

The Seduction of Michael Meyers

Mark Michael Meyers was twelve years old in 1979 when the movie Halloween made its debut in theatres. After seeing the movie with some friends, he was immediately smitten with the villain whose name so resembled his very own.

The release of Halloween II two years later cemented his obsessive relationship with both the movie and the Michael Myers character. Mark soon insisted his friends and family start calling him by his middle name.

His mother, Suzan, and younger sister, April, were the only ones to take his insistence on being called Michael seriously. His mom gave in partially and started calling him Michael, but only when they were alone.

On the other hand, April, who worshipped her older brother, called him Michael all the time. Suzan fully expected Mark i.e. Michael to grow out of his strange fixation on the Myers character, sooner or later, so she thought very little of it—at first anyways.

But Mark's passion for the Michael Myers character only grew as he reached high school where he started to change the spelling of his last name from M-E-Y-E-R-S to M-Y-E-R-S on anything requiring his signature.

This intentional misspellings of his last name did not go over well with his father, Samuel, who, when he found out, administrated a

proper beating to his son in an ill guided effort to set the boy on the Lord's "bright and shining path".

The family lived in Holdenfield, Iowa, a town halfway between Des Moines and Omaha, and just a bit west of Nowhere, USA. Holdenfield was your typical Midwest town: small and boring, which maybe contributed to Mark wanting to create another personality based on an adventurous villain.

Mark believed the similarities in spelling between his hometown of Holdenfield and the fictional hometown of Michael Myers in the Halloween movies-- Haddonfield—was not a mere coincidence, but instead he perceived it as validation of who he was— a real life Michael Myers.

Mark did not enjoy what anyone would refer to as a "normal childhood" even before he became fixated on his movie villain alter ego. This was wholly due to his father, a half demented minister, who preached too much and loved his family too little.

Suzan, on the other hand, was a former homecoming queen and cheerleader, and possessed that singular small town beauty which seemed to come natural to girls of the American Midwest.

Like a fine wine, as Suzan matured she seemed only to get better with age. She still possessed a full mane of lush, sunrise-golden blonde hair tumbling past her shoulders, still retained a nearly flawless peaches and cream complexion bronzed to a tanned perfection under

the warm Iowa summer sun, still had those same dreamy blue eyes, still smiled easily, at least with her kids, and maybe most of important of all, she still exhibited a free spirited personality which she saved, almost exclusively, for her children. Finally there was her voluptuous body which thanks to a strict diet and exercise, was heavenly even into her mid-thirties.

Things only got worse as Mark reached his teen years forcing him to escape deeper into his Michael persona. Samuel was starting to emphasize his preaching's to his family with some not so loving heavy handed whacks.

"You shall not lust." Smack. "You shall not fornicate." Smack. "You shall not dress like a whore." Smack.

Suzan was planning on leaving him, but was just waiting for her hidden nest egg to grow big enough so she could take the kids away and live somewhere comfortably until she could find a decent job. But as Samuel became increasingly abusive, she moved her timeline up to the spring of 1983 regardless of her money situation. As fate would have it, her planned move never came to be as dramatic events conspired against her.

HALLOWEEN 1982

The minister hated Halloween, said it was the Devil's Holiday, so it was with a touch of irony he was savagely attacked on this very day. In the last six months, Samuel, frustrated with his son's obsession

with some stupid movie villain, tried to beat him into becoming "normal" again.

It failed as Mark, with a simmering rage fueled by the beatings finally snapped. It was from this fiery rage his alter ego was to finally emerge and show its true self—if only to the father.

Samuel was preaching from the good book in the family living room of the evils of the Devil, lustful urges and the sexually depraved holiday people called Halloween. Blah, blah, blah, ad nauseam, when Suzan quietly asked when the sermon might come to an end so she could take eleven year old April out trick or treating.

Samuel flew into a rage, smacking his wife around for daring to question him, until finally, when his back was turned, Mark calmly proceeded to stab his father with a large butcher's knife several times before Suzan was able to pull him away.

Samuel's life hung in the balance for several days before he managed to pull through. After some negotiating Suzan and Samuel reached an agreement. Samuel's parents were loaded and willing to help obtain Mark the best legal defense and medical care money could buy, but only if Suzan promised to stay with Samuel and not seek a divorce. This little ploy was wholly engineered by Samuel as he suspected Suzan was planning on leaving him.

Backed into a corner Suzan agreed knowing without the money her son would be left to the whims of an uncaring legal system.

Michael, whatever was left of Mark disappeared the night of the stabbing, was fifteen at the time. Sent to a privately run criminal psychiatric care facility, he expressed no remorse over attacking and nearly killing his father.

Even more ominous, Mark regressed deeper into his Michael Myers identity by refusing to talk at all—just like the fictional Michael of movie fame. His refusal to show remorse, or to speak, caused the doctors to quickly write Michael off as a lost cause. Instead of receiving some much needed therapy, Michael, at the secret behest of his father, was filled full of drugs and pushed aside.

At first, Suzan, came to visit him frequently, but as her son continued to be unresponsive, it just became too painful to see him in such a cationic state. Her once frequent visits became, at first, infrequent, and then, after two more fruitless years with no change in his condition, slipped to maybe every other month.

In the spring of 1987, a new doctor was assigned to his case. Dr. Grant as it turned out, was quite different from Michael's former doctor as he actually took a caring interest in Mark.

Working behind Samuel's back, the doctor, after scaling back Mark's medication drastically, actually had him showing signs of improvement by the time he turned twenty. Such progress was painfully slow though, but still it gave Suzan a bit of hope.

Meanwhile, Suzan was just as miserable as ever being married to Samuel, although, as part of her agreement not to seek a divorce, she wrung a promise out of him not to be physically abusive to either her or April. Much to her surprise, this was a promise Samuel kept. Instead, he battered them both mentally and emotionally while being more domineering than ever, especially with the young teenaged April.

HALLOWEEN 1989

6: 45 am

The morning started out normal enough. Suzan woke up early to make breakfast and spend some time with April, now eighteen and a senior in high school. Over breakfast they discussed their plans for the day.

"I have an appointment at six thirty tonight out in Oakwood." Suzan told her. She was a real estate agent at Red Hawk Realty, the larger of Holdenfield's two realty companies.

"Jeez, Mom," April complained between bites of her toast, "Oakwood that is out a ways. What, at least a forty five minute drive from the office?"

"Yeah, it's out in the middle of nowhere, but the clients want to see the property and that is the only time they can go. So you know . . .

duty calls. Well, what about you, what are your plans for this Halloween."

April sighed. "Dad is making me go to the church to help out with their Halloween party. I probably won't be home until seven thirty or so."

"Well that's still early. You could do something."

"Tina invited me to a party, but I am not up to begging for permission to go from . . . him." She spat the word 'him' out with her usual distaste. "I will probably just come home and hand out candy to any late trick or treaters and then wait for you to come home and then I guess we can just hang out. Watch a movie or something. Dad is not going to be home right? He's still going on his stupid fishing trip."

"All weekend thank God. He is leaving this afternoon. He is coming home early from work to pack a few things but will be gone I'm sure before you get home from school."

"A weekend without Dad. I guess maybe Halloween won't be so bad after all," April replied grinning.

"Did you mean what you said about wanting to hang out with me April?" Suzan said hoping April was sincere since she could use some company on Halloween of all days.

"Yes."

"Good, I won't be out too late. I promised the girls I would go have a drink with them though after I got done with my showing."

"Take your time. I will be fine alone."

"Are you sure? I know Halloween is still difficult for you even after all these years."

"I know it's difficult for you too, Mom. Probably worse actually."

Suzan let out a heavy sigh before reaching across the table and grasping April's hand. "It is, but I am coping. I miss him you know, your brother."

"Me too, Mom."

"Oh I almost forgot. Last night, a boy called for you. You had already fallen asleep though."

"Oh yeah, who?"

"Tommy. Who is that again?"

"Oh Mom, you know. Tommy Holmes from down the street."

"Oh yeah, I remember him. As I recall you two used to hang out together all the time."

"Mom, that was like in junior high. Even though he is only a couple months younger than me, he still acts like he's in junior high."

"Really, I have known his mom for years. It's a nice family."

April got up taking her dishes over to the sink. "You know I never was creeped out by Mark even with his Michael Myers obsession, but Tommy sometimes he is just weird."

"April be nice," Suzan said.

"Whatever, if you think he is sweet you call him back. I better go now or I will be late."

9:08 am

Suzan was just getting settled at the office when the phone on her desk rang just after nine. It was Dr. Grant with some unsettling news: Mark escaped last night from the state hospital.

Dr. Grant assured Suzan there was nothing to worry about. More than likely they would find him later in the morning wandering about the woods surrounding the institution. Still the doctor wanted Suzan to be aware, just in case, he managed to find his way home.

He stressed not to overreact and remain calm if somehow Mark did show up at the house which wasn't an unreasonable distance from the hospital. Suzan thanked him and after spending a few minutes debating if she should contact the school and tell April, she decided not to. Why worry her she reasoned especially since Doctor Grant didn't seem overly concerned about his escape.

3:05 pm

A brisk autumn wind made its presence felt as April walked the four blocks home from school. She was just approaching the corner of Maple and State streets not far from where Tommy lived.

After rounding the shrub lined corner someone in a white nondescript rubber mask, dark overalls, and carrying what she assumed to be a large plastic butcher's knife jumped out from behind a large shrub and yelled, of all things, "Boo" at her.

April jumped back startled. The person under the mask grinned as he watched his victim's small youthful tits bounce up and down under the tight confines of her pretty cashmere sweater.

"Ha, Ha, got you!" squealed the masked man.

"Tommy! Fuck! You asshole." April took a step forward raising her fist. She was actually considering decking the idiot when he cried out a hasty apology. "Shit, sorry. I was just trying to get your attention. I called you the other night you know."

"Yeah, I know," April replied smugly before turning on her heel and strutting away.

3:11 pm

After arriving home, April took a quick shower prior to taking a short nap. Mrs. Kessler, the head of youth activities at the church, would not be coming by until five to pick her up so she didn't bother to get dressed, instead, after setting the alarm, April went straight to her mom's king sized bed and snuggled her naked body under the covers.

Just lately, over the course of the past three or four months maybe, April had been experiencing some very naughty dreams. Finally, she confided in her mother about her dreams. Suzan smiled and said, "My darling little daughter is dreaming of getting laid huh. Well, don't worry about it honey its normal, although it could mean you are more than ready to lose your virginity . . . once, of course, you find the right man."

"You mean one that Dad sets me up with. You know he doesn't let me date. Christ I'm eighteen now and he still treats me like I'm eight or something," April replied while not telling her mother she was very much looking forward to losing her virginity.

April, with her long pretty blonde hair, soft brown eyes, enjoyed the fragile look of a cherub leaving her with no shortage of admirers both at school and around the neighborhood, but thanks to her overprotective father she was still as pure as freshly fallen snow; as of yet she hadn't even been felt up.

After slipping off to sleep yet another dream came—the naughtiest one yet. She dreamed of being fucked—doggie style no less-- by someone wearing a Michael Myers costume. Just as she was about to climax in her dream she was robbed when she inexplicably woke up panting.

April sighed trying to get herself under control. She turned over, glancing at the digital alarm clock on her mother's night stand. It read four fifteen. In other words, she still had enough time to take care of business.

Her hand stole down between her legs dipping into her moist tight cunt. Her thoughts drifted back to the dream and the guy dressed like Michael Myers. She imagined his cock being pushed up and inside of her with a loving forcefulness which left her panting for more. Her finger dipped and swirled in and out of her pussy as her excitement grew.

April was just about there when the shrill ringing of the phone shattered her dream fantasy into a million pieces. The damn phone was on the nightstand next to the alarm clock too close to ignore.

"Hello."

Nothing . . . save for some heavy breathing. She hung up and then immediately regretted it. The heavy breathing maybe was actually a bit of a turn on.

She sighed glancing at the clock. It was four twenty six. The phone rang again. This time there was no heavy breathing just an ominous heavy silence on the other end.

Slamming the phone down, she muttered to herself, "Fucking dumbass Tommy." No sooner did she finish cursing him out then the phone rang yet again. This time she reached around between the nightstand and the wall and snatched the phone cord out from the wall and dropped it.

7:33 pm

April was back at home . . . finally. Resigning herself to passing out candy for the better part of the next hour, she wondered if could be any more boring than the children's Halloween party at the church.

The neighborhood was still full of little ghosts, and goblins, pirates and witches . . . and a few Michael Myers as well. She wondered about all the Michael Myers costumes until she remembered the latest Halloween movie, Halloween Five: The Revenge of Michael Myers was now playing at the movies.

8:19 pm

With no trick or treaters having come by the house in the last twenty minutes or so, April figured she was done passing out candy for the night. She wished her mother would hurry up and get home. Being home alone during the day was one thing, but being home alone in the chill darkness of an autumn night, Halloween night no less, was a completely different thing.

April sighed, flipping off the porch light before locking the front door. Roughly five minutes later she was settled back down on the sofa in her pajamas which consisted of a comfortable little pink spaghetti strap top, extra tight and just short enough to reveal her navel. It was also adorned with a smiling face on the front with the eyes being a pair of small black hearts. She paired this incredibly cute top with a matching pair of sleep shorts embroidered with lace along the bottom edges of the legs.

Flipping through the stations on the TV, bored and restless, April was startled when the doorbell rang. She jumped to her feet as the

ringing of the bell was quickly followed by a rather dull sounding "Trick or Treat."

8:25 pm

April crossed the living room annoyed. The porch light was off; didn't these damn kids understand "that" was the universal signal on Halloween night of a house being closed for business. April was about to fling open the door and give whoever was out there an earful when she decided a bit of caution might be in order.

She carefully pulled aside the side curtain covering the long rectangular glass panel to the side of the front door and peeked out.

Her heart skipped a beat. Standing on the porch was someone in a Michael Myers costume. Someone about the same size and height of Tommy. Yeah, I bet it is Tommy! April thought. He was back for another go at scaring her.

"Came back for more huh, Tommy," April whispered.

"Trick or treat," Tommy mumbled.

"Just a minute, I'm coming," she yelled.

April made an impulsive decision. She reached under her top and unhooked her bra before removing it. Tossing it on the sofa, she prepared to open the door. If Tommy wanted to play at scaring her, fine, well she could play too—play at being a tease.

After opening the door, she acted casual, pretending not to know it was Tommy standing there. Flipping on the porch light she sang out, "Hi there. It's a bit late for trick or treating but lucky for you kid I saved some of my best candies for the brave little boys who like to stay out late and trick or treat past their bedtime. As you can see," she opened the door wider so he could get a good look at her, "I'm in my pajamas and was just about ready to go to bed myself."

Stepping halfway out on the porch, her snug top seemed to glow under the porch light; her nipples stiffened from the cool autumn night air making themselves quite noticeable as they poked against the thin fabric of her top.

Despite the mask, she sensed his eyes scrambling all over her body, in particular, her braless tits. Wanting to make the most of having his full attention, she cooed at him, "So are you a brave little boy that deserves some candy?"

In response he mumbled, "Treat."

April paused. It really didn't sound like Tommy, but then again he was wearing that stupid Michael Myers mask. Of course, the mask would muffle his voice, April reasoned.

"Where is your bag, kid?" April asked proud she was "acting" so serious and playing her role to perfection. At first she was sure, "the kid" was Tommy, but now, the longer he stood there acting a bit creepy some serious doubts were beginning to worm their way around the edges of her mind.

The fact she kept silently telling herself "this was Tommy" only made her doubts scream louder just as another thought entered her mind. Maybe it is a total stranger you are showing off for and flirting with, April!

"Treat," the kid replied in a flat monotone voice.

"Fine, let me get you a treat. I just gotta reach back in the house for the candy dish hon."

April turned, and then, just as she fished a couple packages of large sweet tarts, along with a pack of Wrigley chewing gum, out of the candy dish she purposefully dropped them just inside the front door.

"Damn," she said trying to repress her smile as she turned and bent over while twisting her butt so he could have a nice view of her ass in her tight satin shorts.

She slowly scooped the candies up from the door sill, while imaging her guest checking her ass out. After straightening back up, she noticed the large bulge protruding inside his iconic jumpsuit.

Fighting the feeling of pure exhilaration the large bulge gave her — it almost seemed like fate considering her earlier naughty dream — she whispered sweetly to him, "So hon, where is your bag, so I can give you your treats."

His response was a simple "Trick or treat," again delivered in that flat monotone voice.

"Fine, no bag. Hold out your hand then."

He raised his hand. It was clenched tight holding a large, very realistic looking knife. "Well, I see you even brought a prop with you . . . how cute, but maybe you should give me your other hand so I can give you some candy."

"Treats."

This was getting annoying. April impatiently reached out and grabbed his other hand slamming the package of sweet tarts and gum down into his open palm. "Yeah, treats exactly, candies are treats so here you go," she barked as she stepped back inside the house and started to shut the door.

As quick as a flash his hand dropped the candies on the porch and reached out grabbing April around her wrist. She tried to twist away but he was strong; her wrist was stuck hopelessly in his vise like grip. And then just as panic was beginning to set in, he released her. She slammed the door shut as the freak mumbled, "Trick."

She leaned against the front door, for a quick second before turning and twisting the dead bolt. Carefully she pulled back the curtain on the side window; the porch was empty.

She craned her neck pulling the curtain open wider so she could see the front walk leading up to the door. Empty.

"Thank God," April said letting out a shaky breath although she was a bit apprehensive from the way he seemed to simply vanish into thin air.

Yeah, he was gone, just like in the original movie after Dr. Loomis shot Michael Myers six times and he fell out the upstairs window — and then was gone except for his outline of his body in the grass. She still thought that was one of the greatest horror movie endings of all time.

"Well, yeah, it's probably best not think of horror movies too much right now considering you are home all alone and just had a weird encounter with a Michael Myers wanna be." She spoke this last statement out loud if for no other reason than to break the eerie silence of being alone . . . and scared.

8:30 pm

April sat down on the sofa still a bit edgy. Reflecting back on the situation, she didn't not like what was slowly beginning to dawn on her. The way he gripped her, Tommy wasn't that strong, his flat monotone voice, could he really pull that off, was he that good of an actor? She was having some serious doubts it was him after all.

The more she reflected upon what just happened the more tense she became. Jumping up from the sofa, she hurried over to the front door taking another peek out from behind the curtain — there was nothing there still. Scooping up her bra off the sofa she hurriedly put it back on before heading up the stairs meaning to wait in her mom's room until she arrived home.

Halfway up the stairs she froze. Coming from the kitchen was the sound of breaking glass, dreadfully loud in the silent house.

Someone was breaking in!

"Stop it, probably some punk teenager just threw a rock at the house, goofing off, or maybe showing off for his friends, and hit the window by accident," April announced aloud trying to calm her nerves.

Torn between going back downstairs to investigate, and running to the phone in her mom's room to call the police, April was still frozen

when she heard the unmistakable noise of the back kitchen door swinging open, and then the heavy thud of footsteps coming across the kitchen.

If it was a break in whoever it might have been was making absolutely no attempt to be quiet. April crept quietly up the stairs before dashing into her mom's room. The bedroom was dark except for a small pool of light thrown off by the lamp on the nightstand next to the bed.

Dashing over to the phone, she heard the sound of heavy footsteps clomping across the kitchen floor. So much for the punk kids theory!

She picked up the phone and started to call 9-1-1. After dialing the second number she froze. The call wasn't going through; there was no dial tone. Worse even the heavy footsteps were now ascending the stairs; slow and methodical as April cursed. Of course there is no fucking dial tone stupid! You unplugged the phone earlier!

In the near darkness of the bedroom it would be nearly impossible to find the end of the cord and fit it back into place before the intruder entered the room.

Tiptoeing across the room, April noiselessly opened the bedroom's closet door. There was no choice now but to try and hide. She entered the closet and peered around discouraged to find it offered precious little hiding room.

Along one side of the closet hung an assorted collection of her father's shirts and sweaters, along with about a half dozen of his ties. On the opposite side hung a collection of Suzan's blouses, sweaters and tee shirts, along with her three bathrobes.

Straight back from the door, hanging from an upper wooden closet rod was roughly a dozen of Suzan's dresses, and it was there, after she shoved aside several pairs of her mom's dress shoes lined up neatly on the floor, she chose to hide.

Crouching down, the dresses offered some small measure of concealment, April tried to make herself as small as possible. She strained to hear as the house again was utterly silent with the footsteps having seemingly stopped in front of the bedroom door as April waited with her breath coming in short pants.

She almost wished whoever was out there would hurry up and get things over with as her body filled with adrenaline. She was ready to fight this intruder whoever he might be.

The bedroom door slowly opened with a loud creaking noise. April began to shake as she heard the heavy footsteps clomp across the bare hardwood floor of the bedroom heading straight for the closet.

Peeking through a row of her mother's dresses, April held her breath as the closet door slowly opened. Standing in the entrance, framed by the dim light thrown off by the lamp on the nightstand was a figure, very much familiar — white mask, dark overalls, and holding

a large sinister looking knife. It was the same creepy trick or treater from earlier. For some reason, maybe he didn't want to make it too easy on himself, he did not reach out and turn on the closet light.

He stood there doing nothing for a long moment before turning. Amazingly, he appeared to be leaving!

April still trembled. Did he not know I was in here?

As if to answer her question, the figure turned abruptly and in two long strides was hovering over her. Reaching down, he snagged her by the hair, dragging her to her feet as she let out a loud squeal.

On the way up she reached down and snatched up one of her mother's dress shoes, it had a four inch spike heel, and without thinking, as the intruder twisted his hand deeper in her hair and began to shake her like a rag doll, a terrified April swung the shoe. The spike heel struck him hard on the left side of his face with the unexpected blow staggering him momentarily.

His grip loosened on her hair and in one violent twisting motion April managed to extract herself from his grasp. There was the smallest of openings between the wall and her attacker as he still seemed stunned by the blow to his head.

She darted through the opening, freedom beckoning, when, ironically just like in the movies, she tripped over her own feet and fell sprawling half out of the closet.

He turned and was on her in an instant. He reached down, grabbing one of her bare ankles, and yanked her back into the closet.

After he dropped her ankle, April tried to scoot back out of the closet on her butt. This time he reached down putting his hands under her armpits and picked her up as easily as one might a child.

She batted at him furiously to no effect as she cried, "Who are you. What do you want?"

Turning away from the door, he set her down on her feet toward the back of the closet. April now understood between his quick reflexes and his strength escape was a virtual impossibility. There was only one thing left to do—try to use her beauty to save herself.

"What do you want?" April said softly as he turned and quickly slammed the door shut plunging the closet into total darkness.

Reaching out and finding her face, the intruder stroked it with one finger whispering a single word, "Soft."

Much to her surprise, he let his finger slip from her face and then took a step back. April shrank back into the corner cowering as she sensed him looming over her.

"Please, I don't like the dark. Can you open the door just a bit to let some light in . . . please," she whined.

Again he surprised her when he turned and opened the closet door slightly.

He turned back around and just stood there—doing nothing—allowing April a moment to think while she stared dumbly at the knife he was holding firmly in his right hand. Finally, she decided on a course of action.

She pushed herself up into a standing position and took a small step forward. The intruder, matching her, took a small step backwards. "Look, I remember you from earlier. On the porch, I noticed you looking at me. Do you think I'm pretty? Maybe I could give you a kiss if you let me."

Taking a step closer to him she dropped her voice to a low whisper. "Could you set the knife down? You wouldn't need it. I promise."

His reaction was immediate and swift. He pushed her back against the wall as he mumbled. "Trick."

Expecting the attack to come now, April cowered while closing her eyes, but after a long pause with nothing happening she opened her eyes. He had stepped back again.

April perceived she had one chance—keep her intruder entertained long enough until her mother could get home and save her.

With this in mind, she elected to try a dangerous gambit. Noticing her father's half dozen or so ties hanging neatly along one side of the closet April carefully reached out and grabbed a pair of them.

"You don't trust me. OK, fine," April said as she held the ties out to him. "I will let you tie my hands to here." She turned around, pushing her mom's dresses to one side, before pointing up to the bare spot on the wooden closet rod she had just cleared.

"No tricks, right, if my hands are tied to the closet rod. Then you can do whatever you want to me without having to get . . . you know rough."

He did nothing at first, just staring straight ahead, before he suddenly snatched the ties out of her hand. He grabbed her wrist roughly forcing it up and back against the closet rod. She let out a small whimper as she felt her wrist being secured tightly against the wooden rod.

He then did the same to the other wrist as April whispered to him.
"See . . . now you can have some fun with me."

"Treats," he whispered back.

"Yes, treats, enjoy my treats. Take your time."

He stepped back, looking at her as April thrust her chest out. "Go on. You can do anything you want to me."

The intruder raised his hand and gently stroked the side of her face.
"Pretty."

"And I bet you are cute," April replied as his hand dropped away.
"You can kiss me, Mister, if you want . . . just take off your mask."

The intruder turned away and banged the closet door shut. April sighed as her respite from the darkness appeared to have been short lived. There was a long drawn out moment of silence. She held her breath and then nearly screamed as she felt his hands slip under her top and begin to explore her bare tummy. They moved around, flickering down across her navel and then back up before he raised them to caress her face.

She heard him take off his mask and then a soft thud when it dropped on the floor. His lips brushed hers. Tenderly he kissed her whispering, "Treats."

Pushing her fear aside, April kissed him back as his hands rested on her bare tummy just below the edge of her crop top. His touch was unexpectedly gentle as she felt a surge of excitement overtake her, especially when she felt the intruder's hands slowly beginning to rise toward her breasts.

This would be her first time being felt up and April was quite certain the intruder would not stop until his hands were fondling her small breasts. To be felt up for the first time, in her mother's dark closet while she was bound by her wrists to the wooden closet rod, by an unknown intruder, made the whole thing surreal — and exciting.

April was getting the feeling, or maybe it was just wishful thinking, he meant her no real harm. Just as his hands were almost upon the twin mounds of her pert little tits he suddenly drew them back. Something must have spooked him.

8:44 pm

Suzan walked through the front door going straight upstairs. "April, I'm home," she called out. After several cocktails at the bar with the girls, Suzan was feeling a bit tipsy and in the mood for some companionship.

Hurrying up the stairs she called out April's name again. There was no response. Reaching the upstairs hallway, Suzan glanced toward April's bedroom. It was dark. "Probably fell asleep waiting for me," Suzan muttered to herself as she headed to her own bedroom.

April heard the bedroom door open as the intruder grabbed his knife. Resisting the urge to scream, she instead held her breath after feeling the cold steel blade being pressed momentarily — it must have been a warning-- against her throat.

She heard him put his mask back before she whispered urgently, "Please, I will be quiet . . . don't hurt me . . . or her. It's my mother. I think she will get undressed and then go to bed. Then we can sneak down to my room and you can spend the night with me in my bed."

"Treats," he whispered.

"Yes, lots and lots of treats, I promise. Now Shhh . . ."

Suzan, humming a happy tune, crossed the bedroom. The intruder advanced silently to the front of the closet cracking open the door just enough to peer outside. He watched while she stripped off her dark red realty blazer, and then, as she turned inadvertently toward the closet, he enjoyed a perfect view when she started to undo the buttons on her white blouse.

A minute later, she was slipping the blouse seductively off her body in a show specifically designed for him-- so it seemed to the intruder. Seeing the pretty lace black bra she was wearing, the intruder's cock twitched to life as Suzan tossed her blouse casually onto the bed before sitting down on it and removing her shoes.

Wanting to see better, he took a step forward. The old floorboard in the closet groaned loudly as he shifted his weight forward. Suzan was just starting to undo her skirt when she paused looking intently at the closet. She thought she heard something—a noise maybe coming from the closet. Staring, she noticed the door was slightly ajar, and even more alarming, she detected a shadow moving inside.

The door being ajar was what really captured Suzan's attention as she always made it a habit to shut the closet door tightly. It was a habit that went all the way back to her childhood when she was afraid of the proverbial "thing in the closet". It all added up to one thing-- someone was in there.

No, not someone, April was in there waiting to scare her, of course. It was Halloween and it would be a very appropriate thing to do. Suzan was thrilled her young daughter was in a mood to play with her as she too was in a rather spirted mood.

Well, I will just give her something to think about as she waits for me to enter the closet and yell BOO! And maybe what I'm planning on doing will give the naive little girl an education to boot, Suzan thought as a deliciously wicked idea came to her.

Suzan was just tipsy enough not to chicken out as she turned so her ass was facing the closet and very slowly, very deliberately, slipped her skirt off while wiggling her butt in dramatic fashion for her secret audience.

The prowler, still ramped up from playing with April, was starting to get excited again watching Suzan.

Suzan was clad in all black under her work outfit: black bra with matching black panties. She stretched out on the bed knowing she would be in full view of the closet. Running her hands over her body, she closed her eyes.

Her secret admirer let out a small moan as he shifted anxiously from side to side as he watched while Suzan run her hands all over her big tits squeezing them through her sexy black bra.

Her naughty hands slipped down, sliding past her tummy before dipping down between her legs. She pushed one finger inside her wet pussy--being a little drunk left her, as always, feeling both horny and reckless with tonight being no exception. Pushing her finger deeper inside her pussy, she let out a long drawn out moan.

Pumping her finger in and out, she suppressed a smile as she could only imagine what her sweet innocent little daughter must be thinking as she watched her mother play with herself.

Suzan stroked her pussy with soft loving caresses before finding her clit and attacking it with her thumb. Could she keep doing this until she came with her daughter watching?

She honestly wasn't sure of the answer when she heard the old squeaky closet door begin to creak open.

I guess poor April had seen enough, Suzan thought to herself as she lifted her head, ready to ask her daughter if she was enjoying the show.

The words died on her lips. A mother always recognizes her cubs. Standing there was not her daughter, but her son wearing a Michael Myers mask and jumpsuit. The costumed jumpsuit was zipped down enough in the front where she could see the navy blue sweatshirt he was wearing which was part of the standard issued uniform at the institution.

Suzan avoided her initial reaction-- which was to overreact, especially when she spied the large knife he was holding at his side. Remembering her earlier conversation with Dr. Grant—I don't think you are in any danger, almost made her want to laugh. Yeah, well, I wonder what the good doctor would think now!

Suzan slowly raised herself up from the bed. "Mark, is it really you? Answer me honey. Are you OK?"

He did nothing, said nothing. It was like she was talking to a wall.

Suzan now received another shock. April could no longer be quiet as she yelled from the depths of the closet. "Jesus, Mom help me. Is that really Mark?"

April's voice coming from deep inside the closet, tinged with fear, jolted Suzan into action. She jumped to her feet and rushed toward the closet, brushing past him as he simply stepped aside and let her pass.

Entering the closet, Suzan shrieked seeing her daughter bound to the upper closet rod by her wrists.

"Mom, Mom, Mom, it's OK . . . he hasn't hurt me," April cried trying her best to stay calm.

Suzan rushed to April's side and began tearing at the ties binding her daughter to the closet rod as she bravely, or maybe foolishly, turned her back on her son. She just managed to loosen the first knot when suddenly the closet door shut with a loud bang.

In the inky blackness of the closet, Suzan froze. She turned around slowly; she could just barely make out his dark shape. He was standing there; doing nothing-- as far as she could tell.

"Mark, honey, what . . . what do you want?"

"Mom, what do you think he wants?" April hissed into her mother's ear. "Look at me. He tied me to the fucking closet rod and was about to . . ." She dropped her voice to a low hiss, "Feel me up."

April resisted the urge to add—until you came home and spoiled things!

Suzan took a deep breath before reminding herself not to panic. Speaking calmly she said, "Mark, can you turn on the closet light. Please I . . . I have an offer for you. A very nice offer but you need to turn on the light, baby. Please me and your sister, we don't like the dark."

First, there was nothing, only the sound of his heavy breathing and then just as she was about to ask again he finally replied in a voice that was barely audible, "No Mark."

"Oh yes, I'm sorry you still preferred to be called Michael. So can you turn on the light . . . please Michael?"

The light clicked on giving Suzan hope that somewhere deep inside him was her son—and he would be willing to listen to her. Any relief she felt was short lived though as he advanced closer while tightly clutching the knife.

"Wait, honey . . ." Suzan stepped forward positioning her body between him and April.

He stopped and slowly started to raise his hand holding the knife. Reaching out she touched his chest, "Please, Michael, listen. You don't need that knife to get what you want."

She reached out to grab his free hand determining bold action was necessary. "But first, please, Michael, come with me out to the bedroom so we can talk."

He didn't move; his only reaction being a menacing twitching of the hand holding the knife.

"Please sweetheart, we really need to talk." Taking a chance she moved closer to him again whispering, "Please."

She let out a sigh of relief when he blinked his eyes at her and then held his free hand to her. Taking his hand, she started to lead him out of the closet.

"Mom, what about me?" April cried out.

"Relax, hon, we will be right back."

"Can't you at least untie me?"

"Oh, yeah, here." Suzan turned and untied her daughter while Michael calmly waited. "Stay here hon. Let me talk to him alone. Don't worry we won't be long," Suzan said over her shoulder after she slipped on one of her robes.

She closed the door tight as they exited the closet not wanting April to hear what she was about to tell her son and cause her to worry. "Can you be a good boy and just sit on the bed with me while we talk?"

Suzan wasn't exactly sure what she was going to say but whatever it might have been went out the window after she sat down next to him and noticed something disturbing about the large knife he was holding. First of all, it looked familiar and then it hit her.

"Michael can you hold your knife up for me please." She reached over and clicked the other lamp on nearest to them on the nightstand.

The knife was one of her own. It was the eight inch carving knife from the new set she just purchased a few months ago. More ominously it appeared to be stained — with blood.

Samuel hadn't called her at the office in the afternoon to let her know he arrived at the lake. Nor had he called her tonight to check up- as he always did; the answering machine next to her bed was quiet.

"Honey, how long have you been here at the house hanging around?
Did you get here this afternoon maybe?"

He nodded yes.

"And was someone here."

Again he nodded yes.

"Your father maybe?"

Another nod yes.

"And did you . . . ahh do something to your father."

Michael said nothing; instead he looked at the knife.

"Is he still here? The garage, the backyard, somewhere else?"

He nodded his head yes as he gripped the knife tighter.

This would be her last question, and the one that would explain why Samuel had not called this afternoon, or maybe would never be calling again.

"He won't be bothering us at all. Ever again?"

Michael looked at her and mouthed a single word—never. This both thrilled and scared her all at once. "I need to talk to your sister real quick Michael. Can you just sit there and wait."

He nodded his head yes as Suzan jumped up from the bed and crossed the room to the closet. She was shaking.

As soon as she entered the closet, April demanded to know what was going on.

"Shhh, relax baby. Now you have to listen to me good and no questions. Dr. Grant called me this morning and said your brother escaped last night. I didn't tell you because I didn't want you to worry. The doctor thought I would have nothing to worry about. He was sure they would have him back in custody shortly."

"Well obviously the damn doctor was wrong," April snapped.

"Obviously, now quiet. I just learned something and you need to hear it and not freak out on me. You understand."

"Mother, I'm cool. I am not going to freak."

"Fine, well, I think your father is dead and I think Michael killed him."

April let out a small gasp. "Mom how d0--"

"Honey, I asked him and he told me. Sort of. I know this is scary, but you have to just trust me. I'm only telling you this so you understand how serious the situation is OK?"

April nodded her head without saying a word.

"I think I know how to handle this. It's going to be maybe a little wild and ahh could get a bit naughty but you have to trust me and follow my instructions . . . no matter what they are. Do you understand young lady?"

Again, April nodded her head yes.

"I will tell you something real quick that I learned a few months ago about Michael from Dr. Grant."

Facing each other, holding hands, in the quiet stillness of the closet, April listened closely as her mother told her something a bit shocking.

"Last year, I received a letter from Dr. Grant about your brother. He said he had achieved a major breakthrough in his case. He claimed to have some insight on why he attacked your father. It was to protect me and to . . . well eliminate the competition in a matter of speaking. The letter contained a lot of complex psychology stuff and I really didn't understand a lot of it, but the one point I got clearly was how Dr. Grant had come to believe Mark, once he reached a mature age, maybe developed a bit of a crush on me. And now he is here and I think deep down inside he wants something . . . and it's not to hurt us."

April looked at her mother for a long moment before quietly answering, "I think I understand."

"Just remember, Michael . . . the way he thinks, the way he processes information, is not like a normal adult man of his age. I told Dr. Grant how I believed Mark may have been messed up by your father and his whacky religious bullshit."

"I know. I have issues too because of him."

"Yes, anyways, April, what is important now is for us to get out of this thing in one piece without him hurting either one of us."

"How do we do that?' April quietly asked.

"I think what we need to do is to accept setting our morals aside for the night."

"Mom, I think I already did that. He was about to feel me up when you walked in the house and I sort of . . . encouraged him to do that. At the time I didn't know it was him, but yet . . . maybe I did somehow . . . deep down inside I mean."

"Honey, I'm sure you only did what you thought needed to be done. There is no need to explain." Suzan squeezed both her daughter's hands tight, before continuing. "I have my own theory that Mark, while he may be 22 years old now is childlike in that he will respond positively to sweetness and kindness, but not for a second can we forget he is physically a grown man and dangerous. I don't know what is going to happen but I think what I need to do, with your help, is to exploit to the fullest the weakness he feels for his mother due to the way he is attracted to me."

Suzan dropped April's hands before hugging her tight and bringing her mouth to her ear, "You must play along, hon just like you were before when he was going to feel you up in the closet. This time though it will be easier as I am going to be right here with you and now you know it's not some deranged stranger."

"No, just my deranged brother. Much better," April replied with a snort.

"Yes, well, he loves you. Don't forget that."

"OK, Mom. What do you want me to do?"

"I have an idea but I just want you to fully understand you may have to do some things, naughty things I mean, before the night is over."

April responded with a very quiet, yet firm, "Yes I know, Mom, and I am prepared."

"OK so here is the game plan. I am going to take him downstairs so he can show me what kind of mess he made of your father. I need to know for sure one way or the other. While we are downstairs I want you to . . ."

Suzan hurriedly finished whispering her instructions to April hoping she wasn't about to make a huge mistake that would endanger both their lives.

9:05 pm

Back out in the bedroom, Suzan approached Michael. "Son, can we please go downstairs and you show me what you did with your father."

After his usual pause Michael slowly nodded his head yes. Taking his mother's hand he allowed himself to be led downstairs. Much to Suzan's chagrin though he was still holding the knife.

Michael shuffled ahead leading her through the kitchen and toward the side door which opened into the garage. Just before they were about to head into the garage Suzan sweetened her voice telling him, "Honey, can we maybe leave the knife there on the kitchen table. Please."

Much to her surprise, he set the knife down promptly. It was a good sign he seemed to be responding to her commands. Taking a deep breath she opened the door to the garage.

After entering the garage Suzan clicked on the overhead light. There it was-- a bloody trail along the garage's cement floor leading around to the back of the truck. Michael, with her in tow, followed the bloody trail.

He showed absolutely no emotion as he pulled the tarp back from the bed of Samuel's pickup truck. He was lying there, all twisted and mangled and covered in dried blood. This time Michael finished the job.

Michael was just standing there-- seemingly waiting for further instructions-- as Suzan throw the tarp back over her late husband's body.

"You knew he was till treating Mommy bad right, Michael?"

He nodded his head yes.

"And that is why you killed him?"

Another silent nod yes.

"We will deal with this mess later, but for now can you follow me back into the house."

They stopped in the kitchen. "Are you hungry baby? Do you want Mommy to make you a sandwich and maybe some milk and cookies?"

He nodded his head slowly. "OK, go out and sit on the couch and I will bring your food out to you in just a minute."

Suzan hurriedly made a peanut butter and jelly sandwich and poured him both a glass of milk and a glass of water, before adding a half dozen Oreo cookies to the plate. She brought it out and placed it down on the coffee table in front of where he was sitting stiffly on the sofa.

"Oh, your mask. You have to take it off to eat and drink."

He shook his head no.

"Oh, you don't want me to see you just yet. OK, I will turn the light off and just sit over here on loveseat far enough away where I can't really see you."

As Suzan retreated across the room she decided to try and make some small talk with her son. Maybe it will help him feel more at ease if she just talked to him like everything was normal.

She rambled on to him about her job, her friends, April, about what a bad husband Samuel had been, and then even about the goddamn weather. Basically, she just carried on about anything she could think of while he sat there slowly eating and seemingly taking it all in.

When he finished eating, she took him by the hand and led him upstairs. She tried to visualize how the rest of the night might turn out, but there was just too many X factors. She would just take things as they came while focusing on doing whatever it might take to keep her and April safe.

The most worrisome thing to her now was that damn knife. He was carrying it again as they ascended the stairs. Plus, he put his stupid mask back on as soon as he was finished eating. Obviously, she still needed to work on winning his trust.

Hoping her next move—the one she previously discussed with April-- might do the trick she paused at the top of the stairs. "Michael, I think you need a bath. It's been a long day for you and a nice hot bath would help you relax. How does that sound?"

He nodded his head yes as she led him down the hallway toward her bedroom.

As they pushed the door open to her bedroom—yes hers, not theirs, the part that made the bedroom "theirs" was gone forever. Entering the bathroom, Suzan saw April prepared the bathroom just as they planned earlier.

Hot steam rose from the large rectangular sunken bath tub. The whole room was cast in a soft light from a dozen or so candles placed strategically on the counters and on the wide edges around the tub. But the best part of how April prepared the bathroom was herself and the play acting which was about to ensue.

Apparently, she received the hint that the way to tame the beast's heart tonight was with sheer beauty. April was standing in front of the bathroom sink across the room from the tub. She was brushing her teeth—while wearing an exceptionally innocent looking white bra along with a pair of pink panties.

Not at all expecting to see her normally shy daughter in her bra and panties-- that was not part of her instructions-- Suzan's reaction was one of genuine surprise. Not knowing it would be playing right into

the way her clever daughter was adding her own twist to their plan, Suzan started to back out of the bathroom pushing Michael out as she went.

"Oh honey, I'm sorry, me and your brother we didn't know you were undressed." When she said the word "undressed" she felt Michael push up behind her. Turning she seen him straining his neck forward trying to peep in at his sister.

Suzan, still following her initial gut reaction, was preparing to shut the door when it hit her just what a golden opportunity this might be—if they played things just right for Michael's sake.

April got the ball rolling in the right direction as apparently they were on the same wavelength. "Mom, you guys are fine. I was just getting ready to hop in your tub and take a bath. Is that OK?"

"Honey I promised your brother I was going to give him a bath." She steered Michael over to her bed telling him, "Michael, go sit on Mommy's bed for a minute please while I talk to your baby sister."

April poked her head out of the door calling out to him. "I'm sorry, Mikey I didn't know Mom was planning on giving you a bath."

Suzan tossed the bait hoping April would pick up on it. "Well, I guess after you are done he can have his turn, but gee, you take such long hot baths there probably won't be any hot water left for him."

"Mom," April stepped out into the bedroom—apparently not in the least bit concerned about letting both of them see her in her underwear. "Maybe if Michael doesn't mind we could . . . like share a bath."

"Well, why don't you ask him hon?"

April crossed the room slowly trying her best to contain her fear. She thought she could manage it as long as she wasn't left alone with him. Stopping just in front of him, she made an extra special effort to make her voice sweet for him—just like her mom was doing.

"Michael, would you mind sharing a bath with your little sister."

When he said nothing, only looking away, she became unsure of herself. Somehow she sensed pushing too hard would blow things for them. Thankfully, her mom came riding to the rescue.

"April, he is shy," she told her daughter before turning to Michael. "Honey, we can add lots of extra bubble bath if you want so your sister won't be able to see your naked body and you won't be able to see hers."

Suzan, deciding a bit of audacity was called for, reached out and took his hand. "Come on hon, I will be right there. I will sit on the edge of the tub and wash you up really nice and I just bet your little sister

wouldn't mind helping me so you see there will be nothing to worry about. Are you OK with this?"

Michael turned and looked at her, and then turned and looked at April, before he slowly nodded his head yes.

"Good, I am glad we got that settled. Here, stand up, so we can get you undressed for your bath. Come over here April and help me get him undressed."

They undressed him slowly, not wanting to take a chance in startling him. Both of them, despite the circumstances they found themselves in, couldn't help but to notice how well toned his body was as they stripped off both his state issued shirt and his jeans after getting the jumpsuit off of him.

Under his jeans, Michael was wearing a pair of dark blue boxers, ones that Suzan sent him as part of a care package years ago. Now they looked to be a bit snug on him.

Suzan tried to control her excitement as she reached for the waistband of his boxers, but Michael, as soon as he felt her tugging on them, grabbed her hand.

"OK, baby, you are shy, I get it. You can wait to take off your boxers right before you jump in the tub." They each took one of his hands

leading him to the tub but before they could take two steps he quickly pulled away and grabbed his damn knife once more.

Once inside the bathroom, Suzan led him to the sink where she pulled out a new toothbrush she purchased for herself just the other day and handed it to him.

Then a very dangerous thought hit her. Without taking time to consider the implications, but instead only wanting him to be focused on "other" things besides maybe doing more mayhem, she slid open the mirrored medicine cabinet door and grabbed her former husband's bottle of Viagra. She dumped one into her hand and then filled a small Dixie cup full of water.

Placing the pill on the counter next to the cup she smiled at him. "Just a vitamin pill for you hon. Take it after you brush your teeth really good and then rinse with the mouthwash. Mommy and your sister are just going to add a bit more warm water to the tub and add some more bubble bath."

When Michael only stood there doing nothing after taking a glance back at April, Suzan quickly figured out what might be wrong. "Oh, you don't wanna take your mask off in front of your sister. I get it. She won't look I promise hon. Go ahead, brush your teeth quick and then you can put it back on."

Michael complied with her request as Suzan led her daughter over to the tub. Suzan used the noise of the hot water splashing into the tub to talk quietly to April.

"Mom, just how are we going to handle this? What is going to happen?"

"Honestly, I am not sure. I am just kind of fumbling along here. Just remember we have to treat him childlike, yet entice his manly desires for his mother, so just follow along with whatever I say."

"So you think he has desires only for his mother?" April snapped back sounding almost jealous.

"No, I think he has some cravings for his younger sister too. I just wasn't going to mention it as I didn't wanna scare you."

"I ain't scared. I can handle myself, Mom."

"Well, we shall see about that I'm sure before the night is through," Suzan replied with a smirk. They let the warm water splash into the tub for another minute before turning it off.

"Ready to get in the tub, hon?" Suzan asked. "Did you take your vitamin pill?"

Nodding his head yes, he adjusted his mask back in place as he stepped toward the tub. Again, vexing his mother, he grabbed the knife from the bathroom sink counter and was carrying it with him toward the tub.

"OK, Michael, me and your sister will turn around and you go ahead and strip off those boxers and then take your mask off and hop in the tub."

He shook his head no as he pointed to the mask. Suzan decided not to press the issue for now. "OK, leave your mask on, but you can't take the knife in the tub with you sweetheart as it might scare your little sister."

He paused, looking around, before setting the knife down-- within easy reach-- on the wide area of the marble tile that surrounded the tub.

They heard the water splash as he hopped in the tub. Suzan turned to April whispering, "Now it's your turn. Are you sure you can do this."

"Yes, I . . . I want to. It will help protect us right?"

"I think so."

Raising her voice, Suzan told her daughter, "Now go ahead and take off your bra and panties sweetie and hop in the tub with your brother."

April turned to face her brother as she reached around behind her and undid her bra. Despite the mask, she could feel his eyes on her chest as the bra slipped off her breasts. Before she could lose her nerve, she then stripped off her panties and stepped in the tub positioning herself so she was facing him as she sank down under a protective screen of bubbles.

Suzan brought a pair of washcloths to the edge of the tub and after handing one to April she pushed a couple of the flickering candles over giving her room to sit on the edge of the tub.

"Let's start with your brother's arms and shoulders. Michael, here move closer to me. You are too far away from Mommy."

"Mom, why don't you just get in the tub with us?"

"That might be a good idea baby, but I don't know how Michael would feel having his mother in the tub with him. After all he is a big boy now."

"Oh, I'm sure he wouldn't mind. Right, Mikey?" April purred as she reached out and stroked his arm. "Do you want Mommy to join us in the tub?"

Michael, paused, and then shyly shook his head yes.

"Well, OK. I mean if you guys really don't mind I guess it would make it easier anyway to wash him up really good."

Suzan stood up and paused. They were both staring at her as she reached down finding the knot on the tie that held her robe shut. She fiddled with it a bit while making sure she still had their full attention before she slowly undid her robe and then let it slip off her body.

After teasing them she now turned purposefully shy. "Now you both have to look away while I take off my bra and panties."

Both April and Michael obediently turned their attention elsewhere as Suzan stripped off her bra and panties and slipped into the tub positioning herself behind Michael.

The girls took their time washing his arms, neck and shoulders while doing a bit of sly teasing. April's teasing consisted of casually raising up on her knees to wash her brother which allowed her boobs to become visible as they rose above the soapy bubbles, while Suzan's teasing was a bit more subtle as she allowed her large tits to brush up and down his back as she reached around and helped wash his arms.

It was then Suzan decided to roll the dice. Beside his ungodly attachment to that fucking knife, the fact he refused to take off his stupid plain white mask was really starting to get on her nerves. Screwing up her courage, she determined maybe she was not being forceful enough with him.

Making her voice stern Suzan snapped at her son, "It's time we washed your face young man so I take off that silly mask of yours. Now don't argue with your mother."

Not waiting for him to nod his head one way or the other, she reached out and started to pull his mask off. She felt him tense up and reach for the knife. She had to do something . . . his hand was grasping the knife.

Suzan pushed her mouth up to his ear just as she purposefully leaned far enough forward so as her tits pressed firmly against his back. "Sweetie, if you let Mommy remove your mask she will wash your face up real nice and then as a reward give you a nice kiss or two."

His grasp on the knife first loosened, then slipped away as he set the knife back down while Suzan pulled the mask off.

They both stared at him. His once handsome face was a mass of scar tissue, his nose a misshapen mass, and most awful of all, there was one long, ugly, jagged scar that stretched from just below his right ear zig zagging its way across his cheek and over to his eye. No

wonder the poor thing wanted to wear the mask—he was embarrassed.

Suzan washed his face carefully, dabbing gently with the wash cloth while April followed behind rinsing the soap off with her own wet washcloth.

The whole time she washed his face, Suzan's heart was breaking. She recalled Dr. Grant telling her when they first met a bit about Michael's combative history at the institute. He fought with everyone, staff and fellow inmates alike, after first arriving at the institution. The scars on his face bore testament to the beatings he took from an uncaring staff and hostile fellow inmates over the years.

"Now let's wash the rest of him up, April."

April smiled and nodded yes wondering just how far her mother was planning on taking this little bath adventure of theirs.

"Michael are you OK still. It will only take a second to finish washing you up and then we can all get out of the tub."

He looked at her before hanging his head and nodding yes. The dour expression on his face made it clear something was wrong.

"What is it baby?" she asked softly.

He paused before raising his hand up and touching one finger lightly to his lips before he reached over and carefully touched her lips with the same finger.

"Oh . . . ohhh, you want your kisses."

He shook his head yes, almost breaking into a smile.

"Of course baby. I'll tell you what, as April finishes washing you up Mommy will give her handsome son his kisses."

After Suzan handed April the soapy washcloth she told her, "Now take your time April and do a good job all over."

"Yes, mother," April snapped. She was feeling jealous; Michael and her mother were going to be kissing while she was being regulated to the role of simple washerwoman.

Suzan started slow with a few simple kisses on first one cheek, and then the other, before pausing and whispering, "You want some kisses here too, Michael." She touched a finger lightly to his lips.

Much to her surprise, Michael did not nod his head, but instead she seen his lips moving. He was speaking! Or trying to speak. A barely audible "Yes, please," escaped from his lips.

Suzan's heart leaped. A breakthrough finally! Wanting to take full advantage of the situation she quickly brought her lips to his giving him several light kisses before pulling back.

She was about to ask him if he liked her kisses when again he surprised her.

"More," he whispered still barely audible but yet unmistakable.

Suzan brought her hand to his face turning it upward while bringing her lips to his. Hoping to entice him, she let her kisses linger before pulling back slightly. "Baby, kiss me back this time."

His kisses were tentative at best, but regardless Suzan scored it as a major breakthrough. Afraid of pushing things too far, too fast, she finally broke away from him saying loudly, "Your sister should be about done now."

April, not bothering to try and conceal her jealousy in the least, replied, "Well, yeah, I see you two are done . . . finally," she huffed.

Suzan laughed. "Oh my . . . I do think some young lady is jealous, Mikey."

In the muted light of the bathroom, Suzan could have sworn he smiled.

"Yeah, I'm done," April barked as she tossed the washcloth aside.

Despite the bizarre circumstances they found themselves in, Suzan still managed to react to April's teenage huffiness with a typical motherly response.

"Young lady, you'd better lose that attitude right now. You hear me?" Suzan barked at her daughter.

"Yes, Mother," April replied with no small amount of sarcasm.

"Just because I gave your brother some kisses is no reason for you to turn into a little bitch. Now we are not done. I don't believe you bothered to wash your brother up thoroughly like I instructed you?"

"Mom, I did wash him good," April protested.

"Did you now? Did you wash between his legs?"

April said nothing while Michael began to fidget indicating he maybe knew, and understood things, far better than she was giving him credit for.

"Michael, did you sister wash between your legs?"

When he shook his head no the next part of Suzan's plan clicked easily into place.

"Fine, well, it needs to be done. April pick up your washcloth and soap it up real good."

Michael was squirming more than ever now as he watched April rub soap on her washcloth. Suzan perceived she knew why her son was so nervous-- more than likely he was hard down there under the bubbles.

Suzan relaxed her voice as she whispered, "Go ahead, April and take your time and do a really . . . really nice job down there."

As April started to move the washcloth under the bubbles he suddenly tensed up shaking his head no almost fiercely.

"Oh honey, c'mon, don't be shy. You have to get washed up down there and it's only your baby sister. We are family sweetie . . . it's OK . . . really it is."

Michael seemed to relax -- a little-- but not enough for Suzan's liking, especially as he reached out and grabbed his sister's hand. It seemed Suzan would have to up the ante in their little unfolding drama.

Running her fingers softly through his hair, she leaned forward, brushing her full-sized tits against his back seductively yet again as she breathed in his ear, "Mommy will give you more kisses later on if you let your baby sister wash you up down there. How does that sound?"

Michael nodded his head yes as he let April's hand slip out of his grasp.

"There, now that is my good boy. I want you to lean back against Mommy, close your eyes, and spread your legs for your sister."

Michael complied. The end game was upon them.

April dipped the washcloth under the bubbles nervous as to what she might find down there. She was a still a wholesome virgin, thanks to her overly strict father, never having so much as glimpsed a man's cock, let alone touched one.

Suzan twisted her body around to one side so she could watch while cradling Michael's head on her shoulder. Suzan suppressed a knowing smile as she watched April first gasp and then quickly pull her hand out from under the bubbles.

Suzan immediately spoke up snapping at her daughter, "April, you haven't started yet and already you are quitting. What is wrong with you?"

"I know Mom, but . . . but . . . ahh."

Suzan again relaxed her voice, deciding to play good cop this time. "But what sweetheart? Tell me."

She dropped her voice to a whisper as she leaned in close to her mother, "I mean is . . . is it supposed to be that big and hard."

"Well, it really depends on the situation."

Michael, sensing the tension, lifted his head up off his mother's shoulder. He looked around and then reached for his knife.

"Now, damn it, look what you done! You made him nervous."

Suzan quickly reached out and grabbed her son's hand before he could pick up his knife. She kissed his hand lightly, whispering in his ear, "Relax, baby, April was just a bit surprised at your size. Nothing to be worried about."

Suzan pushed his head back down on her shoulder while giving April a stern look. April, properly cowed by both her mom's look and by her brother trying to pick up his knife again, slipped her hand back under the bubbles knowing what she must do.

She started slowly running the washcloth up and down his inner thighs before Suzan suddenly stopped her. She impulsively decided to go all in. "Wait, I have an idea. I think you both might be more comfortable if I helped wash him up down there too."

After gently pushing his head off of her shoulder, Suzan raised up her knees.

April let out a small sigh of relief as now she would not be tasked with handling that big hard thing all by herself. Her relief would be short-lived as her mom was expanding on her "wanting to help" idea.

The marble rectangular tub was designed with two steps leading down into the tub's large basin which just happened to fit neatly into Suzan's plans. Like a general directing the movement of troops on a battlefield, she quickly maneuvered her son and daughter into place.

She directed Michael to first sit on the bottom step leading down into the tub while she and April crouched on their knees facing him, but with his cock and balls still submerged under the water this would not do.

"Oh darn baby, you are still too low in the water. Here move up one more step."

Michael hesitated. He was shy to reveal his private parts to his mom and sister. Suzan, of course, knew this. "Its OK baby. I mean, don't you want me to wash you up really good down there? It will be easier if that . . . well if you were just a bit higher and not under the water. You understand?"

He nodded his head yes, before slowly moving up to the top step allowing his cock to emerge from the depths of the soapy bubbles like some sort of angry, one eyed sea monster.

Suzan glanced at her daughter—April was being a good girl and making it a point not to look at her brother-- before turning her own curious attention to look at her son down there.

He was two things: massively hard, and massively big-- a good seven and half to eight inches she guessed. "Here honey," Suzan said, "hand me your washcloth. You won't need it."

April handed the still soapy washcloth over to her mother wondering just what the hell she was up to. "Now hold out your hands, both of them, palms up."

When she hesitated, guessing what her mother was up to, Suzan instantly jumped on her. "Don't be such a prudish little girl. He needs

to be washed there and you are going to do it nice and slow and this time without the washcloth. Now give me your hands."

April did as she was told and watched as her mother squirted a generous amount of liquid hand soap on both of her palms.

Suzan reached out and seized her daughter's right hand bringing it closer to Michael's giant cock. April, her innate shyness getting the better of her, yanked her hand back just bare inches away from touching it.

In the mood to create some drama, Suzan reacted swiftly. She slapped her daughter harshly across the face. "That was rude you little bitch. What? You think you are too good to wash him up . . . is that it?"

April wondered just how real that slap was--it certainly felt real--although she couldn't discount the possibility it was all for show just for Michael's sake. Well, just maybe she had a little something of an act to put on herself. Taking a deep breath, April dived headfirst into a being a drama queen.

"What I think," she practically yelled, "is I am done with my bath. You can wash him up by yourself if you like, but I am out of here."

"Sit back down young lady and do what your mother tells you," Suzan shot back.

April, defiant, stood up. "I said I am leaving."

Suzan grabbed her arm as she hissed, "I said sit back down little girl. Don't for a minute think you aren't too old for Mommy to take you over her knee and give you a good spanking for your insolence."

April, curious to see just how serious her mother was about her threat, elected to push the envelope. "Oh right, now that I would like to see." And then putting on her best teenage girl bad attitude she snorted, "Like I said, I am out of here, you two can finish your stupid bath without me."

After brusquely pushing her mother's hand off her arm, April started to step out of the tub while pondering just how severely her mother would react to her disobedience. She quickly found out.

Without considering the implications of what she was about to do, Suzan reached out and snatched her daughter around the arm and yanked her back down into a sitting position.

April's butt hit the marble tile surrounding the tub with a wet smacking noise just as Michael picked up the knife. He was glaring at her enough to make her blood run cold, but maybe, more importantly, his cock was shrinking precipitously.

Suzan noticed her son's reaction and didn't like it. It was simple really --if he was big and hard down there he would be focused on things other than causing trouble. She would have to rectify the situation and fast.

"Now you are going to get spanked, April Melissa."

April contemplated getting up again but decided against it. Michael, and the way he was holding that knife and glaring at her, was just too much of a wild card. Besides, the fact her mother used her middle name meant she was serious. The choice was easy -- she submitted.

"Yes, Mommy. I'm sorry."

"It's too late for that. C'mon, lay yourself down over my knee and I want you to sing for me you little bitch, call out the numbers of your mommy's spanks and I just might stop at ten."

"Yes, Mommy," April replied in a voice that was raspy with anticipation. Although she was a good girl, just this past summer she became engrossed in a trashy romance novel containing a bit of kink. Namely, the main character, a proper young lady like herself, got into trouble, and for her trouble she was given a good bare handed spanking on her behind. The story made it quite evident the proper young lady immensely enjoyed her spanking. April now was hopeful of life imitating fiction.

Suzan positioned herself sitting on the tile with her feet submerged in the water. She was hopeful being out from under the bubbles and showing off her tits would distract Michael.

With memories of the story floating around in her mind, April submitted meekly positioning herself across her mom's lap. Suzan took one quick glance at Michael. While he was staring aptly at her tits he was still gripping his damn knife something fierce.

Suzan raised her hand as April held her breath awaiting the first blow.

When it came, it was hard and swift—better and worse all at once than April hoped for. She cried out, "One."

Her small body squirmed against her mom's lap as the blows fell in quick succession one after the other. She called out, "Two . . . three . . . four . . . five."

April could feel herself getting wet as her mom paused. Opening her eyes she found herself staring directly at her big brother. He had tilted his head to one side and was looking at them intently. He was no longer small either, but well on his way to being big and hard once again.

The spanking started up again. "Six," she cried out. Then came the next smack on the opposite cheek, and April called out that one too, "Seven."

April spread her legs a bit now as she pushed down grinding her cunt against her mother's lap as the next three blows fell rapidly. In a voice hoarse with desire April called out each and every one of her mother's whacks as she rotated her hips downward trying desperately to increase their skin on skin contact.

None of this was lost on Suzan. She knew what April was doing, what she was experiencing, and maybe most importantly, what she wanted. Mr. Meyers, despite his holier than thou act, was quite the kink master when it came to his own private sex life with his wife. Suzan had taken her fair share of spankings, quite happily, in the early years of their marriage when things were still good between them.

As for poor Michael, Suzan could only imagine what he must be going through sitting there, not a foot or two away, watching with eyes glazed over with lust. Like any good mother, she knew exactly what her kids wanted at any particular moment and was determined to fulfill both their needs all at once.

"Well, the way you are squirming little girl tells me maybe you are learning your lesson after all. Now be good and let mommy finish. Only ten more to go."

"Ten more? But that will make twenty, Mommy. I thought you said ten only," April cried out feeling she should play the role of reluctant spankee to garner the best results.

"I said . . . 'I might stop at ten young lady', but I have decided ten would be too light of a punishment. I think twenty is much better. But you know what, I will be a sport, and we will let Michael decide."

She turned to him smiling and asked, "Honey, would you prefer Mommy giving your little sister some more spanking?"

He nodded his head yes eagerly.

"Well that's decided so come here and move closer hon . . . next to your sister. I think I might need your help with something." Suzan patted the tile next to where April's head was resting on a folded towel.

Michael obeyed moving next to April. Suzan stretching out to the shower caddy hanging down from the bath's faucet, was just able to reach the body lotion she kept there.

"Tell you what baby," Suzan whispered running her fingers through April's hair, "that cute little ass of yours is looking kind of red. I think maybe a short break is required before we resume the rest of your punishment."

"Yes, Mommy," April sniveled.

"Since you have endured your punishment so well up to now, I will very graciously rub some of my body lotion on your butt. It will help take some of the soreness away."

"OK," April replied.

"Michael, honey, would you like to help rub the lotion on her cute little behind?"

Michael looked at April, staring directly at her butt, and nodded his head emphatically yes.

Still stroking her hair softly, Suzan cooed to her daughter, "You don't mind do you honey?"

"No, of course not, Mommy."

"OK, good, then you just relax, lay your head back down on the towel, and close your eyes while me and your brother pamper that sore little butt of yours."

April felt a substantial amount of the cool lotion being squirted on her butt before feeling her mom's soft hands spreading it around.

After the harsh spanking the pampering her butt was receiving felt heavenly.

When Michael joined in, his rough hands presenting a nice contrast to her mom's silky smooth hands, it only increased the raw sexual tension slowly building between the three of them.

April felt herself squirming involuntarily in her mom's lap as her brother kneaded her ass firmly while her mother dipped one of her fingers down and in-between her legs. She could barely contain her excitement as her mother whispered, "Go on honey, and spread your legs just a bit more for Mommy."

April complied feeling her mom's dancing fingers slide along her inner thighs as her brother continued to rub his hands lovingly all over her ass. April let out a soft sigh as her mom's fingertips, again and again, just barely stroked along the opening of her wet pussy.

Writhing all over her mom's lap, April started to lose control. Realizing what was happening, Suzan quickly removed her teasing fingers back from between her daughter's legs leaving poor April wanting more.

But April was not the only one squirming as she glanced over at Michael in time to observe him fidgeting something awful as he sat on the tile. His cock looked as big as a house and as hard as a brick wall.

Suzan brought her hands together in a loud clap startling the both of them. "Enough! Playtime is over children. Michael, put your hands back in your lap and you, April, stop your fidgeting all over mommy's lap and prepare for some more spanks. This time I will relieve you of the burden of counting so you can just focus on your punishment and Michael, honey, you are going to join in on spanking your baby sister's pretty little ass."

There was a mean sting on April's ass as her brother brought his rough hand down three times in rapid succession on her bare behind, followed quickly by three lighter slaps from her mother. The twin set of blows left April whimpering for more.

She had a deep ache in her flesh as her lithe ass absorbed the full force of their punishment. She involuntarily thrust her pelvis down with each blow grinding herself against her mom's naked lap.

And then things got really interesting. "Mikey, you keep up the spanking now by yourself while your mother is going to concentrate on doing a little something else."

It didn't take long for April to figure out what that "something else" was as her mother forcefully spread her daughter's legs wider.

Michael spread his spanking around alternating between his sister's delicious ass cheeks while allowing the occasional blow to land near the juncture between her thighs. Those were the ones April liked best

especially as her mom's fingers were once again dancing at the doorstep of her virgin pussy.

With each wicked blow, pain roared through her body, making her nipples throb and her cunt clench in sympathy with the blows, especially as she felt her mother's index finger slide carefully up and inside of her.

"Jesus, you are a tight little bitch aren't you baby girl," Suzan hissed at her as she started to wriggle her index finger inside her daughter's snatch box. By now, the blows April had already received was well beyond the allotted "ten more" but, of course, no one seemed to be counting anymore.

April, moaning with unabashed pleasure, ground her pussy down against her mom's thigh as Michael continued to reign blows down on her ass in conjunction with Suzan working her finger in and out of her daughter's pussy.

The spanking was pure torture for young April-- both delicious and wicked when Suzan added the final piece to the fun and games. She reached out and grabbed April's wrist pulling it up as she whispered in her ear. "Your brother is all worked up now. You have to take care of him baby. Hold your palm out."

April obeyed immediately presenting her palm to her mother. The spanking was over—if only for the moment-- and the real fun was just about to begin. Smiling at her daughter, Suzan picked up the

bottle of liquid soap as she leaned over whispering something to Michael. Again, April felt a generous amount of the soap being squirted on the palm of her hand.

Opening her eyes, April blinked them several times before twisting her head around and receiving a shocking surprise. Just mere inches from her face, throbbing, was her brother's enormous erection.

Suzan nudged April's hand toward his cock as she said quietly, "You know what you need to do, sweetie."

April lifted herself up on her elbows before wrapping her soapy hand around Michael's cock as Suzan spoke soft words of encouragement to the both of them. "Lean back and relax Mikey and let your pretty little sister take care of you now."

He obeyed as he let out a half grunt, half sigh, as April began to move her hand up and down his incredibly hard shaft. Her initial fear of touching him was replaced by something darker—lust. She liked the way his big hard cock felt in her hand; liked the way she was making him squirm and whimper.

The feeling of control she exercised over him was intoxicating; her soapy hand slid easily up and down his hard rod causing him to whimper even more as Suzan cradled his head against her shoulder.

And then the spanking started up again. This time without mercy as Suzan started giving her ass the hardest whacks yet. April winced with every blow thrusting her hips down again and again. Suzan smiled wickedly as she felt April grinding her pussy against her fleshly thigh as she slapped at her ass.

April could feel her juices sliding past her cunt lips and onto her mom's thighs as she gyrated her pussy down. April sensed her first true orgasm was about to come rushing home. Inspired, she worked her hand up and down, faster and faster, on her brother's throbbing member.

April was in awe; she couldn't believe it; she was going to come, just from the combined efforts of the spanking and being fingered all at once. The next few seconds would be burned in her memory forever.

As April started to climax, her young body beginning to shake all over, her head dropped as her grip loosened around her brother's erection. Suzan quickly intervened, wrapping one hand around her daughter's hand, forcing it up and down, faster and faster on her son's cock, while twisting her other hand in April's hair, forcing her head back up.

Suzan, feeling naughty, pushed April's face forward so it was mere inches from the tip of her brother's penis. "Close your eyes baby," she whispered just in time.

Michael let out a loud grunt just as the full effects of April's orgasm was rolling over her making her quiver. Bare seconds after closing her eyes, April felt a cascade of hot cum hit her face as her mother whispered, "Oh that's it . . . both of you come for Mommy."

Seeing the cum come gushing out of the tip of her son's penis, landing in her daughter's pretty blonde hair, and then dripping on down to one cheek, Suzan started to giggle as she whispered, "Oh yeah, that is naughty."

Michael was panting as his mother pulled him next to her. He closed his eyes, letting his head slump onto her shoulder. April, still shaking, slowly rose up to a sitting position.

Suzan put a comforting arm around her daughter squeezing her close to her naked body and then proceeded to carefully lick her son's cum off the side of her face.

Act I of the night's drama was concluded. Could Act II, if there was destined to be one, be any more depraved.

Suzan climbed out of the tub wrapping a towel around her naked body. "Guys, I need to go the bathroom. I will use the one in the hallway. Will you be alright here alone for a minute?" Glancing at her daughter she added, "I think maybe you should go with me?"

Suzan was still not sure if Michael, his knife was still right there, was to be fully trusted. Then the unexpected happened giving Suzan serious pause. Michael reached out and squeezed April's hand softly—tenderly even—as he whispered, "Please, don't go."

His eyes were now open—staring at her. They looked big and brown and . . . innocent. Reaching up, he delicately stroked his sister's face as he again spoke, mouthing a single word, barely audible, "Please?"

"Mom, he is talking."

"Yes, I hear. That is sweet. I guess maybe you will be alright after all."

"Yes, I think so." April said giving her big brother a warm smile.

Suzan was just leaving the bathroom when April called out to her. "Mom, let's celebrate. His home-coming and mine. Do we have champagne still?"

It was not lost on Suzan how her daughter emphasized the second half of the word "homecoming" with a smile, and now she wanted champagne. Apparently, April was very much OK with what just happened between the three of them.

"Sure, why not. I mean if you think it's a good idea," Suzan replied half-heartedly. She was not sure if getting drunk at this point was such a bright idea.

"What, you don't think it's a good idea? I can tell by the tone of your voice you don't. Come on Mom, Michael deserves to celebrate a bit . . . it's been a really good day for him, don't you think?"

Suzan watched as April slipped a hand around her brother's shoulder. She was really warming up to him. Maybe the impromptu spanking of her daughter and the subsequent fireworks was already paying dividends.

"Fine, I will get the champagne, hon," she told them while noticing Michael seemed to be looking at her with a sad expression.

As soon as Suzan left April was whispering in her brother's ear. She was making plans; plotting, if you will, against her mother.

"I will be right back, Michael. I just have to get something." April told him after she outlined her scheme to him. Slipping on her mother's robe April rushed out of the bathroom.

Shortly after Michael was put away in the institution Samuel turned his son's bedroom into an office for himself. He gave both his wife and daughter a stern warning they should not snoop around in his private space. It was a warning April heeded until just last week

when she did some poking around in his office after she spied him taking a large black bag inside.

Finding the bag buried on an upper shelf deep inside the closet, April opened it. The gold mine of kink she discovered excited her budding sex drive. Hurrying to the office, she retrieved the bag and headed back to the bathroom.

A minute or so later, Suzan, humming softly to herself, entered the bedroom carrying a bottle of champagne stuffed inside a silver bucket filled with ice, along with a pair of champagne flutes.

Her son and daughter were sitting on the edge of the tub, huddled together, giggling and whispering to each other, as Suzan entered the bathroom. Michael, with a towel draped over his crotch, seemed quite at ease with his little sister Suzan observed as she sat the champagne bucket down on the bathroom counter.

"You two are playing nicely I see," Suzan said cheerfully as she filled both of the flutes up with champagne.

"I only have two flutes for the champagne so you are going to have to share. Probably a good idea anyways as Michael, I think, should probably not drink too much."

"Oh I don't mind sharing with Michael. Besides the champagne is not all we are planning on sharing is it Mikey?"

Michael smiled in response while saying nothing.

"Oh yeah, and just what else are you two planning on sharing."

"Secret," April replied with a mischievous smile.

"Well fine, if you don't wanna tell me be that way."

"Mom, don't get all pissy. Should we tell her Michael?" April said with a wicked grin while throwing him a wink.

Michael nodded his head yes as Suzan looked on bemused. When neither of them said nothing Suzan finally said, "Well, are you going to tell me or not?"

"Go ahead and tell her Michael," April said. "What are we planning on sharing?"

"Mommy," he answered softly.

"And just where are we planning on sharing her at?" April prompted him.

In a slow and halting voice while staring directly at his mother Michael answered his sister's question. "In . . . the . . . bathtub."

"Really, because I was thinking we would go downstairs to the den and hang out there."

"But Mom, you heard him. We was really looking forward to celebrating with our champagne in the tub together."

"Is that what Michael wants?"

Instead of answering Michael slowly turned and twisted the knob on the tub's faucet. Fresh warm water came pouring into the tub giving Suzan her answer which April only doubled down on when she added, "What I really think he wants is to have a little playtime with Mommy in the tub."

"Playtime in the tub with Mommy. Well, now that does sound tempting." Suzan got to her feet and crossed the room to the counter. "I guess I better bring our champagne over to the tub then."

"Does that mean you are OK with it?"

"How could I say no?"

"Wait, Mom, before we get in the tub there is one little problem I have to tell you about . . . out in the bedroom though."

Outside in the bedroom they sat on the bed and talked. "You really upset Michael and hurt his feelings, Mom. He caught on how you didn't want to leave me alone with him. He thinks you don't trust him because what he did to dad but honestly I am glad he came back and finished the job."

"OK, OK, honestly, me too, but still . . . Can we fully trust him you think?"

"Mom, what you did for him, what we did for him, he really, really, liked that and if we keep things focused in that direction I don't think we have anything to fear."

"Yeah I can only imagine he did like what we did for him so you are probably right but, well, maybe I am a little worried about the way you are handling what happened."

"Mom, I am fine."

"Really, baby, tell me the truth. I mean what I did . . . the spanking, making you touch him like that. The way he came, all into your hair, and face . . . well, you don't think it was awful?"

"The truth is I thought it was fun. Now let's hurry up and finish talking. He shouldn't be left alone for too long."

"Yes, I know. You don't have to tell me that. Anyways, so I hurt his feelings you think? I will just apology and be sweet to him. I sure he will understand."

"Maybe, but I doubt it. What he really wants Mom, is for you to show him, prove to him that is, you totally trust him."

"How can I do that?"

"I think it will be better if I just show you what we have in mind."

"We?"

"Yes, I have an issue also, Mommy." April reached up and stroked Suzan's face lightly. "I want revenge on you for my spanking."

"Really? Revenge huh."

April smiled, "Yes, Michael wants trust. I want revenge. The question is . . . will you give your kids both what we want?"

Suzan sighed, knowing this was-- more than likely-- leading down a very dark path, but nevertheless, she felt compelled to follow it.

"Of course I will, but I wonder what exactly the two of you have in mind, sweetie?"

"Trust is about just saying yes without asking questions and I want my revenge to be a surprise so . . ." April took her mother's hand and led her back into the bathroom.

"Fine," Suzan sighed, "no questions."

Inside the bathroom she got her first surprise and it was a big one. She watched as April crouched down and pulled out a large black bag from under the lower bathroom counter cabinet.

"What is that?"

"I found it on the top shelf of the closet in Dad's office last week. I spied him trying to sneak the bag in there and was curious so I waited till he was gone and snooped around a bit."

"And you took it."

"Yes, not then I mean, just now, when you were downstairs getting the champagne. It's not like he is going to need it now."

"No I suppose he isn't. So what exactly is in there?" Suzan asked with growing curiosity.

"Toys and some other things."

April unzipped the bag. "Now, no more questions."

"Fine. No more questions," she replied just as April pulled out a pair of black iron shackles. Suzan shivered as it dawned on her just what kind of toys April was referring to. Apparently, she wrongly assumed Samuel had thrown away all their kinky toys years ago after he started preaching about the evils of sex and desire.

"Now put your hands behind your back, Mother and Mikey could you shut the water off in the tub. I think it's probably warm enough by now."

"Wait, I am not sure about this. I--"

April stepped forward cutting her mom off as she grabbed her by the arm and pulled her away to the corner of the bathroom.

"Look Mom, what better way is there to show Michael you trust him but by letting yourself go. By letting yourself be made helpless in front of him? Am I right?"

"I suppose so," Suzan replied cautiously as she gave in and put her hands behind her back.

After April snapped the shackles into place securing her mom's wrists, she reached into the black bag and pulled out a long dark sash of cloth. It turned out to be a very effective blindfold when April wrapped it around her mom's head cutting off her vision completely.

April dipped her hand in the tub. "Hmm, not yet quite warm enough. Just stand there mother and wait. We want the water to be nice and warm for you when you get in."

"How thoughtful of you honey, but I--"

There was a stinging slap across her face as April barked at her, "You will only speak when spoken to Mother. Do you understand?"

Suzan recoiled, not from the pain but from the surprise of the wholly unexpected slap. Wow, it only took one little spanking to turn my prudish daughter into a power hungry slut. The little bitch is just showing off for Michael . . . or maybe it was Michael's idea and she was just obeying him. In any event, thought Suzan, I might be in for a wild ride. She now at least understood how deadly serious her daughter was in wanting her revenge.

"In the meantime, while waiting for the tub to finish filling let's get Mommy nice and drunk. How does that sound Mikey?"

Of course he nodded his head yes.

April brought one of the flutes of champagne over to her mother. Holding to her lips she hissed at her, "Drink all of it and quickly, Mother."

Suzan obeyed without a word of protest as she downed not one, but two full glasses of champagne in quick succession.

She was swaying on her feet when April told her brother, "OK, now Michael help me get her in the tub but first let's take this towel off of her."

They carefully guided Suzan over to the top step of the tub, before April reached out and yanked the towel off her body.

"Now carefully step down and into the tub, Mom. Here let me help you."

"Is it too warm, Mother?"

"No, it's very nice actually," Suzan replied sitting down in the tub.

April looked at her mother in the tub. The water level reached to just below Suzan's prodigious breasts which was nearly perfect for what April was planning.

"Ready to begin, Michael," April sang out happily. He nodded his head. April paused and after taking a couple sips of her champagne she handed it to Michael.

"Here drink a little and then we will get started."

Michael obeyed his sister and took a couple small sips as April giggled in anticipation of what she was about to do. "The way you spanked me mother deserves a bit of payback and . . . as they say revenge is a dish best served cold."

Again Suzan heard the faucet in the tub turn on, but this time the sound was different as the water was not splashing down into the tub. What the hell is she up to? Suzan wondered.

April earlier had retrieved a blue plastic pitcher from under the sink. Suzan sometimes used the pitcher to splash water down her back when she bathed. Her daughter now had it under the faucet catching the water spilling out . . . the cold water that is.

"Michael get back in the tub and sit behind her sweetie. I will let you have the honor of going first."

Suzan heard Michael getting back into the tub and then positioning himself behind her. April sat the pitcher down on the tile surrounding the tub as she said, "Wait until I get in and get comfortable too, Mikey."

Everything was set. April sat in front of her mother with a wicked look on her face as she nodded at him to commence with their fiendish plot.

Suzan felt a soapy wash cloth sliding over her shoulders as Michael slowly washed her neck and shoulders and then down her back.

"You have my permission to speak Mother. What are you thinking?"

"Hmm, only . . . ahh, if this is your revenge . . . having Michael wash me up, you need to work on your revenge game sweetie."

"Oh really." April replied smugly. "Is she ready to be rinsed off, Mikey?"

He nodded his head with a smile. Reaching to his side he grabbed the pitcher of water.

Michael brought the pitcher up and over the middle of his mom's back and then tipped it downward spilling the cold water all over Suzan's back and across her shoulders.

Suzan let out a loud shriek, "Oh My God . . . that is so cold." Then came another stinging slap--this one a bit harder. "You shall suffer your punishment in silence, bitch."

April peered around looking at her mother's back. "I still see some soapy residue on her back, and a bit up here on her neck, Mikey. Better fill up another pitcher."

The water was on again. This time, knowing what was about to happen only made things worse. Suzan squirmed wondering just how many pitchers of cold water it was going to take to get her rinsed off to April's satisfaction.

This time Michael did not dump the water on her all at once, but moved it slowly back and forth across her neck, back and shoulders. Suzan tried to escape from the coldness by sinking down in the tub, longing for the warm water covering her lower body.

Another stinging slap. "Don't you dare! Sit up straight your craven whore." It was an expression, craven whore, April heard her father use many times during his sermons. She giggled thinking, if only he could see his family now.

Suzan obeyed, knowing to do otherwise would invite further troubles. Suzan was shivering noticeably by the time Michael finished pouring the balance of the cold water on her.

"Oh look at poor Mommy, Michael. She looks really cold. Maybe another glass of champagne will warm her up."

"Please I have had enough already," Suzan said half expecting to be slapped again.

Instead of a slap she felt April run a finger along her cheek nicely. "I will tell you when you have had enough, Mother." Her voice was soft and sweet which was in direct contrast to what she was planning on doing next.

"Can you grab the champagne bottle out of the bucket Michael and hand it to me."

Michael obeyed handing his sister the bottle of champagne. "Now mother you shall drink straight from the bottle and keep drinking until I say stop. Understand."

"Yes, but--" There it was. Yet another hard slap across her face-- the hardest yet.

"You shall not protest but obey!" April snapped at her. "Now drink as both me and Mikey want to see Mommy really, really drunk."

Suzan felt the bottle being pressed to her lips and then the cold champagne being spilled into her mouth. She drank as much as she could-- three large swallows-- but April was not stopping. Finally, after another half swallow, Suzan coughed and twisted her head away.

"Hmm, not bad, but I didn't say stop. I still wanted you to drink more."

"I . . . I can't please, honey, no more."

April was about to show mercy and set the bottle aside when a very wicked idea hit her. The bottle of champagne was ice cold sitting like it was in the ice filled bucket for quite some time.

"Michael, hold her up. Don't let her sink down in the water."

April held the bottle of champagne out toward her mom's chest, and then without warning, pressed the lower part of the bottle, the part submerged in the ice, in between her mom's large boobs.

Suzan let out a small yelp as she instinctually struggled to sink down into the warm water. Michael held her fast with his strong hands making sinking down an impossibility.

April, giggling like a naughty school girl, rolled the bottle back and forth over each of her mom's tits mashing them against the bottle's icy coldness.

Suzan could do no more than try to shrink back under the warm water again which proven to be impossible when Michael thrust his body against her pushing her forward.

Suzan begged for mercy. "Please honey, I will drink more. Come on . . . I am thirsty. Please stop."

"Fine. I will allow you to drink some more but you better drink until I say stop."

"I will, I will," Suzan cried out.

While her spirit may have been willing, her body was not. Suzan drank, if anything, a bit less this time before pulling away and suppressing yet another cough. Her mind was reeling wondering what her punishment might be now.

"I thought you said you were thirsty."

"I was . . . I mean I am but . . ."

"Shh, Mommy." Instead of a stinging slap to silence her this time April put a soft finger to her lips.

"Maybe you are thirsty still, Mommy. Let's find out. Michael, honey, arch her back, high out of the water. I wanna see those big boobies of hers reaching for the ceiling."

Michael obeyed-- it was easy as Suzan put up no resistance. Instead, she did her best to help comply with her daughter's wishes thrusting her chest up.

April again giggled as she brought the bottle of champagne up and over her mom's boobs. She slowly tipped it forward until the champagne came splashing out and over her mom's tits.

Suzan let out a series of yelps trying to squirm out of Michael's grasp. The champagne was much colder than the water previously spilled all over her as it splashed down on, first, one of her breasts, and then the other.

Finally, came the finishing touch as April hovered the bottle directly over one of her nipples before tipping it forward. A small stream of the icy cold champagne spilled out landing directly on Suzan's

already painfully erect nipple . . . and then the other nipple was given the same treatment. It was torture mixed with bliss all at once.

Michael loosened his grip around her waist allowing Suzan to sink back down into a sitting position while April placed the bottle of champagne back inside the bucket.

Turning to her brother she announced loudly, "Well, now that Mommy's big tits have been given a nice champagne bath we had better wash them off before the champagne dries and makes them all sticky. But first, Mikey can you turn the faucet on and make the water warm as I hold our washcloths under the faucet."

After adding some soap to the both of them the kids both picked an arm and ran the warm washcloths up and down slowly, before moving around to Suzan's back.

Not surprising the little bitch would want to tease me like that, Suzan mused before April started to speak to her.

"Mommy, if you don't mind, I am going to be the one to wash your tits up while Michael sits and watches. And then as you recall you promised him some play time in the tub. I think you better tell him he will still be getting his play time. He needs your reassurance."

Suzan turned to Michael and making her voice as sweet as possible she whispered to him. "Michael, sweetie, do you want to play with

Mommy after your little sister is done washing my boobies. Would you like that?"

Deciding she needed to say more, she took a chance and told him a little white lie-- hoping April would play along.

"You know it was my idea to have April put these shackles on me. I wanted to be totally helpless around you just so you could see how much I really trust you baby. I mean with me blindfolded and restrained you could do pretty much anything you wanted to me. Now doesn't that sound like fun?"

"Yes . . . fun," he replied softly.

"See I told you, Mommy," April chimed in, "Mikey is just an innocent little boy who wants to play with his mommy in the tub. Now what could be sweeter than that?"

"Nothing I would think," Suzan replied. Despite the cold torture, she was actually kind of enjoying being the center of all their attentions.

"Ready Mommy, for your little girl to wash your boobies?"

"Oh yes, sweetheart and I . . . I really think you should take your time and get them nice and clean and warmed up after their cold champagne bath."

Suzan let out a gentle sigh as she felt April carefully apply two steaming hot wash clothes to her frigid boobs. April, just as she suggested, took her sweet time washing her mom's tits. Suzan was in heaven feeling the warming effects of the wash clothes sliding all around her tits. So much so she did not take heed to the water being turned on again inside the tub.

April, hoping Michael had followed her instructions exactly, waved her hand for him to come nearer and bring the champagne bucket.

It looked perfect. The bucket was almost filled to the brim with cold water and large floating ice cubes. April motioned for him to set the bucket down within easy reach.

April circled her mom's breasts with each wash cloth, taking the time to throw in some soft, gentle squeezes making Suzan sigh with pleasure. She simply loved having her boobies pampered so sweetly but unfortunately the sweetness was about to come to an abrupt end.

"OK nice and clean." April announced. "Now all we have to do is rinse them off and then it will be Michael's playtime. Mikey would you be a doll and turn the faucet on to warm."

Suzan first heard, then felt the warm water splashing down into the tub. She let out a sigh of relief making the assumption she would not find herself being subjected to another cold water rinse.

April turned around and picked up the ice bucket ever so carefully so as to not make any noise. Whispering to her mom, she said, "Don't worry this time when I rinse you off the water . . ." She positioned herself on the edge of the tub while carefully tilting the bucket directly over her mother's tits. As the cold water came splashing out and over Suzan's tits her daughter happily finished her sentence. "Won't be cold but freezing."

Suzan let out a surprised shriek, "You little bitch. Oh Jesus that is cold."

Again she tried to sink down into the warm water of the tub, but Michael slid down behind her gripping her around the waist once more. There would be no escape.

April only giggled at her mother's anger. The feeling of being in total control was intoxicating and was making her cold and hard. She tilted the bucket back stopping the flow of the icy cold water. The bucket was still nearly half full.

Suzan was furious as she struggled against Michael. She wanted out of the tub. "April that is enough. You release me now, you hear me or so help me God I will--" Her impassioned plea was cut short as during her mother's tirade April was not at all listening but instead was busy retrieving a ball gag out of the black bag of toys.

"Oh shut up bitch." April said coldly as she shoved the red ball part of the gag into her mom's mouth just as Michael reached up and held his mom's head still so April could quickly secure the harness.

Knowing her situation was hopeless, Suzan suddenly went limp resigning herself to her fate.

With the task of shutting her whiny mother up, April turned her attention to the champagne bucket. In preparation for her final act of her revenge, she fished several of the large ice cubes floating in the water out and placed them in the empty champagne flutes.

"Now Michael hold her tight as I still see quite a bit of soapy residue on those tits of hers."

Suzan steeled her nerves as the cold water once again came splashing down on her tits. Unlike last time when the water came splashing down on her quickly, this time Suzan experienced a very deliberate attack.

Instead a waterfall of cold water, Suzan instead was doused with a slow, steady stream of the icy cold water. April, smiling wickedly, concentrated on directing the flow of water onto each of her mother's nipples as she a patiently moved the bucket back and forth over her mom's chest.

Suzan tried to squirm away, but Michael held her tight pressing the full weight of his body against her from behind not allowing her to move at all.

The stream slowly was reduced to a trickle while still concentrated mainly on her fully erect nipples. Poor Suzan's nipples ached from the coldness and then things actually got worse as she heard April tell Michael, "I am empty Mikey. Turn on the faucet to cold and refill the bucket."

If only Suzan could have talked-- oh how she would have begged for mercy as she heard the water being turned on once again.

Suzan jerked, jiggling her tits mightily when April, holding a pair of large ice cubes, pressed them up against her mom's boobs. Working the ice cubes all over her boobs in large circles, April slowly brought them to the crest of her mom's mighty mountains, concentrating the ice cubes coldness on her painfully erect nipples.

April snickered as she watched her mom try in vain to twist away from the ice cubes. And then Michael, following a nod from his sister, tilted the ice bucket filled with cold water over his mom's shoulder and slowly poured another mighty torrent of cold water onto her tits.

Suzan jerked and twisted again as she tried to escape the coldness. It availed her nothing as did her useless moaning against the ball gag. Maybe the worst part was how Michael earlier, after he had filled the ice bucket up with cold water, turned the hot water on.

Delicious warm water filled the bath tub cocooning the lower part of Suzan's body in warm water, while the upper part of her body suffered an icy punishment. The contrast was unspeakably sweet and horrific all at once.

By the time the frigid assault was over, it lasted all of maybe two minutes but to Suzan it seemed like forever, her poor tits felt like blocks of ice.

A self-satisfied April now turned sweet. She snuggled up close to her mom as she dropped her hands down into the warm bath water, while bringing her mouth up to her mother's ear and whispering, "Oh poor, poor Mommy. Are those big boobs of yours so cold."

Suzan responded by ardently shaking her head yes.

"Do you want your babies to warm them up for you?"

Again, Suzan shook her head yes emphatically.

April found Michael hands under the water. Guiding his hands up to his mom's tits, April whispered, "It's playtime Mikey."

April pushed her brother's hands firmly up and onto his mom's cold tits. Suzan let out a soft muffled moan as her head lolled back while her son began to gently fondle her tits with his warm hands.

April turned, reaching outside the tub to her nearby bag of goodies. She fumbled around inside the bag for a moment before she found a toy that looked interesting.

It was such a wonderful feeling having her tits warmed up so lovingly by her son's rough hands leaving Suzan to pray her beloved children were not just teasing her again.

With a boyish curiosity, Michael leaned around and stared at his mom's tits as he flicked at her nipples with his thumbs. He liked the way this made her moan and squirm against her restraints. He did it again and again, just as the loud hum of April's new toy started up.

April slipped the eight inch waterproof vibrator under the water guiding it slowing toward her mother's open thighs which Suzan spread wider with anticipation. She paused the vibrator just long enough to tickle her mom's inner thighs. "Mommy wants this huh. I bet if she could talk she would be begging for me to shove it in her fucking pussy."

April received her answer in the form of a series of loud muffled sounds coming from her mother. She took this as an explicit . . . "Yes, I want to be fucked by that humming underwater monster."

Just as Michael begin to cup her mother's tits in his hands, jiggly them all around and playing with them like a child with a new found favorite toy, April slowly pushed the humming vibrator up and inside her mom's pussy.

Suzan jerked feeling her cunt being deliciously invaded by the toy. When she let out a loud moan-- muffled by the ball gag-- it told her daughter all she needed to know.

April moved closer as she reached out and begin to stroke her mother's face softly with one finger while working the pink toy in and out of her cunt.

"Hmm, that feels good huh, Mommy," she cooed at her. "Oh I bet it does." Then with a flick of her thumb she pushed the speed control button making the vibrator hum louder.

Suzan jerked again in response to the increased speed. She felt the onslaught of a powerful orgasm speeding toward her just as Michael continued to juggle her tits in his hands.

April flicked the switch again kicking the toy into its highest gear.

Feeling the vibrator being worked into her pussy slowly, and then faster as it began to hum with a loud intensity, quickly pushed Suzan to the edge.

It soon became all too much. As Michael's eager mouth suckled on her tits she began to shake all over. Her muffled moans against the ball gag became louder still as she whipped her head around in a frenzy.

Unable to see, unable to move her arms, unable to speak, all that was denied her seemed to focus her body's energy directly between her legs. Suzan bucked wildly, coming with such intensity if she would not have been sandwiched between her loving children she might have toppled over in the tub.

April was finally satisfied as she quickly removed the ball gag and smiled at her mother.

"Oh God, oh God, oh God, that was so intense," Suzan muttered. "I never . . . never came so hard."

April smirked at her as she found the key to unlock the shackles.

"So it was good?" she asked coyly before reaching around and undoing the shackles.

Michael and April both helped her out of the tub. After Michael slipped his boxers back on, and the girls wrapped towels around their naked bodies, Suzan finally spoke to her daughter as they headed out to the bedroom. "I don't know if I should thank you or smack you, sweetheart."

"Don't worry Mom, you will figure it out. So what is next on the agenda?" she asked obviously immensely satisfied with herself.

"Let's all sit down on the bed here and talk about it," Suzan replied. This little bathtub adventure of theirs most assuredly let the genie out of the bottle. Now, how things would end might be anyone's guess.

Looking at her daughter as she sat down on the edge of the bed, pushing herself up against Michael, Suzan found a wholly wicked plan forming in her mind, but would they be willing to go along with it?

"You know kids, I feel kind of bad."

"About what."

"How I came home and ruined Michael's fun time with his sister . . . in the closet. I am kind of curious, now that we know a little about what he truly wants, how things might have ended if I had not come home when I did."

"I think he was about to have some fun with me. You know . . . take advantage of me . . . but in a nice gentle way." She turned to Michael batting her eyes seductively at him before adding, "Isn't that right

Mikey. With me all tied up like that you would have taken advantage of me huh?"

What passed for a smile crossed his face before he nodded his head yes.

"So how about we hit the reset button kids. Listen, you guys go back in the closet and set things up as before and this time when I pretend to come home again I won't panic. I will be a bit more cool and casual and we can see what might happen."

"Really. Are you serious, Mom? You want me to be tied up in the closet again and then you are going to pretend to come home?"

"It's something I think Mikey wants and I think you want it too honey. Especially now that you know he would never hurt you."

Michael actually entered the conversation at this point on his own as he interjected softly. "Not . . . hurt April . . . ever."

"Oh how sweet. So you wanna try it. I will get dressed again in my work clothes and pretend I'm coming home once more to what I think is going to be a boring Halloween night."

"You wanna do this Mikey?" April asked, "you wanna play mommy's game of make believe where you are the intruder again like before

and we are going to pretend we don't know who you are." He shook his head yes as another smile broke out on his scarred face.

So it was that simple. The three of them would embark on these new and exciting adventure.

With the door shut tight the closet was utterly dark. April was dressed exactly as before in her pink button up crop top and snug satin sleep shorts. Once more she was bound tightly by her wrists to the upper closet rod. Michael was also dressed again as before wearing his jumpsuit and mask along with having his knife in hand.

April could just see his dark shape approaching in the darkness of the closet. Her breath quickened, as she recalled what she told him earlier during this fateful evening— You can kiss me, Mister, if you want . . . just take off your mask.

Now she repeated that exact same phrase while imagining her brother to be some unknown masked intruder. The sense of de ja vu was overwhelming when she heard the mask hit the floor with a soft thud before he brought his lips to hers.

After giving her several tender kisses, he took a step back, the tension growing in the darkness. She could hear him breathing heavy, or maybe panting was more like it, before suddenly-- the narrative changed.

He grabbed her forcefully around the waist mashing his body against hers. She could feel his immense hardness as he violently assaulted her lips with a series of rough kisses. His hands were pawing at her tummy before, without warning, he ripped her crop top open.

April let out a small gasp of surprise as his hands molested her small boobs through her bra before dropping down and clawing at her satin shorts. He yanked them down violently as April whispered, "Please mister, be gentle with me."

His only answer was a grunt of sorts before he brought his mouth to her neck raining rough kisses upon it as his hands slipped around and mauled her ass with an increasing frenzy.

Finally, she heard the bedroom door open and then shut with an audible bang. Michael pulled back from groping his sister's ass.

"Please it's my Mom. Don't hurt her mister. She is pretty like me. Go see for yourself."

She heard Michael moving away in the darkness and then a thin shaft of light leaked into the closet as he cracked open the door after putting his mask back on. He stood, motionless, peering out into the bedroom for what seemed to be a very long time. Finally, April, unable to take it any longer, cried out in a harsh whisper, "What is she doing?"

Michael turned back and in a low voice answered, "Undressed."

April waited a few more seconds before electing to force the action. Raising her voice, while trying to make it sound scared, she yelled, "Mom . . . please help. I'm in the closet. There is a man in here and he--"

Her words were abruptly cut off when Michael came rushing back to her and wrapped one hand over her mouth. Mere seconds later, Suzan burst into the closet clad, once more, in her sexy black bra and panties. To this already sexy all black ensemble she added a pair of elegant finishing touches—a pair of four inch black high heels matched by a pair of black stockings.

Michael moved around to the back of April while bringing the knife to her throat just as Suzan turned the light on inside the closet.

April could feel the cold hard steel at her throat as her mother stood there gawking at them.

"Please, whoever you are, don't hurt my daughter. Can we talk about this for a moment? Just let me get dressed."

"No dressed." Michael replied in a low rough voice.

"OK, OK," Suzan said moving closer. "Hey, I . . . your voice. My God is that you, Michael!"

April thought her mother, based on the performance she was giving, should quit her realty job and move to Hollywood. Trying to match her in the drama department, April cried, "Jesus, is it really him, Mom. Is it Michael?"

There was a moment of long drawn out silence before he made the next move. Stepping back, he momentarily took the knife from April's throat before he removed the mask and dropped it to the floor.

"Jesus, it is you Michael!" the drama queen Suzan gasped.

Michael quickly brought the knife back to April's throat as Suzan took a step forward. "Mom, please, help me," April whined as she tried to push back the growing fear from having a sharp knife held to her throat by her unstable brother who, quite ironically, she trusted fully.

"Michael, honey, you are in control. You have the knife. April is helpless." She paused, taking a step forward. "What do you really want? Tell Mommy."

There was a long moment of silence and then just as Suzan was beginning to doubt this very dangerous game they were playing,

Michael made his move. He reached out snagging Suzan in a vise like grip, dragging her next to him.

Finally, when she was right there next to them he made his demand in a slow halting voice. "Michael . . . wants . . . Mommy."

Suzan turned to April, a smug smile on her face. "You hear that April, darling, your brother wants his mommy."

April had to fight the impulse to cry out, "But I was here first!" as Suzan quickly untied her while Michael stood there and watched.

As soon as April was free Michael stepped forward aggressively grabbing Suzan. He pushed her arms up toward the closet rod as Suzan cried out, "My, you are eager to play with Mommy huh, Michael?" Suzan said giggling.

"Go ahead April sweetie. Help your brother bind my wrists to the closet rod nice and tight . . . just like you were."

With both of them working in tandem Suzan was quickly secured by her wrists to the upper closet rod. After she was secured, Michael took several steps back, maybe waiting for further instructions, while April moved in behind her mother.

Huddled close to her mother, April spoke quietly in her mom's ear, "What are you going to let him do to you?"

"Anything his little heart desires baby. Besides, I'm really in no position to deny him anything as you can see."

"True," April said as she watched Michael staring at them.

"Why don't you help your brother get undressed, April. Is that OK Mikey, can your sister help you get undressed," she said to him sweetly.

April eagerly helped her brother first shed his Halloween costume before helping him strip down to his boxers as Suzan watched with a sense of foreboding excitement.

"Come on baby," Suzan whispered, "come shower Mommy with kisses. Show her how much you have missed her over the years."

Michael came forward stopping just short of her. He stood there seemingly unsure of what to do next. Suzan turned to April, "Honey, I think you better show your brother just how to kiss his Mommy properly."

April slipped an arm around her mother's waist as she gave her several small kisses on her cheek. "Oh come on baby. Don't go all shy on me like your brother. Give you mother a real kiss . . . on the lips."

"OK," April whispered before glancing quickly over at Michael. He stood there staring at them with a look of anxious anticipation on his face.

April slowly brought her lips to her mother's as she whispered, "I love you, Mommy."

"Show me baby . . . show your brother."

They exchanged several small kisses before April found her mom's tongue dipping inside her mouth. The quiet stillness of the closet was broken by the light smacking of their lips coming together, parting, and then crashing together once more.

Pulling back reluctantly, April turned to Michael. A quick glance revealed much-- his cock, his very large and strong cock, was creating quite the tent pole inside his tight boxers.

"Go on big brother, kiss Mommy, just like I did."

Michael kissed his mother, his inexperience showing, with several extremely wet and sloppy kisses. Suzan didn't mind as what he

lacked in technique he made up for in sheer enthusiasm. She pushed her mouth forward taking charge as she snaked a tongue into his mouth. After briefly pulling back, he accepted her tongue fully.

Her heart skipped a beat as she felt his hands circle her bare waist and begin to rise, before stopping. Again, the closet was filled with the sound of smacking lips before Suzan broke off the kiss. "April, why don't you join us and make this a nice loving three way kiss."

Suzan twisted her face around to accept several kisses from her daughter before turning back to accept more of son's loving kisses. "Now it's your turn. April kiss your brother," Suzan whispered.

Brother and sister kissed, passionate tongues darting in and out of eager inexperienced mouths, before finally breaking apart. Turning, they both looked to their mother for further instructions. Suzan may have been the one bound to the wooden closet rod, but she was definitely in total control of the situation.

The three way kissing fest quickly degenerated into a sloppy, desperate smashing together of lips in conjunction with a single pair of clawing hands fondling Suzan's prodigious tits. Suzan was excited to find out she didn't really know which one of her children was now so eagerly fondling her breasts—which only electrified her all the more.

She resisted the urge to look down and find out for a few bare seconds before sheer curiosity got the better of her. Peeking quickly,

she found it was Michael's hands fondling her tits through her sexy black bra.

Sighing with satisfaction, Suzan started a fresh series of loving kisses with her daughter while her son eagerly continued to play with her tits.

April hands were far from idle as she slid them around to her mom's backside and started to rub her ass. Suzan, her voice husky with desire, whispered "April, honey, go on and take Mommy's panties off, baby girl."

April pulled down her panties as Suzan turned to Michael, "Honey, why don't you go ahead and undo your mother's bra."

The inexperienced Michael struggled trying to get her bra undone until finally Suzan cried out. "If you can't get it undone, Mikey just use that stupid knife of yours."

Reaching over, Michael grabbed the knife off the nearby shelf and brought it slowly up to Suzan's chest. April, snuggled up to her mother from behind watched with bated breath as Michael neatly sliced open Suzan's bra right in between the two immense cups.

As her tits came spilling out April whispered softly, "God Mom, you got such big tits. What are they DD's?"

"Yes, baby. 38 DD's to be exact. Do you like them?" April moved around to her mom's front allowing Michael to slip around behind her before she answered. "Very much so. I think Mikey likes them too. C'mon big brother lets both of us show Mommy how much we like her tits."

Suzan considered her tits to be her greatest asset and now as both her kid's hands crawled all over them, Michael cupping them gently from behind, April fondling them sweetly from the front, she sensed a powerful feeling coming over her being the absolute center of all their attentions.

She closed her eyes letting her head roll back and rest on her son's shoulder. Michael, in a most pleasant surprise, actually talked without being prompted as he moved his mouth to her ear and whispered, "Mommy . . . has . . . big treats."

"Yes, honey," she replied her eyes flickering open as she turned to him, "and tasty too, sweetheart. Do you wanna suck on them and find out." Turning back to April she fixed her with a mischievous smile. "I know for sure you do honey. I can tell by the way you have been staring at them ever since your brother cut my bra open."

"I do wanna suck on them, Mommy," April said sweetly taking a step forward. Indeed, an intense longing to suckle on her mom's tits was flooding her heart with uncontrollable longing even before Michael cut open her mother's bra allowing those magnificently large tits of hers to come spilling out in all their naked glory.

They both fell on Suzan's tits with eager, suckling mouths like a pair of hungry jackals. Suzan let out a loud moan as she felt her tits being devoured, one in each of their mouths. Feeling Michael's massive cock rubbing up against her—he was humping her ass now like a feral dog as he twisted his mouth around to her chest-- she knew it was time to act or he was going to have an accident and come too soon.

She allowed the wet suckling fest to continue for just a few moments longer before she once again took control of the situation with several forceful commands.

"Michael, April, stop."

They both obeyed-- like the good children they were-- and pulled their mouths off her tits. "Michael, step back and move around here to the front so both me and your sister can see you take off those stupid boxers. Please, honey, hurry."

Michael obeyed, stepping around his mother toward the front of the closet before he slowly pulled down his boxers. His cock jutted out from his body as April looked on in awe. Standing up in the closet like this she thought his cock looked much bigger than it did earlier while they were playing in the tub.

"Are they all that big, Mommy," April whispered as she huddled against her.

"No sweetheart, your brother is truly blessed," Suzan replied her eyes never leaving her son's massive cock. She wanted it-- badly.

A minute later Michael was pressed up behind his mom, his hands once again rubbing all over her tits, as his mouth attacked her neck with soft, soothing kisses. April, following her mom's orders, was on her knees, her face stuck between her mom's legs, her inexperienced tongue licking and kissing her mother into a state of frenzied passion.

Suzan could feel Michael throbbing hardness as he was starting to hump her bare ass. "Help put him inside me baby girl . . . now!"

April reluctantly removed her mouth from her mom's tasty snatch box to reach up and guide her brother's hardness to the edge of her mom's opening.

"He is ready Mommy . . . just at the edge."

"Go on Michael, shove it in me hard. I want you to fuck your mommy . . . just like you have been dreaming about all night honey."

Michael grunted as he propelled his hips forward burying his hard eight inches deep inside of her.

"OH GOD!" Suzan exclaimed as he rocked into her. April raised up off her knees, taking a step back, to watch the show.

She watched, while reaching out to play with her mom's tits, as her brother fucked her mother with a series of increasing heavy hammer thrusts from his huge cock causing Suzan to moan loudly like a bitch in heat.

It didn't take long for the relentless fucking Suzan was getting to cause a powerful orgasm to start building deep inside of her. Suzan, already before Michael even buried his hardness inside of her, was on the edge of coming from all the soft attentions her kids paid to her tits followed by her beautiful young daughter licking her pussy so sweetly.

"Oh baby, fuck Mommy harder . . . oh, oh, oh, I'm almost there," she panted as Michael obliged her, banging his cock into her harder and harder. He gripped his mom's hips, trusting his cock deep inside of her such loving force Suzan started to whimper.

"Oh God, don't stop, honey. Mikey . . . oh my God . . . that's it. I'm . . . I'm coming babies, Mommy is commming! Suzan moaned. When the orgasm came it was powerful enough to cause Suzan's legs to buckle. When her legs gave out all her weight fell forward leaving it up to the old wooden closet rod to sustain all of Suzan one hundred and thirty one pounds. It was not nearly up to the task.

The rod came loose slipping out of where it was secured to the wall and came crashing down bringing Suzan with it. Her falling body crashed into the giggling April as the two of them ended up on the floor in a heap.

"Jesus honey are you OK," Suzan asked her daughter.

"I should ask you the same thing mother considering the way you were moaning and carrying on," she replied with no small amount of sarcasm.

"Just help untie me from this damn rod," Suzan snapped at her daughter as she glanced back at Michael. He was standing there, gazing at them, his cock jutting out and still rock hard.

"You didn't come did you baby? I guess my falling kind of ruined any chance of that," Suzan said as she took a step forward, touching her son's face. "I really wanted you to come inside me, but I guess we will just have to go with plan B."

They were both looking at April as she stood there holding the ties. Feeling both their eyes on her she said, "What are you two looking at?"

Suzan leaned over and whispered in Michael's ear, something that caused him to nod his head yes in a most emphatic manner as he continued to stare at his baby sister with a ravenous gaze.

"Honey stand up and put your hands behind your back. It is going to be up to you to satisfy your brother with that sweet virgin mouth of yours. But first I need to get something. I will be right back."

Without any further explanation Suzan turned and headed out of the closet, still fully naked, leaving her alone with Michael and his menacing eight inch cock.

"Mom, wait, I . . ." She started to follow her mother out of the closet, before Michael reached out and brusquely grabbed her upper arm pulling her back inside the closet. He yanked the ties out of her hand, before spinning her around.

April, her heart pounding out of control, felt her wrists being secured behind her back as Michael said in his slow halting voice, "Want . . . April . . . helpless."

A brief minute later Suzan was back carrying a hair tie. She grabbed April's long blonde hair saying, "This will only get in the way if we don't pin it up."

Suzan grabbed her white satin robe from her side of the closet, although technically, by now, there was no more "her side" and "his side" of the closet, and wrapped it around her body, Michael, following his mother's whispered instructions pushed his little sister to her knees.

"Now, I think you know what is expected of you little girl?" Suzan said as she reached down and stroked April's pretty face. Michael's hard twitching cock protruded out mere inches from her mouth.

"Mommy, I . . . I can't . . . I mean, I have never done that before."

"Of course, you haven't baby. You have always been a supremely good little girl. So sweet, so innocent, so naïve . . . thanks to your father but he is no longer here so . . ."

Suzan dropped to her knees next to her daughter before proceeding to pin her hair up in a cute little ponytail. They both looked up at Michael who waited trembling with anticipation.

"Mom, I . . . I can't. Its . . . he is too big. I can't."

"You will young lady. You know you want to deep down inside. Now don't worry sweetheart Mommy is right here and I will help you. I know he is big but trust me, follow my advice, and you will be able to handle him. Now go on, be a good girl and do what your mother says . . . your brother is waiting."

Following her mother's soft whispered instructions, she started by kissing her brother's bare torso in a wide circle working her way down ever so slowly. Her mother guided her movements with a gentle hand on the back of her head.

Suzan took her son's cock and teased it for a quick moment running her fingers slowly up and down it making the poor boy shiver as April looked on with growing anticipation. Despite any apprehension she might have been feeling, she was, in fact, looking forward to sucking on her first cock.

April looked up making eye contact with her brother before snaking her tongue out and circling the head of his cock. Michael let out a soft moan as her tongue flickered at the sensitive underside of his cock while Suzan held it up for her. Flickering her tongue back and forth, and then all around, she continued to tease him before Suzan spoke firmly to her, "Enough with the teasing little girl. Now close your eyes and open your mouth big and wide."

"Yes, Mommy," April responded with butterflies fluttering in her stomach.

Feeling his hardness slip into her mouth, she commenced to suck on his cock, taking him inch by slow inch deeper into her mouth. Listening to her mother's whispered commands, April took as much of his manhood into her mouth as she could before letting it slide out. She ran her lips tenderly along his shaft before taking him once again inside the warm inner depths of her mouth.

After her mouth was filled with his cock, she loosened her lips and used the flat side of her tongue to lick him just as Suzan reached down and tenderly cupped his balls in her hand.

Michael let out a long moan as his knees begin to tremble. April let his cock slip out of her mouth once more as she looked up at Michael with a sly smile. "You like that big brother, what I am doing?"

Michael nodded his head yes as her mother stroked April's hair.

"You are doing so good. I think he was about ready to come there for a minute. Now you think you can take even more of his huge cock into your sweet little mouth baby."

"Yes, Mommy . . . I'll try."

"Good girl," Suzan cooed as she used one hand tucked under April's jaw tilting it upward while she used the other wrapped around her son's cock to guide it into her waiting mouth.

April swallowed Michael's cock until she had over half of the monster in her mouth. Suzan now used her hand to control the action as she pulled, and then pushed April's mouth forward with a guiding hand wrapped around her ponytail.

"That's it baby, suck on it. Take it . . . faster honey . . . faster."

April moaned loudly as her mouth moved up and down the shaft of Michael's cock. She worked her tongue in a zig zag fashion sliding it along the shaft making him shudder.

"Oh God honey I think he is ready to explode. Suck on him faster."

April obeyed moving her mouth up and down faster and faster taking more of him deeper into her mouth.

Suzan looked up at Michael and smiled sweetly. "Go on honey. Come in your baby sister's mouth. She wants it so badly." She dropped her voice to a sultry whisper as she brought her hand up again cupping his testicles. "Come in her mouth, Please sweetie . . . for Mommy."

April, in her eagerness to please, took too much of him. Her gag reflex kicked in when she felt his cock tickle the back of her throat. She instinctively pulled her mouth back and just as his cock slipped from her lips it exploded shooting out a geyser of cum.

For the second time on this auspicious night, April took a load of cum to her face. Its stickiness coated her lips and cheek as Suzan hurriedly brought her mouth down. Suzan made short work of her son's cum as she licked and kissed April's lips and cheeks until they were nice and clean.

"Now that was fun huh . . . right guys?" Suzan crowed happily as she climbed to her feet.

Some three hours later

It was Suzan's idea for the three of them to sleep together in her bed. Naked. She was slumbering peacefully nestled in between her loving children when she felt herself being shaken gently. Slowly she awoke. Was it all a mad dream?

No. God no. Michael was in bed next to her propped up on his elbow while April mumbled something in her sleep and turned over.

"What is it honey?" she asked blinking at him.

His answer both surprised and thrilled her.

After a pause he replied, "Baby sister, April . . . still . . . virgin."

"Hmm, indeed she is honey. Do you wanna do something about that? Do you wanna fuck your baby sister?" Suzan was fully awake now as she reached over and carefully ran her fingers through the sleeping April's blond tresses.

He answered yes—without his usual hesitation-- obviously excited by the possibility.

Suzan carefully crawled out of the bed not wanting to disturb her sleeping daughter—just not yet anyways.

She went to the bathroom and from her medicine cabinet removed the bottle of lube and gathered up a half dozen candles, along with grabbing a small vibrator from her late husband's black bag. After making her way carefully across the dark bedroom, she placed three candles on each of the night stands flanking her bed and then lit them.

After slipping back into bed, making sure not to disturb her daughter, she turned to Michael and smiled. Pulling back the heavy blanket and then the sheet covering his naked body she peered underneath. His cock was nice and hard.

"Hmm, I guess you are excited about doing your baby sister huh, honey?"

He smiled and nodded his head yes as she dropped the blanket and sheet back in place. Dropping her voice to a low whisper she told him, "You have to control yourself Michael. You can't fuck her so hard like me. She is going to be nice and tight and you have to go real slow and be patient so you don't hurt her. You understand?"

Again he nodded his head yes.

"You need to help me get her ready. Move around to the other side of the bed so she is in between us, but go nice and slow so you don't wake her up just yet."

Michael moved nimbly around to the other side of the bed and then slipped back under the covers before awaiting further instructions while Suzan snuggled up close to April slipping in arm around her.

Assuming a spooning position, she pulled her daughter into her tight embrace. April mumbled as Suzan started nuzzling her neck while gently fondling her boobs. Reaching out she pulled Michael's hands up to his sister's chest. "Here you play with her boobies too hon, nice and gentle though."

April, always such a deep sleeper, was slowly coming awake from the soft attentions of both her mom and brother. At first, she felt she must be dreaming as she felt not one, but two sets of hands fondling her tits tenderly. A tongue dipping into her ear sent shivers up and down her spine just as she felt another set of lips kissing her forehead lovingly.

"I . . . must . . . be dreaming," she mumbled still half asleep and not sure if this was truly happening or was it another one of her naughty dreams?

Suzan brought her mouth to April's ear. "Yes . . . It's just another naughty dream baby. Shut your eyes and go back to sleep."

Moving ever so slowly, they carefully maneuvered April onto her back. Suzan pulled the blanket back leaving just the sheet to cover April's nakedness. They took turns giving her a series of passionate French kisses while both of them tenderly kneaded her tits after which Suzan's mouth slipped down followed quickly by Michael's.

Suzan pulled the sheet down just enough to reveal her daughter's tits as April let out a long gentle sigh when she felt each of boobs being given a luxurious tongue bath by her mother and brother. Dipping one hand under the sheet, Suzan found a willing April's legs readily spread.

She started by caressing the outer lips of her daughter's virgin pussy with a pair of probing fingers before making her way around to her clit as Michael continued to lap at his sister's fully erect nipples with a gentle and tender precision that seemed to totally defy who he was.

Suzan alternated between rubbing April's clit and carefully pushing one finger up and inside of her. Wanting her young daughter to get used to being penetrated she added a second finger to the mix.

Pulling down the sheet to April's waist, Suzan lowered her mouth to her daughter's mid-section and started a slow descent down with her tongue constantly darting in and out. Finally, she ducked her head under the sheet and reached a quivering April's lush virgin valley and commenced with a tender assault.

Suzan licked, kissed and nibbled her way all around while carefully avoiding April's clit. Her daughter's only reaction was a soft exhalation when her mother's tongue finally flickered across the folds of her moist pussy and found the nub of her clit just as Michael brought his mouth up engaging his sister in another passionate series of French kisses.

As Michael's tongue zipped in and out of April's mouth, Suzan ramped up her attack on her daughter's tight cunt. Her mom's knowing tongue soon had April twisting and turning with pleasure as she writhed under the sheet.

A few more dips and swirls of her tongue, causing April to moan loudly, convinced Suzan it was time. Again, ever so carefully, they turned her, this time, onto her tummy.

Suzan rose to her knees. She quickly lavished Michael's hard cock with a princely sum of lube before doing the same to her daughter's pussy.

"Rise up to your knees honey," she told Michael just as she finished rubbing the last of lube all over April's snatch.

It was time. With some gentle prodding, Suzan and Michael lifted April up so she was balanced on her knees and elbows.

Michael was breathing heavily as he watched his sister's exquisite ass rise up into the air presenting itself in all its glorious beauty to him.

Suzan worked feverishly stroking Michael's cock until it quivered with hardness. Holding onto it she moved it slowly toward her daughter's moist opening.

"Remember Mikey, nice and gentle."

He nodded his head in agreement just as his eight inches reached the doorstep to his sister's heavenly pussy. Suzan, ever so slowly, ever so tenderly, guided his cock in as April let out a small whimper.

"Go slow Mikey. Listen to your mother now," she whispered to him before moving around so she could cradle her daughter's head against her ample bosom.

"Ohhh God, Mommy . . . Mommy," April whined softly as Michael carefully pushed himself deeper inside his sister, inch by inch, while using his hands to caress her breasts.

Suzan stroked April's hair as she finally opened her eyes up and looked at her mother. They were glazed over as Michael grunted softly while gripping her hips and working himself in and out, in and out, going nice and slow and gentle per his mother's instructions.

"We both love you so much, baby girl," Suzan cooed at her daughter before lowering her lips to shower her with dozens of tender kisses.

Michael rocked into his sister carefully picking up the pace just a bit. He was getting overly excited listening to his little sister moan with pleasure.

"He is starting to lose control baby. It's going to be a bit harder now. Here let me cradle your face in between my tits. Suck on them as Mikey begins to make love to you a bit harder."

April opened her mouth to moan as Michael pushed into her harder. Her mouth filled with her mommy's tit flesh forcing her desperate moan to be cut off. Suzan stroked her hair daughter's hair cooing to her softly again.

"That's it suck on Mommy's tits while your big brother makes love to you baby girl. Go on." Suzan reached around finding April's clit. Stroking it softly she offered some sage advice to her son.

"Don't worry about trying to make her come baby. Get yours and quickly. I will finish her off for you," she told him as she reached over and grabbed the small vibrator off the nightstand.

Michael grunted heavily as he allowed himself two or three mighty thrusts with his huge cock making poor April quiver and quake before he exploded deep inside of her.

Suzan quickly moved around replacing Michael behind her daughter. She wasted no time in pulling a teary eyed April down and onto her back before burying her face between her legs as she brought the humming vibrator into action.

Suzan danced her tongue up and down her daughter's pussy as, this time, Michael was the one cradling April and showering her with kisses.

The mother's experienced tongue found her daughter's clit just as she pushed the humming vibrator deeper into her. April began to buck wildly from the dual attentions she was receiving down there.

It did not take long for things to reach their climax. Her breathe was coming in short pants, her heart racing, as a tremendously powerful orgasm washed over April.

Michael, looking down at his trembling sister, lowered his mouth to her ear and whispered in that slow halting voice of his, "Michael . . . love . . . April."

Suzan, still smacking her lips from tasty treat she just finished, snuggled down between them. "And Mommy loves you both."

As the kids snuggled up to her under the warm blankets on this cold October Halloween night, in an ironic twist, Michael's large knife, so much his security blanket throughout the night's ordeal, was nowhere to be found.

It was a fitful resolution of the night's events—the knife forgotten, and love found.

THE END