrs. Murphy faster,” Paul said.

Holly moaned louder around his penis when she heard that.

“If it helps him in our mission, you should always accommodate him.” Mary wished Paul had asked his mother to visit *her* vagina. But she supposed he might have a thing for strident, slim ladies. Mary shrugged. Sofia wouldn’t be slim much longer.

“Yes, of course.” Shannon cleared her throat and moved over to the woman. She knelt between Sofia’s legs. “Move your hand, please.”

“Gosh, Shannon, are you really going to …?” Sofia moved her hand out of the way and watched as her fellow church lady licked her vagina. “Oooohhhhhhhhh … that’s nice … that’s really … nice.”

“Yeah … Mom … that’s awesome.” Paul pushed and pulled on Holly’s head, masturbating himself with her mouth. She gagged, but that didn’t bother him. In fact, he rather enjoyed the sound. “Hey … Mom … lift up your butt. Yeah … like that … arch your back. You have the best … ugh … ass … Mom … ugh … you look so … perfect … licking Mrs. Fischer … I’m going to … I’m going to …” He listened to Holly gag in earnest as he erupted down her throat. He didn’t know how much sperm he had left, but when he let her fall to the floor, he could see a good amount escaping from her mouth. The silliest sounds escaped Holly’s throat. Exhausted, Paul slumped to the floor next to her. His dick finally went soft, apparently understanding that its work was at last finished.

“Very good.” Mary stood and stepped over the satisfied bodies on the floor. “I must return home. I know some of you must return to your own homes. But I encourage any who can stay to continue once Paul has rested.” She stopped in the doorway and looked back at her new flock. “And remember: *Whatever you do, work at it with all your heart, as working for the Lord, not for human masters, since you know that you will receive an inheritance from the Lord as a reward.”* Her smile was rich with fulfillment. She turned and left them.

“You heard Mother Mary, if you wish to go you may. If you want to further dedicate yourself to Paul, you may stay and wait out his time of well-deserved rest.” Joanna stood and looked at herself in the mirror above the mantel. She was a mess. “I’m going to get cleaned up. Any Christian Ladies that would like to use Shannon’s bathroom to freshen up, please help yourself.” She looked down at her stained dress. “And we will find a change of clothes for you if you need them.” She followed Mary out of the living room.

Zoe slowly stood on shaky legs and followed Joanna to the bathroom.

Everyone else stayed where they were, either resting or engaged in noisy cunnilingus.

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“You saw a what?” Noah stared at Kathy as they strung up lights on the Readers’s artificial tree.

“Are you sure he was green?” Samantha stared at her friend with wide eyes.

“You heard what I said.” Kathy shrugged. Since she was the tallest, she started the lights at the top of the tree and Noah fed them to her. “He was green. He said he was an orc. He smelled like something from a different world. He dressed like he was going to a Ren fair. And … he said he was looking for his elf mommy.”

“An orc … looking for his … elf … mommy?” Noah blinked repeatedly. “What do you think, Sam?”

“Well, we’re all agreed that he’s here because of the paintings.” Samantha saw them both nod. Paget made a joke at the other end of the room and everyone who wasn’t eighteen laughed uproariously. Samantha waited for it to quiet down a little. “So … this orc is either an orc from some unknown painting. Or … some painting turned somebody from Clover Falls into an orc.”

Noah shivered at the thought. “I hope it’s the former.”

“It is the former. I could smell it on him.” Kathy continued to slowly wrap the tree with her strand of colored lights. “He *was* an orc.”

“So, what does this mean for Clover Falls? Why can he go for a walk while Eloise complains about being shackled to her painting?” Samantha slowly looked back and forth between her friends.

Kathy shrugged.

“Honestly, why do we have to fix The Belle Dame mess?” Noah ran his hand through his hair and sighed. “Maybe if we just focused on our own lives, the rest of the town will work itself out. I don’t see why *we* have to deal with an orc. Maybe he’ll just go away.”

“I’ve been saying exactly that for a while.” Kathy nodded in agreement with Noah. “I’m happy with my painting.”

“Yeah, I like Eloise,” Noah said.

“I can’t believe you two.” Samantha’s voice lilted with emotion. “What about *my* family? My mom is doing who knows what with my brother. Maybe something … nasty is happening right now as we speak. And what about Ella’s mom? Or poor Paul and his mom?”

“That’s the thing, Sam.” Kathy looked over from the tree. “We’ll help you with your family. And Ella of course. If her mom doesn’t like barking, we’ll find a way to cure it. But Noah is right. Why is Paul our problem? How many other paintings are there? How much of our lives are we supposed to spend on this? I’m having the time of my life. We’ll help you and Ella, but I think we can just learn to live with the rest of it.”

“Kathy … I …” Samantha rubbed the back of her neck and tried to think.

“Let’s agree to enjoy Christmas.” Noah spoke slowly, trying to be careful with his words. He could see tears forming in Samantha’s eyes. “And then we’ll bring Eloise to see Mr. Luci and fix your family and help Ella. Then we can be done with it. We can live with this.”

“There was an *orc* walking down the street … in *Clover Falls*.” Samantha’s eyebrows knitted.

“He was a friendly orc, right Kathy?” Noah said.

“He didn’t try to eat us or anything. I –” Kathy was interrupted by a hand on her shoulder.

“Sorry to interrupt.” Adeline smiled apologetically at Samantha and Noah. “Can you accompany me to the bathroom, Kath?”

“Can you get this now?” Kathy handed the lights to Noah, they had spiraled far enough down for him to reach. “I’ll be back in a little bit.” She let her mother take her hand and lead her away.

“Are they going to …?” Samantha saw Adeline pinch her daughter’s butt right before they disappeared down the hall.

“Seems so.” Noah locked eyes with Samantha. “See how happy they are? And we’re happy together. And so is …” Noah lowered his voice. “… my mom.” He leaned over and

kissed Samantha on the cheek. “All I’m saying is that let’s fix our own messes, live our own lives, and be happy.”

“I guess.” Samantha pressed her lips into a thin line. She didn’t like it, but she supposed Noah had a point.

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“Hold me, Kath.” Adeline pressed her face into her daughter’s bare boobs. Kathy’s top and bra lay at their feet. She kissed Kathy’s soft flesh tenderly. “You protected … me … today.” She was still trembling from meeting that scary, green creature. “I love you … I love you … I love these …” She lifted Kathy’s right breast in her hand, eyeing the dark, inverted nipple. “I can’t believe I made something so perfect.” She sucked the nipple into her mouth, making a wide seal around the areola, teasing Kathy with her tongue. “Mmmmpppppphhhhhhh.”

“You’re getting so good at that, Mom.” Kathy’s voice was husky with delight. She studied her mother’s furrowed brow as she sucked and squeezed her breast. Kathy’s tongue slowly lolled out of her mouth and fell to her chin. “I’ll take your mind … off that scary orc.”

“Eeeiiiiii.” With a shriek Adeline felt herself lifted into the air, her dress thrown above her waist, and her legs flung over her daughter’s shoulders.

“You smell … amazing … Mom.” Kathy moved her mother’s panties aside using only her tongue, then buried it inside her pussy.

“Eeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” Adeline kicked her legs and tried to stifle her scream.

“Mrs. Bly, are you okay in there?” Hailey gently knocked on the door.

“F … f … f … fine.” Adeline held Kathy’s head and rotated her pussy on that magical tongue. It was deeper than any cock had ever gone. “F … f … f… fucking … fine … Hailey. Ooooohhhhhhhhhhh.” She bit down on her arm to hold back another scream.

“Okay.” Hailey raised her eyebrows. She had seen Kathy enter the bathroom with her mother, and the sounds of lust were unmistakable. It was indisputable; as soon as Hailey had tried to control her libido, everyone else’s had gone haywire. She quickly retreated to her room. She couldn’t smoke weed anymore, but she sure as hell could masturbate. She was going to be the only sane one in her house. That was about the most depressing thought she’d ever had.

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“I’ve finally got you to myself.” Jessica giggled and sauntered down the upstairs hall to her son. “I thought you and your girlfriend might have become glued together or something.” She held her hands demurely behind her back.

“She’s decorating with everyone downstairs.” Noah tried to suppress a smile. The mischievous look on his mother’s face was enough to make him hard. She was gorgeous, even in her silly Christmas sweater with her hair in a ponytail.

“Well, it just so happens that you’re standing under a sprig of mistletoe.” She giggled harder when he looked around, his face a mask of confusion. “It’s right here.” She held her hand over his head, dangling the mistletoe. “We don’t have time for anything more than a kiss.”

“Okay.” Noah wrapped his arms around her, gripping the wonderfully arching curve of her lower back. Her tongue was almost familiar to him now. He knew some of her moves and what she enjoyed.

“Mom … are you up here?” Paget’s voice echoed up the stairs.

Jessica and Noah moved apart so quickly he thumped his funny bone on the wall.

“Ow … shit …” He rubbed his elbow.

“Language, honey.” Jessica wiped lipstick off his mouth.

“There you are.” Paget found her mother and brother in the hall. Jessica moved her hand away from Noah like lightning just as Paget came into view. “Um … Clive was wondering if we could put up the tree ornaments now.”

“Clive was wondering?” Jessica forced a smile. “Thank you for helping me, Noah.” She kissed her son on the cheek.

“Okay, *I* was wondering.” Paget smiled back at her mother. She glanced at her brother and cocked her head. He looked like he’d just been caught with his hands in the cookie jar. Was he in trouble? “You okay, dummy?”

“Fine.” Noah almost smacked his mother’s butt, but stopped himself at the last minute. “I’m going to go get that thing you wanted from my room, Mom.”

“Great.” Jessica walked down the hall. “I’m going to dig Hailey out of her room. We can’t let her miss the tree ornaments.” As she walked by Paget, something fell to the floor.

“Hey, Mom. You dropped this.” Paget bent down and picked up a cutting of mistletoe with a neat, red ribbon. She handed it to her mother.

“Oh, thanks.” Jessica’s smile faltered. “I’m going to use it on your father.”

“Of course.” Paget shook her head and walked downstairs. In the hours since she and Clive had arrived, everyone had been acting so strange.

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When Jessica returned to the main floor with a frowning Hailey in tow, she found Pat and Peggy Ronning in the kitchen chatting with Andrew. She scowled, remembering what their son had done to Noah.

“Oh, come say hi, Jess. The Ronnings stopped by. Isn’t that nice?” Andrew waved his wife over.

“We were on our way out to an early Christmas Eve dinner, and Jimmy said he had to stop by and give Noah a present.” Peggy held a glass of wine in her hand and took a careful sip. “The boys are becoming quite close, it seems.”

“I did not know that.” Jessica’s staccato words bit like ice.

“Well, Jimmy and I are very close. He shares everything with me.” Peggy blushed at her own words.

Jessica picked up a glass of wine but did not drink. “I would bet that Noah and I are closer.”

“I would take that bet.” Peggy nodded earnestly.

Andrew and Pat exchanged a look. Before the back and forth could escalate, Andrew raised his glass. “Here’s to the inimitable bond between mothers and sons.” Everyone clinked their glasses together and said “Cheers!” After that, Andrew led the conversation to the safer topic of the weather.

Sitting by the tree, Paget tapped her foot and looked at her watch. “Are they ever going get in here?”

“It’s Christmas, Paget. It’s the season of miracles.” Clive stood and gave her a wink. “I’ll see if I can round up everyone.”

“Good luck.” Paget watched her fiancé stroll into the kitchen. She listened to him politely try and move her parents into the living room. He was, of course, unsuccessful. Paget looked at her sister slumped in an armchair. “What’s wrong with you?”

“I gave up weed … and having fun.” Hailey shrugged elaborately.

“Good for you.” Paget smiled.

“It sucks.” Hailey frowned.

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“My dad’s calling again.” Ella lay naked in the Owens’s living room under the painting from The Belle Dame. “It’s Christmas Eve. I can’t just ignore him.” Her pussy was sore and her eyes were wide as she watched her mother lazily ride Eddie. “He’s probably going to call the police.”

“So?” Eddie was quite comfortable lying on the floor. He could hear his mother making dinner in the kitchen. He sighed. He would have to switch positions soon. It was about time to work up another sweat, or his dad would rouse himself and freak out like he had that one time when he caught Eddie with Debra Wright. “Someone has to be missing more than twenty-four hours before the cops go looking for them.”

“Actually … uh … that’s a … myth.” Mara was slowly building herself to another orgasm. How many would that be for the day? Certainly, somewhere north of twenty.

“Stop … yapping … Mrs. Rizzuto. I’m talking to your daughter.” Eddie glanced at her, saw her eyelids flutter, and then looked back to Ella. “Is Christmas Eve a big deal in your house?”

“We’re Catholic, so …” Ella slowly sat up. She couldn’t make eye contact with Eddie, so she watched her mother’s serpentine movements instead. She would have never believed her boring mom capable of something so … *sexy* … before Eddie came along.

“Okay … okay. No police.” Eddie rubbed Mara’s tits to help him think. “How about … I dump one more load in each of you … and then send you home to do whatever you do with dear old Dad.”

Mara and Ella nodded their black curls in answer to him.

“Okay, ride me harder then, bitch.” Eddie pulled on Mara’s breasts to encourage her. “And … Ella … uh … uh … text your dad … that … your mom … went all doggy … and made a run for it … and you’re bringing her … home.”

“He’ll freak if I text him that.” Ella picked up her phone.

“Make … something up … then … I don’t care … I’m about to bust … in your … fucking mom.” Eddie’s face tightened in concentration. “Gonna … make you a … baby brother … Ella … gonna … uuuuuuggghhhhhhhhh.”

As Ella watched her mother and Eddie cum together, thoughts about her father disappeared. It wasn't until Eddie had her on her elbows and knees that Ella tried to write her father back. "Could you … ugh … ugh … slow down? I can't type … when you're … oooohhhhhhh … slamming into me … like that."

"Nah … I'm … working up a sweat." Eddie didn't slow down. He held her hips tightly and humped his sister's friend with long, mighty lunges. "Send it … with typos … or whatever."

"Uh … uh … Mom?" Ella gritted her teeth against the onslaught. She was halfway through the text, it was already riddled with typos, and the mounting pleasure made concentration almost impossible. "Could you … text Dad?"

"Too … tired … sweetie." Mara lay a few feet away, her eyes closed and her pussy leaking. "It's been … a long … strange … day." She was so content from sex that she was right on the edge of a blissful nap.

"Okay … okay … uggghhhhhh … ooooookay … I … uggghhhhhhh … yeeeesssssssssssss." Ella hissed through her teeth as she came, her finger accidentally pushing send. The forgotten phone dropped to the carpet in front of her.

"This is … my pussy now. I'm going … to grow … the Rizzuto family." Eddie's eyes blazed with triumph. "You want … grandkids … uh … uh … bitch?"

"Hmmmmmmmmm," Mara whispered.

"You ready … to be a mom … Ella?" Eddie stared at the painting as he humped her. He could see the metal ball shift its weight. He knew he had its approval.

"For you … Eddie … for you … I want your … baby." Ella had started the day trying to protect her family. She was now begging to get pregnant at eighteen.

"Damn … you've got the hips … for it." Eddie smacked her ass. "And I think … your ass … is already bigger … than the last time … I fucked you."

"Eddie, dear." Lindsey stuck her head through the doorway. "Dinner will be ready soon. Can you finish up with your friends?" She was eager to have her son all to herself.

"Yeah … Mom … almost there. Gonna give you … and Mrs. Rizzuto a … grandkid … at the same … ugh … time." He winked at his mother.

"Only eighteen, and so prodigious." Lindsey rubbed her legs together. It would be her turn soon enough. She returned her son's wink and went back to the kitchen.

"Tell me … you want … my baby … Ella." Eddie's hips fell out of rhythm.

"I want it … ooooooohhhhhhh … I can't believe it … but I want your … baby … Eddie." Ella's eyes rolled back. "Give me … give me … give me … a baby."

“Believe … it … aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” Eddie thrust himself deep and held his cock there. He unloaded in her for the last time. The day had been perfect, but he wanted more.

“I feel it … I feeeeeeeel … it … I … eeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” Ella let the ecstasy carry her away. Eddie had swept her off her feet, and she had no idea where she’d land.

Chapter 25
A Bottle of Olive Oil

“I assume you’re here because you need us to solve the daily riddle for you.” Samantha eyed Jimmy carefully. If she wasn’t careful, she might actually start to consider him a friend.

“It’s weird. This could be your first time through, or the fiftieth. I have no idea.” Noah offered a thin smile. Jimmy was an unwelcome reminder that Noah had decided not to help most painting owners in Clover Falls. “What’s the riddle? I’m sure we can find the answer.”

“Negatory, good buddy.” Jimmy smiled and slapped Noah on the shoulder. He winced when Noah returned the favor. Jimmy was still a little beat-up from the tussle at the Owens’s house. “You already solved it for me on an earlier today. Closer to fiftieth, by the way.”

“So, you need our help making it happen?” Noah watched Jimmy rub his shoulder. He thought about apologizing, remembered all of Jimmy’s past transgressions, and stayed silent.

“Nope. I’ve got it in the bag. That crazy god wanted me to do anal with my mom.” Despite the pain in his shoulder, Jimmy’s smile widened. He looked around Noah’s boring room. Samantha sat on her makeshift bed on the floor. Noah’s bed was canted to the floor. That made Noah look odd, since he wasn’t sitting perpendicular to his mattress. Jimmy sat nearby on Noah’s desk chair.

“So … your mom is out there … having a normal conversation …” Samantha rubbed her legs together. Her face grew hot.

“… with my cum in her ass. Yep. Pretty cool, right?” Jimmy laughed, his aching shoulder forgotten.

“Right.” Despite the topic, Noah couldn’t suppress a smile. He wondered if his mom would dress up nicely and visit someone’s home with his cum in her ass. He doubted he’d ever find out. Her pussy was one thing, but he didn’t think his mother would ever go for anal. “So … why did you stop by today?”

“Just being a good Sumerian.” Jimmy laughed harder. “I thought I’d tell you guys something you didn’t know.”

“What don’t we know, Jimmy?” Samantha was finding it hard to concentrate. Her mind kept wandering back to Mrs. Ronning’s asshole. Was she wearing a panty liner? Were her panties soaked that very moment?

“This is big, so you’d better sit down.” Jimmy glanced back and forth between them. “Right, you’re already sitting down. Well … on some todays you find out that there is a way to kill the paintings.”

“A way …” Noah blinked at Jimmy.

“It’s not complicated. Simple violence will do the trick. You have to slash the canvas and then the thing eats itself or something.” Jimmy shrugged. “I haven’t actually seen one go down. I thought about trying it with my painting, but Enki scares me. If it didn’t work and he found out I tried to kill him …?” Jimmy shook his head slowly. “You come at the king, you best not miss.”

“If you haven’t seen it, how do you know?” Noah’s eyes narrowed.

“I know what you’re thinking,” Jimmy said. “We could have taken out the painting at Sam’s house while we were there. I didn’t know then, I swear. I found out on an earlier today.”

Samantha shook her head, trying to clear the image of Mrs. Ronning’s behind. “How did you find out?”

“You’ll never believe how I found out. I’ll give you three guesses.” Jimmy patiently waited, eagerly looking at his friends. When they said nothing, he reluctantly continued. “Your mom, Noah. She told you, Sam, and Kathy on a different today. Then you told me. This happened a bunch of times, so I’m pretty sure it’s legit.” Jimmy looked around the room like something had just dawned on him. “Where’s Kathy?”

“She’s with her mom in the bathroom.” Samantha struggled to keep her face stoic. The thought of what the two Blys were doing that very moment sent her into further waves of arousal. She was soaking her panties just as surely as Peggy Ronning was.

“Ohhhhhhhhh … right. That happens sometimes,” Jimmy said. “Want to know what they’re doing?”

“No!” Samantha and Noah said at once.

“It’s hooooooottttt.” Jimmy arched his eyebrows.

“So, I just have to destroy the painting of the metal ball? Cut it up? That’s it?” Hope cleared Samantha’s mind.

“Wait, how did my mom know about this?” Noah’s brow creased in confusion.

Jimmy shot a finger gun at Samantha. “Yes, I think.” He then shot Noah. “Here’s what you told me.” Jimmy laid out the story of Erato’s Mirror, what had happened to Hailey, and how Jessica had saved the day.

“Wow. Why didn’t she tell me sooner?” Noah rubbed his chin as he thought through the implications.

“You once said something about how she didn’t know how important it was. She doesn’t know about Sam and Ella’s families. Not until you tell her.” Jimmy smiled helpfully and wiped imaginary dust off his pant leg. “So, want to go get some eggnog?”

“We need to make a plan to kill the painting at my house.” Samantha slowly stood. “We’re going to need weapons. I’m going to slash that fucker into oblivion.”

“Go find Kathy and come up with a plan. I’ll join you all in a little bit.” Noah hopped off the bed.

“What are you going to do?” Jimmy watched him with interest. This today was the only today he’d taken his mother’s anal cherry, and it was making the dominos fall in unexpected ways.

“I have to talk to my mom … about Erato … and Hailey.” Noah left the room.

Samantha barely noticed when her boyfriend left. She continued to think about how best to end that hideous metal ball that was destroying her family.

“Can I at least get some eggnog while we plan?” Jimmy twiddled his thumbs. “I’ll be downstairs. Get me when you and Kathy are ready. I’ve got some ideas having been through today before.” He left the room.

“Sure … sure … I’ll find you, and we can go to the basement to plan.” Samantha nodded absentmindedly, her mind fixed on the image of that cursed painting eating itself.

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“Noah tells me all about school. In fact, I know that your son bullies him.” Jessica polished off her wine and frowned at Peggy.

“I already told you. They’re friends now.” Peggy frowned right back at Jessica. “Jimmy tells me *everything.* Not just about school … eeeeeverything.”

Their husbands silently watched as the back-and-forth continued.

“I have a very close relationship with Noah’s girlfriend.” Jessica refilled her wine. “*She* shares with me, too.”

Peggy snickered. “Jimmy doesn’t have a girlfriend. I’m all the woman … I mean … why does a boy need a girlfriend at eighteen? He’ll find one when he’s ready.”

“Now Peggy, I’ve been saying he’s ready for a girlfriend for a while now.” Pat scowled at his wife.

Peggy rolled her eyes. If only her dense husband knew the truth.

“Noah is healthy enough to –” Jessica stopped talking when someone grabbed her elbow. She spilled some wine and looked back with a furrowed brow. When she saw who it was, her face softened. “Hello, honey. We were just talking about you.”

“Can we talk, Mom?” Noah tugged at her elbow.

“Sure, Noah.” Jessica gave Peggy a scathing look. “My son has something to tell me.” She turned away and smiled at Noah. “Let me clean this mess first.” She put her wine on the counter and nodded at the spill on the kitchen floor.

“It can’t wait.” Noah tugged her again. “Can you clean it, Dad?”

“I mean, I guess …” Andrew watched his wife and son leave the kitchen. At least the argument was finally over.

“Thanks, Dad.” Noah led his mother upstairs to her bedroom. Once they were inside, he closed and locked the door. He had every intention of asking her all about the Erato painting. But he didn’t recognize his words as they tumbled out of his mouth. “Jimmy and his mom had anal sex.”

“What!?” Jessica’s face went blank as she tried to absorb what her eighteen-year-old son had just told her.

“They did it. They did it today, right before they came over. She still has his stuff inside her.” The words flew past his lips before he could so much as think about what he was saying.

Jessica sat heavily on the edge of her bed. “Is that what we were arguing about?”

“What?” Noah scratched his head in confusion. “We were arguing?”

“No. Peggy and I were arguing. Never mind.” Her green eyes found his brown ones. “Why are you telling me this?”

“I don’t know. I just thought … you’d want to know.”

“So, you and Jimmy really *are* getting close.” A thought struck her like lightning. “You didn’t tell him about us?”

“No way,” he lied.

“Okay. Good.” She nodded. “Was this because of another one of those paintings or … do people … do this sort of thing naturally?” Jessica was learning so much about sexuality. She had come a long way from taking advice from columnists.

“It’s a painting … but I think some people do … you know … with their moms … um … without paintings.” Noah remembered why he’d pulled her up there to begin with. “About the paintings, Mom –”

“Let’s put a pin in that and come back to it later.” Jessica bit her bottom lip. “You know I love you, honey, and that I’ll give you anything that’s in my power to give.” Her stomach somersaulted with anticipation.

“I love you too, Mom.”

“You’re not listening, Noah.” She arched her eyebrow the way she often did when she was cross with him. “You know I’ll give you *anything* I can. Anything … that other moms give their sons.” She let the words hang in the air.

“You want to …?” Noah stared at her, unbelieving.

“If Jimmy Ronning is getting it, you damn well deserve it, too.” Jessica stood. “I want you to know how special this is. I haven’t ever done this with your father or …” She dropped her voice low and mumbled, “… anyone else.”

“You want to do this now? With everyone in the house?” Noah looked down and saw that his erection was obvious, tenting all the way up to his Christmas sweater. “I thought we were supposed to keep cool heads until after Paget and Clive leave, and Hailey goes back to school, and –”

“If you want to wait, I’ll wait.” She walked over to him and whispered in his ear. “But if you want to do it now, I will. With smug, stupid Peggy Ronning drinking my wine downstairs.”

“Now is good.” Noah reached out for her boob and squeezed right where Rudolf’s nose dotted her sweater.

“I’ll be right back.” Jessica kissed him on the cheek, went to the door, and stepped into the hall. Her ponytail swung behind her as she descended the stairs. Everyone had moved out of the kitchen, thankfully. They were assembled around the fire in the living room.

“Everything okay with Noah?” Andrew called over to her.

Jessica paused on her way to the kitchen. “Everything’s great. Just some mom/son stuff. Peggy understands.” She smiled pleasantly at her guests.

Peggy looked confused.

“Ornaments, Mom!” Paget’s face was bright red. She was clearly going to blow a fuse.

Jessica nodded to Adeline. She was back, but Jimmy, Kathy, and Samantha were still missing. “You know what, honey? You can start without us. We have a full house. You’ve got lots of help. We’ll be back before you make too much progress.” Jessica paused, thought about what was about to happen, and went over to her tablet. She connected it to the speakers and put on Christmas music at a substantial volume. “There now, isn’t that festive?” She raced off to the kitchen.

“But, Mom …” Paget got up to chase her mother, but Clive held her arm.

“I think she’s going through something with Noah. We should give her some space.” He kissed his fiancée’s hand. “Let’s start on the ornaments. It’ll be fun. Come on Hailey, you want to help?”

Hailey was busy watching her mom race by them again, heading upstairs. She was certain her mother was hiding something behind her hip, but she couldn’t see what it was.

“Why don’t you help your sister, Hailey?” Clive put his hand on Hailey’s shoulder.

“What?” Hailey looked up at her charming future brother-in-law. “Okay. Sounds good.”

Upstairs, Noah waited. He had no idea where his mother had gone. He paced her room. When she returned and locked the door behind her, he almost burst into applause. “Where did you go?”

“I have something embarrassing to tell you.” She held her hands behind her back. “Until very recently, I didn’t know much about … sex. When your father and I did it … we sometimes used oil to help things along. I was usually … dry. Do you understand?”

Noah nodded his head slowly.

“Then I guess I came into my … um … sexual peak. And dryness wasn’t a problem for my vagina.” She could see he wasn’t following. “It *will* be a problem for my butt. So, I grabbed this.” She moved her hands from behind her back revealing a bottle of olive oil.

“You and Dad use … that?” Noah shuddered, wondering how many times over the years the familiar bottle of olive oil in the kitchen had been in his parents’ bedroom the night before.

“Is it a problem?” Jessica held it out as if seeing it better might help him understand.

“Um … they sell stuff for this.”

Her freckled cheeks flushed. “This works just as well. And I don’t feel comfortable buying lubrication.”

“Why are we even talking about this?” Noah shook his head. His mother was giving him her ass. On Christmas Eve. He didn’t care if she was lubing it with tractor oil. “How do you want to do this? I mean … what position?”

“Did Jimmy tell you how he did it with Peggy?” Jessica frowned thinking about the woman. “Let’s do it like that … but … better.”

“He didn’t say.” Noah undressed, thinking things through as he tossed his clothes carelessly away. “I really like being behind you, Mom. But … maybe … you want to be on top? You know … so we don’t go too fast.”

“Don’t worry, I trust you to go easy on me. We’re not breaking any beds this time.” Jessica walked into her bathroom, put down the bottle of oil, and slowly undressed. “We’ll do it in here, with the fan on for noise. You can get behind me while we’re standing. Like we did in your room … but … you know … not in my vagina.”

If Noah’s cock could get any harder, it would have. Her reached down, pulled it to the side and watched it spring back into place, wobbling ever so slightly.

Jessica giggled. “You’re so silly, honey.” She moved to the side as he joined her in the bathroom. “And so handsome … and thoughtful … and big.” She grasped his penis and squeezed. Wearing only her bra and panties, she kissed him on the lips while she continued playing with his erection. She gave special attention to the foreskin, lovingly stretching and massaging it. They kissed for a few minutes. When his hands roved up her belly and hefted her boobs, she pulled back.

“What’s wrong … Mom?” Noah was already breathing heavy.

“Nothing … nothing.” She let go of his penis, pulled down her panties, and stepped out of them. They were sopping, so she tossed them into the hamper. She would need to put on a new pair before going back down to the party. “That was … lovely. Really lovely. We just … can’t spend too much … time up here.” She picked up the oil bottle and poured some onto her palm. “Let’s get you ready.” She worked it onto his penis, making sure he was slick everywhere. She shivered when her fingertips caressed one of his larger veins. “It really does look angry. Or maybe it looks excited. Like it can’t wait.” Jessica giggled. “What do you think?”

Noah stared at her jiggling boobs still tucked inside the hefty sports bra that she wore. “It is excited. It’s ready to explore uncharted lands. To bravely go where –”

“That’s enough.” She slapped the crimson head of his penis playfully.

“Why are you wearing a sports bra?” Noah openly ogled her freckled cleavage.

“Well, I’m about to get some vigorous exercise.” Satisfied with how slippery his penis now was, she turned and washed her hands in the sink. She looked at him in the mirror,

and could tell he wasn't satisfied with her answer. "I need some extra support these days. And this type of bra is supposed to be gravity-defying. So …" She put more soap on her hands and scrubbed under the water. "I wear these." She smiled at him in the mirror. He was openly staring at her butt. "They make me look presentable. That's why, honey."

"Oh … that makes sense." Noah was mesmerized. Her ass jiggled ever so slightly as she washed her hands. "Maybe I should have something like that for my dick … I mean penis."

"That's a good idea, actually." Jessica's red ponytail bobbed as she nodded. She turned off the water, dried her hands, and bent forward over the sink, bracing her hands on the counter. "This is a good place. Let's do it here." She smiled at him in the mirror.

"Okay." Noah stepped up behind her. He had no idea what her ass would feel like. If he was honest with himself, he barely had enough experience to say he knew what a pussy felt like. He had so many questions. But he could tell from his mother's expression that the time for talking had passed. No more stalling. "Can you spread your butt a little?"

"Sure, honey." Jessica reached behind and pulled her cheeks.

"Thanks." Noah tried not to look at her glittering ring. *It's good for the family that I'm the one doing this and not Thomas*. He focused on the tiny pink hole just above her puffy pussy lips. He looked down to his cock and then back to her asshole. How was he ever going to fit in there? He'd seen enough porn to know that it could work. And Jimmy's mom had done it that morning and was walking around normally downstairs. But did Jimmy have anything near Noah's size? It wasn't likely. He moved the head of his cock to her hole and let it rest there. Massive and tiny coming face to face.

"Wait … wait, wait, wait." Jessica dug her fingernails into the soft flesh of her butt. She took several deep breaths. And then, she took several more. "I'm not sure I can do this."

"It's okay, Mom. We don't have to." Noah took a step back. "You're not Jimmy's mom. What are you always telling us? We're all special in our own way and we shouldn't compare ourselves to –"

"Put it in my butt, Noah." Jessica gritted her teeth, ready for the pain. "Do it now."

The urgency in his mother's voice spurred Noah to action. He lined himself up again and pressed his hips forward.

"Ooooooohhhhhhhhh … gosh … oh … gosh … you're huge." Sweat broke out on her forehead.

"It's not quite in yet, Mom." Noah watched her sphincter resist him. For a moment it looked like he wouldn't go in, and then with a little plop the head of his cock

disappeared. A shrill keening filled the room. Noah had never heard anything like it. He could see her arms trembling as she still held herself open for him. “The head is in.” She didn’t respond except for the haunting sound that escaped her lips.

Full. Full. Full. The same word flashed in Jessica’s brain repeatedly. She’d never been so dangerously full. The pain seared her behind. But Peggy had done it. It was quite likely that Peggy wasn’t even the first mother in Clover Falls to give this to her son. She shuddered as more and more of her son’s mammoth penis entered her once stingy but now generous butthole.

“It’s halfway, Mom. You’re doing great.” The sight of her little pink hole getting annihilated was riveting. It gripped him tighter than her pussy had, almost like it was trying to squeeze the cum out of his cock.

“Gosh … your thing … is … gosh … your thing is … gosh.” Jessica had no control of her body or mind. She wanted to shout for joy when the pain receded, but she continued her harsh keening. Her body was adjusting to her son. She could feel it. She was changing. The woman she had been a month or two ago was a joke. She had been sheltered, naïve, and ignorant. The woman she had become could do astonishing things. Pleasure suddenly appeared. Like the first misting sprinkle of a coming storm, her nerves danced with joy. The pain continued to wane.

“Almost … ugh … all the way … in … and … there.” Noah let his hips rest on her ass. He gave her time to ready herself. She used it wisely by bracing her hands on the counter again. “My balls are resting … on your lips. And your butt … uuuggghhh … is clamping on my dick. Can you … feel it?”

“Full … full … sooooooooooo … full.” It didn’t quite answer the question her son had asked, but it was the only response she could offer.

Noah pulled his eyes up from her ass to look at his mother’s twisted face. Her forehead furrowed, her eyes shut tight, and she gritted her teeth. It looked like agony. “You okay, Mom?”

“Fffffffffgggghhhhhhhhhh,” Jessica said.

“Are you okay?” Through the mirror he saw her eyelids open slightly. They made eye contact.

“Fffff … fffff … ffffffiiiiinnnnnneeeeeeee … hhhhhhoney.” She tried to smile, but it was a pitiful, weak grin that passed across her lips. “Goooooo … sssslooow.”

“Sure.” Noah pulled back cautiously; his eyes still locked on hers. “I … uh … couldn’t go fast … even if I wanted to. You’re so … ugh … tight.” He pulled most of the way out and gently thrust back in. He pumped her with gentleness and precision for a few minutes. “It feels … not as tight … ugggghhhhhh … as before.”

“Yessss … yesssss … I’m opening … up … for you. I can feel it.” Jessica sucked in air. She hadn’t realized she’d been holding her breath. “It’s good … it’s … oooohhhhhhhhh … good, Noah. It still hurts … but not so much … and it’s … ugh … the good kind.”

“Faster?”

Her eyes went wide. “Not yet!”

Noah almost laughed at her fright. “It’s okay … this is good.” He didn’t increase the pace, but he did grasp her wide hips firmly, getting himself ready.

A good while passed before Jessica deemed her butt changed enough for the next step. The pain had almost disappeared entirely. “Okay … okay … honey … go faster. Ugh … ugh … ugh … oh … gosh … I feel it … all the way … oh … gosh …” She braced herself. She knew from the day before that he was capable of a lot more than he was giving her. She was grateful. He had always been a considerate son. “Faster … you can go … ooooooohhhhhhhhhhhh.” Her mouth formed a perfect circle, and her eyes rolled back. Out of nowhere, Jessica had her first anal orgasm. Cosmic lights danced before her eyes. It was familiar, but also novel. It caused her legs to shake uncontrollably. The ecstasy meant this was certainly not the last time she would give her butt to Noah.

“You like that … huh?” Noah could clearly see she was coming. Her expression had shifted from pain to overwhelming delight. The two expressions looked similar, but he could tell the difference. Was there anything better than giving his mother this kind of pleasure? He lifted his right hand off her hip and took hold of her ponytail. When he gently pulled back, he could see her climax kick itself into a higher gear. “Quiet … Mom … they’ll hear you … downstairs.”

“Nnnnnnnnggggggggggggggggggggg.” When her mind returned to her, she found that she was throwing her backside back onto her son’s penis. They were humping like animals. “This is … paradise … it’s perfect … I love you … I love you … ooooooooohhhhhhhhh.” She stared at her reflection and did not recognize the crazed woman looking back at her.

“I love you … too … Mom. I can’t believe … we get to do this … life *is* perfect.” He pulled back on her ponytail a little more, arching her back. Part of him wished he had removed her bra, but another part was happy to see the strap on her back. It was a reminder of how she presented herself to the world. She went out of her way to hide her body, to make her boobs appear smaller. But she didn’t do that with him. She revealed her true self to her son. “Your ass … Mom … your ass.” The sound of his hips on her round butt was loud. Maybe too loud. “Where should I … ah … ah … ah … cum?”

“In me … in me … honey.” She desperately needed him to explode inside her. “I want … to go back downstairs … grab a … drink … ooohhhhhhhhh … and smile at … stupid … Peggy Ronning … with … your stuff … coming out of my … butt.” Jessica hung on the

edge of another orgasm. “Give it … to me … sweetie … give me … all of it.” Some pain returned when he violently slammed into her. She didn’t care. She looked at him in the mirror and saw his pure joy as he grunted out his climax. That sent her over the edge. “Yesssssssssss … I feel it … ooooooohhhhhhhhhhhh.” Her orgasm merged with his, and ecstasy surged through her. When she recognized her reflection again, she was standing all alone.

“Can I … see it … Mom?” Noah sat on the toilet lid next to her, panting and staring at her ass. When she turned her backside to him, bent over, and parted her cheeks, his eyes went wide. She didn’t have a tiny pink hole anymore. It was a dark cave, and his white cum slowly dribbled out of her. The sight was so moving, he almost stood and took her all over again. But they had run out of time. “Amazing … I have no words.”

“Actions speak … louder than words.” Jessica let go of her butt cheeks, straightened, and stepped over to the shower. “And your actions … were deafening today.” She pulled off her bra and turned on the shower.

“Do you think … they heard us … downstairs?” He watched her boobs shake and jiggle as she tested the water temperature with her hand.

“I pray they didn’t.” She gave him a wry smile. “We keep putting ourselves in these positions, don’t we?”

Jessica looked around the bathroom. “At least we didn’t break anything this time.”

“We didn’t?” He glanced at her ass.

“You didn’t break me.” She sighed. “But I will be sore for a while.” She moved into the shower, but left the door open for him. “Come in. Let’s clean each other off and go back downstairs. With any luck, your father won’t divorce me on the spot.” She saw the dark look that passed over Noah’s face. “Don’t worry. I’m sure they didn’t hear. I put on some loud music down there.” She nodded with certainty she didn’t have. “And we’ll be more careful in the future. I know we will.” She reached out of the shower and pulled him in. “Who do you think received the better Christmas Eve present … you or Jimmy?”

“Me.” Noah took a deep breath. If they had heard downstairs, maybe he could convince Jimmy to scrap this today and start over. He thought it over and decided he wouldn’t want to trade this day regardless. No matter what happened, he wanted to remember it forever.

Chapter 26

Who Knew What Other Horrors Were Out There?

“Oh … the tree looks lovely.” Jessica waddled into the living room. She leaned against the mantle, enjoying the heat from the fire.

“Took you long enough.” Paget glared at her mother while hanging a sparkling spherical ornament on the tree.

“Sorry, honey.” Jessica’s smile was bright and lazy. She was still basking in the rebounding waves of pleasure from what she’d done with Noah. “Your brother needed my attention.”

“Where is he?” Paget looked around the room in an exaggerated fashion.

“He went to the basement to find his friends.” Jessica smiled at Peggy’s confused expression. “Sorry I had to disappear for a bit. Sometimes a young man needs his mother.” The Christmas music was still quite loud. It seemed no one had heard them upstairs. She promised herself they would be more careful in the future.

“Are you okay, Jessica?” Peggy took a sip of wine. “You look a little flushed.”

“I’m fine. It just got a bit … heated with Noah.” Jessica rubbed her legs together. She looked for her husband and found him on the other side of the room. “Andrew, dear? Can you please get me a fresh glass of wine?”

“I’m talking, Jess. Can you get it yourself?” Andrew lowered his eyebrows in annoyance.

“Please?” Jessica made doe eyes at him.

“Okay.” Andrew marched off to the kitchen.

“Are you sure you’re okay?” Peggy’s eyes narrowed. “You’re leaning on the mantel like you might fall over.”

“I’m fine.” Jessica smiled demurely. “Just a little tired.”

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“Best … Christmas Eve … ever.” Paul happily sighed and looked around him. Night had settled outside his parents’ bedroom windows. A candle flickered on his mother’s dresser, spreading warm light over the bed. Paul lay in the middle of the mattress, his

mother's curvaceous body pressed up to one side of him. Sofia Fischer's slim body was on his other side. She was snoring and had her butt pressed into his hip. Kim Kannur's short, round form was curled by his feet. Lauren Keitaro lay spread-eagled on the carpet. The other women had already left.

"Oh … gosh." Lauren slowly stood and looked at the cum-covered bodies on the bed. "I have to get home to Melanie. Can I borrow a dress, Shannon?"

"In the closet." Shannon waved a hand in the direction of her closet. She was too satisfied to move more than that.

"Thank you." Lauren stumbled into the closet. A minute later, she came out wearing a dress that was far too large for her. "Best I could do."

"Can you get home safely?" Shannon's voice was soft and distant. "You're carrying precious cargo now."

"Yes." Lauren placed a hand on her belly. That evening, each of the remaining women had received a holy deposit in their pussies. Lauren could almost feel Paul's swimmers gallantly searching for her egg. She desperately wanted them to succeed. A sudden thought hit her; it was a stroke of luck that Erato had given her a penis. Lauren hadn't taken one load during that whole debacle. Her womb was clear and ready for what the Lord had planned for her. But Melanie … she had taken so much seed. Lauren felt a cold pit in her stomach. What if she had already conceived? What if Lauren herself had impregnated her daughter? How would she explain that to the Messiah?

"Are you okay, Mrs. Keitaro?" Paul lazily played with his mother's hair. "Do you need it again? I think I'm ready to go if you want one for the road."

"Oh … no thank you." Lauren was sorely tempted. She tore her eyes away from his sleeping serpent. "I have to get home to my family. They'll be worried sick."

"Their fear will wilt in His presence." Shannon ran her fingers over her son's skinny chest. "Once your husband and daughter take their place in the new church, all will be well."

"Yes … but … they haven't yet … so …" Lauren wrung her hands together.

"Go on, Mrs. Keitaro. I wouldn't keep you from your family." Paul smiled as he watched her hurry off. "Mrs. Kannur?" Paul gently roused the woman by shaking her shapely butt with is foot. "You texted your husband that you were coming home a couple hours ago, right before … we did it. That was like five hours ago. Maybe you should go, too?"

"Yes … yes …" Kim stretched and sat up. "I should go home. But …" Her gaze fixed on his penis. "I have this hunger inside me."

“You should probably go home to eat. But if it can’t wait, you can check in our fridge.” Paul shrugged.

Shannon snorted a laugh. Sofia snored.

Kim giggled. “You behave like such a *man* with that thing …” She nodded at his rising penis. “… that I forget that you’re only eighteen. Just starting your journey into manhood and already a messiah. You must be so proud, Shannon.” As seductively as she could, she crawled toward him, giving him an excellent view of her large boobs hanging below. “I’m not hungry for food. I’m hungry for *you*. I want to feel that amazing penis twist and turn inside me. Do you have any idea how you make me feel?”

“How … um … do I make you feel?” Paul licked his lips. He watched the devout member of the Christian Ladies of Clover Falls mount him and grasp his penis.

“Like I’ve found Heaven here on Earth.” Kim settled her hips slowly down. “Ooooohhhhhhh … I don’t even have to guide it … iiiinnnnnnnnnnn.” Her body spasmed as the bloated head entered her. “It’s like it knows … it knows … God is guiding it. There … it’s deep inside now … and … it knows … my secrets, Paul. I … nnnnnnnggggggggggg.” Kim’s eyes rolled back in her head, and she gritted her teeth. Her body shook through an orgasm the likes of which she would have never thought possible before today.

“You make me … feel good … too … Mrs. Kannur.” Paul bucked his hips up into her. He couldn’t wait for her orgasm to finish to start humping. His pummeling hips propelled her to greater, more ecstatic heights.

“Do I look that silly when I climax with you?” Shannon’s boobs rocked with the motion of the couple next to her. She lay on her back watching her longtime friend grunt and grind in the most lurid fashion on top of Paul. “She looks … possessed.”

“She is … Mom.” Paul turned his head and kissed his mother on the lips. “But not by … the Devil.” He gazed at the way her breasts moved, like they were under the spell of quickening tides. It was a gorgeous sight. “She is … possessed by … divine purpose.”

“Yes.” Shannon nodded and gave him a warm smile. “Of course you’re right.” She looked about her room. It felt empty now that so many women had departed. For a brief second, she wondered what had happened to the man who had shared her bedroom with her for decades. Where was her husband on Christmas Eve? And then she turned her focus to Kim, and Matthew fell right out of her mind. “It’s too bad we’re not in your room, Paul. Mary would want to see this.”

“It’s okay … uh … uh … uh … Mom.” Paul let the pleasure surge inside him. Kim was riding him like a bucking bronco. “I think … Mary can see anything … we do … uuuggghhhhh … in the house.”

“You’re right again … sweetie.” The thought of Mary watching them at all times hadn’t occurred to her. But now that he’d said it, she knew it to be true. Wherever they were in the house, whatever they were doing, Mother Mary was watching them. The thought comforted her and excited her. Her hand went to her sopping vagina.

“Are you … ready for more … holy seed … Mrs. Kannur?” Paul clutched the sheet by his sides.

“Yes … please … yes … please … yes … please.” Kim chanted right up to the moment when the teenager erupted inside her. Then her words degenerated into the silly sounds all women made when they took Paul’s sperm.

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“Remember, we’re not doing anything until tomorrow.” Jimmy fixed his eyes on Samantha. She clearly didn’t want to wait. And he couldn’t blame her. “I can’t start today over again, but I can restart tomorrow as many times as we need. I’ll help with it tomorrow. I promise.”

“I remember,” Samantha said through a clenched jaw.

“I’ll be right beside you, Sam.” Noah put his arm around her shoulders. “We won’t rest until everything’s back to normal with your family.”

“And Ella’s family.” Samantha didn’t like the thought of giving up on all those other families with paintings. But she supposed Kathy and Noah were right. They couldn’t save everyone. They would have to learn to live with it.

“And Ella’s family.” Kathy watched the way Noah cared for Samantha. Seeing his arm tenderly around her shoulders stirred something inside her. As long as she could remember, Kathy and Samantha had protected Noah. But now he seemed to be returning the favor.

“Okay, great.” Jimmy shot all three friends with finger guns. “I’ll see you all on the flippity-flop.” He smiled and walked away. Jimmy linked his arm in his mother’s. He felt her stiffen for a second and then relax into him. It was a wonderful feeling. He wondered if they’d fuck again before the day was out. When he caught her mischievous smile, he wondered no more. He gave her a wink.

The Ronnings said their goodbyes and left.

“Perhaps I should clean up a little.” Jessica started to rise from the sofa where she’d been resting on her side, winced, and settled back down.

Seeing his mother's discomfort, Noah picked up some dishes from the coffee table. "I'll get it, Mom."

"I'll help." Kathy picked up some wine glasses.

"I'm going to go upstairs. I need to think." Samantha turned and quickly departed for the stairs.

"She'll be okay." Kathy whispered to Noah as she followed him into the kitchen. "She doesn't want to wait, but we've got an air-tight plan."

"I know." Noah opened the dishwasher and started loading. "With a million tries at it, there's no way we won't destroy that metal ball." He took the glasses from Kathy. "If we go today, who knows what could happen? That day when Sam, Jimmy, and I had the fight at Sam's house, I saw that ball doing some sort of creepy mind control thing to everyone, Eddie included. We don't know what it's capable of. We have to be careful. Sam gets it." He loaded the glasses, straightened up, and smiled up at Kathy. She was almost six inches taller than him, but he felt like they were seeing eye to eye. He'd felt that a lot lately.

"You look so confident, Noah." Kathy could feel the wild creeping inside her. *Why should I try and control myself?* "It really suits you. The paintings have been good for us, haven't they?"

"They have." Noah looked around. They were alone. He leaned in close to her. "While you were in the bathroom with your mom, I … took my mom's anal cherry," he whispered. "She practically begged me for it."

"Holy … shit." Kathy's pussy gushed. "Did she like it?"

"She loved it. But I think she's sore now. That's why she hasn't moved from the sofa in a while." Noah's smile was so broad it hurt his cheeks. "She made a sound I never heard anyone make before. It was awesome."

"Kiss me, Noah." Kathy bent a little lower.

"What?" Noah furrowed his brow in confusion.

"You are crazy hot right now. Kiss me." Kathy flicked her tongue out of her mouth just long enough so he could see its length.

"You're crazy hot … too." Noah didn't need to be asked a third time. He leaned in, tilted his head up, and locked lips. Her tongue was so much more aggressive and acrobatic than Samantha's or his mother's. He was worried she might choke him with it, but she knew what she was doing and didn't delve too deep. He was instantly hard.

Kathy grabbed his ass and pulled their bodies together. His cock felt huge pressed against her thigh. Boys were so often intimidated by her height, but Noah seemed undaunted. He even grabbed her ass and kneaded it through her yoga pants.

"Mmmpppphhhhhhh." Noah was smitten. Kathy's muscles were strong, but her curves were feminine. Her proportions fit her perfectly, but she had so much more of everything than what he was used to. Her tits were giants pressed against his clavicle. Her hips were much wider than his mom's, and her ass had so much more heft to it. He could feel her glutes when she shifted her position and flexed. He could kiss her all night. But … they were standing in the middle of the kitchen. He broke the kiss and separated from her. "Wow … Kath … that was … amazing."

"I want more." She moved toward him like a stealthy predator.

Paget's laugh echoed from the living room.

"Me too." Noah nodded earnestly. "I want a full-on make out session. Pinky promise." He held out his pinky. "Later."

"Yeah." Kathy took a deep breath and collected herself. She locked her pinky in his. "I pinky promise that I'm going to kiss the shit out of you, Noah Reader." The eighteen-year-olds made their solemn pinky swear just as they had done over many things in the preceding years.

"I guess Christmas Eve is a night of plans." Noah couldn't wipe the smile off his face.

Hailey walked into the kitchen and stopped when she saw the friends locked by their pinkies. Something in their body language said that animal urges were near the surface. Hailey nearly turned green with envy. Everyone was getting some but her. Especially her stupid brother. *He's a fucking slut*. What good was her stupid boyfriend if he wasn't here? Masturbation wasn't good enough. She needed –

"Hailey?" Noah cocked his head quizzically at his sister. She was standing in the doorway and staring at them. "What's up?"

"Um …" Hailey blinked her eyes and took a deep breath. "Mom's not feeling up to cooking tonight. She wants me to make dinner, and it's already getting late. Can you help me?"

Noah turned to Kathy. "What do you say? You want to help Hailey make an awesome Christmas Eve feast?"

Kathy shrugged and smiled. "Sure."

"Thanks." Hailey's smile was thin. "If you two could peel and cut some carrots to start with, that would be awesome." They nodded and went to work. Hailey thought she saw Noah give Kathy's ass a friendly pat as they fished carrots out of the fridge.

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“So, how was Christmas Eve at the Reader house?” Noah stretched under the covers.

“Insane.” Samantha’s shoulders were bunched in knots. She couldn’t stop thinking about that awful 1950s painting spewing its malevolence into her house. “I can’t believe you did your mom in the butt with everyone downstairs.”

“Honestly, I don’t think she would ever have gone for it if her competition with Mrs. Ronning hadn’t pushed her into it. The noises Mom made were something else, Sam. You should have …” Noah lost his train of thought when he saw the expression on Samantha’s face. “Are you okay?”

“Maybe we should just sneak into my house tonight.” Samantha bit her lip and crawled out of her makeshift bed. She stood in her pajamas, looking around the room. “Now that I know we can kill it, how can we wait?”

“Because Jimmy can –”

“Look, you’re having fun with your mom, and that’s great. You have my support. But my painting is different. Eddie is doing things … to my mom … to the neighbors … terrible things. He was always a jerk, but now he’s … evil. How can we let him spread his evil for one more minute? If we can stop him now, don’t we have a duty to do it?”

Noah lifted his blanket and beckoned her into his bed. “Normally, I’d agree with you. But Jimmy gives us an iron-clad chance, thousands of chances, to kill that painting. And we only have to wait until tomorrow.” He saw her expression soften. “You can sleep in my bed tonight if you want. I’ll hold you all night, and on Christmas, we’ll free your family.”

“I hate that you’re right.” Samantha slipped under his covers and pressed her body against his.

“I’ll take your mind off things … if you want.” Noah tenderly kissed her neck and nibbled on her delicate earlobe.

“Yeah … okay … I could use something to take the edge … off.” Her shoulders were still bunched, but the ice in her stomach started to thaw.

“Kathy … and I … kissed … tonight,” Noah said between nibbles.

“You what now?” Samantha pulled away so that she could see his eyes. “That’s not the sort of distraction I had in mind.”

“I … I … thought you’d be okay with it … since you’re cool with everything my mom and I are …” Noah gulped. “I … didn’t mean to …”

“Hold up.” She put a finger to his lips. “I have no idea how I feel about this. You kissed? Tell me what happened.”

Noah told her everything.

“So what … are you making the move on all the friends in our little circle? Should Ella fear for her chastity?” Samantha’s mind vacillated, trying to process this new information, but her pussy had already decided. She was gushing in her panties again. She tried to picture Kathy, with her soaring height and robust curves, making out with Samantha’s smaller, rawboned boyfriend. The contrast alone made Samantha’s stomach cartwheel, not to mention everything else rolled into it.

“It wasn’t like that.”

“I’m just messing with you.” Samantha tickled his belly. When he resisted, she moved up to his armpits. “My boyfriend’s a slut … my boyfriend’s a slut.” They laughed together. After a merciless minute, she stopped tickling him and their laughter died down. She stared into his eyes again, summoning the most serious expression she could. “If I was the jealous type, I’d need some reassurance right about now.” She winked.

Noah slipped his head under the covers, pulled down her pajama bottoms and panties and moved between her legs.

“How did you know that was exactly what I was thinking?” She ran her fingers through his silky hair as he lapped at her pussy. With the blooming pleasure between her legs, she was almost able to put her brother out of her mind. “You’re a fast learner … Noah Reader. You’re getting really good … ooohhhhhhhh … at that. Don’t tell me … someone else is giving you instructions. Has Paget been teaching you … how to eat pussy?”

“Don’t … be … gross.” Noah had a brief image of his stuck-up oldest sister spreading her legs for him. The idea was so ridiculous he choked back a laugh.

“That’s good … right on my clit … yeah Noah … I’m going to cum … ooooohhhhhhhh … keep doing that … yes … ooooooohhhhhhhhhh.” Samantha pressed the back of her head into the mattress, arched her back, and came on her boyfriend’s tongue.

“You taste so good, Sam.” Noah moved up her body and rested his turgid cock on her belly. The head now stuck out above his waistband.

“That wasn’t … quite enough to take my mind … off things.” Samantha shivered as an aftershock moved through her.

“I could go back down there.” Noah started to lower himself, but stopped when she pulled on his shirt. He looked into her clear, blue eyes, his eyebrow raised questioningly.

“I had it inside before at this size.” She reached under his pajamas and gripped his cock. It jerked in her hand like she was trying to tame a wild horse. “

“So … you want to try again?”

“Let’s just say, if it fits, it would really help me keep my mind off things.” She pulled down his bottoms. Soon, they were both naked from the waist down, tucked under the covers. She rubbed the head of his cock along her slick pussy lips. “I can’t believe that this dick was in your mom’s ass … hours ago.”

“You want to try *that?”* Noah couldn’t believe his luck.

“Not in a million years, big guy. I mean, check out the size of this thing.” She whacked his dick against her pussy a couple times. It made a satisfying wet thump with each impact. “Did you see your mom try to walk tonight? And seeing her sit through dinner was harrowing. Even after her third glass of wine, she was wincing.”

“Yeah, I noticed.” Noah grimaced at the memory. “I asked if she was okay. She said she was just sore.”

“I bet she is … goodness.” Samantha pushed his domed head slowly into her pussy. “I can barely get … the head in. That your mom took it … in her butt … is crazy … and hot. Crazy hot. Oooohhhhhhhhh … Noah … you’re stretching me!”

“How does it feel?” Noah couldn’t help but compare her pussy to his mother’s ass. His mom’s ass was tighter for sure, but Samantha’s pussy still had a formidable grip on the top of his dick.

“It’s good … I mean … it hurts … but it’s good.” She put her feet behind his thighs and moved her hand off his dick. “Gooooooooooo … slow.”

Noah pressed gently with his hips, inching his way into her womb.

“You know … who else … uuuggghhhhhhh … would probably take it up the butt … like a champ?” Samantha grunted. Each moment she felt completely full, and then Noah would slide a little more dick into her, and she would think *now* she was completely full. And that feeling would last until even more dick entered her. She knew she was grunting in a very unladylike way, but she felt comfortable enough with him not to care.

“Who?” Noah had no idea what she was talking about.

“Kathy … uuuggghhhhhh … Kathy’s ass … wouldn’t probably … just suck you … right in.” Samantha’s chuckle was cut off by a series of grunts as he bottomed out in her. Finally, she couldn’t get any fuller.

Noah tried to hold back his laugh and failed. He giggled on top of her, his cock buried to the hilt.

“Ooooohhhhhhhh … Noah … I feel it … flexing … inside of me … as you laugh. Uuuuggghhhhhhhh.” Samantha spasmed underneath him. “I’m … cumming … nnnnnggggggggggggggg.” She bit into his shoulder to keep from screaming, tasting the flannel of his pajamas.

“That’s it … cum for me, Sam.” Noah felt her undulate beneath him, her feet rhythmically pressed on the backs of his thighs. Slowly, he put his hips into motion. By the time she was coming down from her climax, he was sliding in and out of her at a decent pace. “You’re … uh … uh … tight.”

“I am …” Samantha nodded, blinking back tears of joy. “But I can … ah … ah … take it.” She put her hands on his shoulders as they stared into each other’s eyes. “I can feel … the curve of your head … and the ridge of … every vein. It’s crazy … Noah. I’m so tight around you … uh … uh … uh … that I can feel … all of you.”

“I love your … pussy, Sam. I want to … stay … inside of you … forever.” Noah increased the pace slightly.

“But then … how would you stick it … ugh … ugh … in your mom? Or in Kathy?” Samantha’s smile was strained by the ecstasy that buffeted her mind. “Kiss me … Noah. Kiss me … like you kissed … Kath. Through you … I’ll touch … her tongue … with mine … and your mom’s ass … with my pussy.” With those thoughts on her mind, she came again moments after they started kissing. Much to her surprise, Noah’s dick never became too much for her pussy. They humped with him on top for over an hour. She came again and again. When it was his turn, he pulled out and fed her his dick. She drank as much as she could, and spit the rest out. Afterward, they lay side by side, panting.

“You’re amazing … Sam.” Noah turned his head to look at her. His cum was all over her chin and soaking into the chest of her pajama top. “Life is perfect … isn’t it?”

Despite the euphoria she still felt, Samantha frowned. “Not quite. The painting at my house …”

“Yeah. I know. It’ll be history soon.” Noah sighed and adjusted his head on the pillow.

“I’m going to go get cleaned up.” Samantha got up, turned out the lights, and grabbed a change of clothes. She glanced at Noah, but he didn’t seem to notice that she hadn’t gotten new pajamas. She tucked her clothes under her arm and crept into the hall. She

didn't want to meet anyone while covered in Noah's cum. But she had nothing to fear. The house was dark and quiet.

Samantha showered and changed into her most supportive bra, a t-shirt, and jeans. When she returned to Noah's room, his breathing was slow and even. "Noah?" She waited, but he didn't respond. That was good. If he was awake, he would try and stop her.

Her phone said it was two-fifteen on Christmas morning. The fact that it was Christmas didn't mean all that much where she was going, but she still hoped that Eddie and her mother were asleep with visions of sugarplums in their heads. Samantha put on a black hoodie and wool socks. She emptied her backpack and slung it over her shoulder. Noiselessly, she exited Noah's room and padded her way downstairs.

What sort of weapons to bring? Samantha made her way to the kitchen. She opened the knife drawer, but didn't pull any out. She knew how much Jessica prized her cooking knives, and didn't want to damage any. Instead, she took the kitchen shears and put it in her backpack. She then went to the garage and looked around. She borrowed a box cutter and a multi-tool from the pegboard above Andrew's workbench. She rummaged around in the camping bins and found the bonanza: a sheathed hunting knife. She tossed that into her backpack as well. Then, she left the house.

The night was dark and bitterly cold. She hoisted her backpack high on her back, pulled on her hood, and stuffed her hands into her pouch pockets. She walked swiftly down the street, staying mostly in people's yards, away from the friendly glow of the streetlights. There was at least one orc roaming Clover Falls, and who knew what other horrors were out there. She didn't feel like making their acquaintance, so she stuck to the shadows. At least one nightmare would end that night. She flexed her hands, remembering her strength. It wouldn't be long until the painting residing in her house was destroyed.

Chapter 27

Fetch Yourself a Glass of Water

It was the middle of the night and Hailey couldn't sleep. She checked her phone. Her boyfriend had sent her more text messages after she went to bed. He was so sweet and supportive … and completely useless with his cock a thousand miles away. She turned off her phone with a disgusted sigh and stared at the ceiling. Her stupid little brother … her dumb eighteen-year-old brother … *It was insane that dopey Noah had somehow become a ladies' man and was apparently doing it with everyone.*

"I need to cum," Hailey said to the darkness. She pulled back her covers, removed her panties, and grabbed her trusty hairbrush from the bedside table. "Mom and Noah are … Mom and Noah are … fucking." As the hairbrush handle entered her pussy, she pictured her younger brother giving it to their pretty mother. "They're doing it … I know they are … she's gone crazy … from Erato … and now Mom's fucking … Noah."

"You're partly right." Eloise glided into the room through Hailey's closed door.

Hailey shrieked, pulled the hairbrush out of her pussy, and flung it across the room. In the gloom she could just see the red-haired, freckled woman catch the brush with her left hand. "Holy shit … Mom … get out of here!" But something nagged at her brain. Her mother had entered through a closed door. And Hailey could see the outline of an extravagant, flowing dress unlike any her mother owned.

"Shh." Eloise held a finger to her pink lips. "I'm not your mother." She sat down on the bed next to the girl. "You have a lovely crinkum crankum. Thank you for giving me such a regal viewing." She smiled pleasantly.

"I … what?" Hailey followed the woman's green eyes to her crotch and closed her legs. "Did … Erato send you?"

"As I said, you are partly right." Eloise offered the sterile smile of a schoolteacher in front of a particularly obtuse class. "Your beloved Erato is dead and gone, as far as I can tell. Her powers are no more. But your mother has gained from my tutelage. I suppose you could say I am sisters with your Erato, in a way."

"You're from my mother's painting in her office." Hailey slowly pulled the covers over her naked body.

"Quite so." Eloise nodded.

Hailey scooted away from the woman until her back rested on the headboard. "*You're* the reason Noah has been such a slut."

“I’d like to think he would have seductive powers without me.” Eloise held out her pale hands modestly. “But I did help him along.”

“Did you brainwash them?” Hailey wistfully wished her mother hadn’t thrown out her stash. This would be a perfect moment to get high.

“Heavens, no.” Eloise laughed. “We’re helping each other out.” She rubbed her diminutive chin in an extravagant demonstration of thought. “And on that note, I think you and I can help each other out.”

Hailey narrowed her eyes. “How?”

“This hairbrush is doing almost nothing for you.” Eloise handed the brush back to Hailey and carefully wiped her hand on her dress. “Aren’t you curious why so many women are riled up about your brother? Your mother, Kathy Bly, Samantha Owens … and have you seen the way your sister has been looking at the bulge in his pants?”

“Nuh uh.” Hailey shook her head in disbelief. “Paget would never.”

Eloise shrugged. “But you would, wouldn’t you?”

“I … um …” Hailey licked her lips. “I wouldn’t normally … but ever since I gave up drinking and weed … I … um.” There was a long silence while Hailey internalized justifications. “I’m over what happened with Erato. That painting brainwashed me or something. I’m done with it. But …”

“But when you had a mighty cock inside you, you felt like a different woman?” Eloise’s smile became more genuine. “And you want to be that woman again?”

“Noah wouldn’t want me,” Hailey whispered.

“Nonsense.” Eloise stood, took Hailey’s hand, and pulled her out of bed. She stood the naked woman in the middle of the room and spun her around. “Just look at those hips! Gorgeous. And your globes are tipped with such wonderfully puffy rubies. I’m jealous.”

“No, you’re not. Look at you.” Hailey nodded to the woman’s heavy bust, poorly hidden inside her dress.

“I wasn’t always so ample. And neither was your mother.” Eloise absentmindedly played with Hailey’s nipple. “Have you noticed your mother’s body recently?”

“At first, I thought she was just wearing weird clothes. But … yes.” Hailey shivered. “Your hand is cold.”

“Your brother’s girlfriend has gone out. He’s alone in his room.” Eloise ran her fingers down Hailey’s flat tummy and circled around to her butt. She squeezed it gently. “I can accentuate your womanly attributes, if you make a small, little deal with me. And then you can pay a visit to your brother.”

Hailey's pussy gushed at the thought. "Okay … what deal … um … Ms. … um …?"

"Mrs. Eloise Palmer. Pleased to meet you." Eloise shook her hand. "Now repeat after me."

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The key was under the backdoor mat where it always was. Samantha found it easily enough and slid it into the lock. The key was moot, however. The door was already unlocked and noiselessly swung inward. Samantha stepped into her own house, feeling like a stranger in a strange land.

Deep quiet greeted her. She could hear the refrigerator humming in the kitchen, but nothing else. Samantha had been afraid she'd hear the sounds of sex, but mercifully her brother and mother seemed to be asleep. Or maybe they were just being quiet. She shivered. With any luck, they would wake up new people, freed from what the painting had done to them.

Carefully, she walked into the kitchen and put her backpack on the table. She pulled out the hunting knife, unsheathed it, and held it aloft. She slung the backpack back on her shoulders with the rest of the tools inside. Then it struck her that she was in the kitchen. She walked over to the knife drawer, and pulled out her mother's sixteen-inch chef's knife. Her mother would forgive her if she ruined it.

It was time. Samantha, with knives akimbo, crept toward the living room. Dim light fell through the windows. She could see the painting hanging on the wall. Several steps into the living room she stopped. There was a fourth woman painted on the dock. Unlike the other women, she had no son with her. Samantha couldn't quite make out her face in the gloom. It didn't matter what was in the painting. She took another step and her blood ran cold. It *did* matter what was missing from the painting. The metal ball wasn't in the water, or anywhere inside the frame. She turned her head to the left and saw that the horrible thing was in the room with her.

"I am Axcix. Welcome to my experiment, Samantha Owens." Axcix's voice vibrated with discordant noise. A door slid open on her round side and a tentacle stretched out.

"Superstrength … superstrength … superstrength …" Samantha feinted toward the creature and zagged back in the direction of the painting. The tentacle caught her by the ankle and yanked her into the air. She screamed and slashed at the tentacle with her hunting knife. It bit into something organic, but the grip on her ankle didn't weaken.

“Why do you fight me?” A red light illuminated on Axcix’s side, casting Samantha in a pinkish glow. “I have analyzed the data, and it is clear. I am here to create more life. Life means freedom.”

“Mom!?!” Samantha yelled. “Help me!” Hanging upside down, she twisted to face the painting and threw her mother’s knife. It embedded in the wall a foot to the left of the frame. She threw the hunting knife. It hit the frame with its handle and fell with a clatter to the floor.

“Your mother is with me now.” Axcix uncoiled two more tentacles. Sensing more weapons in the pack, she tore the bag from Samantha’s back and tossed it across the room. The new tentacles seized Samantha’s wrists and held her immobile. “Be still a moment. You will join me, too.”

“Fuck … you …” A strange shimmering light surged from Axcix. Samantha struggled against her restraints. Her mind started to fracture. *I’m going to lose to this thing.*

“What, young one?” Axcix’s hollow voice carried a lilt of satisfaction.

“I said … *fuck* … *you!”* Samantha wasn’t normally one for cursing, but this seemed the right time and place. She summoned all the strength Eloise had given her and wrenched her left wrist from the tentacle’s grasp. Then her right. The shimmering light faded when she freed her ankle and fell to the floor.

“The creation of life is the most sacred event in the universe. It will free … stop that.” Axcix decided that the girl must be in the ninety-ninth percentile for human strength. “Stop … tying me … together … you’re making a knot.”

“Gggrrrrrrrrrr.” Samantha gritted her teeth and pulled as hard as she could. All three tentacles were tangled together. “As I was saying …” She saw another door open on Axcix’s surface, and she leapt toward the painting. The new tentacle snapped at her, but she grabbed it and held it with her left hand. It bucked and squirmed in her grip. She stopped by the painting and pulled the knife out of the wall. She was in front of the canvas. She lifted the knife to slash but stopped. She was close enough to recognize the new woman in the painting.

It was her mother.

“You cannot destroy the painting without destroying your mother.” Axcix still struggled, but she could feel Samantha’s grip loosen. “She is fine where she is, and I can retrieve her anytime.”

“Get her out.” Samantha let the tip of the blade rest on the canvas, indenting it without tearing through.

“I have very little incentive to do that.” Axcix freed her tentacle and gently caressed Samantha’s cheek with the bio-mechanical clamp on the end. “You look thirsty. Why don’t you fetch yourself a glass of water from the kitchen? Then we can decide what to do with you.”

Samantha stared at the painted version of her mother. Her knife clattered to the floor by her feet. She turned from the painting and walked into the kitchen.

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“Noah … Noah … wake up.” Hailey shook her brother’s shoulder.

“Sam?” Noah slowly sat up, rubbing the sleep from his eyes. He blinked at the woman bent over him. “Mom?” He blinked some more. “Hailey?” His forehead wrinkled in confusion.

“I just had the strangest experience.” Hailey stood straight, slipped out of her robe, and twirled for her brother.

“What? Um … oh.” He saw that she was naked and took in her large, hanging tits with puffy nipples, her heart-shaped ass, and her wide hips. “You made a deal with Mrs. Palmer, didn’t you?”

“Maybe you’re not so dumb after all.” Hailey pulled the covers off her brother and pounced on him. She inhaled deeply. “You smell like sweat and cum.” She ran her nose along his flat stomach, stopped at his pubes, and inhaled again. “It’s … overpowering.” She shivered.

“I’m sorry. Sam and I were …” Noah looked around the room. “Where’s Sam?”

Hailey’s only response was to lick her way up to his navel.

“Wait … I’m not sorry. Why are you doing that? Get your tongue out of my belly button.” He pulled on Hailey’s shoulders, sitting her upright on the bed. His eyes were drawn to her jiggling boobs. He lost his train of thought.

“You should be happy, dummy. There aren’t many sisters who would do this for their brothers.” She grabbed his shaft and pumped him with her hands. “Jesus, you’re big. How do Mom, Sam, and Kathy handle this thing?”

“Kathy hasn’t …” He relaxed into the mattress, still watching her boobs shake with the movement of her skinny arms. “How do you know about all that?”

“You’re not nearly as sneaky as you think you are.” Hailey kissed the head. “Mmmmmmmm. Salty.”

“Aren’t you freaked out?” Noah knew it was a stupid question. If she had taken Eloise Palmer’s deal, she was pretty far down the same road he was on. She didn’t answer him, so he tried a different tack. “What do you want, Hailey?”

“I want to fall off the wagon. In a big fucking way.” She pushed her wavy brown hair out of her face and fixed her blue eyes on the head of his cock. “I want to fall off right onto your cock. I need sex. And you’re a slut. And you’re equipped with this.” She squeezed his shaft for emphasis. “I just hope you’ll fit.”

“We’re not having sex, Hailey. We’re … oooohhhhhhhhhh … shit.” He watched his sister take his cock into her mouth. She was so determined that she choked almost instantly with a third of it down her throat. “Where’s … Sam?” Noah said weakly.

Hailey removed him from her mouth. “Gggaaacck … ggaaaaaack.” She gagged a few times even without the cock down her throat. “I … ggaaaacckk … don’t know … where Sam is. She’s probably watching … TV … in the basement or something.”

“I don’t know.” Noah watched his sister’s lips drop back down to the head of his cock again. He didn’t stop her. Instead, he watched her choke on his cock again, working him with tenacity. “When she gets back … you better stop … if she wants you to … stop.”

“Ggggggaaaaaaaaaccckkkk.” Hailey nodded her head and continued her blowjob. She went for ten minutes and pulled off him again. Before he could protest, she mounted him. It was awkward with his bed slanted down toward their feet. “What happened … to your … bed?” She rubbed his wide head inside her slick folds.

“I broke it.” Noah’s eyes darted between his sister’s massive tits and her twisted face. “Oooohhhhhhh … Hailey … this is crazy.” And just like that, he was inside his sister.

“I’m … uggghhhhhh … just doing this … because my boyfriend isn’t … here.” Hailey lowered her trembling hips slowly, pushing him deeper and deeper. “But … now that I feel you. I’d rather have … you … than him … Noah. Ooooohhhhhhhhh.” She hit bottom, and her hips oscillated on top of him. “It’s good … Noah … really good … your cock is even better than … Lauren Keitaro’s.”

“What?” Noah massaged her tits. He’d never seen nipples like hers before. He figured they were sensitive from the way she jumped when he rolled them between his fingers. “Mrs. Keitaro?”

“A different … painting … dummy.” Hailey was almost there. She shut her eyes tightly and dug her nails into her brother’s chest.

“Erato.” Noah pieced a few things together just in time to watch his sister cum on his cock. “Quiet … quiet … Hailey.” He moved his hand from her tit up to her mouth and stifled her passionate cries. It had all happened so fast, while he was half-asleep, that it just dawned on him: he was having sex with yet another woman. One of his older sisters was getting herself off on his cock. Samantha would go wild with lust when she found out. He looked at the door. She could return any minute.

“Goopphhh … thapphhhhh wappphhhhh goopppphhhh.” Hailey pulled his hand off her mouth. “That was … good. I needed … that.” She slowly lifted her hips off him until he flopped out of her with a plop. “Jesus … did you … cum?”

“No.” He furrowed his eyebrows.

“All that … white … frothy … stuff … is mine?” Hailey giggled. She stepped onto the floor and picked up her robe. “We have to do this … again sometime. I feel … great!” She smiled at him as she wrapped her robe around her new body.

“Are we done?” Noah didn’t understand what was happening. “I didn’t cum.”

“Finish yourself off … or something.” Hailey looked at his giant penis and giggled. “I’m going to bed.”

“You are?”

“Tootles.” With a wide grin, Hailey waved to her brother and left his room.

Mystified, Noah stared at the door for a long time after she left. He couldn’t wait to tell Samantha what had happened. He hoped his girlfriend would finish what his sister started. He didn’t fap, instead, he curled onto his side and waited for Samantha, keeping his eyes on the door.

As Noah drifted off to sleep, he thought about his sex life. His mother was his clear favorite. The way she gave herself completely to him. The deep love in her green eyes couldn’t be replicated. She had also given him her ass, which pushed her way out ahead. Samantha was gorgeous, and funny, and fun. Sex with her was great, if not as intense as with his mother. Hailey had choked herself, grinded on him, had her orgasm, and left. She was a distant third. He wondered if they’d have sex again. He wondered if she’d want to. He remembered she’d be heading back to college soon enough. He was fine with it. With Paget and Hailey gone, he’d have the run of the house with his mother and Samantha. He couldn’t wait.

Noah’s eyes closed. He drifted off to sleep. He dreamed that he and Hailey were going to go for a bike ride, but he had a flat tire. She got out the pump, assured him she’d have it full of air in no time, but she pumped it half-way and let all the air out. Then she did it again and again. At some point, Noah was sure his tire would never be full. His frustration grew and grew.

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“It’s Christmas morning, dear.” Shannon woke her son with a tender caress of his cheek. He looked so strong and handsome in repose. Her heart swelled with pride.

“Mom?” Paul sat up in his mother’s bed and looked around the room. It still smelled like sex, but he could tell his mother had cleaned up. His eyes focused on her. She looked like a goddess in the pale morning light. Her hair was pinned up, and she was already wearing her most elegant dress. “Where’s Sofia?”

“All the ladies are home preparing for the big day.” She beamed at him. “Today we present you to the church during Christmas services. Soon all of Clover Falls will see the new path. You will lead them and bind them to a new covenant.”

“Right … right.” Paul shook his head. “Everything’s happening so fast. It’s hard to believe that we’re already here.” He looked down at his erection writhing under the covers. If he hadn’t known what it was, he might have thought some nightmare had crept into bed with him. But he considered it quite the opposite. “Can you take the edge off my morning erection for me?”

“Is that wise, dear?” Shannon bit her bottom lip. “You need to save all your … *stuff*… for today. And I’m already dressed and made up.”

“And you look so pretty, Mom.” He grinned at her.

“Well … I suppose if you still have more after everything you did yesterday, you’ll have plenty for today regardless.” She pulled down his covers. “Hello there, you naughty devil,” she smiled at his penis.

“It is God’s instrument.” There was steel in his voice as he corrected his mother.

“Yes, of course.” Shannon grasped his penis. It always thrilled her when it stopped squirming in her hands. She loved that she could mollify this beast. “I was only being silly.”

“Suck on it, Mom.” He watched her squeeze his cock with a milking motion. She had even painted her fingernails red and green for their big day. “You can fix your makeup later.”

“Okay … I suppose … I mean … why shouldn’t I?” She leaned in and breathed his scent. He hadn’t showered since the day before. She could smell all the other women on him. Her eyelids fluttered. “Oh … my.” In no time at all, she was bobbing her head and

pumping his shaft with her hands. It didn't take long for her auburn hair to begin to fall from her hairpin.

"That's it … Mom … what a way to start Christmas." She was perpendicular to him on the bed, which let his eyes follow the wonderful curves under her dress. He gazed at her hanging boobs, pressed against his thigh, followed the arch of her back, and settled on the flare from her waist out to her ass. She was built for bearing children. His father had been a fool for only giving her one. Paul decided he was no fool. He pulled her dress to her waist and smiled at her wobbling ass and hips. He would keep her perpetually pregnant. Their universe was all about fecundity, and they would fulfill their sacred duties, demonstrating to the church how it was done. "I want to … ugh … put it inside you. We need to make sure … you'll have my baby."

"Mmmmmppphhhhhhh." Shannon continued her frenzied blowjob. She had been planning for the bliss of swallowing his seed. But that heavenly ecstasy was matched when he filled her womb. She pulled off him and wiped saliva from her chin, panting. She looked into his eyes. "Of course … you are right … again. Let me take off … my dress so we don't ruin it."

"No way. I love you in that dress. Ride me." Paul wondered if anyone else in Clover Falls was enjoying their Christmas morning as much as he was.

"Okay." Perhaps Shannon should have argued, but she couldn't resist the joy written on her son's face. She quickly pulled off her panties, held her dress over her hips, and swung her leg over him. "It is an honor to be … the first woman you inseminate on this auspicious day. I … aaahhhhhhhhhhhh … am with you … on this journey … we are … uuuuggghhhhhhhh … a perfect pair. Mother … and … son." She slid down his cock. Even though she was ready for its explorations, she still screeched in amazement when his penis found one of her special places. "Oh … gosh … Paul … you make me feel … you make me … I'm … ooooooohhhhhhhhhhh." She threw her head back and climaxed on top of him.

"You and me … Mom … on our big day … uh … uh … uh … nothing could be better." He gripped the front of her dress and tugged. She was so busy cumming, he didn't think she even noticed the fabric tear. He freed her right breast from the dress, but it was still in her bra. He lowered the bra and stared at her boob as it flopped on top of her torn dress. She would feed all their babies with that tit. But first, it was his turn. He sat up and buried his face in her soft flesh, slobbering on her nipple.

"Oh … Paul … Paul … yes … yes …" Shannon's arms encircled her son. "Just as the church shelters … uuugghhhhhhhhh … just as … uuuugghhhhhhhh … church … eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." When the heat of his seed blossomed inside her, nothing else mattered. Not even their important tasks in the day ahead. All that mattered was this moment, drifting through a nebula of ecstasy.

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Noah stared at his sister, unbelieving. She was still pumping up his bicycle tire and letting the air out. She had done this over a thousand times while he watched. “This is very frustrating, Hailey. Just finish it off.”

“Dude … dude … this was as early as I could wake up.” When Hailey turned toward him, he saw that her eyes were the ocean on a stormy day. They didn’t look *like* the ocean, Noah could actually see the breakers. “Dude!” Her words didn’t quite sync up with her moving lips.

“What?” He wanted nothing more than to get on his bike and ride away, but the tire flattened itself on the garage floor.

“This is more than being a good Sumerian. She’s in trouble. I don’t know how to fix it.” Hailey shook the bike violently. The whole garage trembled. “Wake up, Noah. Dude, *wake up*.”

The garage and his sister faded. Noah opened his eyes to bright, morning light. “Sam?”

“That’s what I’ve been telling you, dude.” Jimmy continued to shake Noah’s shoulder vigorously. “Sam’s not here. She went home. She’s in trouble.”

Noah shot up so quickly he almost knocked heads with Jimmy. “No … she promised. She wouldn’t.” But he’d known Samantha most of his life. *She would. She totally would.*

“Look, I’ve only been through today eighteen times. It’s fucking grim.” Jimmy’s ashen face moved away from Noah as he slumped in the nearby desk chair. “The second I wake up, I come here. Now get up. We have to move.”

“Grim?” Noah jumped out of bed, found some underwear, and pulled them on. “We have to get Kathy and Ella.”

“Kathy, yes. But we have to go to her house and wake her up. She ignores her phone.” Jimmy frowned. “Ella, no. She’s already at Sam’s house.”

“Oh, good.” Noah nodded.

“Oh, bad.” Jimmy shook his head.

“I’m going to wake up my mom.” Noah pulled on his socks, not bothering to line up the heels.

“Why?” Jimmy raised his eyebrows. “There’s no time to get frisky.”

“She’s not a sex doll, moron.” Noah’s face turned red. “She’s going to help us.” He pulled on his pants.

“Oh, okay. We haven’t tried that yet.” Jimmy shrugged.

“Why the heck not?” Noah didn’t know what those other Noahs from other todays were thinking. Why wouldn’t they get his mom? His blood suddenly froze. *Was there something different about this today?* “What about your puzzle. Have you solved it yet? Is this our last chance?”

“Nah, I’m not stupid. I’m not solving it until we destroy Sam’s painting.” Jimmy intently looked at a spot on the wall to the right of Noah.

“What … um … what do you have to do?” Noah pulled on a t-shirt and rummaged through his hamper for a sweater. This was not how Christmas morning was supposed to go. Was anyone in Clover Falls having a worse one?

“Enki wants me to … *knock Mom up*.” Jimmy mumbled the last three words.

“He wants you to what?” Noah pulled on a sweater.

“I have to get my mom pregnant,” Jimmy said more clearly.

“Daaaaammmmnnnnn.” Noah paused on his way to the door and stared at his friend. “Whatever happens on your last today, it’s going to be wild. You’ll never forget this Christmas.”

“I have to do it.” Jimmy stood and shrugged apologetically. “Enki isn’t giving me a choice.”

“I know.” Noah tried to give him a comforting smile, but he was too worried about Samantha and Ella. “But we can stick that on the back burner for now. Let’s go get my mom. Then you can fill us in on everything you know …” He opened the door, looked back, and held his breath. “Is it already too late? When did Sam leave?”

“It’s not too late. I’ll tell you everything.” Jimmy patted Noah on the shoulder. “Just like I always do.”

“Thank God.” Noah exhaled. The friends jogged down the hall to Noah’s parents’ room and entered without knocking.

Chapter 28

Rrrooooaaaaaarrrrrrrrrrrrr!

"Get her out of the painting." Eddie stamped his foot on the living room carpet. His naked body jiggled with the impact, his hard dick bobbing in front of him. "I want my fucking sister out here. I want her fucking out here now. I want to be fucking right this minute."

"I am eager that you mate your sister, too." Axcix sat in the corner of the living room. The moss hanging off the metallic ball lent the muted thing a little color in the bright morning light. "I must create life to –"

"Get Sam out here!" Eddie put his hands on his hips. He felt the eyes of all the women crowded into the room. He didn't care what they thought. They were all his.

"I gave you your mother back. Continue to mate her. Or one of the other females. There are so many." Axcix waved a tentacle at the women.

Ella raised her hand. "Pick me, please." Her mom barked, and Ella absentmindedly patted Mara's head.

"As one of the first women to discover your … talents, I deserve a Christmas morning tumble." Debra Wright stepped forward.

"We're Jewish, Debra. It doesn't matter that it's Christmas." Lindsey frowned at her neighbor.

"It matters to me." Debra frowned back.

"I was in that awful painting all night, Eddie." Lindsey made doe eyes at her son. "Everything was in the 1950s and the other people wouldn't talk to me. I didn't know if I'd ever get out. Send these other women away and let's spend the day in each other's arms." She straightened her dress, stepped over to her son, and cradled him in her arms.

Eddie relaxed into her arms. He buried his face in her dress and inhaled. She smelled musky. He breathed deeply. He realized he was smelling the inside of the painting. "Could you see into the living room when you were in there, Mom?"

"Yes, sweetie. It was terrifying. Sam was fighting and –" She stopped talking when he reached behind her and slapped her butt.

"Let's fuck." Eddie hugged her tightly. When the other women in the room groaned in unison, he glanced around. "Don't whine, bitches. If you stick around, you'll all get your turn."

“Um … Eddie?” Ellen Bankston raised her hand. “Should I come back later? I have to attend church with my family in a couple hours.”

“Me too.” Laura Ferguson also raised her hand.

“Me three.” Julia Price sheepishly put her hand in the air.

Ella also raised her hand.

“Fine. Go.” Eddie waved a hand dismissively at them. “Come back when you’re done with stupid church.” Eddie watched the three women depart. “Now, for everyone that’s staying, I’m going to breed every single one of you.” He smiled when he saw the glazed expressions that passed over nine pretty faces. “And I’m going to make Sam watch all of it.” He roughly pulled down his mother’s dress, exposing her breasts. He kissed his way down the curving slope of her tit, looking over at Ella. “I thought you had to go to church.”

“I’ll text my dad that we’re not coming. I want you to take me … in front of Sam.” Ella looked at the painting. Her friend stood at the edge of the dock, on the opposite end from the three mothers. Samantha’s eyes were wide with horror, and her mouth hung open. Ella shrugged at her. Samantha would understand soon enough.

“Okay, you’re next, Ella.” Eddie sucked on his mother’s nipple, listening to her moan. He could hear clothes rustling around the room as his women disrobed. He knew they would all touch themselves while they watched. He released her nipple, and roughly put her on her hands and knees, facing the painting. “You hear that, Sam? You’re going to watch me fuck the shit out of Mom and your best friend.” He threw her dress over her hips, and pulled her panties down to her knees. Since her legs were together, he squatted with his feet wide behind her and lined himself up. He looked up at his petrified eighteen-year-old twin sister. “When you come out of the painting, this is what’s waiting for you.” He slapped his mother’s ass cheek with his heavy cock, leaving a trail of precum.

“It’s not … bad … Samantha.” Lindsey looked up at her daughter. It was so odd, she could see the brush strokes that rendered Samantha, but she knew that it was her real daughter at the same time. “Once you … let him in … to your heart … and your … vagina … uuuuggghhhhhhhhhh … like I’ve done …” She gritted her teeth as he entered her. “… then you’ll … understand.” Lindsey hated sharing her son. But she thought maybe she’d make an exception for her daughter.

“‘Not … bad’ … uh … uh … Mom?” Eddie shook his head. “You love … it. Tell her … you love … my giant … teenage … cock.”

“I love … his … cock … Samantha … ooooohhhhhhhhhhh.” Lindsey braced herself as her son lunged into her with devastating strokes. Their bodies collided together with clockwork rhythm.

“You … ugh … love … ugh … my … giant … teenage … cock.” Eddie took handfuls of her ass and pulled her hips back to meet his thrusts.

“I love … giant … teenage … cock,” Lindsey sung out. “Ooooooohhhhhhhhh.” When his hand grabbed her hair and took complete control of her body, she climaxed. Not long ago, she would have been mortified showing anyone but her loving husband her twisted orgasmic expressions. But now she freely displayed her most lascivious self to her daughter and anyone else who cared to look.

“Now … ugh … everyone … tell Sam … that you love … my giant … teenage … cock.” Eddie looked around the room with wide, crazed eyes. His belly shook and rippled as it smashed his mother’s ass. He knew that the squatting position made him look like an ape, and he was fine with that. He wanted Samantha to see him as the animal he was.

“We love Eddie’s giant, teenage cock,” the women in the living room said in an overlapping chorus.

“That’s right … that’s … fucking … right.” Eddie slammed into his mother. He was just about ready to cum. “I’m going to nut … Mom … I’m going to … fucking explode.”

“Yes … yes … Eddie … do it.” Lindsey didn’t bother to pretend that he should pull out. That was a farce no longer worth playing. Everyone knew she wanted it. Everyone knew she was about to take it. “Fill meeeeeeeeeeeeeee!” When his hot stuff hit her womb, ecstasy detonated her mind.

In the corner, Axcix watched all this happily. She almost rubbed her organic, tentacled clamps together in glee.

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Jessica’s knuckles were white on the steering wheel as she listened to Jimmy Ronning explain what they should expect. She was still trying to get her head around the fact that he had lived the same day over and over. She looked over her shoulder into the back of the minivan where Jimmy and Noah held on to their seats for dear life. “Kathy’s house is just ahead.”

“Can you slow down, Mrs. Reader?” Jimmy’s cheeks had turned white. He turned to Noah. “I liked it better on the other todays when we rode our bikes.”

Still looking into the back of the minivan, Jessica frowned at Jimmy. “So … Sam’s brother hasn’t touched her?”

“Not yet.” Jimmy shook his head. “But if we get caught there, the metal ball brings her out of the painting, and Eddie … takes her in front of us.” He didn’t add that she herself was in danger. Eddie was deranged, and would certainly enjoy taking Noah’s girlfriend *and mom* in front of him. He could see from her grim expression that he didn’t need to explain it to her. She understood what could happen if they failed.

“We’ll save Sam. I’ve destroyed one painting. How hard can it be to destroy two?” She turned her face forward and swerved around a trash can stationed next to the curb. With screeching tires, she stopped the minivan.

Both Noah and Jimmy exhaled. They watched as Kathy’s front door opened. Kathy stepped outside, but turned when her mother followed her. She put her hands on her mom’s shoulders, bent low, and whispered in her ear. Then she turned and loped to the minivan on all fours. Noah opened the side door, and Kathy bounded in.

“Everything okay with your mother?” Jessica didn’t even bother with her customary smile in greeting. She pressed her lips together.

“She wanted to come along.” Kathy’s eyes glowed red as she stretched herself out in the last row of seats. “I told her she couldn’t.”

“You might want to put on a seatbelt. Mom’s driving crazy today.” Noah closed the door and the minivan lurched out into the street.

“I’m good.” Kathy’s smiled revealed four gleaming fangs. “Catch me up.”

“Sam’s in the painting. She’s okay, but we have to get her out before we can destroy it.” Noah looked at Jimmy.

“Right, and to reach into the painting we need to be touching the metal ball at the same time.” Jimmy shrugged apologetically for the news he had to deliver. “And I know what you’re going to say. That’s not the only way out of the painting. There should be a place with windows looking out onto other paintings somewhere inside Sam’s canvas. But it would take too long for her to find it.”

“Well, it’s plan B then.” Kathy’s shrug bore no apology whatsoever. “If things go south, we’ll tell her to find the windows.”

“Remember, we have to go fast. Noah and I are going to get some brain fog within a few minutes of entering the room. If things go south, we’ll try this all again on day nineteen.” Jimmy held onto his seat for dear life as the minivan careened around a corner. “If you kill us all, Mrs. Reader, the next today starts sooner.”

“Got it, Jimmy.” Jessica floored the gas pedal. They sped toward the Owens’ residence.

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“Do any of you know how to get out of here?” Samantha tried not to watch as her mother happily turned over for her brother and spread her legs high in the air. “I need to leave.”

“Nobody leaves.” The blonde mother hugged her tall son tightly to her chest.

“Actually, the creature left.” An olive-skinned teenager with glasses pointed out of the painting.

“Shh, Patrick. Don’t talk to her.” It was his mother’s turn to hug him close.

“That’s my mother out there. And my brother is doing … terrible stuff to her.” Samantha glanced at her mother out of the corner of her eye. Eddie was pounding her, and she had her hands pressed into his ample butt cheeks.

“Seems like she’s enjoying it.” The chubby boy shrugged and felt up his mother’s boob through her dress.

“Shut up, Roy.” Patrick’s voice had some venom in it.

“Patrick, was it?” Samantha stood, walked down the dock closer to them, and sat a few feet from Patrick and his mother. “What would you do if Roy tried to do that …” She nodded at her living room. “… to your mother? I have to get out of here.”

“He did try that with me.” Patrick’s mother frowned. “I slapped him.”

“I’m sorry, Miss.” Patrick shrugged. “Only the creature knows how to get out. And all it says is that it ‘needs more life.’”

“Well, I’m not waiting around, I …” Samantha’s attention was drawn to a commotion in the living room. The multitude of women watching and masturbating suddenly stood. Eddie pulled his weight off his mother and stood, too. She heard Noah’s voice. Then all hell broke loose.

~~

“Don’t hurt them!” Noah shouted after Kathy.

“Rrrooooaaaaaarrrrrrrrrrrrr!” Kathy leapt to the middle of the living room, snarling and swatting the charging women with her hands. Naked bodies tumbled around her like bowling pins.

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiii!” Jessica ran at Eddie, holding Noah’s little league baseball bat over her head. She swung it at him, but he stepped aside, his softening dick bouncing awkwardly between his legs.

Eddie put a hand on Jessica’s right breast – its size made it hard to miss – and pushed her onto the floor.

Jessica fell next to the gasping Lindsey Owens. “Lindsey … the painting has taken over your son … you have to …” She stopped when she saw rage fill the woman’s eyes.

“You tried to kill … my son!” Lindsey rolled on top of Jessica and wrapped her fingers around her throat. Someone fell into her from behind, and she toppled forward, losing her grip.

“Aaaaaaaackkkkk.” Jessica turned her head to the side as Lindsey’s bare boobs mashed into her face. Lindsey’s breasts were slick with impossibly icky sperm. “Get off me.”

“Mom!” Noah took a few steps and stumbled. He struggled to breathe, his chest constricting. A woman he didn’t recognize punched him in the face, and he fell to a knee. He went to brace himself and put his hand on a sweaty thigh. He looked up to see Eddie’s malevolent face.

“I can’t wait … to fuck her … in front of you.” Eddie kicked Noah onto his back. “Can’t breathe? Are you having … one of your spells again?” He laughed and turned to help several of his women tackle Kathy.

It was true. Noah couldn’t breathe. He looked for Jimmy and found him seated on the sofa, ignoring the commotion around them. “Jimmy … Jimmy …” Noah croaked.

“Today … today … today …” Jimmy sat and stared mindlessly into nothing.

Noah pulled a naked woman off her feet and tossed her across the room. “The air …” he wheezed. Jimmy had gone brain-dead breathing the air, but Noah wasn’t breathing at all. His panic attacks had finally come in handy. He willed his body upright and looked around. His mother was backing toward the doorway, swinging her bat in front of her to ward off Lindsey Owens. Samantha was banging her hand on the invisible barrier in the foreground of the painting. Kathy was struggling with several women, Eddie, and two tentacles. Noah saw a third tentacle writhing on the floor, grabbed it, and pulled it toward the painting. It was now or never if he was going to remove Samantha from the painting. His lungs burned, he saw spots, but he continued dragging the struggling, repulsive thing across the room.

“I’m … stronger … than this … today.” Jimmy shook his head to clear it. He slowly stood and shoved a clawing naked woman over the coffee table. The fog in his mind receded. He saw Kathy leap in the air, people falling off her. She managed to slip from one biomechanical clamp, but the other still held her. He turned his head and saw that Noah was trying to get Samantha out of the painting. “Noah, look out!”

Noah didn’t see Lindsey charge him, but when the full force of her weight slammed into his side, he dropped the writhing tentacle. The thing shot across the room like it was spring-loaded, and caught Jimmy in the side of the head. Blood fanned out on the wall behind him, and he pitched sideways onto the floor in a heap. Noah lifted Lindsey and threw her at her son.

“Jimmy!” Kathy freed herself from the metal ball’s grip, and bounded across the room. She picked up Jimmy’s lifeless form and carried him toward the exit. On her way out, she looked over at the painting. “Find the windows, Sam. Like I did inside the other painting.”

Noah followed Kathy out, helping his mother get out of the house as quickly as they could. His chest relaxed when they hit fresh air. He finally took a breath. As they scrambled across the lawn, they didn’t see anyone giving chase.

A few moments later, the minivan screeched away from the curb, Jessica behind the wheel. “Is he okay?” She glanced back in the rearview mirror. Jimmy looked even paler than he had on the drive over. His eyes were closed. Noah’s red-stained hands were pressed to Jimmy’s matted hair.

“I don’t think so.” Noah looked at his mom in desperation. “Drive to the hospital, Mom.”

“Right.” Jessica set her jaw. This wasn’t how Christmas was supposed to go. Silently, she prayed for Jimmy’s life.

“Don’t worry, Noah.” Kathy slumped in the rearmost seat. Her clothes were torn in a dozen places. A long scratch diagonally across her face slowly oozed blood. “We’ll never know it, but we get another chance at today.”

“We failed, Kath.” Noah looked over at her and shifted his weight to keep Jimmy from sliding off his lap as they accelerated through a stoplight. “Sam’s still in the painting. Jimmy’s hurt. All those women … were crazy.”

Kathy shrugged. “We’ll get it right eventually.”

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“Oh gosh … oh … gosh …” Peggy scurried into the reception area. When she saw Jessica, they both burst into tears.

“He’s unconscious, but stable. The doctors will want to talk to you.” Jessica rushed over to Peggy and enveloped her in a big hug. “I’m so sorry.”

They hadn’t known how much Peggy knew, or how much Jimmy wanted her to know, or whether anything they did on that today mattered, so Noah and his mother had decided to make up a story about a bicycle accident. Jessica told the story they had rehearsed.

When Peggy was ushered into her son’s room, Jessica, Noah, and Kathy left the hospital. They got into the minivan in silence, Jessica behind the wheel again.

“So, nothing matters for the rest of the day?” Jessica turned to look at the eighteen-year-olds in the back of the car. They looked exhausted and defeated. She desperately wanted to cheer them up. “Jimmy isn’t going to solve his puzzle while unconscious.” She wondered what the riddle was, but decided it didn’t really matter. “But we’re still here. We need a distraction. Would you like to come over to my house for Christmas, Kathy? I promise it won’t be boring.”

Noah and Kathy exchanged a look.

“What do you think, Kath?” Noah raised his eyebrow.

“Sure, I guess. Nothing matters. We’ll save Sam and Jimmy will be fine on another today. I’ll spend the real Christmas with my mom then, too.” A faint smile passed across Kathy’s lips as she thought about what sort of mischief they could get into without any consequences. “But today I’ll hang with the Readers.”

“That’s settled, then. Let’s go home.” Jessica put the minivan into drive and pulled out of the parking lot.

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“Oh … noooooooooooooooo.” Samantha watched her friends flee in disarray. Her horrible brother threw up his arms in triumph, leering at her. She turned to Patrick. “You have to help me.”

“Help you do what?” Patrick adjusted his glasses and gave her a doleful expression. “We’re all just shadows here. Nothing’s real.”

“It seems real enough.” Samantha stood and looked around. They were on a lake, with a forest surrounding them. A lonely 1950s-era sedan waited in the parking lot of a nearby

industrial building. “Have you ever seen … I don’t know … windows into other worlds? It should be somewhere nearby … I think. Maybe in that building?”

“You’re fucking crazy, lady.” Roy rolled his eyes at her.

“Language, Roy.” Patrick’s mother reprimanded Roy. But Roy’s mother said nothing.

“I’m pretty sure you want to go to the church.” Patrick stood and held out his hand to his mother. When nothing happened, he wiggled his fingers. “Can I borrow the car, Mom?”

“We’re supposed to stay here … that thing said …” His mother paused, furrowed her brow, and studied Samantha. “Okay. But don’t crash it this time.” She reached into her purse, pulled out the keys, and handed them to her son.

“Thanks, Mom.” Patrick jogged down the dock, leaving the others behind.

Samantha jogged next to him. The great window into her living room that hovered above the lake faded away as their feet hit the pavement of the parking lot. “So, is this your mom’s car?”

“Yeah, hop in.” Patrick got behind the wheel, his forehead glistening with sweat from their jog. “I usually bicycle around town. In all honesty, I’m not a great driver.” He turned the ignition and the automobile’s engine roared to life.

Samantha slid into the passenger seat. “But you have a driver’s license …”

“A what?” Patrick put the car in gear and it lurched forward. “My mom’s going to kill me if I crash.” He looked over his shoulder to the dock where he could see his mother standing tall and shading her eyes, watching him like a hawk.

“Where’s the seatbelt?” Samantha frantically searched the seat as the car lunged and shuddered in response to Patrick’s shift into second gear.

“The what?” Patrick smiled at her. “Don’t worry, I’ll get you to the church on time.”

“Okay … okay …” Samantha took a deep breath. A sweet, spicy scent filled the car. It was lovely. She inhaled again and found her shoulders relaxing. When the car nearly swerved into a tree, she barely shrieked. “Thank you for helping me, Patrick.” She put a hand on his thigh. “You’re amazing.” She rubbed his thigh.

“I have to tell you, Miss. The same thing that’s affecting your brother makes my sweat smell good to you. I’m not sure about the science. I’d like to study it if I could, but regardless …” Patrick glanced at her and gulped. She was gorgeous and staring at him with hunger. “… um … I wanted to warn you.”

“You don’t seem anything like my brother.” Without a seatbelt to constrain her, Samantha slid closer to Patrick. She forgot they were careening down a ramshackle road at a breakneck pace. “You’re kind … and caring … and … cute.”

“Thanks … Miss.” Patrick gulped again and tried to focus on the road. It was only ten minutes into town, but he knew it was going to be a long drive.

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“We’ll give you some privacy now. If you need anything, just buzz.” The nurse gave Peggy a reassuring smile and left.

“Oh, Jimmy. Wake up.” Peggy sat next to her son, squeezing his limp hand. “Please wake up.” Tears streamed down her cheeks. She knew her mascara must be running like crazy, but she didn’t care. The doctors and nurses had been nice enough not to mention it. She lifted his hand and kissed it. She kissed his muscled forearm. Her eighteen-year-old son was always so strong and full of life. Especially lately. But not today. “It’s Christmas, baby. You love Christmas. Wake up.”

She saw the blanket slowly rise between his legs. “Not here,” she whispered. “Not now.” Earlier that morning, he had asked her to think about unprotected sex after he got back from visiting his friends. She had, of course, flatly refused him. As she stared at Jimmy, his obvious boner under the hospital blanket was an accusation. It was telling her she was a bad mother. She should have given him what he so badly wanted when she had the chance.

“This is so embarrassing, Jimmy. What if somebody comes in?” She stared at the tent he was making. It was almost comical. Peggy glanced at the door. She brushed her straight, brown hair out of her eyes and set her jaw with determination. She put down his limp hand and slowly slid his blanket down. “If I give you what you want, will you come back to me?”

Jimmy remained unconscious.

“I can’t believe I’m even thinking about this.” But she moved his hospital gown above his waist. Other than the bandage on his head, her son looked perfectly healthy. More than healthy. “It’s so hard.” She wiped some precum with her fingertip and put it to her tongue.

“Yeah, okay. We’re doing this. Mommy’s going to wake you up, Jimmy.” Peggy stood and wiggled out of her panties. She glanced at the door one more time. The nurse had

promised her privacy. She put her panties in her purse and pulled her skirt over her hips. “They said you only bonked your head, so the rest of you … should be fine.”

Carefully, Peggy climbed onto the hospital bed and mounted herself above his lengthy penis. “I’m giving you what you wanted, Jimmy. Do you hear me? This is your Christmas present.”

Jimmy said nothing.

“Oooohhhhhhhhhhh … every time … you enter me … I feel like … it’s the first time.” She sunk down on him. “You’re in my vagina … Jimmy. Can you … uuuuugghhhhhh … feel it?” She let her skirt fall around them, covering her dirty deed. Although, she had to admit, it would be obvious to anyone who walked in what she was doing. Her hips slowly undulated on him. “Your unprotected … thing … is in my … oooohhhhhhhh … my … my … warm … tight … vagina.” She shuddered. “Oooohhhhhh … my … mmmmmmmmpppphhhhhhhh.” Peggy lifted her blouse into her mouth and bit down to stifle the cries of her orgasm.

When she came down on the other side of her climax, she spit out her blouse. Her hips were already in a higher gear. She found herself bouncing on him. “I … I … hope … this doesn’t hurt … baby.” She placed her hands on his chest and let her body do what it wanted. It seemed to want to smash his massive thing into her unprotected tunnel. “Oh … gosh … we really aren’t … using protection … Jimmy. There’s nothing between us … now. This is as close … as a mother can get to her son. It’s perfect. The only thing … missing is … you. Wake up … for me.”

Peggy rode her son hard for more than twenty minutes. Every time she felt her orgasm coming on, she bit her blouse. By the third time, the fabric was soaked through with saliva.

There was no warning when he erupted inside her. She was pumping her vagina on him at full speed, working to another peak, when she felt the warmth in her womb. “Oooooohhhhhhhhhhhhh … it's inside … your stuff is … inside meeeeeeeeeeeeeeee.” That sent her over the edge again. Her mouth clamped shut, her eyes rolled back, and her body went stiff on top of him. She could feel shot after shot of his sticky seed splash against her walls.

Her final orgasm was a mighty climax for Peggy, and it took her a while to come down from it. When she was done, Peggy was a panting, sweating mess. Her hair was wild, and she had mascara streaks down her cheeks. “Jimmy? Did it … work?” She stared down at his handsome face, but he had missed everything. He was still unconscious.

“Well, no one can ever … say … I’m not a mother … who will do anything for her son.” She leaned forward and rested her cheek on his strong chest. She could hear his heart thumping steadily. She squeezed her vagina on his magnificent girth a few times and

sighed. “I’m going to have to … get off you soon … but I promise … when you wake up … we can do that again. Please wake up.” She kissed his chest and sighed again. After a minute, she climbed off him and started cleaning up.

Chapter 29
Nothing Matters

"Only women over the age of eighteen may stay for the rest of the service." The pastor's wife, Joanna Mills, stood before the congregation, wearing her husband's vestments. She watched intently as the crowd thinned out. She tapped her foot, impatient to begin the day in earnest. When there were only women left, apart from Paul, she continued. "You have all swallowed our mother's milk." She nodded to Shannon, Kim, and Holly as they walked down the aisles, collecting empty glasses. "How does everyone feel?"

There was a gruntled murmur from the congregation.

Joanna nodded in satisfaction and smiled. "Paul, come here, please."

Paul stood and walked slowly to the front of the nave. He stopped when he got to Joanna and slowly turned to face the pews. He guessed about thirty women were in attendance. His cum would run dry before he'd properly seeded every woman. But they had a solution. They would make the women double and triple up. He held out his arms beatifically, hands raised to the heavens.

"Now, if our distinguished ladies could move to the doors …" Joanna nodded to the Christian Ladies of Clover Falls, all of whom moved in front of the exits.

"Ready." Shannon looked around the room. Everyone seemed excessively placid. She didn't think they would have any runners, but it was good to be ready just in case.

"Now, I need two volunteers." Joanna surveyed the crowd. Everyone was dressed in their Christmas best. Nobody raised their hand or stood. "Come on ladies. It's not exactly snake handling I'm asking for." She paused, cocked her head, and smiled. "Although it's not exactly *not* snake handling. Anyone? No?" She pointed to the second row. "Mrs. Price, would you care to join us?" Joanna paused and pointed to the fourth row. "And Mrs. Bankston. Come on up."

With some hesitation, Julia and Ellen slowly stood and made their way to the front. They stood awkwardly next to Paul.

"What are we doing?" Julia whispered to Joanna. "I feel strange."

Ellen looked nervously around her. "Maybe … I should go. If my husband isn't here … I should go. I … um … have something to get to."

"This is the beginning of a new covenant, Ellen." Joanna's voice was icy. "Whatever Christmas plans you have can wait."

Ellen nodded and rubbed her legs together. She was so wet that she was leaking down the inside of her thighs. She didn't know if it was the expectation of returning to Eddie or something else.

"Disrobe, dear." Shannon called from the back.

Joanna glared at Shannon. In her most commanding voice, she said, "Yes, disrobe and show everyone the font of fecundity."

Paul removed his vestments.

A collective gasp filled the room.

Julia dropped to her knees in front of the eighteen-year-old, her eyes fixed on his enormous, writhing member. Her hands went to her mouth. "Is that … real?"

Ellen took a staggering step backward but retreated no further.

In the crowd, several women stood up, eyes wide.

"Sit back down, Melanie. It's not your turn yet." Lauren forcefully pulled her daughter back to the pew. She put her arm around her.

"I feel it, Mom. I feel it. It's Erato all over again." Melanie rocked in her mother's arms, staring at the terrible penis.

"Don't use that name," Lauren hissed. Her daughter had promised never to mention Erato again. "This is nothing like … that other thing. Just look at it."

Marjorie Hubber ran toward the exit, but was caught by the women waiting there. She struggled in their arms until they forced milk down her throat. Then she relaxed.

"Behold … God's plan for us." Joanna stepped behind Ellen, took her shoulders, and maneuvered her back to Paul. "We are the most fortunate and foremost in His plans. We are the brood. We are the fertile valleys where civilization will truly grow. But do not fear for your men." She pushed Ellen to her knees in front of Paul. "They will serve and attend to Paul. We all have our place."

Both Ellen and Julia looked up at Joanna for guidance.

"Go on. Isn't it clear? You must please the Messiah to earn your baptism." Joanna glanced at the pews. Everyone was seated again, their eyes riveted to the momentous event unfolding before them. "Don't be afraid of his size. I imagine that neither of you has handled anything so big."

"Actually …" Ellen caught a sharp look from Julia and stopped herself from revealing their relationship with Eddie. Eddie … she was about to betray him … with Shannon's quiet son … in church … with a horrifically lurching penis. But she couldn't stop her

hands from reaching out. The organ quieted in her hands. She watched Julia's delicate fingers join hers on the serpent. Their four hands had more than enough room on the long, veiny monster. They looked so small and vulnerable holding such a beastly thing.

"I think … we're supposed to pump it." Julia knew all her life's ambitions had fallen off a cliff. This was now the second student with a mammoth penis that she'd handled. Not long ago, such realities would have been abhorrent to her. They were *still* abhorrent to her. But she couldn't help herself. "That's good. We're pumping him … together. Good work, Ellen."

"Finish as fast as you can, Paul." Joanna stood proudly observing the four-handed handjob. "Even if we double and triple up, we have many blessings to provide. And Christmas won't last forever."

"Maybe if you showed me your boobs, Mrs. Mills?" Paul stared at the front of her vestments. "Maybe then … I could finish faster?"

Joanna nodded. "Of course." She removed her vestments and lowered her dress. She shrugged out of her bra straps, spun the bra around, and unclasped it. She returned the teenager's greedy smile with a reserved upward curve at the corners of her mouth. When she looked out to the pews, she saw several concerned faces. "Now, ladies. You're going to have to get used to this sort of thing." She shook her shoulders, jiggling her breasts for all to see. Joanna laughed at the shocked faces. "Paul, dear. What's the only thing better than a pair of boobs?"

"Lots … and lots of boobs." Paul looked out to the crowd. His mother was the first to go topless, but soon others followed. He looked down to see Ellen and Julia struggling to undress with one hand while still pumping him. "You can pause your work for as long as it takes to show me your boobs." Within a couple minutes, even the stragglers in the church had bared their breasts.

"Shake, ladies." Shannon shimmied her shoulders.

Soon, the room was full of jiggling breasts.

The four hands went back to work on his penis. The sight before him was too much. "Uuuuuggghhhhhhhh … I'm gonna … I'm …"

Joanna hadn't expected to fall to her knees between Ellen and Julia, but there she was. She raised her face to Heaven. "Bless us … oh my … yes … bless us." She stuck her tongue out as far as it would go.

The first rope of sperm hit Julia's open mouth. With an animalistic whine, she toppled sideways and spasmed on the floor. The second eruption landed on Joanna's face, splashing her exposed tongue. It was Joanna's turn to collapse in ecstasy. Paul angled

his hips and sprayed Ellen's face. She was sputtering and wiping the sperm away frantically, until some snuck past her lips. She too, succumbed to pure bliss.

In the front of the nave, all three women writhed on the floor, just as the penis above them writhed in the air.

When Paul had recovered, he looked around the church. "Who's next?"

Several hands shot up.

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Noah ripped open the present. "Underwear?"

Paget laughed. "You might as well have gotten socks."

"Thanks, Mom. You got me just what I wanted." Noah put down the underwear, leaned over, and kissed his mother on her rosy cheek.

"I know my man." Jessica smiled demurely.

"Well … are you going to try them on and give us all a show?" Kathy laughed.

Paget picked up the underwear and read the label. She blushed profusely when she saw the bold statement that they were designed for large packages. She quickly tossed them away and gave her mother a confused look. She caught Hailey's gaze. Her sister was smirking. Paget was even more confused. She felt butterflies flap in her belly.

"Now, Ms. Bly, let's not be crude." Andrew frowned at the large eighteen-year-old woman draped on his sofa. He couldn't understand why she was there on Christmas. His wife refused to give him any sort of explanation.

"Apologies, Mr. Reader." Kathy didn't look the least bit sorry.

The Readers opened the rest of their presents. There were only a few questions about where Jessica and Noah had gone that morning. No one mentioned the obvious scratch running diagonally across Kathy's face.

They sang Christmas carols while Jessica and Paget put together lunch. After the meal, the family split up.

No matter the holiday, Andrew always spent part of it at the virtual poker table. It was the best time to make money. "So many fish!"

"We're taking a nap." Paget put her arm around her fiancé and headed to her room.

“Call me down for dinner.” Hailey left for her room.

Jessica, Noah, and Kathy cleared the table.

“Nothing matters, so why are we cleaning up?” Noah loaded the dishwasher.

“Because it’s the right thing to do.” Jessica looked around, saw only Kathy, and smacked her son on the butt.

Noah straightened and looked at his giggling mother. “Why’d you do that?”

“Because it was the right thing to do.” Jessica put the dishes she was carrying on the counter and gave him a hug. “Why the long face? Are you worried about Samantha and Jimmy?”

“Yeah.” Noah relaxed in her arms.

“Remember, we’ll save them on another today. This never happened.” Jessica squeezed him tightly and breathed in the floral scent of his hair. He’d been using her shampoo again.

“I know … I know.” Noah took a deep breath, his arms encircling his mother’s curves.

“Now then. Let’s finish up and go to my office.” Jessica patted his butt again.

Kathy stood in a doorway, grinning her head off. It was too bad they weren’t going to remember today.

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“What did the painting people say? Where did she go?” Eddie slowly dressed. His victory had been short-lived. Samantha wasn’t in the painting anymore. “Did she escape?”

Axcix crawled out of the painting and landed on the floor with a resounding thud. “They said that your sister has gone to church.”

“Church?” Eddie smiled. “I have three women there right now.” He pointed a finger in the air and made a circle. “Transform and roll out, bitches. We’re going to church.” His shirt was still unbuttoned, and he was missing a sock, but he didn’t care.

Axcix tried to explain, but they wouldn’t listen. She watched them leave with some apprehension. She would prefer that they stayed and mated. But she had learned that sometimes humans were best left to their own devices. As far as Samantha was concerned, Axcix didn’t mind if her brother mated her or if someone else did. There was no reason to retrieve her from the Portsmith church.

Eddie and his women left the house in various states of sartorial disarray, piled into several cars, and sped off to retrieve Samantha from church.

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"Isn't her husband supposed to be in the painting?" Kathy inspected the canvas closely.

"I haven't seen him for a while. I don't think he likes it here." Jessica looked at Thomas and shivered. She hadn't been with him in days. Everything that had happened with Noah had pushed her other lover out of her mind. But seeing him brought back memories.

"Mrs. Palmer?" Kathy waved her hand close to the painting. "They haven't moved at all."

"Sometimes they stay in their poses." Jessica shrugged. She pulled her eyes off Thomas, and turned her attention to her eighteen-year-old son. "Do you mind if Kathy and I have a frank discussion about you? Normally I wouldn't, but … I'm feeling bold right now."

"Um … sure, Mom." Noah nodded and looked back and forth between the two women.

"Okay, Kathy, honey." Jessica looked up into Kathy's brown eyes. *Had they really glowed red earlier?* "I'm going to put all my cards on the table, as my husband would say. Because … why not?" Jessica gathered herself to her full height. "I'm a smart woman … an entrepreneur. I know you teenagers think your parents miss everything. But I want you to know we don't miss *everything*."

"Mrs. Reader?" Kathy smiled, her fangs gone.

"Let me spell it out for you." Jessica took Kathy by the shoulders and gently sat her on the edge of Jessica's desk so that they could be at eye level. "Noah and I have a special relationship. Samantha is his girlfriend. But so am I … in a way. Wait … don't say anything." Jessica held up a finger, silencing the teenagers before they could interrupt her. "Let me get this out. Okay, where was I? Right … but I'm not jealous. I want him to have normal teenage experiences with girls. And, I happen to know, because I've discussed it with her, Samantha isn't jealous either. Even if she were to find out, she wouldn't have a problem with it. But she won't, because … Jimmy."

"What's 'it', Mom? What are you talking about?" Noah slowly ran his fingers through his brown hair.

"You two. You and Kathy." Jessica patted Kathy's thigh. "I see the way you two have been ogling each other. The stolen glances. The lingering looks. I get it. You two want to

hook up, but you're worried about hurting me and Samantha." She smiled hopefully. "Do people still say *hook up*?"

"Yeah." Kathy nodded.

"Yes, you'll do it?" Jessica laughed and clapped her hands. "You're hooking up. Wonderful."

"Yes, people still say 'hook up.'" Kathy shrugged.

"Oh." Jessica's laugh died in her throat. "Are you seeing someone? Oh, my. You are, aren't you? I can see it in your face. I'm such an idiot. I misread everything." Her cheeks went crimson. "I thought … I thought … well, I'm so sorry for putting you in this position. I didn't mean to apply any pressure. Just … the way you and Noah have been looking at each other … and … I'm so sorry."

Aghast, Noah stared at the exchange.

A slow rumbling laugh built up inside Kathy. She leaned her head back and cackled. She had no desire to control herself anymore. Even though she could see Jessica and Noah were both in some state of distress, it took her a little while to calm herself. "Relax, Mrs. R. You too, Noah. Jeez, you both look like someone died. Today doesn't matter, remember?" She reached out and hefted Jessica's tit. "Whoa, nice." Her other hand went to Jessica's other breast, and Kathy nodded her head in approval. "See … if today mattered, I couldn't just feel up my friend's mom … right after she just asked me to 'hook up' with her son."

"Oh … you're right," Jessica squeaked. Her tummy cartwheeled. Kathy's hands were large and firm but gentle on her breasts. The young woman's physical presence suddenly weakened Jessica's knees.

"I do have somebody I'm seeing." Kathy leaned in closer, pushing her face into Jessica's copper hair. With her nose right next to Jessica's delicate neck, Kathy breathed in deeply. "My girlfriend's amazing. But she's my beta. My … sub. Even if today was followed by tomorrow, she wouldn't mind."

"What are you doing, Kath?" Noah watched his mother go limp as Kathy's arms encircled her. He was rock-hard.

"A natural order lives inside. From this truth you cannot hide. Your mother tried to bless you and me, but *my* girlfriend is what she'll be." Kathy let out a low growl directly into Jessica's ear. She stood and grabbed Jessica's ass through her skirt. Kathy looked over at Noah. "You have the most insane erection right now." Her smile was predatory.

Noah looked down. She was right, he was practically bursting out of his pants. He looked back just in time to see Kathy cup his mother's butt and lift her into the air.

“Oh … my … I never …” Jessica was jelly in the teenager’s arms. Without thinking, she wrapped her legs around Kathy. She realized they were now eye to eye again, and Kathy was staring deep into her soul. Their boobs were pressed together. It was a snug feeling and much more arousing than she would have expected. “Nothing … matters.”

“We can strip civilization away completely.” Kathy nodded in agreement. “Only the primal remains.” She kissed Jessica on the lips, thrilled when she discovered the woman’s tongue to be lively and reciprocating. As they kissed, Kathy firmly pulled Jessica’s hips into her, grinding the older woman’s pussy onto her hard stomach.

“Mmmmmpppppphhhhhhhhh!” Jessica couldn’t quite sort out what had happened. One minute she was trying to play matchmaker, the next, she was Kathy’s plaything and loving it. Soon, she was grinding into the young woman on her own. Her hips made little elliptical movements.

“Holy … shit.” Noah dropped his pants and underwear and stepped out of them. Out in the open air, he could feel the chill of the room on his dick. He took hold of his turgid flesh. He was about to start pumping, when he noticed movement to his right.

“Heavens … I arrive thinking Christmas will be your time to shine, and your bludgeon is all steel with nothing to hammer.” Eloise glided up next to Noah and gently pried his fingers off his cock. “I don’t think they’ve noticed my arrival.”

“My time to shine? Today was … complicated.” Noah tensed as her icy fingers grasped his dick. But quickly relaxed when she started pumping him. “Did … did you do something to them?” He nodded at his friend and mother.

“Your mother’s sexual revolution needs no spurring from me. Not anymore.” Eloise smiled. The living women were still making out, oblivious to everything else in the room. “And Ms. Kathy Bly is an irrepressible force of nature. I couldn’t convince her to do anything she didn’t want to do.”

“I have to tell you, that today isn’t … ugh … really happening.” Noah leaned into Eloise. He needed to press up against her tits; even tucked inside her bustled dress, they were glorious. This position hindered her movement with her right arm, but she seemed to get along well enough fapping him with only her left hand. He grunted when she paid special attention to his foreskin. “There’s another painting that is … uh … making my friend repeat days. And today is going to repeat.”

“Is it now?” The sharp crescent of a sly smile spread on Eloise’s face. “You do know I hear most of what you do and say in this house? Mr. Ronning’s arrival this morning piqued my interest. So, I went to the stairway of windows, and I’m not so sure you’re right.”

“I’m … right … Mrs. Palmer.” Noah’s hips started thrusting involuntarily. Eloise was a master handjob artist.

“Very well then.” Eloise’s smile broadened. “I saw several interesting things on my excursion past the windows. One of the subjects in another painting has a theory on life and freedom. If I understood it correctly, the more life created by a painting, the less bound its subject is. Do you understand?”

Kathy finally came up for air. She panted heavily.

Jessica was nearly rippling liquid in her arms, a pre-orgasmic expression on her face.

Kathy knew the look well, as she’d seen it many times on her mother. She helped Jessica’s hips continue their movement. She looked over Jessica’s shoulder and saw Eloise getting Noah off. He had his head resting on her expansive upper bust. “You good … Noah?”

“I’m … good.” Noah gave her a thumbs up.

“I’m about to make … your mom … cum.” Kathy smiled.

“Oh … yes … this is so strange … so … wonderfully strange.” Jessica angled herself to maximize the effect her efforts had on her clitoris. Her movements had hiked her skirt out of the way, but her panties and Kathy’s top still prevented skin-to-skin contact. Feeling the young woman’s fevered skin would have been sublime but not necessary. “I really am … going to … ooohhhhhh … I never dreamed … Kathy … but I’m going to … ooooooooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” It was good that her husband was wearing his earphones and the others were upstairs, because Jessica sang a long high note as she came.

“That’s … wild.” Noah watched his pretty mother with her legs wrapped tightly around his friend, finding her bliss.

“Don’t get distracted, my young prince.” Eloise let got of his dick and lifted her dress so that she could settle to the floor on her knees. She dropped down and placed her upturned face next to his engorged, enraged penis, her chin resting on his curly hair. She looked up at him. “Since today doesn’t matter, I need you to run an experiment for me. Spread your seed far and wide. Your mother and Kathy, of course. But also, your sisters. You’ll find Hailey willing and able. I’ll help you with Paget. If there is time, maybe you could pay a Christmas visit to some other woman in the neighborhood, too?”

“You are so fucking hot, Mrs. R.” Kathy set the still quaking mother and wife on her feet and stepped back.

“Oh, no.” Jessica pointed a trembling finger at a dark stain on Kathy’s stomach. “Your top. I’ve soaked it. I’m … so sorry.”

Kathy pulled down her yoga pants and panties. She took off her socks. She looked at the stain on her top and chuckled. “I like it.” She took off her top and bra, standing naked in front of the desk.

“Gosh … Kathy … you’re beautiful.” Jessica’s eyes didn’t know where to go. After a frantic few moments, they settled on the young woman’s breasts, which were large but pointing proudly right at Jessica. “Your nipples are so dark. And … they go in.” She raised a finger and touched Kathy’s nipple. It delighted her when that caused Kathy to shiver.

“Well … this is a two-way street,” Kathy said. She laughed when Jessica’s forehead crinkled in confusion. “Take off your clothes.”

Noah watched his mother hurriedly undress.

“Do you understand, dearie?” Eloise touched her tongue to the crimson head of his cock. “About my theory … about life … do you understand?” She eagerly took him into her mouth, but continued to look up at him with question in her eyes.

“Ooohhhhhhhhh … you want me … to cum in them?” Noah stared down at Eloise in disbelief. He looked up to see his now naked mother lifted into the air again and turned upside down with her pussy right below Kathy’s long tongue. The tongue quickly disappeared inside his mother. “No … way …” His mother screeched and hugged Kathy’s waist.

In response to his question, Eloise tickled his heavy testicles with her fingertips and bobbed her head on his shaft.

“Oh … God … I’m going to … explode.” Noah’s hands clenched into fists.

Eloise popped her mouth off him and let go of his cock. “Don’t waste your precious ambrosia on me.” She raised her hands, palms out, and stood, stepping back from him. “Create life, dear. The more the better.”

“Okay … okay …” Noah stumbled toward his upside-down mother and Kathy. He hated to cut in, but he couldn’t argue with Eloise’s request.

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The car skidded, jumped up on a curve, and came to a stop. Patrick wiped perspiration from his forehead and took off his fogged glasses. He polished his lenses with his cardigan and looked at the girl pressed into his side. Her pretty, blue eyes were only

inches away. “The church is just over there.” They were in an alley one block away. He pointed in the general direction.

“You’re amazing, Patrick,” Samantha said. “I mean … I thought I was going to die at least five times on the way over here … but you got us here, didn’t you?” Her eyelids fluttered, half-closed, and she parted her lips.

Patrick gulped. *Why did she have to be so gorgeous?* “Miss, I think – ”

“Samantha. Call me Samantha.” She leaned closer to him. His sweet breath filled her nostrils. “And kiss me.”

“Okay.” Patrick didn’t put on his glasses as he’d intended. He put them on the dashboard and pressed his lips to hers. The teenagers were tentative at first, but soon were making out like lovers at the passion pit. He groaned when he felt her small hand on his cock.

“Mmmmmmmm.” Samantha broke the kiss. “Wow. You’re almost the same size as my boyfriend.”

“Right. Your boyfriend … Samantha, we shouldn’t …” He watched her unbuckle his belt and unzip his pants. In no time at all, his dick was under her gaze, and then, under her kisses. “Samantha … I … um … well … never mind.” He watched her open wide and take his dick into her mouth. The car rocked as the eighteen-year-olds threw themselves into the blowjob.

“Mmmmpppphhhhhhh.” Samantha had given more than a few blowjobs. But it was always with a boyfriend. And her she was blowing a stranger … in his car … in the 1950s. And … she needed more. She pulled off him and began tearing off her clothes. “I really need this, Patrick.”

“Um …” Patrick thought about asking her if she was sure. But the way she removed her strange dress left no doubt. He wasn’t going to talk her out of it. “Maybe we should move to the backseat.” He climbed over the seatback. He knew from experience with his mother that it was much more comfortable to have sex in the back.

“Oh … gosh … I’m burning up … Patrick.” Discarding the last of her clothes in the front seat, Samantha hurdled the seatback and landed on his lap. She reached down and moved his cock between her legs. “Are you a virgin?”

Patrick couldn’t suppress a smile. “No. How about you?”

“Boyfriend, remember? Aaaaaaahhhhhhhh.” She held him at her entrance and settled her hips. “This … is what I needed.” She gritted her teeth as she adjusted to him. Sex with Noah had loosened her, and it wasn’t long before she was riding Patrick hard and fast in the back seat of his mother’s car. “This is … amazing …” She looked down at him, his face clearly overwhelmed with pleasure and adoration. “You’re … so sweet … and

big … and … uh … uh … uh … I'm glad … we … met." Her hips switched from bouncing to grinding, and she pressed her boob to his mouth. When he latched onto her nipple, she threw her head back. "Cumming … Patrick … I'm … uuuuuggghhhhhhhhhhh … cummmmmmiiiiinnnnnnnnnnggggggggggg."

Patrick let the crazed woman do all the work. He happily let her hump herself to three more orgasms. Eventually, he was ready. "Samantha … uh … uh … uh … I'm … gonna … uuuuggghhhhhhhh."

"It's … ah … ah … okay." Samantha hugged his head to her breasts. The pace of her hips quickened on top of him, trying her best to entice his climax. "I need it … I need it inside … go ahead … go … ahead … eeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiii." The warmth of his seed brought with it a new kind of ecstasy that flowed through her like a surging electrical charge. Her whole body stiffened. Fortunately, she had just enough presence of mind to release his head, rather than crush him with her augmented strength. She gripped the seat back above his shoulders and tossed her head side to side. Her blond hair was a blur, and her scream was deafening in her own ears. Samantha jerked on top of him. She didn't care about anything other than milking as much cum as she could. Her pussy spasmed around his hefty cock. Finally, he was spent. She slumped down, resting her head on his shoulder.

"Thank you … for not … pulling my head off." Patrick could see nothing but the gold of her hair. His mind floated free and easy.

"You're … welcome." Samantha's pussy spasmed again. It was obvious that he was still hard. Her hips gently started rocking again. "What … do you … think? One … more … time … before … showing me … the church?"

"Yeah … okay." He knew there was no point arguing with her. He practically melted into the seat as she picked up the pace again. From what he knew of women, "one more time" often turned into many more times. He supposed he'd put a stop to this sometime before nightfall. But for now, he would let her have her way.

Chapter 30

That Woman in the Hall of Windows

"Do you mind if I join you, Kath?" Noah stepped behind his mom.

"Surpppphhh shepphhhhh yourpppphhhh mompppphhhhh." Kathy couldn't speak all that well with her tongue otherwise occupied.

"Ooooohhhhhhhhpppppphhhhhh." Jessica was upside down in Kathy's arms with the teenager's long tongue writhing in her pussy. Her moans were muffled by Kathy's flat stomach. Her copper hair cascaded over Kathy's bare thighs.

"She *is* my mom, Kath." Noah smiled tentatively. He stood up on his tiptoes and looked at his mother's pussy. Kathy's tongue was fat. Not as thick as his cock, but insanely dexterous by comparison. He put his fingers on his mother's upside-down ass cheek. She trembled under his touch. "So this is what happens when there's no tomorrow, huh? You let Kathy have her way? I had no idea you were this dirty, Mom." He winked at Kathy, who winked back. Her eyes crinkled in a smile.

Jessica turned her face away from Kathy's belly to talk. "I didn't … ugh … mean to do this … Noah. But it feels … oooohhhhhhhhhh." She clutched at Kathy's firm butt, digging her finger nails into her flesh. "Am I a … lesbian … now?"

Noah and Kathy laughed at that.

"Ooooohhhhhhhh … your tongue is pulsing … it's … eeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiii." Jessica's legs kicked in the air. When her son softly bit her butt cheek, her orgasm went into overdrive. She didn't want their dead-end day to end. Not ever. It took a long time for her ecstasy to crest. By the time she was aware of herself again, she found that Kathy was turning her in the air and setting her down on her feet. Jessica slumped into her son's arms, his massive penis pushing at her hip. "How did I live … my whole life … without knowing what sex … could be?"

"To be fair. I'm more orally endowed than most women." With her sly smile, Kathy looked like the cat that had just eaten the canary.

"Ohhhhh, Kathy." Jessica shivered in her son's arms. Her hand found his penis and pumped him gently. "Kathy … you just … picked me up … like I weighed nothing. And then you …" Another shiver wracked her body. "… did those things."

"I can pick you up and do things too, Mom." Noah lifted his mother in the air, placing her legs over his shoulders. He dove into her pussy, using the skills Sam had taught him.

“Ohhhhhh … my … ooohhhh … goodness … honey … you’re so … strong.” Jessica now understood why they had destroyed his poor bed. Despite his lithe frame, her son was incredibly powerful. “Ohhhh … that’s nice … ohhhhhhhh … you’ve learned some … tricks … haven’t you? Did Samantha … teach you?” Jessica regretted bringing up his girlfriend. “I’m sure … she’ll be fine … on another … today.”

Noah just nodded his head and ate pussy. She was sweet and tangy. He could feel her thighs trembling on either side of his head. Samantha would be fine, and so would Jimmy. There was no reason to worry about them.

“Do you have any lube in here, Mrs. R?” Kathy looked around the office.

“What?” Jessica looked over her shoulder at Kathy. Up on her son’s shoulders, she was actually taller than the basketball star. “No … ugh … why would I?”

“Well then, I’ll just have to use a finger. That should go in easily enough.” Kathy slid her index finger into her mouth.

“What?” Jessica turned a little bit more to get a better view behind her. “I’ve known you since you were little, Kathy. You can’t possibly stick a finger … in my butt.”

“I’m not little anymore, Mrs. Reader. I’m eighteen, same as Noah. And I just had my tongue in your pussy.” She moved closer and patted Jessica’s ass. She was so white her skin seemed to glow in the early afternoon light that peeked in through the curtains. “What’s a finger compared to a tongue?” Kathy bent down to get a good view. She could see Noah’s chin working hard. She had to give him credit, he was really going to town on his mother’s pussy. They would have to start a club: The Mommy Munchers. She put her fingertip on Jessica’s pink sphincter. “Get ready, Mrs. Reader.” She saw the muscles in Jessica’s back tense. “Try to relax.” She slid her finger in. “See? That was easy. Noah must have loosened you up for me.”

“Ooooohhhhhh … my.” Jessica threw her head back. Her son’s tongue was working away assiduously at her clitoris, and Kathy’s finger was in her butt. She had known she was going to get into some mischief when they left Jimmy at the hospital. But what was happening was far beyond her most demented plans and fantasies. The finger in her butt wasn’t pumping. Instead, it wriggled back and forth, and that set her hips in motion. Soon, she was practically riding her son’s face. If he wasn’t so outlandishly strong, she would have been worried about falling to the floor. But she knew he wouldn’t drop her. “You two … you two … are teaming up … on me … ooooohhhhhhhhhh. I’m going to have another … ooohhhhhhhh … another … ooooohhhhhhhhhh.” Jessica rode her son’s face to ecstasy.

For the first time, a woman squirted in Noah’s mouth. He thanked the internet for preparing him for that moment, because he didn’t know what he would think if he had been completely unprepared to have his mother spray him like that. He let her mash her

pussy into his face. When her hips slowed, he lifted her off his shoulders and lowered her convulsing body down to his cock. He moved his hands to her ass and maneuvered her hips to the right place. Her eyes were still rolled back in her head when he entered her.

Kathy dropped to one knee to watch Noah slide into his mother. “Damn, that’s hot. Look how she opens for you.” She watched inch after inch disappear until Jessica’s pussy was right above Noah’s fat balls. They were about to start humping in earnest, so Kathy removed her finger from Jessica’s anus. Once they started bumping, it would be impossible to hold her finger still, and Kathy didn’t want to fingerbang Jessica dry. That would be cruel.

“Ooooohhhhhhhhh … it’s deep … Noah … your penis … it’s pushing … at the very back … of my vagina.” Jessica’s legs bounce out to the sides as Noah lifted her and let gravity pull her back down to his hips. Soon she was flopping up and down in his arms, singing a discordant song of moans and pleadings.

“Noah … I wish you could see this.” Kathy stared up in awe between Jessica’s legs. “She’s frothing like crazy. It looks like there’s a bubble bath in her pussy.”

“It’s … ugh … ugh … healthy … to get wet … Kathy.” Jessica didn’t want the young woman to think there was something wrong with her. “I’m in … my sexual … prime … now. My doctor … told meeeeeeeeeeeee.” Another orgasm swept through her.

“I know, Mrs. R.” Kathy reached out and squeezed her rippling ass. She held on as mother and son bounced together. “If this is what your prime looks like, I can’t wait to get there.”

“Hey … uh … uh … Kathy?” Noah turned his hips so he could see his friend. It cut off her view, but he didn’t care.

“Yeah?” Kathy looked up. Noah’s eyes were blazing, and his brow was furrowed in concentration.

“Kiss me.” His mom’s pussy was tight, and Eloise had left him right on the edge of an orgasm before. He was almost ready. “I want … ugh … ugh … ugh … to kiss you … while I cum … in my mom.”

“Ooooohhhhhhhhhhh.” Those words sent Jessica spiraling through another climax.

“Why not?” Kathy stood next to the mating couple. She moved Jessica’s long leg out of the way. She glanced at Jessica’s orgasmic face. “Not only a kiss …” Kathy took a fistful of Jessica’s red hair and pulled the older woman’s face to her black nipple. She pressed Jessica into her soft flesh, until those wonderful, pink lips latched on. “There.” Then Kathy leaned forward and kissed Noah on the lips.

“Mmmmpppphhhhhhh.” Noah kissed her back with a little more vigor than the last time they’d kissed. He supposed getting ready to dump a huge load in his mother was liable to make him act a little wild. Kathy’s playful tongue seemed more than capable of keeping up with him. He thought about how her tongue had been buried inside his mother only minutes ago. “Uuuuuupppppphhhhhhhhhh.” Noah’s hips went from precision pumping to spasmatic movement. The release seemed to move through his whole body, starting at his toes, moving out to his fingers, and settling in his balls.

Kathy could feel her friend’s erratic movement, and his body tensed next to hers. He moaned loudly into her mouth. She playfully bit his tongue and held it, not quite hard enough to bleed. He was clearly unloading in his mother’s pussy. Kathy was participating in one of the most verboten acts of conception. It enthralled her to be a part of it.

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“Ohhhhhhh … it’s good … Mom!” Melanie was on her hands and knees at the front of the nave with Paul behind her. Her mother kneeled before her, a devout expression on her face.

“Good … Melanie … good.” Lauren nodded emphatically and grasped her daughter’s hand on the floor. “Let the Lord move through you. Let Him touch your most sacred spot.”

“He’s … uuuuhhhhhhhhh … touching it!” Melanie gritted her teeth. The massive cock inside her brought back all the feelings she’d had before Erato was destroyed. She wanted nothing more than to submit to the eighteen-year-old slamming into her from behind. She was his now. And although she doubted he was God’s chosen one, she didn’t care. If it made her mom happy, all the better. “I … feeeeeeeeeel … iiiit.” Melanie threw her ass back and climaxed, her blue hair flying in front of her face.

“That’s good … Mel.” Lauren grinned. She was thrilled that her daughter was experiencing His pleasure first hand. She was so engrossed in what was happening in front of her, she didn’t notice the murmur in the room, or the tall, curvy woman striding regally down the aisle.

Shannon heard the change in the room, and turned. She was sitting naked in the first pew. It took her a moment to place the blond woman with the strange uniform and Amish braid. “Mother Mary!” Shannon took her hand from between her legs and stood, her knees shaking. “You’re here.”

“Yes.” Mary steepled her hands in front of her chest. “You have done so well today that something has changed for me.”

“Hello … Mary … ugh … ugh … great to see you.” Paul smiled and waved to the newcomer. He looked around. In addition to Lauren holding her daughter’s hand, there were four other women on the floor near him. They all had glassy eyes, with sperm either leaking from their vaginas or covering their faces. “I’ve been … uh … uh … busy.”

“You have indeed.” Mary walked to the first pew and held out her hand to Shannon.

“Welcome, Mother.” Shannon didn’t know what was expected of her, so she curtsied and kissed the woman’s hand. When she looked up, she was relieved to see a satisfied smile on Mary’s face. “Does your flock please you?” She nodded to the women by her son, and then held her hand out to the pews, where more naked women were staring with interest at Mary, or furiously masturbating, or both.

“Mary?” Joanna was one of the masturbating women. She pulled herself out of her self-induced stupor and stood. “Welcome to your first church.”

“My first in this world, yes.” Mary looked around appreciatively. She listened to the slapping sounds of sex, the moans of Paul’s partner, and the diddling women in the room. “It’s humble, but it will do. Now, I have something to say. Attention please.” When Paul’s hips slowed, she looked over at the Messiah. “Please continue, Paul. You have a yeoman’s effort ahead of you on this auspicious day. I …” Mary frowned and looked to the back of the nave. “Is that a dog yapping?”

Shannon jogged down the aisle toward the main exit. Not long ago she would have been aghast jiggling her naked body before all the church’s women. It would have been the stuff of nightmares. But now, she didn’t give it a second thought. She found her dress, held it against her front to cover herself, and opened the door to see what the ruckus was.

“Ruff … ruff, ruff, ruff!” Mara slammed into the door, bowled over Shannon, and bounded into the room on all fours. When several women moved toward them, Mara bared her teeth and let out a low, ominous growl.

“I’ve seen that woman in the hall of windows.” Mary’s eyes narrowed. “Everyone, ready yourselves. She might not be alone.” The people in the room looked around bewildered. They had just met Mary, and couldn’t understand why she was giving orders.

Joanna stared at the intruder, dried cum on her face. Her face was blank, and she said nothing to the congregation.

The other doors burst open and a crew of women led by a lone sauntering man entered the nave.

“Where’s Sam?” Eddie’s petulant smile was directed at Joanna. But his smile faded as his brain processed what was happening in the church. The women were mostly naked. His eighteen-year-old classmate, Paul, was humping Melanie Keitaro. There was an imposing blond woman he’d never seen before wearing sci-fi cosplay. The slapping of Paul’s skin on Melanie’s resounded in the otherwise quiet sanctuary. Eddie’s eyes locked onto Paul’s across the rows of pews. “What … the fuck … is going on here?”

Mary held out her hands in welcome. “Joanna, dear, do we have more milk to offer our guests?”

“Yes, you made so much for us. I have some in my husband’s office in back.” Joanna looked around for her dress or vestments. She spotted them over near Paul and hurried to collect them, but paused when Mary put up her hand.

“Now is no time for modesty. The mother’s milk is all that matters,” Mary said. “Go.”

“Wait.” Julia tried to regain control of her once-perspicacious teacher’s mind. “This woman made the milk we drank? It was … from her breasts?” Her glazed eyes found some focus, and then widened in shock. After everything she’d been through, she didn’t know she could still feel surprise, but she did.

“Get the milk,” Mary hissed.

Joanna stood frozen.

All the women that had just entered the church had clearly dressed themselves in a hurry. Their Christmas attire was wrinkled, and in some cases unbuttoned or halfway zipped. They stared at Eddie with bated breath, awaiting his appraisal of the situation.

“You know what?” Eddie scanned the room. “I was just going to get my sister and leave you church folk alone. But now … I’m going to make you all mine. And I’m going to kick your ass, Paul.” He looked over at Paul. “I mean … you’re still fucking Melanie. Right in front of me. This shit is nuts. Where’s Sam?”

“Blasphemy.” Shannon stood, leaving her dress on the floor. She lunged at Eddie, but Mara pounced on her, pinning her to the floor.

Mary moved protectively in front of Paul. “Now might be time to pause your holy congress, Paul.” The sounds of slapping skin ceased behind her. To the invaders, she said, “You must leave now or feel His wrath.”

“Whose wrath?” Eddie smirked.

“His wrath.” Mary put her hands on her hips.

“I’m going to fuck the shit out of you, lady.” Eddie laughed. “You’ll be begging for more. This whole church is mine now.” He swept his hand about the room. “Mrs. Price, Mrs.

Bankston, Mrs. Ferguson … get over here and help me take this church." He could clearly see that his small army was outnumbered almost three to one. But the church ladies looked dazed. He glanced at the only other man in the room and scoffed. Paul was a skinny, shy nerd. Eddie did a double take and pointed at Paul's writhing dick. "That is so fucking wrong."

"I'm sorry, Eddie." Julia did not get up to join the newcomers.

Neither did Ellen, who was still leaking Paul's sperm.

But Laura scurried to the back of the nave.

"I know you, young man. Your painting conceived a false prophet. The metal sphere is evil." Mary nodded sagely. "Leave now, or we will destroy your painting." She had already decided to destroy the painting. It would be necessary to destroy them all as the church expanded. But she wanted to do it on her own time.

"Good luck messing with my painting. The alien seems really possessive about it." Eddie moved slowly down the aisle, the women around him moving in synchronicity. "You're obviously in charge here. You're probably fucking Paul with his disgusting dick. Want to see what a real man looks like?"

"Stop … stop …" Shannon struggled against Mara. The other woman was much smaller than her but strong and tenacious. Shannon couldn't toss her off. She stopped struggling when a low, threatening growl escaped Mara's bared teeth. "Paul …" Shannon whispered.

"You're all mine now. You just don't know it yet." Eddie screamed. His voice echoed off the same walls that had been christened by voices lifted in song and borne the teachings of Christ. "Mrs. Price and Mrs. Bankston … you will be punished for joining with this weak … idiotic … mutant. I'll –" Eddie was cut off by Mary's scream. As she charged him, he couldn't help but stare at her lurching breasts barely contained by her black and white uniform. His nostrils flared, and he caught a whiff of something basic and earthy. It planted a seed of fear inside him. For the first time since the painting had arrived in the Owens's house, Eddie was scared. He was suddenly quite sure it had been a mistake to confront Paul and his church.

Joanna, who had never gone for the milk, screamed and charged too. Soon, all the women in the church were up on their feet. A few moments later, awkward punches were being thrown and bodies were tumbling over pews.

Paul stared at the fracas but didn't move. "It is His will … it is His will … it is His will …" he repeated over and over again.

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“Oooohhhhhhh … Clive … Clive … you’ve never done … that before.” Paget clutched the sheets on either side of her. Her fiancé was sweet, considerate, and thoughtful. But he’d never shown any interest in getting to know her vagina better. Maybe it was a Christmas gift. She smiled, opened her eyes, and squeaked in fright.

They weren’t in her childhood bedroom where they’d settled for a nap. They were in a four-poster bed in a bedroom with a large fireplace and lots of Victorian furniture.

“Clive … Clive … stop … something’s wrong.” She put her hand on her fiancé’s head, but he didn’t stop. Instead, he paid special attention to her clit. “Ooohhhhhhhh.” She shuddered as pulses of electric pleasure moved through her. “Clive,” she hissed. “We can’t.” She looked around the room. There was a portrait on the wall of her mother with two men she didn’t recognize, they were all wearing nineteenth century clothes.

“Just let me make you cum.” A muffled voice said from between her legs.

A chill went down Paget’s spine. That wasn’t the language Clive would use. And the voice was wrong. It wasn’t her fiancé between her legs. She threw the covers off her naked body and screamed. Her eighteen-year-old brother looked up from between her thighs, his face slick with her juices.

“Chill … Paget … it’s only a … dream,” Noah said between licks.

“A dream … of course.” That thought set her at ease. Her muscles relaxed. Even though it was her brother expertly working her pussy, it was only a dream. She leaned back onto the soft pillow, unconcerned that she was showing her brother her boobs for the first time. “Hey … Noah … I remember reading that … if you know you’re dreaming … you can take control … uuuugghhhhhhh … and make the dream do what you want.”

“Yeah?” Noah looked up at her and smiled. “What do you want?” He went back to eating his sister’s pussy.

“I want my sweet Clive to be here, doing what you’re doing.” She closed her eyes and opened them again, but it was still her brother between her legs. “I said … I want Clive instead of you … Noah.” She wished it, but her brother still lapped at her pussy.

“Clive isn’t coming, dearie. Your brother is the man you want.” Eloise sat on the edge of the bed and smiled at the siblings.

“Mom?” Paget blinked. She was so confused. This wasn’t what she wanted. Was it?

“I’m not your mother. My name is Mrs. Palmer, and I have been sent here to guide you.” She put an icy hand on Paget’s fingers where they gripped the sheets.

“A dream guide?” Paget was so confused. The ramping ecstasy from her brother’s actions made it harder to think.

“It’s time you accepted that your little brother is a man now.” Eloise offered a warm smile, contrasting the cold of her touch.

“Accept … ughhhhh … him?” Paget’s eyelids fluttered. “I don’t … know.”

“You’ve always known your bond was special.” Eloise was making this up as she went along, but the young woman was highly suggestible.

“Noah?” Paget’s toes curled. “But he’s … he’s … my … little brother … and I … am … ooooooohhhhhhhhhhhh.” Her mouth hung open, her eyes clenched shut, and she came on her brother’s tongue. It was a miraculous feeling, nothing like the familiar monotony of her accustomed sex life. As her mind floated down from its heights, she reminded herself that in dreams all things were possible. It was no wonder she had never found such pleasure in the real world.

“Don’t worry, you can find that ecstasy when you wake.” Eloise could easily see her thoughts. “You need only seek out your brother.”

“No … no …” Paget shook her head, but when Noah climbed on top of her, she welcomed him with open arms and legs. He placed his giant cock with his balls resting on her vagina. It stretched beyond her belly button. Astonished, her eyes were riveted to the beguiling sight. When she’d seen that their mother had bought him special underwear for Christmas, she wouldn’t have guessed that he possessed anything like the fat, crimson-headed behemoth touching her belly. “It’s … a dream,” she reminded herself. Noah didn’t really have a cock like that.

“It is a dream, Paget. But when you wake up, you’ll need to find out if the dream told the truth. You’ll need that answer.” Noah placed the head of his cock on her vaginal lips and rubbed up and down. “Do you want it inside?”

Paget listened to the wet sloppy sound of his penis rubbing against her. She looked around the Victorian room, her eyes ending up on the Victorian lady.

“Say yes. Your first bliss was only an aperitif. Order yourself the main course.” Eloise squeezed Paget’s hand.

“Put it in, Noah. I want to feel it. I … ooooooohhhhhhhhhh.” Paget’s eyes went wide and her back arched up off the feather bed. “I … I … I …” She recovered herself enough to prop herself up on her elbows and stare between her legs. Her brother’s prodigious member slowly disappeared. “Ohhhhhhhh … God … Noah.” When he bottomed out in her, she quietly came again, her face spasming in pleasure. Her feet crisscrossed behind his butt. He humped her slowly at first, and her joy only grew from there. “I … I … I … ugh … ugh … ugh … I … feel … like a … woman … for the first … time.”

“Yes, dearie. We know.” Eloise idly played with Paget’s nipple as her breasts bounced on her chest. “Remember this when you wake.”

The orgasms that assailed Paget were distinct from anything she’d experienced in quality and quantity. When her brother announced his own orgasm, all she could do was hold on for dear life and let him use her as he wished. When his warmth spread inside her, she thought the dream would end. But instead, his hips started back up again. “Oh … Noah … oh … Noah … ohhhhhhhhhhh.”

“Paget. Paget … wake up.” Clive shook his fiancée. “You’re having a nightmare.”

“What?” Paget’s eyes blinked open. She frowned at her childhood room, then she scowled at Clive.

“That must have been a pretty bad nightmare.” He patted her hip. “You’re all sweaty and you were mumbling something about your brother.”

“Yeah, a bad nightmare.” Paget snaked her hand surreptitiously under the covers and into her panties. She was a sodden mess. More like a wet dream than a bad nightmare, but she couldn’t tell Clive that.

“Maybe we should get up and see about helping with Christmas dinner?” Clive smiled at his glowering love. He had no idea what he’d ripped her from.

“You get up first. I’m going to lay here for a little while and collect myself.” She couldn’t very well prance around in soaked panties in front of him. “That was … quite a nightmare.”

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“Damn, Kath. You’re beautiful.” Noah stood behind his friend. She was on her hands and knees, looking back at him over her shoulder. Her back was strong, but arched in the most wonderfully feminine way. Her silhouette flared from her ribs into her waist and then dramatically back out again to the round globes of her ass. Her chestnut skin was luminous in the office’s low light.

“Say *darn*, Noah,” Jessica said on reflex.

“I like when you say ‘damn,’ Noah. Slap my ass with your cock.” Kathy sent a challenging look Jessica’s way, but her friend’s mother did not reprimand her.

“Sure.” Noah dropped to his knees. Her ass was a little high for him, so he pulled her thighs, spreading her legs until it lowered to the right height. He slapped one cheek with

his dick then the other. He was mesmerized by the indentation at impact, and the ripples that spread quickly. “Fantastic.”

Jessica was naked, sitting cross-legged on the floor. She had a towel under her to catch her son’s cum as it fell, but she wasn’t trying to drain it like last time. Her green eyes were fixed on the teenagers. Noah was right, Kathy was heartbreakingly beautiful. And so was her son. She silently thanked the Palmers for giving her this moment. She prayed there would be many more like it. Then she reminded herself, that she wouldn’t even remember this. This Christmas would be the most ephemeral day in her life. She almost wept at the thought.

“If I’m back here, does that make me the alpha?” Noah slapped her ass again and lined himself up with her glistening pussy.

Kathy’s eyes flashed red, her gaze moving from mother to son. She twisted to get a good look at her skinny mate. “You want to be king for a day?” Her smile bared four fangs. “Sure. You can have your turn at alpha. But then I get a turn. I get to take *you* from behind.”

Noah gulped.

“Oh, my.” Jessica shivered.

“Maybe … um … we can both be alphas?” Noah pushed into her. “You can ride … or something … instead.”

Kathy’s face softened. She hissed with pleasure as he spread her pussy. “Sure … Noah … sounds good.” Her smile went from feral to dreamy. “Go slow … to start … you’re my … uuuggghhhhhhhh … first.” She gnashed her teeth when he settled himself all the way inside. It was a pleasant surprise when he didn’t heed her directions. His hips pulled back, and he slammed into her. He did it again … and again. Kathy’s nails dug into the floor. “Oh …ugh … ugh … best … Christmas … ever.”

Chapter 31
Paget Won't be Interested

"I'm … so … full." Samantha rested her cheek on Patrick's shoulder, drool soaking into his cardigan. "How many … times … was that?" Outside the car, evening settled around them.

"For you … or me?" Patrick squeezed her bare bottom and smiled when she flexed her butt in response.

"I don't think … either of us … could count how many times I came." Samantha giggled.

"I came five times, Sam." Patrick awkwardly reached around the girl on his lap but couldn't get to his glasses in the front seat. "And I think … that's probably enough."

"You think?" Samantha didn't move. She'd never been so relaxed. "It feels like you put a lake inside me." She slowly leaned back and looked between her boobs to her swollen belly. "I'm bloated with your stuff. Wow, will you look at that?"

"Hand me my glasses, and I will." Patrick watched her lean into the front seat, his cock still inside her. When she retrieved his glasses, he put them on, adjusted them, and looked. "Yep. We should be careful when you get off me. That lake is going to turn into a river. That's happened with my mom before."

"Your mom?" Samantha blinked her blue eyes at him. "You had sex with your mom?"

"*Have* sex, if you really want to know. It's ongoing. I mean … not this minute, but most days before school and … well … um … after, too." Patrick blushed, but there was no use hiding anything. "Does that freak you out?"

"A little while ago, it would have." Samantha gave him a sweet smile. "But my boyfriend sleeps with his mom, too. I guess it's a thing with guys I'm seeing." She tussled his brown hair. "Okay, watch out. It's river time."

"Go for it." Patrick looked down between their legs as she dismounted. With a wet slurping sound, his dick fell out of her, now at half-mast. He had been right. His sperm gushed onto his legs, and then onto the seat as she sat next to him.

"Oh … gosh." Samantha stared at the spreading pool on the seat between her legs. "You weren't kidding. I'm so sorry about your mom's car. Is she going to be mad?"

"She did the exact same thing yesterday." Patrick gave her a reassuring smile as he pulled up his underwear and pants. "These seats clean in a jiffy."

“Oh, good.” Samantha exhaled. Her bloating disappeared, and her belly returned to normal. “Still … sorry you’ll have to clean up my mess.”

“It’s my cum, Sam. It’s my mess, really.” He gathered her clothes and handed them to her. “We should probably get you home.”

“Let me just … drain here for a minute.” Samantha angled her hips for maximum drainage. “My boyfriend’s mom did that to keep from getting pregnant.”

“Did it work?” Patrick’s eyes narrowed in disbelief.

“I don’t know.” Samantha shook her head.

“Okay. But don’t drain for too long.” Patrick looked out the window at the crimson clouds in the west. “We don’t want to be out after nightfall. Things have been strange around here recently.”

“I believe that.” Samantha started getting dressed.

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“Sam … Sam … Sam?” Wherever Eddie looked, his gaze fell on a woman. None of them were his sister. Panic and terror filled his heart. He did his best not to turn his attention back to the horror that was Paul on the other side of the nave. All around him were agonized screams, cries of triumph, and bodies colliding. His women were losing. Someone punched Ella in the face, and her mother dragged her out of the church. Debra was bleeding from a cut on her forehead. She, too, retreated. “Where’s Samantha?” Eddie desperately wanted to run too, but he didn’t want to leave without his sister.

“I honestly have no idea who you’re talking about.” Shannon, still naked, lifted a heavy Bible and swung it down on Eddie’s head. She missed and caught his shoulder instead. When he yelped and cowered, a brief smile of satisfaction crossed her lips. She lifted it again, caught a whiff of the flop sweat that soaked his clothes and paused with the Bible over her head. Her breasts swung with diminishing energy. She had never been more torn. She suddenly wanted to protect him, but at the same time bash his head in. Her arms trembled, and her forehead furrowed in confusion.

“Don’t hit me … Mrs. Botti.” Eddie groveled on the floor. When the Bible didn’t fall for another blow, he crawled away from her. He wasn’t going to find his sister. “Run! Run … everyone … run!” He scrambled to his feet and fled the church.

When the last of the invaders hobbled out of the exit, the women of the church erupted into cheers. Most were bloody, some were limping, but they all shouted for joy.

Ignoring the victory, both Mary and Shannon raced to Paul's side. Mary still wore her uniform. Shannon dropped to her knees and hugged her son to her breast.

"Mom?" Paul blinked his eyes. "What happened?"

"What do you remember, Paul?" Shannon rocked him slowly.

"Eddie … from school … he's in my class … he came into church. And Ella … she's also in my class … her mom was barking. And then … things got hazy." Paul melted into his mother's embrace. The other eighteen-year-olds had attacked him, and they'd brought a posse of older women.

"They did something to Paul. We can't let them do that again." Mary crossed her arms over her prodigious chest and frowned down at mother and son. She quickly turned to the rest of the church. "Everyone dress. We can't let them get away."

There was a moment's pause when the room collectively looked to the pastor's wife for guidance. Joanna grabbed a dress that wasn't her own and wriggled into it. "Do as she says, ladies. Mother Mary speaks for God."

There was a frenzied rush as women threw on whatever clothes were near them, most ignoring underwear. Almost everyone was barefoot, their heels discarded.

Mary ran to the exit and looked out. "They're leaving. Get your vehicles and pursue."

"Where are we going, Mom?" Paul felt like he was waking from a deep sleep. His mother helped him to his feet and moved him toward the exit.

"We were attacked, Paul." Shannon, who hadn't had a chance to dress herself, found her purse and put it over her shoulder. "We are defending ourselves. *Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the most High, thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.* We are His angels now."

"Beautiful angels." Paul hastened his pace. It was true. Even though his mom's eye was starting to bruise and swell, he thought she was the most beautiful creature in the world.

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"That's odd," Clive whispered to himself. He put his ear up against his future mother-in-law's office door and listened. There was a distinct feminine yelping coming at regular intervals. He knocked on the door. "Mrs. Reader? Is everything all right?" The yelping instantly stopped.

“I’m fine, Clive. Just watching a Christmas movie.” Jessica’s voice sounded thin and reedy.

Clive wracked his brain for Christmas movies with women yelping. He came up with nothing. “I was thinking about helping you with dinner. Would you like me to –”

“Why don’t you just start without me. I want to … ooohhhhh … finish the movie.” Jessica’s voice became less distinct. “Ingredients in the fridge and … recipe on the counter … ooohhhhh.”

“You want me to make Christmas dinner *by myself?”* Clive tried to make sense of things.

“Yesssssssssssss.” Jessica sounded ecstatic.

“Oh … right.” Clive understood. He knew the sounds of sex. Mr. and Mrs. Reader were having a little afternoon marital get-together. While that was maybe a little sordid, he couldn’t blame them for finding their bliss. “I’ll get started without you.” He left the door and walked down the hall whistling.

In the office, Jessica lay on her back on the floor, with her legs wide. Kathy was still on all fours. She had two fingers buried in Jessica’s pussy, while Noah slammed into her from behind.

“I can’t … ugh … ugh … believe you did that … Mom.” Noah held tightly to Kathy’s hips, her pussy clutching to his dick. In front of him, her ass rippled, giving way to the deep curve of her spine, and ending with her strong shoulders and short, dark hair. Beyond Kathy, he could see his mother’s pale breasts hanging to either side, and her freckled face twisted in pleasure.

“Was that … ooohhhhh … bad?” Jessica shuddered. Even though Kathy was distracted by her son, her long fingers wriggled wonderfully inside Jessica. “I couldn’t … invite … him in.”

“Making him … cook us dinner … on his own. Poor … Clive.” Noah’s jaw was slack and his eyes glazed. “I’m getting … ugggghhhhhhh … close.”

“Do it … do it … Noah … I want to feel it … uggghhhhhh … inside me.” Kathy’s eyes blazed red, her fangs were visible between her parted lips, and her nails dug scratches into Jessica’s floor. She was fully feral and aching to feel the first sperm ever to touch her womb.

“Wait … are you going to finish … inside?” Jessica chewed her bottom lip. “I’m not sure …”

“Yeah … Mom … I’m gonna …” Noah’s hips sped up. “Eloise wanted me to cum in … as many women as possible … today. Since nothing counts … it doesn’t matter … and it might be important to her … getting free … or something.”

“Really?” Jessica tried to process the information, but Kathy’s fingers made it hard to think. “Okay … okay … then … go ahead.”

“Cumming … Kath … oooohhhhhhhhh shit … I’m cumming … in your pussy … Kathy … it’s so tight … it’s … aaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Breaking his cadence, Noah slammed into her at full force, his balls churning.

“I feeeeeeeeeeel it … aawwwwooooooooooo.” Kathy howled with joy.

Jessica quickly sat up and covered Kathy’s mouth with her hand, careful to avoid her four menacing fangs. “Shhhhh … not so loud.” Jessica stared at Noah. The pure ecstasy wrought on her son’s face as he came made her lightheaded. What mother didn’t want to see her boy happy? And what other mother was lucky enough to see such joy? Not many, she was sure.

When Noah finished, they all slumped to the floor together. Noah lay between the women, curves cushioning him on either side.

“What did you mean about Eloise wanting you to orgasm in as many women as possible?” The thought thrilled Jessica, while at the same time sending a shiver of foreboding down her spine. “Did you mean me and Kathy?”

“I’m interested … in this … too.” Kathy snaked an arm around Noah and spooned him tightly.

“Just remember, the only reason we’re doing this is because –” Noah was interrupted by the two women.

“Today doesn’t matter,” Kathy and Jessica said together.

“Anyway … Mrs. Palmer wants me to have sex with Paget and Hailey,” Noah said. “And also, another woman if I can. I was thinking Carrie Mattison from two blocks down. She’s pretty and in my chemistry class. I think she likes me and –”

“Did you just say you were going to have sex with your sisters?” Jessica’s mouth hung open. She turned her head to look into his eyes. “There is no way.”

Kathy felt goosebumps. What a moment to witness. She stayed quiet and listened.

“There is a way, Mom.” Noah tried to gauge his mom’s reaction, but her face was smooth, and her green eyes mysterious. She didn’t seem angry. Not yet. “Hailey snuck into my room last night and practically assaulted me. I thought she was Sam at first.”

“Hailey … had sex with you?” Jessica’s voice was quiet and distant. “Did you finish in your sister?”

“Um … no. She left quickly … you know … after she was satisfied.” Noah waited for her to explode, but she didn’t.

“I’ll have a talk with her. It’s that other painting. I’m sure of it.” Jessica frowned. “If that happened early this morning, and you get a do-over, you will not let her have her way with you again. Got it?”

“But Mom … Mrs. Palmer said I had to do it with her again … today.” Noah pushed his back into Kathy, unconsciously trying to get a little distance from his mother. It didn’t help, there was nowhere to go.

“And Paget? Don’t tell me you somehow charmed her, too?” Jessica’s face reddened. Clive would be a wonderful son-in-law. She couldn’t bear to see that relationship ruined.

“No … no way … you know how Paget is … and I wouldn’t … not ever … except Mrs. Palmer said Paget would want to do it today.” Noah shrugged. “And since it doesn’t matter … I thought …” He let the words hang in the air, studying her face for clues. He saw anger flash there, then confusion, and then her eyes gazed past him into the distance.

"Oh ... my gosh ... can you imagine? Prissy little Paget seeing your big thing?” Jessica laughed. It broke the tension, and Kathy and Noah joined in.

“You just called Paget ‘prissy.’ You never say anything bad about her,” Noah said between chuckles.

“’Prissy’ isn’t bad. *I’m* prissy.” Jessica bit her lip. “Or at least I was.” She sighed. “She isn’t like me, Noah. Your sister would never, ever, cheat on Clive. Especially with you.”

“You weren’t like you either. Not until recently.” Noah’s heart filled with hope. “If she *would* go for it, would you … be okay with it? Since it’s for Mrs. Palmer.”

“I do owe Eloise.” Jessica let silence reign as she thought. After a time, she nodded. “I won’t even remember making this decision. It’s hard to wrap my mind around it. If your sisters want to do that … stuff … with you, I won’t get in the way. You have my permission.” She narrowed her eyes and examined the relief and happiness on her son’s face. “Just to be clear, I wouldn’t allow this under normal circumstances. I’m surprised you want to … try it with them. Or … maybe I’m not surprised. Your sisters are pretty women, and I know young men lust after pretty women.”

“Unless the young men are gay,” Kathy said.

“Yes, of course.” Jessica gazed into Kathy’s eyes, which were no longer red. The young woman had wonderfully nebulous, hazel eyes. “And I suppose young women can lust after pretty women, too.” Jessica blushed, and repeated in her head, *I am not a lesbian, I am not a lesbian*. After all, Kathy had taken a bite of Jessica’s peach, but Jessica hadn’t returned the favor. “Are you … um … are you going to participate … with Noah?”

Kathy laughed. “Sure. Whatever. Why not?” When Noah squeezed her arm, she took that as an affirmative. “What about you, Mrs. Reader?”

“I’m their mother.” Jessica slowly stood and searched for her panties. “I couldn’t possibly. And … anyway … I’m not interested in pretty women.” She stole a glance of Kathy’s curves pressed up against her son’s back. She wondered what it would be like to taste a woman’s peach. She shivered. It seemed something had been awakened in her. She assured herself that when the day reset, whatever sapphic impulses had been freed would be corked again. She found her panties and pulled them on gingerly. Her vagina was still leaking sperm. She picked up her bra. “Paget won’t be interested, Noah. I know it in my heart. Don’t pressure her when she rejects you. And try not to make a scene. Okay?”

“Okay.” Noah watched her encase her boobs in the bounce-control bra. The contraption really did make her breasts look smaller.

“Hailey is going through some stuff right now from the other painting. Tread lightly with her.” Jessica tried to erase the image of her grown children bumping uglies. She finished dressing herself. “I’m going to go help Clive in the kitchen.” She walked to the door, turned and looked wistfully at the eighteen-year-olds. They were still spooning, Kathy’s tall, voluptuous frame behind her son’s shorter, lean body. She never would have guessed it, but they made a fine pair.

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Lauren’s minivan swerved left and right, slamming into the SUV they were pursuing. The crunch of plastic and squeal of metal filled the hot, cramped air inside the car. Lauren’s knuckles were white on the steering wheel. “Like that?” She glanced at the blond woman hovering by her shoulder.

“They’re still moving, so no.” Mary leaned forward from the back, holding tight to the driver’s seat. She knew her butt was in Paul’s face, but that was fine. As the church’s mother, she wasn’t above all that. She would give herself to him eventually. When he had earned it. “Can this vehicle increase speed?”

“I’m trying.” Lauren spun the steering wheel, and her minivan careened around a corner, following the SUV as closely as she could. “You okay, Mel?”

“Oh … God … oh … God …” Melanie clung to her seatbelt, wishing she had gotten in the back with Paul and his mother. She looked in the rearview mirror and could see the other cars in their caravan screeching around the turn one by one. A dark sedan lost

control and crashed into a tree. Melanie didn't recognize the car, but she prayed its passengers were okay.

"Knock that vehicle off the road." Mary had a sudden thought. Eddie's women had fought ferociously, but once Mary destroyed Eddie's painting, the hostile women would certainly sing a different tune. "Wait." She put a hand on Lauren's shoulder. "Follow the vehicle instead. It will lead us to the false prophet."

"Okay." Lauren eased up on the accelerator and gave the SUV a little distance. "What will we do when we find the … false prophet?"

"What one does with such heathens." Mary's smile was grim. "We'll send her to hell."

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"Hurry …" Patrick jogged across the street, gripping Samantha's hand in his.

"What are you so afraid of?" Samantha had to work hard to keep up with him, her short legs pumping hard.

"Some of the people in my town have … um … turned into … well …" Patrick looked around, but the street was deserted. The warm glow of streetlamps came to life around them. "They've turned into unnatural things."

"Like the way your sweat makes me go crazy?" Samantha didn't want to believe what he was telling her.

"Worse. A lot worse. The sweat thing happened to lots of guys. But a few people … aren't quite people anymore." A sheen of sweat formed on Patrick's forehead as they ran. "And they like to come out at night."

"Will your mom be safe at the lake?" Samantha could see he was serious. They hopped over some bushes and entered the empty church parking lot.

"They don't … come near the lake. The creature is always there … and I think … they do its bidding." Huffing and puffing they arrived at the door to the church. He turned and looked out at the parking lot. Several streetlights flickered and disappeared near the church. Something moved in the shadows near a line of bushes.

"Can those monsters get out? Into my world, I mean?" Samantha's heart froze imagining Clover Falls flooded with inhuman abominations. Kathy and Noah's plan to happily live with the other paintings now seemed a terrible idea. Ignoring horrors didn't make them go away, it gave them room to proliferate. She breathed deeply,

inhaled Patrick's earthy scent, and relaxed. She moved closer to him, making a point of nudging his arm with her breasts.

"I don't know." Patrick's muscles tensed. "They haven't yet. But …" Patrick pointed. "Do you see that shadow?" It looked to him like someone quite tall and slim walked at the periphery of his vision. The way the person moved was … wrong.

"Yes." Even as her pussy gushed from smelling Patrick, a shiver of fear went down her spine. Samantha's mind and body was pulled in near opposite directions. Fear won out. "Let's get into the church before it gets here." She grabbed the handle and swung the door open. She pulled Patrick into a vestibule and slammed the door. "Where's the lock?"

"About that." Patrick tried to swallow around a sudden lump in his throat. "There's a small problem. The church is open to the whole town. Its doors don't lock. That thing can get in."

"Fuck that." Samantha looked around the small room. There was a large wooden cross on the wall. She went over to it and pulled. It was bolted to the wall securely. She pulled harder and wrenched it from its spot.

"You can't do that." Patrick adjusted his glasses and stared at the blond teenager holding the heavy cross above her head. "I mean … this is a church and …" He watched her wedge the cross against the door. She was smart. It would make an excellent barricade. "Okay, given the circumstances, I don't think Jesus would mind."

"Great." Samantha finished wedging the cross and dusted off her hands. She inhaled deeply. "I don't suppose we have time for one more quickie before I leave?" A knock rattled the door. The handle slowly turned. "Okay, question answered. We don't have time. I don't know what I was thinking." A loud boom filled the enclosed space and the door rattled in its frame. Thankfully, the door didn't budge. The cross held. "Let's find those windows." She retreated into the nave.

"Yeah." Patrick backed out of the vestibule, his eyes on the rattling door. "The windows are here. You can go home."

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"I was wondering when you'd come. Jeez, took you long enough." Hailey put down her phone and smiled at her brother. She was lying on her bed wearing only a tight shirt and panties. She frowned when Kathy followed him into the room and closed the door.

“Mom and Clive are making dinner. Dad is still playing poker. Paget’s asleep. So, as long as we’re quiet, we can finish what you started last night.” Noah tried to project as much confidence as he could. His sister didn’t look at him, her eyes fixed on Kathy.

“What’s she doing here?” Hailey nodded at Kathy. “Wait … what the fuck?” She watched Kathy undress. “Noah?” Hailey looked to her brother who was also removing his clothes.

“I thought it would be more fun if I invited Kath along.” Noah wasn’t just faking confidence now, he felt it. The way Hailey stared at them, her interest was unmistakable. Naked now, they stood by Hailey’s bed. He could smell Kathy’s excitement. His turgid dick signaled his.

“Holy … shit …” Hailey drank in the sight of the teenagers. They were both gorgeous in their own way. “I’ve never seen anything … like the two of you.” She looked down at her phone. She’d been texting with her boyfriend when they’d come in. There was a message from him waiting for a reply. It would have to wait. She put the phone on her nightstand. “Your cock looks so … angry … Noah. All those veins … and the head is so red. And the size. Jesus, how did I …?”

“Thank you. I think?” Noah crawled onto the bed and sat next to her, his dick pointing at the ceiling.

Hailey looked over at Kathy. The way the tall woman stood looked predatory. Kathy leaned forward, her heavy breasts dangling, black nipples pointing to the floor. Hailey had known Kathy forever, and of course knew that she was tall and shapely, but had never before felt her physical presence so keenly. “Oh … my God,” Hailey squeaked.

“Do you mind if I take the lead?” Kathy could see in Hailey’s wide, blue eyes that she desperately wanted someone to take charge.

“Sure.” Noah nodded.

“Have you been with a girl before?” Kathy pounced on the bed, pinning Hailey under her.

“Yes.” Hailey nodded, staring at the expanse of cleavage right in front of her face.

“Great.” Kathy’s long tongue extended and licked Hailey’s ear.

“Oh … God.” Hailey didn’t understand what was happening at first. Kathy was too far away to kiss her ear. But then she saw the tongue. “Noah?” She trembled.

“It’s okay, Hailey. Kathy always had a long tongue,” he lied.

“Oh … I never noticed … I …” Hailey shivered as the tongue played with her ear and tensed when it worked across her cheek. When Kathy’s tongue entered Hailey’s mouth,

the tension left. Hailey melted. Kathy was an incredible kisser. At first, they kissed at a distance, Hailey sucking on the tip of the tongue and letting it dance in her mouth. Then their lips met, and Hailey embraced Kathy's shoulders. Kathy's heavy boobs now rested on Hailey's smaller ones. Hailey jumped when she felt her brother's fingers on her pussy. She had been with two people at once plenty at the Keitaro house. This was both different and familiar.

Kathy broke the kiss. "Merry Christmas, Hailey." She moved up a little and let her boobs hang in Hailey's face.

"Merry … ugh … Christmas … you two," Hailey said between kisses of supple flesh. She found Kathy's nipple and locked her lips onto it. "Mmmmmpppppphhhhhhhhh." At the same moment, she felt her brother's lips on her pussy. She had desperately needed sex the past few days, and she had fantasized about Noah constantly. She had even humped him in the middle of the night. But nothing had prepared her for the blitzkrieg of the senses that Kathy and Noah had brought into her room. She grasped the tit in her mouth with both hands and rhythmically squeezed it. Sparks shot through her body and ecstasy bloomed. She was cumming. It was delightful knowing it would be the first of many.

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In the next room, Paget lay on her bed furiously rubbing her vagina. Her eyes were shut tight and her forehead creased. She couldn't get the dream out of her head. If she thought about it hard enough, she could still feel her brother's penis inside her. "I'm … sorry … Clive."

It was one thing to cheat on your fiancé in a dream. People didn't have choices in dreams. But now she was making a conscious, waking decision to masturbate while thinking about her brother. At least it was only her dream brother. In the real world, there was no way Noah possessed a penis anything like what she'd felt in the dream. Even if he was large, nobody was *that* large. Especially not her fiancé. The thought sent Paget into a spiral of guilt, but her fingers didn't slow on her clit. Here she was pleasuring herself, drowning herself in illicit thoughts, while sweet Clive was undoubtedly helping her mom make Christmas dinner right downstairs.

The thought of her infidelity only heightened her desire. "I'm bad … I'm sooooooooo … bad." Her body convulsed. "I had a huge penis … inside me … and I would … ughhhhhhhhhhh … do it again. I'm … so … baaaaaaaaaaaaaad." She spasmed as an orgasm swept through her.

When she calmed a little, Paget looked around the room. “I should … go down … and help Clive,” she said to herself. But instead of following her advice, her fingers went back to work on her vagina. “One … more time … just once … more.”

Chapter 32
Occupied!

The minivan screeched to a halt. Lauren's vise grip on the steering wheel did not loosen. She wiped sweat from her forehead and looked back at Mary for instructions.

Mary watched Eddie and his women run into his house. She turned around and carefully observed the rest of their convoy pull up to the curb. One car overshot, crossed the sidewalk, and tore up the Owens's lawn before coming to a stop in some shrubs. They were one car short from the group that had set out from church. Not bad. "Do you know this boy, Paul?"

"Um … excuse me?" Paul blinked at the imposing woman crouching in front of him.

"The boy that attacked us. Do you know him? Do you know where he'd keep his painting? Do you …" It suddenly occurred to Mary that storing her own painting in Paul's room made it quite vulnerable. How easily could the paintings be destroyed? They would find out soon when they sent the false prophet's canvas to hell.

"Oh … sure. That's Eddie Owens. He's eighteen like me. In the same class. He has a sister." Paul shrugged. "I guess I don't know him all that well. He's never been all that nice to me."

"Do you know what he did to you at the church?" Mary looked out the rear window as church ladies in various states of undress filed out of their vehicles, shivering in the cold. Mary watched the pastor's wife bark orders at them, lining the women up on the sidewalk. She smiled. They were showing discipline already. "The spell he put you under, what was it?"

Paul shook his head. "I don't know what that was. But I smelled something. I think that was it."

"I think it was …" Shannon curled her lip in disgust, remembering Eddie's redolence. "It was that boy's body odor. It was strong, and the smell of it … did something to me, too."

"Really?" Mary cocked her head. "What did it do?"

"It prevented me from hitting him with a Bible. And …" Shannon's cheeks flushed in shame, but she knew she had to be honest. "It made me want to protect him."

"I see." Mary nodded. "Lauren, was it?" She turned to the driver. "Run out there and tell our congregation to make masks. Everybody must wear protection over their mouth and nose."

“I don’t understand.” Lauren stared at Mary blankly.

Mary took hold of Lauren’s dress and ripped it from the hem. She tore carefully, the minivan filled with the sound of her efforts. When she was done, Mary held up a triangle of cloth. She tied it over the lower half of her own face. “They must make masks. This is chemical warfare now.”

Lauren nodded. She and Melanie exited the minivan to let the others know.

“Now then, we’ll need a mask for Paul.” Mary could not tear Shannon’s clothes, because the woman was still naked. Instead, she took hold of Paul’s vestments and began methodically ripping.

“He should stay here.” Shannon watched with large eyes. “The horrible boy will put a spell on him again.”

“He can’t stay here, Shannon. Because this is chemical war, as I just made plain, and we’ll need our own weapon in the field.” Mary spoke slowly and with great care.

“Weapon?” Shannon’s forehead creased with confusion.

“Have you not yet guessed at your son’s full power?” Mary finished tearing the vestments and handed Shannon a triangle of cloth for her face. She went back to tearing a new piece. “He has powerful pheromones that attract women and quell men. We’ll need him to do both those things when we enter the Owens’s home.”

“And what if they put a spell on him again?” Shannon looked at her handsome son. She couldn’t bear to think of him falling into another stupor.

“You are his mother, so I understand your concern.” Mary’s smile was thin and tight. She had to have everyone on board before the invasion, especially the Messiah’s mother. “Put fear aside. We have our masks. And his pheromones will continue working even if they put him into a stupor. Did you see how they ran the last time? Our brave ladies were part of that, but so was your son’s scent.”

“Oh.” Shannon took the triangle of cloth Mary presented her, and tied it around Paul’s face. “You even look handsome with a bandit’s mask on.” She kissed his forehead.

“And you look as beautiful as ever.” Paul smiled under his mask and caressed her covered cheek. His mother was developing a black eye. It didn’t diminish her beauty one bit.

“Very good.” Mary nodded. “Let’s talk to the troops.” She opened the sliding door and strode out of the vehicle. She struck a regal, curvaceous figure, her black and white uniform standing out in the fading daylight. “What better day than His birth to celebrate our church’s renaissance?” She projected her clarion voice wide and far. “Listen closely ladies. We are about to rid the world of a particular evil.”

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“Kiss me … kiss me again … or I’ll scream … mmmmpppppphhhhhh.” Hailey’s hips undulated on top of her brother. Her mouth eagerly accepted Kathy’s magical tongue. The taller, curvier woman sat on her brother’s face. The bed groaned and creaked under them. She wondered if this was how Noah had broken his bed.

“Mmmpppphhhhhhhh.” Noah was in heaven. His sister’s tight pussy swallowed his dick. And he had his face buried in his friend’s sweet and tangy vagina. His hands gripped Kathy’s strong thighs. He could feel her muscles contract as another orgasm took her. He didn’t think they were making too much noise, but it was hard to tell with her legs covering his ears.

After another orgasm passed through her, Kathy broke the kiss. She lovingly held Hailey’s cheek in her hand. “You look … so much … like Noah.”

“Normally … I’d take that … as an insult.” Hailey’s blue eyes were wide and glazed. “But … seeing as how … we’ve both … fallen for him … I …ugh … I … ugghhhhhhhhh … ohhhhhhh … Kathy … he’s flexing it … inside me. He’s … teasing me … with it … and I … eeeeii – mmmmmppphhhhhhh.” Her scream was cut off by Kathy’s probing tongue while yet another climax seized Hailey. As her mind swam in pleasure, she was barely aware of her brother moving under her. She fell sideways without Noah’s cock leaving her, and allowed him to move her onto her back. She stared up at him with adoration. “I don’t need … weed … Noah.” Her smile was manic and lopsided. “I only need … my baby … brother … uuuuggghhhhhhhh … inside … meeeeeeeeee.” She spread her legs wider as he lunged into her.

“You’re making … uh … uh … too much noise … Hailey.” Noah slammed into her with long, even strokes. He looked down at the stretched pink ring of her pussy, valiantly gripping his cock. Just above, her blond triangle was small and neatly trimmed, quite unlike his mother’s wild red triangle. “You need to be … ugh … quiet.”

“I can help with that.” Kathy lay on her hip next to them where she’d fallen when Noah had moved from under her. She sat up. “What do you think?” She turned her ass toward Noah and slapped it. “Do you want to look at my ass …” She turned facing him and shimmied her shoulders, sending her boobs jiggling side to side. “… or do you want to look at my tits when you cum?” She followed his gaze to her breasts and a sly smile parted her lips.

“That’s a tough … choice.” Noah humped away at his sister while he thought. His forehead wrinkled with concentration. “Tits … please.”

“Oooohhhhhhhhh … yes … Noah.” Hailey writhed on the bed and drank in her brother’s lean frame with crazed eyes. The way his chest and belly muscles flexed with each stroke mesmerized her. “Wait …” The view of her brother was cut off when Kathy swung her leg over Hailey’s face. Hailey reached up and took two handfuls of ass cheek and ate Kathy’s pussy like there was no tomorrow. *Who needs drugs? Sex is where it’s at.*

“Hey … Kath … uh … uh …?” Sweat dripped down Noah’s nose and splashed on his sister’s belly. “Can you … uh … uh … uh … suck your own … nipple?”

“Sure.” Kathy wiggled her hips on top of Hailey’s face, her eyelids half-closed. “I … can.”

“Ugh … ugh … will you?” Noah’s hips quickened. He paused his thrusts at the nadir of each stroke, feeling the warmth of his sister’s vaginal embrace.

“Will you cum … if I do?” Kathy held her boobs as if testing their weight. “Are you going to knock up … your sister?”

“Mmmpppphhhhhhhhh,” Hailey said into Kathy’s pussy. She didn’t know if she was encouraging her brother or begging for sanity. His cock pressed against an amazing spot, and she decided it was the former. There was no room in her life for sanity anymore.

“I’m going to … uuugghhhhhhh … knock up Hailey … regardless … but …” His hips fell out of rhythm. He watched Kathy lift her breast and lick her black, inverted nipple. It was a spellbinding sight.

Kathy spat out her nipple and licked it, her eyes raised to watch Noah’s face as he came. “Do it … mmmmmmmm … do it … cum.” Kathy sucked the nipple back into her mouth, her eyelids fluttering. Hailey had stopped licking her pussy, but the moment was intoxicating all on its own. Kathy’s hips made little circles, her clit rubbing against Hailey’s chin.

“Cumming … I’m cumming … aaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Noah’s whole body shuddered and convulsed. “Hailey … Hailey … *aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh!”* He slammed into her and pressed their hips together, pushing her ass into the mattress. He unleashed a torrent inside her.

“Mmmmmpppppppphhhhhhhhh.” Hailey dug her nails into Kathy’s ass, and her toes curled in the air. Her brother’s cum was white-hot as it splashed in her womb. The sex had been good at the Keitaro house, but it was better at home. Consequences didn’t matter. She’d spread her legs for her little brother whenever he asked.

Noah collapsed, his face falling onto Kathy’s boobs. He was pretty sure they’d all cum at the same time. “You’re amafffing.” His words were distorted by his friend’s supple flesh.

"*You're* … amazing." Kathy ran her fingers through his hair, and pressed his face into her cleavage. Little jolts of electricity ran from her pussy up her spine. She climbed off Hailey so as not to smother her and curled up next to the much smaller woman. Noah slowly slid out of Hailey and lay on her opposite side. All three huffed and puffed, blissfully staring at the ceiling.

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"Oh … gosh … I'm going … crazy." Paget stared up at the ceiling in her room, trying to catch her breath. She used all the willpower she had to pull her hand away from her vagina. Her fingers were absurdly wet. She wrinkled her nose. Her whole room smelled like sex. She would have to change the sheets before Clive came back up. Clive … she had masturbated while thinking about her eighteen-year-old brother. She had cheated on her stalwart fiancé with an imaginary Noah. She tried not to think about it.

Rising quickly from her bed, she put on her old terrycloth robe. It was much too small for her, but was good enough for the moment. She stood and thought. "First … fresh air. Then the sheets. Then a shower." She threw open the curtains and cranked open her window. She then pulled the sheets off her bed and shoved them into her hamper. She'd make the bed again later.

"That's better." She breathed in the frigid air flowing through her window. Hands on her hips, she looked around her childhood room. To think she had masturbated in her old bed. What a strange Christmas. She took in a deep breath and let her lurid thoughts leave her on the exhale. She turned and hurried out of the room, determined to take a quick shower and join her fiancé downstairs.

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"What happened?" Axcix regarded the bedraggled crew's arrival. She noted with some alarm that Eddie was sobbing and the women were battered and bruised.

"Sam wasn't at the church." Eddie pointed an accusatory finger at the metal ball. "You lied."

"You rushed off with such purpose that I did not seek to dissuade you." One of Axcix's lenses pulsed a deep crimson. "Your sister is still in the painting."

“You said she was at the church.” Eddie choked back his tears. He sat on the sofa in the living room, several women rushing about, tending to his wounds with wet washcloths, ice, and Band-Aids. “You didn’t say she was in the painting.” The fear ebbed out of him like a receding tide. Shame rushed in to fill its place.

“She is at the church in the painting.” Axcix would have shrugged if she had shoulders.

“Can you bring her out now?” Lindsey frowned and sat next to her son, patting his hand. “What if something happened to the painting when she’s inside?” There had been so much violence lately, Lindsey couldn’t help but have such thoughts.

“Your daughter would be destroyed.” Axcix tried to be patient. “That is why I put her in there. Her friends will not harm the painting so long as she occupies it. Do you see? Just like she would not destroy the painting while you were inside.” A biomechanical tentacle slithered across the room and gently caressed Lindsey’s cheek. “Now tell me what happened at the church. Clearly something befell you.”

“They followed us here. I saw them parking outside. Maybe we should call the police.” Lindsey brushed away the tentacle and met her son’s gaze.

“No way, Mom. We’re not calling the police.” Eddie lifted his leg and let Debra pull off his shoe and sock. His ankle was already swollen. “There’s no way they’re coming into our home. That would be crazy. We’re safe here. They’ll go away.”

A heavy thump rattled the front door. The noise carried into the living room. Glass shattered in the back of the house.

“ *Who* will go away?” Axcix rolled to the center of the room, more tentacles sprouting from her surface. She took a defensive position.

Lindsey jumped to her feet. “Melvin? Melvin? Intruders! Help!” She realized that she didn’t even know where her husband was. She’d completely lost track of him. In any case, he didn’t come rushing to their aid.

“What are you all waiting for?” Eddie sat up, looking at his women as they stood frozen about the living room, most with fear or confusion written on their faces. “Find weapons. These crazy church fuckers want an ass-kicking. Give it to them!” Spittle flew from his mouth. His eyes were round with rage. The women in the room jumped into action.

“Crazy … church … fuckers?” Axcix didn’t like the sound of that. She didn’t know if any of them were friends with Samantha. And if they were breaking into the house, they were clearly hostile. “I just want to create life,” the alien muttered. “More life.” When she saw the first masked attacker appear in the doorway, she swatted her with a tentacle. Then more arrived. Soon there were too many to swat. Confusion and violence stormed around her. It was quite clear that she was now fighting for her own life.

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“Wow.” Hailey’s expression was awed and distant. “Wow … wow … wow.” She leaned over and kissed her brother on the cheek. She lifted her head a little and kissed him on the lips. Her fingernails ran down his sweaty chest. After a minute, she pulled back, turned to the other side and pressed her lips to Kathy’s. She greedily kneaded the younger woman’s large breasts and pressed their bodies together.

Noah listened to the women make out. Once he caught his breath, he swung his legs over the side of the bed and sat up. His cock was now heavy and limp between his legs. He slowly stood and looked back at the bed. Kathy and Hailey were intertwined, their hips slowly rubbing together. He admired them for a while. “Okay. I’m a mess. I’m going to hit the shower.” He picked up his Christmas sweater and held it over his dick in case he ran into anyone in the hall.

Kathy waved goodbye to Noah without breaking her kiss with his sister. Hailey didn’t acknowledge her departing brother.

“Have fun.” Noah smiled. He’d take a shower and then find Paget. If he was going to do what Mrs. Palmer had asked, he had a lot more Christmas cheer to spread.

The hall was chilly, so he ran as quickly as he could. He opened the bathroom door, stepped in, and tossed his sweater in the corner. It wasn’t until he closed the door behind him that he registered that someone was already taking a shower.

“Occupied!” Paget said. She wiped away the condensation on the glass at eye level and looked out. “Noah … what are you …?” Her eyes trailed down his slim body to the long, fat cock hanging between his legs. It was unreal. He was a different animal than Clive. “Oh … gosh.”

“Hey … Paget.” Noah could see the obscured outline of his oldest sister’s wide hips and large boobs. She was built an awful lot like their mother. The siblings stared at each other’s bodies through the shower glass. “So … I’m filthy. And a shower can’t wait. Mind if I join you?” Noah almost cringed at the words. But Eloise had promised him Paget would be interested. It couldn’t be coincidence he had walked in on her.

In reply, Paget only squeaked. Her brother’s giant penis was slowly rising. Incredibly, it was getting even bigger.

“I’ll take that as a yes.” Noah opened the shower door and stepped in. He closed the door behind him. His cock was at about three-quarters hardness when it bumped into her

hip. His sister shrieked and backed against the tile wall. But she didn't ask him to leave. Noah smiled. It was going to happen. He turned his back to her. "Can you scrub me?"

"Gosh … Noah … I'm …" She stood staring at his perfect, youthful skin. He wasn't heavily muscled, but the shape of his back was masculine. She looked down at his pale butt. It was narrow and nicely rounded. What was she doing? "I can't, Noah. I'm … I'm …"

"My sister?" Noah's laugh was a soft calming sound dampened by the running water.

"Yes." Paget nodded and bit her lip. Her dream was front and center in her mind. She couldn't see his penis at the moment. She wondered if it was all the way hard, and if so, if it was as big as the one in her dream. "Yes … yes … I'm your sister … and … I'm … um … I'm …" She couldn't get the dream out of her head. She touched her tummy. She had felt so wonderfully full with Noah's dream penis inside her.

"You're engaged to Clive?" Noah shook his ass in her direction. "You're also not scrubbing."

"Yes … I'm engaged … to Clive." Paget absentmindedly squirted some bodywash into her hands and tentatively reached for her brother. She pulled on his shoulder so that he was out of the water and placed her hands on his back. The warmth of his skin moved through her fingertips. She scrubbed, trying to be as businesslike as possible while sharing the shower with her ridiculously well-hung brother. "I'm just going to wash your back. That's all." She shivered. A flashback of the pleasure she'd dreamt she felt with him between her legs hit her and quickly dissipated.

"That's all I asked for." Noah leaned his hands against the wall. It seemed Eloise hadn't turned his sister into a sex-crazed monster. But she was much more receptive to sharing the shower than she should have been. He decided to proceed slowly. "Also, can you wash my butt?" Maybe not *that* slowly.

"Gross, Noah." She continued to rub his back. She was thankful that his head was turned, and he couldn't see her breasts shake with her vigorous arm movements. His position allowed her to cling to some sense of modesty.

"I'm not disgusting or anything. Just sweaty." Noah shook his butt at her again, smiling to himself. "Be a good big sister and give it a scrub."

Paget sighed heavily, making her distaste known. Then her hands slowly moved down to the round cheeks of his butt. *Is this cheating? If Clive were to come upstairs that very moment and walk into the bathroom, would he understand? Probably not.* She tried not to think about it. Instead, she focused on how firm and meaty Noah's globes felt under her hands. He was two inches shorter than her, so she had to bend down to scrub really

well. “There, all clean.” She moved her hands up to his back, lingering on the soft curve just above his butt.

“I told you it’s just sweat.” Noah looked back over his shoulder. His sister’s expression was smitten. Her pupils were large, her face ashen, and her red hair was plastered to her skull. Her freckles stood out in the dim light. “Can you wash the crack, please?”

“You want me to …?” She looked into his eyes. He seemed so calm and self-assured, like this was the most natural thing in the world. It made her doubt her reluctance. Maybe this *was* the most natural thing in the world. “… wash your … crack?”

“Yeah, you know. Between my butt cheeks.” He leaned back and rubbed his butt against her thigh, so that the contact separated his cheeks a little. “Go on.” He straightened up and waited, feeling her fingers slowly withdraw from his back. At first, he thought he had pushed her too far, but she was just getting more bodywash.

“Okay … I’ll clean … your crack.” With a loud squirt, she put more bodywash in her hands. Her fingers trembled as they returned to the curve of his ass. Slowly, she worked her way to his crack, starting at the top and working her fingers down as the crevice got deeper and deeper. “Like this?”

“You’re doing great.” Noah nodded. “So clean.”

“I’ve never done this for someone else,” Paget whispered.

“I guess in some ways we’re closer now than you and Clive.” Noah couldn’t wipe the smile off his face. He was glad he was facing away from her again, he didn’t want her to see how much he was enjoying it.

“Noah … am I dreaming?” Paget couldn’t fathom how this could really be happening. She worked her fingers deeper between his cheeks, thoroughly cleaning everything. She angled his body so the water fell on his butt, washing away the soap.

“I don’t think so.” Noah shook his head. He felt his sister’s fingers stop just above his asshole. “What are you waiting for?”

“What?” Paget’s heart thumped in her chest.

“My hole, Paget. You have to clean the hole, too.” He tried to suppress his persistent smile, but it wouldn’t disappear. Why was he doing this? He wasn’t sure if Eloise was working through him or what. Before the painting had arrived, he would have never asked any woman to touch his asshole. Certainly not his prissy sister. But it seemed like this was exactly what they both needed to break the ice.

“Oh … gosh.” Paget thought about it. In some ways, what he was asking was even more intimate than sex. Slowly, her finger reached down and found his puckered hole. She swirled her fingertip around it, and then *on* it. “Does that feel … nice?”

“That does feel nice.” Noah took hold of his turgid dick with one hand and slowly stroked it. “Keep going.”

“Are you touching yourself?” She didn’t need to ask the question. The way the back of his arm moved and the wet sounds he made were unmistakable. She had seen Clive masturbate once, so she knew what it was like. But her brother’s rhythm was much slower than Clive’s, and the strokes seemed way longer judging from the way his arm moved. She was suddenly dying to see his penis, to see his hand moving up and down its great length. Without thinking, she slipped her finger into his hole. She gasped when she realized what she’d done.

“Damn, you’re dirty, Paget.” Noah laughed.

“No, I’m not.” But she didn’t remove her finger. She wiggled it instead, causing him to masturbate faster. “I did that,” she whispered. Experimentally, she moved her finger further inside her brother.

“Whoa, okay. I’m clean.” Noah laughed louder, pulling his hips forward until her finger withdrew. He turned toward his sister, still fapping shamelessly. “Should I clean you now?”

Her eyes widened, but she nodded and turned her back to him. She kept her gaze on his amazing cock as long as she could. His penis was just like in her dream, red and angry looking. When she’d turned too far, she faced the tile. “Okay.” She put her hands on the wall, spread her legs, and looked down at the shower floor between her hanging breasts.

“How much soap do I need?” Noah squeezed bodywash onto his hands. “Are you dirty, Paget?”

“I’m clean.” She longed for his hands to touch her … to scrub her … maybe even do to her what she’d just done to him. She held her breath while she waited.

“I probably wasn’t clear.” Noah squeezed out more soap, the bottle making raspberry noises. “Are you a dirty girl, Paget?”

“Am I …?” Her shoulders tensed. Paget understood. “For you, Noah. For you I think I can be a dirty girl.”

“Good.” Noah scrubbed her back with his hands. He moved up and down the long arc of her spine, paying special attention to the dip at her waist before her curves flared out to her wide hips and heart-shaped ass. But he didn’t scrub her butt.

“Ooohhhhhh … Noah.” Paget lifted herself onto her toes, trying to bring her butt to his hands. She was so close. She smiled with delight when he obliged and kneaded her ass cheeks. “I’m … dirty,” she whispered.

“Do you ever do butt stuff with Clive?” Noah’s fingers slipped into the crack of her ass, mirroring how she’d cleaned him earlier. He slowly worked his way down.

“What?” Paget heard him well enough, but that was all she could say. *Why is he bringing up Clive?* Her face flushed.

“Did you know Mom and Dad use the kitchen olive oil when they do butt stuff?” Technically, Noah didn’t know if his parents did butt stuff. He was pretty sure they used the olive oil only when his mom was dry. But he wanted to prod his sister. His fingers moved lower. She had a wonderful ass, with springy flesh and a deep crack.

“What!?!” Paget looked over her shoulder with wide eyes. Her brother was smiling at her. *Is he serious?* “Mom and Dad?” Paget’s eyes got wider when he slipped a finger into her butthole and wiggled it just as she had done to him. “Ooohhhhhhhhh … Noah … that does feel good.” Her hips made slight circling motions as his finger went deeper.

“Merry Christmas, Paget.” He snaked his other hand down to her pussy.

“This isn’t … how I thought … Christmas …would go.” She leaned her forehead to the tile and let him work her most private places.

“Your pussy is so wet.” Noah stroked her lips with his fingers.

Paget cringed at his words. “It’s just … shower water.” That was a lie, although shower water was heavily in the mix.

“We haven’t been close for years.” He leaned forward to whisper in her ear, his cock resting against her ass. “But … you and I are about to be closer than ever. It’s a Christmas miracle.”

“Oh … gosh … Noah.” Paget’s hips circled more urgently. What he was saying was true. Just like in the dream, they were going to join together and bond as tightly as a brother and sister could. “It really is a Christmas miracle,” she hissed.

Chapter 33

Soon They Might Snap

“It’s getting in!” Samantha could hear wood shattering in the vestibule. It sounded like it had gotten through the outer doors. Now only the inner doors, barricaded with pews, protected them. It wouldn’t be long until the abomination was in the church with them.

“I know.” Patrick looked back at the doors between the nave and the vestibule. He wondered how long it would take the thing to break through their barricade. “Pick a window and let’s go through.”

“You’re coming with me?” Samantha glanced at him. The thought of Patrick in her world gave her some hope. She prayed Noah wouldn’t mind.

There was a crash in the vestibule. A heavy thump sounded on the inner doors. The thing was close.

“Well, I can’t stay here.” Patrick waved his arm at the church.

“There’s no other exit?” Samantha looked around. “What sort of fire codes do you have here?”

“Fire codes?” Patrick jumped when another thump rattled the doors. “Okay, pick a window.” Above them, where the church’s stained-glass windows had been, there were portals into other worlds.

“This one.” Samantha jogged over to the window looking into the Rizzuto house. She could see Ella’s father napping in a recliner next to the Christmas tree. There was no sign of Ella and Mara. “How do we get up there?” She scanned the room fruitlessly for anything that could serve as a ladder.

“Ummmm.” Patrick took a deep breath, trying to think. The whole church shook with the assault on the inner doors. “I’ll prop you up on my shoulders. You can climb halfway into the window and then pull me up. Deal?” He knelt in front of her.

“Deal.” Samantha climbed onto his shoulders. She glanced back at the doors as the wood splintered. She could see a cold, black eye regarding them through the crack. “Hurry.”

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“Wilderness … Wilderness … Wilderness.” Despite his mask, Paul was in a stupor. He stood in the corner of the living room, vacantly staring into nothingness. His naked mother guarded him, swinging a heavy Bible at anyone who tried to mess with her son.

“Get away … you godless b …” Shannon’s Bible connected with the shoulder of a rabid brunette woman and sent her tumbling backward. Shannon scanned the room. The hideous boy, Eddie, was crouched in the opposite corner, covering his head like a coward. She stared at him. “He’s not hideous … he’s …” Shannon shook her head and dispelled the lurid thoughts that tried to worm their way into her brain.

“We’re winning. Don’t give up.” Mary watched one of the church ladies crawl to Eddie and embrace him. “Don’t go to him!” The woman ignored Mary. The intensity of fighting had diminished, as women were tugged in two directions at once. They needed to destroy the painting before things ground to a halt. “Attack the creature. Everyone, focus on the creature.” A few bloodied church ladies turned toward Mary, confused expressions on their faces. Other ladies were too busy fighting or masturbating to notice her command.

“Do it!” Joanna shrieked. “Destroy the beast.” She charged at the great ball of metal, grabbing one of its uncannily soft biomechanical tentacles, and holding on as it flopped her around.

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiii!” The war cry filled the living room. Eight more women charged Axcix.

Mary did not join in. She watched them assault the false prophet and turned toward the painting. She grabbed hold of the cross around her neck and with a jerk of her arm, broke its chain.

“No … no … my daughter is in the painting.” Lindsey held her arms protectively in front of the frame hanging on her wall. She could clearly see Mary’s intent. But the woman strode relentlessly toward Lindsey.

“Out of my way!” Mary tried shoving Lindsey aside, but found that she wasn’t easy to move.

“Eddie! Eddie! Help me!” Lindsey looked for her son, but he didn’t move from the protection of the strange woman who hugged him close. She held her hands out to Mary to ward off the next attack. “If you destroy the painting, you’ll kill my daughter. Just leave. Please.”

“I’m sorry about your daughter.” Mary swung her leg under Lindsey, taking the woman’s legs out from under her.

With a thump, Lindsey hit the floor. The fall knocked the breath out of her. “No … Sam …” Her voice was little more than a rasp. She reached up weakly and the woman in the black and white uniform pushed her hand away.

“Soon you’ll understand why this is right.” Mary glanced at the false prophet and held her platinum cross up in the air.

“Wait … we can both be free.” Axcix watched in horror as the subject from another painting prepared to destroy the Owens’s canvas. “We can work together and create more life.” She tried to roll, but there was broken furniture blocking her way. She struggled to free her tentacles, but multiple women weighed each one down.

“Kill the false prophet.” Mary slashed at the painting with the sharp edge of her cross. The canvas tore, revealing inky blackness underneath. “Tame the heathens.” She slashed again.

“Noooooooooooo!” In despair, Lindsey watched her painting shred. She tried to rise, but Mary pushed her back to the floor between slashes. “Samantha!”

Eddie heard his mother’s screams and pushed the hugging woman away. He saw the gaping maw of nothingness where his beloved painting had been. Pure dread filled him. Rather than race to help his mother, he curled up in the corner of the living room, hiding his eyes from the destruction. Had he just watched his sister die? Regret swirled inside him.

“There now.” Mary stepped back. The metal ball no longer seemed solid. It wavered, like a mirage on the horizon. The women who had been attacking it, fell to the floor. There was nothing left to hold onto.

“Mistaaaaaaaaakkkkke.” Axcix’s voice was drawn thin. She surged through the air, her ball now more like a shimmering oval. Her tentacles turned translucent. The empty frame sucked her in, and then folded in on itself. Every part of the painting collapsed into nothingness, until all that was left was the bare wall.

Mary clapped her hands together like she was knocking off dust. She looked around the room. “So, how many heathens still feel like fighting?” When Lindsey tried to rise and punch Mary, the blond woman pushed her back to the floor. “Other than the grieving mother, I mean. She needs time. Any other followers of the false prophet feel like causing a fuss?” Mary raised an eyebrow. “No? Good.”

“Paul?” Shannon held her son’s face and looked deep into his eyes. “Are you getting better?”

Paul blinked and smiled. “Hi, Mom. Did he put me in another spell?”

“Yes … sweetie … but you’re back … you’re back … thanks be to His works … you’re back,” Shannon said between kisses.

“Glad to have you back, Paul.” Mary’s smile carried all the sweetness of victory. “Every woman who is not currently a member of the church, form a line.”

“What’s going to happen to us?” Ella stood near the fireplace, absentmindedly petting her mom’s head as she sat next to her.

“Nothing bad, young lady.” Mary winked at her. “I’m going to have you all inhale the air near your new Messiah. You can probably already feel his majesty moving through you, but I want to make sure you all catch his scent. After that, you’ll tend to the wounds you created. You’ll bandage and heal the members of your new congregation.”

“And after that?” Debra stared at Paul, rubbing her legs together. Her king had been deposed, but she was ready to swear allegiance to a new one.

“After that, you shall each welcome home your savior. Remove your mask and clothes, Paul.” Mary held a hand out to him. When he was undressed, she took his hand and led him to the center of the room. His cock rose and writhed for all to see. Several women put their hands over their mouths and stared with wide eyes. Others looked on in hunger.

Paul turned slowly, making eye contact with each woman in the room. He took hold of his penis and slowly pumped it with both hands. “We bring you the epistle of fecundity. I will furrow your fields. Our congregation will be plentiful. You might feel like we defeated you …” He cast a glance at the trembling heap that was Eddie in the corner. “… but our victory is *your* victory.” He tried to sound like the leader of a holy revolution. He judged from the expressions in the room that it was working. Power swelled inside him. “If you’re married, take off your ring and give it me. I will wear them all around my neck to remind you that your old loyalties belong to me now.”

“Their loyalties belong to God now,” Mary whispered. “But keep going, you’re doing great.”

“The rings will serve as a reminder that you all belong to God and serve him first. And I am the … the …” He fapped harder. “I am the penis of God. His holy reproductive organ here on Earth. His ever-spouting fountain.”

The women all stared at the masturbating eighteen-year-old. They believed him. Every single woman swallowed his assertions. In their eyes, he was God’s penis. They all wanted to feel the touch of God and welcome Him home.

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“Oh … gosh … Noah …” Paget’s hips accelerated, making little circles in the air. Her forearms rested on the tile, her forehead on her arms. “Is your finger … all the way inside?”

“Yeah.” Noah wiggled his finger, feeling her anus contract.

“So … dirty … Noah.” Paget let out a sigh when he stopped touching her vagina. “Don’t stop.”

“I’m just trying something different.” Noah left his finger in her ass and moved the head of his cock to her pussy. He rubbed along her lips, watching the delicate muscles in her back shudder and convulse.

“Oh … boy … I didn’t … ooooohhhhhhhhhh.” Paget didn’t realize she was climaxing until it was over. She had orgasmed from only his finger and rubbing penis. “Are you … magic … Noah? I don’t … understand … how this feels so good.” But she didn’t have time to figure it out. He angled his penis into her vagina. “It won’t fit … it won’t …” Despite her words, her hips gyrated in a way designed to grant him access. It had fit in her dream.

“I want *you* to put it in, Paget.” Noah watched rivulets of water curve over her ass cheeks and race down her thighs. He wiggled his finger and listened to her hiss in reply. She would give up her ass to him someday. But first, he needed to help Eloise by unloading in her pussy. A realization hit him. The day was a dead end, and he’d never sleep with Paget again. She wouldn’t give up her ass someday. “We better make the most of our moment.”

“Yes … yes … we better.” Paget reached between her trembling legs and grasped the angry, red head of her brother’s penis. She held it with her fingertips, feeling the heat of him rise up through her fingers. “This is all because of a dream.” She massaged his foreskin.

“Put it in.” Noah pulled his finger out of her ass. “Put it in your pussy, Paget.”

Paget’s hips humped the air. She acutely felt the loss of the attention he’d been paying her privates. “Okay … okay … I’ll try. But your proportions are … not what I’m used to.” She went up on her toes, spread her legs wide, and pressed the monstrous head of his penis to her lips, pushing her hips back toward him. “Oh … Jeezzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz,” she hissed as he spread her. After a moment of resistance, the head slipped inside her. “So … big.”

“Do you want to know a secret?” Noah brushed her sodden hair behind her shoulder and leaned forward to whisper directly into her uncovered ear. “I’ll only tell you if you beg.” It had been a long time since he’d tormented his sister. It felt novel, but at the same time, familiar.

“What is … uuugghhhhh … it?” Paget’s body strained, all her muscles tightly wound. In her dream, it had slid right in. In reality, she thought her brother might split her in two.

“Beg me,” he whispered.

“Ugh … please … ugh please … Noah … tell me … the secret … please.” Paget braced herself against the tiles with both hands. She could see a distorted reflection of herself, with her brother’s face above her shoulder. She slid lower on his penis, her body shaking.

“The secret is …” He pushed his hips forward and added another fourth of his shaft to what was already inside her. When she shrieked, he put his hand on her mouth. “I’m going to cum in you, Paget. Are you on birth control?”

Paget shook her head, staring at the distorted reflection of Noah’s face. Who was this commanding teenager? In all the eighteen years she’d known him, he’d usually deferred to her.

“Great.” Noah smiled. “I’m going to cum in you.” He thrust his hips and sank still more cock into her. He was almost all the way in. “And when we finish our shower, and go downstairs, you’ll carry my cum inside you.”

“Mmmmmpppphhhhhhhh.” The thought of it drove her crazy. Mind and body quivered while she had another orgasm. As her vagina adjusted to his penis, her mind adjusted to her brother.

“And I have one more secret.” He slammed the rest of his cock inside her. He took hold of her trembling hips, and held himself there, her full ass pushing back against his pelvis. When he thought she was done cumming, he whispered in her ear again. “The other secret is that Mom, Hailey, and Kathy all have my cum in their pussies right now. I’ve been humping all day, and when we sit down to dinner, my cum will be swimming inside all the women in this house.”

“Mmmmpppppppphhhhh,” she said through his fingers. Her eyes went wide with pain and surprise. She looked over her shoulder at him, searching his eyes for the truth. Had he really done something so crazy? Could the world she knew really have bent and twisted like that? His brown eyes spoke no lies. She could see he’d really done it. “How?” she said between his fingers. “How did … ugh … ugh … this happen?” She braced herself as he began thrusting behind her. Pain coiled with pleasure inside her.

“I don’t know … ugh … ugh … exactly.” His hips slowly picked up speed. She was incredibly tight. He wanted to give her time to adjust. He didn’t want to break his sister. Not even on a dead-end day. “It’s a natural thing … uh … uh … I guess. Women … are like … unfurling flowers … and I’m … ah … ah … a busy bee.”

“Oh … gosh …” She imagined the women in her family as welcoming flowers, spreading their petals for Noah. That meant that he still had their pollen on his penis, and he was putting it inside her. “Ooooooohhhhhhhhh.” Even if the analogy didn’t hold, the truth was he’d had sex with her mother and sister on the same day. She was closely connected to their vaginas through her brother’s penis. They were all tied together by that

massive, angry cock. Electric sparks of pleasure ignited in her brain. “How did they … take it? It hurts.”

“It hurts?” Noah stopped his hips and held his dick inside her. *She hadn’t taken Eloise’s deal, had she?* He bit his lip and chewed, staring at her quivering ass with the wonderful curving rivulets. “Maybe you need more time to adjust?” He didn’t want to pull out of her. She was too warm, tight, and inviting.

Paget pulled his hand off her mouth, kissed it, and put it on her shoulder. She shuddered as his fingers trailed down her back to her butt. He took a handful of her cheek, holding her in place. It was clear he was in control. His words were accommodating, but his actions were dominating. “Just give me … a minute … to get used to it.” She was still tightly wound. Her fingernails pulled at the tile. When he kissed her back, a shiver ran down her spine. No one had ever kissed her back before. It had a strangely intimate effect on her. “Keep … doing that.”

“Oh … you like … when I kiss … your beautiful back?” he said between slurping kisses.

“My back is … beautiful?” Paget wasn’t used to compliments.

“It’s delicate … but strong. And it sweeps out to your butt … in a way … that makes me want to eat you up.” He sucked on the skin below her scapula. There was no question he’d leave a mark. But it didn’t matter, there was no tomorrow.

“Ooohhhhhhhh … Noah … you’re giving me a hickey.” Paget tried to look back at him, but she couldn’t with the way he had her pinned. She felt so wonderfully helpless. “You … can move again.” She pushed her butt back at his pelvis in rhythm. “I want to … ugh … feel it.” She got some separation between them, and her ass smacked against him over and over, making the most ridiculous wet sucking noises. He took over the pumping, and soon she was back to bracing herself against the tile, gritting her teeth.

Noah stopped sucking and kissing her back. He could already see red marks forming. “Does it hurt?”

“It hurts … but it’s … good.” Paget’s voice was taut and shrill. “I can … uuugghhhhhh … feel you … opening me. I’m … your … dirty girl.”

“My … dirty … girl.” Noah kept his pace slow and steady. After a few minutes, he saw the knots in her back relax. Her shoulders moved down from ear level. Her panting went from sounding frantic to determined. He sped up his hips a little. “You’re … uh … uh … taking my cock … like a champ … now.”

“Yes … yes … a champ.” Paget nodded. She looked for his reflection, but he was completely behind her. She couldn’t see him. “It doesn’t hurt … so much … now. It’s starting … ooohhhhhhhhh … to feel … like my dream.”

The siblings humped in silence for a while, the only sounds the wet splashing of their colliding bodies and their grunts of pleasure.

Leaning on the bathroom counter, Eloise gazed through the fogged shower glass with pride. She wore a long, flowing dress and lovingly held her pregnant stomach. She could see the shape of their bodies and follow their serpentine movements. Noah was doing his best to help her. She smiled. It was working. She could feel it. Life blossomed in the house. The bonds that held her weakened. Soon they might snap. Inside the shower, Paget let out a high, continuous whine. Eloise tilted her head and listened. "How lovely," she whispered to herself.

"Noah? Ugh … uuugghhhhhhhhh … did you really … do it with Mom … and … uuughhhhhh … Hailey?" Flares of pleasure sprouted from her vagina and touched every nerve in her body. Her fingers jerked on the tile as waves of ecstasy moved through her.

"Yes." Noah's hands went up to her narrow waist and slid down. His fingers grabbed the crook at the front of her hips, perfect handholds to really give it to her. And that's what he did. He took long strokes, slamming into her with heavy thrusts. When her voice grew louder, he had to give up his grip with his right hand and return it to her mouth. He stifled her orgasmic screams.

"Mmmpppppphhhhhhhhh." Could it actually be better than her dream? A revolution burned in Paget's brain. Paradigms she'd thought were immutable, crumbled and fell away. New truths rose up and dwarfed what had come before. As her climax waned, her mind spun. Sex wasn't a thing one did to be nice to one's fiancé. Sex was a powerful, irresistible force. The pleasure demanded her surrender, and she wanted nothing more than to comply. "Noahhh … Noahhhhh." She reached up and parted his fingers so she could be heard. "Noah … are you going … to … ugh … ugh … really … aaaahhhhhhh … do it inside me?"

He was. There was no question. But he wanted her to ask for it. "What … do you want?"

"I … I … shouldn't …" She shook her head, her sopping red hair barely moving.

"What do you … uh … uh … want … Paget?" He kept his hand around her mouth, ready to clamp down again if she started screaming in ecstasy. For now, she was only mewling.

"I … I …" She frantically wanted it, but couldn't bring herself to ask for it. Her mind searched for an answer. She needed to frame it in a limited way. Then they could do it. She listened to the slapping of their skin, the squelching of the shower water in their nooks and crannies, and her brother's manly grunts. "Since … ugh … ugh … this is a Christmas miracle … like you said." Another climax was building in her, spurred by the words she was about to utter. "Letting you finish … inside … could be your Christmas present … from me?"

“Present?” Noah’s laugh was rough and wild.

“Mom … only got you underwear … but I’m giving you … this.” Her hand went to her nipple. She played with it, feeling the tendrils of pleasure reach out from her breast.

“Mom asked me … ugh … ugh … to cum in her.” He was getting close.

“Okay … okay … we’re giving you the same … oooohhhhhhhh … gift … Noah.” She quivered. The weight of his strokes didn’t match his lean frame. Her brother was really good at driving her wild. “Cum in meeeeeeeeeeeee … please … just for Christmas … I need to feel it. I …” Warmth spread in her womb. Her brother’s hips fell out of rhythm but kept smashing into her. His grunts of satisfaction filled her ears. A massive orgasm ripped through her. “Eeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii – mmmmmmpppphhhhhhhhhh.” His hand clamped down over her mouth again. She barely noticed. Her eyes rolled back in her head as she let her brother do as he pleased.

A shimmering sensation tickled Eloise’s skin while she watched the rutting siblings. The fourth breeding of the day was bringing a change. She could feel it. Something was happening. She’d figured out Day Star’s silly game. And now she meant to win it.

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“Can you reach?” Patrick eyed the splintering doors. One of the pews they’d stacked up toppled to the floor.

“I’m not very tall.” Samantha stretched out her arm, wobbling on his shoulders. If she fell, she doubted they’d have time to get back up and try this again. “Almost …” Her fingers extended, just catching the lip of the window.

“Samantha?” Patrick’s glasses hung precariously on the end of his nose. He craned his head up to look through them as the doors gave one final shudder and burst open. The thing that entered had clearly once been a woman, but she was hideously stretched. He thought she looked like gum sticking under a shoe on a hot day. She was easily ten feet tall as she stooped under the lintel and entered the nave. Her brown hair nested on her head, and her translucent skin showed a web of pulsing, blue veins just underneath. Her clothes were torn and tattered, hanging off her shoulders, and exposing her lower half. Her eyes had no whites that Patrick could see, just black. Her fingernails were as long as his forearm. “Samantha, we have to *go!*”

A loud boom came from outside the church.

“Okay!” Samantha nearly lost her balance when the whole church shook. Were they having an earthquake? She glanced at the monstrous pursuer and saw that she had lost

her balance as the floor moved under her. Samantha's stomach turned. Patrick was losing his balance, too. She bent her knees and leapt from his shoulders, hooking her fingers along the bottom edge of the window. She dangled against the church wall. Before taking the deal, she never would have had the strength to hold on. Now, she pulled herself up into the window. She glanced back at the thing that had been a woman. It was moving toward them again on spindly, unsteady legs. The church still shook.

"Help me up." Patrick stared at the creature in a panic. He slammed his body against the wall so he wouldn't fall. He didn't understand what was happening. Had the creature caused the earthquake? He raised his arm to Samantha, whose lower half was now through the window to anchor herself as she reached down to him. A wave of nausea hit him. "Something's happened, Samantha."

The tall creature fell against several pews, tried to right herself, but fell again. She was about twenty feet from the teenagers in the center aisle. She would have to cross the pews to get to them on the outside aisle.

"What's happened?" Samantha reached down for her friend. His hand was more than a foot away.

"There's blackness … there." Patrick lowered his hand and pointed toward the exit. "It's coming this way … fast." He looked up at her and pushed his glasses back into place. His brown eyes were filled with sadness. "You need to go before it gets here."

The creature turned toward the doors, too. It seemed she could feel the thing approaching the church from the lake's direction. She tried to stand again, but the quake knocked her down. Pews fell over. Beams overhead cracked and groaned.

"Jump up to me. I'm strong. I can pull you up." Samantha extended her hand as far as she could. Behind her, Antonio Rizzuto snored.

"I can't go with you, Sam." Patrick tried to smile. "My world's ending. I can feel it." Outside he could hear the rush of air as the void moved toward them. "You have to go."

"For fuck's sake, Patrick, jump!" She glared at him. After a second, she turned her head toward the broken doors. She could hear it, too.

"Goodbye, Sam. I'm sorry we didn't –" Patrick was cut short as the rushing sound grew thunderously loud.

"Patrick!" Samantha saw the blackness, but only for a split second. The nothingness ate the church from the direction of the doors. She flung herself backward into the window, watching the void eat away at the pews, the creature, and even Patrick. Just before that strange world disappeared, she realized Patrick was waving goodbye. She

didn't have time to return the wave. She was through the window, and a split-second later there was no sign that it had ever been there.

With a thump, Samantha landed on the living room floor. She bounced into the sofa and came to a stop.

With a snort, Antonio woke and looked around. He and Samantha locked eyes. "What … in the heck … is going on?" He scratched his head.

Samantha didn't respond. Tears welled in her eyes. She hugged herself, lay on the floor, and cried her eyes out.

Chapter 34

It Wants to Furrow Your Fields

"I … don't understand. What's going on? Is Ella home?" Antonio looked around the living room, but it was clear that the teenager was alone. *Where did she come from?* He scratched his scalp in confusion. "Stop crying, please." He held out his hands as if to calm a snarling tiger. "Did something happen to Ella? Is that why you're crying? Or Mara? Um … Mrs. Rizzuto … did something happen to my wife?"

"I don't know … I don't know …" Samantha blubbered on the floor, wiped her eyes, and stood on shaky legs. Her nerves were shot. She had almost died inside that painting. She had watched Patrick die … maybe. She wasn't sure if he was ever truly alive. "I don't know … anything …" she said between sobs. But that wasn't true. She knew something; blithely ignoring the paintings wasn't an option. *Kathy and Noah were dead wrong. Why couldn't they see it?* "Um … Mr. Rizzuto … is there anyone in … your painting?" She pointed to the dogs playing poker.

"What?" He turned to regard the painting. He thought about her question, scratched his head again, and turned back to her. "Um … what?"

"I guess … not." Samantha wiped tears off her cheeks. Her sobbing abated. Nothing like giving yourself a task to compartmentalize your recent trauma. She set her jaw and marched into the kitchen.

"What are you doing, Samantha?" Antonio could hear her rummaging in his kitchen. His family leaving him on Christmas, and then a crying teenager appearing in his house, had thrown him for a loop. "Whoa!" He stepped back when she reentered the living room carrying a large butcher knife. Even though she was carrying it by her side, point down, Antonio had the feeling she meant to carry out violence with the weapon. "What are you …?"

"This isn't going to make much sense to you, Mr. Rizzuto." Samantha stopped in front of the Belle Dame painting. She breathed in deeply, her breath hitching with the last of her sobs. "I promise this is for the best." *Why wasn't this painting protected?* Why hadn't a dog popped out of it like that terrible metal ball in her house? She didn't have any answers. But she was happy not to confront any guards.

"Wait!" Antonio watched her lift the knife, ready to strike the painting. "Are you going to …" He watched the knife fall, slashing diagonally across the canvas.

"Die … die … you evil fucking thing." Samantha slashed again and again. She delved the knife in deep. With her strength and anger, she was sure she'd made a mess of the

Rizzuto's wall. She didn't care. "Just … fucking … die." She jabbed the knife into the blackness behind the canvas, let it stick there, and stood back.

Antonio watched with wide eyes. As Samantha tore the painting, a deep black peeked out from underneath. His hair stood on end, and his knees felt week. He was witnessing an absence that shouldn't be there, that no one should witness. And then, to his shock, the frame cracked, bent, and folded in on itself. The painting imploded, taking with it the knife. When it was done, his wall was blank and unmarred where his wife's purchase had been. "Holy … *shit!"*

"Sorry about the knife." Samantha looked over at her friend's father. "I'll buy you a new one or something." Her eyes were still red-rimmed, but she no longer felt like crying.

"Are you going to buy my wife a new painting, too?" Antonio couldn't understand what he'd seen. He hated what he'd seen. He needed to push it from his mind, so he gathered indignation and bluster, emotional tools he could better understand. "That cost a lot of money, young lady. Are you going to give us a refund?"

"No." Samantha shook her head. "Go find your daughter and your wife. You'll probably find Mrs. Rizzuto isn't such a bitch anymore."

"What did you just say about my wife?" Antonio's face reddened. "I won't have a –"

"Don't finish that thought." Samantha held up her finger to silence him. She was happy when he obliged. She walked over to him, looking up into his pink, puffy face. "Boo," she said.

Antonio stepped back in fright. Then he watched the teenager go. He didn't take her advice about searching for his family. Instead, he headed straight for the liquor cabinet. He needed a drink.

~~

"Sorry I'm late. I was just … um … doing stuff in my room." Noah smiled at everyone in the dining room. Kathy sat at the far end of the table, a knowing smirk on her face. Hailey was seated next to her, contentedly leaning her head on Kathy's shoulder and holding Kathy's bare arm tightly. Noah's dad was at the table too, scrolling his phone. Noah could see his mother and Clive moving busily in the kitchen.

"Where's Paget?" Hailey raised her eyebrows questioningly at her brother. When he winked back, her jaw dropped. "You didn't …"

Noah put a finger to his lips. “She should be down in a few minutes.” He looked at his dad, who was still absorbed in his phone. “Hey, Dad.”

“Hey.” Andrew didn’t look up.

“I’m going to help Mom in the kitchen.” He walked around the table, bent over, and kissed Kathy on the lips. He wasn’t surprised when she bit his lower lip and held on for a few seconds, not letting him go. When he was free, he checked on his father again. Satisfied that no one would notice, he kissed Hailey on the lips. The deeds done, he straightened up, patted his smiling sister on the head like a puppy, and hurried into the kitchen.

“Hi, Mom.” Noah stopped in the doorway. When his mom looked over at him with questioning eyes, he nodded. Her face went slack with surprise, and she dropped the mixing bowl in her hands. It hit the linoleum floor with a crash and sprayed sauce into the air. She wore an apron over her blouse and skirt, but the skirt wasn’t totally protected.

“Mrs. Reader?” Clive put down the baster and turned to his future mother-in-law. “Are you okay?”

Jessica stood still, staring at her son. “Oh … gosh.” When Clive put a hand on her shoulder, she turned toward him. She looked him in the eyes. *She cheated on you. With her own brother. You’re lucky today doesn’t really exist, or you would have just lost your fiancée.* She didn’t say those things out loud, but they reverberated in her head. “I’m fine, Clive. Just fine. But I need to go get cleaned up. I’ve made a mess. Can you hold down the fort until I get back?”

“Sure.” Clive bent down with a dishrag and started cleaning the floor.

“Come with me, honey. We need to talk.” With one hand, Jessica grabbed her son’s elbow, with the other, she surreptitiously snatched a bottle of olive oil from the counter and hid it under her apron. She pulled Noah the long way around to the stairs, avoiding the dining room. They quickly went upstairs, not seeing any sign of Paget. She pulled him into her bedroom and locked the door. She put the bottle down, placed her hands on his shoulders, and stared into his eyes. “You did it? I mean … Paget wanted it … and you …?”

“It turns out she’s not that prissy.” Noah shrugged, trying not to smile. “She told me herself, she’s a ‘dirty girl.’”

“No way.” Jessica stared at her son. “She said that?”

“Why did you bring the olive oil, Mom? Does it help get stains out or something?” Noah looked down at the bottle.

“Because I want you to tell me all about it …” Jessica stepped back from him and untied her apron. “… while you’re in my butt.” She pulled the apron off and carefully placed it on the dresser so the sauce wouldn’t stain the carpet. She then carefully removed her skirt. When she placed it with the apron, she looked at her son. He wasn’t undressing. He just stood and stared at her. “What?” She looked down at her white, freckled legs. “Is there something wrong?” It hit her. There *was* something wrong. “You’ve done it too much today, and it won’t get up anymore, right? Don’t worry about it, Noah. That happens to your father even when he hasn’t done it four times in a day.” She giggled. “I’ll just change into some clean clothes and we can go back –” She was cut off when he pulled her into his arms and kissed her. She felt something hard and huge pressing on her tummy. Maybe her motherly instincts were wrong. He *could* get it up again.

“Mmmpppphhhhhhhhhhh.” He awkwardly undressed his lower half while his tongue danced with his mother’s. Her hands found his penis the second it was free, pumping him with eager fingers. They broke the kiss. “So … you want to hear … about Paget?”

“Yes … yes.” Jessica nodded. She picked up the olive oil, poured some onto her hands, and worked it onto his cock.

“Shouldn’t we use your pu … um … vagina? Since that’s what Mrs. Palmer wanted?” He took in the sight of her, wearing nothing but a festive blouse and wool socks. She lowered herself to her knees, working in the oil with reverence.

“You’ve already done that.” She looked up at him and smiled, still stroking his penis with both hands. “And you put so much inside me, I’m sure Eloise is very … very happy.” She stopped stroking him, grabbed her stained skirt, and wiped off her hands. She was in such a rush, she didn’t neatly fold it on the dresser again. She dropped it to the floor, and turned away from him, lowering herself to her hands and knees. “Now put it in and tell me how Paget gave herself to her eighteen-year-old brother.”

“Yeah … okay.” Noah dropped to his knees behind his mother’s amazing, rolling ass. He spread her cheeks and looked at her pink hole. It was already opening, ready for him. “It started with me going into the bathroom to take a shower.”

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“Julia … how could you?” Lindsey watched the woman lower herself onto the strangely prehensile penis. She didn’t know what a Christian god’s penis looked like, but doubted it was like that. She doubted any god possessed something so hideous. She shivered. “You’re Eddie’s teacher.” From the ecstatic expression on Julia Price’s face, she could see any loyalty she’d had to Eddie was gone.

“I’m … Paul’s teacher … too … ugghhhhhhhhhh.” Julia’s hips picked up speed as she rode the eighteen-year-old. She looked over at Lindsey with half-lidded eyes. “And he’s the only one … I need … now. We will … breed and … be fruitful.” She wasn’t sure she had the nomenclature of her new church quite right, but there was time to learn. By the time her belly swelled with Paul’s seed, she was sure she’d know all the prayers and hymns.

“You’re married.” Lindsey frowned.

“I married a man once … but that has been wiped away … ugh … ugh … by my engagement to God.” Julia looked down at the seventeen rings on a string around Paul’s neck. She found the ring her husband had given her, lying among the others on his chest. She brushed it with her fingertips, feeling a small piece of her former life.

“Jesus.” Lindsey looked away from the mesmerizing sight. Her wedding ring was around Paul’s neck, too. The craving to do the same as Julia built inside her, but her grief held it back. She focused on her lost daughter. Poor Samantha had been sucked into nothingness when the painting collapsed. Lindsey suddenly stood up and tiptoed her way through the outstretched legs of women masturbating all over her living room. She found her purse by the wall where she’d dropped it what seemed like days ago. She pulled out her phone and stared. Her eyes went wide. There was a message from Samantha dated ten minutes ago.

“Thinking of calling for help?” Mary leaned against the wall by the door, her eyes narrowed in distrust.

“No …” She held up her phone to Mary. “My daughter is … alive.” Not a minute ago, she thought she would never smile again, but a wide grin curved her lips. Lindsey read the text again. “She left the Rizzuto’s house ten minutes ago. She’s healthy. Oh … my … God. She’s *alive!”*

“That’s excellent news. Of course, I knew she would be fine.” Mary returned the woman’s smile. “I never would have destroyed the painting if there was a chance she might have been hurt.” Lying was so easy when it helped Him. “Tell her to come here. Tell her you’re better now that the painting is destroyed. Tell her that her brother is better, too.” She cast a glance at Eddie still whimpering in the corner. Mary noted with satisfaction that no women sought to console him now. Not even his mother.

“Yeah … okay. I’ll tell her.” Lindsey pushed her back against the wall and slid down, until she was sitting on the floor. She chewed her bottom lip, held the phone in front of her knees, and texted back to her daughter. When she got a response almost instantly, her heart fluttered. Lindsey looked around the room. Some women still seemed reserved, but most had given themselves readily to this new religion. The room was

redolent of sex and arousal. She thought over Samantha's reply and messaged back. She glanced at Mary, who wasn't paying attention to her, and quickly put her phone away.

"Ooooohhhhh … yes … ooohhhhh … please … Paul … you're trembling … you're going to … oooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh …" Julia arched her back and stared blankly at the ceiling as her student unloaded his holy seed inside her. Tremors wracked her body. Through the fog of pleasure, she could hear his satisfied grunts. *I satisfied Him!* That thought sent her ecstasy spiraling further, and the fog obscured her mind completely.

"Oh … my …" Lindsey watched her son's teacher in awe. The sounds the woman made were more like a wounded animal than a human. Lindsey had never heard anything like it … until Paul had come into her home. She watched as Paul pushed Julia off him and she slumped to the floor. Julia twitched uncontrollably. Her contorted face showed no signs of sentience. Lindsey hungered for the feeling that would make a woman look and sound like that. Was it possible that Paul was even better than her son?

"It seems you're ready, Mrs. Owens." Mary pointed a finger at Lindsey. "Mount him."

Paul smiled at Lindsey and gave her a thumbs up. "Don't worry, Mrs. Owens. I have plenty more to give. I am God's penis."

"Right." Lindsey stood. With her grief suddenly evaporated, she found this youth had a firmer hold on her mind. She stepped through the tangle of women again, making her way toward that twisting, writhing abomination of a penis. She would never believe such a thing belonged to God. But that wouldn't stop her from giving herself. She knew she could take it inside her. Eddie had showed her what her vagina, ass, and mouth were capable of. She arrived at Paul, and looked down at his penis. It twisted in the air and seemed to point right at her.

"It wants to furrow your fields, Mrs. Owens." Paul smiled. He could still hear Julia making strange noises next to him. "Mrs. Price taught me that to colonize a place, people need to successfully plant their seeds in the new land. Mrs. Price could probably explain it better than me, but she's … um …" He scrunched up his face, mocking an orgasmic expression. "So, that makes me think that I'm God's colonizer, conquering new fertile lands for him."

"God's colonizer." Still leaning against the wall, Mary nodded her approval.

"Well … um …" Lindsey lifted the hem of her dress. The fabric was tattered and bloody. She didn't care. She pulled her panties aside, straddled him, and lowered herself. "I've never been … aaaahhhhhhhhhh … colonized before." She didn't have to help the penis enter her, it found her opening and thrust itself inside. In no time at all, her vagina was full of strange, undulating penis. She shrieked. It sought out her most secret places, playing her like a familiar instrument.

“You’re going to … ugh … go through many firsts … now … Mrs. Owens.” Paul cupped her breasts, hefting them through her dress. “And they will eventually … uh … uh … uh … lead to your first … holy … child.”

Lindsey heard her son whimper in the corner. She looked over at Mary with dazed eyes. “Can Eddie please … not be here … for this? Maybe you could … oooohhhhhhhhhh … send him … to his room?” Her hips rocked against the teenager’s hips. The penis inside her communicated through gentle prodding that it wanted her to bounce on its great length, so she complied. She grimaced at the sloppy, wet sounds she made, slapping into Paul over and over.

“Hmmmmmmm.” Mary tapped her lips with her finger. “I think not. Your son will be an attendant, and he must learn his place. I want him to see your acceptance. And Eddie should also be here when his sister arrives.” Mary smiled brightly and looked over at Eddie. “Breathe the air, young man. Breathe deeply and watch divine order replace your heathenish chaos.”

“Oooohhhhhh … gosh … ooooohhhhhh …” Lindsey had no counter argument. The words disintegrated as they formed in her mind, pushed aside by basic, raw need. “That spot … ooooohhhhhhhhhhh … that spot … ooooooohhhhhhhhhhhh.” She welcomed her first climax on this new penis. She knew there would be many more behind it.

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Samantha rang the doorbell. She shifted her weight from one foot to the other as she waited. She had no idea what to expect. Things could go in so many different directions. The door opened.

Kathy’s face greeted Samantha. For a moment the taller woman’s expression was blank. Then it burst into a smile. Samantha couldn’t help but match Kathy. They grinned at each other for longer than either felt comfortable.

“Holy shit! You found the windows like I said, didn’t you?” Kathy pulled her friend into a hug, rocking her side to side.

“None of you checked your phones?” Samantha’s voice was muffled by her friend’s boobs. She pushed some space between them and looked up at Kathy. Samantha still smiled, but there was some hurt in her face. “I texted.”

“We weren’t ignoring you! No way.” Kathy shook her head. “I don’t even know where my phone is. We didn’t think anyone important would message us.”

“You didn’t think I’d get out?” Samantha’s smile faded.

“You don’t know what happened. I’m so sorry.” Kathy ushered her into the house and closed the front door. “Today’s a dead-end. Jimmy was hurt when we tried to rescue you. He’s unconscious. Enki wanted him to knock up his mom, and that can’t happen now. So, we’re just wasting our time until the day resets. We were going to save you tomorrow. Or the next today. Or the next today after that.” Kathy could see from her friend’s red eyes that she’d been crying. “Or … I guess we still are going to save you on another today. Since you’ll still be in the painting.”

“Oh.” Samantha took in the information. “I killed Ella’s painting.”

“You did? Good for you.” Kathy smiled.

Hailey walked up next to Kathy and put her arm around Kathy’s waist, squeezing her tightly. “Hey, Sam. Good to see you. Noah will be happy you’re here. Should I tell him?”

Kathy sniffed the air. She could smell Noah mating his mother upstairs. She cocked her head. She could also faintly hear the rhythmic thumping. “Better leave Noah alone for now. I’ll be back to the dining room in a few minutes.” Kathy kissed the top of Hailey’s head.

“Okay.” Hailey smiled and walked back to the dining room.

“That was weird.” Samantha watched Noah’s sister disappear down the hall. “She was nice to me …” She met Kathy’s eyes. “… and you.”

“There’s a lot going on around here for a dead-end day. I’ll catch you up on some of it.” Kathy moved into the living room so they could talk.

Samantha followed her. “Some of it?”

“When Noah comes down, he’ll catch you up on the rest.” Kathy shrugged. “He won’t be long. We’re having dinner soon.”

“What’s he doing?” Samantha furrowed her brow in confusion. She wasn’t sure what she’d expected at the Reader house, but this wasn’t it.

“I’ll let him tell you.” Kathy sat down and patted the sofa next to her. “Come here. Sit.”

Samantha stood. “I think my mom’s in danger. The painting at my house was destroyed, but she told me not to come home.”

Kathy lips parted in shock. “You destroyed your painting?”

“Someone else did.”

“Okay, well. Maybe we can go by your house once we’ve come up with a plan. Come sit and catch me up on everything.” She patted the sofa again. “It’s a dead-end day, remember? Nothing really matters.”

Samantha had a hard time wrapping her head around that. *Things always matter.* "Okay, I'll tell you what happened."

Paget wandered into the room. "I heard Sam was here." She blushed profusely when she saw her brother's girlfriend. She quickly looked away. "Oh, hello, Samantha." Suddenly sweaty and hot, Paget fanned herself with the hem of her apron.

"Hi, Paget." Samantha waved. What's up with her? In all the years she'd come to the Reader house, Paget had never shown any interest in her brother's friends. Now, she was acting like she was starstruck.

Paget stood there fanning herself. Her mind was blank. She glanced at Kathy, thought about the sperm inside both of them, and got even hotter. "Oh … my."

"Did you need something, Paget?" Kathy looked annoyed. "We were talking."

"Right." Paget nodded. A curl of copper hair fell over her freckled face. "I wanted to see if you needed a drink, Samantha." She looked at Kathy's empty hands. "Or Kathy. I could get you a beverage. Clive just opened a bottle of champagne. I'm not having any." Paget unconsciously put a protective hand on her belly. "But I could get you a couple of glasses."

"We're eighteen, Paget." Samantha rubbed the back of her neck, mystified by her behavior.

"I won't tell." Paget ventured a slight smile.

"We're good, Paget." Kathy's grin carried the threat of a snarl. "We'll have something non-alcoholic at dinner."

"Right, of course." Paget waved a hand and retreated from the room. "Let me know if you need anything. I'm just in the kitchen finishing dinner."

Samantha waved at her and turned toward Kathy. "That was even weirder."

"Like I said, it's been busy around here." Kathy shrugged. "But first, tell me what happened." She put a hand on Samantha's thigh.

Samantha nodded. She sat next to her friend and began her story.

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"What are you doing here?" Samantha stood in the Reader's upstairs hall, staring at the redheaded woman. The woman wore a bustled dress and put a finger to her lips.

"I could ask you the same thing." Eloise stealthily put her hand through the door and unlocked it from the inside.

“I snuck away.” Samantha shrugged. “Wanted to see what’s keeping Noah. We’re all waiting to start dinner.” She turned and walked toward his room.

“He’s not in there, dearie.” Eloise beckoned Samantha. “He’s in here.” She pointed to Jessica and Andrew’s door. “He’ll be happy to see you. So much life to make today.” With that, she faded into nothingness.

“Wait.” Samantha looked around, but the ghost was gone. “‘Life to make’?” She walked down the hall and put her hand on the knob. It turned and the door quietly opened into the room. She stepped inside and gently closed the door behind her. Her pulse quickened. Noah was on his knees behind his mother, holding a fistful of her hair. She was on all fours, arms extended, and back arched. There were some stained clothes on the floor next to them, and a bottle of olive oil. He kept a steady pace with his thrusts, his jaw clenched. She let him do the work, only bracing herself against each thrust. Her eyes were upturned, seeing nothing. She made a soft keening noise through gritted teeth. They were obviously trying to be quiet. They were so preoccupied that neither noticed they had company. “Well … I’m not surprised.”

Noah turned his head, his mind taking a split-second to process that his girlfriend was there. “Sam? Is that really you?” His hips didn’t falter. The soft slap of his mother’s ass against his pelvis, and her high keening, continued.

Jessica’s mind buzzed with pleasure. She still hadn’t noticed Samantha’s presence.

“I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.” Samantha did her best spooky voice. A wave of relief flooded through her. “Gosh, it’s good to see you.” She jogged over to them, dropped to her knees, and pulled Noah into a hug. She felt his hips finally falter and stop. She wouldn’t have minded if he kept humping his mother, but she was glad for the attention. “I thought I was going to die. I … I … slept with someone. In the painting. He was great … but he died! There’s so much I want to tell you.” She kissed him on the cheek.

“Wow.” Noah processed the new information. He checked his jealousy. He was balls deep in his mother’s ass at the moment. *Did she say something about a guy dying?*

“Noah?” Jessica looked over a shoulder, her brow furrowed in confusion. The lines in her forehead deepened when she saw Samantha. “Sam?”

“Hello, Mrs. Reader.” Samantha realized she’d been holding tension in her body ever since she’d left the painting. Or maybe ever since that creature had stalked them in the church. She exhaled. All her muscles relaxed. When Jessica started to pull off Noah, Samantha put her hand on one of those perfectly round, white ass cheeks. She dug her fingers into the soft, pliant flesh and prevented Jessica from pulling away. “Don’t stop on my account. I … was actually hoping to catch you two like this. If you don’t mind, I’d like to talk to Noah while you continue.”

Jessica, brow still furrowed, made eye contact with her son. Was she really going to have sex in front of a second person on the same day? Did it matter to her? While she searched for the answer, Noah nodded, and his hips started back up. "Ooooooooohhhhhhhhhhh." Jessica sighed. She decided she didn't mind.

"Sam, you have to know –" Despite the little sparks of joy that shot through his nerves, worry lines creased his face.

"I know. Today is a dead-end day." Samantha nodded and kissed him on the lips. "Despite that, I think we'll need to make another rescue attempt later. Okay?"

"Okay." Noah guessed she'd been talking to Kathy.

"Now, let me tell you what happened." She grabbed his tight butt, feeling him flex with each stroke. She now had a hand on the cheeks of both mother and son. "And then you can fill me in on everything. Kathy was a little hazy on some details. But I can guess."

"Noah … your girlfriend is … very smart." Jessica let her son tug on her hair, pulling her back into an arched position. "And … pretty."

"Yeah," Noah said. "Now … ugh … tell me … everything … Sam."

And Samantha did.

Chapter 35
Their Surprise Guest

"And then I came here." Samantha watched her boyfriend's face. Despite the fact that he never stopped humping his mother's ass, his expressions of shock and horror showed that he was listening. "And I'm guessing, from the pieces Kathy told me, that you somehow slept with her, both your sisters, and now your mom." Samantha still held onto Noah's and Jessica's asses, gripping tightly. One rhythmically flexed under her hand, the other shook like Jell-O.

"Yeah … except Mom … and I … already had sex … earlier … *with* Kathy." Noah could see the surprise on his girlfriend's face. He wasn't sure what part of it shocked her. Was there anything unexpected left in Clover Falls? He told her about Eloise's request for their dead-end day.

"So, you came inside your mom's pussy? On purpose?" Eyes wide, Samantha looked at Jessica's stretched asshole. "And she didn't drain it … like last time?" The once prim and proper woman was going to have her son's cum in both holes very soon. Samantha felt lightheaded. "And also in Kathy's, Hailey's, and Paget's?" When he nodded, she felt faint. The Reader house that she had known so well for years had been flipped upside down. It was like going to temple on Saturday and finding that it had been turned into a carnival. "And … um … mine … you'll need my pussy, too. Or … um … Eloise will." She stared at the huge cock plowing Jessica's ass. There was no question that it would go inside her right after mother and son finished.

"I was … uh … uh … uh … going to visit Carrie Mattison … after dinner … to see … if she … ugh … ugh … would be interested." Noah offered an apologetic smile. He was glad she didn't get jealous. "But … you're my girlfriend … and I love –"

Samantha took her hand off Jessica's ass cheek and silenced Noah with a finger to his lips. "We're not ready for the L word, mister." She took her other hand off his ass, and started undressing. In the back of her mind, thoughts about her mother and brother sprang up. She reminded herself that it was a dead-end day. Whatever was happening, it could wait. She pulled her phone out as she removed her bra, and checked her messages. Nothing from her mom or Ella. *It can wait.* She put the phone down, and rubbed her breasts against Noah's arm. She leaned in and whispered in his ear. "Go ahead and cum, Noah. And then, come to me. You can cum *in* me." She kissed him on the lips, finished undressing, and walked over to Jessica and Andrew's bed. She spread her legs and sat on the edge, giving both Readers a prime view of her pussy.

“Ooooooohhhhhhhhhh …” Jessica looked over at her son’s girlfriend. “Touch … yourself … Samantha … I want to see … your hand … between your legs.” Electricity surged through her body. Behind her, Noah’s lunges grew more powerful. Jessica was amazed her butt could accommodate him. Although, she harbored some doubt whether she’d be able to sit down for the rest of the night. This would be two days in a row where Noah had destroyed her backside. “Do it … honey … destroy … meeeeeeeeeeee.” Her fingers dug into the carpet.

Samantha reached her hand between her legs. She wasn’t sore at all from Patrick. She spread her lips and ran two fingers along the insides. She held them up and inspected them. Her wetness was clear. None of Patrick’s cum remained. It seemed when the painting was destroyed, all trace of Patrick disappeared, too. Sadness welled up inside her. She focused on the vibrant mating couple in front of her. Their act was a celebration of life. Their love was a ratification of all that was good in Clover Falls. Focusing on the present, Samantha let everything else fall away. Her hand dropped to her clit, and she made little circles with her fingers, watching Noah’s hips fall out of rhythm.

“You want me … to destroy … your ass … Mom?” Noah slammed into her relentlessly. He pulled her hair back further, arching her back even more.

“Yes … oooohhhhhhhh … yeesssssssssssssss. Destroooooyyyyyyy … meeeeeeeeeeeeee.” The Jessica Reader that had existed before the painting could not have conceived of asking a man to ruin her butt. *Not any man, a teenager … and not any teenager, her own sweet son.* The woman she had been could not have understood the pleasures hidden inside her, waiting to be discovered. That lost woman would not have been able to see that the bond she’d formed with her son was tighter now than it had ever been. For a split second, Jessica wished the day wouldn’t repeat. She wanted to hold onto this wonderful Christmas forever. But then her climax hit, and there was no room in her mind for abstractions. “Yesssssssssssss.”

“Cumming … Mom … uuuuuuuuggggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Noah’s hips bucked as he unloaded in his mother’s ass. He bounced against her cushioning a few more times and then stayed buried inside her. The feeling of completeness overwhelmed him. She was his. And he was hers. They understood each other. They loved each other. He knew they would always have each other.

Samantha watched in awe as mother and son locked together in ecstasy. They hadn’t been all that quiet when they came. She was glad that the Christmas music downstairs was loud. When Noah finally pulled out of Jessica, the older woman slumped to the floor, her ass in the air. Samantha could see sperm leaking down through the red hair around her pussy.

“Ready … Sam?” Noah stood and wavered on his feet, his cock swaying in front of him.

“Need a break, Champ?” To Samantha’s eyes, he looked like a boxer in the late rounds. She could see the determination in his eyes. He stumbled toward her, and she giggled. “I guess not.” She wriggled back onto the middle of the bed and opened her legs wide. There was no question in her mind this time about whether she could accommodate his size.

“You’re amazing … Sam.” He fell on top of her, his dick slapping against her flat belly. He tried to remember the size of her boobs before they started growing. It was hard to recall when confronted with full, heavy mammaries that hung to either side of her chest. Her pink nipples stood up proudly. “You got yourself out of the painting. You came back to us.” He rubbed his cockhead on her wet pussy lips. Her elfin face stared up at him expectantly. She looked giddy, but also … sad. She had been through so much more than him. “You deserve to have some fun. To forget. Let’s … aahhhhhhhhhh … hump … for a while.” He entered her. She was still tight, but he bottomed out quickly and without much resistance.

“Ohhhhhhh … Noah … I’m home … in your arms … I’m home.” Samantha smiled at him. Her expression twisted as he pulled out and slammed back into her. Soon, their hips and bellies smacked together to a steady beat. “I want … to feel your cum … inside me. Fill me … uh …uh … uh … fill me.” Her toes pointed in the air, and she gripped his back, digging her fingernails into his soft skin.

“You … and Mom … and Kathy … and Paget … and … uggghhh … Hailey. All … full. We’ll sit down to … dinner … and you’ll all … be full … of cum.” Noah locked eyes with Samantha, the blue of her irises turned into a thin ring, swallowed by dilating pupils. Her forehead wrinkled, and her mouth hung open. He put a hand over her lips when she started screaming out her orgasm.

“Well … honey … I’m not so sure … we’ll all be sitting down to dinner. I might not be able … to sit.” Jessica gathered herself on the floor, trying to figure out the best way to stand up. “But I will be full of your little swimmers.” She slowly stood, watching the eighteen-year-olds rut on her bed. It was so improbable that Samantha’s slim frame could take what Noah offered, but she didn’t seem to be having any trouble. Jessica leaned over and saw the pink ring Samantha’s pussy formed around Noah’s penis. They were a pretty pair. Maybe not perfectly matched the way she and her son were. Jessica smiled.

“Oh … Sam … you feel … amazing.” Noah removed his hand from her mouth and replaced it with his lips. What better way to keep her from screaming than making out? Her tongue wasn’t that responsive. She was too consumed by bliss.

“You’re squeaking the bed too much.” Jessica slid into a clean pair of jeans. She removed her sweaty blouse and got some deodorant from the bathroom. She put it on, watching the teenagers go at it from across the room. “You’re too loud.”

Without saying anything, Noah and Samantha rolled in each other's arms over the bed and landed on the floor with a thump. Now, Samantha was on top. Still kissing her boyfriend, she bounced her hips on his.

"Well … that was loud, too." Jessica shook her head. She washed her face in the bathroom and fixed her hair. She walked back into the bedroom, staring at Samantha's cute, white butt. She was so much smaller than Jessica. Jessica gently smacked her own ass through her jeans and winced. *Beauty comes in all sizes.* "I'm going downstairs now. I'll stall dinner for a little while longer. But don't take forever."

Noah broke the kiss and looked up at his mother. "Okay … Mom. And …" He lost focus and simply stared at her.

"And what, honey?" Jessica smiled. Despite how sore she was, she felt sublime. Like she didn't have a care in the world. She shivered, realizing that she was still having aftershocks from that last mountain of a climax.

"And … you need … to put on … something … you only have a bra … on." Noah slammed up into Samantha, grunted, and kissed her again.

"Oh, right." Jessica rummaged through her dresser and found another Christmas sweater with a decorated tree on it. She pulled it on and left the teenagers to their humping. She hoped they wouldn't be too long. Now that she was finished with Noah, it didn't seem right to keep dinner waiting too long.

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There was no one outside the house. Mary peered out at the darkening sky. She checked the front door. It wouldn't lock now that her congregation had busted it. She could hear moaning and thumping echoing from the living room. *Had Samantha poked her head in the door, heard sounds of sex, and fled?* Mary tapped her chin with a finger as she thought. She gave one last look at the broken wooden doorframe. These houses were ridiculously insecure. She hadn't asked anyone, but it was an easy guess that they were in a year sometime between the second and third great wars. This was a soft, naïve time in human history. She quickly turned and walked through the house.

Mary entered the living room cautiously. It was easy to step on an ankle or an arm. Women were strewn about the place. Either masturbating, watching, or still recovering from mating Paul. Lindsey was in the latter category. She still wore her dirty clothes, bloodied and torn from her fights against the congregation. Her eyes were dazed and her face slack. Mary helped her to her feet and walked her to the kitchen, supporting her with an arm around her shoulders.

“Let’s get you a drink of water, Mrs. Owens.” Mary leaned Lindsey against the counter, and filled a glass in the sink.

“No … not the water … the metal ball … poisoned our water.” Lindsey had to concentrate on every word. The orgasm she’d had when Paul erupted inside her had scrambled her brain.

“The false prophet is gone, and so are all its machinations.” Mary turned off the tap, and smiled at Lindsey. “The poison is gone.”

“Oh, good.” Lindsey reached for the glass being offered her. But instead of handing it to her, Mary threw the water in Lindsey’s face. Lindsey sputtered and blinked water from her eyes. “What … did you do … that for?”

“I need you focused, Mrs. Owens.” Mary filled the glass and emptied the contents on Lindsey’s face again. Her smile broadened at the shock on the woman’s face. “Now, where is your daughter?”

“Samantha?” Lindsey’s cheeks blushed under the rivulets of water running down her face.

“What aren’t you telling me?”

“Nothing … Mother Mary.” Lindsey had heard some of the other women calling her that. It seemed best to try and fit in as much as possible.

“Your communication device.” Mary went back to the living room, retrieved Lindsey’s purse, and returned to the kitchen. She handed Lindsey’s phone to her. “Open it so that I can see your messages with your daughter.”

“No … I …” Lindsey blinked. “Maybe I should join with the Messiah again? I think I’ll –”

Mary slapped her across the face. She paused to let the woman collect herself. “Show me the messages.”

Numbly, Lindsey opened her phone to the text chain with Samantha and handed it to Mary.

Mary took the phone and read. When she was done, she tossed it to the floor and crushed the device under her boot. “She went to the Reader’s house. Do they own a painting from The Belle Dame?”

Lindsey nodded slowly. Her shoulders moved up to her ears, and a vertical line of worry creased her forehead.

“This … is not good.” Mary thought about her painting, so vulnerable all by itself back at the Botti house. The broken doorframe she’d just examined played in her mind. She abruptly left the kitchen and found Joanna. The woman was riding one of the sofa

cushions, grinding her vagina on it while she watched Paul mate another of the heathens that had attacked them. Mary lifted Joanna off the cushion and stood her on her feet. She stared into the pastor's wife's eyes. "It's time to move everyone back to the church. We're not safe here. Get in your vehicles and continue the holy congress at the church. Do you understand?"

"Yes … Mother Mary." Joanna's voice was faint and airy.

Mary held her shoulder and squeezed. "Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mother Mary." Joanna nodded vigorously.

"Good." Mary turned and left the room, kept walking, and left the house. When she was out on the street, she broke into a jog. There was no time to lose.

~~

The dining room erupted in cheers when Noah and Samantha entered holding hands. Noah blinked at everyone. They were all clapping, even his father. Kathy and Hailey were giving the new arrivals a standing ovation. Paget gave a little golf clap, looking away. But Clive seemed downright enthusiastic.

For several horrifying moments, Samantha thought they were cheering her insemination. She squeezed her boyfriend's hand tightly.

"They're finally here." Andrew smiled. "We can eat."

The applause suddenly stopped, and people settled in their chairs.

Jessica and Clive took covers off the food and made sure drinks were full.

Noah and Samantha breathed signs of relief. They found a couple chairs that were side by side and sat. He gave her a sheepish smile, which she returned.

"I have a son about your age, maybe a little older." A warm and friendly woman's voice cut through the chatter around the table. "And the only time he's ever late for anything is when a girl is involved."

Noah looked across the table and blinked. Eloise sat in between Paget and Hailey, smiling pleasantly at Noah. She wore a modern red sweater, and her hair was pinned up on her head. "Oh," Noah said. He blinked some more. Was that really her?

"Unless the girl is me, of course. I make sure my Thomas comes on time." A contained, polite laugh escaped Eloise's lips.

“That’s so true. Even when they’re eighteen and beyond, they need a parent’s guiding hand.” Andrew nodded and sipped some wine. “Oh, introductions.” He gestured at Noah. “This is my son, Noah. And his friend, Samantha. Is it still ‘friend’?”

“It’s girlfriend, Mr. Reader.” Samantha smiled politely. The lines around her eyes tightened, and she cocked her head. *Is Mrs. Palmer really sitting down to Christmas dinner with us?*

“Girlfriend then.” Andrew smiled like something important had been settled. He gestured to Eloise. “And this is Mrs. Eloise Palmer. She lives nearby. Your mother invited her to dinner since her husband is out of town, and her son moved out. Empty-nesting is hard. Soon, Noah will head off to college and we’ll be all alone.” He looked at his wife with an expression that said he relished the thought of an empty house. More time for poker.

“You invited her?” Noah turned his attention to his mother. He noticed she was sitting more on her hip than her butt. It looked awkward.

“Well … um …” Jessica’s eyes darted around the table.

“I invited myself.” Eloise served herself some potatoes. “It’s not your mother’s fault.”

Paget took the platter of potatoes from the strange woman. Their fingers touched briefly, and Paget shivered. The woman’s skin was frosty. She forced a smile, but her mind raced. Certainly, this was the same woman from her dreams. What was she doing in her house for Christmas dinner? Nothing made sense to her.

“You live nearby?” Hailey looked around the table. Everyone’s interest seemed to be focused on their surprise guest. She even caught her father looking at Eloise’s generous bust as it stretched her sweater. She wrinkled her nose in disgust. *Just look at your wife, Dad. They’re practically the same woman.* She kept her thoughts to herself.

“Yes. But I don’t get out much. I’ve been a bit of a shut-in lately. However … things might be changing for me. I hope for more travels.” Eloise looked around the table. Only Clive and Andrew hadn’t met her before. The rest seemed committed to pretending she was a stranger. She found the situation delightful. She held court for a while, happy to be the center of attention. Then conversations sprang up around the table, and Eloise turned to Paget. Despite the younger woman’s discomfort with being confronted by a dream, the two women drank wine, joked, and spoke earnestly about the complexity of starting families.

After dessert, Eloise stood up and raised her glass of port. “Thank you, Mr. and Mrs. Reader, for your hospitality. I look around this table and a see a family burgeoning with life. To the Readers.” Everyone drank to the toast. Eloise smiled and took her leave.

Noah helped her with her coat in the front hall, the rest of the party still in the dining room. “So, you’re hanging out with us now?”

“You are very special to me. And maybe I’m feeling a bit nostalgic, dearie.” Eloise slid her arms into the coat and slowly buttoned it. “Don’t forget, we’ve got a date at The Belle Dame tomorrow.”

“Yeah, we’ll have to put the painting in …” Noah’s thought fell away when she started laughing. “What?”

“You’ve *done* it, young man!” She kissed him on the cheek. “I am no longer tied to the painting. I’ll meet you there at ten in the morning. Leave the painting in your mother’s office.” She opened the door and breathed in the brisk, fresh air with satisfaction.

“Your experiment worked?”

“You were quite industrious.” Eloise giggled.

“But today’s a dead-end. We won’t remember this on the next today.” Noah watched her face closely. She raised an eyebrow in challenge. Her expression overflowed with confidence. Suddenly he wasn’t so sure.

“Your adorable, looping friend may have solved his little puzzle.” She winked.

“Did he wake up?” Noah had asked Mrs. Ronning to contact him if Jimmy regained consciousness. *Did she forget?*

“He remains very much unconscious.” Eloise giggled and stepped outside. She held up her arms in the universal gesture of freedom. “But life finds a way, Mr. Reader. It surely does. Life always finds a way.” She turned, brushed a few strands of hair from his forehead with her icy fingers, and locked eyes with him. “You gave me a yeoman’s effort today, Noah. I won’t forget it.” She kissed him passionately on the lips, spun like a dancer, and skipped down the front walk.

Noah watched her laugh and sing out into the street until she disappeared from view. He closed the door and walked back to the table, turning things over in his head. When he sat, he put his hand on Samantha’s thigh.

Samantha turned to him with a smile, but it faded when she took in his ashen face. “What is it? What happened?”

“We need to check on Jimmy,” he whispered. He looked into her earnest eyes. *Did I just knock up every woman in my family and two of my best friends? For real?*

Samantha frowned. “The hospital can wait. We need to check on my house. There’s something wrong there. Even if it’s a dead-end day, we can’t just pretend things aren’t happening.”

“You’re right.” Noah stood. “First your house and then the hospital.”

“That’s more like it.” Samantha stood. When Kathy gave her a quizzical look, Samantha pointed at the front door.

Kathy nodded and stood. It was time for action.

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“Lots of sex.” Kathy stood in the middle of the Owens’s living room and inhaled deeply. “And blood. There was plenty of fighting and humping.”

“What the heck is happening in our town?” Paget looked around with wide eyes. Her face was very pale. When her mother had said she couldn’t go on the trip, Paget had volunteered. She did it mostly to be close to her brother. She didn’t know what she was in for. In the car ride over, she’d been given an earful about paintings, metal balls, and beastly copulations.

Noah ran his fingers over the wall where the painting had been. There wasn’t a blemish. “Not even a hole from the hanger.” He sighed. “Blood … sex … and a dead painting.” He looked around the room. There were stains on the furniture and the carpet. Soiled women’s clothing littered the room. “What does it mean?” He pulled Samantha close and pressed her into his side. He caught Paget looking at them with a disquieted glance.

“Another painting attacked them.” Samantha soaked up comfort from the reassuring presence of Noah’s body. She put her arm around his lower back and squeezed.

“When Mom destroyed the painting at the Keitaro house, the wall looked perfect afterward. Just like that.” Hailey stood very close to Kathy. She had been doing that all evening. Everyone nodded at her as if she’d been helpful.

“Ella isn’t responding to my texts.” Kathy had searched for ten minutes before she found her phone at the Reader house.

“Me, too.” Noah nodded.

“Me three.” Samantha tried not think about what a mess her house had turned into. “I hope she’s not caught up in this. But whatever this is, it’s foul. The front door is busted. One of my windows is broken in the back. The kitchen is littered with broken, dirty dishes. Our cozy living room is trashed.” She waved a hand at the destruction. “People changed by another painting did this. I bet Eddie antagonized them. You know what he’s like … even before the paintings. One thing I know, crimes like this don’t happen in Clover Falls on their own. This is the paintings’ work.” She squeezed Noah and stepped

back. “Do you see why we can’t just live our lives and pretend things aren’t going crazy? This shit is going to find us. And if not us, some other family. Clover Falls may suck sometimes. People might be too uptight. It might have been boring to grow up here.” She took a deep breath. “Well, I want boring back. Boring and safe. We’re part of this town, we can fix it. We need to fix it.” She clenched her fists and looked around the room, challenging each person. “We need to destroy each and every painting. Who’s with me?”

Kathy shook her head.

“Not your painting, Kath. And not yours, Noah. Leave those, but *all* the others.” Samantha stood as straight as she could. “Don’t make me do this by myself.” She looked away from Noah. They hadn’t yet talked about her leaving in the middle of the night to destroy her painting. “We have to help this town, because we can. We can’t *live* with this problem.”

Silence filled the room. They could hear the front door banging against the wall as wind blew through the house.

“I’m not sure what use I’ll be, but I’ll help you, Sam.” Paget raised her hand like a reluctant student and held it in the air.

“You’re right, Sam.” Noah nodded solemnly. “If this really is the last today, I’ll help you rid Clover Falls of all the paintings. And if it’s not, I hope some other me will help. I was being an ass when I said we could live with this.” He swept his arm at the mess in front of him. He then put his hand in the air like his sister.

Hailey started to raise her hand, but stopped. She looked to Kathy.

Kathy coolly looked around the room. “I was being selfish. We love you and your family, Sam. We’ll make sure they’re safe. And we’ll make sure this doesn’t happen to anyone else.” She raised her hand.

Hailey raised her hand.

“Okay. Okay … okay.” Samantha raised her hand too, even though it meant she was volunteering for her own mission. A tight smile tugged at her pink lips. “Let’s search the house for clues about who did this. Then we’ll go check on Jimmy in the hospital. After that, we’ll see.”

Everyone put their hands down and nodded. Then they got to work.

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The second Mary had arrived at the Botti house, she removed the painting from the wall in Paul's room, wrapped it, and carried it to the garage. She found the keys to the vehicle on a hook in the hallway, changed into one of Shannon's dresses, and packed some of the Botti's food and money for traveling.

"There you go. Safe and sound." Mary adjusted the painting in its new place in the back of the Botti's vehicle. She closed the sliding door and got into the driver's seat.

Mary bounced in her seat as the tires screeched to a halt in the driveway. Mary had studied how Lauren handled her vehicle. Once she'd figured out the tension of the pedals, it was pretty much point and shoot. The vehicle moved smoothly out into the street and cruised away from the Botti residence. She had put considerable effort into Paul. It was a shame to abandon him and her new congregation. But self-preservation mattered more. And with any luck, given time, she might learn how to bring Jacob forth from the painting and the rest of their crew from the Wilderness. After all, he was the true Messiah.

Mary looked over her shoulder. The painting was safe and secure. Once she disappeared into the wide world, no one would know its power. No one would come looking for it. She turned the vehicle onto a road that looked like it headed out of town. She would need a map at some point. She would need many things to survive. The first step, however, was escape. And with each mile she traveled, she became more certain that she would never see Clover Falls again.

Chapter 36

Returned Him to Health the Clover Falls Way

"I'd like to have some more alone time with Jimmy." Peggy glanced at the darkening windows. "Why don't you go home, Pat." She smiled at her husband.

The nurse checked Jimmy's vitals.

"You'll be okay here all by yourself?" Pat looked at his wife. Her smile was tired and drawn, but she looked determined. *A mother's determination.*

"I'll be fine. Jimmy needs me." Peggy stroked his cheek.

"Okay. I'll go home and get some sleep. Call me if you need anything." Pat hugged his wife awkwardly and left.

"They say a person in a coma can hear everything in the room." The nurse winked at Peggy. "Your son is very handsome. I look forward to meeting him when he wakes up." She tried not to stare at the large tent his erection made under the blanket. But the nurse decided not to mention that to his mother. "Maybe you could read to him, or tell him stories. Anything so that he could hear your voice."

"I was planning on something like that. Can I have some privacy with him?" Peggy tried not to blush.

"Yes, of course. We won't bother you, unless it's an emergency." The nurse smiled and left.

"Can you really hear me?" Peggy slowly undressed, folding her clothes and hanging them on the pleather chair. "I'm going to let you do it inside me again." She slid her panties down her legs. "And … get ready for the best Christmas present ever." She reached behind her back and unclasped her bra, glancing nervously at the door. If this woke her sweet son, it was worth the risk. She put her bra with the rest of her clothes and climbed onto the hospital bed. "If you wake up, sweetie, we can have unprotected sex all the way to New Year's Eve. You can have me any way you want every single day."

Jimmy said nothing. His eyes remained closed. His breathing was slow and even. The heart rate monitor kept a steady pace.

"You told me the other day that you like my big butt." She pulled off the covers, moved his gown to the side, and mounted him in reverse. "If you open your eyes, you can see it right now." She shook her bottom for him, letting his long, heavy penis bounce from cheek to cheek. "Jimmy?" She looked back over her shoulder.

Jimmy didn't move.

"Okay, second time's the charm." Peggy lifted her hips, reached between her legs, and guided him in. "Oooohhhhhhhh … it's so strange … that you feel so natural … inside me … without protection. Can you … feel how tight … I am … sweetie? How … ugh … ugh … ugh … wet I am?" She put her hands on his knees and bounced on him just the way he liked. "If you open your eyes … you'll see … my butt shaking … for you. You'll … ooohhh … ooooohhhhhhh … ooooooooohhhhhhhhhhhh." A surprise orgasm overtook her. She held him all the way inside and trembled on top of him.

Jimmy's head turned side to side, and he slowly exhaled.

The orgasm passed, and Peggy's hips went back into their bouncing motion. "Come on … baby … come on … baby. I'm right here … I love you … and I'm going to give you … everything you wanted … all you have to do … ugh … ugh … ugh … is wake … up." She rode him hard. The doctor had said that his body was fine. The injury was only to his head. She looked back over her shoulder to make sure she wasn't jarring him on the pillow. She almost shrieked. His eyelids were fluttering. "Jimmy!?" She kept humping him. She didn't dare stop. If her vagina was going to pull him out of his coma, she couldn't slacken now. "Can you … ugh … ugh … hear me … Jimmy?"

"Mmmmmmmmmmmm," Jimmy said.

"Yes … sweetie … yes … wake up … Mommy's here." Peggy's eyes were wide and frenzied. Her face was twisted with pleasure and expectation. She stared over her shoulder, watching her eighteen-year-old son come back to life. "If you … uh … uh … wake up … now … you can do it … inside me."

"M – M – Mom?" Jimmy's eyes shot open and his hands lifted into the air. Without telling them what to do, they slapped down on his mother's shaking ass. His fingers dug into her flesh. "Mom … Mom … Mom."

"Yes … Jimmy." Tears ran down Peggy's cheeks. A lopsided grin spread on her face. *I did it! My vagina did it! I woke my sweet boy up!* "Jimmy I … I …" She wanted to tell him so many things. Her smile twisted into a grimace. "I … uuuuuuuuggggggghhhhhhhhhh." Her eyes rolled back in her head, and she climaxed on him again.

"Where are we?" He listened to his mother's stifled cries. *She's trying to be quiet. Why?* He pulled his eyes away from her gorgeous, pale ass and looked around the room. "I'm in the hospital?" He tried to remember what had happened. But his mind was slow and his dick was distracting him. He turned his attention to his cock. When she started bouncing on him again, he could see her glistening juices covering his bare skin. "I'm not … wearing … a rubber."

“Yes … yes …” Stars shot across Peggy’s vision. “You already did it … inside me … ugh … ugh … once today. And you get … to do it … again … and … every day … until the new year.” Her smile returned as she saw the grin on his face. “Merry … Christmas … sweetie.”

“Every … day … really?” Something tugged at Jimmy’s mind. There was something wrong. He knew there was a reason he shouldn’t take her up on her offer, but his mind was fogged by concussion and ecstasy. “I’m cumming … Mom … I’m cumming … inside you.” He tried to take over the rhythm of her thrusting with the grip he had on her ass, but found his arms were too weak. He let her slam her hips at her own pace. “Finally … cumming … inside you … Mom. Aaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

Peggy stopped bouncing and ground her pelvis on his. It was an automatic reflex to send his sperm as deep as possible. Even when she realized what she was doing, she didn’t stop. She felt his heat all the way to her cervix. Knowing what he was doing sent her over the edge one last time. She bit her bottom lip and climaxed again. She spent a long time convulsing on top of Jimmy before she got to the other side of her orgasm. Had she ever felt such ecstasy? No. She had just saved her son with her vagina, and she doubted she would ever top that high. Slowly, she climbed off him, his penis slipping out of her with a wet sucking noise. She looked down between her legs. “You put … so much … inside me.” Still sweaty and naked, she turned around and cuddled up to his side. Her face seemed stuck in a dazed grin. “Are you happy?”

“Yeah … Mom … you’re the best.” Jimmy tried to put things together. But his mind was too fractured. “I was … unconscious?”

“You were … in a coma … but I brought you out of it.” She lazily ran her fingers over his gown, feeling his strong chest underneath.

“You’re bottom lip is bleeding, Mom.” Jimmy drank in the sight of her curving body, running his eyes down her ribs, to her waist, back out to her hip, and then down her long, pale leg.

“Oh … it’s fine.” She wiped away the blood with his gown. “I bit my lip too hard when I was on top of you. That’s all. I’ve certainly never done that before.” She giggled and pressed the flimsy cloth to the cut to stop the bleeding.

“I’m going to take a nap now … don’t move, okay?” Jimmy ran his fingers through her hair. “I promise I’ll wake up again.”

“I can’t stay here. What if someone comes in?” Her eyes filled with worry.

“They won’t.” He patted her head. “Just don’t … move.” He closed his eyes and gently drifted off to sleep.

Common sense told Peggy she should get up and get dressed. She ignored it. She'd listen to her son instead. She pressed herself into his hard, young body and listened to him sleep.

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"How was your Christmas, dear?" Jessica paused flossing and looked out of the bathroom at her husband. He was already in bed, scrolling his phone. She wore a nightie that was too small for her, but he didn't seem interested. That was just as well. Her butt was incredibly sore. She'd asked her son to destroy it, and he had delivered.

"I ended the day up a couple hundred bucks." Andrew smiled, but didn't look up from his phone.

"You're talking about poker?" Jessica wondered at the triviality of his life. She was going through momentous changes. She had willingly taken Noah's sperm in both holes. Heavens, it was still inside her right now as she flossed and talked to her husband. And according to Eloise, the day might not be a dead-end after all.

"Yeah." He nodded enthusiastically.

"And that makes you happy?" Jessica moved the strand from tooth to tooth. There was a chasm between her and Andrew now. When they had married, they were as close as she thought she'd be to anyone. Some distance had grown between them over the decades. But over the past weeks, the distance had spread until it was an ocean. "I'm going to take a bath, dear. Goodnight. Don't wait up."

"Goodnight." Andrew didn't even notice that she'd closed the door on him before he could respond.

In the bathroom, Jessica pulled off her nightie and lowered her panties. She bent over the tub and started the bathwater. When cold fingers pressed onto her rump, Jessica shrieked and nearly fell. She turned around to find Thomas standing next to her, with a mischievous grin on his face.

"Are you okay, Jess?" Andrew called through the door. Jessica could tell that he hadn't bothered to get out of bed when she screamed.

"Fine, dear. Just saw a spider," she raised her voice at the closed door. She pointed a finger at Thomas and whispered, "You shouldn't do that."

"Do what?" Thomas's smile broadened. "Fondle my woman?" He reached for her tit, but she slapped his frosty hand away.

“I’m not your woman, Thomas.” Jessica covered her breasts with an arm, and her vagina with a hand.

“Sure you are. I gave you a little space to be with Noah. But now I’m back. You can have both of us.” He lowered his trousers, and his long, thick cock flopped out into the open.

Jessica looked at the door to make sure it was locked. She then stared at the penis presented to her. She kept covering her sensitive parts, but her eyes became greedy. “I’d forgotten how nice yours is. It’s almost as attractive as Noah’s.”

“I’ll take it.” Thomas chuckled.

“I … um … I …” Jessica worried her bottom lip as she gazed at Thomas’s penis. When he stepped closer, she uncovered her breasts momentarily to push him away. “We can’t.”

“Don’t worry. I’ll be quiet. Your husband won’t suspect a thing.” Thomas cocked his head at her quizzically. He hadn’t expected to be rebuffed.

“It’s not my husband … it’s Noah.”

“He won’t suspect a thing either.” Thomas gave her a confident grin.

“I’m not going to lie to him.” Jessica reached down, turned off the bathwater, and covered herself again.

“But you lie to your husband.” Thomas scratched his head.

“That’s different.”

“Well, tell Noah the truth. He doesn’t seem to mind his girlfriend humping strangers in other paintings.” Thomas shrugged.

“I’m not Samantha. I’m his mother.” Jessica frowned. “I’m sorry, Thomas. But it’s over between us.” She watched him pull up his trousers. “Don’t look sad. You were wonderful. And you helped me with Noah. You really did. I’ll always be grateful.” She leaned forward and kissed him on his icy cheek.

“Well, my mother will be happy. She asked me to join her tonight. I suppose I’ll go find her.” Thomas’s cheeks turned crimson.

“What are you two doing?” It was Jessica’s turn to blush. She thought she knew what they might be up to.

“Mother has figured out the game. More seductions, I expect.” He shrugged elaborately. “Honestly, I will be happy to get out of the house. Goodnight to you.” He bowed and faded away.

“Goodnight.” Jessica stared at where he’d been. Would Noah know what she’d just sacrificed for him? No, he wouldn’t. And that was just fine. A mother sacrificed all the

time with no acknowledgment. She was happy that she'd had the willpower to say no. She tested the water in the tub with her toes and stepped in. It was wonderfully hot and steamy. She slid into the water and sighed. She closed her eyes and floated.

Her sore muscles relaxed one by one. She wondered what her children were getting up to. If today really did become tomorrow, she wondered how she would deal with what they'd all done. She'd have to find out if it was a safe time of the month for Paget and Hailey. She counted in her head and frowned. She didn't think it was safe for her, but she wasn't sure. There were going to be many knots to untangle. But she knew her family could handle whatever happened.

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"You can't go in there." The nurse stood in the middle of the hall, hands on her hips.

"But he's my best friend," Noah lied. He glanced at Kathy who rolled her eyes. They had been trying to get past this nurse for several minutes. She seemed like she wasn't going to budge an inch. "And it's Christmas."

The nurse shook her head and pointed back the way they'd come.

"Oh, enough of this." Kathy broke into a sprint and ran past the nurse, down the hall, and around the corner. Hailey ran after her. They passed right by Jimmy's room.

The nurse stood staring in shock for a moment and then shook her finger at Noah, Samantha, and Paget. "You all stay put." She turned and ran after Kathy and Hailey.

When the nurse was around the corner, Noah jogged over to Jimmy's door with Samantha and Paget right behind him.

"We're breaking the rules!" Paget watched her brother with wide, awestruck eyes. "I can't believe we're breaking the hospital's rules."

"We have to see if Mrs. Palmer is right about today." Samantha didn't worry too much about rule-breaking anymore. But she remembered when she'd been more like Paget. It hadn't been that long ago.

"It'll be fine, Paget." Noah opened the door and they quickly entered the dark room. He closed it behind them. It took his eyes a few seconds to adjust to the dim light. The curtain was open, so it wasn't too dark. Jimmy's mother was on the bed, cuddled up next to him. She was naked, with one arm and one leg draped over her son. He could hear the slow, even breathing of sleep. With her legs spread as they were, her pussy was on

display to anyone who came into the room. Noah could see cum leaking out of it and onto the bed below.

“Well, that explains it.” Samantha shook her head.

“Oh … gosh … oh gosh … you said they were doing it too … but I didn’t … oh gosh … why didn’t she cover herself? It’s so brazen! Oh … gosh …” Paget continued mumbling to herself in shock.

“Is that Jimmy’s cum? I mean …” Noah looked around the room. There was no one else there. “… can we be sure?”

“We can wake them up and ask.” Samantha shrugged.

A security alert sounded on the hospital’s PA system.

“Mrs. Ronning is going to die of embarrassment if she knows we saw her like this.” Noah realized he was staring at her curves. She had an alluring figure. He looked away, for her sake.

“They know what room we wanted to go to. Better we wake her up or a security team will.” Samantha flipped on the lights.

“Good point.” Noah stepped over to the bed and shook Peggy. “Time to wake up, Mrs. Ronning.” He shook her shoulder.

“What?” Peggy lifted her head, looked around, and shrieked.

“Ohhhhh … gosh … oh gosh … her son’s sperm … oh gosh …” Paget continued muttering.

“Quiet your sister,” Samantha said. “I’ll handle this.”

Noah walked over and hugged Paget, turning her eyes away from the bed. “This stuff happens in Clover Falls. It’s okay. Shhhhhhhhh.” She quieted in his arms, but he soon regretted hugging her so tightly. With her boobs pressing into him, he couldn’t stop his dick from rising. *I’m screwed if we need to run away.*

Paget felt her brother’s boner against her tummy and went very still. She had never been more confused.

“Oh, no. I’m naked.” Peggy pulled the sheet over herself. “This isn’t what it looks like.” Her face was bright crimson.

“It’s okay, Mrs. Ronning. You need to get dressed now. Before the nurse comes in.” Samantha watched the woman practically leap from the bed and dress herself in a hurry. She admired Peggy’s can-do attitude. “Is Jimmy awake?” She watched Peggy’s ass shake as she wiggled into her panties.

“Yes … yes … he’s awake and feeling much better. All he needed was his mother’s love.” Peggy didn’t look at them.

“Ooohhhhhhhhhh.” Samantha understood. Peggy had returned him to health the Clover Falls way.

“‘Ooohhhhhhhhhh’ what?” Noah looked over his sister’s shoulder at his girlfriend.

“I’ll tell you later.” Samantha gently shook Jimmy’s knee. “Wake up, Jimmy.” He looked just the way he had when they’d left him. His eyes were closed and his head was bandaged. But now the hospital room smelled like sex.

Jimmy’s eyes opened, and he stared at Samantha. For a moment, the only sound in the room was Peggy’s dress rustling as she pulled it on. Recognition sparked in Jimmy’s brain. “Oh … shit.”

“Language, Jimmy,” Peggy said automatically.

“I knew there was a reason I shouldn’t have done it.” He looked over at his mother, staring at her belly. His sperm was inside her at that very moment. “Enki … the riddle …” His mind was much clearer. He tried to sit up, but he fell back down on the pillow, dizzy.

“Don’t get up, Jimmy.” Peggy, dressed now, moved to the side of his bed and stroked his cheek. “You need to rest now.”

“The riddle … Sam … Sam is still in the painting! We have to …” Jimmy blinked. He was talking to Samantha. “You’re out of the painting!” He tried sitting up again, but Peggy tenderly pressed his head back to the pillow.

“It’s a long story.” Samantha sighed. “Your mom’s right. You need to rest. We’ll come by tomorrow to fill you in on everything. We’re all okay. Everything’s going to be fine.”

“Yeah?” Jimmy’s smile was weak and fleeting. He was very tired. He held out his fist, and Samantha bumped it.

“Don’t say anything to the hospital staff about us visiting, Mrs. Ronning.” Samantha walked over to the door and turned back to make eye contact with Peggy. “And we won’t say anything about what we saw.”

“It was nothing. I … um … we … um … didn’t do anything.” Peggy’s face was still quite red.

“Exactly.” Samantha nodded, opened the door, and led Noah and Paget out.

“So, that answers that.” Noah held his sister’s clammy hand, pulling her down the hall after Samantha.

“What answers what?” Paget was so far out of her element she might as well have been on the bottom of the ocean.

“We’ll explain it on the car ride home.” He gave her hand a squeeze. “Kathy and Hailey?”

Samantha rushed past the elevator and headed for the stairs. Her phone vibrated, and she pulled it out of her bra. She read the text on the move. “Looks like Kathy is going to drop Hailey off at your place and then go home.”

“She doesn’t have a car.” Noah tried to picture Hailey walking all the way back home. He didn’t think that would go well.

“I’m guessing she’s going to carry Hailey.” Samantha looked over her shoulder as she descended the stairs, a wide grin on her face.

“Right.” Noah smiled back. “Hailey isn’t going to shut up about Kathy, is she?”

“She is not,” Samantha agreed.

“Carry?” Paget tried to picture her sister in Kathy’s long arms. “I don’t …”

“We’ll explain on the car ride home.” Noah turned his smile toward Paget, but her forehead remained furrowed in confusion.

They left the hospital without incident, and Paget learned more secrets as she drove the eighteen-year-olds home. By the time they pulled into the driveway, the armpits of her dress were soaked with embarrassing sweat, and she was sure her vagina had gushed right through her panties and dress. She prayed for sanity, because at that moment she suspected she might throw away her engagement to a wonderful man to move back home and be with her teenage brother. Madness.

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“I’m sure your mom is okay. We’ll find her and destroy whatever painting took her.” Noah lay in his tilted bed. It was still broken and slanted toward his feet.

“And Eddie? He’s an asshole, but he’s still my brother.” Samantha pulled on her pajamas, a frown on her face. “And my dad’s missing, too.”

“I’m sure they’re fine.” Noah returned the frown. He wasn’t sure how to make her feel better. “My mom said you could sleep in bed with me.” He lifted the covers.

“Oh, she did? How progressive of her. After I held her ass cheek while you plowed her butthole, I wasn’t sure she’d let us sleep in the same bed.” Samantha crossed her arms. “Why is my family suffering crisis after crisis while all the Readers are snug under one

roof? I don't even know if my family is alive. I …" Tears welled in her eyes. "I … have to brush my teeth." Samantha left the room quickly. Ten minutes later, she returned to find Noah still in bed, looking miserable. "I'm sorry," she said. "It's not your fault."

"No, I'm sorry. I need to see things from your perspective better, Sam. This has been hellish for you." Noah nodded his head earnestly. "I'll do whatever I can to make things right. We'll destroy every painting. There'll be nothing left to mess with your family." He lifted up the blanket again. "In the meantime, we do need some sleep."

"Hmmmmm." Samantha looked at him and rubbed her chin. "I'm not sleeping at that angle." She moved to the head of the bed, lifted it up with Noah still in it, broke the remaining legs off, and set it back down. The mattress no longer tilted. "That's better." She turned out the lights and slid under the covers next to her boyfriend. "Turn over, I'm going to spoon you."

Noah did as she asked, wriggling into her warmth. Her arm snaked over his ribs and held his chest. He let out a long breath, his muscles relaxing. "Tomorrow's going to be crazy, isn't it?"

"Yeah." Samantha's hand trailed down his belly and found that his penis was erect. She hefted his dick through his pajamas. "Are you always hard?"

"Pretty much. Even before this all started, it was like that. I'm a teenager." He shrugged.

"Want me to take care of it?" She slipped her hand inside his underwear and gently played with his flared head, slipping her fingers under his foreskin.

"We can just go to sleep." Noah yawned for emphasis. It was contagious. He heard Samantha yawn, too. That didn't stop her from stroking him slowly.

"Well, I'll just play with it as I fall asleep, if you don't mind." She nuzzled into his hair, smelling his floral shampoo. He made no objections, so Samantha continued the reach-around handjob.

The door squeaked open and closed. Noah was facing the wall and felt too good to move. "Who's there?"

"I didn't want to sleep all alone after that crazy day." Hailey walked across the room, wearing only panties. "Can I crash here tonight?" Without waiting for an answer, she lifted the covers and slipped into bed behind Samantha.

"Um …" Samantha paused the handjob. "Noah?"

"I'm okay with it, if you're okay." Noah scooted closer to the wall to give his sister some room.

“I guess.” Samantha found that she liked being sandwiched between the siblings. It was cozy.

Hailey ran her fingers along Samantha’s thin arm, stopping at Noah’s cock. “What are you doing, Sam?”

“We were just messing around before we fell asleep.” Samantha tried not to sound defensive. He was her boyfriend after all.

“Oh … cool.” Hailey had to lift herself up a little to reach around both of them. She slid her hand further down his shaft and pumped. “I’ll help.”

“Um … okay.” Samantha tentatively started playing with the head of his cock, while Hailey pumped the shaft. *When in Rome.*

Noah couldn’t believe his luck. He was in heaven. His hips twitched as they worked him. He basked in pleasure for a while. The only noises in the room were his grunting, and Hailey occasionally spitting into her hand before returning it to his cock.

The door squeaked open and closed.

Hailey looked over her shoulder at the intruder. “Go away, we’re busy.”

“I … um …” Paget stood across the room, wearing flannel pajamas and biting her nails.

Noah turned to look. “Ignore Hailey. What’s … up … Paget?”

In the streetlight falling through his window, Paget could see lots of movement under the blanket. She could tell they were both pleasuring her brother. “I … um … well … my fiancé … Clive … you all know Clive.”

Hailey snorted. “We all know Clive. Go back to him.”

“Don’t be rude.” Samantha gently elbowed Hailey in the ribs.

“Go on … Paget.” Noah was very happy that the handjob continued even with the intrusion.

“Well … as I was saying … Clive is asleep.” Paget stood silent. She couldn’t get the next words out.

“Paget … are you still there?” Noah craned his neck. Yes, his sister stood on the other side of the room.

“I … um … didn’t know Hailey would be here.” Paget chewed on her lip. “Can I sleep with you, too? Please? I’ll go back to my room later, before Clive wakes up.”

“There’s no room left,” Hailey said.

Samantha elbowed Hailey again. A little harder this time. “We can find room, Paget.” Having so many Readers around her felt immensely comforting.

“Thank you.” Paget stepped over to the bed, looked down, and thought about how best to fit. She climbed over all three of them and nestled herself with her back to the wall and her face inches away from her brother’s. She pulled the covers over herself and smiled. She could feel several hands and a penis bumping into her thigh, hip, and belly as the handjob continued. “Well, this is strange, isn’t it?”

“It’s perfect.” Noah slid his hand under her panties and found her pussy. She was sopping wet. He played with her lips as they stared into each other’s eyes, pupils wide in the gloom.

“I’m so confused.” Paget tentatively reached down and found his balls. She held a full, heavy testicle in her hand.

“We … um … explained everything … to you … earlier.” Noah was getting close. His hips bucked.

“I’m not confused about the facts. I’m confused about how I’m feeling, silly.” Paget kissed him on the lips. “Ooohhhhhhhhhh … I like that.” Her brother rubbed her clit in little circles. She kissed him again, experimenting with her tongue. “Mmmmmmmmmm.” She was going to climax. How had that happened so soon? “Mmmmpppphhhhhh.” She kissed him with more urgency.

“Uuuugghhhhhh.” Noah was almost ready.

“Go on, Noah. Cum all over your sister,” Samantha whispered in his ear. “Cum and let’s go to sleep.” She listened to Paget and Noah groan through their locked lips. Then, his hot spunk sprayed between her fingers, dousing his pajamas, Paget’s pajamas, and the bed.

Paget broke the kiss. “Ooohhhhhhhhhhh.” She could feel his ball contracting with each sticky blast. That sent her over the edge. Her whole body shook, her eyelids fluttered. Her mind drifted in the loveliest way. When her orgasm ended, she pressed her forehead against her brother’s. “Thank you.” She let go of his testicle, and pulled his hand out of her panties. “That was just what I needed.”

“Me too.” Noah squeezed Samantha’s cum-covered hand. She squeezed back reassuringly. He smiled.

“Me three,” Samantha said.

“Meh,” Hailey said.

They all laughed. When their giggles finally turned back into silence, they all drifted off to sleep together in Noah’s broken bed.

Chapter 37

I Will Answer Your Query

“She said she’d meet you at ten?” Kathy leaned against a lightpost, tapping her foot on the ground.

“Yeah.” Noah had his arm around Samantha’s waist. He watched his girlfriend pull out her phone. He couldn’t see the screen in the morning glare. “Anything from your family?”

“Nothing.” Samantha shook her head. “And nothing from Ella.” She raised an eyebrow at Kathy. “It’s only 9:58.”

“She could have been early.” Kathy shrugged.

“I could not have been early.” Eloise stepped up to them out of nowhere. She wore a bustled dress, and her hair was pinned up with a tiny hat on top. “I was fully engaged all night and much of the morning. Quite a charming town you have.” She looked at the three eighteen-year-olds. “No other Readers cared to join us?”

“They slept in.” Noah breathed in the fresh morning air and smiled. His breath misted in front of him.

“He wore them out.” Kathy smirked.

“I’m surprised you aren’t enervated after the yeoman’s effort you put forth yesterday.” Eloise booped Noah’s nose with the tip of an icy finger. “Shall we go in?” She turned, opened the door to The Belle Dame, and ushered the teenagers inside. She followed them under the ringing bell. Her pink lips puckered in a sour expression when her eyes fell on the two men waiting for them.

“Two of yours, Mr. Luci.” Mr. El-Kanna pointed at Eloise and Noah, smiled pleasantly, and sipped tea. He sat with Mr. Luci at a table near the back of the store. The walls around them were bare. There was no merchandise left in The Belle Dame. Mr. El-Kanna pointed at Kathy and Samantha. “And two of mine. All things balanced between us, as they ever were.”

Eloise marched up to the table, her gloved hands balled into neat little fists by her sides. She glared balefully at Mr. El-Kanna and then turned a woeful stare at Mr. Luci. “I want my freedom.”

“You’ve earned it, my dear.” Mr. Luci chuckled and adjusted his spectacles. He held his mug in front of his face, the steam obscuring his features.

“I want to be severed from the painting. Thomas and I are not pawns in a game.” Eloise’s brow furrowed with anger.

Mr. El-Kanna sighed. “And I could wish I wasn’t El-Kanna. But we are what we are, Mrs. Palmer.” He gave her an avuncular smile and dismissed her with a glance. He turned his attention to the teenagers. “What do you want?”

Eloise tried to speak again, but found she couldn’t open her lips. “Mmmmmpppppphhhhh,” she said. She intended to step closer to Mr. El-Kanna but couldn’t move her legs.

“We … um …” Noah watched Eloise stand perfectly still and murmur through closed lips. He could see panic in her eyes. He licked his lips. “We want answers.”

“Oh, I’m sure the perspicacious Readers have figured it out already.” Mr. Luci cocked his head. “Or has all your recent fornicating dulled your intellect? Your mother and sisters do seem insatiable.”

Noah’s face turned beet red.

Samantha stepped forward. “My family is suffering. You owe me explanations.”

“We owe you nothing.” Mr. El-Kanna’s face darkened. He looked across the table at Mr. Luci. “They are always so demanding. How do you put up with it?”

“I grant you, humans are an entitled bunch.” Mr. Luci held up his mug in a gesture of a toast. “But I love them all the same. They are more than their parts. It’s the emergent quality that –”

“I made them. I know what they are.” Mr. El-Kanna’s temper continued to deteriorate. Little storm clouds circled his white hair, raining and tossing out tiny bolts of lightning.

“You did not make them.” Mr. Luci rolled his eyes in exasperation. He glanced back at the teenagers. “He is sooooo boastful.”

“Are you giving us answers or not?” Kathy moved closer to the table, her posture full of menace.

The force of Mr. Luci’s laughter blew away Mr. El-Kanna’s storm clouds. And suddenly, El-Kanna’s smile returned. He joined in the laughter.

“Please? We need to know what we’re up against. I have to save my family.” Samantha wiped away tears of frustration.

“Since you said ‘please,’ I will answer your query.” Mr. Luci nodded his head modestly. “The two of us, me and Him, have a bit of a rivalry going.” He hitched a thumb at Mr. El-Kanna. “One day, it got heated between us. He said, ‘Mr. Luci, you love only death.’” He

made a perfect imitation of Mr. El-Kanna. “But of course, everyone knows that He is the wrathful, murderous one. I love life and all of its questions.”

“I am not wrathful or murderous.” El-Kanna chuckled with an affable smile, his dark mood seemingly past him.

“Have you even read your own book?” Mr. Luci raised his eyebrows at Mr. El-Kanna, but turned his attention back to the teenagers. “A competition was born to see who could create the most life. We created paintings to breathe something new into this sleepy town. The subjects of our artworks were borrowed from our respective creations.” He winked at Eloise. “You knew you were a shade of the original Mrs. Palmer, I hope.” When her lips remained sealed, he continued. “The game was set. Early in the game, our subjects were tied to their canvases to avoid chaos. But we allowed the bond to weaken as each subject created more life. That way they wouldn’t be trapped in conquered lands, as it were, and the game could progress.”

“We had plenty of rules.” Mr. El-Kanna’s voice was slow and plain, as if the conversation bored him. “Rules about entering the paintings. Rules about the windows in each.”

“One of us loves rules and kept coming up with more of them.” Mr. Luci sipped his tea.

“Like destroying the paintings,” Noah said.

“Indeed.” Mr. Luci adjusted his bow tie and grinned.

Silence filled The Belle Dame as the teenagers processed what they’d learned. The only sound was Eloise’s indecipherable words, muffled by her own lips.

“Who won?” Kathy looked genuinely curious.

“Ah, see, Mr. El-Kanna, humans never cease to surprise. I did not expect that question.” Mr. Luci put down his mug and gave Kathy a polite clap. “Bravo for that question. We set the end of the game for Christmas.”

“The game is over?” Noah pulled Samantha tightly to his side, their hips pressing together. He didn’t like any of this.

“Quite so.” Mr. El-Kanna nodded. “And I won.”

“If you’ll remember, we decided it was a draw.” Mr. Luci shook a finger at his partner. “One of the problems we ran into was a severe lack of impartial judges. What is a game without a referee?”

“So … why is all this still happening?” Samantha pointed at Eloise and then waved her hands at the town that surrounded them. “It’s a tie. So, it’s over. End it.”

“Newton’s first law, Ms. Owens,” Mr. Luci said.

“Demanding. They are always so demanding.” Mr. El-Kanna knocked over his tea mug with a swipe of his hand. “She doesn’t celebrate me, and then she orders me about like a maid.” His avuncular air faded again and the storm clouds returned, swirling about his head. He stood, his face reddening in anger. “I should smite you, Ms. Owens.” He raised a fist in the air and paused. His eyes were full of malevolence.

“Peace … peace … Mr. El-Kanna.” Mr. Luci stood with his hands spread in appeal.

“I don’t care if you do. You’ve destroyed my family. You don’t seem to give a … give a …” *Is it wise to curse a deity?* “You don’t give a *fuck* what happens to good people.”

“Your brother is not a good person!” Mr. El-Kanna boomed. The store reverberated with his voice.

Noah pulled on Samantha’s shoulder, but she brushed him away.

“And my mom and dad?” Samantha yelled back.

“Both riddled with sins. Every person a sinner!” Mr. El-Kanna started to drop his hand, but Mr. Luci leapt across the table and grabbed his fist.

Kathy tried to lunge to her friend’s defense, but her feet were stuck to the floor. She screamed in rage, but it came out muffled. Her lips were sealed.

Noah stared at the spectacle with a pale face.

“While in The Belle Dame, you are bound by the rules we agreed upon. I should not have to remind you … *again*.” Mr. Luci looked sternly at Mr. El-Kanna.

“Fine … fine …” Mr. El-Kanna turned and strode toward the back of the store. He opened a door and disappeared, slamming it behind him.

Samantha stood shaking with rage. When she felt Noah’s hand on her shoulder again, she didn’t brush him away. “My … family?” She spoke through clenched teeth, staring at Mr. Luci.

“Very well.” Mr. Luci straightened his suit and retrieved his tea mug. “They are part of Paul Botti’s entourage. I believe you know him. You may retrieve them. His hold upon them should fade after a few days of fresh air.”

“Destroy all the paintings. Otherwise, even if we rescue them, it’ll just happen again with some other abomination.” Noah stepped up next to Samantha. He stood tall. “Some orc will come along and …” He didn’t want to finish that thought.

“I cannot. There are rules.” Mr. Luci shrugged. “Objects in motion tend to stay in motion.”

“Unless acted upon by an opposing force. For fuck’s sake, oppose this.” Samantha was very close to losing her temper with a second deity.

“Rules.” Mr. Luci smiled apologetically and sat back in his chair. “Besides, if I ended the paintings, Mrs. Palmer would cease. And so would Ms. Bly’s wild side, which I happen to know she has grown attached to.” He sipped his tea and thought. “You know, there are no rules about sharing our ledger. You would see the names of our customers, their addresses, and which paintings they bought. I have a soft spot for do-it-yourselfers like yourselves. And I’m tickled by the way you stood up to Mr. El-Kanna. Would that suffice?”

“Yes … please,” Samantha said through gritted teeth.

“Very well.” Mr. Luci put down his tea and moved to the desk against the far wall. He pulled out a drawer and rummaged through it.

“Mmmmmpppppphhhhhhh.” Eloise’s noises grew louder.

Noah locked eyes with Eloise. He saw her pain. “How can Mrs. Palmer free herself of the painting and … um … go back to being herself?”

“She is a shadow of the true Mrs. Palmer. That woman is still a good friend of mine, by the way,” Mr. Luci said without looking up from the drawer. “Mr. El-Kanna is right. She is part of the painting. She can no more be the actual Mrs. Palmer than I can be a tree.”

Tears collected in Eloise’s eyes and fell silently down her freckled cheeks.

“So, how can we help her?” Samantha understood that she would need all the strength Eloise had given her for the work that lay ahead.

“Protect her painting.” Mr. Luci found what he was looking for and pulled out an old file folder with letters, invoices, bills of lading, and receipts crammed inside. “Here it is.” He ambled over to Samantha and handed it to her.

“You’re giving me this?” Samantha looked down at the file. It was faded green with stains from age and use.

“Oh, don’t worry. I’ll keep the originals. Mr. El-Kanna would insist on it. That’s a copy I just made for you.” Mr. Luci shooed them with his hands. “Now, on your way.”

Eloise and Kathy marched to the door without meaning to. They quickly exited the store, the bell ringing their departure. Noah and Samantha stood for a moment, looking at each other with doubt.

“Why can’t you end all the paintings but our two?” Noah rubbed the back of his neck. “And don’t say ‘rules.’”

“Mr. El-Kanna’s rules.” He smiled and leaned close to them. “Between you and me, Mr. El-Kanna is a bit sadistic.” Mr. Luci raised his eyebrows. “Yes, I get the irony, but it’s true. This may have been a draw, but he will continue to watch Clover Falls as it’s tossed by throes of agony and ecstasy.” He shooed them again. “Now, out you go. Best of luck reuniting the Owens family. Be careful with Mr. Botti; he is sanctimonious. And we all know the pietistic are the most dangerous. Now off with you.”

Noah and Samantha found themselves gliding out of the store. Before they knew it, they were on the sidewalk. Eloise was gone, but Kathy stood there with a scowl on her face.

“Well, I guess we have work to do.” Samantha held the file folder tightly to her chest.

“Yeah, let’s visit Paul.” Noah gave Samantha’s shoulder a squeeze and the three friends walked down the sidewalk toward the Botti house.

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“Something’s wrong.” Paul pulled out of Mara, watching her face twitch and convulse. He stood and gazed down at her trembling body. His seed gushed out of her vagina. He really was a never-ending fountain of cum. He had now mated every woman in the church, but he still produced what felt like a gallon of semen with each climax.

“Nothing’s wrong, dear.” Shannon sat in the first pew, a short distance from her eighteen-year-old son: *the Messiah*. “All women respond with that sort of apoplexy when you till their fields under. Mrs. Rizzuto looks and sounds very much like all the rest. Even I do something similar.” Admitting that she lost herself in coital bliss in front of a full church wasn’t the embarrassment it would have been not long ago. She smiled, picked up a towel, and stood. She walked over to him, aware that he watched her naked boobs dance with each of her steps. She stopped in front of him and toweled off his sweaty, lithe body.

“No … something else is wrong.” Paul clutched at the necklace made of wedding rings. He now had over twenty looped on a string. Some of the women had been hiding their symbols of fidelity to their old lives. But as they felt the ecstasy of joining with Him, they were learning that their only fidelity was to Paul. “Mother Mary hasn’t come to the church. Wasn’t she supposed to meet us here?” He stretched his upper body and listened to the sounds in the nave. Mara was still making odd, snorting ululations. She wasn’t so loud as she’d been when she first felt his warmth inside her. Other women were grunting as they masturbated in the pews. But the majority snored or breathed heavily as they slept on the floor or in the pews.

“She was supposed to meet us here. I think?” Shannon thought back. “Actually, I’m not sure. Maybe she’s waiting for us at home?”

“We need to go home.” Paul yawned. “How late is it?”

Shannon checked the wristwatch. It was the only thing she wore beside the cross around her neck. “It’s almost noon.” She rubbed her chin in thought, surveying the room full of dazed and sleeping women. “Our work is done for now. We can go home.”

“And the congregation?” Paul let her finish toweling him off. When she offered him his vestments, he slipped into them. His penis disappeared behind the fabric, finally finding its own slumber. He watched Ella help her mother to her feet and guide her to an open pew. Mara leaked a trail of cum on the floor. No … Paul did a double take. Both mother and daughter were leaking. He smiled.

“How long do you think they’ll feel the bond? Mary said it was your scent. But it’s also your stuff in their wombs … I think.” Shannon couldn’t find her own clothes, so she picked up a bloody, tattered dress from the floor that seemed about the right size and pulled it on. “Will their loyalty stray if we send them home?”

“Mother Mary didn’t seem worried about that, Mom. At least not for a day or two. They’ll probably bond with me the more time we spend together.” He shrugged.

“You there, attendant.” Shannon pointed to Eddie huddled in the far corner. “Bring a car around, we’re leaving.”

Eddie stood immediately. He looked desperate to comply. “Which one is your car?”

“It doesn’t matter. Find keys, find a car, and bring it to the front of the church.” Shannon sighed. When Eddie left, she turned to Paul. “We shouldn’t risk it. We should have everyone come to the house soon.”

“I need everyone’s attention.” Paul’s confident voice echoed in the nave. “You will all come to my house this afternoon. Bring your attendants. Let’s call it a founding party.”

Debra raised her hand. “I don’t know where you live.”

“Ask one of the ladies and they will tell you.” Paul smiled with magnanimity. “Any other questions?”

Zoe Haberle raised her hand. “What if we know someone who might want to join the congregation?” She saw people staring at her and her cheeks reddened. “I have a friend.” She looked at Paul and became even more unsure of herself. “She’s pretty. Really pretty. And I’ve been trying to get her to join the church for years. I think she might … um … be willing once she meets you.”

Paul looked to his mother for guidance.

“This is why we need Mother Mary. I don’t know if now is the right time.” Shannon shook her head.

“Now is not the right time,” Paul said. “We are establishing a new congregation. The church leaders will let you all know when you can bring new people. Only current members of the congregation and attendants at the founding party.” He hoped that was wise. He supposed he’d run it by Mary when they saw her.

Eddie came back in the front door and held it open. “Your ride’s ready … um …” He looked to Paul. “… sir …” His eyes turned to Shannon. “… Ma’am.”

“That will do.” Shannon dismissed him with a wave of her hand. She leaned over to Paul and whispered in his ear. “Tell them they can stay here for now, but they must return to their homes and get presentable for the party.”

Paul repeated his mother’s words to the crowd. He put his arm around her waist and squeezed. Together they walked out of the church.

Joanna stood and clapped her hands. “You heard the Messiah. Time to go home, rest, and get presentable.”

“That wasn’t what we said,” Paul whispered to his mother.

“Close enough.” His mother got in the driver’s seat of the minivan idling right outside. It wasn’t their car, but that didn’t matter. It occurred to her that the church should own all that the congregation owned. That seemed fair in the eyes of God. She would have to ask Mary about that. When her son climbed in, she sped toward home.

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I know you’re with Paul Botti. We just left Paul’s house and there was no one there. Where are you? Are Mom and Dad with you? Are you all okay? Samantha sent the text to her brother and prayed he would answer.

“I just got off the phone with Antonio … Mr. Rizzuto, and he hasn’t seen Mara or Ella. I told him to call the police.” Jessica wrung her hands, worried for her friend. “Any news from your family, Samantha?”

“None, Mrs. Reader.” Samantha shook her head.

Noah rubbed his forehead, trying to come up with a plan. “They could be anywhere.”

Kathy was sitting on the sofa with Hailey on her lap. They both wore pensive frowns.

Paget walked into the Reader living room loaded down with shopping bags. “Hello, everyone. Clive and I have been shopping.” She turned to her fiancé as he followed her into the room, carrying more bags. “You can put those down right there, honey.” She smiled at him and put her own bags down. “Now, I need you to get that other thing we talked about.”

“We just got home. I have to go now?” Clive dropped his bags and frowned.

“Remember what I said, dear?” Paget smiled sweetly.

“Yes … yes … okay.” Clive waved hello and goodbye to everyone. “See you all later.” He turned and left the house.

“So, who would like to see what we got?” Paget looked around the room with excitement.

“Normally, I’d love to, Paget, but we’ve got a bit of a crisis here.” Jessica put her red hair back in a ponytail. It helped her feel like she was handling things.

“Did you even listen to what we told you yesterday?” Noah grimaced at his sister.

“Yes, I did, little brother.” Paget put her hands on her hips and gave Noah a stern look. “I listened very, very closely. Which is why I went shopping.” Her hair was already in a ponytail, and she wore jeans and a practical sweater. *Why haven’t they noticed that I’m all business?* She bent over and pulled a respirator mask out of one of the bags. “After what happened at Sam’s house, I figured we’d all need to have these on any … missions.”

“Missions?” Jessica sat next to Kathy, still rubbing her hands together in worry.

“That’s … a really good idea, Paget.” Noah couldn’t rely on panic attacks to save him every time there was an assault. He remembered catching a whiff of Paul’s room when they were spying from the backyard. Fear had overcome him. He’d needed Kathy to carry him away.

“I got enough for everyone.” Paget tossed the mask to her brother and smiled. She reached into another bag. “I got lots of box cutters. I figured that was the safest way to kill a painting. We don’t want to hurt anyone, since it’s the paintings making people do these things.” She glanced at the diagonal scratch across Kathy’s face.

“That’s very thoughtful.” Samantha nodded and smiled, her confidence rising. *We will find my family, and we will rescue them.* “What else did you get?”

“Well, we got flashlights and rope and some wooden discs.” She held one up. “I think they’re for wheels, but if we add some straps, we can make them into shields. You know, to protect ourselves while we’re destroying the paintings.” Paget’s smiled widened, seeing the nods of approval throughout the room.

“Great work, Paget.” There was sarcasm in Hailey’s voice. “What did Clive think of your purchases?”

“Oh, you know Clive. Always eager to help.” Paget giggled. “I told him we like to prep for unexpected emergencies on Boxing Day.”

“Maybe you should just tell him the truth,” Samantha said. “He seems strong. He might come in handy.”

Paget’s jaw dropped. She stared at Samantha.

“I mean … tell him about the other paintings. Not about you and …” Samantha looked at Noah for help.

“Whatever you feel comfortable with, Paget.” Noah forced a smile.

“I don’t feel comfortable with any of this.” Paget crossed her arms. “Noah, can I have a word with you? I mean, unless we’re about to … *go on a mission.”* She whispered the last four words.

Noah couldn’t help but smile at her use of the word “mission.” He nodded. “We can have a word. We’re waiting to find out where Paul’s hiding.” He kissed Samantha on the cheek, stood, and walked into the kitchen. Paget followed him.

“I meant a more *private* word,” Paget whispered.

“Sure.” Noah stepped into the laundry room and closed the door after them. “That was really thoughtful that you bought that stuff, I don’t know … mmmmmmmpppppphhhhhh.” She pressed her lips to his the moment they were facing each other. He felt her tongue dart into his mouth. Her hands ran along his back, moved lower, and cupped his ass. She squeezed him tightly, pressing her hips into his. It took him a few shocked moments to realize his sister was making out with him. He then kissed her back, and cupped her larger butt with his hands, the mirror image of what she was doing.

After several hot and heavy moments making out, Paget broke the kiss. “I’m sorry … I just had to know … if you still … wanted me,” she panted.

“You … could have … asked.” Noah smiled.

“Why … are you … so … cute?” Paget let go of his butt and stepped back. She started wiggling out of her jeans. “I know … it’s a strange request … but can you put your finger … um … where it was last time? I tried doing it … myself … but it wasn’t the same.” She put her jeans on top of the washing machine, and pulled down her panties. She could feel how soaked they were. “And I asked Clive. But he … said it was dirty.”

“You don’t care if it’s dirty.” Noah’s smile widened. They couldn’t stay away from the group for very long, but he was sure they wouldn’t be missed for at least another ten minutes. “Because …”

“Because I’m a dirty girl, Noah.” Only wearing her sweater and winter-themed socks, Paget turned her back to him, spread her legs, and put her hands on the dryer. She arched her back and looked over her shoulder. “I need to feel it again. I need to be close to you … to have you inside me.”

“You want my finger, not my dick?” Noah moved behind her and caressed the curves of her pale, lightly freckled ass.

“Your finger … in my butt … I’m not sure about the other thing.” She furrowed her brow. “I’m not sure how I feel about any of this. But I think … this will help me sort it out.”

“By having my finger up your ass?” Noah gave her ass a light pat, watching it shake. When she nodded in answer to his question, he dropped to his knees, turned around, and slid between her legs. The pungent, tangy scent of her excitement was unmistakable. He could see her lips glistening. He slid a finger into her pussy, running his fingertip along the ridges inside.

“Ooooooohhhhhhhhh … what are you doing?” Paget’s hips swayed. “I meant … the other hole.”

“You don’t want it going in dry, Paget.” Noah pulled his finger out of her. He ran it between her lips, collecting more wetness, and placed it on her butthole. He massaged her tight opening with little circles, gradually working it in.

Paget’s breath caught in her throat. *It’s happening! He’s doing it!* Her mind soared. It felt every bit as strange and wonderful as she’d remembered. “Ooooooooohhhhhhhhhh.” She sucked in air as his mouth found her vagina. She wasn’t expecting him to do that. “That’s good … Noah … ooooohhhhhhhhh … you’re so … good to me.” Her hips jerked when his tongue found her clitoris.

“Mmmmmmmmmm.” He lapped at her clit, his index finger buried deep in her butt. His other hand took hold of her ass cheek to keep her hips from moving too much. It wasn’t easy licking a moving target. He flexed his finger inside her, teasing and massaging her tight tunnel. He wondered what it would feel like after they had anal sex. He’d have to stick a finger up his mom’s butt for comparison. “Mmmmmmmmmmmmmm.” He could feel her trembling. She was already going to cum.

“Ohhhhhhhhh … gosh … Noah … why are you … so good … at that?” Paget felt her consciousness shrinking and shrinking down to a single point of ecstasy. “Uuuuuggghhhhh … Noah … ugh … ugh … gonna … I’m … gonna …

uuuuuuuuggggggghhhhhhhh." Her knuckles turned white on the dryer, and she moaned without a care about who might hear her. When she came down on the other side of her climax, her mind was fogged, but her doubt had cleared. She reached down and ran her fingers through her brother's hair as he finished lapping at her pussy.

Noah pulled his finger from her ass and crawled out from between her legs. He stood and grinned at her dazed expression. "I like my dirty sister." He smacked her butt in a friendly way and turned to the sink, washing his hands.

"You really do … don't you?" Paget gave him a blissful smile. Her whole body vibrated with post-orgasmic aftershocks.

"Get dressed. We don't want to be gone too long." He turned off the faucet and dried his hands on a towel.

"Yes … of course." With shaky hands, Paget pulled on her panties and jeans. She wasn't afraid of their missions anymore. She knew deep down that with Noah by her side, anything was possible.

Chapter 38

I Guess Bad Things Happen to the Readers Too

"I … I … don't understand." Paul stared at the empty space on the wall. His bedroom seemed barren without his prized possession. His hands absentmindedly tugged at the vestments he wore. "Did someone break it the way Mary broke Eddie's painting?"

"That would explain why Mary never returned to church." Shannon stood naked next to her son, staring at the same wall. They had been planning on fooling around a little before taking a shower. The smell of all those women on Paul drove her wild. But the mood was gone. "Someone … killed Mother Mary." A tear ran down Shannon's cheek.

Paul's face reddened with anger. "Who … who would do this?" His dick seemed to writhe in its own fit of rage, peeking out the front of his vestments. "We were … just forming our congregation. It's ruined. Somebody ruined all of it."

"Mary is a tremendous loss for all of us." Shannon hung her head. She allowed a moment of silence. Once it had passed, she raised her head, stuck out her chin in defiance, and met her son's gaze. "Nothing is ruined. We can carry on without Mary. You are the Messiah. *You* are the most important piece."

"Yes … yes …" Paul looked from his mother to the wall and back to his mother. She had something of a black eye after all their fights with Eddie's crew. "Do you think Eddie did this?"

"Impossible." Shannon shook her head emphatically. "He's bound to you as an attendant. But …" She turned ideas over in her mind, regarding each with care. "He is an evil, vile boy. He may know who did this."

"We will destroy whoever did this." Paul's voice was unusually low and full of acid.

Her, shy quiet boy had changed. He was eighteen years old now, a man who looked grim and foreboding. She shivered, and her vagina spasmed. Shannon was enthralled by the man he had become … the man she had raised. *"And I will execute great vengeance upon them with furious rebukes; and they shall know that I am the Lord, when I shall lay my vengeance upon them."* She roughly circled her arms around him and kissed him fiercely. Her right leg lifted and circled around his legs, pulling him closer. He returned her kiss with passion. It was so perfect, she could almost hear angels singing.

Paul gripped his mother's delicate shoulders and broke the kiss. "We will send them into the abyss. And from their defeat, a new, glorious church will arise." He caught his mother looking at his necklace. "There will be so many rings, you won't need this anymore." He took hold of the cross around her neck and broke its chain with a sudden

yank. He tossed it to the corner of the room. “You’ll wear their rings around your neck, too. We’ll convert so many.”

“Yes … yes … they will be ours.” Shannon pushed her pelvis into his, angled it up, and let his penis worm its way into her vagina. “Ooohhhhhhhhhhh. The instrument … of their punishment … is my bliss.”

“God’s penis will be their punishment *and* bliss, Mom.” He took hold of her ass and slammed his writhing member all the way inside her. “We will find out … who did this … and they will join us … ugh … ugh. Their fertile … fields … ugh … ugh … and their labor … will benefit … only us.”

“You mean … Him … dear. We do all this … ugh … ugh … for God.” She stared into his smoldering eyes, transfixed. Fire spread from her vagina along all her nerves.

“No … Mom … ugh … ugh … I *am* … God.” He pounded her savagely.

“Ooooohhhhhhhh … aaaaaggggghhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Shannon knew it was true. She was directly linked with the Almighty, in every way possible. She was a mortal woman opening herself to the divine.

Paul gazed at the tears streaming from her eyes. Her eyebrows rose and her mouth formed an O of pleasure and awe. As he watched, delirium swept away the intelligence behind her eyes. “Yes … Mom … weep … weep … before my greatness. Praise me … uuuggghhhhhh … praise me … Mom.” The squelching sound of their mating was the only unholy part of the moment. It sounded like her pussy was a swamp in the middle of a vigorous parade.

“Eeeeiiiiiiiiiii …” Shannon couldn’t focus. “Praise … you?”

“Praise … my … ugh … ugh … magnificence.” He pulled out of her, roughly put her on her hands and knees, on the floor, and squatted behind her. He expected his penis to reenter her vagina, but it used her lubrication to work into her ass.

“Aaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhh … what are you … what are you …?” The pain that seared her mind was mercifully brief. A rush of new pleasure spread through her body. Like the rest of her, her butthole opened for her son. “Yessss … *yessss* …!” She dropped her shoulders to the carpet and reached between her legs. It was novel to have her vagina free during sex. She rubbed her clit as Paul moved his penis all the way inside her butt with several short thrusts. Soon, he was slamming away at her backside just like he did with her front side. Swirling ecstasy knocked her brain all the way back to the Garden of Eden. Her cheek pressed to the carpet. She had one eye open, and it twitched uncontrollably. Her face was a mask of tormented bliss.

“I … said … praise … my … greatness!” Paul slapped his mother’s ass after each word for emphasis.

Shannon forced her brain to work with her mouth and form words. “You are … uuuggghhhhh … Paul … you … eeeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” The hand that wasn’t working her clitoris pulled at the carpet, tearing it up from the subfloor. She found the right words. “*Yours* … ugh … ugh … *O Lord … is the greatness* … uuuggghhhhhhh … *and the power … and the glory … and the victory* … ah … ah … ah … *and the majesty … for all that is …* eeeeeiiiiiiiiii …*in the heavens … and in the earth …* and in my womb … *is yours.* Eeeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii!” An explosion of ecstasy rocked her mind, and no more words were possible. She shook and convulsed, helpless before the power of God’s penis.

“I … am the Lord … ugh … ugh … and I will have … vengeance … aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh!” Paul blasted his seed inside his mother’s ass. The last thought he had before ecstasy annihilated his mind was that even without his painting, nothing would stop him and his new congregation.

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“Mmmmmppphhhhhhhhhh.” Samantha pulled back from the kiss and stared at her boyfriend. “Paget really wanted your finger in her butt again?”

Noah shrugged. “She likes what she likes.”

“Maybe I should try it.” Samantha’s smile was shy and quizzical. They were trying to distract themselves in Noah’s room while they waited to find out where her family was. Warm afternoon sunlight angled through his window, casting a golden glow across his floor.

“I mean, sure.” Noah grinned and wiggled his finger in front of her face. “We can do it now.” He leapt from the bed and grabbed the olive oil that he’d been keeping on his desk for just such an occasion.

Samantha laughed. “I don’t want your finger in my butt, silly.”

“But … you just said …” Noah slowly put the bottle back down, his brow furrowed in confusion.

“I want to try … um …” Samantha mustered the courage to tell him. She sat up straight and made eye contact. “I want to put *my* finger in Paget’s butt.”

“You what?” Noah stood, his mouth agape. “But … she’s my sister.”

“You had sex with her. You said you weren’t jealous when I messed around. It only seems fair.” Samantha frowned.

“She’s my *sister*, Sam. She’s a woman.” Noah cocked his head.

“She’s beautiful … and surprisingly helpful … and I like her.” Samantha folded her arms over her large breasts, her frown deepening.

Noah stared at her for a while. “I just thought that since you like me … um …”

“I do like you. A lot. But I also like … her … a little.” She was beginning to think it was a bad idea bringing this up. “Kathy and your mom did … what they did. That sounded … really hot. And I’m not talking about anything like that. I just want to see Paget’s face when I put my finger … there.”

“Well …” Noah sorted through his thoughts. He felt hot and flustered. *Paget and Sam?* “Sure. Why not … we can –” He was interrupted by Samantha’s phone vibrating on his desk. He picked it up and tossed it to her.

Samantha smile faded when she read the text. “It’s Eddie. He says he’s sorry for everything he did. It wasn’t him. He says he and our mom and dad are together. They’re on the move. He doesn’t know where they’re going, but he thinks they might be able to slip away. He wants to know where we are so he can get somewhere safe. Paul broke our mom’s phone, and our dad lost his.” She looked up at Noah. “Can they come here?”

“Of course.” Noah nodded. “Tell him to come as quickly as they can. And if they can’t get away, tell him to update us when they get where they’re going.” He watched her furiously type on her phone. “With all the stuff Paget got …” He nodded to the shopping bags lined up near his closet. “… we’re ready to go get them.”

“Okay, sent.” Samantha stared at her phone until she got a quick reply. “Eddie gives the thumbs up.”

“Great. Whatever happens, we’ll be ready.” Noah took her hand and they left his room to go tell the others.

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“Wives up front, attendants in the back.” Shannon stood in a long, clean floral-print dress. The pinks and oranges of sunset spread across the sky above her. She was organizing the congregation on her back deck.

“When will we see Paul?” Debra was dressed similarly to most of the ladies, wearing her most revealing dress. Her cleavage was on full display. She looked around at the other women with a frown. Plunging necklines, short hemlines, and expertly applied makeup abounded. Apparently, they all thought to entice Paul with their appearance. Each woman wanted Paul to pick her first.

“He will be here shortly.” Shannon gave the women a reassuring smile. She didn’t bother with the men, who barely looked at her as they lined up several steps behind the women who had been their wives.

“And where is Mary?” Joanna walked up next to Shannon, ready to take her position of authority as the preacher’s wife.

“Paul will deliver that news.” Shannon turned Joanna around and gave her butt a shove. “Line up with the other ladies please.”

“But …” Joanna looked over her shoulder. “Don’t you need help leading the party?”

“The party will be delayed. We have other …” Shannon stopped speaking as her son walked out onto the deck. He wore pleated pants, a V-neck sweater, and a collared shirt. She thought he looked absolutely gorgeous. The crowd hushed when they saw him.

“Wives and attendants. I have much to tell you.” Paul held out his arms to the congregation in invitation. He could see all the women’s eyes were on the slumbering bulge in his pants. “My eyes are up here.” He pointed to his clear, blue eyes and smiled. The crowd turned their collective gaze to his face. “I have terrible tidings. Mother Mary has been martyred.”

A wail rose up among the women. Even some of the attendants looked worried.

“Quiet … quiet.” He held up his hands. “Thanks to the attendant Eddie, we know who did this abomination. They are heathens, and our vengeance will be swift. I invited you to an afternoon party, but instead we must travel again. We are about to expand our church.”

Various questions rose from the women.

Paul held a finger to his lips. “I am God. You need no other.”

Whispers moved through the crowd.

Joanna leaned her red lips next to Holly’s ear. “Did he just say that *he* is God?”

“I think He might be. Just look at Him,” Holly whispered back.

Paul held up a hand for silence. “I am the Lord Himself. And we will convert all who would oppose us and seek to harm us. Our vengeance is also the heathens’ salvation. Now, I turn things over to Mother Shannon. She will fill you in on our plan.”

Shannon stepped forward and laid out the congregation’s marching orders.

Paul took Mara by the elbow and pulled her into the house. The woman was short, dark, and had wonderful curly hair. Her figure was similar to his mother’s. He found this wife to be particularly alluring. “I’d like to relax before we leave. Can you help me?”

“Yes, Paul. Of course.” She nodded. Her heart nearly beat out of her chest, and her panties were already soaked. “What do I need to do?”

“Just a blowjob.” He smiled at the hunger in her eyes. He pulled her into a bathroom. He didn’t want to distract the others, so he thought it best to keep out of sight. “Can you handle a blowjob, Mrs. Rizzuto?”

“Oh, yes. I don’t know if you remember from the church, but I sucked your thing really well before we had sex.” Mara dropped to her knees, her fingers frantically unzipping his pants. “You complimented me on my technique.” She glanced up at her wedding ring among the many others hanging from a string around his neck.

“There were so many women at the church. I must have forgotten.” He laughed. “Show me your skills now. Make it an unforgettable blowjob.”

“Oh … I will … I will …” She released his penis and it writhed out into the open. It wasn’t all the way full yet, she could still see it growing. “You’ll never forget this … mmmmmpppphhhhhhh.” Mara was surprised when the penis darted into her mouth. She stretched her jaw wide and did her very best to make the moment memorable.

~~

Jessica moved efficiently through the kitchen, making dinner for everyone. Kathy was still visiting. And she’d brought her mother. They’d both be staying for dinner. Samantha was there, too, plus all the Readers. It was a full, hungry house. They required lots of food. Jessica felt herself equal to the task. She filled a stockpot with water and put it on to boil. Chopped onions were tearing her eyes when Clive wandered into the kitchen. Jessica looked over at him. “If you’re looking for Paget, she’s upstairs with the teenagers.”

“Actually, I’m not. She asked me to keep Mrs. Bly and Mr. Reader entertained.” He leaned against the doorway, watching Jessica chop. “But I do have a question.”

“Shoot.” Jessica smiled over her shoulder at him.

“Were you expecting more guests?”

“No, why do you ask?” Jessica paused her chopping.

“Well, a bunch of well-dressed people are running across your lawn. Some went into the backyard. But some are …” Clive stopped talking when Jessica raced past him, still holding the knife.

“You’re right. Oh, gosh … you’re right.” Jessica looked out her front window. “So many people.”

Glass broke somewhere in the back of the house.

“Did you hear that, Jess?” Andrew looked up from the sofa where he was sipping wine.

“Yes!” Jessica nodded to her husband and ran to the stairs. “Something’s happening!” she screamed at the top of her lungs to the second floor. “Someone’s here!” She looked at the knife in her hand, with little bits of onion still clinging to it. “The painting! They’re going to destroy the painting!”

“What’s going on, Jess?” Andrew turned around and looked toward the front door when it thumped. It sounded like someone was knocking way too hard.

Jessica ignored her husband. She ran down the hall to her office, stepped inside, and locked the door. She quickly closed the curtains, put down her knife, and pushed her desk to the door. Her monitor and keyboard crashed to the floor, but she kept going until she had something of a barricade. She placed her butt against the desk and collected herself, panting. She could barely see the painting in the gloom. But she didn’t want to turn on the lights. She heard a loud crash from the front of the house. That would be the door giving way.

The painting came into focus as she cautiously walked toward it. “Mrs. Palmer? Eloise? Something bad is happening. We need your help.” She paused when she could see the canvas well enough to note the absence of Eloise and Thomas. Only Frederick Palmer stood in the painting, giving her an evil smile. “Can you help me, Mr. Palmer?”

Frederick slowly shook his head back and forth.

“But … but … if they destroy the painting, you’ll die.” Jessica’s voice squeaked with panic.

Frederick’s unsettling smile didn’t diminish. He slowly nodded.

~~

From the front lawn, Paul watched his congregation work. He stood with his arms folded, his mother pressing herself into his side.

Eddie stood a few paces away, ready to attend to any needs Paul might have.

“This is going well.” Paul smiled. The attack on the Reader house was going exactly how his mom had planned it. Both wives and attendants followed orders perfectly. The only

one having trouble was Mara, who staggered across the lawn like she was drunk. In the future, Paul would avoid sending women into combat right after they accepted his seed. But he had about sixty people in his congregation now. One impaired woman wouldn't make a difference.

"They're inside." Shannon watched the wives stream in the front door. The attendants had all gone around back.

"I can see, Mom." He put his arm around her waist and squeezed. "We're going to convert the whole town, aren't we?"

"With a little careful planning, I don't see why not." Shannon smiled. "You'll have a new wife for every day of the year." She giggled.

"We'll have to build more playgrounds." He could see a scuffle in the living room of the Reader's house. Someone was fighting back. But the violence ended quickly. "In a year, there will be babies everywhere in Clover Falls."

~~

"Masks!" Kathy leapt to the shopping bags. She pulled out masks and tossed them to Samantha, Noah, and his two sisters. She put on her own mask and looked into the bags for something else that might be useful.

"What do you hear?" Noah hurried to put on his mask. He worked hard to breathe evenly. Thankfully, he didn't feel a panic attack coming on.

"Your dad and my mom screamed for a minute. Then they went quiet. Lots of feet downstairs." Kathy picked up a stack of the wooden wheels. "I wish we'd turned these into shields."

"What about Clive? And my mom?" Paget's eyes were wide with fright above her respirator mask.

"I haven't heard anything from your mom since she yelled at us." Kathy tucked five wood discs under one arm, and six under the other. "Nothing from Clive."

"We have to assume they've all been captured … or worse." Noah glanced at Samantha. "I guess bad things happen to the Readers too."

"I didn't want this," Samantha said.

“I know. I just mean … you were right.” He turned his gaze back to Kathy. She seemed to be forming a plan. “What do we do?” Their voices were muffled by the respirators and adrenaline was hitting him hard, so Noah shouted his question.

“We can’t stay here. We need to get downstairs and rescue everyone, but it sounds like there’s a lot of them.” Kathy eyed the door. “What got Anakin all mangled in that stupid movie?”

“He gave up the high ground.” Noah went to his window and looked out. The lawn was clear now.

“We take the top of the stairs and hold them off.” Kathy moved toward the bedroom door. “That’s the high ground.”

“Yes … yes …” Samantha rubbed her temples, thinking. She joined Noah at the window and looked out. “But the stairs will get clogged. Some of us hold them there. Everyone else, go out the window and circle around. We’ll catch them by surprise.”

“Fine.” Kathy opened the door. There wasn’t anybody on the second floor yet. “Who’s with me on the stairs?”

Hailey raised her hand.

“Okay, Paget. You’re with us out the window.” Noah opened the window and climbed out.

Paget joined Samantha and looked down at the ground. “I can’t jump that far. I’ll break a leg or something.”

“I can jump it. I’ll carry you.” Samantha picked up Paget and held her in her arms. Paget was five inches taller than Samantha and weighed significantly more, but Samantha held her easily. Samantha ducked through the window with her cargo. She looked over her shoulder. “Don’t kill anyone, Kath. My family is probably here. Whatever they’re doing, it’s not their fault.”

Kathy nodded and tossed her a box cutter. “Just in case you run into a painting.” She stepped out into the hall. “Good luck, Sam.”

Samantha awkwardly caught the box cutter through the window, still holding Paget. “Good luck, Kath.” Samantha jumped from the ledge and landed on the lawn. Her legs bent to absorb the impact. Noah landed on his feet next to her.

“Wow … I mean …” Paget trembled in the teenager’s arms. “Wow.”

“You can thank me later.” Samantha put Paget on her own two feet and glanced wistfully at her butt. “Front or back?” Samantha said.

“Let’s go to the front.” Noah raced toward the front of the house, his girlfriend and sister right on his heels.

~~

“Eloise … Eloise … save me … please,” Jessica whispered into the gloom. She could hear people ransacking her house on the other side of the locked door. It broke her heart. She prayed that everyone was okay. They hadn’t yet tried to get into her office, but she leaned her weight against the desk just in case. “I’m sorry, Thomas. Come back and save me.” The painting was empty now. Even Frederick had walked out of frame. No one was coming. She shivered. What horrible perversions would her attackers force upon her?

The door rattled. Jessica squeaked. She heard a woman yelling in the hall. Then more women. The door thumped and her desk shook. The sound of cracking wood filled her office. “Eloise!” Jessica screamed. “They’re going to take my family!”

With the next smash, the door splintered, and the desk scooted a couple inches away from the wall. Jessica fell to her knees, but quickly stood and pushed the desk. She wasn’t going to be able to hold them. *When I learned about the strength Eloise gave Noah and Sam, I should have asked for the same thing.* But at the time, it seemed so unfeminine. She hadn’t given it more than a passing thought.

The desk jerked across the floor another few inches. Jessica pushed back, gritting her teeth. The door was open a crack now. She could see several eyes looking in at her. They were full of animalistic frenzy. There would be no talking with these people. “Eeeeiiiiiiiiiiii,” Jessica screamed as she pushed on the desk. It moved another few inches into the room. “Please … please … ughhhhhhhhhh …” The desk moved and the door opened enough for multiple arms to reach through. It looked like some disjointed monster was working its way into the room. She eyed the onion knife on the floor next to her feet. They were going to make her use it. “Please … oh … God … Eloise … help me.”

But no one came.

~~

“What the …” Noah pulled up to a stop on his front lawn right after he rounded his house. Standing some twenty feet away were Paul, Paul’s mother, and Eddie. Paul looked like a general surveying his troops on the battlefield. Eddie was on his hands and knees perpendicular to Paul, with Paul’s foot planted on Eddie’s back. Noah couldn’t

figure out why Eddie was doing it, other than to make Paul look more like Captain Morgan. Paul's mother had an arm wrapped around her son. They were both staring at the house and it took them a moment to notice Noah, Samantha, and Paget.

"What do we do?" Paget moved to take her mask off.

"Keep your mask on. We don't know how this chemical warfare works." Noah put a hand on his sister's shoulder.

"Maybe we can talk him out of this." Samantha stood right next to her boyfriend, their hips touching. "I mean, this is Mr. Pious Pushover Paul Botti we're talking about."

"It's worth a try." Noah held his empty hands up for Paul to see. "Hey, Paul, buddy. It's me, Noah. We're friends at school. What are you doing to my house?"

"I know who are, Noah." The confidence on Paul's face flickered but quickly returned. "I know what you did."

"What did I do?" Noah took a few steps closer.

Eddie looked up at his sister. "I'm sorry, Sam. I really am. But he asked me who I thought destroyed his painting, and it had to be you. So, I told him. I … ooooopppphhhhhh." Eddie collapsed to the grass on his belly when Paul kicked him.

"Stop … stop hurting him!" Samantha screamed through her mask. "Eddie … I know it wasn't your fault. Leave him and help us. You can make up for all of it now."

"I … I … turned Mom into a slut … Sam. She … she … ow." He winced as another kick connected with his ribs. "I deserve this … I … ooophhh."

"We didn't do anything to your painting, Paul." Noah tried to keep his expression friendly. He waved a hand toward his house. "The painting is making you into someone you're not." While that was probably true, he suspected it no longer mattered. He could see Paul wasn't going to retreat.

"You will be a useful attendant, Noah." Paul smiled at Paget. "I mean look, you're already helping me. You brought me two new wives." His eyes dropped to Paget's engagement ring. "And something to start my mom's necklace."

"I don't know what you're talking about." But Noah got the gist of it. He didn't like the way Paul looked at his sister. He leaned his head next to Samantha's. "He's not going to stop."

Samantha shook her head. "He's not."

"Okay. I have a plan." Noah pulled Paget close. Noah didn't want Paul to hear what was about to happen to him. He put his head up against Samantha's and Paget's heads and told them what would happen next.

Chapter 39
We Actually Met God

“I’ve got a better idea. Take this.” Samantha handed Noah the box cutter. “Hold this to his throat. Get him to leave.” She glanced at Paul. Her brother, Eddie, was taking a defensive position in front of his new master. Paul and his mother were whispering together.

“No, Sam. I couldn’t do that. It’s … Paul.” Noah gestured at his recently insane acquaintance from school.

“Okay … I’ll do it.” Samantha frowned at him. The full effect of her dour expression was blocked by her respirator.

“Noah’s right. We can’t do that.” Paget put a hand on Samantha’s shoulder. She glanced at their enemy. Paul’s mother was running across the lawn toward the Reader’s house. “I think she’s going for reinforcements. We better hurry.”

“Noah’s plan it is.” Samantha nodded, tossed away the box cutter and raced to intercept Shannon.

“Only pretend like you’re trying to stop him. When you let him go, run away,” Noah said to his sister. When Paget nodded, he sprinted toward Paul and Eddie.

“He always forgets … who has all the brains … in our family,” Paget whispered to herself as she jogged after her brother. She wasn’t an athlete. She wasn’t going to keep pace, but she wasn’t supposed to.

“No, you don’t … Mrs. Botti … uuugghhhhhhh.” Samantha lowered her shoulder and plowed into Shannon. They tumbled to the turf. She could hear the older woman groaning. She hoped she hadn’t hurt her too badly. In the distance, Samantha heard Paul screaming for his mommy. That brought a smile to her face. She stood, lifted Shannon like a sack of potatoes, and swung the woman over her shoulder.

Noah feinted right and spun left around Eddie. He whooped as he passed his girlfriend’s brother. Adrenaline surged. He straightened his arm and clotheslined Paul as he ran by, felling the other teenager. He skidded to a stop and turned a one-eighty. “I haven’t forgiven you, just so you know.” He punched Eddie in the jaw. It was an awkward swing, and pain flashed in his fist, but it seemed effective enough.

Eddie staggered to one knee. “I don’t have a choice. I have to serve.” He looked up at Noah with wet eyes.

“You were always an asshole, Eddie, and full of excuses.” Noah picked up the semiconscious Paul and flung him over his shoulder.

“Eeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiii!” Paget finally arrived and dove on top of Eddie. They rolled together in the grass, struggling.

“Okay … okay …” Noah watched Samantha run over, Shannon bouncing on her shoulder. “Ready?”

“Ready.” Samantha gave him a thumbs up. “Let’s do this.”

~~

“Rrrrrrrooooooaaaaaaaarrrrrrrrrrr.” Kathy arched her back at the top of the stairs, her voice thundering through the house. Below her, injured bodies were pulled out of the way so that the invaders could try another assault up the stairs. “Hand me another one, sweetie.” Kathy held out her hand.

“Here you go.” Hailey stood with her back to the hallway wall, not far from Kathy but out of the way. She handed Kathy another wooden disc. Paget had bought the heavy wheels to be converted to shields, but Kathy had turned them into projectiles. She watched Kathy hurl another one downstairs and listened to the resulting crash, followed by cries of pain. Hailey couldn’t see downstairs. She didn’t want to. Her childhood home was a war zone, and the thought rattled her mind as surely as Kathy’s roars rattled the walls. She handed another disc to Kathy when the tall woman held her hand out.

“They’re using sofa cushions as shields, Hailey. They think they can take me … with pillows?” Kathy heaved another wheel down the stairs. It caught the foremost cushion right in the middle and sent the men and women behind it tumbling down the stairs. Kathy let out another roar. Her eyes glowed red, and her smile revealed canine daggers. “I’m going to eat you all up. All of you. Awwwooooooooooooo.” The howl was long and piercing.

Hailey had learned to cover her ears when Kathy roared or howled. Her pussy throbbed seeing Kathy in this feral state. She prayed that Kathy would save some for the bedroom once this was all over. She removed her hands from her ears. “Another one?”

“Wait …” Kathy watched and listened. “No … no … they’re running away. Eddie’s calling them from the front door.” She took a step down the stairs. She could hear feet running out of the house. Cautiously, she descended to the first floor. There was no one there. Apparently, she hadn’t hurt anyone badly enough that they couldn’t run away. She

looked back up the stairs and could just see Hailey's eyes peering down at her. "Guard the stairs in case they come back. Don't let anyone up."

"How do I stop them?" Hailey couldn't stop her limbs from shaking.

"Throw a wheel at them." Kathy smiled, shrugged, and prowled toward the kitchen. She needed to find her mother.

~~

"Oh … gosh … oh … gosh … they're getting in." Jessica pushed at the desk. It was a futile effort. "Eloise … please." The door was almost open far enough for a person to slip through. Jessica gave up on pushing the desk and reached for the knife. She brandished it in front of her, retreating to the center of the room. But the desk stopped sliding. When she looked at the crack in the doorway, there was no one there. "Hello?" Jessica took a couple steps toward the door.

"Hello." A woman's voice came from right behind Jessica, practically in her ear.

Jessica whirled, the knife slicing through the air, until a cold, delicate hand caught her wrist.

"That is no way to greet a friend." Eloise smiled and carefully took the knife from Jessica's trembling hand. Eloise glanced at the desk by the door. "What on Earth is going on, dearie?"

"Did you make those people go away?" Jessica nodded toward the door.

"What people?" Eloise furrowed her brow just enough to let Jessica know she was perplexed. "I returned to my painting to find you in the dark, waving a weapon at a wayward desk."

"I've been calling you and calling you." Jessica slumped into Eloise's arms, resting her cheek against the ample bust of her Victorian dress. "You didn't come."

"I can't hear you calling me, Jessica. I'm not wired like a telegraph machine." Eloise patted Jessica's silky copper hair with one hand, she dropped the knife by her side with the other. It stuck point down in the floor. "I was busy overseeing a delightful joining by a robust man of twenty and his scrumptious mother of forty-four. It was their first time, and they were glorious together."

"I'm …" Jessica didn't know what to say. "I'm happy for you."

“Thank you, dearie.” Eloise cupped Jessica’s head and held her tenderly to her breast. “Now tell me. What happened here?”

Jessica told her everything she knew of the assault.

~~

“Ooooooof.” Paget rolled off Eddie, doing her best to sell that he’d successfully fought her off. She popped up onto her feet, did her best to look scared, and backed away from him. She was frightened, so it wasn’t surprising that he seemed to buy it.

“Get away from me, bitch!” Eddie spat the words and slowly pushed himself to his feet. Between Noah’s punch, Noah’s sister’s tackle, and Paul’s kicks, he wasn’t feeling all that well. And to make matters worse, ever since losing his painting, his brain was muddled. Thinking about Paul caused fear to well up inside him. He could sympathize with the terror on Noah’s sister’s face as she turned and ran away. Eddie focused his attention on Paul, awaiting orders.

“Get the others, you vile boy.” Shannon kicked her feet in the air, straining to look over at Eddie from her awkward position on Samantha’s shoulder. “Save us.”

Eddie ran toward the Reader’s house. He yelled for help through the front door. When the entire congregation came flooding out, he ran with them. Noah and Samantha jogged down the street ahead of the pack, with Paul and Shannon slung over their shoulders.

“Stop them!” Joanna screamed.

“Yes … we’re trying …” Antonio panted. They had only run a few blocks, and he was already sweaty and out of breath. His arm throbbed where a wooden wheel had crashed into it. He wouldn’t be surprised if it was broken. His former wife lagged toward the back of the ragged pack along with his daughter, but he didn’t wait for them. He pressed himself onward, willing his body to catch the kidnappers.

“They’re … getting … away …” Lindsey reached a frantic hand out. It was a fruitless gesture. She was near the front, but still far behind Noah and Samantha.

Eddie saw the look of desperate longing on his mother’s face, and it bit like a dagger in his heart. Not long ago, she had looked at him like that. Now, she didn’t even glance at him. He wanted to quit and run home, but to his shame, he could not. He plodded on with the rest of the bleeding, exhausted group. They slogged on, their quarry always just out of their grasp. They were miles from the Reader house when Noah and Samantha pulled ahead and finally disappeared around a corner. The congregation

couldn't find them. The one true God, and Mother Shannon, had been absconded. Mother Mary had been martyred. The thought of it twisted the knife in Eddie's heart further.

At Joanna's direction, the congregation split up and searched Clover Falls. They coordinated with cell phones. All of them prayed that they would find Paul unharmed. At the same time, many prayed they would not. When night fell, Paul's followers returned to their homes, promising to search again in the morning.

~~

"Mom!" Kathy stepped through a broken door into the bathroom. She found Andrew, Clive, and her mother bound and gagged. The men were in the bathtub, and her mother was on the tile floor. She lifted her mother tenderly into the air and carried her out of the bathroom. The men made loud muffled sounds and their eyes bulged. Kathy looked back at them. "I'll come for you when it's safe." *Or eventually, anyway.* She walked into the living room. The sofa was missing its cushions, and it had been tossed on its side. The entire house looked like a tornado had swept through. Books were on the floor, framed pictures were broken on the floor, and the fireplace poker jutted out from the wall. Anywhere she looked, it seemed something was smashed and torn. She cleared space on the carpet with her feet and set her mother down. She removed the gag.

"Ohhhhh … Kathy … it was terrible. I thought they were going to hurt you." Adeline's eyes darted over her daughter's face. She didn't see any new cuts. When Kathy broke the cords that bound her, she threw her arms around Kathy's shoulders. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine." Kathy smiled. "I'm the undisputed Queen of the Stairs. Are you hurt?"

"Not hurt." Adeline softly wept for joy onto her daughter's neck. The pungency of Kathy's sweat filled her nostrils. She kissed her way up to Kathy's jaw, across her cheek, and to her lips.

"Oh … I guess everyone's okay." Hailey blushed, standing in the doorway. She watched mother and daughter make out.

"Oh … gosh." Paget stepped up next to her sister, her cheeks turning even more crimson than Hailey's. "They are close, aren't they?"

"It's odd seeing them together." Eloise joined the two Reader women, watching the Blys. "I marvel at how the small woman could have created a woman so tall."

The comment made Paget and Hailey blush even deeper.

“Where are the men?” Jessica peeked cautiously into the kitchen. The attackers had annihilated her wonderful home. But she would deal with that later.

Kathy broke the kiss and smiled at Jessica. “Your husband is tied up in the bathroom with Clive. They seem fine. Noah was outside last I saw him.”

Paget’s eyes dropped to the floor. Embarrassment flooded through her at not asking about Clive first thing. “Noah and Samantha will be returning soon.” She looked at Eloise. “Thank goodness you’re here, Mrs. Palmer. We didn’t know how to contact you.”

“I’m not your servant.” Eloise frowned.

“But we need you for Noah’s plan to work.” Paget moved down the hall and waved the rest of them to follow. “Come to Mom’s office. That’s where they’ll meet us.”

The crew followed Paget. Everyone except for Clive and Andrew. Nobody went to the bathroom to free them.

~~

“We’re … back.” Noah dropped Paul on the floor and put his hands behind his head, sucking in air. He looked around his mother’s office, seeing worried and eager faces behind respirator masks. “It might seem … easy … running around Clover Falls … carrying a dude. It’s … not.” He longed to take his mask off, it was very unpleasant running with one on. But he couldn’t yet.

“His mom is … even … heavier.” Samantha set Shannon on her feet and leaned against Jessica’s desk.

“Dad and Clive?” Noah looked at his mother.

“They’re fine.” Jessica had almost forgotten about them. “We’re leaving them in the bathtub until this is all over.”

“Bathtub?” Noah shook his head. “You can tell me later. Everything here good?”

Jessica, Paget, Hailey, Kathy, Adeline, and Eloise all voiced an affirmative.

“You will burn in hell, Noah.” Paul stood and hugged his mother tightly. “You will all blaze for this. I am God. I am the Almighty. I … ow.” Paul stopped speaking when Samantha painfully flicked his ear with her finger.

“We actually met God. He wasn’t you.” Samantha frowned. “But he was sort of like you. You know … a jerk.”

“What do we do with them now?” Kathy pointed to the Botti’s. “Is their mob coming back here? We can’t just keep them prisoner.”

Paul and Shannon clutched each other and glanced around the room with hateful eyes.

“We lost the mob on the other side of Clover Falls. If they do come back, Paul and his mom will be long gone by the time they get here.” Noah herded his prisoners toward Eloise. “On our travels, Sam and I stopped by the Botti’s house. Their painting really is gone. They think it was destroyed. But I don’t think so. Their magic isn’t gone.”

“How do you know?” Kathy said.

“Well, his dick is writhing like a sandworm.” Samantha wriggled her arm. “I swear the thing has a mind of its own.”

“You saw it?” Jessica put a hand to her mask in shock.

“You violated me!” Paul hissed.

“Look, it was no picnic for us either, buddy.” Noah shook his head. “We had to check,” he answered his mother. “So, there’s no painting to destroy. But the magic is going strong. We can’t hold onto them, but we can’t let them go. We need a prison.”

“I see.” Eloise nodded, frowning in distaste. “You want me to put them in Palmer Mansion.”

“Exactly.” Noah nodded. “You and Thomas are the only ones who can bring people in or out.” He didn’t mention the windows into the worlds of other paintings. They were hidden behind the fireplace, and Noah didn’t think Paul would ever learn that secret.

“Except for –” Kathy was quickly cut off.

“There is no other way out.” Noah said.

“And after a couple days, the people they brainwashed will go back to normal.” Samantha was eager to get on with it. The sooner it was done, the sooner she could start rebuilding her family.

“We’re really going to lock them away?” Jessica didn’t know what to think. “But this isn’t their fault, is it?”

“When we find and destroy their painting, we’ll let them out.” Noah pushed Paul and Shannon toward Eloise. “They’re too dangerous to keep in our world.”

“No … wait … Mrs. Reader … Jessica … you can’t.” Shannon held her son protectively.

Paul said nothing, closing his eyes. His face went slack.

“Sorry.” Jessica shrugged.

“You can’t … you can’t …” Shannon looked from person to person with wide eyes, the vitriol gone.

“We don’t have a choice.” Noah broke the string around Paul’s neck and pulled the rings off him. “We’ll give these back to their owners.”

“I don’t like the thought of them living in the mansion. But you’ve done much for me, Noah. I suppose it’s the least I can do.” Eloise placed icy hands on both Bottis and climbed into the painting, pulling them in after her. Shannon’s pleading abruptly cut off as she entered the canvas. Paul was silently dragged in right after her.

“Someone open a window.” Noah watched the three figures, painted now, as they moved up the garden path to the Victorian mansion. He heard the windows slide open and felt a frigid breeze on his forehead. His house had become a good deal more drafty. Wind whooshed through the door and out the window. He pulled off his mask and breathed deeply. “One down. Lots more to go.”

“Let’s clean up the messes first, then we can take on the rest of Clover Falls.” Samantha stepped up next to him and squeezed his waist. She stared at the painting as the Bottis disappeared into the mansion. “They’ll probably be happy there. They have each other.”

“Yeah.” Noah smiled. “And I have all of you.”

~~

None of the congregation returned to the Reader’s house. Before freeing her husband and Clive, Jessica hid the painting in the basement as a precaution. The men were confused, and the explanations they received did not satisfy them. Clive called the police, but he wasn’t able to get anyone to answer the phone.

“I’ve had enough, Paget. Let’s go. This has been a nightmare.” Clive walked into the living room with their suitcases packed. Things were looking a little more orderly in the house, but evidence of the attack was still all around.

“We’re not leaving, honey. I have to help my family fix the house.” Paget looked at her brother who was using an electric screwdriver to secure plywood over a broken window.

“This is insane. All of this is insane.” Clive spent the next half hour trying to talk his fiancée into leaving. When that didn’t work, he gave her an ultimatum: either they leave Clover Falls, or he was leaving her. When that didn’t work, he left.

Noah joined his sister at the front door, watching Clive drive away. There were still cars strewn all about the curb in front of their house. “I guess we were asking too much of him. Even Mr. Helpful has limits.” He put a hand on Paget’s shoulder. “I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay, Noah.” Paget circled her arm around his shoulders and pulled him into a hug.

“It is?” He let his sister hold him, feeling the warmth of her soft curves.

“I was going to leave him anyway … I think.” Paget pulled her brother away from the door and swung it closed. It didn’t latch, instead banging against the broken frame. They might need to drill some boards over it to keep it closed. She didn’t let up on the embrace.

“You were?” Noah said.

“I’m moving back home. I’m going to help you destroy those other paintings.” Her hands roamed his lean, strong back, eventually falling to his butt. She grabbed two handfuls.

“You are?” Noah was both mystified and elated. “That’s awesome.” He kissed her on her freckled cheek. “You’ll have to take Eloise’s deal. It’ll make you strong.”

“I don’t know … eeiii!” Paget squealed when he tossed her into the air and gracefully caught her. He held her in his arms, pressing his face into her breasts.

“See?” His voice was muffled.

“I’ll think about it.” Paget laughed. Here she was, freshly dumped by her dream man, whom she had planned on marrying, and she was laughing in her brother’s arms. That may have been the most insane thing of all.

Andrew left the house a short time later. He claimed he was having a nervous breakdown. Nobody doubted him. He drove off to stay with his sister one state over until Clover Falls was safe again. Jessica didn’t point out that he was leaving his family when they needed his help the most. She didn’t feel like arguing. It was simpler that he left. She had the man that mattered to her most. Her sweet son wasn’t going anywhere.

Kathy and her mom headed home after nightfall. They all agreed they needed a few days to lay low. Once the effects of Paul’s scent wore off on the congregation, Samantha would move home, and they could all start planning which paintings to target next. Kathy and her mother stood on the back lawn, saying their goodbyes. By then the front door was sealed shut.

“I don’t know, Adeline. Maybe you should spend the night here.” Jessica looked out into the gloom. She could hear an owl softly hooting in the trees. She shivered. “Given what’s going on, it’s better to travel in the day, don’t you think?”

“Don’t worry, Jessica.” Adeline hugged her daughter. “It’s not far, and I’ve got Kathy to protect me.” She smiled, her head pressing against Kathy’s boob. She waved and they walked toward the street to retrieve their car and drive home.

Dinner that night was not what Jessica had originally envisioned. Most of what she’d prepped had been ruined. It was late. And she was only providing for about half the number she’d expected. But she was happy to feed such voracious young people. She smiled throughout dinner, listening to Noah, Samantha, Paget, and Hailey recount recent events and plan for the future.

From time to time, she caught a ghostly silhouette moving about the house. Eloise and Thomas had promised to keep watch. At least one of them would guard the Reader’s house until they were no longer needed. *Andrew was silly for leaving. There isn’t anywhere safer than here.*

~~

“I can’t believe I’m going home soon.” Samantha pulled up her pajama bottoms. “A couple more nights.”

“Any news from your family?” Noah lay on his bed, watching her closely. He would miss living with her. But he assumed she wouldn’t want to hear him say it. She had always been quick to shut him down whenever he’d wanted to use the “L” word.

“More desperate texts from Eddie asking us to give him back his Messiah.” Samantha’s lips tightened into a thin line. “From what I can tell, all three are back at my house now, but they plan to go out searching for Paul tomorrow.” She looked over at him. “What if they come here while we’re sleeping? What if *all* of them come back?”

“Without their painting, it’s just a bunch of people hopped up on the God drug. Eloise can handle that.” Noah tried to give her a reassuring smile. There was a soft knock. “Yeah?”

Paget opened the door and stuck her head in. “I’m so sorry. I know it’s late.” She smiled apologetically at Samantha. “You must be exhausted with all that running and everything but …” Paget grimaced at the request she was about to make. “Can I borrow my brother for a little while? It’s hard being alone after Clive left. I mean … I’m happy to be here but … it’s complicated.”

“I understand, Paget.” Samantha could see the hunger in Paget’s eyes. She understood the woman perfectly. “I actually wanted to talk to you about something. Do you mind if I come to your room for a few minutes? Then I’ll go to bed, and Noah is all yours.”

“Of course, Sam.” Paget’s smile was broad and warm. She left the doorway and headed back to her room.

“Give me ten minutes.” Samantha plucked the bottle of olive oil off her boyfriend’s desk, gave him a wink, and sauntered out of the room.

Noah pulled his dick out of his pajamas and fapped, thinking about what might be happening in Paget’s room. The door to his bedroom was still open, but it didn’t matter. The only other people in the house were his mom and sister. They were supposedly both asleep, but he didn’t care if they caught him. He kept an eye on the clock. When ten minutes passed, he took off his pajamas and underwear, but left on his socks. The house was drafty at the moment. He left his room and walked down the hall, his dick swaying in front of him. He listened at the door.

“Ohhhhhh … gosh … Sam … oooohhhhhhhhhhhhh …” Paget’s voice came through the door quite clearly.

Noah opened the door and peered in. Paget still had a sweater on, but she wore nothing on her lower half. She was on her bed, her butt high in the air and the side of her face pressed to the blanket. Her eyes were tightly shut. Samantha, still in her PJs, sat behind Paget. Her pink lips were parted in a wide grin. When she saw Noah, she put a finger to her lips. Her other hand was busy slipping two fingers in and out of Paget’s asshole. Her digits glowed in the warm lamplight, slick with oil.

Noah nodded. He entered the room, quietly closed the door, and sat on his sister’s desk chair. His hands went back to his dick, and he pumped while watching Samantha work his sister.

After five more minutes, Samantha removed her fingers from Paget’s ass and gave her butt cheek a gentle pat. “Thank you for that, Paget. That was lovely. But I have to get to bed. I’m exhausted.” Samantha winked at her boyfriend and walked to the door.

“Thank … you … Sam …” Paget still had her eyes closed.

Noah quickly moved onto the bed behind Paget. “You wanted to spend some time with me, Paget?” He lined up the head of his cock, and slowly pushed in. Samantha had prepared her asshole well. Paget was tight, but he steadily entered her.

“Oooohhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Paget’s eyes shot open, and her eyelids fluttered. “Thank … you … Sam … for getting me ready … you were … right … aaaaahhhhhhhhhh.”

“Anytime, Paget.” Samantha turned back to watch them. Noah’s eyebrows were knit in concentration. Paget’s face was twisted with ecstasy. “Next time I’ll hang out for this part. But you wanted some alone time with Noah. And I have to get to bed.”

“Uuuughh … uuuggghhhh … uuugghhhhhh,” Paget said.

Noah met Samantha's gaze. "I love you … uh … uh … Sam. I'd do … uh … uh … anything for you."

"I know, silly." Samantha left the room and quietly closed the door.

"I love … you … too … ugh … ugh … Paget." Noah smacked her butt and enjoyed the crack of his palm on her rippling flesh. He wasn't as gentle as Samantha had been.

"I … uuughh … uugghhh … love you … too … and … uuuuggghhhhhhhh … I'm already … cumming … it's so deep … it's … eeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." Paget's scream was deafening. It didn't matter. She didn't have to hide anymore.

"That's … my dirty … girl." Noah held himself buried all the way in her butt while she convulsed and trembled her way through her climax. When she calmed a little, he found a good rhythm and plunged into her depths over and over. An hour later, when he was ready, he unloaded in her ass. He didn't think Eloise would mind, he'd already seeded his sister's pussy. As he lay on top of her back panting, aftershocks still moving through him, he thought about what he'd done on Christmas. Were all these amazing women around him pregnant? Would he start to see their bellies swell? He didn't know, but he was looking forward to finding out.

Chapter 40
Body, Mind, and Soul

"I need you to focus on your lines." Mary pushed the handwritten paper across the table toward Roland McDaniel. "Read them again."

"It's very hard to focus while my wife is screaming." Roland turned toward the open bedroom door. He could just see one of his wife's legs bobbing in the air, toes curled. He couldn't see his son from where he sat, but from the sounds of slapping skin, he knew they were humping at a frantic pace. "Are you okay, dear?" Roland called. "Is he hurting you?"

"Uggghhhhh … uggghhhhhhh … uuuugghhhhhhhh … I'm … oookkkaaayyyyyyyyyyy." Holly McDaniel dug her fingernails into her son's tight ass cheeks. This was only the third time they'd done it, but she was hopelessly hooked. She knew in her heart that her eighteen-year-old son, Roland Jr., was the Messiah. How else could one explain the transcendent sex they were having? She meant to say something else to comfort her husband, but all that came out was, "Uuuugghhhhh … uuugghhhhhh … eeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiii." Another orgasm seized her brain.

"She's fine, Reverend McDaniel. She's more than fine. She's found her purpose in life. Please remember, she's no longer your wife. She is His wife. You are His attendant." Mary frowned at him. "And your purpose is to spread the new Word to your church." Mary had chosen the McDaniel family carefully. Roland ran a successful megachurch with thousands of weekly attendees. Mary was going to leverage his influence to create copious amounts of new life, so much life that she would be able to free her son from their painting.

"Yes … yes … it's just …" Roland continued to stare at his former wife's bare, bobbing leg. Her toes were pointing at the ceiling now. "It's just that she sounds like she's in distress."

"She is currently mated to someone very close to God, Roland. That is what true happiness sounds like." Mary frowned at his pudgy body. "Is it really a surprise that you never brought her such passion?"

"No … but I …" Roland stood and stepped to the side so he could see better. He chewed his fingernails when he saw them coupling. Holly's butthole was pointed right at him. His son's giant balls flopped on it repeatedly. Roland Jr. had his legs spread, his toes digging into the mattress for leverage. This gave Roland a perfect vantage to see exactly what was happening. Roland Jr. held the backs of his mother's thighs, opening her up completely for his pummeling penis. And what a horrific penis it was. It stretched her

poor vagina to impossible levels. There was so much froth on it, he didn't know if his son had already seeded her, or … if her body was responding in an unnatural, unholy fashion. He wanted to look away, but couldn't. The animalistic sounds the mating couple made filled the house.

"Sit down, Roland." Mary pointed to the chair. "Or do I have to interrupt them and have Roland Jr. come out here?"

Roland quickly sat in the chair, fear coursing through him. "Okay … okay … I'll focus on my lines." He held up the paper and read it again. "Are you sure you want me to say these things?"

"I am sure." Mary smiled.

~~

"Roooooaaaarrrrrrrrrrrrr." Kathy leapt on the orc. The creature was incredibly strong, he pried her off his back and tossed her into the wall. The living room they fought in belonged to the Jones family, and it had been trashed long before the Erasers arrived.

Jessica charged into the orc's side. Her stomach punch doubled him over.

Paget swung a baseball bat from the other side. She was still getting used to her larger breasts, but her augmented strength more than made up for the awkwardness of her movements. "Take that! And that!"

"Hurry, Noah!" Samantha desperately fought off several frantic pregnant women who struggled to stop the intruding Erasers.

"Hailey!" Noah dove past a woman who was practically frothing at the mouth. He held out his hand, and his sister tossed him the box cutter. He snatched it out of the air. The woman grabbed him from behind, and he shrugged her off. Far in the distance, he could feel a panic attack lurking. He took a deep breath through one of the new and improved respirators Paget had gotten them, elbowed the woman behind him, and slashed the painting with the box cutter. He slashed it again and again. A terrible wail rose up from the women in the room. Noah stepped back and watched the orc elongate as the painting sucked him in. In a few seconds, there was nothing left of their enemy but a checkmark on the list.

"It's okay, it's okay." Jessica smiled kindly and helped a pregnant woman sit on the torn and soiled sofa. She glanced at her son and gave him a wink. They had created something of a system. Once they destroyed a painting, they calmed the people enthralled by The Belle Dame's magic and then moved them to a support network of

homes. The idea of a support network had been Jessica's and she was proud of it. They convinced people who had previously been saved to help the newbies. Who better to help affected people transition back to normal life than those who had already been through it?

"There … there … it's going to be all right." Samantha switched from fighting to hugging the woman in her arms. Together the Erasers shepherded the people out of the house and into waiting minivans.

~~

The East Tower bedroom glowed in warm afternoon light. Everything in Palmer Mansion seemed so real. They had even explored some of the town, but it was empty. Paul and Shannon stayed mostly in the mansion.

"What are you looking at, Mom?" Paul lay in bed, his sleeping cock resting on his belly. He eyed his mother's naked curves. She'd become even more curvaceous as her pregnancy became apparent. He could see his sperm running down her thighs.

"It's pretty here … for a prison." She sighed and returned to bed, sitting next to him and cleaning the semen from his stomach and pubic hair with a damp towel.

"There's something I've been meaning to say." Paul's gaze met hers. He gulped. His pulse quickened. "I … um … just want you to know that I'm … I'm not God."

"I know, sweetie." Shannon gave him a reassuring smile and continued to clean him.

"I think Mary was wrong. I … don't think I'm even the Messiah." Paul shivered as she worked his testicles. He felt them tighten at her touch. His penis woke, groggily writhing up into the air.

"You're more special than that. You're my perfect man, Paul." Shannon put down the towel and slowly stroked him. There wasn't much to do in their prison other than talk and hump. And lucky for her, Paul seemed perpetually ready to engage in both activities. "Seems like you're ready to go again."

"You still love me? Even after what I did?" Paul bit his lip as she mounted him. Her breasts were heavier than before, and her nipples had darkened.

"I did … things, too. Aaaahhhhhhhhhhh." Shannon knew she would never get tired of feeling his penis inside her. She settled onto him and gently rocked her hips. "And I would love you no matter what. You're my son. My sun, my stars, my … ugh … sky, my … uh … uh … uh … everything." She bounced on him, less gently.

“I love you … uugghhhhh … so much … Mom.” He rested his hand on her round belly. While he watched her boobs wobble, he thought about their future. “Do you think … Mrs. Palmer … will ever let us go?”

“I … don’t know … Paul.” Shannon shuddered with pleasure. “She seems to … like keeping us here … like we’re … her … pets.”

“I don’t … care … if we stay here … forever.” Paul pulled Shannon forward and buried his face in her deep cleavage. “As … long as I have you.”

“I … feel the same way … sweetie … uuugghhhhhhhhhh.” Shannon bounced with more force, teetering on the edge of a massive orgasm. “I don’t need … anything … but you … and your … penis.” When she said the last word, his magic thing nudged one of the secret spots deep inside her. Shannon screamed out her orgasm.

Paul held onto her hips and kept her bouncing even when she lost control of her body. He knew he was basically masturbating himself with her vagina in those moments, but she’d said she liked it. He believed her. A while later, he erupted inside his mother again, his cries of passion muffled by her boobs.

Mother and son clutched each other in Palmer Mansion and fell asleep in each other’s arms. They were still tightly connected by Paul’s somnolent penis buried in Shannon’s flooded vagina.

~~

“What’s this?” Ella took the package from Samantha.

“It’s a kitchen knife. I think it’s pretty similar to the one that got sucked into your dog painting.” Samantha sat on Noah’s basement sofa. She smiled at her friend and picked up the controller. “I promised your dad I’d replace it.”

“Oh.” Ella nodded and put the package on the coffee table. She glanced at Samantha’s curving belly and picked up her own controller. Before playing, she peeped at Noah’s shorts. She could see the outline of his enormous cock through the fabric.

“How’s it going with the latest Eraser recovery group?” Noah nudged Ella on the elbow.

“Yeah, Mr. and Mrs. Jones were pretty messed up by the orc. Poor man was locked in their wine cellar for weeks.” Ella’s fingers moved the controller, but her heart wasn’t in it. Video games seemed so trivial now. “My mom and dad have really gotten into helping people get over the paintings. It’s practically my mom’s full-time job.” Ella put down the controller and watched her friends playing. “I don’t think we should call ourselves

Erasers." She tentatively held Samantha's heavy breast. When her friend gave her a brief smile, Ella rolled Samantha's nipple through her shirt and bra.

"I agree." Samantha nodded. "I've been thinking about this for a while. How about the Iconoclasts?"

"What's that mean?" Ella slowly reclined on her belly, so that her hips were on Samantha's lap, and her face hovered above Noah's dick. She slowly lowered his shorts and underwear. Her friends continued playing their game.

"I know this one," Noah said. "It's someone who destroys images, but also someone who breaks with religious beliefs." He nodded as Ella took his soft cock into her mouth. He could feel it swelling. Pleasure swirled. She'd gotten very good at giving blowjobs over the past few months. "But how about we punch up the name a little: Iconoclastic Destiny … Iconoclastic Trouble … Noah and the Iconoclasts?" He paused the game, put down his controller, and held Ella's dark curly head.

Samantha laughed. "Sounds like we're naming a band." Samantha put down her controller and lowered Ella's skirt and panties. She admired the tan curves of her friend's butt. How did Ella's skin hold a tan in April? Ella opened her legs for her friend, and Samantha ran two fingers inside her wet pussy lips. Once they were wet enough, she moved her fingers to Ella's asshole and slid them in. "What do you think of the new names, Ella?"

"Mmmmmpppphhhhhhhhh." Ella bobbed her head on the top third of Noah's cock, holding it securely at the base with her left hand. She rotated her ass gently, meeting Samantha's plunging fingers. Like video games, this was a distraction from family, school, and their work destroying paintings, but it was a worthy distraction. Pleasure slowly built inside her.

"Are you ready to … ugh … take Mrs. Palmer's deal … Ella?" Noah reached out with his free hand to Samantha, and she clasped it in hers. They held hands while working opposite sides of their friend. "If you did … ooohhhh … you could come on … missions. Get to … beat up … orcs … and stuff."

"Nnnnmmmmmhhmmmmmm." Ella shook her head without releasing the fat head of Noah's cock from her mouth.

"It's okay … Ella … you've been through a lot." Samantha rotated her fingers inside Ella's anus, just the way she knew her friend liked it. "In your own time."

"Mmmmpppphhhhhhhhh." Ella nodded and sucked harder. The three of them were now masters of each other's pleasure points. Ella's eyes rolled back as she slobbered on Noah's cock. She came hard. Several of Ella's orgasms later, Noah finally exploded in her

mouth. She drank it all down as she'd learned to do. Hanging out with her friends was so much better when they ignored their video games.

~~

Her son looked ridiculous lying on his broken bed, reading by the light of his bedside lamp. It should have been Jessica's husband who fixed his son's bed, but she had asked him not to return. It was for the best: it would have been hard to explain her swelling belly to him. As she stood in the doorway, she absentmindedly rubbed the curve of her burgeoning pregnancy. "It's silly that you're still using that broken bed."

"Oh, hey, Mom." Noah put the e-reader down and smiled at her. She was wearing lingerie and a sultry expression. "You want to join me in bed?"

"Actually, I was thinking you could join me." She beckoned him with a finger. "Your dad isn't coming home. And your bed has no legs. What if you slept with me from now on?"

Noah's smile widened. "What do we do when Sam stays over?" He got out from under the covers and stood. He was naked, his cock slowly rising.

"I like Sam, honey. She can sleep with us if she wants." Jessica shrugged like she hadn't thought all of this through before making her offer. "I have a king bed after all." She winked. "Lots of room."

"'Lots of room'?" Noah laughed. "What about Paget? She'll be jealous."

"You want to sleep in her room?" Jessica took hold of his growing penis and gently pulled him into the hall.

"She doesn't have a king bed." Noah grinned like an idiot. He loved when his mom literally led him by the dick.

"How come you're not worried about Hailey?" Jessica looked back at him over her shoulder and chuckled at the grin on his face.

"She practically moved in with Kathy. She's pretending to be the Bly's servant or something." When his mother raised an eyebrow at that, Noah raised his in reply. "You raised some kinky children, Mom."

"I didn't mean to." Jessica looked thoughtful as she pulled him into her bedroom. "But I'm glad I did." She stopped by the bed and let go of his penis. "Anyway. I love your sisters, too. They can join us anytime they like." She lowered her panties and crawled onto the bed, giving him a prime view of her rolling butt.

“If I’m sleeping with you every night, it’s sort of like you’re my … um …” With wide eyes he watched her turn onto her back and spread her legs. He never grew tired of this view. The V of her pussy drew his gaze, but he couldn’t help sweeping his gaze along her long legs and up to the mighty mountains restrained by her lacy bra.

“‘It’s sort of like’ … I’m your wife?” Jessica giggled. “Don’t be preposterous. You’re my man, honey. But you’re not my husband. I’ll always be your mom.”

Noah sighed in relief and climbed on top of his mother. “I’m glad you’re my mom. I love you so much.” He lined up his cock and entered her pussy. She was wet, warm, and just tight enough to squeeze him.

“Me … uuuuggghhhhhhhh … too.” Jessica ran her fingernails down his back.

“Are you … uh … uh … uh … upset about … Dad?” Noah’s hips found a steady rhythm, driving her butt deep into the mattress with each stroke.

“He … and I … oooohhhhhhhhh … had grown … distant … ugh … ugh … ugh … even before … the painting.” Jessica hooked her ankles around her son’s ass, pulling him in with each stroke. “I … think … you and I … have always … understood each other. And now … and now … you’re like a … primal force … in my life. I don’t need … anyone else … uuuggghhhhhhhhhh.”

“Thomas?” He pulled down her bra and looked at her rocking breasts. Her nipples were dark pink now.

“I was once … infatuated … with Thomas … but I ended it … a long time ago.” Jessica shuddered. Her son’s wonderful penis hit the perfect spot deep inside her. “An infatuation … ah … ah … ah … can’t compete … with what we have. Your … body … your mind … your soul … are connected … to mine … we were made for … each other. Ooohhhhhhhhhh. Or maybe … I made you … for … eeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!” Jessica arched her back and orgasmed, her toes curling.

“You look … so beautiful … when you cum.” Noah snaked his hands under her and held her ass. He used the leverage to drive into her harder than before.

“Uuuuuggghhhhhhhhhhhh.” Jessica blinked, trying to focus on his determined face. “Don’t … don’t … uuggghhh … uuuuggghhhhhh …” The bed creaked violently under them. “Don’t … uughhh … break my bed … honey … or … uugghhhh … we’ll have … nowhere to sleep.” She was thrilled when he didn’t listen to her and continued pile-driving her vagina. Sometimes it’s good to disobey your mother. Somehow the bed survived an hour of vigorous sex. Eventually they shared climaxes and caught their breath.

“Shower … Mom?” Noah lay with his cheek on her sweaty breast.

“If you’re going to sleep here … I have a feeling I’ll be changing the sheets … every day.” She crawled under the covers and held them open for him. “I want to smell your … sweat and sperm … as I drift off to sleep.”

“We really do … think alike.” Noah moved under the covers. He put his arm around his mother as she curled up next to him, her head resting on his chest. Her soft curves were pressed all along his side. They fit perfectly together. She was right, they were compatible body, mind, and soul. He gently stroked the flare from her waist out to her hip with his fingertips. Within a few minutes, her slow, even breathing told him she was asleep. He wasn’t far behind.

~~

Christmas music played on the speakers just loudly enough to compete with Paget’s crying baby upstairs. Noah had Samantha’s baby tucked in one arm as he sat by the Christmas tree, sipping mulled apple cider. He automatically rocked on the sofa. His mother chatted with Lindsey Owens on the other side of the living room. Jessica held her daughter and rocked gently as she talked. Kathy tossed her son in the air as she rested on her back on the carpet. Hailey’s baby son watched with wide eyes. All the babies had the same father. And indeed, the same day of conception.

“Everyone seems to be getting along nicely.” Samantha smiled at her boyfriend. She wore a Hanukkah sweater and a long skirt. Her blue eyes watched Noah closely, ready to swoop in if their daughter fussed in his arms.

“Eddie?” Noah glanced around the room. Samantha’s father was quietly talking with Ella’s dad in the corner. The other men in the room looked out of place.

“He’s hiding in the kitchen. He thinks you’re still mad at him.” Samantha shrugged.

“I am.” Noah mimicked her shrug. “Sorry, but it’s hard to forgive what he did.”

“Look around the room.” Samantha panned her eyes at the festive scene, filled with babies. “What do you see?”

Ella walked in from the dining room with a glass of water, her maternity dress doing its best to hide her enormous belly and boobs. She sat next to Noah and cooed at the baby in his arms.

Noah looked around the room. “Christmas?”

“I see an unnatural amount of Noah DNA.” Samantha pressed her lips together as she often did when making a point. “This is Eloise’s work.” She gestured to where Eloise was laughing at one of Adeline’s jokes. “We’ve embraced your painting.”

“Yeah, so?” Noah put his free hand on Ella’s belly, feeling the baby kick.

“That’s what Eddie did, too. But his painting was … darker. He lost himself in it.” Samantha sighed. “And perhaps it didn’t help that he was already a jerk. My point is … you may not want to be his friend, but you *can* forgive him. The rest of us have.”

Noah rubbed Ella’s belly as he thought.

“She’s right, Noah.” Ella smiled at him and kissed him on the forehead.

“She’s right, dummy.” Kathy tossed her baby almost up to the ceiling and caught him effortlessly.

Noah met Samantha’s clear-eyed gaze. “You’re right. I’ll tell him I forgive him today. You’re my conscience, Sam. What would I do without you?”

“Well, there wouldn’t be Iconoclastic Legacy, that’s for sure. And we wouldn’t be destroying all those paintings.” Samantha smiled and patted his thigh. “Give her back. It’s time to feed her.”

“Yeah, sure.” Noah handed their daughter back to Samantha. He watched her stand and head to the doorway. “I love you, Sam.”

Samantha turned back to him, her face soft and bright. “I love you too, dummy.”

~~

“Oh my gosh … you guys.” Samantha burst into Paget’s room. She found her having sex with Noah. She didn’t mind. “Look!” She held her phone up for them to see.

“Hey … ugh … Sam.” Noah sat on his sister’s desk chair. Paget rode him in reverse. Her massive, milk-filled boobs and pale butt quaked with each bounce. He took his hand off his sister’s ass and waved to his girlfriend. “What’s … up?”

“Look.” Samantha walked closer to them and held the phone up. Neither Reader seemed to focus on the screen. Samantha rolled her eyes. “Can you take a break for one minute?”

“Sorry … Sam … sorry … sorry … I’m really close … so close … and I … have to finish.” Paget met Samantha’s eyes with a dazed gaze.

“Let her … cum … ugh … ugh … then we can take … a break … I don’t have to cum … yet.” Noah took hold of his sister’s red hair and slipped a finger into her ass. He knew how to get her off.

“Uuuuuuuuggggggghhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Paget’s eyes rolled back, she clenched her jaw, and rode the waves of ecstasy.

When his sister quieted on his lap, Noah reached for the phone. “A crazy reverend? What’s so special about this?”

“Look at what it says.” Samantha helped the post-orgasmic Paget off Noah’s dick and moved her over to the bed. Paget flopped on her belly, still faintly moaning. Samantha sat next to her and placed a hand possessively on Paget’s ass cheek.

“*The pastor espouses an epistle of fecundity. His congregation has grown dramatically in the last year*,” Noah read. “*Some have claimed that his church is ruining relationships, as many new converts cut off contact with those outside the church. There have also been rumors of drug experimentation and strange pregnancies.”* Noah handed Samantha her phone back. “Paul’s painting?”

“Seems like a sure bet.” Samantha patted Paget’s ass, watching it shake. “Mind if I finish him off?”

“Sure … Sam.” Paget’s voice was muffled, her mouth pressed to the covers.

Samantha began to undress. When she was topless, she paused. The hunger in Noah’s eyes was comical. “You like?” She shimmied her shoulders, her heavy boobs wobbled side to side.

“I didn’t think you could get any more beautiful.” Noah grinned like an idiot, his gaze locked on her boobs. “But motherhood agrees with you. I need to be inside you.”

“Well, it’s lucky for you that I was planning to ride you like a crazed jockey.” Samantha removed the rest of her clothes. “The reverend is in Alabama. You think Iconoclastic Legacy is ready for a road trip?” She straddled him.

“Someone will have to stay in Clover Falls with the babies.” Samantha held her boobs and grimaced. “I don’t envy her. That’s *a lot* of feeding. Whoever stays will basically be a cow.”

“That rules me out.” Noah laughed. He looked down at her triangle of blond hair as his cock slid in just below.

“I’m going on the car trip.” Paget, still laying on her belly, raised her hand in the air.

“We’ll have to … aaahhhhhhhh … draw straws.” Samantha undulated her hips, pressing her boobs into his face. “Speaking of … feeding.” She moaned when Noah latched on to her nipple and drank her milk.

“Mmmmpppphhhhhh.” Noah gulped down the sweet warmth she offered him.

“You two … look so hot.” Paget rolled onto her back and rubbed her clit. “We should … rent an RV or something … for the trip. So … you know … we can have privacy.”

“Sure.” Samantha’s face lost focus. Pleasure surged from her pussy and nipple, meeting at her core. “We should bring … uuggghhhhhhh … Eloise … with us … if she can … uuughhhhhhhhh … travel that far.” As far as she knew, Eloise hadn’t tried to leave Clover Falls. But if Mary could move all the way to Alabama, Eloise should be able to as well.

“Mmmmmpppphhhhh.” Noah nodded into her boob. They humped without further comment for a while longer. When he got close, he released her nipple and grabbed her ass. He bounced her on his dick. “Want … another … baby … Sam?

“Yesssssssssssssss … please … uuuggghhhhhhhhh … yes.” Samantha arched her back and looked up at the ceiling, her hands grabbing his thighs to keep from tumbling backward. She bounced with long lunges. She would never get tired of Noah and his magic dick.

“Aaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Noah unloaded in her pussy.

With screams and shudders, all three people in the room came together.

When her hips went still, Samantha leaned forward and hugged Noah’s head. She ran her hands through his hair and pressed his face into her cleavage. “I can almost feel … your swimmers … searching inside me. Oh!” She jumped a little when he flexed his dick inside her. “And I can totally feel that.” She giggled.

“I love you, Samantha Owens.” Noah kissed her boobs.

“I love you, Noah Reader.” She squeezed her pussy on his cock.

“Iconoclastic Legacy forever.” Noah smiled.

“Iconoclastic Legacy forever,” Samantha murmured. Her hips gently started undulating again. He was still hard. “Forever … and ever.”

Eloise stood unnoticed in the corner, a warm smile on her cold face. She watched the nineteen-year-olds create more life. She might not have been the actual Eloise Palmer, but she was sure the real one would have been proud of her, wherever she was. *Who knows, maybe someday I’ll meet Mrs. Palmer and find out for myself.* She chuckled at

the thought, but not loudly enough that anyone noticed her. She enjoyed the show. Once Noah orgasmed again, she faded away.

THE END