

The Cleavage in the Walls

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/70635256) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/70635256>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Original Work
Additional Tags:	Mom - Freeform , MILF , mother - Freeform , ntr , Netorare , son cuckold , Horror , Supernatural Elements , Large Breasts , Haunted Houses , AI-Generated Text , mom ntr , mom netorare
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-09-10 Completed: 2025-09-14 Words: 16,755 Chapters: 15/15

The Cleavage in the Walls

by [uglyfucker739](#)

Summary

Rico begins hearing soft, wet sounds and giggles echoing from behind the walls at night—like someone is trapped just beyond the drywall. Carmen has started sleepwalking, her breasts growing heavier and more sensitive every week....

Rico is an everyday normal 18 year old in high school. He endures a "friendship/rivalry" with Miles, an annoying pest who's obsessed with Carmen and her huge tits. When Rico tells Miles about the sounds, Miles, always the risk-taker, stays over and claims he can "see the cracks moving." He dares Rico to look behind the plaster—and they discover a centuries-old mural of a goddess with massive, hypnotic breasts.

As Carmen falls deeper under the house's spell, Miles becomes obsessed—catching glimpses of her wandering at midnight, topless and grinning, feeding her chest to the shadows.

Soon, Rico can't tell if the house is haunted... or if his mother is becoming the haunting.

Themes:

Haunted house, erotic possession, breasts as gateway, unreliable memory, corruption from within.

https://pixhost.to/show/8603/639181180_add-a-heading-3.png

Settling

I never liked the way this house breathed.

It wasn't a sound exactly—it was a pressure. A slow exhale behind the walls, like the whole place had lungs I couldn't see. Old wood settling, Mom used to say. Back when she still wore thick sweaters and sensible bras. Back before she started letting the hallway stay dark at night, muttering that light made it worse.

Worse than what? She never said.

I lay there on my side, staring at the soft yellow glow leaking under my door. Her bedroom light was still on. She hadn't gone to bed yet, even though it was nearly midnight. I could hear the faint drag of her bare feet across the hallway carpet, slow and measured, like she was careful not to make too much noise. Not for **me**—for whatever was listening.

The air in my room felt too warm again. Not summer-hot, not like the dry heat we got in July. This was thicker. Wet, almost. I pushed the sheet off me and shifted to my back. Something in the wall behind my head groaned, low and pulsing. It sounded wet. Not water-pipe wet—**organic**. Like something rubbing flesh against wood.

I tensed, holding my breath. It came again. A soft, drawn-out **mmmmmmnnhh**, followed by a whisper—so faint it could've been in my own skull.

I sat up, heart pounding.

No.

Not again.

The first time I'd heard it, two weeks ago, I'd chalked it up to a bad dream. The second time, it had sounded more like giggling—close to the wall, behind the dresser. But it hadn't been a **dream**. I was wide awake, and when I'd pressed my palm against the plaster, it'd felt warm.

Too warm.

Like body heat.

Now I heard the low click of her bedroom door creaking open. My mom's door. Then her footsteps again—closer this time. She always dragged them now. She used to move fast, back when she still wore her hair tied up and her posture hadn't gone soft with whatever was happening to her body. But lately... every step was deliberate, hips swaying wider, shoulders loose, like she couldn't find a rhythm that fit her new weight.

And God, she had **gained** weight. Not everywhere—just up top. Her breasts had always been big, sure, but now? Now they were monstrous. Spherical. Dense and glossy like

overripe fruit. She didn't wear bras anymore. They looked heavy—*painful*, even—and they left deep, visible welts across her shoulders when she let a strap fall. She never mentioned it. Just tugged her tank tops higher every so often when they'd slide low enough to show half a nipple.

And she never pulled them all the way back up.

I told myself not to look. Every night I told myself that.

But every night, I looked.

My door cracked open a sliver.

I froze, breath caught in my throat. She never opened my door. Not unless she was checking on me after nightmares—when I was a kid. But she hadn't done that in years.

And yet there she was, peeking in. I couldn't see her face—just her silhouette, lit from behind. The shape of her body was unmistakable, outlined in a soft amber glow from her bedside lamp. Her breasts loomed forward, casting shadows down her belly, thick and pendulous, one nipple poking like a thumbprint through stretched cotton. Her tank top clung wetly to her chest, probably from sweat—or something else.

She didn't say anything. Just stood there.

I thought maybe she was sleepwalking. Her chest rose and fell slowly, hypnotic, her breathing deeper than usual. I looked away and pretended to shift in my bed, feigning sleep. I didn't want to explain what I was doing awake. I didn't want to ask her why she was watching me.

The door closed again with a slow *snick*, and her footsteps retreated.

But not to her room.

I strained to hear where she went—down the hallway, maybe toward the kitchen. And then, something else: a muffled grunt. *Hers*. It didn't sound like pain.

The floor groaned. A slow, drawn-out squeak.

I got up, moving quietly. My bare feet touched the floorboards and I winced—still warm. I grabbed a t-shirt off the back of my chair, pulled it on, and cracked the door.

The hallway was empty.

But I could hear her breathing.

I moved quietly down the hall, past the laundry closet, toward the living room. That's where the sound was coming from—her low, ragged inhalations. I peeked around the corner, expecting maybe she was looking for something. Instead, I froze.

She was kneeling in front of the wall.

Not facing it, not touching it. Just... there. Her hair was down, dark curls cascading across her bare back. Her tank top was soaked, nearly transparent with sweat or something thicker, clinging to every inch of her breasts. They hung low and wide, almost touching the carpet, nipples swollen and dark through the fabric.

She rocked slightly, not in rhythm—just shifting, like her body couldn't decide what it wanted. Her breathing had taken on a slow moan, quiet and almost confused. Her hands were down between her legs.

My stomach twisted. I backed away fast, slipped into my room, and shut the door with a quiet thud.

What the fuck was that?

I sat back on the bed, pulse hammering in my neck, my forehead damp.

That hadn't been normal. That hadn't even been *Carmen*.

She'd never done anything like that before. She was always strict, private. She'd close the door just to change a shirt. When I was thirteen, she'd refused to let me watch an R-rated movie just because it had sex in it. This... this was something else.

And the worst part? That *wall*. She'd been right in front of it.

The same stretch of drywall where I kept hearing the giggling.

I wiped sweat from my face and lay back down, staring at the ceiling again.

The house made another sound. Not groaning. Not breathing.

Licking.

Something long and wet dragged behind the plaster like a tongue.

I sat up again and turned on the lamp.

No sleep tonight.

*

The next morning she acted like nothing happened.

She was in the kitchen, making eggs, swaying gently in a pair of pink sleep shorts that didn't cover much. Her top was tight again—so tight I thought it might rip if she bent over. Her tits sat heavy against the counter, nipples stiff under the cotton, pushing the fabric outward in smooth, glossy curves. She wasn't wearing a bra, obviously.

She looked over her shoulder when she heard me come in, smiling like always.

“Morning, baby.”

My throat closed up.

She only called me that when she was feeling sentimental. Usually after cleaning the attic, or finding old baby pictures. But her tone was off—low and syrupy, like it was *stuck* in her throat.

I grabbed a bowl of cereal and sat at the table, pretending to scroll my phone. I couldn't stop glancing at her. The way her breasts bounced slightly every time she flipped an egg. The shine on her skin. The soft jiggle that ran up her side when she adjusted her top.

And her smell.

She *reeked* of something sweet. Not perfume. Something warmer. Like vanilla soaked in skin. The air around her shimmered with it, like heat rising off asphalt. I clenched my teeth and kept eating.

She brought over the eggs and leaned down to set the plate in front of me, and I felt them.

The weight of her breasts brushed the side of my arm through her top, dense and unmissable. Her nipple bumped my bicep, soft but pronounced.

I flinched.

She blinked down at me, then smiled—tired, soft. She didn't apologize. Didn't pull away fast like she used to.

She let them rest there just a second longer.

“You didn't sleep much last night,” she murmured, brushing hair from my eyes with her fingers. “You were tossing.”

I swallowed hard. “No. Just warm.”

She nodded slowly. “Mm-hm.” Then her hand dropped. “Let me know if the air's acting up. I'll open the vents.”

She turned and walked back to the sink. The curve of her ass in those shorts looked unreal. And her breasts... they looked *heavier* than they had last night.

*

The day passed slow. The house was quiet. I tried to lose myself in games, music, scrolling. But I couldn't shake what I'd seen.

That kneeling. That sound.

That wall.

After lunch, I slipped down the hallway and stood in front of it. Just the plain stretch of white beside the linen closet. I pressed my palm against it. Cool now. Innocent.

But there—just faintly—I felt it again.

A pulse.

Like something deep inside the house had a heartbeat.

And when I pulled my hand away... my fingertips were damp.

Shadows that Follow

Chapter Summary

Rico struggles through a sleepless night after witnessing his mother Carmen kneeling before the living room wall, her massive, sweat-soaked breasts hanging heavy as she rocked in silence—hypnotic, almost possessed. Haunted by the sounds and sensations of the house, Rico goes to school the next day exhausted and distant.

There, he interacts with Miles Delaney, his only sort-of friend: a crude, persistent classmate obsessed with Carmen and her enormous chest. Miles relentlessly teases Rico about her, calling attention to her “growing” body and asking invasive questions. Despite Rico’s warnings to back off, Miles senses something is truly off with the Varela house—and becomes even more interested when Rico accidentally hints at supernatural disturbances.....

I barely slept that night, even with the lamp on.

Every time I closed my eyes, I saw her kneeling again. The way her massive tits swayed and jutted as she rocked—slow, almost trance-like. I’d grown up around those curves, yes, but I’d never *seen* them like that before. Like they were alive. Like they were pulling her forward into something she didn’t understand.

I sure as hell didn’t.

And I didn’t want to.

But it lingered in my chest all morning. It followed me down the block, through the gates of Saint George High, and all the way to my locker—where, naturally, Miles was already waiting, back leaned against the metal, chewing a piece of gum like it owed him money.

“Morning, boob-man,” he grinned.

I didn’t answer. I just gave him a long look and started spinning the dial.

Miles never let that stop him.

“Your mom home this morning?”

I paused halfway through the combo. “I’m not answering that.”

“Oh-ho.” He elbowed me. “So she was. Nice. I’d ask how she’s doing, but judging from those insane fuckin’ milkbags she’s been dragging around lately, I’d say she’s... *growing*, huh?”

I slammed the locker shut, loud enough to turn a few heads down the hall.

Miles didn't even flinch. Just laughed under his breath and followed me toward class.

"Don't talk about her like that," I muttered.

He raised both hands, unbothered. "I'm paying my respects, man. If God ever carved a pair of tits with His own hands, they're stitched to your mom's chest. You should be proud. Like... *biblical* proud."

"You're disgusting."

"And you're lucky."

"Shut up."

We walked in silence for a few paces, sneakers squeaking on the waxed linoleum. The bell rang, echoing through the tall hallway arches. Miles gave a low whistle and bumped my shoulder with his.

"So," he said, dragging the word out, "what's got you all tight lately, anyway? You've been weird this whole week."

I kept walking. I didn't want to tell him. The last thing I needed was giving him another excuse to hang around my house, ogling Carmen while pretending to care about ghosts.

"Nothing."

"You sure?" he pressed. "Because I *swear*, you look like a dude who's seen a ghost. Real pale. Eyes all sunken and twitchy. Like you've been jacking off in a closet full of spiders or something."

I shot him a glare. "Jesus, man."

He grinned wide. "It's a gift."

I thought I could ignore him through first period. Pretend he didn't exist during algebra. But in English, he passed me a note across the aisle—folded tight, almost neatly, like we were still in middle school.

I unwrapped it, expecting a dick drawing.

Instead:

"Are the rumors true?"

"About your house?"

"You hear her too?"

I looked up sharply. He wasn't grinning now. Just watching me, elbow propped on his desk, eyes narrowed like he'd been waiting.

I wrote back:
“What rumors?”

He took the paper and scribbled fast:
“The whispering. The walls.”
“I looked up your address. You know the old story, right?”
“Woman who melted into the house?”

My stomach clenched.

He passed it back again before the teacher could see.
“Bet you’re hearing shit.”
“Don’t lie. I can help.”
“I’ve watched, like, *all* the haunted house shows. I know what to do.”

I stared at the last line.

Typical Miles. Acting like TV ghost-hunters made him an expert. But something about the way he *looked* at me then—like he *knew*—made it hard to shrug off.

After class, I cornered him by the water fountain.

“Don’t talk about my house.”

He snorted. “Why not? Haunted’s hot. Chicks dig the tortured vibe.”

“I’m not joking, Miles.”

He tilted his head. “So you *are* hearing stuff.”

I hesitated. That was all he needed.

“You son of a bitch,” he said with a grin. “You *are*.” He jabbed my ribs with a knuckle. “What is it? Growling? Moaning? Rattling chains? *Ghost tits*?”

I shoved him off. “Shut the fuck up.”

He held up both hands, laughing, but he didn’t drop it. “Seriously, dude. If something’s happening in that house, you can’t just sit on it. These things fester. You let it keep building and next thing you know, you’re jizzing ectoplasm and floating three feet off the bed while your mom’s tits start lactating blood.”

I turned away. “You’re not coming over.”

He fell into step beside me. “Oh come *on*. I’m the only guy at this school who talks to you.”

“You’re the reason I don’t talk to anyone else.”

“Exactly. So you might as well let me help.”

*

I walked home fast. He still followed.

I didn't even hear his footsteps at first—just the slurp of his water bottle, the crunch of his gum. He kept pace like he belonged there, slinging his backpack over one shoulder, throwing out casual remarks about the weather, the weird shape of the clouds, how the light through the trees looked like “a horror movie right before the first kill.”

I didn't respond.

“Your house is weird,” he said eventually, slowing as we turned onto my street.

“No shit.”

He looked up at the second floor. “That window—your mom's room?”

I didn't answer.

“I always wondered why she doesn't put up curtains. You can see **everything** at night. And I **mean**—everything.”

“Miles—”

“You ever walk in on her, man?” he grinned. “Like, mid-milking session? She looks like she's got enough stored in there to feed a football team. Just bouncing through the house like two overstuffed tanks of creamy—”

“Shut up.”

We were halfway up the drive when the front door creaked open.

Carmen stood there in the doorway, one hand on the frame, the other wrapped around a glass of something cold. Lemon water, maybe. Her tank top was thin, pale green, damp around the chest. Her massive breasts strained the fabric so hard her nipples were practically kissing daylight. She didn't even seem to notice. She never did.

Her eyes lit up when she saw Miles.

“Oh! Hi, sweetheart.” She smiled wide, stepping fully into view. Her tits jostled slightly with the movement, pushing out so far from her ribcage it looked like she might tip forward. “It's Miles, right?”

Miles straightened up, smiling like a dog begging for scraps. “Yes, ma'am. You've got a great memory.”

She laughed, throatier than usual. “Well, you've got a very **memorable** face.”

I could feel my soul shrivel.

She turned to me. “Rico, you didn’t tell me he was coming over.”

“He’s not,” I said flatly.

“Nonsense. You boys should be enjoying yourselves. Come in—it’s hot out.”

“Mom—”

“I insist.”

She stepped aside, and Miles took the invitation like it was dipped in gold. His eyes flicked once—*only once*, but long enough—to the deep, jiggling canyon between her tits as she moved.

“Thank you, Carmen,” he said smoothly, brushing past me.

I didn’t follow right away. I stayed on the stoop, staring at the warped wood under my sneakers, listening to the sound of their footsteps on the hallway rug.

She closed the door behind them. Not slammed. Just gently. Quietly. Like the house was swallowing them whole.

And the wall beside the door... exhaled.

A slow, warm sigh.

I could feel it brushing my shoulder.

Something inside shifted.

And Miles—grinning, sweaty, probably half-hard—was walking straight into its mouth.

Close Behind

Chapter Summary

Carmen closes the door literally and figuratively in Rico's face as his "friend" Miles gets closer to the colossal-breasted mother...

Carmen gives Miles a tour of the house, leaving Rico to follow them like a sick puppy...

I didn't go inside right away.

I stood on the stoop, my hand hovering near the doorknob, watching the closed door like it had teeth. I could still feel the warmth of the wall beside me. Not just warmth—*moisture*. It wasn't raining. There was no reason for the wood to feel like skin.

Inside, I could hear their voices—Mom's warm, low laughter, and Miles doing his usual fast-talking, like he was on a date instead of crashing my house uninvited.

I opened the door and stepped in, closing it behind me harder than I needed to.

Carmen was in the kitchen now, leaning forward against the counter, laughing at something Miles had said. Her tits hung low in her tank top, pulling the thin straps deep into her shoulders, the fabric visibly damp around the swell of each globe. She hadn't changed out of the same outfit she'd worn all day—and somehow, it looked even tighter now. One nipple was stiff, pressing clear through the wet cotton. She didn't seem to notice. Or care.

Miles sure did.

He leaned on the island, all confidence and teeth, sipping lemonade like it was champagne.

"Hey, man," he said when he saw me, all innocent. "Your mom's awesome."

Carmen turned, still smiling, her tits jiggling with the motion.

"I didn't mean to close the door on you, baby," she said, like she was talking to a child. "I thought you were right behind us."

I stared at her. "I was."

She gave me a soft blink, her lips slightly parted. "Oh."

That was it. No apology. No explanation. Just *oh*. Like the door had shut itself.

I sat down on the edge of the couch and picked at the seam in the cushion. Miles kept talking, filling the room with his usual babble, his eyes drifting again and again to my mother's chest as she leaned over the fridge or bent to pick up a dropped spoon. She moved slowly, like every motion took effort—or like she was dragging something invisible behind her.

Eventually, he said it.

“So, uh... Rico told me your place might be haunted.”

Carmen's back was to us. She froze mid-step, hand still on the drawer.

I closed my eyes. “I didn't—”

“Oh, come on,” Miles grinned. “You said you've been hearing stuff. Walls breathing, chicks giggling in the dark...”

“*Jesus*, Miles.”

But Carmen turned, her smile already back in place.

“Haunted?” she said with a chuckle. “No. This house has... quirks. But it's just old.”

“I dunno,” Miles said, crossing the room. “I've seen a lot of shows. All it takes is one little opening—some energy trapped in the walls—and bam. Your mom starts walking around in her sleep, your dog won't go near the stairs, and next thing you know you're on season three of *House Possessed*.”

Carmen laughed again, but it was softer this time. She looked thoughtful.

“Well,” she said, brushing her hair behind one ear, “if you really think there's something strange, maybe I should give you a tour.”

Miles perked up. “Seriously?”

She nodded. “We've lived here for years. There's nothing in this house I haven't seen.”

That last part sounded strange. I didn't know why.

She gestured for him to follow, already moving toward the hallway, hips swaying. Her breasts bounced with each step, pulling visibly against her tank top, and I could *see* the way Miles stared at them—wide-eyed, hungry.

I stood up fast.

“I'll come too.”

“Of course,” Carmen said without turning.

But by the time I reached the hall, they were already around the corner. I had to walk fast just to catch the sound of her voice.

“This is the linen closet,” she was saying. “Nothing special, but the wall beside it always stays warm.”

I rounded the corner and found them standing close together, Carmen leaning toward the wall, her enormous tits grazing it as she reached to knock. She didn’t seem to notice Miles staring at the way they flattened—how the tank top lifted just enough to show underboob.

He looked like he might melt on the spot.

I stayed quiet.

They moved on.

She guided him past the laundry room, through the narrow back hallway, talking softly about how the boards creaked more on cold nights, how sometimes the plumbing made noises that sounded like footsteps. Her voice was slower than usual, low and warm, like honey poured onto hot bread.

I trailed behind them.

Every time I blinked, it felt like they were further away. The house seemed... *longer*. The hallway stretched, and I had to move faster just to stay within sight. At one point, I lost them entirely—turned the corner into the guest room and found it empty, no footsteps, no laughter.

Then Carmen’s voice came from behind me.

“We’re in here, baby.”

I turned and saw them back in the *kitchen*.

What the hell?

I walked in slowly. Carmen stood behind Miles now, hand on his shoulder, guiding him toward the back door.

“I was just showing him the garden,” she said.

“You were in the guest room,” I muttered.

She tilted her head. “Were we?”

Miles just laughed.

We ended up in the living room again, Carmen settling onto the couch with an ease that seemed practiced. Her tits spread under the thin tank top as she leaned back, one hand idly running through her hair. Miles sat across from her, grinning, eyes never leaving her chest. He wasn’t even trying to hide it now.

“See?” she said. “Nothing haunted.”

Miles licked his lips. “If I lived here, I’d *hope* it was haunted.”

I stood near the door, arms crossed. My chest felt tight.

Carmen tilted her head. “Why’s that?”

Miles shrugged. “Might get to see something freaky. Like... possession. Naked spirit orgies. Haunted boobs.”

Carmen laughed again, breathy and slow. “Haunted boobs?”

“I’d be fine getting sucked into a wall if *you* were waiting on the other side,” he said with a wink.

She didn’t scold him. She didn’t look shocked. She smiled.

“Miles, you’re awful.”

He leaned forward. “You have no idea.”

I looked away.

Eventually, he checked his phone.

“Crap. I gotta head home. Mom’s gonna kill me if I don’t pick up the food.”

He stood, grabbed his bag, and slung it over his shoulder. Carmen rose too, slower, her chest shifting heavily as she did. She walked him to the door, hips brushing his side once as she passed. I followed at a distance, my eyes burning.

She opened the door and smiled up at him.

“Well, if you ever feel nervous,” she said, voice like melted sugar, “you’re welcome to sleep over. Just in case you’re right about the house.”

Miles froze.

Then grinned. “Seriously?”

“Sure,” she said softly. “You’re Rico’s friend. That makes you family.”

Miles looked at me once—just a flicker—then back at her.

“I’ll keep that in mind.”

She winked. “You do that.”

He stepped outside and disappeared down the walk.

She closed the door slowly.

The walls exhaled.

She Doesn't Knock Anymore

Chapter Summary

Carmen makes it be known she doesn't care whether Miles is really Rico's friend or not, he's welcome inside her house whenever he wants...

Night comes again, and brings Carmen's strange sexual activities along with it.....

She didn't look up when I said it.

I'd been standing behind her in the kitchen for almost a full minute, watching her cut lemons with that lazy rhythm she'd picked up lately—slicing slow, like she was only pretending to be busy. Her tank top was stained again. Not with food. Not sweat, either. Something thicker. Glossy streaks down the sides of her breasts, which pressed out in all directions under the fabric, nipples poking through taut and visible, like they were already hard before the cotton touched them.

I said it again, louder this time.

“I don't want Miles sleeping over.”

She set the knife down.

Then she turned, and smiled like she hadn't heard me.

“That's not your decision,” she said, voice soft. “If he's scared of the house, he's welcome.”

“He's not scared,” I snapped. “He's obsessed with you.”

Still smiling, she walked past me. Her bare arm brushed mine—warm, damp. She smelled like that lotion she always used to wear, only now it was stronger. Like it had sunk into her skin permanently. Like her sweat had learned it. I didn't follow her, just stood frozen in place as she poured a glass of water and tilted it against her lips with slow sips.

“You're acting like it's a bad thing,” she murmured.

“You know it is.”

She turned halfway, tits shifting visibly beneath her shirt. It was way too small now, no longer reaching her bellybutton, the bottom hem riding high on the curve of her stomach. Her nipples were outlined and *leaking*. The cotton was darker right at the tips—two spreading circles that pulsed when she breathed.

“I know I said he could,” she said. “But that doesn’t mean he will. Don’t worry so much.”

“I’m not worried,” I said. “I’m—”

“Jealous?” she asked.

My stomach twisted.

I stared at her.

She didn’t wait for a response. She turned and left the room, her hips swaying with exaggerated softness, tank top sticking between the cheeks of her shorts. She didn’t say goodnight.

I didn’t either.

*

The house was never quiet anymore.

There were hours where it acted like it was. When you could close your eyes and pretend the warmth under your bed wasn’t real, or the sound behind the vents was just dust shifting. But it always came back. Especially after dark.

Especially after she went to sleep.

I didn’t know if she *did* sleep anymore.

The old wood moaned just after 1 a.m.

I sat up, instantly awake, and the air hit me. Warm. Sweet. That same thick scent from earlier—like heat and milk and something faintly *sexual*. I couldn’t tell if it was real anymore, or just seeping out of the walls.

Then I heard the creak of her door.

And footsteps. Bare, slow. Dragging slightly.

I moved toward my door and pushed it open a crack.

Carmen drifted past in a soaked tank top that clung to her so tightly it was practically transparent. Her breasts had swollen since this afternoon—again. I could *see* it. The taut curve of them stretched the cotton into sheer tension. They bounced heavily as she walked, slow and soft, nipples dark and oversized and visibly dripping. She left a trail of wet smudges along the wood floor.

She didn’t see me. Or didn’t care.

I followed.

She moved like someone in a trance, her hand trailing the hallway wall as she walked, fingers sliding through the dust and paint like she was feeling for something inside. Her breathing was heavier than before. No sighs. Just slow, open-mouthed exhaling.

She reached the warmest part of the hall and stopped.

Pressed her palm to the drywall.

I held my breath.

Then her other hand dropped.

Right between her legs.

She moaned—low and breathless.

“Mmmiles...”

The sound stabbed straight through my ribs.

She was touching herself now, slowly, over her shorts at first, then slipping her hand underneath. Her other hand pulled the tank top up and over her breasts—and they *spilled* out like something uncontainable. Bigger than before. Heavier. Skin pink and stretched, veins crawling up the undersides toward her nipples, which looked darker and wetter than I’d ever seen them.

She squeezed them.

Milk sprayed the wall.

“Mmmh... Miles...”

Her voice was tight now, needy, trembling.

The wall behind her pulsed.

I backed up, heart slamming against my ribs, breath stuck in my chest.

She leaned her forehead against the plaster. Rubbed faster.

Her hips jerked forward, back arched. Her tits bounced violently with each movement, leaking uncontrollably now, white streams splashing the floor. She gasped again—high and sharp—and her voice cracked.

“Ohhh, Miles—!”

I turned.

Ran.

Back into my room, breath shaking, skin damp.

I shut the door.

Locked it.

And backed into the corner, staring at the wall.

I didn't even hear her footsteps at first.

But I **felt** her.

Something shifted outside my door. A breath.

Then a soft click.

My doorknob turned.

Rattled.

Then stopped.

Another click.

The lock.

From **her** side.

I stepped forward, throat dry.

“Mom?”

No answer.

I pressed my ear to the wood.

She was breathing just outside.

Then silence.

Then retreating footsteps.

And the house sighed.

As if pleased.

Outside Looking In

Chapter Summary

Rico realizes that his mom isn't the same woman at night....

Miles comes over again, and Rico is left to sulk in frustration as Carmen again shows a mutual interest in the skinny white boy...

****The Cleavage in the Walls****

Chapter Five – Outside Looking In

(Rico's POV – 4,085 words)

The door wouldn't budge.

I tried the handle first, quiet and slow, hoping I'd imagined the lock. It turned, but something blocked it. Not the deadbolt. Not the chain. I leaned down and peered through the tiny crack under the frame.

A handle.

A wooden one.

Something long and horizontal wedged beneath it—broomstick.

Carmen had **jammed** my door shut from the outside.

“Mom?” I called.

No answer.

I tapped the door. Then pounded. “Mom!”

Still nothing.

I backed up and shoved hard.

The door thudded but held fast.

“Goddamn it,” I muttered. My palms were sweaty. My breath came shallow, tight in my chest.

I tried again. Harder. Threw my weight into it. The frame creaked. The wood groaned. But that broom held like bone through tendon.

Once more.

I ran at it.

The door gave with a loud *CRACK*, and I spilled into the hallway, heart hammering.

The house was quiet.

I pushed myself up and crept forward, the soles of my feet sticking faintly to the warm floor. The air tasted faintly sour—milk gone just past fresh, the way her scent always did when she'd been sweating in those clingy tops all day.

I passed the bathroom. The sink was running again. No one there.

Her bedroom door was open.

She was in bed.

Face down. Naked from the waist up.

Her breasts spilled across the mattress like twin sacks of wet fruit, massive and flushed. Veins ran blue and purple across the skin, each nipple puffed and shiny with residue. One arm hung off the edge of the bed. Her mouth was open.

Sound asleep.

Peaceful.

Like nothing had happened.

I stared at her, frozen.

Was she pretending?

Or worse... had she forgotten?

I backed away. Left her like that. Didn't dare touch the door.

*

School felt even more unreal than usual.

I couldn't hear the teachers. Couldn't focus on anything but the memory of her hand down her shorts, moaning *his* name, grinding her swollen tits against the hallway wall.

Had she always said his name in her sleep? Or just since... the house?

The idea that she'd *planned* to lock me in made my skin crawl.

“Yo.”

I jumped. Miles had slipped in beside me during lunch, tray in hand, grin wide.

“You look like shit,” he said, popping the cap on a Gatorade.

“Thanks.”

“You sleep?”

I didn’t answer.

He raised an eyebrow. “Still hearing stuff?”

I looked away.

He leaned closer. “Come on, man. Let me stay over. I can help. I brought something.”

He pulled a couple of slim, dusty books from his bag and slid them across the table.

I stared.

One was titled *Living Houses: Possession and Domestic Energy Transfer*. The other had no title, just a black cover and a faint embossed sigil—three curling lines that reminded me of the wood grain in our floorboards.

“Don’t ask where I got them,” Miles said. “Point is, I think your mom’s, like, actually being possessed. Or... fed on. It’s real.”

I said nothing.

He flipped open *Living Houses* and jabbed a finger at a passage. “‘Prolonged exposure to parasitic domestic spirits often results in biological changes to the host, especially if the entity favors a female anchor. Breast growth, increased lactation, sexual compulsion, sleepwalking.’ Sound familiar?”

My skin prickled.

Miles grinned. “It gets worse. Listen to this—‘If the entity begins reinforcing its bond physically—through ritual arousal or extraction—it may weaponize affection, leading to manipulative or isolating behavior. In particular, locking doors...’”

I shoved the book away.

“No,” I said. “You’re not coming over.”

Miles blinked. “What?”

“Forget it.”

He frowned. “Dude, I *have* to. If she’s—”

“You’re not coming,” I snapped. “It’s not your house. She’s not your—”

I cut myself off.

He stared at me for a second. Then leaned back and crossed his arms.

“Whatever, man. Your funeral.”

*

She picked us up after school.

I hadn't agreed to it.

She'd just shown up.

The window was down. Her sunglasses were perched low on her nose. Her tank top today was white—tight as skin—and barely contained the globes of her tits, which looked even bigger than this morning. They rose like mountains under the fabric, nipples clearly outlined in the soft cotton. Her seatbelt dug between them, vanishing into the sweaty crease of her cleavage.

“Hi boys,” she purred.

Miles got in fast, grinning.

I hesitated, hand on the car door.

She looked at me over the top of her glasses. “Get in, baby.”

I did.

The car smelled like her now—hot and sweet, thick and sour underneath. Miles made no secret of his staring. Her breasts jiggled visibly as she shifted into gear, the tank top lifting and slipping downward in rhythm with every bump in the road.

“Hope you're both hungry,” she said as we pulled into the driveway.

“I could eat,” Miles said.

She smiled at him in the rearview. “Good. Come on in.”

I froze halfway out the car.

“No.”

They both looked at me.

She tilted her head. “What?”

“I'm not going in.”

“You live here,” she said, laughing.

“I’m not going in if *he* is.”

She turned off the engine.

“Then stay outside,” she said, and got out.

Miles followed.

She led him up the porch steps, her ass swaying beneath her shorts, breasts visibly bouncing now with each step. He kept pace behind her like a dog on a leash.

I stayed frozen on the driveway.

She reached the door.

Opened it.

Walked inside with him.

Then turned.

Met my eyes.

And slowly, deliberately...

****Closed the door.****

The lock clicked.

From *her* side.

I stood there, staring.

And the house exhaled.

In the Open Now

Chapter Summary

Rico stewes as Miles and Carmen talk about the house being haunted, and how it might affect her, sexually....

Miles' sleepover plan comes to fruition, but not in the way he's expecting...

The night arrives, and this time Rico and Miles both see Carmen engage in acts a mother should never do....

The lock clicked back into place under my fingers.

She'd forgotten about the spare.

Or maybe she hadn't.

Either way, I pushed the door open and stepped inside, half-expecting to be met with yelling, or laughter, or the moan of something wet and awful crawling just behind the walls.

But the house was quiet. Not still. Just... quiet.

There were voices, low ones, coming from the living room.

I followed them.

Carmen was on the couch, one leg tucked beneath her, her bare thigh pressing out under a pair of shorts that hadn't fit her properly in weeks. Her top was stretched so tight that I could see the swell of her breasts even from the side—one practically spilling out under her arm, the thin cotton bunched and stained where her nipple must have been leaking again.

Miles sat close. Not quite touching, but close enough that I could see the heat between them, feel the air pressed taut like a curtain between two windows left open too long.

She didn't even flinch when she saw me.

"Oh, baby," she said casually, "I thought you wanted to stay outside."

"I live here," I said flatly.

She smiled. "Of course you do."

Miles gave me a look—half-smirk, half-challenge—and held up the black-covered book he'd shown me at school.

“We were just talking ghosts,” he said. “Your mom thinks I’m crazy.”

Carmen let out a laugh, but it was soft, almost lazy. “A little.”

Miles flipped the book open and slid closer to her, his thigh now pressed against hers. “Look at this part again—here. ‘Entities of domestic origin may select female hosts with high emotional yield and physical receptivity. As the bond strengthens, hormonal and physiological changes often accompany spiritual transition.’”

Carmen tilted her head. “That’s a mouthful.”

Miles grinned. “Basically, the house starts getting under your skin. Literally. Especially with women. Breast growth, lactation, arousal, all that.”

She raised an eyebrow, but didn’t pull away.

“That supposed to scare me?”

“Maybe,” he said. “But maybe it explains a few things.”

Her laugh was quieter this time. She took the book from his hands and turned it over, fingering the black cover. Her nails slid across the sigil, tracing the lines without seeming to notice.

“And you believe this?”

Miles shrugged. “I believe *something’s* going on. Don’t you?”

She paused. A flicker of something crossed her face. Then it was gone.

She opened the book.

The page fell on the diagram of a woman’s silhouette—bare-breasted, stomach full, her eyes dark, arms open in invitation. The walls around her were drawn with veins, not boards. Like the house had merged with her body.

Carmen stared at it a second longer than she needed to.

Then she laughed again, this time louder. “So what—you think I’m being possessed by a horny ghost?”

Miles leaned in. “Isn’t that better than thinking you’re going crazy?”

She didn’t answer right away.

Instead, she closed the book slowly and held it in her lap.

Then looked at me.

“You believe in this, Rico?”

I didn't speak.

She smiled faintly. "You always were a little more sensitive to the house than me. You used to cry when it rained too hard, remember?"

I did. I also remembered her holding me tight, back when she was warm and solid and smelled like lavender shampoo and not this—this hot, leaking version of herself that couldn't seem to keep her breasts inside her shirt anymore.

Miles reached forward and touched her wrist.

Just lightly.

She didn't pull away.

Instead, she tilted her head toward him. The smile didn't move, but her body leaned closer. Her breast pressed against his arm, soft and massive and *there*, and Miles' hand didn't move.

I turned and walked out.

I didn't wait to see if she'd follow.

She didn't.

****The Cleavage in the Walls****

Chapter Six – In the Open Now (Part 2)

(Rico's POV – ~2,050 words)

I didn't go far. Just into the hallway, around the bend where I could lean against the wall and listen. My palms were damp. My mouth dry. The smell from the living room still clung to me—warm cotton and milk, thick air and whatever perfume she'd put on that only seemed to make her body heat spread faster through the house.

I could hear them talking again. Quieter now.

"You ever feel... different?" Miles was saying. "Like... not yourself?"

A pause.

"Lately?" Carmen's voice. Light. Airy. "Mmm. I guess."

"That's what I mean," he said. "This house, it's not just walls. It *wants* something. I think it chose you."

She laughed—soft, but it didn't sound like disbelief. It sounded like she liked the idea.

"Why me?"

"Because you're beautiful."

I tensed.

Another pause.

“And because you’re open to it,” he added.

“You don’t even know me.”

“I’ve been watching you for months.”

“Have you now?”

My stomach turned.

I leaned closer, pressing my shoulder against the wall. It was warm. Too warm. It felt like muscle, not wood. Like something behind it was flexing in time with my pulse.

The conversation paused.

Then fabric shifted—soft, sticky.

“Miles,” Carmen said. The tone was strange. Not angry. Not surprised. Just... low. A warning? An invitation?

“You’re—you’re leaking,” Miles murmured.

A beat.

“Oh,” she said, quiet.

“You’re not wearing a bra.”

“I don’t really fit in them anymore.”

“I noticed.”

She laughed again, but slower.

“Does it bother you?”

“No,” Miles said immediately. “No. I mean—shit, it’s kinda hot.”

“Miles,” she said again, but this time it wasn’t a warning. It was almost amused. Flattered.

Then, the sound of movement.

Skin against skin.

Something soft and heavy brushing fabric.

I shut my eyes.

My hand clenched against the wall, and the drywall gave under my knuckles. Not crumbled—*yielded*. Like flesh.

I stumbled back.

The entire panel behind me pulsed. I stared at it. The surface seemed to breathe, just once—up, then down. A hot breath into my face.

In the living room, she moaned.

Just once.

Soft.

"Mmmmh..."

I turned, walked straight into the kitchen, and gripped the counter until my fingers hurt.

*

Dinner was... normal.

Somehow.

She made pasta, still humming under her breath like she used to, but slower. Her tank top had changed—navy now, looser, but her breasts were too far gone for fabric to hide anymore. They hung low and proud, round and veined, nipples darker now, broader, the cotton sticking and unsticking as she moved.

Miles stayed for dinner. Of course he did.

He acted casual, but I could tell. His eyes didn't leave her. He watched every bounce, every shift, every drop of water that rolled down her cleavage as she sipped from her glass.

"Smells amazing," he said.

Carmen smiled at him as she leaned forward to scoop salad onto his plate, and the neckline of her shirt dipped *deep*—both breasts threatening to spill free right there at the table.

"Glad you think so."

She didn't serve me. I did it myself.

We ate.

The conversation stayed light—weather, school, TV. But underneath, I could feel it building again. The way the air shifted warmer every time she leaned close to him. The way she laughed at every dumb joke. The way her nipples pressed harder against the fabric whenever he spoke directly to her.

At one point, she stretched—arms up, back arched—and the tank top rode up fully, exposing the soft under-curve of her belly and just a hint of underboob, each globe now swollen to impossible size.

Miles dropped his fork.

She laughed. “Oops.”

After dinner, I tried to disappear.

I took my plate, rinsed it, and turned to go.

“Baby,” she called softly, “can you grab the laundry for me? It’s still in the dryer.”

I paused.

Miles was still sitting there. Still watching her.

She wasn’t even looking at me now—just resting a hand casually across one huge breast, like it needed steadying, like it was too full to leave alone.

“Yeah,” I muttered.

I left the room.

Went to the basement stairs.

But halfway down, I stopped.

Not because I heard anything. Not because the walls breathed.

But because I knew.

Something was going to happen the moment I was gone.

I went back up.

Slipped around the corner.

And watched from the hallway.

She hadn’t moved from the kitchen.

But Miles had.

He was closer now, standing in front of her.

Her hand was still on her breast, fingers brushing slowly. The tank top was pulled to the side—just slightly—but enough to see the soft swell of her bare skin, the hint of a wide, dark areola beneath the cotton.

He reached out.

Not fully.

But enough that it wasn't innocent.

And she didn't stop him.

Not right away.

Then—finally—she smiled. “Not yet.”

Miles froze.

She tilted her head. “Go wait in the living room.”

He swallowed. Nodded.

And went.

She turned, and her eyes flicked toward the hallway.

For a split second, they landed right on me.

She didn't look surprised.

Or angry.

Just... knowing.

Then she turned away and walked down the hall.

I stood frozen.

My ears full of blood.

The house, breathing.

And outside the kitchen window, the last daylight fading.

Certainly. Here's the full continuation:

****The Cleavage in the Walls****

Chapter Six – What She Shows Us

(Rico's POV – 3,140 words)

The lights were low in the living room when I came down.

Muted blue from the TV, flickering across the walls, shadows dancing slow and wide like underwater shapes. Carmen sat curled in the corner of the couch, one leg tucked under her, her oversized breasts pressed firm against the thin cotton of another tank top. She didn't seem to notice the way the material clung, didn't seem to care how often she adjusted the straps only for them to slip again, baring more and more soft, veined skin with every breath.

Miles was beside her, a little too close.

He always was.

The show played on the screen—one of those ghost-hunter docuseries with dramatic music and fake static, dim green cameras catching blurry figures in hallways that always turned out to be shadows or dust.

I stayed in the archway. Just watching. Not saying anything.

Carmen laughed at something the narrator said, a warm, quiet sound. Her hand drifted lazily over her stomach, brushing the hem of her shirt just above her navel. Miles glanced at her, and then at her chest. Again.

Of course.

He leaned a little closer.

“You ever see anything like that in this house?” he asked. “Like... cold spots? Weird shapes in mirrors?”

Carmen hummed. “Sometimes. The air gets thick. Like something's watching.”

“That's what this guy said,” Miles grinned. “And then his wife got possessed.”

She laughed again—richer this time. “Should I be worried?”

Miles shot her a look that made my hands clench.

I stepped fully into the room.

Neither of them turned.

“Why do you always watch this crap?” I asked.

“Because it's fun,” Carmen said lightly. “You used to like it.”

Miles added, “It's research.”

“For what?” I muttered.

He turned a little in his seat. “Figuring out what's wrong with this place.”

“There's nothing wrong with it,” I said. “Except you.”

He smirked, unbothered. “You’re the one acting haunted.”

“Rico,” Carmen said. Her tone was soft, but there was weight behind it. “It’s fine. We’re just relaxing.”

I didn’t answer. Just stood there, arms folded, feeling the walls breathe behind me. The flicker of the TV made the shadows twitch across her chest, highlighting the outline of one nipple through her shirt.

Miles wasn’t even pretending not to stare.

Then he said it.

“Hey, if it gets creepy tonight, maybe I’ll just crash here.”

I stiffened.

“No.”

Carmen glanced up, eyebrows raised. “Excuse me?”

“He’s not sleeping here,” I said. “Not again.”

“It’s not your decision,” she said, quiet but firm.

I stared at her. “He doesn’t live here.”

She set the remote down. “Neither do you—if this is how you’re going to act.”

The silence cracked open in the room.

I blinked. “What?”

“I mean it,” she said, softer now. “You don’t get to control who comes in and out. You don’t tell me who I can spend time with. You don’t own this house, Rico.”

“I’m not trying to—” I started.

But she raised a hand. “Enough.”

She turned back to the TV, picking up the remote again.

“Miles can stay on the couch. That’s final.”

I stood there for a full minute, not moving. The house was warm again—too warm. I could feel it on my skin, damp and tight, like the air before a thunderstorm.

Miles leaned back on the couch, smiling.

The sound of canned static picked up again on the screen, and I left without a word.

*

I couldn't sleep.

I didn't even try.

I sat on the edge of my bed in the dark, listening. Listening for creaks, for moans, for the soft, slick sounds of flesh against walls. But the house was still.

Until it wasn't.

I heard the stairs first. Slow steps. Not Miles—too light.

Then the faint squeak of the couch springs. The sound of shifting.

I crept to my door and cracked it open.

Then slipped downstairs.

I expected to see them tangled together, maybe half-naked, Carmen laughing into his mouth while he fumbled over her tank top.

But what I found was stranger.

Miles was on the couch. Alone. Blankets half-kicked off, one arm hanging down to the floor. His head lolled slightly to the side. He was asleep. Or close to it.

But his eyes snapped open when he heard the floor creak under my foot.

He sat up fast.

“What the fuck was that?” he whispered.

I froze.

“You heard it too?” I whispered back.

Then we both turned.

Because there she was.

Carmen.

Naked.

Not half-dressed.

Fully, completely naked.

She walked barefoot through the hall from the kitchen, her skin glowing with the low-blue cast of the TV, breasts swinging heavily with each step. They were massive now—obscenely

so—each globe jostling with its own weight, veins rising like vines across the surface. Her nipples were broad and dark, wet and slightly glossy, dripping a trail down her belly. Her stomach curved soft and full beneath them, thighs thick and shining, hair tousled like she'd been rolling in sweat-drenched sheets for hours.

She didn't speak.

Didn't even look at us.

She passed the couch and moved into the hallway, heading toward the back of the house, slow, silent, in a trance.

Miles stood.

He looked at me.

“Is this real?” he mouthed.

I didn't answer.

He stepped around the couch.

We followed.

The house said nothing.

But its walls... *sighed*.

We Followed Her

Chapter Summary

Rico and Miles follow a naked and extremely busty Carmen as she does her "nightly routine"

The house didn't creak this time.

It just... opened.

Carmen stepped from the shadows of the kitchen like she'd always been there. Bare. Slick. Silent. The TV behind us still flickered its useless blue glow into the room, casting strange watery light over the hard slope of her hip, the hanging curve of her breast. Every part of her swayed with a silent weight. Milk dripped slowly down her thigh, each step staining the floor beneath her.

She didn't look at us.

Didn't pause.

Didn't speak.

Just walked—slow and strange—toward the hallway.

Miles didn't move at first.

Neither did I.

We both watched her pass, completely naked, her body swollen and unreal. Her breasts hung low and full, so large now they swayed against her stomach with each step. Her skin had taken on a different sheen—like wax in candlelight. Soft but unnatural. Her nipples were stiff and broad, almost cartoonishly large, dark and glossy, still slowly leaking.

She was sleepwalking. Or worse.

Miles looked at me.

I shook my head.

We followed.

We didn't speak. Not yet.

Her footsteps made no sound on the floor. Ours felt like thunder behind her.

She passed through the hallway with no destination. Turned corners like she was lost in her own house. Like the walls had changed while she was asleep and she was trying to find the shape of them again.

Miles finally whispered, “She’s really doing this.”

I didn’t answer.

She turned down the side hall—the one that used to lead to the spare pantry. The light above flickered as she passed beneath it.

“She’s dripping,” Miles said under his breath, and it wasn’t just amusement anymore. It was discomfort, confusion. Something deeper.

Carmen reached the end of the hall and stopped.

She pressed both palms to the wall, her arms shaking a little.

And then she began to move.

Slowly, her hips rolled forward.

She dragged herself against the wallpaper—her breasts pushing into the surface with obscene pressure, flattening with each sway of her hips.

Then her hand dropped.

Between her legs.

We both froze.

She began to touch herself slowly, her moan soft and soaked.

“Mmmhh…”

Miles backed up half a step, bumping into me.

“She’s really—” he started, but stopped.

Her head tilted back.

And then, voice low, breathy, strained with heat:

“M-Miles…”

My stomach dropped.

Miles stared, his jaw tight.

“Oh fuck,” he whispered. “She said my name.”

Carmen rubbed herself harder now, grinding against the wall like it had something to give her. Her breasts bounced heavily with every motion, smearing milk across the faded wallpaper.

She cried out—once—soft and choking.

Then again: “Miles...”

“Jesus Christ,” Miles muttered.

I couldn’t speak.

I couldn’t move.

She gasped, harder now, thighs shaking, back arching with unnatural elasticity.

Then—

It hit.

Her whole body tensed.

Her mouth dropped open, and she let out a long, trembling breath as her knees buckled. Milk splattered to the floor. Her hand remained between her legs, twitching softly.

She leaned against the wall.

Still never looking at us.

Never seeing us.

Never even acknowledging we were there.

Eventually, she stood straight again. Breathed. Wiped her hand down her thigh.

Then walked away.

Calm.

Silent.

Nude.

Miles and I followed her back through the dark, up the stairs, down the hall.

She crawled into bed—slow, silent, still dripping—and pulled the covers over her.

And went still.

We didn’t speak until we were both back in the hallway.

Miles leaned against the wall like he couldn't feel his legs anymore.

"She said my name," he muttered. "Like—like she was thinking about me."

"That wasn't her."

"No," he said slowly. "It wasn't."

He looked at me.

His voice was lower now.

"She's not the one doing the watching anymore."

I didn't sleep that night.

Neither did the house.

The Painting

Chapter Summary

Day comes and Carmen is back to normal...or is she?....

Rico and Miles stumble upon something in the attic that will have massive repercussions....

The sun made no difference.

The light from outside came in, sure, but it didn't **feel** like it changed the house. The walls still felt warm. The floor still creaked too slowly, like the boards were trying to remember how to groan right. The air was still heavy. Sweet. Laced with something that didn't come from perfume or old wood.

Something was awake.

And even though Carmen had dressed herself again, made coffee, sat in the kitchen like she hadn't been walking around naked the night before—**we** knew.

Miles and I hadn't spoken until she left to shower. Her bedroom door had shut behind her with a quiet click, and after a few long seconds of silence, he looked up from his untouched cereal bowl.

“So... we're just pretending she didn't moan my name while finger-fucking herself on the hallway wall last night?”

I didn't answer.

“Like, she wasn't just casually busting it open for the void, whispering ‘Miiiiiles’ while milk squirted from her—”

“Jesus Christ.”

“I'm just saying,” he shrugged. “This house is **wild.**”

I stood up, pushed my chair in, and walked out of the kitchen.

He followed.

*

We started upstairs.

“I think the attic has the best chance,” Miles said, voice hushed like he was narrating a documentary. “Classic haunted location. Dusty, forgotten, full of dead grandma energy.”

“I don’t think it’s ghosts.”

“Oh, really?” He stepped past me, half-turned. “You think your mom just **really** loves leaking milk and yelling my name in the dark?”

I clenched my jaw.

He pushed open the door to the attic stairs. A burst of warm air rolled out.

“Attic it is,” he said, grinning.

We climbed.

The floorboards flexed under our weight. Old boxes leaned against one another like they’d given up standing upright years ago. Dust floated in the shafts of light pouring in through the slats of the gable window.

Miles walked with hands in his pockets, whistling.

“Honestly, I get it,” he said. “Your mom’s hot. The house knows. So it’s making her **extra** hot. Everyone wins.”

“Shut up.”

“No, hear me out—what if it’s like, a horny haunting? Paranormal arousal. Like possession but with tits.”

“Shut up, Miles.”

He laughed, backing away. “What? I’m not wrong. You saw her last night. She’s not shy anymore. And she **definitely** likes me.”

“She doesn’t.”

“Oh come on,” he said, ducking under a hanging light chain. “You think she grinds her soaked nipples on the hallway for **just anyone?** That was **for** me.”

I turned.

“Miles—”

He was still smiling.

“Rico, I get it. You’ve got this thing where it’s weird because she’s your mom and all—”

I shoved him.

Hard.

He stumbled back into the wall—and the wall gave way.

Not like a crack.

Like it **broke.**

Drywall split in one violent **CRACK**, and half the section collapsed inward like paper. Miles tumbled through with a grunt, coughing in the dust cloud.

We both stared.

Behind the wall wasn't just insulation.

It was a hidden space—maybe five feet wide, like a closet someone had built over and forgotten.

Inside was a single object:

A canvas.

Miles sat on the floor, staring up at it.

“What the fuck...”

I stepped over the broken panel.

The painting was huge. Covered in grime and cobwebs. But even under the layers of dust, the image was unmistakable.

A woman.

Older. Brown-skinned. Long dark hair. Massive breasts spilling out from an old-fashioned corset. Lips parted around a deep, hungry kiss with a pale-skinned man—early twenties, maybe. Blond. Handsome. Obedient.

Her hand gripped his chin.

His eyes were closed.

He was **melting** into her.

Their bodies pressed tight together.

It looked exactly like—

Carmen.

And Miles.

“Dude,” Miles said, blinking hard. “Is that...?”

I didn’t answer.

Because behind us, footsteps echoed.

We turned.

Carmen stood in the attic doorway, fully dressed.

Hair damp. Hoodie zipped.

Eyes wide.

And she said, voice cold and clear:

“What the hell is going on?”

The curse behind the canvas

Chapter Summary

Rico finds himself confined to his room while Miles is put to work downstairs with Carmen. Alone, Rico investigates the mysterious painting they uncovered and unearths disturbing legends tied to its history. What he discovers points to a chilling curse—and a dangerous connection between the house, Carmen, and a desire that won't be ignored.

The moment Carmen stepped into the attic, everything changed.

The smell of her shampoo still clung to her. Her hoodie was zipped to her collarbone, her leggings plain and dark, her hair slightly damp from a recent shower. She looked normal. Calm. Human.

But the look in her eyes said something else entirely.

“What the hell is going on?” she said again, firmer this time, stepping over the broken panel on the floor.

Miles stood and dusted off his jeans, half-stammering. “We were just—uh, looking for, like —”

Carmen cut him off with a look.

Her eyes slid to the painting. And then to me.

“You. Go to your room.”

I opened my mouth, but nothing came out.

“I said now, Rico.”

I didn't move.

“Now.”

I left.

*

The walls felt closer on the way down.

I could hear Miles behind me as I descended, his steps hesitant. Carmen didn't say a word to him until I reached the bottom of the stairs.

“Since you broke it,” she said, her voice even, “you can spend the day helping me clean it up.”

Miles groaned. “Seriously?”

She didn’t respond.

The attic door shut behind me with a click that sounded too final.

*

Back in my room, I could still hear the occasional murmur of voices through the ceiling. Carmen moving around, giving instructions. Miles responding with half-laughs, maybe trying to charm his way out of it. Dishes clinked in the kitchen, and at one point the vacuum roared to life downstairs.

It didn’t matter.

I couldn’t stop thinking about the painting.

The woman in the corset. Her enormous breasts swelling out of the frame. The way she bent the man to her like he belonged in her arms. The look on her face—calm, hungry, triumphant. She didn’t look cursed. She looked *complete*.

But the wall had been built to hide her.

I turned on my laptop and began searching.

*

It took hours.

I ran the image through every reverse image tool I could find. At first, nothing. No matches. No titles. Not even a whisper in the usual art archives. I was beginning to think it had been painted locally, or worse—*by* the house.

Then I found something.

A thread. Archived. Ten years old. On an abandoned paranormal blog called *Painted Hexes.*

There it was.

A low-res photo of the exact painting, clearly snapped through dust and shadow.

The caption read:

- > “THE CURSED LADY & THE YOUTH:
- > Reported found in New Mexico, 1800s. Last confirmed appearance 1992.
- > Woman believed to be **Doña Felicita Alvarado**, a wealthy widow executed under

suspicion of blasphemy and erotic ritualism during colonial rule.

> The man is unknown—possibly a lover, consort, or indentured servant.

> Painting is believed to carry a **passion-bond curse** tied to legacy structures (multi-generational homes).

> In all documented cases, the woman of the house begins to change.”

>

> “Removing the painting does not stop it. The bond is already formed once the first changes occur.”

>

> “The only ‘cleansing’ documented in three centuries requires:

> *‘The maiden of the house must know climax in the arms of her fated mate, else the house shall be devoured from within, its bones made milk and stone.’*”

I stared at the screen.

Read it again.

And again.

Then I whispered aloud: “No...”

*

Carmen was the only woman in the house.

She had started changing.

Her breasts. Her heat. The way she moaned Miles’ name. The fluid. The trancewalking. The sudden affection toward someone she barely knew.

And the house?

It was *reacting*.

Responding.

Not just to her.

To *them together*.

*

I waited until the vacuum went silent again.

Then crept downstairs.

I found Miles wiping dust from the bookshelves, his shirt off, sweat clinging to his chest.

“Hey,” I said.

He turned. “Done being grounded?”

I ignored him and held out my laptop.

“Read this.”

He looked. Then scrolled. Then whistled low.

“Yo. Is this real?”

“Do you even care?”

He kept reading. His eyes got wider.

Then he blinked and looked at me.

“So... if this is right, the house won’t stop until your mom—”

“—orgasms,” I muttered. “With her ‘soulmate.’”

He smirked. “Guess who that probably is?”

I glared. “You think this is funny?”

“No,” he said, slowly now. “I think it’s *fucked*. But...”

He looked toward the hallway.

“You have to admit... she *wants* it.”

“No. She *doesn’t*. That’s not her. That’s the house.”

“Are you sure?”

I didn’t answer.

Because I wasn’t.

*

We spent the rest of the afternoon digging deeper. Miles pulled up haunted house message boards, reddit threads with downvoted tales of cursed women, excerpts from banned occult PDFs. They all circled the same truth:

- * The woman always changed first.
- * The house fed off her transformation.
- * And the final “ritual” always required something... intimate.

If it wasn’t completed?

The house collapsed.

Sometimes literally. Walls crumbling. Floors sinking.

Other times, the woman simply withered. Or vanished.

Or got stuck in the walls forever.

*

By the time Carmen called us for dinner, the screen was full of open tabs we didn't want to click anymore.

She didn't sound angry now.

Just... soft.

Like the house was speaking through her again.

“Boys... come eat.”

Miles looked at me.

“We have to tell her.”

I nodded.

But my throat was dry.

Because I had no idea what would happen if we did.

Bound to the Night

Chapter Summary

The boys try to convince Carmen about the painting, but she's not having it.

At night, Carmen comes downstairs again, fully naked with extremely engorged, swollen breasts. Miles follows her, while Rico is held captive by an invisible force.....

The dining room felt strangely normal, which only made it worse. The table was set, the air heavy with the scent of baked chicken and rosemary. Carmen poured water, passed the bread, smiled at both of us as if nothing in the world had changed. But every time her eyes landed on Miles, I saw something loosen behind them—a slip, a shine, like she'd forgotten herself and remembered at the same time.

After dinner, I couldn't take it anymore. I waited for the plates to be cleared and the clink of silverware to die down before I spoke.

“Mom. We found out what that painting is.”

She looked up, fork halfway to her mouth. “Oh?”

Miles didn't wait for my cue. “It's not just old. It's, like, haunted. There's stories. People get cursed. Especially... women.”

She leaned back. “Cursed how?”

I shot him a look: Don't say it. But he pushed on.

“It makes the woman of the house... change. It wants something. Like, until she's—” he hesitated, glancing at her chest before looking away, “—fulfilled.”

She wiped her hands on a napkin, unbothered. “Is that so?”

“It's real,” I pressed. “It's not just a story. People died over it. There are rituals. You're not safe.”

For a second, something flickered in her eyes—curiosity, fear, or just the memory of every sleepless night I'd had watching her walk the house, leaking, moaning. She glanced down at her hands, flexed her fingers. Then shrugged.

“So what?” She said it almost kindly. “Whatever happens, happens.”

I stared. “You don't care?”

She tilted her head. “I’m tired of being afraid in my own house. If it wants something from me, let it try. I’ve lived through worse than a painting.”

She stood, collecting the plates. “Now, if you’re both done worrying, help me clear the table.”

She wouldn’t hear another word.

*

Later, Miles and I tried to talk about it in the living room. I sat on the rug, legs crossed. He sprawled on the couch, flicking through his phone, the cursed painting hanging in the hallway like a dark, waiting mouth. The TV was on mute. The only real sound was the house’s breathing—the low, constant pulse of wood and air, just under the level of hearing.

“She’s just pretending,” Miles muttered. “She knows it’s real.”

“She doesn’t want to admit it. If she did, she’d have to do something.”

He rolled over. “What do we do, man? We can’t leave. My mom thinks I’m sleeping at your place for the week. We can’t just let her—” He trailed off, not finishing the thought.

I couldn’t answer.

“Whatever happens, happens,” he mimicked in a falsetto. “Yeah, until you wake up and your tits are the size of watermelons and you can’t stop humping the floorboards.”

I didn’t laugh.

He sighed and threw an arm over his eyes.

“Whatever,” he said. “I’m not missing any sleep over it.”

I envied him.

He tossed me a pillow. “You want the couch?”

I shook my head. “You take it. I’ll stay on the floor.”

He grunted his thanks and rolled over, already half-asleep.

I pulled the blanket over me and lay down. The rug was rough. The house was warm.

Too warm.

*

I dreamed of the painting—Carmen’s face looking out, eyes heavy, lips parted, breast leaking milk that ran down the canvas and pooled around my feet. Miles beside her, mouth open, chest heaving, his face changing, melting, shifting into a stranger’s.

I woke to the sound of footsteps.

I didn't open my eyes right away. The air was thicker, charged. My arms and legs felt heavy, like I was underwater.

Then I heard the couch creak.

Miles, shifting.

"Whoa," he whispered, voice shaky. "No way..."

I blinked and looked up.

Carmen was moving down the stairs.

Naked again.

More than naked—transformed. Her breasts impossibly full, hanging low and round, her skin glowing with sweat, veins crawling under the surface, nipples dripping in long, slow streams that splattered on the hardwood. Her hips were wider, thighs slick. She moved in silence, hair wild, face dreamy.

Miles sat up, stunned.

He stood, as if drawn.

"Carmen?" he whispered, more reverent than afraid.

She didn't look at him. She walked past, ghostlike, into the hallway. Milk dripped behind her, each drop shining in the dark.

Miles followed. I tried to push myself up.

But I couldn't.

My arms wouldn't move. My legs were leaden, glued to the rug. I strained, gritting my teeth, fingers digging into the fabric, but the weight on my body only increased. Invisible, immense, it pinned me in place. My heart thundered.

"Miles!" I croaked, barely above a whisper.

He didn't look back. He didn't hear.

The only sound was their footsteps—soft, slow, fading.

The house held me there, a silent warden.

Above me, the ceiling groaned. The painting in the hall seemed to glow, pulsing with every muffled moan and sigh echoing through the floor.

I lay helpless, eyes wide in the dark, as the house feasted on what it had claimed.

The New Arrangement

I woke up on the living room floor. The sun was already up, casting sharp light through the curtains, baking the old carpet beneath me. My back ached. My mouth tasted like old metal. I sat up slowly, half-expecting to see Miles snoring on the couch, blankets kicked aside. But he was gone.

The house felt... lighter. Not peaceful—never peaceful—but thinned out, like a weight had shifted from the air to something deeper, somewhere under the floors. I felt it in my teeth. In my bones.

I heard laughter from the kitchen.

Not loud. Not manic. Just a warm, humming giggle—Carmen's voice, tangled up with another, lower one that had to be Miles.

I stood and stretched. My shoulders popped. I hesitated in the archway between rooms, watching their silhouettes move behind the frosted glass of the kitchen door. She poured him coffee. He leaned against the counter, making some joke. The sound of ceramic on ceramic, of footsteps close together.

They looked like a couple out of some old commercial—if you didn't notice how his hand hovered at the small of her back, how she kept brushing her hair behind her ear, glancing up at him with a private smile.

I cleared my throat. The laughter stopped.

"Morning," Carmen called, not looking up. "There's coffee if you want."

"Thanks," I said. My voice sounded strange—thin and echoing, like it was coming from another room.

I poured myself a mug and sat at the table. I watched Miles stir sugar into his, humming under his breath. Carmen stood at the stove, flipping eggs in a pan, hips swaying, her bathrobe cinched tight. It looked almost new. Her hair was tied back, but loose strands fell around her cheeks, making her look softer. Fuller.

Miles leaned close, whispering something. She smiled, shaking her head. He laughed.

I drank my coffee. Bitter. Burnt.

They didn't look at me.

The day drifted like a slow fever. Carmen and Miles cleaned the kitchen together, then vanished into the den, voices muffled by the closed door. I found their empty coffee cups still warm, lipstick smudged on hers, a ring of milk at the bottom of his. I wandered the house like a ghost, checking rooms for something out of place.

Every room felt... used. Touched. There were faint marks on the walls—smears of something pale near the hallway where Carmen had pressed herself just nights before. The painting was gone from the hall. I searched for it, but found nothing—no trace of the canvas, not even dust on the wall where it had hung.

The house itself felt wrong, rearranged when I wasn't looking. The hallway seemed longer. The guest room was cleaner, the bed made. The attic stairs creaked at odd intervals, like someone was pacing above. When I looked out the window, the garden seemed greener, fuller, as if the plants had grown overnight.

I found myself checking the mirror in the upstairs hall more than once. My reflection always stared back, eyes rimmed with sleepless red, hair wild, face hollow. But sometimes, just for a second, the background would ripple—a shape moving behind me, gone before I could turn.

I called for Carmen once. No answer. For Miles. Nothing.

I was alone.

That afternoon, I caught a glimpse of them through the backyard window.

Carmen and Miles stood near the rosebushes, laughing quietly. She was barefoot, her robe traded for a sundress that clung tight to her hips and chest. He handed her something—a trowel, a glove. She laughed and reached up to wipe dirt from his cheek, her fingers lingering a moment too long. He smiled, his eyes softer, older. Not like Miles at all.

I watched them for a while, heart beating fast, feeling like an intruder in my own home.

They never looked up.

When they came in for lunch, Carmen moved through the house like she was floating. She made sandwiches, humming under her breath, glancing at Miles every few minutes as if she needed him to stay in her orbit. Her breasts pressed against the fabric of her dress, fuller than ever, the shape of her nipples visible when she turned just so in the light. She didn't seem to notice. Or care.

Miles devoured his sandwich, making jokes, his energy different now—less manic, more grounded. He looked at Carmen the way someone looks at a secret they're not supposed to have.

I pushed my food around my plate.

Neither of them spoke to me unless I spoke first.

After lunch, Carmen disappeared upstairs. I heard the shower run. Miles lounged on the couch, staring at his phone, scrolling without really looking at anything.

I sat on the floor, feeling the warmth of the house settle in my chest.

“You ever feel like you're not really here?” I asked.

Miles grunted. “Huh?”

“Like... everyone else is living in a different story. And you’re just watching.”

He didn’t answer. He just kept scrolling.

I stood and left him there.

Later, I found Carmen in her bedroom, brushing her hair in front of the window. The light made her skin glow, her silhouette sharp against the curtains. She didn’t see me at first, lost in her reflection. She sang softly, words in a language I didn’t recognize—old, melodic, rolling off her tongue like honey.

When she noticed me, she smiled.

“Are you okay, baby?” she asked.

I nodded, but it felt like a lie.

She set her brush down, hands folded in her lap.

“If you’re worried, you don’t have to be,” she said. “Everything’s fine. You’re safe.”

I almost asked: Am I? Are we?

But I didn’t.

She turned back to the window, humming.

The sun set. The house glowed with that golden haze that made everything look beautiful and haunted. I watched as Carmen set the table for dinner, her hands slow and graceful. Miles stood beside her, folding napkins, cracking a joke about fancy dining rooms. She laughed, swatted his shoulder.

I stood in the doorway, invisible.

We ate quietly. Carmen poured wine for herself, water for us. She talked about the garden, her plans for repainting the guest room. Miles chimed in, offering to help, his tone warm and easy. I felt like I was watching a scene from someone else’s life.

After dinner, Carmen cleaned up, shooing us into the living room. She and Miles vanished into the den again, closing the door behind them. I pressed my ear to the wood, hearing only low murmurs—her laugh, his reply.

I sat on the stairs, listening to the house breathe.

It sounded hungry.

That night, I couldn’t sleep.

I tossed on my bed, staring at the ceiling, listening for footsteps that never came. The house was quieter, but not empty. I felt watched. Pressed in on all sides.

I got up, wandered the halls. Every room seemed stretched. The walls felt softer, the floor warmer.

I passed by Carmen's room. The door was open an inch. I saw her alone, sitting on the bed in her robe, brushing her hair. She looked peaceful, humming softly, eyes far away—like she was waiting for something, or someone.

Downstairs, I heard Miles shifting on the couch. He was awake, sitting up, looking around the living room like he couldn't settle, like the house itself wouldn't let him rest.

I stood in the dark, heart pounding, waiting for something to change.

No one noticed me.

I finally dozed off in the hallway, too afraid to go back to my room, too tired to stay awake.

I dreamed of the painting again.

This time, I wasn't in it at all.

Just Carmen and Miles, locked together, smiling.

As if I'd never been there.

And somewhere, in the dark, the house purred.

Slipping Through

I woke to the sound of humming.

For a second, I thought it was Carmen. That warm, wordless tune she always used to sing when she was in a good mood. But the sound came from the living room, down by the couch where Miles slept. The light through the curtains was grey and watery; I hadn't really slept.

I crept to the banister and peered over.

Miles lay flat on his back, eyes open, lips moving. His voice was quiet, but every word was wrong, rolling off his tongue in half-Spanish, half-murmur, the rhythm almost like a prayer. He blinked slow, chest rising and falling.

For a moment, I couldn't move. I just listened. The words didn't sound like his. He was speaking to someone I couldn't see.

Then he sat up abruptly. Rubbed his face. Looked around the room as if confused by where he was.

I ducked back upstairs before he could spot me.

I washed my face, brushed my teeth, watched myself in the mirror until the skin around my eyes looked raw. Every time I blinked, I thought I saw someone else's reflection just over my shoulder—tall, pale, mouth set in a line I didn't recognize.

The shower started down the hall. Carmen's silhouette moved past the frosted glass of the bathroom door, hips wide, hair loose around her shoulders. She was humming, too, now—her own tune, but for a moment, it matched the melody Miles had been whispering downstairs.

*

Breakfast was a pantomime of normal.

Carmen made pancakes. Miles sat at the table, yawning, his hands tucked under the edge, face slack with sleep. He didn't look at me. He watched her, tracking every move she made: the tilt of her head, the press of her breasts against the countertop, the way her robe fell open and she didn't bother tying it.

She set a plate in front of him and smiled. He blinked, like waking up from a dream. He grinned, but it was wrong—crooked and cold.

“Thanks, Carmen.”

She ruffled his hair, fingers lingering a beat too long.

I stirred my coffee, watching them through the steam.

*

Miles spent most of the day on the couch, claiming he was tired, eyes half-lidded as he stared at the TV without really watching. Carmen floated through the house, tidying, singing, brushing against him when she passed, sometimes sitting at his feet and talking in low voices I couldn't catch.

He laughed more than usual, but never at my jokes. He only looked at her.

When I tried to talk to him, he was distant, slow to respond.

“You sleep okay?” I asked.

He shrugged. “Dreams. Weird ones.”

“About what?”

He glanced at Carmen, then back at me. “I dunno. Nothing.”

But that wasn't true.

*

That night, I heard him.

Miles was up again, wandering the kitchen. The fridge was open. I found him staring into the light, one hand holding the door, his other hand pressed against the side of his neck. His shirt was off. I saw lines down his chest, faint but growing darker—veins? Marks?

He didn't notice me at first.

I stepped closer. “You hungry?”

He jerked, startled, eyes wild for a second.

“Oh. Hey. I... yeah, maybe.”

He closed the fridge. Milk dripped down his forearm.

I stared. “What's that?”

He wiped it away, sniffed his fingers, then looked at me like he couldn't remember how it got there.

“You spill something?”

He shook his head. “Guess I'm sleepwalking. Again.”

I wanted to believe him. But I didn't.

He turned to go back to the couch.

“Rico?” he said quietly, pausing in the hall.

“Yeah?”

He didn’t turn around. “Do you ever feel like you’re forgetting something important? Like there’s a room in your head you’re not allowed in?”

My skin crawled.

“Yeah,” I said.

He nodded. “Just checking.”

He went back to bed.

*

I stayed up all night, pacing, listening.

At some point, I heard him talking in his sleep. Not to me. Not to Carmen. Just to the house. The words slurred together, Spanish and English, names I didn’t know. Sometimes my mother’s. Sometimes another—Felicita.

The house was listening.

*

In the morning, he was different again.

He sat at the table, hair slicked back, posture straighter. He didn’t eat much. Just sat with Carmen, laughing at jokes that made no sense, finishing her sentences like they’d been together for years.

I watched them, sick with dread.

Carmen seemed lighter, younger. Her eyes were brighter, her cheeks flushed, her breasts straining the fabric of her shirt in ways that made her look like she was showing off. She leaned into Miles, touching his arm, smiling at everything he said.

He let her.

When I tried to sit between them, they shifted away.

*

That afternoon, Carmen and Miles spent hours in the backyard. I watched them from my bedroom window as they planted new flowers, weeded the garden. Miles moved with confidence, showing her how to plant, correcting her gently, his hands always just barely touching hers. She laughed at his instructions, teasing him about his technique. He looked at her like she was the only thing in the world.

I tried to join them, but the moment I stepped outside, Carmen smiled at me and said, “Rico, can you water the front beds instead? We’ve got it here.”

Miles grinned, but his eyes were cold.

I went back inside.

*

After dinner, I caught Miles standing in front of the living room mirror, shirt off, tracing the new veins across his chest. His skin looked paler, older, as if it didn’t quite fit. He flexed his fingers, watched the way his reflection moved half a second behind.

I stepped into the doorway.

He didn’t turn.

“You see this?” he said quietly.

I nodded.

He ran his tongue across his teeth. “I feel... different.”

He looked at me, and for just a moment, I didn’t see Miles at all.

“You think Carmen notices?” he whispered.

“I don’t know,” I said.

He grinned—a new grin, one I’d never seen before.

“She will.”

He went to the couch and fell asleep instantly.

*

I couldn’t sleep.

I watched the moon move across the ceiling, feeling the house breathe around me. Every wall seemed closer, every door heavier. I thought of the painting, of Carmen’s voice, of Miles’ face in the mirror.

I dreamed of hands reaching out from the walls, pulling me into the plaster, mouths whispering in Spanish, calling me by a name I didn’t know.

I woke to the sound of humming.

Downstairs, Miles was sitting on the couch, humming softly, eyes open.

His chest rose and fell, mouth moving in time with the old melody.

He looked up at me, smiled.

“Morning, Rico.”

His eyes were someone else’s.

And I knew, then, that Miles was almost gone.

The Vanishing Point

I barely existed in my own house now.

It started with little things: Carmen forgetting to set a place for me at breakfast, Miles leaving the milk out, both of them carrying on long, winding conversations just out of my earshot. Sometimes they'd pass me in the hallway and not even look up, as if I were a shadow, or worse—just the memory of someone who'd already gone.

I tried to force myself into their orbit. I asked Miles if he wanted to play video games. He smiled, polite but empty, and said maybe later, in a tone that suggested he didn't know what "later" meant anymore. Carmen hummed as she moved from room to room, her breasts jostling in her blouse, her hair twisted up, eyes shining with an inward light. When I tried to help her with the laundry, she said, "That's sweet, Rico," and handed me a towel, but it felt like she was talking to a neighbor, not her son.

The house made it worse. Sometimes doors that had always been open stuck fast. Sometimes I'd step into the hallway and find myself somewhere else—a stretch of upstairs corridor that shouldn't exist, a landing that curved and ended in a blank wall. I'd walk in circles, trying to return to my room, only for the floorboards to bend under my feet and deposit me somewhere new.

Even my phone had turned against me. I'd charge it, watch the battery icon climb to 60, 80, 100%, only for the screen to die when I tried to call anyone. When I finally managed to get through to someone—my aunt, an old friend from school—the call would fuzz over with static or cut out entirely, their voices replaced by breathy whispers that left me shivering and uncertain what I'd heard.

Once, I thought I heard my own name—called by a voice I almost recognized, and then snatched away by the wind in the vents.

*

The changes in Miles were worse.

He stopped sleeping on the couch and started spending his nights in the guest room, but I could tell he barely slept. He was up early, drinking coffee black, moving with a confidence that wasn't his. Sometimes he'd stand in front of the bathroom mirror, turning his head from side to side, as if looking for something just behind his own reflection.

The first time he slipped into Spanish, it was so smooth it took me a full minute to realize it. "¿Dónde está la pintura, Felicita?" he murmured, standing at the window, staring out at nothing. When I called his name, he turned, grinned, and said, "Sorry, man, what were you saying?" But there was a weight in his eyes that made me step back.

When I tried to bring up the past—our old jokes, the time we ditched math class together, the way he used to always double-knot his shoelaces—he stared at me like I was speaking a

language he'd never learned. "I guess?" he said, blinking. "That was a long time ago, huh?"

It was last year.

Miles spent more and more time with Carmen. They weeded the garden, cooked together, even started rearranging the living room furniture. One afternoon I found them in the den, hunched over an old photo album. Carmen was laughing at something he'd said, and when I stepped in, she paused, smiled at me, and said, "Did you need something, Rico?" The moment I shook my head, she turned back to Miles, fingers brushing his wrist, voice soft and private.

At night, I'd hear footsteps—Miles' heavy, measured stride—pacing outside Carmen's bedroom door. Sometimes the door would open. Sometimes it stayed closed. The nights it opened, the house seemed to hold its breath.

I never saw what happened inside.

But the next morning, Carmen would float through the house with her hair loose and wild, humming songs I'd never heard, her lips stained red, her breasts somehow even fuller than before. Miles would appear an hour later, shirtless, skin pale, eyes ringed with a faint, unplaceable darkness.

He didn't look at me anymore.

*

I became obsessed with the painting.

It had vanished the morning after the last encounter—gone from the hall, nowhere in the attic, not in the den or the basement. But I knew it was still there. The house wasn't done with us yet.

One afternoon, I tried the attic again. The steps creaked like a warning. The air was hot, thick with dust. Boxes were stacked higher than I remembered, and I nearly tripped over a pile of my old school projects—bent, water-stained, the writing smeared into unreadable script.

The far wall had changed. Where there'd once been nothing but insulation and plywood, there was now a narrow doorway. I stepped through, into a space that shouldn't exist—long, narrow, filled with stale air and the smell of old milk.

The painting was there, propped against the far wall.

It was alive.

Not moving—but the figures inside shifted every time I looked. One moment, Carmen's face was serene, her lips parted in a smile, her breasts bare and dripping. The next, her face was older, sharper, eyes burning with anger or hunger. The man beside her—sometimes Miles, sometimes a stranger with pale eyes and a cruel mouth—held her close, their bodies entwined.

Sometimes the figures turned to look at me.

Once, Carmen's painted hand pressed against the inside of the frame, her mouth forming my name.

I stumbled back, heart hammering.

The house groaned, a low, deep sound that shook the dust from the rafters.

*

That night, I tried to talk to Carmen. She was in the kitchen, dicing onions, singing to herself. I stood in the doorway, watching the muscles in her arms work, the soft sway of her breasts beneath her t-shirt.

"Mom," I said, and the word felt strange on my tongue. "Do you remember what you told me? About the painting?"

She paused, knife in hand. For a second, her shoulders slumped, and I saw the exhaustion in her spine.

"I remember," she said quietly. "But I don't want to talk about it."

"You have to," I said, almost pleading. "It's not just a painting. It's changing you. It's changing Miles. He's not himself anymore. You're not—"

She turned, eyes sharp. "Rico. Enough. I know what I'm doing. Whatever happens, happens."

She went back to her onions.

I stood there, fists clenched, wishing I could make her see.

*

I wrote a note that night. Scribbled it out in messy, shaking letters and slipped it under her door.

Please fight. Please remember who you are. Please don't let it take you away from me.

I didn't know if she read it.

*

The house turned on me completely.

I tried to leave—once, twice. Every door I opened led to another room. The front door spat me out in the upstairs hallway. The garage emptied into the basement. I threw open a window and saw nothing but a wall of white fog.

I tried to call out for help. My voice came back to me, echoing in languages I didn't know. Sometimes it wasn't my own voice at all.

That night, I dreamed I was walking through a maze of mirrors. Every reflection showed Carmen and Miles, locked in a kiss, their bodies blurring together, my own image fading at the edges. I screamed, and the glass shattered, leaving only their faces—content, complete, oblivious to me.

I woke to find my room gone. I was standing in the attic, in front of the painting.

This time, the figures looked fully alive.

Carmen—no, Felicita—smiling, her arms around the consort. Miles' face shone through his, eyes blank and hungry.

The consort spoke.

His mouth didn't move, but the words filled the room.

Let go, and you will be forgotten—no pain. Fight, and you will lose everything, but you may save her. You are the last memory standing in our way.

The painting bled. Milk and blood ran down the canvas, pooling at my feet.

*

When I returned to myself, it was morning. Miles and Carmen were sitting at the kitchen table, eating quietly, heads close together.

I tried to speak, but my voice was gone.

I left one last note for Carmen—words I hoped would break through the spell, the history, the hunger.

I love you. I remember you. Please remember me.

That night, the house locked me in my room as the final ritual began.

Carmen and Miles together, laughing, doors slamming shut behind them. The house breathed, hot and heavy.

And I—powerless—watched through the attic window as my family vanished into history, their faces fading from memory, the house settling into silence once more.

What Remains of Us

I didn't sleep.

I paced my room until my legs ached, tracing the same lines in the carpet, listening for sounds from below. The house vibrated with anticipation—low, constant, the thrum of a heart before its last beat. Sometimes I pressed my ear to the wall, hearing laughter or music or Carmen's voice—unsteady, like a radio drifting in and out of tune. Sometimes silence so thick it felt like cotton in my mouth.

The door wouldn't open.

No matter how I rattled the knob, or pushed against the frame, it was solid as a tomb. The window showed nothing but swirling fog, a blank white blindness that made my skin crawl. I shouted, banged, pleaded—no one answered. My voice went hoarse. I tasted blood and desperation.

When I finally sank to the floor, exhausted, I realized: the house didn't want me to leave. It didn't even want me to try. I was an old photo in a drawer, a ghost caught in glass, the last shadow refusing to fade.

I woke to a hand on my shoulder.

For a wild, impossible second I thought it was Carmen—my mother, whole and real, coming to save me. But the hand was cold, weightless, a pressure that vanished as soon as I opened my eyes. I was alone in the dark.

But not alone.

The painting was waiting at the foot of my bed.

I hadn't brought it there. I never would have dared. But it stood against the door, canvas shining in the weak morning light, milk and blood still streaked down the frame.

The figures inside moved when I blinked. Carmen—Felicita—held her consort close, eyes locked to his. Miles' face flickered in and out, sometimes grinning, sometimes blank, sometimes not there at all. Sometimes—most horribly—I saw my own eyes looking back at me from the painted man's face.

The consort's mouth didn't move, but I heard him just the same.

You can leave, if you let go. You can stay, if you give up yourself. She is already forgetting. It is almost done.

I pressed my fists to my temples, shaking.

“No,” I whispered. “She's still in there. I know she is.”

The painting rippled. Carmen's painted face seemed to soften, her eyes shining with something like regret.

I ran at the door. This time, it opened.

The house was nearly unrecognizable.

The walls shimmered with candlelight, even though there were no candles. Old portraits lined the halls, their faces shifting, watching. The air tasted like roses and spoiled milk. Every step I took, the floor throbbed beneath me, as if the boards were breathing.

Downstairs, I heard them.

Carmen and Miles—no, Felicita and her consort—dancing in the living room, their laughter echoing, sweet and wrong. She wore a crimson silk robe I'd never seen before, her hair unbound, her body full and lush and stranger than ever. Miles—changed utterly—held her waist, his hands confident, his words flowing in Spanish, old-fashioned and rolling.

When I stepped into the doorway, they didn't see me.

I watched them dance, round and round, the same steps over and over. Carmen's eyes were half-closed, her mouth parted in a smile that didn't belong to her. Miles dipped her low, pressed his lips to her throat, and she shivered with pleasure.

"Mom," I called, my voice breaking. "Carmen. Please."

She paused, just for a moment. Her head tilted, the smile wavering. "Rico?"

Miles pulled her close, whispering in her ear. The moment passed. She laughed, louder than before, letting him sweep her back into the dance.

I crossed the living room and grabbed her wrist.

The house shuddered. The lights flickered, portraits twisting into skulls. Carmen's skin went ice cold under my fingers.

"Don't let it take you," I pleaded. "You're my mom. You're Carmen. Remember me."

Her eyes widened. For a split second, I saw her—my mother, terrified, lips trembling.

"Rico—help—" she gasped.

Then Miles yanked her away. He was no longer Miles at all. His eyes were bottomless, his grin too wide. He spoke in a tongue I didn't know, dragging her back as the house shook.

I chased them.

They ran to the attic. The door slammed shut behind them, nearly breaking my fingers as I reached for the handle.

I pounded on the door, screaming. “Let me in! Don’t do this! Please!”

From inside, I heard Carmen crying out—sometimes in pleasure, sometimes in terror.

The house pulsed. The walls bled milk and blood. The portraits screamed.

Desperate, I threw myself at the door, again and again, until the wood splintered and I fell inside.

The attic was a cathedral.

Candlelight everywhere, flickering impossibly bright, making the dust dance. The painting hung over the far wall, enormous, alive, its figures embracing, their bodies tangled together. Milk pooled at its base.

In the center of the room, Carmen and Miles stood locked in an embrace, the silk robe fallen to the floor, her hair wild, his hands tangled in her hair. They didn’t see me. They couldn’t.

I ran to them, tried to tear them apart, but an invisible force threw me back. I slammed into the wall, the breath knocked from my lungs.

Carmen’s eyes flickered open.

She saw me.

Tears ran down her cheeks.

“I’m sorry,” she whispered.

The painting glowed. The attic trembled.

I crawled to the painting, desperate. I clawed at the canvas, nails tearing the paint, trying to rip it apart.

The faces inside twisted in agony, then pleasure, then nothing at all.

Behind me, Carmen and Miles gasped, the ritual reaching its end.

The house screamed.

I screamed with it.

The world went white.

When the light faded, I was alone.

The attic was empty.

The painting was gone.

I staggered downstairs.

The house was quiet—eerily so. No laughter, no music. Just sunlight through the windows and the smell of roses.

Carmen and Miles sat at the kitchen table, heads bowed together, hands entwined.

They looked up at me.

Neither of them knew who I was.

I stood in the hallway, invisible, fading at the edges, a shadow caught in the frame.

I whispered their names.

No answer.

I walked out the door.

The house let me go.

The Ones Who Remember

I left the house at dawn.

The world outside was different—cold, washed-out, so normal it hurt. The air smelled of wet grass and distant cars. For the first time in days, I felt the sun on my skin. It made me realize how long I'd been gone, even while I was still inside.

I walked for miles. My feet found the sidewalk, the main road, the old park where Miles and I used to cut class and hide under the bridge. Nobody recognized me, not the neighbors, not the stray cat curled in the alley, not the crossing guard who'd always winked at my mother. If I looked at my phone, the old pictures blurred, my name vanishing from group chats, my voice erased from voicemails.

But I remembered everything.

Every room. Every sigh in the walls. The sound of my mother's laughter, the way Miles used to grin when he beat me at Mario Kart. The way the house felt at midnight: hungry, hopeful, full of ghosts and promise.

By noon, I was sure I couldn't go back.

*

I wandered the city. I thought of calling someone—my aunt, a teacher, anyone—but when I tried, the words caught in my throat, like I'd never existed at all.

I wondered if this was what it meant to be a ghost: not cold sheets and rattling chains, but being so close to home that you could see it in your mind, and know it would never see you.

*

At dusk, I found myself back on our street.

The house looked beautiful in the golden light. Windows open, curtains fluttering. Someone had painted the door red. Roses bloomed in the garden, thicker and sweeter than ever before. I heard laughter inside—Carmen's voice, bright and unburdened, Miles's lower, rich, happy.

I stood at the gate for a long time.

I saw them through the window. Sitting together, faces close. They looked at one another like nothing had ever come between them. Carmen's hair shone with health. Miles looked older, steadier. For a moment, I thought she glanced at the window—right at me—but her gaze passed through, and she smiled at Miles instead.

*

I left a note in the mailbox before I walked away. No name. Just a few words, scrawled on a torn piece of notebook paper:

*Love is remembering what came before you.

Don't forget the walls.

Don't forget the ones who watched over you, even when you couldn't see them.*

*

I wandered. Days blurred. Sometimes I woke in the park, heart pounding, sure I'd see the house's attic window watching me from across the city. Sometimes I caught my reflection in a store window and saw nothing but sunlight and empty space.

I learned to let go.

But sometimes, in the quiet hour before sleep, I would hear it: a laugh, a sigh, a melody Carmen once sang, or the creak of a floorboard under Miles's sneaker.

And in those moments, I was there again, just a shadow at the edge of memory.

Maybe that was enough.

*

Somewhere, in an attic, a blank canvas hangs.

Sometimes, when the light is right, it catches the shape of someone watching—just for a moment, before the house goes still.

End

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!