

There's Something in the Water

By Rawly Rawls

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All characters in sexual situations are 18 years or older.

Late 1950s, somewhere in the Midwest ...

Chapter 1

The stars shone bright on a cold night. Three high school seniors strode out of the malt shop and flipped up the collars on their jackets against the frigid breeze. Their footfalls echoed around the empty street as they made their way down the narrow sidewalk. Their bikes waited for them, leaning against a dark, forlorn street sign. As they left the lights, laughter, and conversation behind them, night settled in.

"Do you think we'll see any of those shooting stars?" David looked up at the moonless sky, pushing his blond bangs out of his eyes. He stood head and shoulders above his friends. He wore his varsity basketball jacket with green and white stripes down the sleeve. It didn't provide much warmth, but he liked everyone to know he'd made varsity that year.

"Leonids is only one night. It's done." Patrick looked up at his friend and then beyond to the twinkling stars. A short, skinny kid, Patrick didn't like being reminded about how much David had grown the last few years. When they started high-school, they'd been the same height. Not now. Not even close. Patrick adjusted his large, tortoiseshell glasses and tried to figure out which planet glowed so brightly on the horizon. "Sorry, we won't see any tonight."

"Really?" David was still hopeful.

"Word from the bird, I read it this morning." Patrick squinted at the light in the sky.

"What's that?" Roy pointed a pudgy finger at the horizon. It wasn't a planet. It was growing brighter by the second with a bluish cast. Roy had the misfortune of matching Patrick in height and David in weight. His friends would never call him fat. But other kids did. Sweat hog was the insult most used at school. He dropped his pointing finger and pulled his Cardinals baseball cap tighter against his short brown hair.

The three eighteen-year-old friends were looking forward to leaving their town next year to go on to bigger adventures. At that moment, they did not realize, that something moved with purpose right toward the sleepy town of Portsmouth. An adventure sought them out.

The blue light above them grew very bright as the thing in the sky expanded. It cast shadows on the sidewalk behind them.

“What is it?” David looked down at Patrick and then back up to the sky.

“I don’t ...” Patrick craned his neck up as the thing streaked above them. He turned as it passed overhead and disappeared into Oldmill Forest, near Lake Ipuza Ikpi.

All three boys turned to watch and just like that, the light disappeared.

“Neat,” Roy said.

Before his friends could chime in with excited chatter, the ground shook under their feet. They could hear a few windows rattling and a nearby street sign swayed a little.

“Coolsville.” Patrick pushed his hand back through his dark hair. “I think it hit. I mean, nearby.”

The shaking stopped without any noticeable damage. The boys laughed and shouted as they ran back to their bikes. They didn’t even notice the November chill as they rode home together. They all agreed that the shooting star would be the highlight of the year. They’d never again see anything so strange and awesome in their little town.

They were wrong. Very soon, the strange and awesome would find them. It would find all the citizens of sleepy little Portsmouth.

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Axcix touched down with a hard landing in the water. Her spherical body lodged itself in the muck at the bottom of a lake. A quick scan showed her target habitat to be only a few miles off. Several hundred years in space and here she was about to start the task she was built for. This was very exciting.

First, she opened her outer doors and let in some water. It was teeming with life. Her converters went to work on those tiny organisms, deconstructing them into useful particles so that she could build new vehicles to carry out her experiments. Next, she shot out one of her data retrieval drones. She would need to collect her bearings before she began.

The first expedition launched by her makers had researched the planet’s dominant species some five hundred years ago. She could already see how much had changed. Axcix was part of the second expedition. She was charged with experimenting on the dominant species, to learn what her makers would need to fix before this species could be invited to the galactic collective. She guessed this task would eventually require many fixes. But that’s what the experiments would determine.

She’d had plenty of time to process data while in transit. Her makers had offered her some leeway and she would take it. Axcix had decided to start with reproduction. Sexual dimorphism in this species was staggering in many ways. Reproductive desire was one issue. The males came into full desire at a young age and females much later. Axcix had decided she would use this. She would create molecules that would alter the host DNA just a little.

At first, she thought she could simply enhance mutual desire, but the original data showed that local physiology made this a long and tedious task. So, on her long trip to Earth, she came up with a workaround. She would first enhance reproductive organs in her target groups. Then she would reactivate long-dormant pheromones latent in sweat glands. They would only spread when sweat was present, but that seemed a regular enough occurrence. The pheromones females produced would sedate older males, but have the opposite effect on younger males, enhancing their aggression and desire.

Target males would produce sweaty pheromones that would heighten female desire. Axcix wasn't sure that was enough, so while enhancing male reproductive organs, she added a stimulant to male ejaculate that would greatly increase female mating pleasure.

Axcix would run these experiments and then with the data collected, she would be able to modify and move on to new experiments.

Her drone returned to her. Excellent. The lake was connected to every house by a series of pipes. This was almost too easy. Her converters were ready. It was now time to release the first wave of nanites. Time to begin.

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Patrick Lannit dug into his third helping of steak. He was so hungry. He'd been hungry for weeks, since about the time that shooting star flew by.

"You'd think with the way you're putting food away, you'd have something to show for it. You know, a growth spurt?" Fred Lannit watched his son from the other side of their round dining room table. He was tall, athletic, and he'd been waiting eighteen years for his youngest child Patrick to follow in his footsteps. "Or at least I'd hope you'd put a little meat on those bones." Fred was still waiting.

"Come on, Fred." Susy Lannit gave her husband's shoulder a playful push. "He'll grow just as fast as he needs to."

Patrick looked up from his plate. If only he could tell his parents that he was growing. One particular part of his body had grown a little every day for a couple weeks. But it was too embarrassing. Of course, if his gadgets kept growing, he'd need to tell them eventually. His dick was already getting pretty ridiculous in size and showed no signs of slowing down. His balls weren't far behind. When would he need to see a doctor? Twelve inches? Thirteen? Patrick adjusted his butt in his chair. Even when soft, things were no longer comfortable down there. When the growth had started, he wept tears of gratitude. But now he worried about becoming a freak.

"You're so quiet." Susy smiled over at him. With his big sisters, Sally and Adeline, out of the house and married, dinners in the Lannit household were usually quiet these days. "Penny for your thoughts?"

"Nothing's happening." Patrick reached for his water glass and brought it up to his mouth. His mom was a nice lady and his parents together still made a handsome couple after all these years. Fred was quite the tall, dark charmer. And Susy was beautiful, tall, and elegant in Patrick's eyes. Patrick himself was no

Fred, and he wondered if he'd ever find a girlfriend as perfect as his mom with her full figure, kind smile, and warm heart. Patrick gulped down the water in his glass. He was always so thirsty.

"Your friend David made varsity, I hear." Fred patted his wife on the thigh. He looked down. Underneath her skirt, her legs had filled out some. Someone around here was gaining weight and it wasn't Patrick. Fred worried that maybe his wife was letting herself go. One problem at a time, he'd focus on his son for now. "Why don't you try out for sports?"

Patrick lowered his empty glass to the table. "I don't like sports, Dad."

"Okay, trooper." Fred nodded. He wasn't to be deterred. He wanted his son to enjoy high school the way he had. "How about girls? Any dolls hanging around these days?"

"No Dad." Patrick lowered his face and recommenced shoveling beef and canned peas into his mouth. He was going to need thirds in a minute.

"Goodness gracious, Fred. Leave the kid be." Susy liked the feel of her husband's hand on her thigh. She just hoped he hadn't noticed her expanding body. She'd also been eating more lately. It was some sort aging thing, she guessed. Welcome to your 40s. "It's perfectly healthy not to be obsessed with girls. He's got his friends. He'll get interested in women when the time is right."

"Thanks, Mom." Patrick got up and went into the kitchen for more. His cheeks flushed.

"You're welcome, sugar." Susy had missed the sarcasm. She missed much that was going on with her son recently.

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A slightly different scene played out in Roy's home. Roy's mom Amanda brought her son a dinner tray to eat in front of the television. That's where they ate most nights, since Roy's dad worked late in the evenings. Roy watched his mom walk back into the kitchen. For as long as he could remember, she was a skinny little thing with no boobs, hips, or booty. But under her pleated skirt, he could clearly see the sway of hips as she moved about. She came back into the living room, carrying her own tray. If he looked closely, which he tried not to do, it looked like her titties were straining against her floral blouse. Had he simply never noticed before? "Thanks," Roy said.

"Sure thing, Roy." She sat down next to him on the couch with her dinner. She was so hungry. She'd been so hungry lately. "Where's your sister?"

"Cheerleading practice." Roy had to stop looking at her. He was going to get a boner looking at his mom. That was gross. Not just icky, but also mortifying, because his penis had grown to a point where it was difficult to hide when soft, and nearly impossible when hard. He used to daydream about girls all the time, but now he had to think about anything but girls or risk springing a giant tent in his pants. Think about baseball, he told himself.

“What are we watching?” Amada turned to look at her son. Such an awkward, chubby boy. She hoped he’d grow into himself sometime soon. He was such a sweet soul. Unlike his sister Annie, who was more than a handful for her parents.

“*I Love Lucy.*” Roy dug into his dinner. He was ravenous.

They watched and ate in silence. They both had seconds, thirds, and fourths. And drank lots of water.

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“Where’s that boy?” Linda Riles asked her husband.

“Hmm?” William Riles sat in the den smoking a pipe and reading the evening news. He looked up at his wife. She still wore an apron over her green circle skirt and yellow blouse. That meant she was still working on dinner. William watched the smoke drift up from his pipe in meandering wisps. He hoped she’d be done with dinner soon. He was ready to eat. “Up in his room, maybe?”

“David is spending too much time in his room lately. It’s not healthy.” Linda stood in the den’s doorway and folded her arms over her chest. Her breasts got in the way. They were doing that a lot recently. And her bras didn’t seem to be fitting like they used to. She hoped she wasn’t gaining more weight, but she feared that might be the case. Her 30s had seen a steady expanse of her waist and rump. And lately she’d been so very hungry. She’d come to think of herself as a short, plump women. Still pretty, but not the woman she was when she married William. She swept her long blonde hair out of her eyes. “I’ll go get him.”

“Thank you, dear.” William watched her ample backside disappear down the hall and into the stairway. “He’s a good young man, Linda. Don’t give him a hard time,” he called after his wife.

Linda hiked up the stairs, pulling at her skirt to keep it off her feet. David had his door closed, as always. Why had he turned so secretive lately? Linda frowned at the door. She decided not to knock and swung the door open. She was about to tell him to get downstairs for dinner, but she stopped. Linda’s left hand went to her mouth. She’d heard some talk that men did this sort of thing, but she’d never seen it before.

On his bed, David lay with his eyes closed. He’d pulled his pants around his ankles and his cardigan and undershirt up to his chest. His hands were wrapped around a goliath of a penis. She’d never imagined the male organ could grow so big, even on a tall boy like David. It was thick and veiny and so very long. He was nothing like his father. Curiosity and revulsion played in mixed parts in her brain. “Davey, what are you doing?”

It was obvious what he was doing. His hands stroked up and down and he grunted a series of low moans. He didn’t seem to hear her as he kept at it, eyes still closed.

“Stop it this instant.” Linda stepped into the carpeted room, leaving the door open behind her. She couldn’t have her son turn into some sort of crazed pervert. She was going to have to have a long talk with him. Maybe they’d even have to get their pastor involved. The way he was using his penis was just so wrong. “I said stop.”

“Oooooohhhhhh.” David’s dick erupted, sending a geyser of cum up into the air and down onto his belly, hands, and balls.

Linda’s face twisted in horror. There was so much. Her son was some sort of quirk of nature. But then the deep, rich smell of him enveloped her and her face went slack. She felt a need deep inside her. It was an awakening of something so basic and ancient. Something completely absent in her life until that moment. Linda smoothed out her apron and stepped to the bed.

“Mom?” David had opened his blue eyes and looked up at her. He attempted to cover his dick, but it was too big. “Get out of here, Mom.”

“My little sweetheart.” Linda fell to her knees next to the bed. “Let me help.” Her gray-blue eyes had a distant look. She reached out and moved David’s hands out of the way.

“Mom, what are you doing?” It was David’s turn to look on in horror. Before he could move, his mother sprang into action.

“Oh, Davey.” Linda quickly lowered her head and took a long slurp of the sperm pooling by the base of his penis. When it hit her tongue, true ecstasy flowed from her mouth into her body. Even her toes tingled with little bolts of pleasure. “Goodness.” She licked, slurped, and planted little kisses all over his exposed belly and pelvis.

“Mom?” David had never thought of his mother in this way, but he had no will to stop her.

“Let me just ... let me just ...” Linda said in between kisses and licks. She reached with her left hand and hefted his substantial testicles. With her right hand she encircled the head of his penis and gently squeezed. She’d never taken any man into her mouth, not even William. But she couldn’t stop herself now. She licked her way up the shaft and planted a kiss right at the tip of his young penis. She rolled her tongue around the head.

“Don’t.” David grabbed the sheets with white knuckles on either side of his hips.

“Sssshhhh, Davey. Mommy’s here.” With that she sucked him into her mouth. It was awkward squeezing something so large past her lips, but she was determined to do this for her strong young man. Cascading pleasure continued to surge through her. She’d gobbled up all his sperm and now she needed more.

“Dear, did you find Davey?” William called up the stairs. “I think something in the kitchen is burning.”

Hearing her husband’s voice was like dunking in a bucket of ice water. Linda spat out her son’s penis and quickly stood. “Oh, my. Oh, my. I didn’t mean to ...” She tugged at her skirt and tried to smooth out her apron. She looked down at her son with his baffled expression and his comically large penis. “I’m so sorry, Davey. I don’t know what happened.” Her body still tingled from head to toe. She prayed for the pleasure to disperse. “Put that thing away and get down to dinner. Your father ... Oh, God. Your father.” Linda put her hands up to her face, turned, and ran from the room. She needed to get dinner on the table.

David just stared after her in a state of extreme confusion. He pulled up his underwear and pants. One thing he knew for sure. Blowjobs were great.

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Linda was shamefaced that night. Not because she'd burned the ham, which she had. And not because she'd overcooked the potatoes, something that also happened. It was, of course, the things she'd done in David's room. One minute she was handling another of motherhood's challenges, the next she found herself behaving like a common harlot.

Despite her extreme self-loathing, she gobbled up helping after helping of dinner. She made no eye contact with David, but she could see he too ate ravenously.

William, bless his heart, said nothing about the awkward silence at the table or his family's eating habits. He tried several times to get conversation started with comments like, "The Soviets launched another satellite." But eventually he gave up.

Linda cleared the table, did the dishes, and then excused herself for an early bedtime. What a nightmare the day had become. Maybe tomorrow she'd be able to forget and move past what had happened with David. As she drifted off to sleep, she couldn't stop images of her son's goliath penis from floating through her head.

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The three friends sat together the next day at lunch. David sat facing Patrick and Roy. They had one end of a long cafeteria table to themselves. All around them, the throng of students talking and goofing-off filled the cavernous room with a loud hum.

David leaned across the table toward his friends. "I got a blowjob last night." A wide smile showed two rows of even, white teeth.

"No way." Patrick put down his chocolate milk. "Who?"

"Yeah," Roy said with a mouthful of sandwich. "Is she hot?"

"I ... can't tell you." David's smile disappeared. "She's ... pretty hot ... I guess."

"Sounds like a dog." Roy nodded his head, his chubby face forming a double chin on each downward nod.

"Who?" Patrick's brown eyes were eager.

"Did your brother come home with his new fiancé to blow you?" Roy gave David a friendly smile.

"No." David's face fell. He shouldn't have said anything.

"Shut up, Roy." Patrick punched Roy on the arm.

“Was it your mom?” With that Roy, stuffed another bite of sandwich into his face and laughed.

“Ignore him.” Patrick punched Roy again. With Patrick’s skinny arms, he wasn’t sure he delivered enough force for Roy to care. Now if David had decided to do something, then Roy might care. But David was a gentle giant. “You’re gangbusters,” Patrick said. “If it was me, I’d be flipping. I seem to have the equipment now, but still haven’t used it.”

“You’re ... um ... dick is changing?” David’s eyebrows went up.

“Yeah. It’s gotten a lot bigger. I mean, for real.” Patrick smirked, thinking he had the advantage over his friends. He adjusted his glasses and looked from one friend to the other.

Roy finished chewing and looked at each of them with a solemn expression. “Mine too. A lot bigger.”

“Me too.” David nodded. “What’s even stranger, I’d say half the guys on the basketball team are on the same train.”

The three friends looked at each other while the cafeteria continued its cacophony around them.

“Is this supposed to happen? Are we maybe just hitting the end of puberty or something?” David bit his bottom lip.

“I thought something might be wrong with my dick, so I went to the library last week and did some research.” Patrick looked at them with sagacity. “Turns out, it’s not normal. And if it’s happening with lots of people?” Patrick raised his hands, palms up, and shrugged. “Something’s going on in Portsmouth.”

The bell rang. Everyone around them got up with their trays. The three friends stayed seated in silence, pondering the mystery.

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Linda Riles sat on the couch in Susy Lannit’s wonderful living room. The place was so clean and modern. All the furniture offered the eye such simple and graceful lines and curves. Linda’s mind was on curves at the moment, as Susy walked in from the kitchen with two cups of coffee. Linda couldn’t help but look her up and down. While her waist was trim, her hips really filled out her emerald green circle skirt. Under her blue blouse, her bullet bra seemed to struggle with its duties. Linda could see the jiggle of the tall woman’s mammaries as clear as day.

“Here you go, Linda.” Susy handed the coffee to Linda, tucked her skirt under her knees, and sat on the couch. She sipped at the steaming cup with satisfaction. She loved her new percolator. Perfect coffee for the perfect wife, or so the slogan went. Susy watched her little round friend sip at her coffee with satisfaction. Something was on the woman’s mind, for sure.

“Thank you, Susy.” Linda took another sip of coffee and watched the steam twist and rise. She tugged at her blouse and asked about Patrick, Sally, and Adeline.

The two women engaged in some small talk for a while. Susy's brown ponytail bounced as she made animated points about Patrick's success at school. Linda was more subdued as she chimed in and agreed with her friend. Eventually, there was a long pause.

"I'm wondering, Susy, have you ever gone down south on Fred?" Linda's blue eyes looked off to the side. Her gaze rested on an oil painting of a brown hunting dog majestically standing in snow. The still life was tastefully framed and hung over the brick fireplace.

"You mean, what the kids are calling blowjobs? Goodness gracious, sugar. Yes, many times." Susy's smile was warm and friendly. She didn't want her friend to feel uncomfortable. "Is William making new demands in the bedroom?"

Linda's round, pale cheeks turned several different shades of red. She still studied the painting of the dog. "Something like that. Do you know anything about it?"

"It's your husband, Linda. Don't worry. You just have to treat his rod like you would the rest of him. Give it adoring affection and kisses. You'll figure out the rest in no time." Susy took a long sip from her coffee. It was almost gone. "Men are happy to have our love and attention. Don't worry about the details. Men don't care about the details."

"Thank you." Linda coughed. She couldn't bring herself to talk about what happened with David, even obliquely.

"And just between us girls." Susy leaned in, her warm, spicy breath on Linda's cheek. "I noticed you're carrying a few extra pounds."

Linda frowned, put down her coffee, and crossed her arms over her chest.

"No, no. It looks good on you. You're putting it in the right places." Susy shook her head. "I've gained a little weight too. I just wanted to tell you, there's a new television show by a fellow named Jack LaLanne. He walks you through a calisthenics routine every afternoon. I've been enjoying the exercise and I hope it'll pay off soon."

"Oh, okay." Linda tried not to look hurt. Could everyone tell she was getting bigger? She wiggled a little. Her bra was so tight. Maybe it was obvious.

The two women chatted for another half hour before Linda went back home for chores.

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Susy was home in her new white exercise shorts and blouse. It was strange to be so scantily clad, but it was in her own living room, so no harm. She followed along with the exercise program on television, bouncing, stretching, and working up a light sweat. It felt good. She was sure those pounds would start falling off soon.

She heard the front door slam. But kept on with the routine.

“Hi, Mom.” Patrick walked past the living room heading up to the stairs. He didn’t really want to see or think about his mom at the moment, he just really needed a good tug. Maybe he’d think about Roy’s twin sister, Annie. She was everything her brother wasn’t. Popular, trim, hot. Well, Patrick chuckled to himself, his chubby friend and Annie might have the same cup size. Patrick stopped dead in his tracks. Something in the air. His nostrils flared. His pulse skyrocketed. He looked into the living room. His mom was exercising in front of the television. She was bent down all the way, looking at Patrick upside down from between her legs.

“Hi, Pat.” Susy smiled at her upside-down son and gave him a little wave. Then she went back to her stretch.

“Mom ... I ... I ...” Patrick’s dick was suddenly rock hard. It pulled at his pants. He looked down and then back at Susy. Her big round butt filled out her shorts and looked obscene bent as she was. He could see her large knockers, between her legs, hanging toward her chin. “Mom ...” His mom was a doll. He supposed he’d always known, but this hammered it home.

Susy straightened up and started bouncing from one foot to the next as she followed the routine. “There’s some lemonade ... in the refrigerator.” Susy called over her shoulder. She was now breathing pretty heavy. “If you’re ... hot and ... sweaty.”

“Mom ...” Patrick took a step into the living room. He wasn’t sweaty. He watched her round butt shake in those little shorts. He adjusted his thick glasses and watched her curvy legs launch her up and down. His mom’s tits bounded together inside her shirt and bra, he could see them every time she turned a little to the side. He needed to touch her.

“What is it, sugar?” Susy went on with her workout, oblivious to the frenzied male behind her.

She kept bouncing and then felt a hand on her right hip. “I’m doing a routine right now, Pat. I’ll be done ... in a few minutes.” She could feel sweat trickling down her neck. Another hand grabbed her left butt cheek. She casually slapped it away. “Now Pat, you’re too old to be touching ... Mommy like that.” She kept bouncing as the television man instructed.

The slap to his left wrist snapped Patrick out of his trance. “Sorry, Mom.” He shook his head, clearing out the cobwebs. He backed away from her. “I’ll be in my room.” He turned and ran out of the living room and up the stairs. His newly resized dick bounced wildly in his pants. His balls ached. He was going to tug a huge one. He wasn’t going to fantasize about Annie Ackerman. No, no, no. He was going to be thinking about his mom and her round, bouncing body.

“Bye, sugar.” Susy said to the disappearing boy. Boys could be quite the handful.

Susy huffed and puffed. She was glad the exercise routine was almost done.

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David walked home after basketball practice. He was happy for the extra time out of the house. He didn’t know how to feel about his mom. He’d never even considered a girl might want to lap his cum like

a dog. And to think it was his mom that wanted to. My God. There were too many thoughts and feelings flying around his head to sort them out. He just needed some time.

He turned down his front walkway and hunched his broad shoulders against the cold.

Inside the house, Linda worked hurriedly in the kitchen. Moving from oven to stove to sink and back again. A light sheen of sweat glistened on her forehead.

“Bill? Bill?” Linda called to her husband but he didn’t reply. Her blonde hair swung behind in its ponytail as she dashed about. Where was that man? She turned down a burner to simmer and quickly moved into the den.

William sat in his chair, his pipe hanging loosely in his mouth. Linda wiped her brow with the back of her left hand. The diamond on her wedding ring sparkled in the warm light of William’s reading lamp. Was the man asleep?

“Bill?” Linda walked into den to get a closer look. William’s newspaper was open on his lap and his eyes were open too, staring at one of his dumb minimalist paintings on the wall. “Bill? Are you sleeping with your eyes open?”

“What?” William roused himself and looked over at his wife. His eyes refocused. She was a pretty lady and looking more vivacious day by day. Her housewifery worries about gaining weight were so clearly misplaced. If anything, her body had improved itself in recent times. She wasn’t the thin twig he’d married, she was a more womanly version of herself. William fished the pipe out of his mouth and put it in the ashtray on the side table next to him.

“Do you know when Davey’s getting home?” Linda watched her husband’s eyes rove over her body. She thought to herself that she’d probably have to try that exercise television show Susy was going on about. She pulled a dishtowel off her apron and wiped her hands with it.

“What? Oh.” William blinked his eyes several times. Why was he so groggy? “You’re his mother, you should keep track of Davey’s schedule.”

“Thank you, dear.” Linda tucked the towel back in her apron. She turned to go, but looked back at her husband. William’s gaze moved back up to the painting and his mouth went slack again. He must have had a hard week at work, she thought.

The front door slammed and David’s voice called, “Mom, Dad, I’m home.”

“We’re in the den, darling,” Linda said.

David walked into the den. “Hi Mom. Hi Dad.”

“Hello Davey, how was your day?” Linda would normally give him a squeeze around the waist when he got home, but she didn’t want to get too close today. Her feet stayed planted in the carpet.

William just stared at the painting.

“Fine.” David dropped his backpack by the door to the den. He looked over at his father sitting slack-jawed in the chair. “What’s Dad doing?” Something in the den smelled good and it wasn’t the scent of the roasting chicken floating in from the kitchen. Suddenly, David had a massive boner. Given how much

taller he was, it was almost in his mother's sight line. He turned sideways to hide it. Flustered and distressed, David broke out in a cold sweat.

"He's resting, sweetheart. Let's just let him ..." Linda smelled something too. She'd washed enough of David's clothes over the years to know the smell of teenage sweat. She'd always found it unpleasant. Until now. She took a deep breath. Oh no. Her vagina immediately flooded her cotton panties. On instinct, she placed her hands in front of her crotch, but of course with her skirt and apron, there was nothing to see.

"So, I ... I ... need to go ... to the washroom," David said. With each breath he drew in, pleasure radiated out from David's dick. This was a nightmare. His dad was sitting just a few feet away. And his mom was right there.

"I do too, Davey." Linda rubbed her legs together. "Let's go together. Okay?" She tried to put on a bright smile, dimples and all. She needed to join her son in that washroom. The smells from the kitchen reminded her dinner was on the verge of catastrophe. "Just let me take the chicken out."

"I ... gotta go." David was so confused. He raced up the stairs.

William just continued to stare at the painting. "So, pretty," he mumbled.

"Be there in a sec." Linda moved quickly into the kitchen. She prayed David hadn't locked the door. It was awkward to move about with her panties soaked as they were. She turned off one burner, turned down another. She then grabbed a couple hot pads and took the chicken in its roasting pan out of the oven. Dinner was ready, but that would have to wait. She placed the pan on the stainless part of her counter. She then wiped her hands on her dishtowel, dropped it by the sink, and rushed out of the kitchen and up the stairs.

"Davey, sweetheart, I'm coming in." She knocked on the washroom door and opened it. Her sweet son sat on the toilet lid, stroking his massive penis with both hands. "Oh my." She closed the door behind her and locked it. Not that it mattered. William was probably still staring at his dumb painting. "I'm ... going to help you with that." She stepped over to him, tucked her skirt under her, and lowered herself to her knees.

"Okay, Mom." David was sweating profusely now. He knew only one thing very clearly, he needed to bust a nut in his mother's sweet little mouth. He let go of his dick to let her take charge.

"God in heaven." Linda looked up at the towering tool with wide, incredulous eyes. She put her little arm up next to it for scale. His penis was longer and thicker than her forearm. "You have a marvelous penis, sweetheart. I just, can't believe how nice it is."

"Thanks, Mom." David was impatient. "Could you ... please?"

"Yes, of course." Her pink lips were parted, her cheeks flushed. She still carried that sheen of sweat on her forehead. "You'll have to forgive me." She reached up and grasped it with both hands. Her tiny fingers squeezed the spongy flesh. "I've never done this for your father." She started stroking, moving her hands at a steady rhythm. She leaned in and kissed the head. Salty precum met her tongue and it sent sparks through her brain. "I haven't done this for any man." She kissed again and again. Pretty soon, she had the head in her mouth, and she was bobbing up and down on top, while her hands

stroked below. She raised her eyes up and saw a wide smile on her son's face. Susy was right, men just needed love and attention.

"Oh, Mom." David watched his mother lovingly manipulate his dick. The washroom filled with the sounds of her sucking and slurping. "I'm close."

"Mmmmmmmmm," Linda said. She wanted it. Wanted it more than anything.

"Oh ... it's happening ... oh ... it's happening ..." David's balls spewed shot after of shot of cum into his mom's waiting throat.

"Oooooohhhhhmmmmggggghhhhh." Linda tried to swallow it all. Lights flashed before her eyes, her body shook. She was having her own orgasm, just from swallowing her son's semen.

"Oh ... Mom." David's hips jumped. His balls weren't empty yet.

Linda couldn't take it all. She pulled her mouth off his penis and fell back on her butt on the nice black and white tile floor.

David grabbed his dick and angled it toward her. He sprayed her face, her pretty blonde hair, her neatly pressed white blouse, and her apron.

Every drop that touched Linda's skin brought on a new wave of ecstasy. She writhed on the floor, wishing the sperm shower would last forever. Her narrow shoulders shook and her hips undulated as another orgasm took over.

"Mom?" David finished and let go of his dick. He stood up and looked down at his still squirming mother.

"It's ... okay ... Davey," Linda said in between gasping breaths. "I'm ... okay."

A sudden rush of guilt filled David. Guilt for what they'd just done and for what he still wanted to do to her. "Okay." He stepped over her and opened the washroom door. He looked back. His dick awkwardly swung about, so he pulled his pants and underwear up all the way and tucked the thing uncomfortably inside.

"Dinner ..." Linda sighed. "... will be ready soon." Her movements quieted and she lay on the bathroom floor, eyes closed. Her left hand squeezed her left boob through the cum-soaked apron. Her right hand gripped her apron tightly above her vagina. "But I have to clean up first."

David left her like that, dripping with his cum on the washroom floor. He quickly retreated to his room, his mind racing.

~~

The early results were interesting. Axcix digested the data as it came back to her. She'd already successfully mated several pairs. There was a catch, however. It seems the dominant species was reluctant to breed with family members. Her makers had run into this before with another species at Tau Ceti.

Axcix adjusted her nanites. She'd up the male aggression factor by 1.39 and collect more data.

Chapter 2

Cool morning sunlight streamed through Patrick's open bedroom window. He stretched, climbed out of bed, and walked over to the window. Was this still a dream? He wasn't sure. Patrick opened the window and let the cold air blow in.

Clothes were so constricting. Patrick pulled off his pajama tops, bottoms, and underwear. He stood in the middle of his room, letting his new equipment hang free. The air felt so good on his naked body. He looked between his skinny legs at his soft monster and dangling balls. My goodness, he'd really put on a lot of mass down there. The rest of his body hadn't changed, just his gadgets. This had to be a dream. There's no way his little dick could really have grown like it had in such a short time. This was all a dream, he thought. He rubbed at his eyes.

The smell of bacon floated up from the kitchen below. Without thinking, Patrick walked to his door, opened it, and strode downstairs. In a dream, naked didn't matter.

Susy was busy at the sink when her son walked into the kitchen.

"Morning, Mom." Patrick moved over to a cabinet and pulled out a glass. Even in a dream, he was always so thirsty.

"Morning, sugar." Susy kept her eyes on the dish and sponge in her hands. The hem of her blue housedress swished around her calves as she vigorously scrubbed. That bacon smelled so good. She couldn't wait to eat breakfast. She'd woken up especially hungry this morning.

"Where's Dad?" Patrick stepped a few paces behind his mother, waiting to get some water from the sink. He admired her wide hips. Susy's round butt jiggled, just a bit, as she worked. The mom of his dreams was so full and curvy.

"He's in the living room, reading the paper." Susy put the dish in the rack next to the sink and grabbed a dishtowel. While drying her hands, she turned to properly greet her youngest. "I've got bacon going, you don't have much time before school. What are you ...?" Susy got a look at her son and the towel fell from her hands. Her mouth hung open. Her scrawny son stood before her, wearing only his thick-rimmed glasses. Her gaze fell down his body. She hadn't seen him naked in years. "Goodness, gracious, Pat." His penis was obscenely huge hanging between his pale legs. The monster swung a little back and forth as Patrick tapped his foot, waiting for his mom to leave the sink.

"Mom, can I get some water? I'm really thirsty." Patrick eyed his mom's massive boobs hiding inside her dress. He could stare, because this was all just a dream. After he'd taken them in, he looked up into her wide brown eyes and saw the shock registered there. That's when he realized he'd been parading around the house completely naked. This wasn't a dream. He dropped the glass to the linoleum floor and it hit with a loud thud. Thankfully it didn't break. He moved his hands over his dick to hide it from his mom. His real and angry mom. No dream.

"Is everything okay in there?" Fred called from the living room.

“Get upstairs and get dressed this instant.” Susy whispered. “What if your father saw you?” Her jaw tightened and she pointed toward the stairs. “Everything’s fine, dear.” Susy shouted to the living room. “I just dropped a glass.”

“Sorry, Mom. I just –” Patrick couldn’t believe he’d done this in front of the most beautiful woman in the world.

“Go, now,” Susy hissed. She watched her son turn and run out of the kitchen, hands covering his nethers the whole way. His alabaster butt looked so skinny and frail, naked as it was. He disappeared up the stairs and Susy shook her head. Boys were such odd ducks. Even at eighteen, Patrick was still surprising her. She turned back to the sink and began working on the next dish. She’d just forget about the whole thing.

As she tried to let her mind wander, the image of that large dangling penis kept creeping into her brain. Where had Patrick gotten it from? Certainly not his father.

~~

Axcix let out a hiss. The data on prolonged quasi-dream cycles was not good. The dominant species lived life too close to its dreams. Quasi-dreams had caused several of her potential mating pairs to step back from their congress. Very well, she would abandon the protocol for now.

It was not all bad news in her research. Axcix was pleased to note that several mating pairs had progressed to daily coupling. This would lead to conception. She had a few minor alterations that might make the process a richer field for her data.

~~

Roy sat at the kitchen table eating some Sugar Smacks. The cereal box stood next to his bowl and he eyed the clown illustration. It was creepy. Like really creepy. Someday people were going to realize that clowns were dreadful. He brought the spoon up to his mouth and munched on another bite of the cereal. But it did taste good. He scooted his chair in a little further so he’d spill less as he shoveled breakfast down his gullet. His pudgy belly pushed up against the edge of the table.

“I’m off to work, Roy. Where’s your mother?” Nathaniel Ackerman walked into the kitchen with suit, hat, and tie perfectly adjusted. He regarded his son.

“Helping Annie with her hair, I think.” Roy looked up at his dad. Maybe someday he’d cut the same trim, dashing figure as his father.

“Well, I’m off.” Nathaniel walked over to the front hall and picked up his briefcase. “Tell her bye for me.” With a nod, he walked down the hall, out the front door, and to his waiting automobile.

"Bye, Dad," Roy said to the empty space where his father had been.

Roy poured himself another bowl and ate in silence.

"Hello, sweat hog." Roy's sister Annie skipped through the kitchen and into the front hall. "How's your day?"

"You're gonna be early for the bus, Annie." Roy watched his sister prance by with that smug smile on her curved lips. She wore a poodle dress and tight blouse that showed off her budding titties. Their mother had braided her hair in pigtails.

"Remember, unlike some people around here, I have friends. Carla's picking me up with her wheels." Annie gave him a wink.

"I have friends." Roy's brow furrowed. "Why are you always such a bitch?"

"Now, Roy. Oh my, gosh." Their mother Amada walked into the kitchen, her dark hair flowing over her shoulders, her dark eyes fixed on Roy with the severity of a mother wronged by a good child. "Apologize to your sister at once."

"She started it." Roy looked up at his mom, she wasn't tall, but she was imposing when angry.

"Roy." Amanda put her hands on her hips. Her green dress didn't fit her quite right, it was bunched in the chest and the hips. She looked like a woman trying to wear girls' clothes.

Roy looked back at his sister and sighed.

Annie pouted, her bottom lip quivering as she looked at her twin brother. She was pretty, with even features and soft brown hair drawn into those pigtails. If she wasn't an evil sister, Roy might even have thought she looked like a nice young woman.

"I'm sorry." Roy didn't look sorry.

"You don't look sorry," Annie said.

"I'm very sorry." Roy did his best to seem contrite.

"Thank you, Roy. I'm proud of you." Amada nodded, like that was settled.

Annie stuck out her tongue at Roy and raced out the front door, off to catch her ride.

Roy pushed the cereal bowl away from him.

"Now Roy, there's something else I'd like to talk to you about." Amanda eyed his cereal. Even that disgusting sugar food looked good to her at the moment. She was so hungry. "I'm missing some panties again."

"It wasn't me." She looked so good bursting out of her dress the way she was. He tried to think about baseball, but it was no use. His dick hardened, pushing up uncomfortably at the bottom of the table. Baseball, baseball, baseball. The combination of the boner and the mention of her panties, which, of course he did take, was enough to cause Roy to break out in a sweat.

“Look, darling, we’ve talked about this.” Amanda stepped toward her kitchen table. Something tingled her nose. Something rough and unsophisticated. It was a smell from time primeval. Amanda tried to focus. “You can’t take my undergarments.”

“Okay.” Roy put both hands under the table, an instinct to cover his shame in front of his mother.

“What ...” Amanda shook her head to clear it. “What are you hiding under there?”

“Nothing.” Roy pushed his chair away from the table. His flop sweat turned up another notch. This was so embarrassing. He kept his hands over his crotch, but they didn’t do much to hide the massive tent. “It’s just a boner, Mom.”

“Language, young man.” Amanda unconsciously ran her hands down the sides over her dress, accentuating the flare of her hips. “It’s too big to be an erection. What are you hiding?”

“Mom?” Now Roy’s face was bright red. He watched his mom walk around the table.

“Show me.” Amanda’s breath came quickly, her heart thumped in her chest.

“Oh, Mom. Please no.” But Roy’s shaking fingers unbuttoned his pants and pulled down his zipper. He lowered his pants and underwear to the edge of his seat. His dick flopped out of confinement. Having a mind of its own, it was as excited as Roy had ever seen it. So engorged with blood, that the knobby head looked almost black, and its veins protruded everywhere.

“My word.” Amanda’s hands went up to her mouth. She caught a glimpse of the diamond on her wedding ring. What would her sweet, polished, husband think if he knew his son wielded such a crude weapon? She took another step toward her son. She was, heaven help her, drawn to his penis like a moth to a flame. A crazy thought crossed her mind. Maybe she should touch it?

“See?” Roy’s voice trembled. “Just a boner.” He looked up at his mom’s dark eyes, they were fixed on his dick. “Mom?” He squinted in confusion. “Mom?” Roy quickly pulled up his pants. He stood without bothering to button or zip. “Okay, bye.” Roy ran for the door, holding his pants up with his right hand. With his left, he hefted his backpack. This was crazy. What was she doing? He made it out the door without looking back. He slammed the door behind him. He didn’t stop to button or zip until he’d reached the safety of the sidewalk.

Amanda took a deep breath. The air felt clearer now that Roy had gone. Goodness, if he hadn’t run off like that, she might have actually grabbed her son’s disproportioned tool. What a strange day. She moved to the hall closet to fetch her vacuum cleaner. She supposed there would always be some awkward moments between a mother and her teenaged son.

~~

David snuck out his house early in the morning and walked to school. He was going to be there way before first bell, but that was okay. He didn’t want to face his mom after what happened in the washroom the day before. Watching his breath frost in the air, he pondered his mom’s strange behavior. Linda had always been such a virtuous mother and wife. She went to church on Sundays. She

preached morality and decency to her children. David couldn't reconcile his mom before this week, with his mom in washroom.

He'd need to unravel this mystery before she tried anything else. Lord knows, it wasn't easy to resist her. He was a horny teenager after all. A blowjob was amazing. He just didn't want it to be his mother who was doing the blowing.

~~

The cafeteria was a little quieter than usual for lunch that day as the three friends eyed their hamburgers and each other.

"Lots of boys have called in sick this week." Patrick lifted his burger and took a bite.

"Word from the bird, several kids missed basketball practice this morning." David wasn't sure what else to share with his friends.

"Well ..." Roy chuckled. "... maybe their moms are all giving them handjobs." He smiled at Patrick and David.

"Shut up, with that stuff." David leaned over the table and punched Roy on the shoulder. The force was enough to topple him over backwards.

"Hey." Patrick adjusted his glasses. He couldn't believe what he'd just seen. Maybe Roy deserved it, but David was always so placid. That sort of aggression from David was a shock.

"Ow, man." Roy picked himself up and sat back at the table, rubbing his shoulder. He looked around but no one was paying attention. His eyes were big, round, and wet with tears. "Why'd you do that?"

"Just stop talking about people's mothers." David settled back down and took a long drink of water.

"Why?" Roy wiped at his eyes. The tears dried. "Something happen with your mom? My mom's been acting weird lately. Really clingy."

"She ... um ... hasn't been herself." David nodded and looked at Roy. "Sorry for hitting you."

"No big deal." Roy kept rubbing at his shoulder. "How about you, Pat?"

"Things have been a little off." Patrick thought about it. The weirdness seemed to be coming from Patrick, not his mom. She'd been fine. Except for, maybe, how she filled out a dress lately. That could probably go in the strange column. "She's getting bigger." Patrick made the hourglass gesture with his hands.

"Mine too," David said.

"Mine three," Roy said.

"What about your sister?" Patrick watched Roy. His eyes still looked hurt from David's sudden strike.

“She’s the same.” Roy tried to smile. “Skinny and mean. Maybe her boobs are getting bigger, but I think it’s just the normal amount. I guess ... I don’t know.”

“What’s happening to Portsmouth?” Roy looked to Patrick.

David also looked Patrick’s way.

“Fine, I’ll go to the library this afternoon and try and figure this out. Who wants to come with?” Patrick was always the one who knew stuff or could find stuff out.

“Sorry, basketball practice,” David said.

“I’ll come.” Roy dropped his hand from his aching shoulder. “I don’t really want to rush home anyway.”

“Sounds like a plan. We’ll see what we can find out.” Patrick popped a french fry into his mouth.

“Anything else you guys can tell me about what’s going on? Anything more specific?”

Both boys shook their heads.

The bell rang. The boys stood. They all hoped they’d get to the bottom of this.

~~

Linda spent the morning cleaning the house. Tidying took her mind off what had happened with her and David the day before. There was no excuse for touching David’s manhood the way she had. She shuddered as she moved down the upstairs hall. She truly hoped God wasn’t watching her house yesterday.

Time for David’s room. She held her breath and opened the door. All was quiet except for the tick-tock of his bedside clock. She breathed in again. Everything was fine. This whole thing would blow over. She could maintain control. She moved into the room and began dusting his bookshelf. Her wide hips wiggled in her skirt as she worked. Her breasts did their best to get in the way. They did that a lot lately. Her blonde ponytail swished behind her.

It was just an ordinary teenager’s room. Posters on the walls showing fast cars zooming, or parked cars with pretty girls leaning on them suggestively. Linda had thought maybe it wasn’t the best idea for David to have pretty girls on his walls, but William approved and that was all there was to that.

A basketball lay on the carpeted floor. As did some dirty laundry. Normal teenage boy stuff.

Linda moved her way over to the bed and started tidying when a faint scent caught her attention. Her vagina suddenly flooded again. “Oh no,” she mumbled to herself. Light-headed, she sat on the edge of the bed and looked at the floor. There was a pair of dirty briefs David had discarded, right next to one of David’s many cardigan sweaters. There was a smell coming from the briefs. Still sitting on the bed, she leaned down and picked up the underwear. She sat back up and held the underwear in her lap. Her chest rose and fell as she struggled to keep her composure.

The briefs were clearly stained with some of David's semen. The smell was almost too much. With her left hand, she brought the briefs up to her nose and deeply inhaled. Stars flashed before her eyes. "Just one more time," Linda said to the empty room. She stuck out her tongue and licked his underwear. Immediately, her body trembled. Her poor panties were completely drenched.

"It's harmless," she said. The room didn't answer her. God didn't answer her. She leaned back in her son's bed and scooted herself to the middle. She pulled down her skirt and tossed it onto the floor with David's dirty laundry. "One more time. Then I'll stop." She licked his underwear again and shook all over. So good.

Pretty soon, her stained panties fell to the floor too. There she was in only her blouse, on her son's bed, with three fingers from her right hand buried in her Vagina. The whole time she masturbated, she held the briefs up to her face. Smelling and tasting the most tantalizing substance on the face of the planet. Her son's semen.

The women in the automobile posters stared down at her from her son's walls. Even though they were harlots with skimpy clothing and suggestive poses, Linda imagined them silently judging her for this wanton act. But Linda couldn't bring herself to care. She needed more.

~~

Mark and Donna Farmer entered the old Portsmouth library.

"My lady." Mark held the intricately engraved copper door for his wife. He was a tall, slim man with short blond hair and a knowing smile. Whether on the case, or out on the town with Donna, Mark always wore a gray suit, bowtie, and fedora. He exuded a warm genteel nature that made holding a door for a lady second nature to the man.

"My lord." Donna nodded and smiled at her sweet husband. On this day, she wore a checkered sheath dress, with her red hair piled up in a bun. Her green eyes were enlarged behind rounded, brownline glasses.

"The case awaits." Mark let the door slowly close with his wife safely inside. "Who knows what shadows lurk in this sleepy town."

Donna giggled. "You're such a ham." She gently laid her left hand on her husband's shoulder. Her sapphire wedding ring was muted by the dim library lights. Donna frowned at the ring. She liked to see it sparkle, a not so subtle reminder of the day Mark proposed to her by Niagara Falls all those years ago.

"Not so, my dear. Just a man committed to solving the mysteries of the universe." Mark locked his arm in Donna's and walked her to the information desk.

"Excuse me." Donna smiled down at the middle-aged woman behind the desk. "We're looking for information on a meteor impact near here. Can you help us?"

The librarian looked up at them. It took her a second to reply as her brain processed this cosmopolitan couple that had swept into her library. "Yes." She coughed to clear her throat. "We have a microfilm machine in back. You can review old newspaper articles there."

"Capital," Mark said. "And might I ask, have you noticed anything strange in town recently?"

"Strange?" The librarian's cheeks flushed and she dropped her gaze to her hands clasped on the desk.

"Not really, sir." She looked back up at the couple.

"Thank you." Donna made eye contact with the librarian and rolled her eyes. She liked to let people know she didn't take her husband too seriously.

"This way." The librarian rose and guided them toward the back.

The paranormal investigators followed.

~~

"Did you hear that?" Patrick whispered. "They're looking into the meteor." The boys were waiting behind the cosmopolitan couple in the library. Patrick wanted to talk to a librarian.

Roy's eyes had fix themselves to the red-headed woman's backside. It was shapely and moved beautifully in her narrow dress as the couple walked off toward the back of the library. Roy moved his backpack off his shoulders and placed it in front of his crotch. He didn't want the world to know he had a boner. And with the size of his dick, he was sure they could see it from one of those satellites in space. "What did you say?"

"Really?" Pat looked at his friend's backpack. "You've got a boner here? Now?"

"I can't help it. That woman with the stiff was a doll." Speaking of stiff, Roy needed to do something about his dick.

"He's not a stiff, he's an investigator." Patrick shook his head. "He's on the same trail we are."

"Great, you two compare notes. I'm going to the bathroom." Roy waddled away from his friend, backpack firmly pressed against the front of his pants.

Patrick watched him go. Of course, Patrick was too shy to approach a seasoned investigator and offer his help. Maybe he'd see them again sometime. In the meantime, he had his own research to do.

~~

Patrick got home just before dinner. He was tired and sweaty from the long bike ride across town. He wished, not for the first time, that the library was closer to his house. He found his father watching the evening news in the living room. "Hello, Dad. What's the latest?"

Fred didn't look up from the television. His long frame slouched on the couch. Since returning from work he'd changed out of his suit and now wore slacks and a sweater.

"Um, Dad?" Patrick pulled his glasses down his nose and pushed them back up. He took a closer look. "I played sports today."

Nothing. Fred's eyes were open and seemed to be following the movement on the television screen.

"I met a girl." Patrick snapped his fingers in front of his dad's face. "I got married."

"What?" Fred blinked his eyes and looked up at his son. "Sorry, I didn't hear you come in, Pat."

"How was your day, Dad?" Patrick cocked his head. The investigator had asked if the librarian had seen anything strange. Well, Patrick had seen plenty strange in the last few weeks. Add this to the list.

"Fine, Pat, fine." Fred turned his eyes back to the television. "I'm just ... I'm just ..." Fred's voice trailed away. On the coffee table in front of him sat an untouched martini, condensation collecting on the glass.

"Dad? Hey Dad? You're acting really ..." Patrick felt the presence of an invisible cloud envelop him. It was just like the other day when his mom had been exercising in front of the television. An enormous erection suddenly threatened to burst out his pants. "I'm going to go check on Mom." Patrick gingerly walked past his strangely sedated father and into the hall. He reached into his pants and adjusted his dick so that his waistband did some work containing the monster.

"Mom?" Patrick walked down the hall.

"In here, sugar." Susy sat at her kitchen table, taking a breather with a nice, refreshing martini. She was finally cooling down after putting dinner together. The pasta was soaking in the sauce in a pan on the stove. One of her Italian family recipes, handed down from mothers to daughters over the ages. She wiped the last bit of evaporating sweat from her forehead. It felt so good to have a moment to just sit. Her apron hung from her chair back.

"Mom ... wow ..." Patrick walked into the kitchen. "You look beautiful."

"Thank you, Pat." Susy smiled at her son and took a sip of her cocktail. She ran the fingers of her right hand down her thigh, smoothing out the imaginary wrinkles in her blue circle dress. "You look ..." Susy eyed her son, the bulge in his pants was evident. "... nice," she said. Well, boys would be boys. Such things as erections were to be expected. It wasn't surprising that Patrick couldn't hide his erection, he was such a small boy with such a large penis. Susy giggled to herself and took another sip of her drink.

"I love you, Mom." Patrick moved into the kitchen. His hard dick made walking awkward.

"I love you too, sugar." Susy smiled up at him. She stood to give him a hug, turning sideways a bit to avoid that bulge.

Patrick needed something. Something from the most beautiful woman in the world, standing right before him. He wasn't sure what he was about to do until he did it. He leaned into his mom's sideways embrace and craned his neck up and planted a kiss on her lips.

Susy's eyes went wide. Did her son just —?

Patrick stood on his tiptoes and planted another kiss on her lips. He then gently nibbled her lower lip.

“Pat, sugar, I’m your –” Susy was cut off as Patrick tenderly pushed his tongue into her mouth. Something about his teenage smell. Susy didn’t know what it was, but she wanted more. She swirled her tongue around his and then pulled her face back. “Wait.” Her chest rose and fell with labored breaths. “You’ll need to take these off.” She removed his glasses and set them down on the kitchen table. Susy then brought him back to her warm embrace, no turning sideways this time. She bent a little at the waist to allow him easier access to her lips. So what if he rubbed his hard penis against her leg? It was harmless.

They kissed more, tongues entwined. Each groped at the other’s back like a couple teenagers in a passion pit.

Patrick marveled at the feeling of her bra straps. He pressed himself against her and felt her massive boobs press back against his clavicle. He stepped back from her and tried to clear his head. “What about ... what about ... Dad?”

“Oh.” Susy put her hand to her mouth. “I completely forgot about your father.” She stepped away from Patrick. “He’s just in the next room.” She shook her head and crossed her arms over the expanse of her chest. “We can’t do this, Pat. It’s not right.”

“Sorry, Mom.” Patrick shifted his weight between his feet, unsure whether he should rush her or run. “You’re just so beautiful.” Patrick leapt toward her, planted one last kiss on her lips, turned, and ran upstairs.

Susy shook her head. She should drink less martinis. They said a mother’s job was messy work, and they were right. Now she had to figure out how to deal with an adoring son with boundary issues. These things happened, she guessed. Maybe she’d have Linda over tomorrow and get her opinion. Susy frowned at that. Linda was a God-fearing, church-going lady. Maybe she’d tell her about the adoration, while leaving out a few of the details.

~~

Linda prepared dinner, moving about in a rush as she always did. She wanted things to be perfect for her men; David and William. She eyed her husband as she stirred the soup. He was in one his moods again. He still wore his suit from work, sitting at their Formica kitchen table. He held a newspaper out in front of him with both hands, but he hadn’t turned the page in a good long while. “William, dear. Would you like to get changed into something more comfortable?” Smoke slithered upward from behind the paper, but she could tell he wasn’t puffing on his pipe. “William?”

William just sat, hiding behind his paper. Reading the same darned page.

Linda shook her head and moved to the oven to check on the rolls. Oh well. Even as strange as this was, Linda’s husband wasn’t the chief of her concerns. David would be home from practice any second and she already felt temptation trying to creep its way into her brain. *Just a little more semen*, it said. *You’ve done it before, what’s one more time?* Linda shut her eyes tight.

“No,” she muttered to herself. “I am a strong woman.” She opened her eyes and looked into the oven. Maybe ten more minutes until the rolls were done.

“Mom, Dad, I’m home.” David slammed the front door and wandered down the hall. He found his parents in the kitchen. “Hi, Dad.”

William just stared at his paper.

“Hi, Mom.” David looked from his statue of a dad to his mom by the oven. She had on a circle skirt, blouse, and apron. David couldn’t help trail his eyes down her plump, little body. Under her apron, her boobs were practically bursting out of her blouse. David didn’t think she was wearing a bra. Was that possible from Linda Riles? Then again, the realm of possibility had greatly expanded lately. And there was that smell again. Suddenly, his mom looked even more beautiful than before. He didn’t bother hiding the boner in his pants.

“Your dad, is ... um ... in one his moods again. Like ... yesterday.” Linda brushed her loose blonde hair behind her shoulders. It was very hard to focus. All her little internal pep-talks about avoiding sin slid from her mind. “I ... I ...” She could clearly see the outline of a massive erection in David’s pants. “You ... um ...” She pulled her apron over her head and dropped it on the kitchen floor. “We’ll be back in a few minutes, William,” Linda said to her husband without looking in his direction. She walked up to her son and took his hand in hers. She looked up into his bright, blue eyes. Then pulled him toward the stairs. She climbed the stairs first, David behind her.

“Mom, are we going to –?”

“Sssshhhh.” Linda turned and looked at David over her shoulder, finger to her lips. “Your father might hear.” But both of them suspected he heard nothing at the moment.

“Okay.” David couldn’t help himself. He reached up and grabbed her right butt cheek with his hand and squeezed. It was so supple, round, and perfect.

“Oh, Davey.” Linda continued to climb the stairs, pulling David along. They got to the upstairs hall and she led him to the room she shared with William. They stepped inside and she closed and locked the door behind them.

“Mom, you smell really nice.” David looked down at her as she turned to face him, just a foot away. She was redolent of things long promised and almost delivered. Old covenants broken and new bonds made.

“I’m going to take care of you, Davey. Now take off your pants.” As she said this, she began unbuttoning her blouse.

David pulled off his pants and briefs and dropped them to the floor. He left his knit sweater in place, walked to his parents’ bed, and sat on the edge. His heavy dick stood out straight from his lap, the veins pushing out from all sides.

“I want to give you my love and attention, sweetheart.” Linda finished unbuttoning her blouse and pulled it off, dropping it behind her. She looked down at her swollen breasts. “I can’t seem to find a bra that fits anymore. What do you think?” She put her arms to her sides so David could get a full view.

“They’re beautiful, Mom.” David took it in.

Linda's boobs were large with pink nipples and large areola that pointed slightly to either side. David seemed to remember someone on the basketball team describing this type of boob as a side set. Because her breasts pointed out, there was a large valley between them. A meandering web of blue veins laced just under her pale skin, making her boobs seem so vulnerable. Linda's belly had a slight protruding curve.

Linda followed her son's gaze. "I used to have a bigger belly, it all seems to have moved to my butt and breasts. Well most of it, anyway."

"I love it, Mom." And David really meant it. He knew she was in the driver's seat, so he waited for his mom to tell him what would happen next.

"My goodness, look at that magic wand. And those big boys underneath." Linda stepped toward him. "I want you to be happy, Davey. Since you like my breasts, I have something very naughty in mind. Do you know what that is?" She dropped to her knees in front of David.

David shook his head, mesmerized as Linda's boobs jiggled closer and closer.

"My friend Susy said I should just give you my love and attention." Linda spit into her left hand and reached out and spread the spit up and down David's penis. "And that's why I thought up this little game." She removed her hand, inched herself a little closer, and pressed her breasts up against his penis.

"Holy smokes." David watched the hunger in his mother's eyes.

"There, now. Isn't this nice?" Linda put a hand under each breast and pushed them together around David's amazing monster. She began bouncing her breasts up and down against him, completely enveloping his penis.

She bounced her boobs like that for several minutes, alternating between watching that enormous flared head press against her chest and watching the dazed smile on her son's handsome face.

"Maybe ... your mouth ... too?" David thought he might be getting close. He looked down at her broad hips, her skirt still covering her lower half. The way her body curved while she sat bent on her knees was almost too much for him.

"Of course, sweetheart." Linda bent her head and tried to take him into her mouth on every downstroke. She missed several times as she got used to it, but quickly she was slurping away every time his penis poked up through her boobs.

"Mom ... I'm getting ... close." David leaned back on the bed.

Linda stopped her motions and removed David's monster from her breasts and mouth. "Sorry, Davey. Not like this." She stood, unbuttoned her skirt, and wiggled it down her legs. She hooked her thumbs under her panties and dropped those too.

"What?" David looked into her blue eyes. Everything was lust and confusion.

"I need ... something more." She took two steps onto the bed and stood with her feet on either side of his hips.

David gazed up at her from his back. From his vantage, her boobs looked enormous as she stood above him. He also had the perfect angle for a view between her legs at that neat triangle of blonde hair and her protruding pussy lips.

"I'm sorry, sweetheart. I need this." Linda squatted down, grabbed her son's penis, and guided it home. "Oh, my. You're ... oooohhhh ... so much bigger than your father."

The thought of his father brought on a sudden panic for David. But what could he do but hope his father remained oblivious?

David's dick pierced deep into his mom, as Linda slowly lowered her hips, inch by inch. This was David's first pussy, and it clenched tightly around his dick. David reached up and grabbed his mom's boobs. They were heavy and full. He kneaded and squeezed them.

"Oh ... sweetheart." Linda gyrated her hips, moving her son's penis to all sorts of exquisite angles inside her. She leaned back and supported herself with her left hand on David's thigh and with her right, she reached for and found his testicles. She massaged them, trying to coax out that bewitching semen.

David dropped his hands from Linda's boobs to her hips and gripped hard. It wasn't going to be much longer.

Downstairs, William stared at his newspaper, pipe hanging from his lips. "So interesting," he murmured. If he could have roused himself, he would have heard the bed in his master bedroom banging against the wall above and the animal grunts that echoed through his house. If he could have wandered upstairs, he would have seen his small, round wife rotating her lovely hips on his tall, lean son. But all he could do was stare at the paper and softly mutter, "Most interesting."

Back upstairs, Linda increased her pace. Sweat dripped down her neck, forming rivulets between her breasts. She inhaled deeply, taking in her son's electrifying scent.

"I'm going to ..." David closed his eyes tight. "... cum, Mom."

Deep down Linda knew she couldn't let him do it inside her. But that part of her brain had lost its battle some time ago. "Do it, sweetheart. Give me ... all of it."

David's hands slid around to the full curve of Linda's butt. He grabbed it, his fingers pressing deep into her flesh. He held her there, forcing her hips to cease their movement and impaling her on the full length of his dick. "Aaaaaahhhhhhhh." He unleashed inside his mother, a deluge of cum flooded her unprotected pussy.

"Davey, I ... nnnnnnnnggggggghhhhhh." Linda couldn't finish her sentence as her brain seized up. A torrent of pure ecstasy rushed through her. Her eyes rolled back, her back arched, and her whole body shuddered. She could feel David coating her insides with his stuff. So much of it.

After a minute, her mind began to return to her. She leaned forward and looked down at David's knit sweater, covering his chest. Sweat stung her eyes. She was a fool to have fought this. Anything that felt this akin to heaven, must be God's good work. She gasped for air.

"Wow, Mom. That was ... crazy." David struggled for air.

“That was ... good. But I need to ... go check on the rolls ... and your father.” Linda slid to the side and pulled herself off him with a plop. She could feel David’s semen leaking out of her. She would need to clean the blankets before William came up here. She leaned up next to him, resting her head on his flat stomach. Her eyes widened, his penis was still so hard.

“We’ve already done it today.” David looked down at the back of her little head. “One more time won’t hurt.” David pushed her onto her back, spread her curvy legs, and mounted her. His dick pressed against her stomach.

“Your father ...” Linda looked up at him, unbelieving. Never in her life had she known a man to keep going after he was satisfied. Never.

“Dad’s reading the paper.” David lined up his dick with her pussy and slid it in. It made a soft slurp. “He’s fine.” He moved his hips up and down.

“Oh, sweetheart. I wasn’t ... uh ... made for ... uh ... uh ... uh ... this.” Linda spread her legs as wide as they went. “You might break me.”

“I love you, Mom.” David quickened his pace.

“Oh, I love you ... too ... Davey.” Linda took him as best she could.

The Riles’ bed shook for another half hour. Eventually, Linda and David finished, remade the bed, showered, and went downstairs. The rolls in the oven were ruined, but the soup was fine. Just before dinner, William returned to his normal self, very apologetic about dozing off.

~~

Axcix gurgled in her underwater home as she processed the latest data. Another mated pair. The experiment progressed well. She opened her outer doors and released another batch of nanites. Good news ran ahead of higher expectations. More work to do.

Chapter 3

When Roy arrived home after his trip to the library, he was surprised to find the whole family waiting for him. His father and twin sister were already sitting at their places at the dinner table when Roy trudged down the front hall.

"Hello," Roy said into the dining room.

Nathanial had the paper open on the table in front of him. Roy's father raised his hand in a gesture that always meant *not right now*. Roy looked to his sister. Annie hid behind one of her teen mystery novels. She ignored him.

Roy, turned and wandered into the kitchen. "Hello, Mom."

"Really, Roy?" Amanda sat at the kitchen table, she looked up from the latest issue of *Good Housekeeping*. "Your father left work early, just so we could eat as a family tonight."

"No television tonight?" Roy sniffed the air. The food did smell delicious. Whatever his mom had been cooking, sat in pots on the stove. "You didn't tell me."

"I told you this morning." Amanda frowned, her pale cheeks turned a little rosy. "Maybe I got distracted." She looked toward the dining room and then back to Roy. "I'm sorry about not believing you about your ... um ..." She whispered.

"My dick?" Roy scratched his head.

"That's not polite, Roy." Amanda's frown deepened. "But yes, the gadget you've got down there. And as long as you leave my undergarments alone, we can never speak of it again." She still kept her voice low, but her face brightened. "Agreed?"

"Sure, Mom." Roy's belly grumbled. "Can we eat?" He was so hungry.

"Yes. Go wash your hands and join your father and sister in the dining room." Amanda rose from her chair and walked over to the stove. Her black ponytail bounced behind her. "I'll bring dinner in a minute."

Roy headed for the main washroom. He breathed a sigh of relief. Maybe not normal, but things were normal enough in the Ackerman household.

~~

Once her passions had cooled, Linda fell into a state of deep remorse. She'd done the dirtiest of deeds with her son. If that wasn't a cardinal sin, she didn't know what was. After David had gone to bed, Linda went to check on her husband. She found William in the den, happily reading a book. Linda's stomach turned. The sweet sight of her husband sent waves of guilt coursing through her body.

How could she have done this to her mild-mannered Bill? She stepped into the den, dropped to her knees before him, and unbuckled his belt. She pulled down his pants and went down south on husband. She gave him what the kids call a blowjob.

Up until that moment, she'd always thought William had a satisfactory penis. But putting it in her mouth created an unfortunate contrast with their son. She easily swallowed most of William's shaft. With David, she'd barely been able to fit the head inside her mouth. When William ejaculated, he deposited his normal, modest amount of semen. It sent no thrills of pleasure through her. She spit his stuff into her hands. With David, it had been a deluge that she had tried to swallow, and she had been in ecstasy.

Of course, William was thankful and appreciative. He congratulated Linda on her initiative. That was nice. She'd hoped the act would bond them and get her mind off David. Instead, while William offered polite appreciation to his wife, Linda's mind went to the sperm in her womb. She just knew David's little swimmers were in there, searching for an egg. The thought was more than troubling. She excused herself and went to bed.

~~

The next morning, Patrick caught up with David in the school hallway before first period. "I found out some stuff at the library." Patrick looked up at his friend and adjusted his glasses.

"Oh?" David looked down the hall like he had somewhere else to be. Which he sort of did since the school day was about to start.

"Want to talk it over at lunch? I'll give you all the details." Patrick adjusted his cardigan. David was making him nervous, but he wasn't sure why.

"Sure, sure." David clapped his friend on the shoulder and finally looked at him. "See you then." He walked off toward class.

"Okay. Be there or be square," Patrick called after him. Everything would be fine when they talked at lunch.

~~

The contrast of David and William plagued Linda as she thought about it during her morning chores. It hammered home the perversity of what she'd done with her son. She thought about going to her pastor for help, but decided she'd be too embarrassed to bring these sorts of problems to God. Could He really see everything? And come to think of it, how could He let this happen to her family? Linda might have even been a little mad at God.

Instead of turning to the church, she went into the kitchen to telephone her friend Nancy Anderson. Nancy was a college graduate and knew much about the world. Nancy was Linda's best bet.

The two women talked on the phone for twenty minutes before Linda confided that she'd been having problems with David. She told Nancy that they'd become too close recently. Nancy, ever the helpful friend, recommended a family counselor who worked in Portsmouth. Dr. Epman came highly recommended. Linda dutifully wrote down the name, address, and phone number.

When she hung up with Nancy, she didn't call the counselor. Maybe she could handle this on her own. The thought of confiding the truth to anyone was too humiliating. She just needed a little more willpower. She folded up the paper with Dr. Epman's information, put it in her purse in case she changed her mind, and went about her household chores. Her thoughts wandered to David and what she would say to him when he came home after school.

Linda looked up at the clock over the mantle in the living room. She had to hurry with her dusting. Susy was expecting her for their morning coffee date in about a half hour.

The sound of the front door slamming echoed into the living room. Linda froze. Her green housedress fluttered around her knees as it adjusted to her sudden stop.

"Mom, where are you?" David dropped his backpack and walked down the front hall.

"I'm in the living room, Davey." Linda stood, still frozen, her duster resting on the top of the television.

"There you are." David tromped into the living room.

"Why aren't you at school?" Linda blinked her blue eyes in disbelief.

"I skipped." David offered his widest, it's Christmas morning smile.

"You what?" Linda couldn't believe it. He'd never done something like that. She looked at her son. She could see the sheen of sweat on him. It was clear he'd rushed home.

"I just wanted to see you." David stepped toward her with long strides across the living room.

"Me?" She caught a whiff of his young male scent and her vagina went Niagara Falls again. Oh no. Her knees trembled.

"You need to call the school and make up an excuse for me." He closed the distance between them. "But first." He reached down and pressed his hands into the back of her dress. He cupped her butt in both hands and lifted her into his arms.

Without a second thought, Linda wrapped her legs around his waist, flung her arms around his shoulders, and let his mouth meet hers. It was their first kiss.

~~

Roy and Patrick waited the whole lunch period for David. It was a few minutes before the end of lunch and the two friends looked at each other. It was clear he wasn't going to show.

"What do you think happened to him?" Roy's had a look of worry etched on his face.

"Beats me." Patrick shrugged.

Across town, at that moment, David held his mom up in the air with a firm grip on her bare butt cheeks.

"Oh, sweetheart. I didn't know ... people had sex ... standing up." Linda's spread legs dangled on either side of David, her feet bouncing with every powerful thrust. Her green dress was bunched around her waist. Her black panties hung from her right ankle, rocking back and forth and back and forth. "Where ... did you ... uh ... uh ... uh ... learn this?" She grabbed tightly to the jacket that still covered her son's shoulders, her wedding ring glittering as it caught the midday light in the living room.

"It just ... felt natural." David watched his mom's sweet round face clench up every time he bottomed out in her pussy. It was an incomparable sight.

The sounds of their coupling filled the room. The squelch of Linda's pussy. The slap of their skin together.

"It's so amazing, David." Linda's blonde ponytail bounced. "Your ... uh ... school? Oh nooooooooooo." Her vagina clenched. And she had another orgasm while being hoisted up in the air. She squealed like a harlot.

David kept pounding her while she came. When she'd calmed down, he answered. "Call them later. I'm a ... senior ... ah ... ah ... what are they ... gonna do?"

At that moment, a few streets away, Susy swept the kitchen with her broom. Where was Linda? It wasn't like her to be late for one of their coffee dates. And Susy had needed to talk to someone about Patrick. She eyed the phone on the wall. Maybe she should just call her. Susy leaned her broom against the wall, walked over to the phone, and dialed. She lifted the receiver to her ear.

After eight or nine rings, Linda answered. "Hello? This is the Riles ... residence." Linda's voice was hoarse.

"Hi Linda. It's Susy Lannit." Susy twirled the telephone cord around her finger.

"Oh ... I'm so ... sorry, Susy," Linda said. "I missed our ... coffee. Can ... we make it an afternoon date?"

"Oh. Of course." Susy eyed the broom. That meant more time to clean. "Is everything all right, you seem a little out of breath."

"Oh, yes. Just doing ... one of those television ... exercise programs ... you recommended." Linda didn't want to tell her friend that she was bent over the kitchen table with David slowly sliding in and out of her from behind. "Gotta go, Susy. See you ... at two?"

"Sure thing, sugar." Susy's right hand fiddled with the buttons on the front of her red checkered dress. Those poor buttons were straining to contain her expanding bosom.

"Bye." Linda hung up.

“Goodbye,” Susy said to the dial tone. She hung up too. That was odd. Jack LaLanne’s exercise program wasn’t scheduled to be on channel 5 until the afternoon. Maybe one of the other channels carried it earlier? Susy would have to check sometime. She shrugged and walked back over to the broom. Time to get back to work.

~~

Linda and David had sex through the morning and into the early afternoon. He took her standing up, bent over the couch, on the floor, in the living room, in the den, in the kitchen, and in the hall. He deposited load after load deep inside her.

All that effort wore David out. After they finished their copulations, Linda cleaned him off in the shower, fed him an enormous lunch, and tucked him into his bed for a nap. This was the first tuck-in she’d given him in many, many years. Soft snores filled David’s room before she reached the door on her way out.

Linda walked downstairs, ate her own lunch, and finally telephoned the school.

“Yes. A stomach bug,” Linda said. Well, lying to the school secretary wasn’t the worst thing she’d done that day.

“He shouldn’t have left without notifying the office.” The woman on the other end of the line sounded a little putout.

“He’s very sorry. He’s in bed resting.” Linda smoothed out her maroon circle dress.

“And you’re his mother?” The woman sighed. “I’m sorry if I was short just then, we’ve had so many absences lately. The phone keeps ringing.”

“Yes, I’m his mother. Mrs. Linda Riles.”

“Do you think David will be back in school tomorrow?”

“I ...” Linda bit her bottom lip. A mix of guilt, dread, and anticipation sent butterflies fluttering in her stomach. “I hope so.”

“Very well, we will expect him,” The woman said. “Goodbye, Mrs. Riles.”

“Goodbye.” Linda hung up the phone. She took a deep breath. Maybe she’d gotten it out of her system. Maybe David would wake up and everything would be normal again. She prayed he’d lose interest in her, because the temptation of that ecstasy would not leave her brain.

Linda walked to the hall and grabbed her purse. She was very late for her date with Susy. She hoped her friend would forgive her.

The reflection that greeted her in her hallway mirror was of a woman well put together; makeup perfect, hair brushed back, winning smile. Was it that easy to deceive the world?

~~

The Lannit living room was as immaculate as ever. Linda sat on Susy's modern couch and sipped at her coffee, thinking about how much cleaning she'd need to do at her own house later that afternoon. She held her legs primly together, occasionally holding her coffee cup on her knee. The warmth felt good.

Linda eyed her tall friend, sitting on the other side of the couch. Susy was a picture-perfect housewife. Everything perfect. Well almost everything, Susy's clothes didn't seem to fit her anymore. Apparently, those exercise routines weren't doing the trick.

"You're looking at my bust, aren't you?" Susy frowned. "You know, I've just about given up. I think I might need to buy a whole new set of clothes." Susy squirmed a little, to show her discomfort.

"You know, Susy." Linda leaned in. "I've given up myself. I can't even wear my bras anymore." She nodded down toward her boobs, hidden poorly by only a layer of maroon fabric.

"I wasn't going to say anything." Susy held her hand up to her mouth in sympathetic disbelief. "Maybe there's something in the water?" The two women giggled at that.

"Why don't we go shopping this weekend? We could buy some things that fit." Linda gave Susy her full dimple smile. "That is, if Fred doesn't mind."

"Oh, he'll pay for anything, the old softy." Susy liked the idea of shopping with her friend. She liked the idea of some well-fitting clothes even better. "Saturday at one?"

"It's a date." Linda nodded.

"There's something I wanted to talk to you about." Susy's smile faded.

"Oh?" Linda took another sip of coffee.

"I've been having a little trouble with Patrick."

"Yes?" Linda wondered where this was going. Was Susy having the same problems as Linda?

"Yes." Susy watched the steam rise from her cup. "He's been a little over-affectionate lately." Seeing Linda's eyes, she quickly added, "Nothing out of line, mind you. Just too clingy. Too many kisses for his mother."

Linda let out a long breath. So, Linda was alone with her problems. "I see."

"I'm wondering if you've ever had to deal with this sort of thing with David." Susy looked down at the red, checkered pattern on her dress. She didn't feel like looking at her friend at the moment. She didn't like lying to anyone, least of all Linda, but Susy couldn't tell her she'd somehow passionately kissed Patrick for several minutes. "If so, do you have any advice?"

"Well ..." Linda's heart beat faster. What would she tell her friend? "David's always been a bit of a momma's boy. But nothing that's caused me concern." So, it was a lie then. It seemed the lies had started simply rolling off Linda's tongue. "And as for my other boy, now that Ryan has a fiancé, he won't even answer the telephone. But he always did prefer his father."

Susy nodded. Patrick's two older sisters were recently married, and very much into their own lives now. She thought about raising two boys and didn't know how Linda did it. Girls were easy. Susy had her hands full with Patrick.

"You know ..." Linda's dimples returned. "There's a family counselor I know about. Dr. Epman. I actually have his contact information right here." Linda stood and walked out of the room to fetch her purse.

Susy watched her friend leave, eyes fixed on her round behind. It was somewhat mesmerizing the way it rolled as she walked, even concealed under her dress. Susy found herself wondering what it would look like with no dress at all. She frowned. Such an odd thought to have.

"Here it is." Linda walked back into the room and handed Susy a folded piece of paper.

"Let me go copy this." Susy made a move to rise off the couch, but Linda put a hand on her shoulder.

"No need." Linda walked to her old spot and sat back down. "I don't need it." Away from her house and chatting with her friend, Linda had found a little perspective. She could stuff temptation deep down where it wouldn't bother her anymore. As long as David kept his hands off her, Linda was sure she could get things back to normal. She was a strong woman. She'd just have a chat with David about it tomorrow.

"Okay." Susy held tightly to the paper. Hopefully, the good doctor would set Patrick back on the right track. "Thank you."

"You're welcome." Linda smiled, all dimples.

~~

Patrick took a long, meandering walk home. He dawdled and barely paid attention to his surroundings. David's sudden disappearance at school was part of the puzzle. What did Patrick have so far?

A meteor fell to Earth not far from Portsmouth. The gadgets on at least several senior class boys had grown tremendously since then. Several older women had put on weight; two teachers, the librarian, his friend's mothers, and his own mother. There were investigators in town interested in the meteor. David was acting weird. Roy was acting weird. He'd kissed ... no, Patrick had full on made out with his own mother while his father was in the next room. Then, on top of all that was what he'd found in the library.

On his search, Patrick had found that there had been some precedent for odd occurrences near meteor strikes. An old dusty book on the science shelves catalogued three meteor falls five-hundred years ago. All three had been near villages. One in North Africa, one in England, and one in China. The meteorites had never been found, but people reported seeing a blue streak of light in the sky. There were also reports of small earthquakes after impact. What followed was disturbing. In the weeks and months post-strike, all three villages reported disappearances, violence, and more disturbing things. There were reports of strange changes to the citizenry. The adoption of new religions. And all three villages, were eventually set upon by their neighbors. All burned to the ground.

Spooky thoughts. Patrick just wished he'd been able to share his findings with David. The gentle giant always liked a good ghost story.

Despite his slow walk, Patrick found himself at his front door. He took a deep breath. Now for a snack and maybe some homework. He opened the door. "Mom, I'm home."

"In the ... living room, sugar." Susy was in her shorts and sport blouse again, exercising along with the man on the television. She bounced along with the routine, sweat trickling down her neck.

"Hi, Mom. I ..." Patrick walked into the living room and stopped dead in his tracks. His backpack hit the floor. That smell again. Like untouched jungles ready for plunder. He looked at Susy's round rump, bouncing with her movements. He ogled her side boob, as it temporarily defied gravity with each lunge, only to come bounding down again.

"I'll be done in ... a few minutes, Pat." Susy kept her eyes on the television, moving each knee up as high as it would go and then dropping it back down again. "Why don't you grab ... yourself a nice glass ... of milk."

Patrick wanted to grab something else. His hard dick pushed fervently at his pants. His hand went up to his glasses, pulled them off, and dropped them on the coffee table. Susy was a blur now, but he didn't care. He stepped toward her.

"Pat?" Susy stopped her bouncing and turned around. She saw her son stalking her like a wild beast. "Patrick Lannit, what are you doing?"

"You're so beautiful, Mom." He raised himself to his tiptoes, face upturned, ready for another kiss.

"No, no, no, you don't, buster" Susy grabbed his right ear and led him out of the living room.

"Ow, ow, ow." Patrick's ear throbbed as his mom pulled him into the kitchen.

"This stops now. I've made you a doctor's appointment for tomorrow." Susy led him to the sink. With her right hand she continued to pull at the upper part of his ear, with her left hand she grabbed a glass and filled it with water. "I don't know what's gotten into you, and I don't know why I let you do those things yesterday." She poured the cold water over Patrick's head.

"Mom." Patrick gasped and sputtered. His dick softened in his pants.

"But tomorrow morning we're going to go see a doctor who will sort you out." Satisfied, she let go of his ear. She turned him toward the stairs and smacked his bottom. "Now go to your room and do some homework. I don't want to see you until dinner."

"Yes, ma'am." Patrick hustled to the living room, grabbed his backpack and glasses, and ran upstairs.

Susy jogged back into the living room. She had an exercise routine to finish.

~~

The old bed in the motel squeaked softly as Mark Farmer gently moved inside his wife. She was such a beauty, lying under him. Her breasts pulled gently to the side and wobbled back and forth on her chest with his motions. He was the moon, and her breasts were the oceans pulled by his tides. Nature was magical, he thought. He looked down at the freckles that dappled her neck and chest. Mark never doubted that he was a lucky man to have landed Donna.

“Mark?” Donna had been thinking. She looked up at her husband as he slowly moved toward completion. These days, sex with her husband often gave her time to think. She didn’t even work up a sweat anymore. They weren’t the kids they’d been when they met. “Mark, I think we should leave Portsmouth.”

“We can’t, darling. We’re on the case.” He moved his hips.

“Stop. Just stop for a minute. I’m thirsty.” She put her hands up and pushed on his shoulders.

“Of course.” Mark stopped and rolled off his wife, landing next to her in bed.

Donna leaned over and grabbed the water glass on the bedside table. She quickly downed the whole thing. She’d been so thirsty lately. “Maybe we can go out and get some early dinner.” And she’d also been hungry. So very hungry.

“Yes, darling.” Mark sighed. He wasn’t going to get to finish this time. He put an arm over his eyes. “But we have the interviews scheduled at the high school this afternoon. Remember the anomalies we found outside Cleveland? This could be similar. We can go to dinner right afterward, I promise.”

“Maybe that’s not such a good idea.” Donna swung her legs over the edge of the bed and stood up. “There are other meteors and other towns, Mark. I have a bad feeling about Portsmouth.”

“Nonsense.” Mark moved his arm away from his eyes and watched Donna. Her perfect breasts hung low, quivering as she struggled to get her bra on. Come to think of it, her body looked a little more full than usual. This was interesting, he’d have to write it down in the casebook. You never knew what was a clue. “I can see that you’re hungry, darling. How about this plan?” Mark sat up in bed. “We’ll go to dinner right away. I’ll call the school and reschedule those interviews for tomorrow. Good?”

“Thank you, my lord.” Donna wriggled into her dress. Lately, nothing fit her right.

“You’re welcome, my lady.” Mark reached for his clothes.

~~

Linda scrubbed the kitchen floor, working hard down on her hands and knees. She let her mind wander as the floor slowly became spotless. Her thoughts kept returning to her son’s tall, lean body. And his gargantuan penis and how she might avoid it in the future. The doorbell startled Linda out of her ruminations. It was around 4:30 and William wasn’t due home for another hour. He wouldn’t ring the doorbell anyway. And David slept upstairs.

“Coming.” Linda brushed off her maroon dress. She tossed her sponge into the sink, reached her hands up over her head, and stretched. Everything was so stiff and sore. Her legs, her arms, her stomach, her back, and especially her poor, battered vagina. David had not gone easy on her earlier. Linda walked to the front door.

The doorbell rang again. She hoped it wouldn’t wake poor David. Given how sore Linda was, she knew David must be completely tuckered out. Linda opened the door and found David’s friend standing there, shoulders hunched against the cold. “Hello, Roy.”

“Hello, Mrs. Riles.” Roy stomped his feet. “Is David home?”

“He is, young man. He’s in his room sleeping.” Linda’s right hand grasped the door, ready to send Roy away and prevent any more cold air from entering the house. “He wasn’t feeling well today.”

“Oh, well, could I come in for a sec?” Roy’s fat cheeks were red from the cold. “I rode my bike all the way over here to check on him and I could really use a glass of water.”

“Well, okay.” Linda stepped aside. She let the teenager in. She marveled that David had friends so different from him. This boy was short, fat, and not always as polite as he should be. “Well, come in, come in, it’s cold outside.” Linda closed the door after him. And led him into the kitchen. “Can I take your jacket?”

“No, it’s okay.” Roy dropped his backpack in the hall and followed her. Was it his imagination, or was Linda actually something of a doll? His gaze fell to her exposed calves and worked their way up her backside. That was a mistake, he could feel his dick becoming very rigid in his pants. Baseball, baseball, baseball. To make matters worse, it was so warm in the house, he’d just had a long bike ride, and he still had his jacket on. A bead of sweat formed on his forehead. He followed her down the hall.

There was a smell. Something musty, dark, and alluring in this house. Roy sniffed the air. As his school’s designated sweat hog, he knew it well. It was body odor. But it was also somehow more than that. He was following Linda and her smell wafted back to him. No amount of baseball thoughts could quell the boner that now strained to break free of his pants.

“Here you go, Roy.” Linda fetched the water from the sink and turned with the glass in hand. Her eyes were immediately drawn to a jutting lump in the front of the boy’s pants. “Oh, my.” And there was that odor. The same as with David. Linda was helpless, her panties flooded again. Her legs suddenly rubber.

“I’m sorry, Mrs. Riles. I don’t need that water anymore.” Roy took a step toward her. What was he doing? Some deep part of his brain had taken over, and Roy didn’t even know what he was going to do or say next.

“Oh, okay.” Linda moved the glass back to the counter. Little ripples danced in the water as her hand shook. “Is there, something else ...?” She set the glass down and looked back to Roy. Good Lord, he was unbuttoning his pants.

“Yes.” Roy pulled his pants to the floor and kicked them into the corner of the kitchen. “I can’t ride home with this boner.”

"I see." Linda's eyes fixed on his crotch. The top of his penis was long enough to stick out of his briefs. He pulled off his underwear, and the monster swung down, waving back and forth in front of him. It was engorged beyond belief, the head almost black. "What do you need?"

"I need help." Roy looked at her like she was slow.

"Oh. I don't think ..." Linda bit her lip, her gaze locked on that penis. God in heaven, why was this happening to her? Would his semen bring on the same euphoria as David's? "Um. Yes. I ... can help you." Linda dropped to her knees and crawled over to Roy.

"I've never had a blowjob." Roy grabbed his dick with his right hand and started stroking.

"I know how to do that." Linda stopped in front of Roy and sat on her knees. She brushed her blonde hair behind her shoulders and pushed his hand away. With both hands, she reached up for his penis. Her fingers looked so small as they tried to reach all the way around it. Did all boys these days have penises this size? Was that a thing in the modern age? She looked at it. It was thicker than David's but not quite as long. The head was smaller, darker, and looked more angry. Her hands moved up and down the shaft.

"Oh, Mrs. Riles, that feels really good." Roy unzipped his jacket and flung it to the ground. He pulled his sweater and his undershirt off and tossed them behind him.

"I'm only doing this so you can bicycle home." Linda looked up at Roy, who was now naked. His belly hung out and jiggled as he threw off his clothes. She took him into her mouth and swirled her tongue around the knobby head. Her eyes rolled a little as she caught a taste of precum. Just like David, his secretions were pure rapture.

"That's really nice." Roy didn't know what to do with his hands, so he just let them hang by his sides. He watched his friend's mom slurp and suck. His dick slipping, ever so slightly, in and out of her pretty pink mouth.

"Mmmmmpppppphhhhhh." Linda's head bobbed for several minutes. This young man's penis in her mouth was heaven.

"Uh ... Mrs. Riles ..." Roy was close.

She looked up at him questioningly with her blue eyes. And then her mouth was flooded with his stuff. Just like David, it kept coming and coming. And just like David, it brought on the most magical orgasm. She swallowed some of it, and then, convulsing in ecstasy, she let go of the penis and fell to her side on the floor.

"Aaaaahhhhhh." Roy let it all out. This was the best thing that had ever happened to him. When Linda fell to the linoleum floor, twitching as she was, Roy just kept on cumming, covering her dress, her face, and hair in his spunk. "More ... just a little ... more." He immediately dropped to his knees, cum still dripping from throbbing dick. He grabbed Linda by the hips and roughly pulled her up onto her hands and knees. He lifted her dress and pulled her panties aside. Linda's pussy was wet and waiting, her lips spread and pink.

"Condoms." Linda managed to eke out the words. It was one thing for her sweet David to put his penis inside her without protection. But not this boy. She tried to focus. "Upstairs. My husband has ... condoms upstairs."

“Sorry, Mrs. Riles.” He rubbed the head of his dick along her pussy. Her ass looked so round, full, and inviting. “No time.” He pushed forward, but couldn’t find the hole. He tried again, but his dick didn’t go in. This was harder than it looked.

“Hold on.” Linda reached back with her left hand. The diamond on her ring didn’t sparkle, there was barely any light in the kitchen. It was getting late. “It goes in here.” She held his penis and guided it in. If there wasn’t time for condoms, then it couldn’t be helped. “Oooohhhhhhh.” The monster slid in halfway on the first thrust. Her vagina was sore but accommodating.

“Yes.” Roy grabbed her hips and thrust in and out with long, powerful strokes. He listened to the housewife whimper and moan. He felt on top of the world. This is what confidence feels like, Roy realized.

They went at it for a long time on the kitchen floor. Linda felt him deep, deep inside her. Pretty soon, darkness completely enveloped the kitchen. Linda didn’t care. She knew she’d missed her chance to make dinner. She knew William would be home soon. She knew David slept upstairs. But all that mattered to her at that moment was taking more of that penis. She felt the cum drying on her face. She knew she was a sweaty, dirty mess. She knew that the dress Roy had bunched around her waist was stained. She didn’t care.

The front door creaked open. Neither Roy or Linda tried to separate. Roy kept on pounding her, watching her ass shake. Even when William called out, they didn’t stop.

“Linda, dear? Why are all the lights off?” William stumbled on something. “Whose backpack is this?” He heard noises in the kitchen and made his way there. He didn’t make it far.

A vaporous cloud of pheromones greeted him in the hall. He stopped walking and turned to face a family portrait hanging on the hallway wall. “Nice family,” he mumbled. His briefcase dropped by his feet. He stared at the picture the family had taken at Woolworths a few years ago. His whole family in their Sunday best, hair perfectly combed. William stood in the portrait, and his pretty wife Linda sat next to him. And their two sons kneeled on either side of her. He couldn’t seem to remember their names at the moment. It felt like that was the sort of thing he should remember. “Family.”

“I’m gonna ... cum.” Roy slammed into Linda as hard as he could.

“Please ... ah ... ah ... ah ... please.” Linda gritted her teeth, ready for the euphoria that would accompany his explosion. She arched her back, willing him to let loose in her.

“Take ... it ...” Roy unloaded deep inside her, a cascade of cum flowed.

The instant his ejaculation hit her insides, Linda could only see stars before her eyes. She tossed her head back and forth and screamed a long, high-pitched wail. David, who was still asleep, didn’t hear her. William, who was staring at the family portrait, didn’t hear her. But a neighbor walking her dog outside did. Both owner and dog stopped, trying to determine where that otherworldly shriek had come from. After a few seconds, they gave up and continued on their walk.

When he was done, Roy pulled out of Linda with a plop. He looked down and could see his cum leaking out of her demolished pussy. Her hole gapped and her pussy lips were splayed open. “I gotta go.” Roy

stood up and hurriedly dressed. He stuffed his deflating dick into his underwear. Pulled on pants, shoes, shirt, and sweater.

Linda stayed on her hands and knees, panting and looking down at the floor. Sweat dripped off her nose and pooled on the linoleum. What had she just done?

“Goodbye, Mrs. Riles.” Roy raced out of the kitchen and stopped in horror when he found William standing in the hall. In his earlier frenzy, he hadn’t heard William come home. “Um ... Mr. Riles.”

William stood between Roy and the door. He didn’t look at Roy or acknowledge him in any way.

Everything about this afternoon was crazy. But this? Roy’s knees shook with fear. “Mr. Riles?” Roy didn’t know what was happening, but since William seemed preoccupied, there was no time like the present. He raced around his friend’s father, picked up his backpack, and bolted out the front door.

Linda stirred herself. She stood and her dress fell back down below her knees. She needed a plan. Clean the mess, shower, and then go to bed. She’d tell William she and David were both sick and that he had to see about putting his own dinner together. She grabbed the sponge from the sink and got to work.

When she had finished cleaning, she climbed the stairs to her room not noticing William standing in the shadows of the front hall. In the throes of passion while being mated like a dog, she hadn’t even heard her husband come home.

When William returned from his fugue state, he was much confused. It was later than he thought it ought to be. And his family was nowhere to be found. He walked into the house and turned the lights on. He found his son and wife in their own beds upstairs, recovering from some sort of virus. What an odd evening, he thought. He went down to the kitchen and found a jacket flung in the corner. Too small to be David’s. One of his friends must have left it. And that friend walked home without it in the cold? Strange. It was a strange day he concluded.

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Axcix opened her doors to receive one of her data collection drones. More mated pairs. Some overlapping pairs too. That was to be expected.

Of course, she knew how the first expeditions had ended. So much data destroyed by fire. That’s why she kept a careful watch on outsiders. A team of two had already arrived in the habitat to seek her out. But they were foolish and had greedily swallowed her water. For them, everything was under control.

But now her scans told her another team had arrived from the outside. They would not drink the water. This could be a problem. Axcix needed more data.

Chapter 4

Roy got home and closed the door behind him. He was breathing hard and sweating. He felt great. He felt on top of the world. He also felt a little strange. He had just lost his virginity to his friend's mom. With his friend's dad standing in the hallway. His fevered brain couldn't quite process all that had just happened.

"Hello, Mom, I'm home." Roy dropped his backpack in the hallway and walked toward the kitchen.

"In here, Roy." Amanda pulled her casserole from the oven and covered it with aluminum foil. She placed her oven mitts on the Formica countertop. She reached behind her back and untied her apron. She slid it over her head and folded it neatly. She looked forward to spending a little time with her gentle son, even if that time was in front of the television.

"Mom, it's been a crazy day." Roy stepped into the kitchen. His mom looked lovely. She more than filled out her periwinkle blue housedress. The fabric gapped in between the buttons on the front. Roy could maybe see some bra in the gaps. Where had his skinny little mother gone? If she wasn't his mom, he might think she was a doll. And with his newfound confidence, he might make a pass at her. Who knows? But she was his mom. He looked down at the linoleum floor.

"My word, Roy, look at you." Amanda was about to place the folded apron on the kitchen counter, but she stopped with her arm outstretched when she saw her son. His hair was a mess. His sweater was untucked and bunched around one shoulder. He was huffing and puffing, his large stomach rapidly rising and falling. And he looked wet and sticky. "You'll need to shower before dinner."

"Ah, come on, Mom. Can I shower after dinner?" Roy pulled off his sweater and held it in his right hand. His button-up undershirt was also untucked. "Dad and Sis here for dinner?"

"No, it's just us. Your father is working late again. And Annie is off with that Connors boy at the drive-in." Amanda finished setting the apron down on the kitchen counter. She then waved her hand in front of her nose. "Gosh, Roy, you really do need a shower. That smell." But then something crept into her mind with that scent, and she didn't mind it anymore. Her vagina, with a mind of its own, started gushing like it was a special night with Nathaniel.

Roy stood fixed in place, watching his mom squirm. What was she doing?

"Well, darling, if you won't take yourself to the shower ..." Amanda walked with sudden purpose over to Roy, turned him toward the stairs, and pushed his shoulders. "... I'll have to take you."

"Mom?" Roy stumbled and then walked toward the stairs.

"No back talk, young man. We're going to clean you off before dinner." Amanda followed him up the stairs and steered him into the pink washroom. She turned on the shower and then turned him back around and began unbuttoning his undershirt. "You can leave that sweater on the floor, I'll put all these things in the laundry."

"Okay." Roy was confused, but he dropped the sweater. He let her unbutton and remove his shirt. She dropped it on the sweater. She then unbuttoned his pants, pulled them off, and dropped them on the

pile. She squatted down and pulled off his socks. Of course, she hadn't undressed him in a long, long, time. The washroom started to fill with steam.

"One last thing." Amanda pulled down his briefs. Her son's soft penis dangled out in the open. Her hands stopped, still holding the briefs around his knees. "I'd forgotten that you were so ... different from your father." She finished pulling down his briefs and Roy stepped out of them. "Now in you go." There was another smell that caught Amanda's nose, even more enchanting than his teenage sweat. Amanda couldn't quite place it. Her panties had become uncomfortably saturated. She'd never experienced anything quite like what her body was doing. The feeling would surely pass. Best to ignore it and clean her boy.

"Uh. Okay." Roy stepped into the shower and put his hand up to close the curtain. The warm water cascaded over his head, pushing his brown hair into his eyes.

"No." Amanda pushed his hand away and left the curtain open. "When you're this dirty, Roy, you need your mother's help." She pushed up her sleeves to her elbows and grabbed the bar of soap. She rubbed it over his back.

"You don't have to." Roy stepped forward so the water fell on his shoulders. He pushed his hair back with his right hand and watched her out of the corner of his eye as she rubbed at his back with vigor. Baseball, baseball, baseball. The last thing Roy needed at the moment was a boner.

"Don't be silly, darling. It's a mother's job." Amanda moved to his armpits. Satisfied with those suds, her hand brought the soap to his big belly. She bent down and rubbed. Her eyes drifted down to his penis. "That certainly is a big guy you have hanging down there." Even soft, it was bigger than Nathaniel's biggest erection. The foreskin halfway covered the head. She could see the network of protruding veins. "Well, we'll have to clean that too."

Roy stepped back and the water fell on his head again, rushing down the front of his body. He pushed his hair out of his eyes again and held it back on his head with his right hand. He blinked through shower droplets and watched his mom sit down on the edge of the tub and reach out with both hands, the bar of soap in her right. The water washed away the soap bubbles on his belly. And streamed over his dick.

"It's important to get under the foreskin." Amanda moved the skin back and forth, back and forth with her left hand. Her son's penis started to rise. "Well, hello, big guy."

The pink washroom was completely filled with steam. Roy couldn't believe what he was seeing as he watched his mom clearly tug on his dick. He didn't know what to do.

After a minute, her hands slowed down and she shook her head a couple times. "Oh no." Amanda blinked her eyes. What was she doing? She dropped the soap into the tub and pulled her hands away. "Oh my gosh, I didn't mean to." She stood up and looked at her dress, wet from splashing water. "I have to get changed. You finish cleaning yourself up." And just like that, she disappeared out the washroom door.

Roy reached down and grabbed his dick. It was now rock-hard. As he finished the tug-job his mom had started, he thought about recent events. First his mom in the kitchen. Then Mrs. Riles. Now his mom again. But once she'd cleaned him pretty good, she'd lost interest. Roy was no dummy. It seemed simple

enough. When he was sweating, women couldn't resist him. When the sweat was gone, not so much. Roy was about ready to bust thinking about the next part.

He needed to test his theory. But with his mom? Well, if it worked with her, he rationalized, it would work with anyone. And he wouldn't take it too far. He wasn't some sort of pervert.

And the beauty of it was, he was about the sweatiest guy he knew. This was a gift from God.

Roy grunted and sprayed great streams of goeey cum all over the tub.

Great, now he'd have to clean that up.

~~

Patrick snuck out his bedroom window and dropped down to the lawn. Susy had said that she didn't want to see him until dinner. She didn't say that he needed to stay in his room. And there was plenty of time to ride over to the library, look up a few things, and ride home. He grabbed his bike and set off.

With the wind in his hair, Patrick turned his bike down Main Street. And there, on the sidewalk, he saw the investigators again. A tall man in a gray suit, bowtie, and fedora accompanied by a shapely woman with an elegant dress, red hair, and Brownline glasses. It was them.

Ever since Patrick had kissed his mom, he'd felt not quite himself. A little more bold. More brave. He turned his bike and hopped it up onto the sidewalk and stopped in front of the cosmopolitan couple, blocking their path. "I hear you're interested in meteors."

"Capital." Mark exchanged a quick look with his wife and then offered Patrick a broad smile. "How can we be of service, young man?"

"Well, I'm interested too. Name's Patrick Lannit." Patrick stuck out his hand. This sort of introduction really was out of character. It felt good. A welcome change.

"Mark and Donna Farmer." Mark shook Patrick's hand with a dry, firm grip, pumping up and down. When he was done, Donna offered her hand with a gentle but crisp shake. Mark leaned in like they were friendly conspirators. "Tell us about it, kid."

Patrick told them that he'd seen the blue streak in the sky and felt the earthquake. That he'd noticed strange behavior in town. Absences at school. Clothes no longer fitting some citizens. Patrick felt outgoing, but not so much that he shared with them his own changes, or how his mom's boobs and hips had grown.

"Very interesting, young detective. Donna, take a note, will you?" Mark turned to his wife.

"Already there, my lord." Donna had pulled her small notepad from her purse and jotted Patrick's observations down.

"Excellent, my lady." Mark turned back to Patrick. "Anything else?"

“Yes.” Patrick nodded and adjusted his glasses with his right hand. His left hand held his handlebars to keep the bicycle upright. He then told them about the dusty book in the library that chronicled the three meteors from five hundred years ago.

“So, you’ve found one of Cobb’s books. Good work, lad.” Mark rubbed his chin. “I like you, Patrick Lannit. Your beguiling confidence reminds me of myself at your age. How would you like to join our team as a junior investigator?”

Patrick nodded. This was so cool.

“Great.” Mark clapped Patrick on the shoulder. “You’re the perfect man to observe this town from the inside. Why don’t you take the weekend to survey and note anything else out of the ordinary, and we’ll meet at the library on Monday? When’s a good time for you?”

“I can be there at three-thirty.” Patrick’s face was stuck on a huge, goofy smile.

“Capital. We’ll see you then.” Mark gave Patrick a big friendly wave and guided his wife around the bicycle toward the restaurant.

Donna gave Patrick a more modest wave and a sweet smile.

Patrick waved back, hopped back on the bike, and pedaled back toward home. The library could wait. He wanted to sneak back into his room and start writing his observations down into a notebook, like Donna Farmer had. He was, after all, an official investigator now.

~~

Axcix gurgled a chuckle in her aquatic home as she reviewed the latest data. This was the beauty of starting with reproduction. Its pull over almost any species was supreme. And the dominant species on this planet was no different.

There were still individuals that would resist, but much less than if she’d just started with wholesale physiological shifts, as some of her sisters had done. Mating was at the core of any successful species. And she was learning so much watching these mammals fornicate.

With luck, this would be a long process, with many iterations. As long as she avoided interruption. And Axcix hadn’t yet settled on what to do with those bent on disrupting her beautiful experiment.

~~

Mark looked across the table at his lovely wife as she dug into her second burger of the evening. He adjusted his bowtie and thought about Donna’s appetite. To tell the truth, it had been a tad excessive lately. He was too polite to mention it, but common decency said nothing about taking notes. The Lannit

boy hadn't said anything about hunger. Mark would have to ask him on Monday. He'd make a note of it. "Good burger, Donna?"

"Hhnmmmmm." Donna ripped off another bite and chewed heartily. There was something slightly feral in the way she demolished her food.

"Well, enjoy." Mark sipped at his milkshake. He looked around the diner. It was a typical early crowd for a Thursday evening, he supposed. Lots of young people. A few retirees. And ... Mark did a double take. In a booth catty-cornered from where Mark and Donna sat, five people ate together. What caught his attention was not their dark suits and dresses. Or that the men in the group wore sunglasses and hats indoors; heathens. Or that each of them seemed to have brought their own sandwiches and water, despite going to an establishment that served both. What interested Mark, exceedingly, was that he knew one of the women.

Dr. Gertrude Cobb was a historian who had written several books on the quincentenary meteors. That she was in Portsmouth, could only mean that this group was on the same trail as Mark and his wife. This could finally be it. They might have actually found another transformative meteor.

"Capital." Mark looked back at Donna.

"What?" Donna wiped her mouth with her napkin and signaled to the waitress. She needed another hamburger.

"Don't stare, my lady, but Gertrude Cobb sits at a table to your seven o'clock." Mark took another sip of his milkshake.

"Really?" Donna turned and glanced over her shoulder. Sure enough, there was Dr. Cobb. Donna didn't recognize the two women with Gertrude, but the two men were obviously government. "This isn't good."

"No?" Mark frowned. He was so excited to see a prominent researcher in the same field.

The waitress stepped up and Donna ordered another burger and fries. The waitress then walked off to put in the order.

"Don't you see. It means this could be it." Donna looked at her husband, her green eyes large through her glasses. "And if Gertrude Cobb has been brought in, they have resources. They will almost certainly unlock the mystery before we do." Donna paused to take a long drink of water. She drained her glass.

"Oh, I don't know." Mark's frown deepened.

"This is a sign, Mark," Donna said. "Let's leave this mystery to Gertrude and her team. There are other mysteries in our future. What about that barn in Montana? Why don't we go home, have a rest, and then drive up to Montana?"

"It's a challenge, Donna. Unlock the mystery before a renowned expert." Mark eyed the group with Gertrude. They did look professional. "Our names will be remembered forever. We would become renowned experts ourselves."

The waitress dropped off Donna's third hamburger.

"I ... don't ... like it," Donna said as she chewed.

Mark watched his pretty wife stuff her face. He didn't like it either. But he would get to the bottom of it.

~~

"You feeling okay, sugar?" Susy looked across the dining table at Patrick and tried on a warm, bright smile. The Lannit family sat at their nightly dinner and everything seemed so normal at the moment. They would conquer the troublesome patch of mother-son relationship tomorrow morning, with the good advice of Dr. Epman. She just wished they didn't have to wait till the next day to seek help. Like in most things, waiting was the hardest part.

"I'm fine, Mom." Patrick was not fine. He looked up from his plate. He finished chewing his meatloaf. He was hungry today, but not as hungry as he'd been. He met his mother's deep, brown eyes. Patrick had always known that his mother was beautiful. And since he'd hit puberty, he'd dreamed of having a girl like Susy. But those dreams had twisted in his mind recently. He now wanted the genuine article. Which was impossible. Patrick sighed. And now he'd made it even worse by inexplicably groping and kissing her earlier. Now he had to see a doctor.

"Penny for your thoughts?" Susy watched him.

"Leave the boy alone, Susy." Fred, who sat to Susy's right, gave her a stern look. "He's probably moping about some girl." Fred turned his focus on Patrick. "That it, Pat? Some doll got you down?"

Patrick nodded his head. Well, it was true. He adjusted his glasses and looked at his father. The man was tall, handsome, and confident. Girls had always chased Fred Lannit. Patrick happened to be the opposite of his father. What could he do about it?

"Well, Pat." Fred put down his fork and gave his son a resolute nod. The man knew his advice was gold. "You can't let this girl make the decision for you. In life, you have to be able to win the difficult prizes." Fred reached over and rubbed his wife's back. "You think your mother said yes when I first asked her out? You have to be persistent."

Patrick looked back and forth between his parents. He worked hard not to let his gaze fall to his mother's round boobs, tucked away in her ill-fitting dress. "It's complicated, Dad."

Susy's cheeks warmed with blush. Given her son's antics lately, she could guess what was going through his head. Maybe she'd need to help find the kid a girlfriend. Maybe at eighteen, it was time for him to get a little more interested in girls his own age. She pondered this.

"Nonsense." Fred removed his hand from Susy's back and dropped his fist to the table, rattling the dinnerware. "Take life by the horns. I want to see you get what you want, Pat."

Patrick knew his father meant that Fred wanted Patrick to want and get what Fred wanted. Patrick rubbed his forehead.

"Pat should make that girl his." Fred looked back at his wife. "Don't you agree, dear?"

“Yes, dear.” Susy nodded, her brown ponytail bobbing. Her countenance turned serious. She was thinking about friends who had daughters Patrick’s age. The doctor was sure to help, but this would be an excellent backup plan.

~~

At about the same time the Lannits were enjoying meatloaf, Amanda served dinner on television trays. Roy and Amanda ate in silence, which was a great relief to Amanda. She did not want to talk to Roy after the incident in the shower. They each had second helpings, but no more. That was another relief. She had been so hungry lately, but that hunger was starting to die down.

After she’d cleared away their dishes, they both sat down on the opposite ends of the couch to watch Dragnet. Amanda covered herself in a quilt and watched the screen, making no eye contact with Roy.

Roy also covered himself in the warmest blanket he could find. Sure enough, in a few minutes, the first beads of sweat tricked down his forehead. “How are you doing, Mom?” Time to see if he was right about his perspiration.

“Fine, darling.” Amanda squirmed a little under her blanket. After their shower, she’d taken out her ponytail, and her dark hair curled around her on the back of the couch. She pulled the quilt up under her chin.

“Good.” Roy waited, pretending to watch the television while keeping her in his peripheral vision. Her squirming continued.

By the next commercial break, Roy could see rhythmic movement under the quilt. Amanda’s breathing caught in her throat. She held her breath, and then let it out in a series of small gasps. She was clearly masturbating while they watched their show.

Roy’s experiment worked. He threw off the blanket. Time to cool down and let his mom off the hook.

“Roy?” Amanda’s gaze left the television and moved to her son. He looked so handsome sitting there. “About what happened earlier, Roy.” Amanda’s right hand continued its assault on her vagina. Her arm had snaked past her skirt, and two of her fingers wiggled inside her. A little earlier, she’d pulled her panties out of the way. She was confident her son couldn’t tell what she was doing.

“Don’t worry about it, Mom.” Roy watched her with widening eyes. He needed to stop sweating this instant.

“I just want you to ... uh ... know that I’m here to ... oohhhh ... help you whenever you need me.” Amanda willed her hand to stop its movements, but it felt too good. And, come to think of it, she didn’t care if Roy knew what she was doing after all.

Baseball, baseball, baseball. “Thanks.” Roy felt a lump in his throat. Despite cumming twice already that day, his dick grew. Now he wished he’d still had his blanket on.

“Oh my gosh.” Amanda was about to find release. She could see the impossibly large bulge growing in her son’s pants. She leaned her head back on the couch, her eyes rolled back, and the soft waves of an orgasm enveloped her.

Thinking about baseball was worthless now. Roy watched his own mom get herself off. And before he could stop himself, his balls contracted and he unleashed shot after shot of cum into his pants. That was his third of the day. How much more was in there? “Aaaagggghhhh.” Roy clenched his teeth, hoping Amanda wouldn’t notice.

When Amanda had recovered from her own orgasm, the first thought she had was that she’d just done the unthinkable right in front of her son. Thank God the quilt covered her indecency. Maybe she could play it off as some sort of silly game. Maybe ... suddenly a new scent washed over her. Just like when she’d undressed Roy to get him into the shower. The first odor was intoxicating, the second was mind-altering. She focused back on Roy and saw the wetness spreading on the front of his pants. She knew this smell. It was a man’s scent. She needed to have a taste. Just one taste.

“I see you’ve made another mess, Roy. Let Mom help you, okay? Don’t move.” Amanda slid to the living room floor. Leaving the quilt behind her, she crawled toward Roy.

“Mom?” Roy watched her shoulder blades rotate under her white blouse, like a stalking cat. He stared at her round ass, rolling under her brown skirt. Whatever his mom was about to do, Roy wasn’t going to be able to stop her. His experiment had run amok.

“I just know you need my help, darling.” Amanda reached Roy, spread his legs and kneeled between them, hiking the hem of her skirt above her thighs. She reached under with her right hand and moved her panties back to the side. Her index finger then rubbed at her clit. With her left hand she carefully unbuttoned Roy’s pants. It wasn’t easy with one hand and that enormous tent in the way. She unzipped him and looked up into his soft, brown eyes. “Be a dear and scoot these down for me.”

Roy nodded and pulled his pants and underwear down over his feet and tossed them to side. His dick sprang free.

“Oh ... my ... word.” Amanda’s right arm rhythmically moved as she friggd herself. With her left, she reached up to hold Roy’s monster. “You really did make a mess. Your stuff is all over.” The smell was so much stronger with his pants out of the way. His penis was thick and angry looking. Her hand slid down its extraordinary length and lightly caressed his balls. They were so swollen, with little purple veins spread all across each massive sack. His white stuff dribbled over them. “Do they hurt, darling?” She reached back for his penis and held it up out of the way.

“N ... n ... no,” Roy stuttered.

“Let me ... oh ... kiss them better.” Amanda’s right arm shook faster and she plunged two fingers into her vagina. She leaned toward Roy’s left testicle, mouth parted. A tiny drop of sweat ran down her cheek. She was getting herself worked up.

“They don’t hurt, Mom.” Roy was now sweating buckets. He inhaled sharply as she moved in. His lungs filled with the most delicious scent. His mom. He went from knowing he couldn’t stop her to wanting her to go crazy.

Amanda planted a soft kiss on his rough, swollen flesh. Her eyes twitched and rolled as pleasure surged through her. She recovered herself. "There now, isn't that better?" She then licked at it, her tongue tasting the salty, dripping expression of teenage lust. A half realization floated through her mind that she was eating her son's semen. More shockwaves of pleasure hit her. She devoured all the sperm covering his left sack, and moved to the right one. It was like drinking life itself.

"Mom." Roy closed his eyes and rested his head back on the couch cushion. He felt her tongue on him and then his right ball was engulfed in wet warmth. She'd taken him into her mouth. Her left hand began moving up and down his shaft in slow, easy strokes. Roy opened his eyes and looked down at her. Her mouth was full as she rolled her tongue around the ball. Her wedding ring faced Roy, as her hand slid up and down. He thought about his father. It turns out you didn't need to cut the same dashing figure as Nathaniel Ackerman to get the beautiful girl. Roy couldn't stop himself from getting the women around him.

"Mmmmmmmmm." Amanda released his right testicle and looked up at the mighty penis towering above her face. "Now it's time for the big guy." She rose a little off her butt and licked her way up the dark, angry thing. More tremors reverberated through her body as she swallowed his cum. Finally, she lowered her mouth onto the head. All the while, her right hand kept working at her vagina.

"Oh, Mom." Roy watched her head bob on his dick. Her hair fell around her face, so he couldn't really see what she was doing. But it felt so good.

She slurped and sucked for what seemed like forever.

The front door slammed. Roy had sudden déjà vu with what had happened with David's mom. But it wasn't Nathaniel at the door.

"Hi, Mom. Hi, Dad." Annie's peppy voice. "I'm home."

Roy looked up toward the hall, terrified she'd find them doing this.

Amanda spit out her son's dick and looked at the living room doorway in horror. She still had her left hand wrapped around his dick, and her right hand buried under her skirt.

Annie raced by the doorway, a blur of white as she headed for the stairs. "Be in my room." Annie hadn't even bothered to look into the living room as she passed. Her footfalls sounded on the stairs, and then the faint slam of her door from upstairs.

The close call was like cold water on Amanda's face. "I'm so sorry, Roy. I don't know how this happened." Amanda looked up at her son. She removed her right hand from under her skirt and placed it on Roy's thigh. Ready to push herself away. But she couldn't quite leave him. Conflict filled her mind. Could she really give up on extracting more of the magic he stored in his testicles? Amanda took a deep breath. Finally, she said, "We have to stop."

"No." Roy reached with both hands, planted them on Amanda's soft black hair, and gently pushed her mouth toward his dick again. "We can't stop."

"Oh, no ... Roy." Amanda watched that monstrous thing get closer and closer to her face. Before this week, she'd had no idea the male organ got this big. With steady pressure on her head, she let Roy guide his penis back into her mouth. The fingers on her right hand gripped his pants in a fist as her

tongue got a taste of oozing precum. Sparks danced before her eyes. Before she knew it, her head was bobbing up and down again. Even with her daughter upstairs, Amanda had to finish this.

“Oh, God, Mom, I’m going to cum.” Roy didn’t know if he should cum in her mouth or not. He supposed it was best to let her decide.

“Uuuuugggghhhhhh.” Amanda gagged a little as she tried to force more of him into her mouth.

“It’s ... happening ...” Roy let out what felt like a gallon of cum past his mom’s sweet lips.

The second Roy’s sperm hit the back of her throat, her whole body exploded into orgasm, from the tips of her toes to the follicles on her head. She managed one swallow and then she spit him out and buried her head in his chubby, sweater-covered belly. He kept spraying her and she could feel the front of her blouse grow sticky and saturated with his mess. As it soaked through her shirt and bra, her breasts sent new waves of pleasure through her. Amanda grunted and whined, and came and came.

They stayed like that for several minutes. Roy, panting on the couch, Amanda with her face buried in his belly, still gripping his penis with her left hand. When she thought she could stand, she rose on wobbly legs. She looked down at her little man. “Get cleaned up, darling. Your father will be home soon.” She walked toward the stairs and looked over her shoulder with a dazed expression. “And don’t let your sister catch you.” She pointed a finger at his penis. “With that.”

“Okay, Mom.” Roy bent over and reached for his pants, replaying what had just happened in his mind. In the end, he didn’t care if he was a pervert. This was the way to live.

~~

Friday morning, Patrick slumped in the passenger seat of his mom’s car. He didn’t want to be late to school, but his mom had scheduled his appointment for nine o’clock. He didn’t want the appointment at all for that matter. Patrick didn’t need a doctor, he needed to get to the bottom of this mystery. He needed to investigate.

“Don’t pout, sugar.” Susy looked over at him from the driver’s seat with a frown on her pretty face. “I’m doing this for your own good.”

“Thanks, Mom.” Patrick looked over at her as she turned her eyes forward and pulled the car away from the stop sign. Her profile was so perfect, with her high cheekbones and dainty nose. A little bit lower, the swell of her boobs pressed against her arms as she spun the steering wheel.

“You may not mean it now.” Susy nodded her head, her brown ponytail bobbing behind her. “But someday you’ll thank me for this. It’s not like I want to go either.”

“Okay, Mom.” Patrick removed his glasses and looked out the car window. The world was a blur. He just wanted this to be over.

They made it to the doctor’s office ten minutes early and waited in silence in a bright, modern waiting room. A young woman with her brown hair up in a bun opened a door and ushered them in. They were

both surprised when the woman closed the door behind them and sat in a leather armchair, facing a couch.

The woman gestured to the couch. "Please be seated." She wore a green, tweed swing dress with a contrasting collar. Very professional. She folded her hands in her lap and waited. She watched them with big brown eyes through the lenses of her black glasses.

"I'm sorry." Susy put her hand on Patrick's shoulder and led him to the couch. They both sat. Susy kept her purse on her lap. "I thought Dr. Epman was a man." Susy's house dress was far more casual attire than what the brunette had on.

"Dr. Epman is a man. I'm his wife and assistant, Mrs. Paget Epman." She smiled helpfully at them, showing white, even teeth. "Dr. Epman has had a few episodes when counseling over the past few weeks."

"Episodes?" Susy's eyes went wide.

"I don't mean to cause you any alarm." Paget's smile turned sympathetic. "Just small memory lapses. We're not sure as to the cause, so he's asked me to take over his sessions this week. Don't worry, I'll take detailed notes and report back to him. At our next session, I'll have a full report for you."

"Very well." Susy nodded.

"So, what seems to be the trouble?" Paget looked at Patrick.

"Well, Pat has been a little clingy with me lately." Susy felt no need to tell an assistant everything, even if she was the Doctor's wife. Maybe if it had been Dr. Epman himself, that might be different. "Too many kisses and hugs."

"I see." Paget picked up a notebook and jotted something down. "I've been hearing similar complaints lately." She looked up at Susy through her glasses. "To help Doctor Epman arrive at a diagnosis, we ask that if anything strange happens with Patrick before our next session, please write the incident down exactly as it occurs."

"So, that's it?" Susy wasn't sure how any of this was supposed to work.

"No, Mrs. Lannit. Now we'll check in with young Patrick." Paget turned to Patrick. "So, you're eighteen-years-old? How is school going, young man?"

They talked for about another forty-five minutes. It seemed mostly like small talk to Susy. But she made another appointment for next week to follow up. Paget assured them that she would have updated information from Dr. Epman when they met again.

Susy walked Patrick out of the office and drove him to school. She thought over what Paget had said. Susy would dutifully write down anything strange, but she hoped things would just go back to normal.

~~

Linda woke up late in the morning. She sat up in bed and clutched the sheet over her breasts. "William?" Golden rays fell through her bedroom windows. She looked at her clock. Well, William must have left for work hours ago. Then thoughts of what she'd done yesterday filled her head. She'd taken sperm from two teenagers. Her son and his fat friend. Oh no. Linda put her hands to her mouth. She was going to be sick.

The washroom was only feet away, but it seemed a mile. She leapt out of bed and on sore legs raced to the washroom. She dropped to her knees and retched into the toilet. The act was painful, everything was sore. Her arms, back, neck, belly, and yes, her vagina. Her body hadn't ever been through a day like yesterday. Not even close.

"Jesus Christ." Linda's stomach heaved again and she threw up into the toilet.

If willpower couldn't keep her away from sin, maybe Jesus could. She was ready to seek help from the church. After a few minutes, Linda rose on unsteady feet and shuffled to her sink. She washed her face vigorously. Then straightened and looked in the mirror. Who was this woman looking back at her who had done such things? The woman in the mirror somehow looked radiant, with pale skin and plump, dangling breasts. She did not look like she'd just been throwing up.

Each minute that passed was another minute farther away from yesterday's sins. The more removed she was, the more guilt settled in. She turned and moved to her closet. She'd need to find her nicest, loosest dress. She would finally go see the pastor and maybe he could give her some direction.

Linda dressed, put on her makeup, and snuck out of her room. David's door was open and he wasn't in his room. He must be off to school already. This was good. She did not want to tempt fate, or her body, by running into him before she sought God's help.

Without a thought for breakfast, Linda descended the stairs, grabbed her purse and keys, and headed out to the car. Hopefully the pastor would have time on a Friday morning.

~~

Patrick craned his neck to see David in the front row of the bleachers. His tall friend was back at school and sitting with the basketball team for a pep rally. Patrick wished David was up in the stands with his pals so Patrick could talk to him about everything that was going on.

"This rally's a drag." Patrick looked over at Roy.

"Yeah." Roy wasn't paying any attention. He was watching the cheerleaders. "Check out the paper shakers."

"Yeah, they're pretty." Patrick looked down at the girls dancing in formation. "Did you hear me?"

"Be cool, man." Roy turned his attention to Mrs. Rodgers. The math teacher sitting on the aisle of their row. She was clearly not into the rally. She had her chin in her hand and a bored expression on her soft, pretty face. Her blue eyes were glazed over. A red headband kept her blonde hair out of her face. "I'm thinking," Roy said.

“About what?” Patrick adjusted his glasses and tried to follow Roy’s gaze. Was he looking at Mrs. Rodgers? The teacher was hunched over, clearly suffering through this as Patrick was. Her tweed dress and posture couldn’t hide her inviting curves. She was one of the teachers that had seemed to gain weight lately. “Roy?”

“I’ll be back in a minute.” Roy stood up without looking back at Patrick and inched down the row in front of seated students.

“Watch it, sweat hog,” Someone said. Roy ignored him.

“Mrs. Rodgers?” Roy stopped next to the teacher. “I need to show you something.”

“Hello, Roy.” Caroline looked up at her corpulent student. Any distraction was a good one during these abysmal rallies. They went on forever. “What is it?”

Baseball, baseball, baseball. Roy prayed his dick would behave for the next couple minutes. A boner now would be disastrous. “I have to show you. Out in the hall.” Roy stepped around her and walked down the stairs and into the tunnel. He prayed she’d follow him, but he didn’t want to look back to check. Once out in the school hallway he stopped.

“Okay, Mr. Ackerman.” Caroline stepped up next to Roy and looked down into his eyes with a confused smile. “What’s so important?”

“This way.” Roy turned and started doing jumping jacks down the hall.

“What on Earth are you doing?” Caroline followed the jumping boy, her curiosity piqued. The poor teenager looked so awkward trying his calisthenics.

“Just trying to stay ... fit.” Roy kept jumping all the way to the janitor closet and stopped. Just enough activity to work up a light sweat.

“Oh.” Caroline suddenly felt very strange. She should only feel those feelings in her husband’s arms. But here too? Following this crazy, chubby kid? Her vagina leaked into her panties. She must be coming down with something. “Make this quick, Roy. We need to get back to the rally.”

“Okay.” Roy opened the door to the janitor closet and looked back at her. “In here, Mrs. Rodgers.”

“In there?” Caroline reached her left hand to her bosom and peaked into the little storage area. There was a mop. Some cleaners. She didn’t see anything, but then again, she was having trouble with her focus all of a sudden.

“Let me show you.” Roy looked down the hall, both ways. Nobody around. He took her right hand in his and pulled her into the closet. “You can see it better with the door closed.” He closed the door after them.

“I think ... I think ...” There was a scent in that closet, along with the tannic cleaners and the moldering rags. It was something out of a dream. Or maybe out of nature. Yes, Caroline could place it. It smelled like the building blocks of life itself. If one converted the Fibonacci sequence into an odor, this would be it. “I need ... I need ... to go.” Her poor panties were a sloppy mess.

"In a minute." Roy reached out for her hips and spun her to face him. It was dark in the closet, the only light coming from the crack under the door. The dim light and deep shadows enhanced the feminine curve of her lips, nose, and cheeks. No more baseball. Roy let his dick do its thing. He raised himself onto his toes and planted a sloppy kiss on her lips.

"No ... Roy ... no." Caroline drew in a sharp breath. This short, sweaty boy was kissing her. Why was she not running from the closet? She should be running. "Not like that, young man." She reached her hands to his back and pulled him against her, feeling the press of his flesh against her breasts. And the press of something large against her belly. That couldn't be his penis, could it? "You need to kiss a woman softer. Tease her. Like this." She bent down and nibbled on his upper lip. She couldn't help herself. In the middle of that pep rally, she'd somehow gone insane.

They kissed in the dark for several minutes. Caroline could sense some progress in the boy, but she felt he was still too aggressive and sloppy with his kisses. This was an important life skill and she was his teacher. She'd help him.

Roy pushed her back against the wall and they continued making out.

Caroline took a quick breather. "That's better, Roy." She suddenly noticed that his right hand was squeezing her left boob. She hadn't meant to let him do that. But it was too much effort to push him away and her dress and bra still covered her modesty. She decided to let it slide. Caroline bent down and planted more kisses on his lips. Her tongue darted into his mouth, and her hands groped the back of his cardigan. Then she felt cool air on her thighs. She hadn't accounted for Roy's left hand. He was pulling up her dress. She broke their kiss. "No, Roy. You can't."

"Just give me a second here, Mrs. Rodgers." Roy had just released his dick from his pants, and he was going to try and get it in her as quickly as he could. That pep rally wasn't going to last forever. Using his grasp of her left tit, Roy pulled her down, lowering her hips to his level and spreading her legs just enough.

"This has gone far enough. You –" She felt her wet panties being pulled to the side. And then, just like that, some sort of cudgel pressed up against her vaginal lips. "What is that?" She could feel Roy rubbing the thing all over her nethers. It sent little sparks of pleasure shooting through her. Was he trying to put something so large inside her? What a silly boy, something like that could never fit. No matter how wet she was.

"Stay still for just a minute, okay," Roy said. This was the second time he'd tried to put his dick inside a woman, and both times he had a hard time finding the right spot. Roy didn't think Caroline would help him the way Linda had. So, with a firm grip on the shaft, he kept pushing and moving it around. Looking for that give.

"Okay ... okay ... enough." It should have been easier for Caroline to get out of this situation. She'd let the boy push her up against the wall and spread her legs. She'd let him rub that thing against her. "It's time to go back ... oof ... oh ... oooohhhhhhh." And now she had let him sink it inside of her. Not very far on the first thrust. "Oh, my ... it is your ... penis." But his fat hips didn't stop and by the tenth thrust, she'd let him all the way in.

“Yeah. You like it, Mrs. Rodgers?” He moved both hands to her hips, for better leverage. Roy’s sweat had done it again. He was some sort of super hero. All women tremble before the Man of Sweat. Or something like that. Caroline was so wet and inviting. Roy’s only regret was that he couldn’t get a better view of the surprise on her face as he worked his dick into her pussy. Next time, he’d have to do her where the light was better.

“It’s ... uh ... uh ... unreal, Roy.” Caroline had no idea the human body could produce the pleasure she now felt. She forgot about everything except the sweaty teenager humping her up against the wall. Her fingers dug into his shoulders and she held on for dear life.

“Your pussy is so ... ah ... sweet ... uh ... Mrs. Rodgers.” Roy’s hips sped up. He was really nailing her, his face pressed up against her soft, round titties.

“Don’t ... say ... that.” Caroline grunted with each thrust, trying her best not to cry out. She moved her left hand to her mouth to stifle her moans. A stray thought passed through her mind; she needed to dislodge him before he planted his seed. But she didn’t have the foggiest idea how to do that. Instead, she kept hunching up against him, spurring on the invader between her legs.

“Aaaaahhhhhh.” Roy exploded inside her without warning.

“Uuuuuggggghhhhhh.” Caroline gritted her teeth and shook as her ecstasy skyrocketed by orders of magnitude. Sparks of rapture spread from her middle like electrical currents.

“Yeah ... yeah ... yeah.” Roy jammed his dick deep into her again and again until he’d emptied his balls. Then he held himself there all the way in. He felt his teacher trembling against him, clutching his shoulders tight with her right arm. This was the life.

After a few minutes, he pulled himself out and stepped back. Caroline slowly slid down the wall until she was sitting on her butt, legs splayed out in front of her.

“Thanks, teach. I needed that.” Roy did his best to tuck his still rigid dick into his pants. “You want to do that again?”

Caroline could only whimper in response.

“Right.” Roy tucked in his shirt. “I gotta get back to the rally.” He opened the door and looked out. No one in the hall. There was still time. “Bye.” Without looking back, he stepped out of the closet and closed the door behind him. He walked back toward the gym with a spring in his step. He could do anything. He could do anyone.

Chapter 5

Linda sat in a soft chair in the church's bright, quiet back office. She took a deep breath. She was safe in the house of God. She should have come to Him sooner.

Pastor Neilson watched his parishioner closely. Her troubles didn't show. She exuded radiance. The woman looked like she stood in the Lord's light morning and night. "What sort of temptation has you so vexed, Mrs. Riles?"

"Carnal temptation, Pastor Neilson." Was it a sin to withhold the entire truth from a man of God? Linda supposed it was okay so long as she put forth the foundation of the problem. "I have unholy desires."

"I see." Pastor Neilson steepled his hands in front of his nose. He sat behind a large desk, papers neatly set in piles to his right. He looked over Linda's shoulder to see the office door open. His genteel wife, Molly, entered, her blue housedress swirling around her ankles. Over her dress, a loose white cardigan protected her modesty. "What is it, dear?"

Linda turned her head to see Molly Neilson standing primly behind her, hands clasped in front. She was a beautiful, brunette woman with a wide smile and soft brown eyes. She was not always fashionable, but Linda understood that she was a modest woman and God had given her much to cover up. "Hello, Molly." Linda nodded politely.

"Hello, Linda." Molly nodded back and offered that wide smile. "I just wanted to see if you needed any water?"

"Do you have any coffee?" Linda guessed Molly was maybe two or three inches shorter than herself, neither of them tall women. Linda's eyes trailed down the pastor's wife. Molly was probably quite the Rubenesque lady, but Linda couldn't really be sure with her chaste sartorial decisions. And then, Linda's eyes fell to the floor. How could she have such thoughts? Especially in that sanctified building of all places.

"Oh, I'm sorry. We don't have anything stronger than water." Molly could see the trouble in Linda's eyes. Linda looked rested and radiant, but as a woman she could see the disquiet that possessed the parishioner. She'd obviously disturbed them at a difficult time. Well, her husband could handle his flock. He'd get it sorted.

"Of course." Linda nodded. "No water, thank you."

"Very well." Molly looked from Linda to the kind eyes of her husband. "Also, you have another parishioner here. She's in the waiting room."

"Tell her to sit tight." Pastor Neilson dropped his hands out of the steeple and reached into a drawer in his desk. "We won't be long. I know how to help Mrs. Riles."

"Yes, dear." Molly turned, exited the office, and gently closed the door behind her.

"Temptation is easily put aside ... when we walk with Him." Pastor Neilson pulled a small silver cross from the drawer and held it out to Linda in the palm of his hand. "Here, take this."

Linda leaned over and picked the cross from his hand. She curled her fingers around the little cool object and sat back down, hands in her lap.

“Whatever happens, know this cross is a holy symbol evil will recognize and fear.” Pastor Neilson’s face emanated confidence, from the set of his jaw to the coolness in his brown eyes. “You need only to hold that before you when the devil’s temptation appears and the evil will wither like grapes on the salted vine. Say these words to the Devil’s false promises: *I praise His grace. I need no heaven but what God provides. Thank you, Jesus.*”

“Really?” Linda raised an eyebrow, but the pastor’s confidence was catching. Linda repeated the words. “I praise His grace. I need no heaven but what God provides. Thank you, Jesus.”

“Yes. You got it.” Pastor Neilson looked at the clock on the wall. “I’ve had quite a few women come to me recently complaining of such temptation. I put the blame squarely on modern culture. Society is grappling with rock-and-roll, lascivious cinema, and the invasion by communists and Catholics. But the Lord will protect you child.”

“Thank you.” Linda nodded her head, her blue eyes clear and trouble free. This would work. “And thank you, God.”

“Excellent. Now, we’ll see you on Sunday.” Pastor Neilson looked to the door, his message clear. *Time to leave.*

“Thank you, Pastor.” Linda stood and turned. She walked to the door, opened it, and stepped out into the waiting area. She looked to her left, and her breath caught in her throat. There was Amanda Ackerman. The mother of the beast that had so debased poor Linda the day before. “Um, hello ... Amanda.” Linda’s pulse drummed in her ears.

“Hello, Linda.” Amanda looked down at her kitten heels.

“Okay, well, goodbye then.” Linda hurried off. Strange, usually Amanda was so talkative. Maybe God was already getting Linda out of uncomfortable situations. Linda squeezed the cross tightly in her left hand. Thank you, Jesus.

~~

In a small, windowless room behind the high school gym, Mark and Donna Farmer interviewed members of the senior class. The first two interviews, one girl and one boy, were of no interest to the investigators. The third would prove more exciting.

“What is your name and age, young man?” Mark jotted notes down on a pad of paper. They were seated at a rectangular aluminum table. Mark and Donna sat next to each other, a member of the school’s basketball team occupied a chair on the other side of the table.

“Chris Sumner and I’m eighteen.” Chris didn’t bother looking at Mark. His interest was fixed on Donna. She was pretty with her red hair twisted behind her head and the sprinkling of freckles on her upturned nose and cheeks.

“And you’re on the basketball team?” Donna looked at the boy’s exposed shoulders, covered only by the straps of his basketball jersey. His pale skin glistened with sweat. They’d pulled him in from his PE class. “And ... um ... um ... um ...” Something was wrong. Donna adjusted her glasses on her nose and pressed her legs together. What was wrong with her vagina? And she suddenly had butterflies in her stomach.

“Yes, I’m on the team.” Chris smirked. “Is something wrong with her?”

Donna opened and closed her mouth several times. She put a hand to her bosom and felt her chest heave. She suddenly needed more air.

“My wife was going to say ...” Mark felt odd too. The world was out of focus, almost like looking at it through rippling water. Mark didn’t like the way this boy was looking at Donna. He had the swift realization, this is how prey feels when surprised by a predator. Fight or flight should have kicked in. But it didn’t. Instead his pen went to the paper and wrote of its own accord, very slowly. He wrote *fight or flight fight or flight fight or flight* over and over again, filling up the page.

“What’s wrong with him?” Chris watched the old man mindlessly scribble in his notebook. He looked back at Donna. “Say, Miss Farmer was it? You’re real pretty.”

“Mrs. Farmer.” Donna was terrified. She had no idea what was happening to her or her husband. Mark, the man of action, was suddenly rendered inert. She broke out in a cold sweat.

“Real, real pretty.” Chris stood up and pulled his basketball jersey off and dropped it on the table. He pointed a finger at his shorts. “See my teepee lady? I’ve got an angry Indian I want to show you.”

“No.” Donna clutched the edge of the table with both hands, her knuckles turning white. Whatever he had in his shorts was immense. “Stay seated young man.” But she didn’t want him to stay seated. She wanted to see what could make such a large teepee. She hated herself for it, but she wanted to see his angry Indian.

“Here it is.” Chris dropped his shorts and pulled down his underwear to his ankles. Out flopped his gigantic dick.

“Oh, no.” Donna grabbed Mark’s shoulder and shook him. She clenched at his gray suit jacket. “My lord. My lord. I need you.”

“Shit, lady. He’s not your lord.” Chris grabbed his dick and stroked with two hands. “This is.”

“No.” Donna rose from her chair. It took every bit of willpower not to run over to the young basketball player. “Mark?” She pulled her husband to his feet. He stood, but made no other move. “We need to go.”

“You can’t go.” Chris took a step around the table, but got caught up on the underwear and shorts around his ankles. “I haven’t had any pussy since last night. These days, I need lots of pussy.”

“No, thank you.” Donna moved for the door, dragging her husband who stumbled with her.

“Wait.” Chris reached for them, but his outstretched fingers fell short of the pretty redhead. “Wait just a sec.”

“Hurry, Mark.” Donna made it to the door, opened it, and pulled her husband out of the room with her. “Please.” She left all their notes and equipment behind, along with that horrible boy.

By the time they were outside in the fresh air, the fog in Mark’s brain began to clear. “What happened, Donna?”

“I’ll tell you when we’re safe.” Donna shoved him into their auto.

“Safe from what?” Mark couldn’t quite remember how he had left the school.

“Something’s happening here, Mark.” Donna raced around the car, opened her door, and sat in the driver’s seat. “We’ve found evil in Portsmouth.”

“Capital.” Mark shook his head to clear his mind. “That’s what we’ve been looking for.” He closed his door. Now that he was confined in that small space with his wife, he felt his mind begin to wander off. It smelled like old memories in there. Things long gone that called to him.

“Mark?” Donna started the car and put it in reverse. “Mark?” She looked over at her husband, but he was in a daze again. “Don’t worry, dear. I’ll get you back to the hotel.” She put the automobile in gear and raced out of the parking lot. She took them back to their room, tucked Mark into bed, and sat in the chair next to him as he snored away. They should have left Portsmouth long ago.

~~

After visiting Pastor Neilson on Friday morning, Amanda went to Woolworths. She bought a chain for the cross the good pastor had given her. She wanted the protective symbol close to her heart. She hung it and it nestled in her cleavage. Then, with boobs on her mind, she went to the undergarment department.

The saleslady measured her. To Amanda’s horror, she’d gone from a 30B to a 32D. The saleslady said she was lucky, they were running low on bras bigger than her size. Amanda bought four bras, two longline and two bullet. She then bought herself three new housedresses, all two sizes larger than any she currently owned.

If only the strangeness in her life had been limited to her bust size. She had done something horrible with her son, and she needed to make it up to him. And she needed to make it up to her husband Nathaniel too. Even though he didn’t know, she had wronged him in a terrible way.

Amanda ate a hearty lunch. She then drove home, cleaned the house, and got to baking. She planned to have a chocolate cake ready for Roy when he got home from school. Then they could discuss putting that awful incident behind them over some afternoon cake.

She put on her new, green housedress and one of the longline bras. She hadn’t been so comfortably dressed in weeks. The day was off to a good start. Now she just needed it to end well.

~~

Roy raced his bike home after school. A few minutes before, Patrick had asked him for help with unraveling his stupid mysteries, but Roy could care less. He'd laughed, wished Patrick luck, and ran for his bike. Roy wanted to see how far he could push it with his mom.

The turning point for Roy was an accident. He'd only meant to get his mom a little worked up, but Amanda had instead blown him. What he did with his mom was wrong. What he did with Mrs. Rodgers and Mrs. Riles was wrong. Roy knew it and he didn't care. He needed more. Lots more.

Roy carelessly dropped his bike in the garage. He hopped up and down all the way to the front door. He was sweaty, but he wanted to be sure. He opened the door and slammed it. The anticipation was killing him. Something smelled good. His mom was baking. He tossed his backpack to the floor, flung off his shoes, and walked into the hall. "I'm home, Mom."

"In the kitchen, Roy." Amanda's heart quickened. How could she be so nervous to see her sweet, darling boy? She smoothed out her apron and checked the oven. A couple more minutes on the cake. Roy would just have to be patient.

"Hi, Mom." Roy walked into the kitchen and stood before Amanda. He pulled off his jacket and dropped it on the floor.

"Now, Roy, you know I'm going to have to pick that up." Amanda stepped toward the jacket, but then stopped. "You're ... such a mess ... Roy." That smell again. It was Roy, but it was also something deep and dark and as primitive as a caveman. She was wet again, heaven help her. She pressed her trembling legs together. "I praise ... His grace ... I need no heaven ... but what God ... provides. Thank you ... Jesus," she whispered.

"What, Mom?" Roy cocked his head at her.

"You're all ... sweaty, darling." Amanda tried to clear her head. The shower yesterday had gotten her back to her level-headed self. She'd do that again. "In the shower you go."

"Okay." Roy turned and raced upstairs. He stepped into the pink washroom and pulled off his pants, socks, and underwear. He had no intention of getting in the shower, but the washroom offered privacy, close quarters, and a chance to get her out of her dress. He removed and tossed his sweater and undershirt.

Amanda took the cake out of the oven and placed it on a cooling rack. She then followed her son up the stairs. She could hear him undressing in the washroom. It was good she thought of the shower. This must be how God helped her, putting constructive thoughts in her head. "There now, we'll just get you ... oh, my. I'd almost forgotten ..." When she entered the washroom, she was treated to an eyeful. Roy was already naked, his chubby little belly hanging out. His hideous penis as hard as can be, sticking straight out from his body with its many veins and its knobby, dark head. His overripe testicles dangled between his legs. "I just didn't remember, that you were so different ... from other men."

"One sec." Roy turned and started the shower, giving Amanda an eyeful of his pale, white butt. Cold water came down from the showerhead. Roy turned back to his mom. "Last time you got all wet from

the water. Why don't you take off your dress?" He had no intention of taking a shower, so he didn't bother adding any hot water.

"Yes." Amanda couldn't take her eyes off that monstrous penis. How could such a thing belong to her sweet Roy? "Good idea, darling." Amanda untied her apron in the back and pulled it over her head. She dropped it on the pink tile. She reached down, pulled her new dress over her head, and then dropped it on top of the apron. "We need some privacy." She closed the washroom door and locked it. She couldn't have Annie coming home and finding her half-naked, giving Roy a shower.

"Wow, you look pretty, Mom." Roy reached down and stroked his dick with his right hand. His gaze roved her body. Her white panties were stained with wetness in the crotch and her white bra held back titties Roy knew hadn't been there until recently.

"Now, stop touching that, darling. We're just going to get you cleaned up." Amanda tried to look away from the penis, but she couldn't do it. Such a crude instrument. So different from his father. She shook her head and tried to clear the cobwebs in her brain. "I praise His grace. I need no heaven ... but what God provides. Thank you, Jesus."

"You keep saying that. What gives?" Still stroking, Roy took a step closer to his mother. Roy's father wouldn't give his son the time of day. Nathaniel thought he was so important. Nathaniel wouldn't let Roy sit in his chair, or read his books, or drive his car. Well, Roy thought, guess what Dad. I'm about to take my rightful place. He took another step closer.

"It's something Pastor Neilson wanted me to say." Amanda fell to her knees. She remembered what her son's fluids had done to her. Would she taste him again? "I praise His grace. I need —"

"That's enough, Mom." Roy took the last step on that pink tile. He took his dick in his hand and gently slapped her cheek with it.

She let him. It made a soft smacking sound.

"You need to suck my dick." Roy placed his dick on her pretty lips.

"Okay, darling." She opened her mouth and let him in. Precum hit her tongue and her whole body shook for just a second. This was heaven on Earth. She didn't know how, but she wanted to take all of him down her throat. "Ggggggkkkkkgggghhh." She gagged on his monstrous gadget.

"Wow, Mom." Roy put both hands on the back of her head. "You look so perfect." He pushed himself further into her mouth.

Amanda tensed and put her palms on the front of Roy's hips, pushing hard. Her eyes watered. She was being invaded. She gagged again. And then, another bit of precum splashed in her throat. A sudden relaxation came over Amanda. She realized, she could simply just let him in. She could let her once gentle son have his way. The muscles in her back and neck loosened. She let him push in, and just like that, her nose bounced up against the base of his penis. A feeling of surrender and acceptance filled her body. And her son's dick filled her throat. Her head took long, smooth strokes back and forth. She would never have thought any woman could do such a thing, least of all herself.

"Oh, my God." Roy watched with wide eyes as his mom took all of him into her mouth, over and over again. "You were ... uh ... uh ... made for this."

She was. God in heaven, she was made to take this tool. “Hhhhhmmmmggghhh,” Amanda said.

“Here it comes.” Roy pulled her head forward, gripping her dark, silky hair. He pressed himself into her. “Aaaaaahhhhhh.” This was his best cum yet.

Amanda took the whole load down her throat like she’d been doing it her whole life. Her body spasmed and shook, and she came as her son filled her stomach with his magical seed. She would have fallen to the tile floor, but she was pinned by the penis lodged in her throat and the hands behind her head.

“Wow.” When Roy was done, he let her go and his dick slipped out of her mouth. He looked down at her pale face as cum dribbled down her chin. “Not done ... yet,” Roy panted.

In a fog, Amanda felt hands on her. She was pulled from the floor up to her feet. She grabbed the sink for support and leaned forward. She felt her son pull her panties down and she groggily stepped out of them. Even though she’d never had sex standing up, she could guess what was coming. “Condoms ... Roy.” She looked down at her fingers, gripping the pink porcelain tightly. She didn’t want to look up and see herself in the mirror. She didn’t want to see what she’d become.

“You think they’d fit, Mom? I bet Dad has a little weenie.” He slapped his still hard dick against her right butt cheek and watched the ripples. The roundness and firmness of her ass drove him crazy. The mass of it was something to behold. “Is it true? Does he have a little weenie?”

“I can’t believe ...” Still looking down, Amanda nodded her head. “Yes. I didn’t know it ... until recently. But your father ... has a little weenie.”

“I thought so.” He slapped his weighty dick against her left butt cheek. “Now put it in.”

“Okay, darling.” She reached behind her and grabbed her son’s penis with her left hand. “But be gentle. And don’t let it out inside ... meeeeeeeeeee.” The second she lined it up with her entrance, Roy shoved it home. She felt split completely in two. Thank goodness she was so wet. “Gennnnnttttllllllleeeee,” Amanda said through gritted teeth.

“This is a ... nice ... pussy, Mom.” Roy grabbed her wide hips and thrust in and out. Her pussy made a faint squelching sound. After a few thrusts, he was all the way in.

Several minutes later, Amanda finally looked up. In the mirror, she saw a wild-eyed woman with dark hair flinching with each lunge from the boy behind her. His semen clung to her chin. The cross around her neck bounced back and forth, hanging below her neck. Her new boobs shook inside her new bra, jiggling crazily every time he bottomed out. So deep. She grunted like an animal and looked over her shoulder. Her son had a frenzied look in his eyes, staring down at her backside. Sweat flowed down his forehead. She felt like they were indeed wild animals.

“What did ... uh ... uh ... the pastor ... tell you?” Roy could see the white froth from his mom’s pussy on his dick with every back thrust.

“I praise ... His grace ... I need no heaven ... but what God ... provides. Thank you ... Jesus.” Amanda could barely get the words out. She looked back at the crazed woman in the mirror. In all her life, she’d never been so enslaved by pleasure. She wanted this act of mating to go on forever.

“Okay.” Roy watched Amanda’s face in the mirror. He could see the ecstasy and the loss of control etched on her pretty features. “Now say this ... instead. ‘I praise ... ah ... my son’s dick. I need no heaven ... but what Roy ... provides my pussy. Thank you ... Jesus.’”

“No.” Amanda shook her head. “Oooooohhhhhhhhh.” Her vagina spasmed on his penis. She was rocked by the most intense orgasm yet.

“Say it.” Roy pounded harder with long, punishing strokes. He could see the little muscles in her back under her bra strap tense each time he slammed home.

Amanda braced herself against the assault. When she’d recovered from her orgasm, she knew that she couldn’t deny her son anything. How had he gotten so good at this? How had she lived her whole life without knowing what sex could be like? “Oh, my gosh, Roy. I’ll say it.” Who was this woman in the mirror? “I praise my son’s penis ... uh ... uh ... uh ... I need no heaven ... oooooohhhh ... but what Roy ... provides my vagina. Thank you ... Jesus.”

“Dick and pussy, Mom.” Roy watched his mother surrender. “Say dick and pussy.”

“I need ... dick ... dick ... dick ... I need ... no heaven ... but what you ... provide to my pussy ... Roy. Oh, sweet Jesus.” And with that, a new, intense bliss spread from her core as Roy let loose a torrent in her pussy. As the rapture passed through her, she knew she was his.

They both still gasped for breath a few minutes later when Roy pulled out, turned her around, and sat her on the edge of the sink. He stood up on his toes and slammed his dick into her pussy. It was the first time he got it into a woman by himself without any hassle. Amanda squealed, unable to comprehend that a man wanted to put a third load inside her.

Roy buried his face in her bra covered boobs and began slow steady strokes.

“Mom? Mom, where are you?” Annie’s voice filtered in through the door.

Amanda frantically tried to push at Roy’s shoulders. “We have to stop.”

“No way.” Roy kept up his slow, steady pace. He grabbed the upper part of her butt and pressed her forward to meet his thrusts. He looked up at her contorted face.

“Okay.” Defeated, she looked down into his brown eyes. “But be quiet.”

“Sure.” He buried his face back in her cleavage and went about his business.

“I’m in here, darling,” Amanda called through the door. “Taking a shower.”

“Hey, Mom.” Annie’s voice was right out in the hall. “I’m going out with Bobby now.”

“Okay ... Annie.” Amanda winced as she felt Roy’s penis push things around in her belly.

“See you later.” Annie’s voice faded as she ran down the stairs.

“Bye.” Amanda closed her eyes and let Roy do as he pleased.

“Say it, Mom.” Roy pushed himself all the way in and held his dick there. He could feel his mom’s pussy clutching at his dick.

“Your dick ... is heaven ... in my pussy.” Amanda put her arms around her boy’s shoulders. “Thank you, Jesus.”

“That’s good.” Roy pulled almost all the way out and slammed home. He controlled her with his hands. He dominated her with his words. And he possessed her with his dick. “I can’t believe ... I didn’t want to fuck you ... at first. You’re the best ... uh ... uh ... pussy yet.”

“Oh, no. Roy, you ... didn’t.” Amanda’s eyes went wide. She looked down at his messy, brown hair. The cross lay on her chest, just above his forehead. It was about as worthless in this situation as his father. It was a terrible thought that Roy had done this to other women. But the idea also sent her spiraling into another orgasm.

They had sex for another hour in the washroom. After he’d cum again, Roy turned on the hot water and they showered together, washing off all the sweat and cum staining their bodies.

Starving, they went downstairs and together made short work of the chocolate cake. Amanda then went about making dinner for her family, but Roy said he felt sleepy and turned in before six.

Amanda served Nathaniel a reheated dinner when he returned home later that night. Afterward, she took him to their bedroom to fulfill her marital duties. Unfortunately, she’d been so stretched by Roy, she could barely feel her husband. He made a comment about how sloppy she was down there, ejaculated, rolled over, and went to sleep. Amanda lay in bed next to her snoring husband, staring at the ceiling.

~~

Axcix sent playful vibrations out in the water around her. She’d been pondering the outsiders for some time. They seemed to know something about her and her methods. This was ... unexpected.

To solve this problem, she would need to do something unexpected herself. She had only the dominant species to use as her tools. Her makers were clear, she could not jeopardize the experiment by acting directly. Even to eliminate a threat.

The answer was in the question. She could use the experiment itself. The dominant species was the only mammal to have permanently enlarged breasts, one of the many strange anomalies of evolution on this planet. Axcix had expanded female breasts to lure males. But what if she used them further. She went to work programming her nanites for lactation. Such large, fatty mounds could be useful in many ways. The makers would understand this.

The dangerous outsiders had taken precautions against food, water, and young, local males. They had adapted to the experiment. But they may have failed to realize the experiment could adapt to them.

~~

On Saturday morning, Mark and Donna Farmer were still recovering from the shock of their interview at the high school.

Mark lay in bed, thankful for a good night's sleep. "And you remember all of it?" Mark couldn't seem to recall key moments from the day before. About a minute or two into their third interview, Mark's mind had wandered off into a pleasant dream about note taking.

"I remember every horrible second of it. You went farther away than Sputnik. And the boy, he became agitated and aggressive." Donna didn't have the heart to tell her husband that she'd become sexually excited. Maybe more so than at any point in their marriage. It took enormous will to pull herself out of that small room. "He dropped his shorts and exposed his ... thing ... to us."

"How very strange." Mark lay supine on the bed, still in his pajamas. "You did the right thing getting us out of there."

"Of course I did." Donna sat on the plush chair by the bed, still in her pajamas as well. She leaned forward and watched Mark closely, her lips pinched and her eyebrows drawn. "Mark, we need to leave this town. Today would be best."

"No." Mark shook his head and rubbed the stubble on his chin. "We cannot walk away from this." He turned his head on the pillow and looked at her. "My lady, we must further our knowledge."

"This is not a game, Mark." Donna's green eyes, large behind her black-framed glasses, were sharp and piercing.

"I know. It is a quest for scientific knowledge." Mark sat up and rested his head on the headboard. "We'll stay at least until we meet the Lannit kid on Monday. He's observing the town for us as we speak. If you still want to leave after that, we can revisit the idea then. Okay, my lady?"

"Fine." Donna folded her arms over her chest. "My lord." Her lips tightened into a fine line.

"And one more thing." Mark's eyes shone bright with earnest sincerity. "If I should happen to fall into another somnambulatory state, I'd like you to leave me in a safe place."

"Leave you?" Donna's cheeks blanched.

"If you are not being accosted or otherwise in jeopardy." Mark nodded slowly. "I would like you to leave me and investigate further. The trancelike state is most likely tied to some other event in the scheme of ... of ... this presence." He nodded. "I promise if you do this and we get interesting findings, I will be satisfied with our investigation and we can leave Portsmouth. Yes? This is a once in a lifetime opportunity. We can't let Dr. Cobb get all the glory."

"I do not like it," Donna said. "But if there is no danger, and you are ... not responding, I will look into it further."

"Thank you, my lady." Mark moved to the edge of the bed. "Now, how about breakfast?"

Donna nodded. She was very hungry.

~~

Amanda busied herself in the kitchen all morning. She made breakfast for Annie and Nathaniel, but Roy slept in. What Roy had done to her in the pink washroom was so out of this world. He'd managed to pull some trigger in her brain. As she gathered her ingredients together for cookies, her mind replayed the hours-long scene in her head over and over again. Such a tool as Roy possessed was fit for mating a wild beast, not a petite mother and wife. Yet, she had taken it. Taken every inch down her throat and vagina. And thanked Jesus for it.

The cross had been a failure, but she kept it around her neck. Not to deter anymore of her son's advances, but because it reminded her of looking at herself in the mirror. The mad, grunting woman with wide eyes, gritted teeth, and dark hair. She'd had her son's seed splattered on her face. Her round breasts had bounded up and down under her bra. And the silver cross had swung as it dangled from her neck. Amanda shivered thinking about that sin and walked over to the oven. She turned the dial and started the preheating. She loved her husband, and the last thing she wanted to do was break their marriage vows. Again.

No, no. Amanda shook her head as she walked back to the counter and added flour to her mixing bowl. Even though she loved her husband, the actual last thing she wanted to do was live her life without filling herself with Roy's monster gadget again. Her body longed for it. With the spatula, Amanda finished mixing the dry ingredients.

"Nathaniel, dear. Are you here?" Amanda called out in a loud voice.

"I'm in the study, dear." Her husband's voice carried back across the house.

"Darn it to heck," she whispered under her breath. Sometimes on Saturday mornings he'd sneak off to work. Amanda wanted him out of the house. "Annie, darling?" Amanda called.

"Here, Mom." Annie stepped into the kitchen. "But I'm just about to leave. Bobby Connors is picking me up." Annie was dressed in one of her poodle skirts. Above, she wore a modest, green blouse and a green headband to hold back her wavy brown hair.

"Well, you look nice." Amanda set down the spatula and wiped her hands on her apron. "You've been seeing a lot of the Connors' boy." She untied the apron and pulled it over her head. Having only Nathaniel in the house was good enough and the cookies would have to wait. A wave of excitement and anticipation swept through her. She placed the apron on the counter.

"We're going steady, Mom." Annie gave her mom a quizzical look. She looked distracted and a little harried. She looked a bit sweaty too.

"Yes, Annie." Amanda walked over to her daughter and shooed her toward the front door. "Be good. Now off you go."

"But he's not here yet." Just as the words left Annie's mouth, a car horn sounded out front. "Oh, cool. Bye, Mom." Annie turned with a twirl of her skirt and ran down the front hall. A second later the sound of the door slamming filled the house.

“Right,” Amanda whispered to herself. “This is it.” She walked to the study and peered in. “Hello, Nathaniel. I just wanted to tell you that I’ll be busy ... um ... for a few minutes.” She wiped her forehead with the back of her hand.

Nathaniel sat at his desk, eyes fixed at the ledger open before him.

“Did you hear me?” Amanda put her hands on her ever-expanding hips. “Nathaniel?”

Her husband just stared at his ledger.

“Okay, dear.” Amanda watched the back of his head. “I’ll bring you some cookies in an hour or so. Love you.”

He didn’t move.

Fine. This was fine. He was in one of his moods and he wouldn’t bother her. Amanda quietly shut the study door and rushed for the stairs. Her heart thumped in her chest and her pink dress trailed behind her as she took the stairs two at a time. She stepped down the hall and opened Roy’s door.

Loud snoring filled the bedroom. She closed the door behind her, locked it, and looked around. The curtains were drawn and the room was a murky dark. Roy had taken down his childhood posters a few years ago and replaced them with teenage art. This meant posters of ladies. Space ladies, with ray-guns and spherical glass helmets. Cowgirl ladies, with six-shooters and sheriff badges. Surf ladies, with boards and wood-paneled cars. And others ladies too. All with curves and striking feminine features. Amanda wondered how she stacked up against these women. She looked down at her large breasts tucked into her new bullet bra and concluded that she compared well.

“Roy?” Amanda walked over to the bed, keeping her eyes on the poster ladies. It occurred to her, for the first time, that he must masturbate with his enormous gadget while looking at those posters. The thought would have horrified her a week ago, but now it sent little butterflies flapping in her stomach.

“Roy?”

Roy snored on.

“Wake up, sleepy head.” Amanda reached down and pulled the blanket off Roy. She sucked in her breath.

Roy slept naked, his penis fully into its morning wood. The hard manhood rested on his chubby belly, the knobby head so dark and livid.

“Well, okay then.” Amanda exhaled and rubbed her hands together to warm them up. She climbed up onto the bed and crawled between Roy’s legs. She looked down at those improbably large testicles and bent down on all fours to get a closer look. Little purple veins branched all over the rough flesh. She opened her mouth, reached out her tongue, and licked the left ball. It was salty and the substance of it sent a thrill through her. She licked again, trailing her tongue over to the other testicle. Before long, the right ball filled up her mouth.

“Mom?” Roy propped himself up on his elbows and watched Amanda suck at his balls. The way she stretched her back, with her butt up in the air, was truly a sight to see. The sweep of her spine, the flare of her hips, and the roundness of her ass were all so inviting. “Yeah, keep doing that.”

“Mmmmmmmmmhhhhh.” Amanda reached up with her left and stroked his penis. Her little hand struggled with its girth.

“Where’s Dad and Annie?” Roy didn’t really care, but it seemed like something he should worry about.

Amanda released the testicle with a little plop. “Annie’s out with her boyfriend.” Amanda raised her shoulders up, extending her arms so she could look down on Roy’s penis as she manipulated it. “Your father is in his study.”

“Oh, shit.” Roy smiled. “The old man’s downstairs?”

“Language, Roy.” Amanda looked up into his eyes and nodded. “Yes, so be quiet.” She then lowered her mouth down onto the head. The electrifying sensation of his precum hit her tongue. She bobbed her head up and down.

“Sorry, Mom.” Roy leaned his head back on the pillow. “Who do you love more? Me or him?”

“Gggggghhhhhhhh.” Amanda gagged a little as she lowered her head further on his shaft. Another hit of the precum relaxed her muscles.

“Aaahhhh, Mom. Your ... throat’s so tight.” Roy was already so close.

“Ggghhhpppphhhhh.” She managed to get her nose down to the base. She moved her head up and down, making love to this savage tool with her mouth in long, wet strokes.

“Shit, Mom.” Roy grabbed the sheet in clenched fists. “Take it. Aaaaaahhhhhhhh.” He spewed down her throat. The sound of her urgent gulps heightened his orgasm even more.

The world spun and stars danced before Amanda’s eyes. She was orgasming again from drinking his semen. She swallowed again and again, not wanting to waste a drop, feeling the liquid fill her stomach. After a minute, she pulled her head away. A lone strand of cum spanned the distance from her lips to his penis and then broke. “Thank you, Jesus.” Amanda sat back on her heels and let go of Roy’s gadget. It flopped back on his belly.

“Thank you, Mom.” Roy had his eyes closed, still clutching the sheet.

“Okay.” Amanda crawled off the bed. She wanted more, but knew better than to press her luck. This was good enough for now. She stood and looked down at her son. “I’ve got breakfast for you downstairs. It’s time to get up and start the day.” Her whole body tingled, and she felt so alive. Amanda turned to the door, but then looked back at him over her shoulder. “Oh, and I’m baking cookies. Come and get them while they’re warm.” She turned and walked to the door.

“Sure.” Roy turned his head and watched her butt sway as she left. She opened the door and disappeared. Roy wanted more. Much more.

~~

Patrick called David late Saturday morning. He wanted his help as he rode his bike around town and looked for clues.

David agreed. He wanted to get out of the house. His mom had been avoiding him, and he couldn't talk to her with his dad around. Standing in the kitchen, holding the phone, he looked over at his mother as she busied herself at the sink. He wanted to pick her up and carry her off. But that was impossible, so it was better to spend the day away.

Next, Patrick called Roy and asked for his help too.

Roy thought about Patrick's offer. He hemmed and he hawed. Eventually Roy said no, he had other things to do.

Patrick didn't like the sound of Roy's voice as he hung up the phone. His fat friend had taken on a tone Patrick knew. It was how Roy spoke when he was trying to be devious.

Patrick ate a late breakfast in the kitchen, gave his mom a chaste peck on the cheek, and walked toward the front door.

"Don't forget your sister will be here for dinner," Susy called after him. "Be home before five."

"Okay, Mom." Patrick tried to hide the exasperation in his voice. Seeing Sally and her new husband, Jack, was not a priority when he had so much to do. But he was a good son and brother, so he'd be home by five. Until then, he would prove his worth as an investigator. Who knew what they'd find?

~~

Later that day, Roy dropped his bike on Patrick's front lawn. He was sure his friend would be off looking into his stupid mysteries by now. Roy was already sweaty from the ride over, but he did some jumping jacks down the front walk anyway. He stepped up and rang the doorbell.

The front door opened and there was Susy Lannit. Roy thought of the women he'd been with. He loved his own mom and had come to see her as very pretty. David's mom was pretty too. Caroline Rodgers was a real doll. But Susy Lannit was the town beauty. With her high cheekbones, almond eyes, and the cute little cleft on her chin, she looked like an angel. Then, of course, there was her tall, voluptuous body which was less angel and more devil. As she blinked her deep, brown eyes at Roy, he looked her up and down. She wore a green and white circle skirt, and a too-small white blouse.

"Hello, Roy." Susy felt quite uncomfortable all of sudden. One minute she'd been reading *Good Housekeeping*, the next she was staring at Patrick's sweaty friend. Her vagina seemed to think it was intimate time with her husband. It wasn't. "I'm ... afraid you just missed Pat. You might ... um ... try the library."

"Oh, damn." Roy tried to look disappointed.

“Language, young man.” Susy frowned. She felt a bit light-headed. A raw, unctuous scent floated into her house. She couldn’t quite place it. She knew at once she hated it, but at the same time it was ingratiating itself with her body.

“Sorry, Mrs. Lannit.” Roy looked up. This was a delicate moment. Once she invited him in, it would be game over. “It’s just that I rode all the way over here. Could I please have a glass of water before riding over to the library?”

“Well ... sure ... that would be fine.” Susy opened the door wider and beckoned him in. She turned and walked down the front hall toward the kitchen.

“Say, Mrs. Lannit?” Roy stepped into the house and closed the door behind him. A little crescent of a smirk played on his red, sweaty face.

“Yes, Roy?” Susy looked back at him.

Roy couldn’t believe he was about to stretch out this absolute doll. The arc of her back, the subtle curve of her shoulders, the sway of her hips, and the sumptuous swell of her ass. It was almost too much. “I was wondering, is Mr. Lannit here?”

“No.” Susy shook her head and turned into the kitchen. “It seems golf is the new way to get ahead in the business world. He got up early to get out on the course.” Susy walked across the kitchen, grabbed a glass from the cabinet above, and moved to the sink.

“Oh.” Roy followed her into the kitchen. He stopped in the middle of the black and white linoleum floor and dropped his pants and underwear. Even after the blowjob from his mom earlier, he was hard as a rock. His dick jutted out in front of him. “Golf seems interesting.”

“It’s not.” Susy filled up the glass at the tap.

“Whatever you say, Mrs. Lannit.” Roy watched her delicate, slender arms work at the sink. His eyes moved up to her face as she turned to offer him the glass of water in her right hand. He needed to see the shock and confusion in those gorgeous eyes.

“Golf takes hours to play. And I’d rather spend time ...” Susy froze when she saw the boy half naked with his out-of-proportion member sticking out in front of him. Her eyes went wide and her left hand went to cover her mouth. “Goodness, gracious. What ... are you doing?” Her vagina had been leaking before, but now she felt a flood down there. She could not fathom why her body was responding to this rude, distasteful boy.

“Come and get it, Mrs. Lannit.” Roy’s smile broadened.

Susy stepped toward him. It was hard to think straight. “You are ...” She took another step. “You are ...” One more step. She was right in front of him now, staring down into his smarmy eyes. She gathered her strength. “You are ... a vile boy, Roy Ackerman.” She splashed the water from the glass into his face. “Get out.” She didn’t care what her confused body said, this was wrong in every way possible.

Roy winced when the cold water hit him. “But ... you want —”

“Nothing from you.” Susy slapped him with her left hand across his fat, right cheek. “Get out.”

“What?” Roy looked up her with shock and confusion. “I thought –”

Susy slapped him again. The smacking sound resounded around the kitchen. “Out.”

“Sorry.” Roy hurriedly pulled up his underwear and pants, tucking his dick under the waistband. He retreated down the front hall, opened the door, and ran toward his bike.

“And stay out.” Susy followed him to the front door and leaned out, glaring at Roy’s backside. “And ... I don’t want you to see Pat anymore. He’s not ... your friend.” Susy slammed the door and leaned her back up against it. Her breasts rose and fell as she struggled for breath. Was every teenager so grossly proportioned nowadays?

After she caught her breath, Susy went upstairs, calmly removed her clothes, and masturbated herself to climax. She hadn’t done such a thing since before marriage, but she just couldn’t help herself. The whole time, all she could think of was young, hard penises.

Chapter 6

Roy arrived home in tears. How could Mrs. Lannit have treated him like that? He was a sobbing, sweaty mess as he stumbled down the front hall.

“Roy, darling?” Amanda put down her magazine and stood up from the couch. Above her, the ceiling vibrated as Annie listened to her rock-and-roll on a record player. “What’s wrong?” Amanda straightened her new housedress and walked out in the front hall. Roy’s distinctive odor hit her like a freight train. Her vagina dripped. The association between that smell and Roy’s magical semen had firmly linked itself in her brain. Amanda knew immediately what she had to do.

“A ... girl ... Mom,” Roy said between sobs. “She was mean ... to me.” Roy’s hair was a mess, his eyes red, his chest heaved up and down, and the faint pink outline of fingers covered one cheek.

“Did someone hit you?” Amanda pulled him into an embrace, cradling his head against her bosom.

“She ... did.” Roy couldn’t stop his tears. He might be eighteen, but he could still cry like a baby.

“There, there.” Amanda stroked his hair. She put her arm around his shoulders and led him toward the back of the house. “I know how to cheer you up. Would you like something special?” She pulled him into her husband’s study and closed and locked the door behind them.

“Where’s Dad?” Roy looked around the study. His father’s ledger sat open on the desk.

“After he roused himself from his morning stupor, he left for the office. Your father thinks the house is making him sleepy.” Amanda unbuttoned her dress, pulled it over her head, and carefully placed it on the back of the chair. “But your sister got home about an hour ago. I never thought I’d say it, but thank goodness she listens to that infernal racket.” Amanda’s black ponytail danced as she quickly undressed. Her pale skin looked milky in the dim light of the study. She reached behind her and unclasped her bra. “Would you like to see my boobies?” She held the unhooked bra to her boobs with both hands.

“Yes, please.” Roy wiped at his drying eyes with the back of his hand.

“It’s nice to see you smile, darling.” Amanda dropped her bra to the floor and lowered her arms to her sides. Her breasts hung high on her chest, a clear rejection of gravity. Her nipples were small and dark. The alabaster skin easily showed the blue veins that ran all over her breasts. “Do these make you feel better?”

“Yes, Mom.” Roy looked her up and down. He unbuttoned his pants, lowered them, and kicked them to the corner of his dad’s office. He pulled off his briefs and tossed them. They landed on a bronze statue of a bird on the bookshelf behind him.

“Promise me you won’t do it inside, and you can have your fun.” Amanda stood only in her black panties and kitten heels, her hips cocked slightly to the right. The silver cross hung from its chain just above her boobs. She pulled off her panties, picked up her bra, and placed both on top of her dress. “Promise?” Amanda turned her back to Roy, leaned forward, and placed her hands on either side of Nathaniel’s ledger.

“Okay, I promise.” Roy only halfway meant it. He stepped up behind her, grabbed his dick, and guided it in. She was wet, and he felt himself slide in with one long, smooth stroke.

“Oh, my gosh. Roy ... it’s like you’ve got a baseball bat back there.” Amanda lowered her hips a little and braced for the onslaught.

“Have you had sex with Dad since we did it in the washroom?” Roy gripped her wide hips with both hands and started with easy strokes. He looked down to see her pink lips stretching and tightly hugging his fat dick.

“Yes.” Amanda’s ponytail bobbed as she nodded. She stared down at the boring ledger that absorbed so much of Nathaniel’s time. All those tiresome numbers.

“Was it the same?” Roy felt a little hot with his sweater still on, but he figured a little extra sweat wouldn’t hurt. “Was his little weenie the same after I stretched you out?”

“Oh, gosh ... oh ... oh ... no. It wasn’t, darling. It was too small.” Amanda’s legs trembled uncontrollably. She was about to have her first orgasm. Amanda shrieked as electric sparks flew around her body. The music upstairs continued to shake the ceiling. The pounding downstairs shook Nathaniel’s desk.

“I’m ... the man ... of the house ... now,” Roy said in between animalistic grunts. “Right, Mom?”

“Oh ... no ...” What should Amanda say? Roy wasn’t replacing her husband. They were just enjoying a new dimension to their relationship. Amanda looked down at her flopping boobs, banging up against the cross. She was a long way off from the sanctity of Pastor Neilson’s office.

“What, Mom?”

“I ... ah ... ah ... ah ... love your father.” Amanda gritted her teeth. To use a cliché, it was as if she’d lived her whole life in black and white, and God had suddenly shown her color. Sex before this wasn’t comparable. Life after this week would never be the same. “And ... I love ... you.”

“I ... love ... you ... too ... Mom.” Roy punctuated each word by bottoming out hard in her pussy. “Now take it. Aaaaahhhhhhh.” Roy let loose inside her.

“No, Roooooooyyyyyyyyyy.” Amanda’s face twisted and she contorted as the rapture passed through her. Little droplets of spittle and sweat sprayed across that dull old ledger.

Roy kept himself buried in her from behind. He reached around her and groped at her large, firm titties. It was the first time he’d touched a bare breast. They stood like that for several minutes.

“Now, Roy, please pull out. We can’t ... keep ...” Amanda felt that giant gadget slide back and forth again. How to satisfy that boy? “We can’t ... do ... it ... that way.” Amanda reached behind her and pushed at his hips. She carefully dislodged him and grasped his tool with her left hand. “I sometimes do this ... for your father.” She angled his penis up a little and slowly guided him into her buttock. “Gentle ... darling. You really are ... getting a special ... treat.”

“Wow. Thanks, Mom.” Roy returned his hands to her hips. He couldn’t believe she’d let him do her in the butt. His dick looked incredible disappearing between her cheeks.

That afternoon, Roy came two more times, both in Amanda's ass. Afterward, Amanda waddled off to get cleaned off, happy she had cheered up her son. Roy watched her round bottom vanish past the doorway, his cum still dripping out of her.

Upstairs, Annie danced and listened to her music. She hadn't heard any of the shrieking going on in the Ackerman study that afternoon.

~~

The government car pulled out of the hotel parking lot, leaving behind the stash of bottled water and food from many miles away. Gertrude watched the automobile disappear behind some shrubbery as it headed for the interstate highway. She stood rigid, in her sensible shoes, on the balcony. Her formal, tweed swing dress fluttering a little in the breeze. She'd very much like to be on the interstate herself, traveling far away from Portsmouth. There was danger here. Even the government people seemed to underappreciate their perilous position.

"Want some lunch, Dr. Cobb?" One of the government spooks stepped out onto the balcony, holding a newly delivered sandwich.

"Yes, thank you, Reynolds." She reached out a delicate, pale hand and took the food. She was grateful not to experience the hunger that many of this town's good citizens, infected as they might be, had complained about. "I think we should cancel our interviews at the schools."

"Ma'am?" Reynolds hid his blue eyes behind dark sunglasses. His narrow-brimmed hat placed slightly askew on his head.

"Based on our findings so far, I think we should steer clear of the youth." Gertrude gave the grim man a faint, humorless smile. "Especially male youth."

"They don't scare me." Reynolds didn't like this little scientist. Or the fact he had to take her orders. But those were the breaks when you took on the odd cases.

"No?" Gertrude turned her head to look back out in the direction the car had vanished, her blonde ponytail swished behind her. "I'm sure if it came to fisticuffs, you could take on all comers. But remember my warning about incapacitating airborne chemicals. Even with our precautions, I'm not sure we're immune." She nodded to herself. "Set up some interviews with older women. That should be safer territory. And make arrangements for blood draws."

"Airborne chemicals." Reynolds thin line of a mouth tightened so much it almost vanished. "Sounds like the Soviets. Let's call in Langley."

"This is not a red scare." Gertrude shook her head, still not looking back at the man. "And most of my conclusions are preliminary." She carefully unwrapped the sandwich and took a bite. "When we know more, we'll call it in, or pack up and go home."

"Sure thing, ma'am. Whatever you say." Reynolds turned back into the hotel room to fetch his own sandwich. Not for the first time, he considered whether the good doctor was more than a little looney.

~~

“How embarrassing.” Susy walked next to her friend Linda in the Sears department store in the big city. The two women had first tried the local Woolworths, but the store was poorly stocked on larger sizes. And both women needed larger sizes, particularly around the bust and the hips. So, they made the drive out to Sears.

“Don’t fret, Susy.” Linda looked over at her tall, shapely friend. “I have no doubt they’ll fit us up fine and we’ll look just as elegant as ever.”

“Of course, sugar. This is Sears. They’ll take care of us. I just wish the local stores would fit me.” Susy put her hands under her boobs and gave them a quick lift to emphasize her point. She dropped her hands and rolled her eyes at Linda.

“‘Temporarily out of stock,’ they said. They’ll have our sizes soon, I’m sure.” Linda nodded her head with enthusiasm and her blonde hair bobbed with her. “Anyway, let’s have fun shopping.”

The women found a pair of salesladies to help them and reserved two changing rooms right next to each other. That way they could talk while they tried on clothes. Linda was the first into her changing room. She peeled off her tight green dress.

“Mrs. Riles, could I come in for a second? I’d like to get a measurement without your dress.” It was the young saleslady from outside the curtain. “My measurements seem a bit off.”

“Of course.” Linda wore no bra, but she had her panties on. She wasn’t feeling particularly bashful. She looked down at her left wrist, where she wore the cross Pastor Neilson had given her on a slender silver bracelet. She knew the Lord wouldn’t mind if a young woman saw her naked. She needed the measurements after all. “Come in, Ms. ...”

“I’m Ms. Olivia Green.” The saleslady deftly slipped past the curtain so that no one could see in. Her eyes widened when she gazed upon the bare beauty of the blonde housewife. They were about the same height, but that’s where the comparisons stopped. Linda boasted exquisite, heavy breasts that dangled out before her. Her waist was narrow and her hips wide. Olivia was narrow all the way down. A slight woman with a girlish figure. She tried to not to stare at the woman. “I ... I ... brought my tape measure.”

“Wonderful.” Linda gave her a wide smile. “Let’s get those measurements right.” Suddenly, butterflies flapped in Linda’s stomach. She had the distinct feeling that this woman was an outsider and needed to be tamed. The feeling of impending conquest sent a quick shiver down her spine. What odd thoughts to have. She blinked her eyes and looked down at the bracelet on her wrist. She couldn’t remember the words Pastor Neilson had wanted her to say. The cross would have to be good enough on its own to ward off the devil.

“Um ... okay.” Olivia stepped toward the older woman with nervous hesitation. Was she overdressed in her heels and circle dress? Olivia felt so odd standing next to this curvy, naked woman. She looked down at Linda’s large pink nipples, with her large areola that pointed slightly to either side. Small drops of milk

dribbled down each boob. “Oh, it looks like we’ll need to get you some nursing pads too. Congratulations on the baby.”

“Baby?” Linda’s pulse beat in her ears. She was suddenly dealing with the urge to grab this mouse of a woman. Instead she reached her right hand for the cross and let her fingers slide across the cool metal. “What?” Her eyes trailed down to her own breasts. Sure enough, little droplets of milk formed around her nipples.

“Well, let me just get you measured, then we can get —” Olivia’s body coursed with sudden panic as Linda’s hands reached for her shoulders and head, roughly pulling her toward those enormous breasts.

“Sssshhhhhh.” In one swift motion, Linda snatched the girl and sat down on the cushioned bench behind her. She cradled Olivia’s head and shoulders on her lap and forced the young woman’s mouth onto her left nipple.

Olivia tensed, struggled for a split second, but when the sweet, warm liquid hit her tongue and her body relaxed. It was the best thing she’d ever tasted. Olivia forgot about the changing room, the measurements, and even her commission. Her mouth moved of its own volition, sucking and gulping down milk.

Axcix did not have drones in the big city. But if the alien could have seen the two women, she would have been quite proud of her work. This was a novel way to spread the nanites. The makers would be proud.

“Gggghhhmmmm.” Olivia’s eyes rolled and her body shook for a few seconds. She hadn’t known there was pleasure like this on Earth.

“That’s it.” Linda stroked the girl’s brown hair with her left hand. She wanted nothing more than to feed Olivia. “Sssshhhhhh.” The cross caught the light and flashed at her. Was this part of God’s plan? Linda wasn’t so sure, but if Pastor Neilson’s protective cross allowed it to pass, it might be okay.

Olivia hung half off the bench. Linda reached down and pulled her so that the lower half of Olivia’s body curled on the bench next to Linda, while she continued to suckle. They were now both more comfortable.

“One more thing.” Linda looked down at the woman’s slim hips. She reached with her right hand and pulled Olivia’s dress up to her waist. She then lifted Olivia’s right leg so that her knee was in the air and her panties were exposed. Linda pulled those panties to the side, revealing a dark triangle of hair. “I’m sorry, Ms. Green, but I need to do this.” Linda’s fingers found their way in between Olivia’s vaginal lips. She was slick and ready. Linda inserted two fingers into Olivia and started pumping.

“Rrrrrmmmmnnnnn,” Olivia said around the large nipple. Her eyes opened wide and then shut as she let this housewife do as she pleased. The thought slipped into her mind that she was drinking another woman’s milk and committing lesbianism. Both those acts were unthinkable minutes before. But now ... Everything felt so good. She opened her legs a little wider for Linda. Olivia was building up to a mighty orgasm.

“You in there, Linda?” Susy’s voice carried through and around the thin partition wall between the two changing rooms. “They certainly aren’t out of stock here. I have a mountain of clothes to try on. How are you faring?”

“I’m good.” With her left hand, Linda pushed Olivia’s head more firmly onto her boob. Olivia startled when they heard Susy’s voice, but quickly relaxed and continued sucking and gulping. Linda rhythmically thrust her fingers in and out of Olivia’s vagina. She’d never before done this to another woman. “Just ... trying on something new.”

“Great.” Susy peeled off her old dress. She never wanted to wear the constricting thing again. “How’s it fit?”

“It fits ...” Linda looked down as Olivia started to shake and moan. She kept Olivia’s mouth pressed firmly against her boob to quiet her. “... really well.”

Olivia was going to cum like an erupting volcano. She rocked her hips against the hand between her legs. “Mmmmmmmhhhhhhgggghhhh.” Her pussy gushed around those invading fingers. Olivia was certain no one had ever felt anything as magical as the orgasm that ripped its way through her.

“Did you say something, sugar?” Susy cocked her head quizzically at the wall. She caught sight of her own naked form in the mirror. She turned sideways and gazed at how her breasts now hung out from her chest. She sighed. Those boobies were going to make everything harder, from housecleaning to driving.

“Nothing.” Linda looked in the mirror in her own changing room. There she sat, mostly naked, with a young woman writhing in her lap. She trusted in Jesus, what with the cross resting on Olivia’s hair, but this did seem more than a little strange. She had conquered this woman and now the need to feed her started to subside. “How’s your day?” It was a dumb question, but Linda’s brain was occupied.

“I’m glad you asked.” Susy slipped into the first dress. It was wonderful to fit into something. “The Ackermans’ boy came to my house today.”

“Roy?” That got Linda’s attention. That was the boy that had so defiled her. Linda removed her hand from Olivia’s vagina. The woman was done with her orgasm, but still greedily drunk Linda’s unlikely milk.

“Yes, the fat one.” Susy nodded into the mirror. That dress was a keeper. She pulled it off and tried on the next one. “He was as rude as he’s ever been. He even propositioned me.”

Linda’s right hand was covered in Olivia’s juices. “What did you do?” She didn’t know how to clean up her hand. With her left hand, Linda pulled Olivia off her boob and looked into the young woman’s dark eyes. Linda brought her left index finger to her lips, telling the woman to keep quiet. She then brought her right hand to Olivia’s pretty mouth and slid the wet fingers past her lips.

It was clear to Olivia that this woman wanted her to clean the cum off her fingers. In her dazed state, she complied, opening her mouth and licking and sucking each finger in turn. She’d never tasted her own pussy before. Add it to a growing list of firsts.

“I slapped him and told him his friendship with Pat was over.” Susy liked the second dress too.

“Oh.” Linda wished she’d done the same to Roy. “That was good.” Her hand now licked clean, Linda stood up and pulled Olivia to her feet. “My measurements are fine. Please find me some nursing pads and some new bras.” She patted the woman on the rump and sent her out of changing room.

“Yes, Mrs. Riles.” Olivia looked back at the naked woman with longing, but dutifully slipped out of the changing room. How had life taken such a drastic turn?

“What was that, Linda?” Susy move on to trying bras. She fastened the straps in the back. It felt so good to be adequately supported.

“Just the saleslady. I sent her on the hunt for some roomy brassieres.” Linda slipped into the first dress waiting for her. It fit pretty good.

The two friends spent the rest of the afternoon talking and trying on clothes. Linda tried not to think about what she’d done to the saleslady. Especially, when she felt the urge to do the same to other people she encountered. Deep down she felt that these big city folk were from another place and needed to be conquered. Needed to be fed. But God had decided that Olivia was enough for one day.

Olivia went home that night, her mind a whirlwind. She had cheated on her boyfriend with a much older woman. And she had loved it. When she walked in the front door, she realized she was hungry. So very hungry.

~~

Patrick and David rode their bikes all over town that Saturday, looking for some clue as the meteorite’s influence. It was getting late and they hadn’t found anything yet. Patrick needed to get home to dinner with his big sister, Sally.

David turned his bicycle to cut across a lawn by the Gooden residence. Ralph Gooden had graduated from high school the year before, but he still lived at home. He had been on the basketball team, so David knew him.

“Wait.” Patrick skidded his bike to a stop behind the house. From this angle, they could see the back windows on both stories of the house; bedrooms upstairs and the kitchen and living room downstairs. This was usually a private view for the Goodens, except when someone was cutting across their back lawn. “That’s Mrs. Gooden, right?” Patrick was looking through the big picture window in one of the bedrooms.

David made a U-turn, stopped next to Patrick, and looked up at the house. “Yeah, it is.” Roberta Gooden was a demure woman, wearing a housedress that looked like it belonged to a much smaller lady. Her blonde hair was spread around her head wildly as she pressed her back against the closed bedroom door. “What’s she doing?”

“Seems odd right?” Patrick looked over at David and then back to the house. He was just in time to see the door push open behind her, sending the poor woman stumbling into the bedroom. “Is that?” A tall

naked form stalked into the room after her. Roberta turned and held up her hands in front of her. Patrick wished they could hear them. The tall figure had quite the enormous boner.

“Yes, that’s Ralph.” David watched in amazement.

Ralph walked up to his mother and pushed her hands out of the way. Roberta shook her head and took another few steps backward, but Ralph reached down and swept her up into an embrace that took her feet off the ground. He pressed his lips to hers. Patrick and Ralph watched her struggle at first, but then go limp in his arms. After a few minutes, she placed her arms around Ralph’s shoulders and actively kissed him back.

“What the heck?” Patrick got off his bike and stood next to it, squirming as he fought with a dick that wanted to inflate in his pants.

“He’s going to do her.” David also got off his bike, struggling with the same thing as Patrick. “Right there in her bedroom.” This was not the revelation for David that it was for Patrick, since he had done something similar to his mother.

Ralph put her down and roughly disrobed Roberta. The onlookers got a nice view of her sizable tits and ass. Ralph picked his mother back up in the air and turned her upside down. He buried his face in her pussy. Without missing a beat, Roberta grabbed his dick and pulled the head up into her mouth.

Both Patrick and David’s jaws dropped.

“Sweet Jesus,” Patrick shook his head. “Should we help her?”

“No,” David whispered. Although, whispering wasn’t going to do them any good. With the windows closed, the couple couldn’t hear them. But if the Goodens looked outside, the boys would have been spotted. Even so, David’s feet didn’t move. “It looks like she likes it.”

“Wow. You’re right. I didn’t know that kind of sex existed?” Patrick was a virgin, and he had often thought about what sex might be like, but he’d never imagined the act he was watching.

“Me either.” David was taking mental notes for the next time he could get his mother alone.

“Hey, Dave.” Patrick’s eyes were fixed on the mutual oral behind the picture window.

“Yeah?” David tucked his dick under his waistband.

“Have you had ... you know ... sex?”

“Yes. But not like them,” David said.

“Oh, okay.”

Ralph turned Roberta right side up facing him and held her under her knees. She reached down and fed his cock into her exposed pussy. She started bouncing up and down with long, jerking thrusts.

“Holy shit.” Patrick had a notebook in his backpack for clues. He thought he should be writing things down as he watched, but he didn’t want to take his eyes off the action. And was this really the kind of thing he could share with the investigators? He didn’t know. “Have you done that position?”

“Yes.” David thought back to holding his mom up in the air and punishing her pussy. He needed to do that again.

The boys watched in silence for a while, shifting their weight from one foot to the other. Their pants were uncomfortably tight.

Ralph pulled Roberta off his dick and held her up in the air. Her hips continued moving like she was still getting pumped. He turned her upside down again, still facing him, and lowered her head to the floor. Roberta supported herself with arms. While holding her hips, Ralph slid his dick back into her pussy. Roberta bent her legs and let him pound her upside down.

“Holy moly,” Patrick said. “You ever done that position?” Patrick was pretty sure that he was too weak and skinny to have standing sex, let alone upside-down standing sex. But David could probably pull it off.

“Not like that.” David started to feel uneasy. They were pressing their luck standing out in the open. “Maybe we should go.”

Ralph pulled out of Roberta’s vagina again and lifted her into the air. He tossed her gently onto her bed, turned her around, and mounted her from behind. The way Roberta’s blonde hair tossed about, it was obvious to anyone she was in the throes of ecstasy.

“Yeah, okay.” Patrick turned and walked his bicycle past David over the lawn. It was awkward going and there was no way he could ride the thing with his stiffy. “Say, Dave, who’s the girl you had sex with? You never told me.” Patrick frowned, thinking his friend usually told him everything.

“Sorry, Pat.” David took one last look at the Gooden home and walked his bike next to Patrick. “It’s ... it’s just a little embarrassing.” It was also probably a clue. Seeing Ralph and Roberta was too much of a coincidence given what was happening with his own mother. Either they were really lucky to see it, or that sort of thing was happening all over town. Even though he knew it would help Patrick with his mystery, David couldn’t bring himself to tell his best friend. “Maybe I’ll tell you about her later.”

“Oh.” Patrick kept his eyes down on the green grass. “Okay. I understand.” But he didn’t understand. Even if the girl was a dog, he wouldn’t judge his friend for it. They passed the lawn and reached the dirt trail on the other side. One way was David’s home, the other Patrick’s. “I gotta head home. Sally’s coming for dinner. Thanks for helping me out today.” He was soft enough now that he felt he could mount the bike. He got on and pedaled off without so much as a wave.

“Okay,” David called after him. “See you soon.” He waved, but Patrick never made eye contact. Oh well. He’d smooth it over with his friend later. Now it was time to head home and face Linda. He gingerly got on his bicycle and rode home.

~~

When Patrick arrived home, he was a sweaty mess. They had spent too much time watching Roberta Gooden succumb to her son. Now Patrick was late for dinner.

Patrick snuck into the house and entered the kitchen. Sneaking in wasn't a very good plan, he was late, whether he was silent or not and Susy was sure to notice.

Susy worked in the kitchen by herself, putting the finishing touches on dinner. There was a casserole sitting out and she mixed together a chef's salad. "Patrick Lannit. You're late." Susy looked up from her work when she spotted her son. "Everyone's in the dining room. We're all waiting for you." She lowered her eyebrows and glared.

"Sorry, Mom." Patrick hung his head.

"Come here. You're filthy." Susy grabbed a dishtowel and soaked it under the faucet. "Let's get you cleaned ... up." She turned back to her son as he walked up to her. She could tell he was clearly abashed. Her nose tingled and her body suddenly felt quite strange. He smelled of teenage boy, and a day spent in the autumn breeze, and something darker, too. Her vagina gave a quick spasm. She ignored it. "Now what sort of mischief have you been getting into?" She looked down into his sweet face and dabbed at the dirt on his forehead with the towel.

"I was investigating, Mom." Patrick cracked a half-smile. "And I might have found a big clue."

"You and your mysteries, Pat." Susy's face warmed into a soft, bright smile. Her brown eyes filled with good humor. "You're ..." As Susy dabbed at his cheek with the towel, she lost her train of thought. "... such a handsome boy." She bent down and gave Patrick a peck on the lips.

"Mom?" Patrick's eyes widened.

"Shh." Susy pulled back and winked at him. "Just a little kiss for my handsome boy." She leaned back in and kissed him again, sliding her tongue into his mouth.

The conversation in the dining room echoed into the kitchen. Sally was laughing at some joke.

Patrick pushed on Susy's shoulders and broke the kiss. "I'm too dirty, I need a quick shower before dinner." He sprinted out of the kitchen, past the dining room, and up the stairs.

"Oh, my." Susy put a hand to her chest and felt her heart thumping hard. "I don't know what came over me," she said to herself. She still felt so strange. Horny. Horny was the word. Susy turned to the sink and splashed some cold water on her face. Was she going to have to share this incident with Dr. Epman? Probably. Eventually, her body returned to normal and she finished up with her salad.

That night at dinner, Susy did her best to forget all about the kiss.

So did Patrick.

Sally monopolized the conversation, anyway. She was six months into her marriage with Jack and she couldn't be happier. They were shopping for a new house and Jack had a promotion at work. Sally sipped at her water, and picked at her casserole, and talked and talked.

Jack sat to her side, smiling with admiration. After a time, he started up a conversation with Fred about baseball.

To one side, Patrick had men discussing sports. To the other, the women talked about Susy's shopping trip earlier that day and the newest fashions. Patrick was bored out of his mind. So, he quietly ate his

dinner and thought about the various clues he'd gathered. It all added up to something, but he wasn't sure what it was. Yet.

~~

David arrived home and dropped his bike in the garage. His dad's auto was there, so he was home. David frowned at that. Oh, well. David sighed and walked inside. He found William in the living room watching a football game.

"Want to watch the game?" William looked up at his tall son and nodded to an empty spot on the sofa.

"No thanks, Dad." David wiped his brow. His face was red from riding home in the cold. "Where's Mom?"

"In the kitchen, reading one of her magazines." William turned back to the little black-and-white men running around on the television. "I think."

"Thanks." David stepped past him and walked into the kitchen. "Hello, Mom."

"Hello, sweetheart." Perched on a kitchen chair, Linda looked up at David. She had been trying to distract herself from thinking about all the milk she'd fed that poor salesgirl earlier in the day. "How was your day?"

"My day was good. And it got me thinking." David stopped and looked at Linda. She was radiant, her round cheeks glowing, and her blue eyes bright. "Say, that's a nice dress."

"Thank you, Davey." Linda put down the magazine on the kitchen table. "I got it today on a shopping trip with Susy Lannit."

"You look really good." David closed the distance between them, bent down, and kissed her on the lips.

Linda pushed her chair back. Her vagina was more than moist. Reality just kept twisting around her. God was testing her. She held the cross that dangled on her bracelet up between her and David. "Jesus commands ... something ... something. Oh, no. I forget the words."

"Did you say something, dear?" William yelled from the living room.

"No, Bill," Linda yelled back. Her anxiety ratcheted way up. Her palms were slick, and the hairs on the back her neck rose.

"What's that?" David reached out and held her wrist, looking down at the little silver cross. He caught a whiff of her response to his presence, and his dick practically turned to steel.

"It's supposed to help." A trickle of cold sweat slid down Linda's cheek.

"Well forget about that." David pulled her to her feet by her wrist. "I saw something today." He dragged her into the laundry room, turned on the light, and closed the door behind them.

"What did you see?" Linda looked up into his desperate eyes and bit her lower lip.

“Ralph Gooden having sex with his mother,” David whispered. He pulled her close, pushing her large breasts into his belly.

“That’s ... that’s not possible. I know Roberta. She’s on the Sunday School Curriculum Council with me.” Linda felt so small next to her son. She could feel his lean muscles through his sweater. “I just ... can’t believe –”

“Don’t you get it, Mom. It means we’re not the only ones.” David lifted her into the air, pressing his hands into her lower back. “It’s okay.”

“But Jesus ...”

“Forget Jesus.” David kissed her with passion and Linda kissed back.

William sat in the other room watching his game, but he might as well have been on Saturn for all Linda cared. They kissed for while like that, swirling their tongues together.

David pulled back from the kiss. “I want to show you something else I saw today.” He turned his surprised mother upside down and her dress fell to her waist. He put one hand on the small of her back and one on her butt, moving her panties to the side. He licked up the length of her wet pussy. She tasted perfect.

“Oh, Davey.” Linda knew what had to be done. She frantically unbuckled his pants and dropped them. She caught a glimpse of the cross around her wrist, but it gave her no pause. She pulled his long penis from his underwear. Waves of pleasure spread from her vagina. She could hear the smacking sounds as David sucked and licked her. She got the head of the penis into her mouth and began returning the favor. This was all so crazy and incomprehensible. But she surrendered to it completely.

After several minutes, David turned her right side up and put her on the ground.

“Go ahead, sweetheart.” Linda let him turn her around and bend her over. She leaned forward, her feet and hands both on the ground, her legs straight and her butt high in the air. “Put it in.” This position was also new to her.

“I want to give you a baby.” David lowered his hips and slid his dick into her waiting pussy.

“Oh, yes.” Linda watched the sweat drip off her nose onto the tile floor. “Give me your baby with your big, long thing.” Her insides stretched to accommodate him. “Uuuggggghhhhhhh. So ... deep.”

“I’m ... going to fill you up, Mom.” David gripped her hips tightly and slid her back and forth on his dick. “Here it ... comes. Oooooohhhhhhhhh.” He emptied his balls inside her.

Linda screamed total incoherence. Asking to be seeded had brought on a whole new high for her. Linda’s eyes rolled back, her mouth hung open, and she took David’s cum. When she had recovered some, she found herself still impaled on his penis, but standing straight up. David reached around and groped her boobs. He started moving inside her again. She took him to completion standing from behind again, but this time with him kissing her neck and whispering all sorts of naughty thoughts about their would-be baby in her ear.

When they finished, Linda staggered out of the laundry room, horrified. She was sure William must have heard them. How could he not?

“Do you think Dad heard?” David pulled up his pants and followed her into the kitchen.

“Oh my, gosh.” Linda crept toward the living room. “He’ll kill us, Davey.” The thought of her normally gentle husband in a homicidal rage played in her mind. Linda peeked around the corner, and there was William still sitting on the sofa watching the game. “Bill?”

“He’s in one of his moods again. Thank God.” David peeked in at him over her shoulder.

“Yes.” Linda looked up at David. “That was lucky. But if we’re going to keep doing this, we have to be more careful.”

That was music to David’s ears. “Sure thing.” He dropped his pants again and waddled over to one of the kitchen chairs. He sat down, his dick straight up in the air.

“Really? Again? This is not what I meant by careful.” Linda lifted her dress, dropped her panties, and straddled him. “But this is the last time.” She put him inside her and bounced on his lap. “The very last time ... for today.”

David came inside her again. After, they went and showered together.

By the time William came out of his daze, the game was almost over. How had that happened? He heard David chatting with Linda as they set the table in the dining room. William got himself up, lumbered into the dining room, and sat down. “I must have dozed off again. Dinner smells good, dear.”

“Thank you, Bill.” Linda came in and served them. It was a crazy day, but she wouldn’t have wanted it to go any differently.

Chapter 7

Axcix had a hard time keeping track of subjects when they traveled too far away. This is why she spent a good while piecing together various broken strands of data. When she finished running her algorithm and got most of the puzzle together, she hissed and gurgled at the bottom of the lake. It was good that she dwelled in the dark green muck, because the round alien ball wanted to hide her shame.

There weren't many constraints put on her by the makers. They made her to think on her own. The makers wanted her to evolve and adjust to her new planet. There was one cardinal rule, however, localize your experiment. Otherwise, she could ruin other localized experiments. Or worse, she could alter the entire species before it was time.

Cursing to herself, Axcix modified her experiment. There were only a few outside her region infected so far. She would have her subjects bring them back to the local habitat. As for the lactation, she should be able to limit the effective radius. She worked furiously to make the modifications and sent out a new wave of nanites through the water.

~~

The windows were still dark when Linda woke with a start and sat up in bed. Poor William snored happily next to her. How could he be so unaware of what his wife had been up to? By the end of Saturday afternoon, she had begged her own son to give her a baby and quivered in ecstasy when he planted his seed inside her. She had fed a young woman from her miraculously dripping breasts. Linda climbed out of bed.

Little Ms. Olivia Green had been corrupted. And sweet Linda, the once faithful housewife, had done the corrupting. Nothing made sense anymore. Linda quietly walked to her dressing room and chose one of her new dresses. She slipped out of her nightgown and into the dress. She snuck out of her room, not yet knowing where she was going.

The clock on the mantle downstairs was the only sound in the house as it kept its steady beat. The car keys, Linda needed the car keys. She picked them up off the hall table, grabbed her purse, and walked out to the car. She got in and started the engine.

Thoughts of the big city floated into her head. She looked at the dash clock. It was three in the morning. She pulled out of the driveway. She needed to find that mousy salesgirl and bring her back to Portsmouth. With any luck, Linda could get there, find Olivia, and get home before anyone knew she was gone.

~~

Patrick woke up very early on Sunday from a bad dream about monsters from outer space. The stars were still out outside his window. Sticky with sweat, he pulled himself out of bed to use the washroom. He stopped in the hall when he noticed that Sally's door was closed. Their parents kept both his sisters' rooms the same as when they left, so whenever they came home they had a place to stay. Patrick pushed his hand through his messy, black hair. It was damp with sweat. He took a deep breath and stared at the door.

Did Sally and Jack have sex in there last night? The thought of one of the Lannit children having sex under Susy and Fred's roof seemed pretty far out there, but they were married. So ...

It was a mistake to think about his sister and sex. Patrick still needed to pee, but his dick transitioned into full morning wood mode. Indecisive, Patrick stood in the hall. Should he still try the washroom? Should he wait until later? Maybe tug it back down?

Sally's door opened and out stepped the blurry shadow of his sister. Patrick hadn't put his glasses on, but he could tell it was her. She closed the door after her and gave a start when she saw Patrick standing in the hall.

"Wow, super creepy, Pat." Sally brushed her red hair out her eyes and looked Patrick up and down. "What are you doing?" Her eyes paused when her gaze got to the enormous tent in his flannel pajamas. "Real mature, dummy. Just waiting out here to freak me out with a fake boner? How'd you even know I'd get up?"

"What?" Patrick tried to focus his eyes. He could tell she was wearing something bluish, probably some silk pajamas. He couldn't see her expression, but it was a pretty good guess that her freckled face was frowning. "I'm going to the washroom."

"Good for you. I woke up really hungry. I'm getting a snack." Sally stepped closer to her brother. Something was different about him. He still looked dopey as ever. She inhaled deeply. He smelled strange, like something ancient and secret. Like the dark side of the moon. "You know, I've missed you, Pat." Her tone changed. "Come give your big sister a hug." She opened her arms to him in the cold, dark hall.

"Um ... okay." Patrick stepped up to her and gave her a weak, sideways hug. He didn't want to press his dick on her.

"Hug me like you mean it, dummy." Sally reached around his back and pulled him in. Warmth and tingling sensations spread through her vagina. It was odd timing, but she ignored it. Something poked at her belly. "And lose that stupid fake boner." Sally reached down between them and placed her left hand into Patrick's pajama bottoms. She gripped the monstrous thing and tried to pull it free. Her eyes widened in the dark. The thing was attached. "Is that real?" She whispered. "Is that your ... dick?" She pressed her finger into the veiny, spongy flesh.

"Yeah." Patrick felt the cold metal of her wedding ring on his dick. It contrasted with the warmth of her hand. "Let go." Patrick's chest was scrunched against her boobs, her right hand holding the back of his pajamas tightly.

"Ever had one of these?" Sally moved her hand slowly along the shaft, up and down. "I bet not. You're shy with girls. Is Big Sister your first handy?" She inhaled deeply. What a wonderful smell.

“Don’t do that, Sally.” Patrick had never had a girl’s hand on his dick before, she was right. And it felt so good he almost forgot himself. “It’s not you, there’s something going on in town. There’s a mystery.”

“Life has a way of surprising you.” Sally wasn’t listening to him. Her hand sped up. She relished the way the foreskin slid over the wide head. “Why’d you keep your dick hidden all this time?”

“Jack’s right in there. In your room.” Patrick tried to gently pry himself away. He didn’t want to cause a ruckus, but he needed to get out of her clutches before he reached the point of no return. “What if he comes out?”

“He would be very unhappy, dummy.” Sally wanted nothing more than to bring Patrick to completion. “So, let’s be quick.”

“Think about what ... ah ... you’re doing.” Patrick’s legs shook.

“You ...” Sally bit his left ear playfully and nibbled on his earlobe. “... should be grateful. There’s not many big sisters that would do this for their runty little brothers.”

“That’s ... oh ... Sally. That’s ... my point.” Patrick closed his eyes and leaned his head into her shoulder.

“Just cum, dummy.” Sally could feel his whole body trembling. She lowered her right hand from his back to his skinny butt and grabbed tightly.

With a series of soft grunts, Patrick came in his pajamas while leaning up against Sally.

To her amazement, shocks of pleasure spread from her left hand as the warm liquid splashed onto her hand, wrist, and arm. “Oooohhhhhh, Pat.” Her pussy clenched and she had her own orgasm. The two of them shook together in the hall as they shared in the ecstasy. When Sally was done, she removed her hand from his pajama bottoms and wiped the cum off on Patrick’s top. “Well, I don’t know what that was all about, but don’t tell Mom and Dad. Okay?”

“Or Jack?” Patrick took a step back from her.

“Especially Jack.” Sally stepped past him and headed for the stairs. “I’m still hungry. I’m going to go wash my hands and find something to eat.” She stopped, walked back to Patrick, and wagged a finger in his face. “Let me be clear. Don’t tell anyone or you’re dead. Got it?” She took a deep breath and her face softened. There was that dark, compelling odor again. Why did Patrick smell so good?

“Got it.” Patrick backed away from the blur that was his sister.

“Say, Pat?” Sally pursued him slowly down the hall, her hunger for a midnight snack replaced by a different kind of hunger.

“Yeah?” Patrick was very uncomfortable. The front of his PJs was soaked with cum and his dick was still hard and pushing wildly at the soggy mess.

“Got another one in you?” she whispered. “I’d let you do it in my mouth.”

“No.” Patrick found the door to the washroom and stepped inside. He slammed the door, locked it, and leaned his back against it.

Sally knocked for a while, quietly pleading for him to come back out. Eventually, she went away.

Patrick slid down the door until his butt hit the cold tile floor. Things were getting complicated. How was he going to tell the investigators about this?

~~

Linda arrived in the big city around four-thirty in the morning. She stopped at a payphone and looked up Olivia's address in the white pages. By four-forty-five, Linda was knocking on what she hoped was Olivia's door. After a few minutes, a bleary-eyed Olivia opened the door and stared out at Linda.

"Mrs. Riles?" Her brown eyes sharpened and dropped to Linda's bosom when she recognized her customer.

"Pack your things, sweetheart." Linda pushed out her chest a little, enjoying the effect she was having on this young woman. "You're coming to stay with me for a while." She stepped past Olivia into the front room. She looked Olivia up and down, admiring the former saleslady's slender figure in her nightgown. Something sparkled on Olivia's left hand. "That's new, isn't it?" Linda pointed to the shiny, diamond ring.

"My boyfriend ... um ... my fiancé proposed to me last night." Olivia's pale cheeks reddened. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Riles, but I said yes."

"No need to be sorry, Olivia." Linda put her hands on Olivia's shoulders. "Which way to your bedroom?" Olivia pointed to an open door.

"Pack your bags." Linda gently pushed the younger woman toward the door. "I can't explain right now, but I'll return you to your fiancé soon."

"Can I ...?" Olivia looked over her shoulder at Linda. "Could I ... maybe ...?" She bit her bottom lip.

"Yes, sweetheart." Linda nodded. "I'll give you more milk soon. But we have to get going." Dimples formed on Linda's cheeks; her warm smile spread reassurance.

"Okay." Olivia's knees felt weak. She packed her suitcase and they were off.

They were on the road in darkness, driving back to Portsmouth. Daylight was still a little way off. Linda looked over at her passenger. She took a hand off the wheel and lowered her dress to expose her right boob. "There you go."

"Thank you," Olivia whispered. She leaned over in the front seat, curled her legs under her, and put her head in the older woman's lap. The milk was just as sweet and satisfying as she remembered. She gulped that elixir from Linda's right nipple as they drove, feeling wave after wave of pleasure wash over her.

~~

When William and David arrived downstairs for breakfast, their new houseguest was waiting for them. Neither man was sure what to make of her. Linda's story about putting up a friend of a friend while she was separating from her husband didn't make much sense. But she told them it was the Christian thing to do, so they welcomed Olivia into their home. They set her up in Ryan's old room. He was off finishing college, so he didn't need it at the moment.

Another mouth to feed, went through William's mind.

David was more concerned with how their guest would interfere with his plans to constantly mate with his mother.

Olivia settled in quickly. She even accompanied the family to church that morning.

The pews were full as always. David and Patrick sat together, their moms to their left, and Olivia on the aisle. To their right, William and Fred sat together. The fathers didn't much care for one another, but they dutifully talked football and current events whenever their wives forced them together. Jack and Sally sat just beyond them. Sally hadn't said one word to Patrick all morning, keeping her eyes down and only smiling at her husband Jack. Well, Patrick couldn't blame her. The meteor was somehow responsible for her strange behavior in the hall, but how could she know that? Once he unlocked the mystery, Sally would be one of the first he'd tell. She'd be so relieved.

Patrick craned his neck and looked behind him right before services started. He spotted the Ackerman family way in the back. He waved to Roy, but his friend must have not seen him, because he didn't wave back.

~~

Later that Sunday, Patrick gave Sally an awkward hug goodbye when it was time for her and Jack to go home. He wished he could have told her what happened wasn't her fault, but that would have to wait until he had some real evidence. He then hopped on his bike and spent a fruitless afternoon looking for more clues.

David tried to get his mom alone all afternoon, but he was stymied by their new houseguest. Olivia followed Linda around the house like a lost puppy. David tried to make small talk, but eventually went to his room to catch up on homework.

Roy made the most of his Sunday. With Nathaniel in his study and Annie out with her boyfriend, Roy cornered Amanda in her washroom upstairs. She gave in quickly, letting him bury his long dick all the way down her throat. When it was time for sex, she insisted she didn't trust him not to get her pregnant. Roy was fine with that. He took her butt several times. They tried to be as quiet as possible, with Nathaniel downstairs. At one point, Roy had to stuff his mom's panties in her mouth to keep her from screaming.

~~

On Monday after school, Patrick raced his bike across town, eager to meet the investigators at the library. He'd asked David to come along, but he had basketball practice. Roy hadn't talked to either of them all day. Patrick was sure that Roy's behavior was connected to the mystery, but he couldn't see how. Yet. This was another wrong Patrick would put right when he found more evidence. Thoughts raced through Patrick's mind as he peddled. He was so lost in thought, that he almost missed the altercation happening outside the town's hotel.

On the sidewalk, Chris Sumner was holding on to Mark Farmer's arm. Donna Farmer was crying and trying to push the big basketball player away. So, the investigators had been waylaid on their way to the library. Patrick skidded his bicycle into a hard-right turn and headed for the sidewalk.

The town's hotel was on an otherwise quiet street, and no one else was there to witness whatever Chris was trying to do.

"Nothing will happen to him if you come with me, doll." Chris continued to pull at Mark's arm.

"Capital," Mark muttered over and over. He offered no resistance to the belligerent teenager.

"No." Donna looked pale and frightened. Her red hair wildly billowing around her head as she pushed at Chris with her right hand and pulled at Mark's other arm with her left. "Mark. Wake up. I need you, Mark." Tears streamed down her cheeks.

"It's only me now, lady." Chris was tall and athletic. He was going to win this argument.

Patrick dropped his bicycle and leapt to his feet at a run. He was not the man for this job. He wished very much that David had been with him. Why wasn't Chris at basketball practice too? Was he working for the meteor? Would he notice Patrick running up from behind?

Glasses fogged, Patrick planted his left foot and swung his right up between Chris's legs from behind. The top of his shoe made solid contact with the bigger boy's balls.

"Aaaaarrrrrggghhhhhh." Chris fell to the ground and curled into a ball.

"I can't believe it worked." Panting, Patrick looked down at his writhing handiwork. "We should go." He offered his hand to Donna.

"Back to our room." Donna took Patrick's hand and with her other hand dragged Mark back into the hotel. They got to their room and she locked the door behind them. "Thank you ... Mr. Lannit." Donna leaned her back against the door and tried to catch her breath. "You're a ... hero."

"Aw, shucks. Call me Pat." Patrick wiped the sweat off his brow. He looked over at Mark to get his approval too, but the man stood in the room, murmuring. "What's wrong with Mr. Farmer?"

"He's been getting like this." Donna's dress was wet and sticky. And her vagina, her cursed vagina, was wet as well. She suddenly saw this skinny eighteen-year-old as something of a man. A handsome man. She tried to calm herself. "It will pass."

But it didn't pass. The pheromones swirled around the room.

Much to his discomfort, Patrick found himself wanting to take this beautiful woman, his investigating partner, right in front of her dazed husband. He fought his urges, turned, and discreetly tucked his giant dick into his waistband. They needed to get out of there, or he was going to do something stupid.

As the minutes passed, Donna's libido increased. It was becoming unbearable. She needed to get out of the room. "We can't stay here." She walked over to Mark and sat him in a chair. "Mark, dear, I'm going to go for a little bit. You'll be safe here." She removed his hat and patted him on the shoulder. "You asked me to investigate if this ever happened to you again. So, I'll do what you asked, my lord."

"Do you think Chris is gone?" Patrick took off his glasses, wiped the fog off them, and then returned them to his face. "He's probably gone. Right?"

"Yes, he must be." Donna moved to the door, opened it, and looked out. "And if he's not, you can defend me again."

"Um ... okay." Patrick didn't like the sound of that, but he didn't think he could control his urges much longer. Frying pan and fire. "Let's go."

"After you." Donna ushered Patrick outside and locked the room door behind them. She felt a little more clearheaded out of that room. They walked back out to the sidewalk to find no sign of Chris. "I'll drive us somewhere and we can talk." Donna walked over to her car and fished the keys out of her purse. She stopped when she got close. "Good lord."

"What?" Patrick picked up his bicycle and walked it over to her. He could see that her front right tire was slashed and completely flat. "Why would Chris do that?"

"I don't know." Donna shook her head and put her keys back in her purse. "He's a lunatic."

Out in the fresh air, Patrick felt better. His dick deflated and his mind went back to working beyond an animal level. "I'll ride you to my house. We can talk there."

"Really?" Donna looked at his bike dubiously. She hadn't tried anything like that since she was herself a teenager. "How?"

"You sit on the seat and hold onto me. I'll pedal." Patrick smiled an encouraging smile. He didn't want to be around if Chris came back.

"Okay, Pat." Donna hiked up her dress a little and climbed on. This was beyond undignified, but this kid was the only good thing she'd found in this rotten town.

Off they rode back across Portsmouth.

~~

Olivia still wasn't quite sure what she was doing in Portsmouth. Linda seemed to have some sort of hold over her. She just did whatever the blonde housewife told her to do. Once Linda's son and husband left

in the morning, the two women worked through the household chores together. At lunchtime, they took a break.

"Thank you for the help, Olivia." Linda took off her apron and sat down on the sofa in the living room. She patted the cushion next to her. "Everything is much faster with two."

"You're welcome, Mrs. Riles." Olivia sat down next to her and her eyes fell to the swell of Linda's large boobs behind her blue dress. "I'm really hungry."

"Please, call me Linda, sweetheart." Linda patted Olivia's thigh and then idly played with Olivia's green housedress. "I'll whip up some lunch for us in a minute."

"I was thinking ... maybe ... some milk?" Olivia's brown eyes darted between Linda's boobs and her blue eyes. "Please, Linda?"

"Well ..." Linda sighed and unbuttoned the front of her dress. "You've been such a help. How could I say no?" She opened the dress and pulled down her bra. Out popped those magnificent boobs that had been so much smaller only a little while ago. "Don't be shy." Linda took the back of Olivia's brown hair and guided her mouth to her left boob.

"Mmmmmmmhfff." Olivia sucked and swallowed. Warmth spread through her. She fed like that for about a half-hour, curled up in Linda's lap, with her legs next to her on the sofa. Eventually, she took her mouth off Linda's nipple and looked up.

"There's something you could do for me now." Linda pulled the young woman off her lap, stood, and removed her own dress, bra, and panties. She pulled Olivia off the sofa and then sat back down, spreading her legs on either side of her houseguest. "You got me worked up. Help me unwind." Linda looked down at the cross on her bracelet. This was all pretty far afield for Jesus. She was beginning to doubt the efficacy of Pastor Neilson's solution. Maybe it was all because Linda had forgotten the words she needed to say. Oh well.

"I've never done that." Olivia looked down at Linda's blonde pussy, with her pink, glistening lips. "But I'll try." She leaned forward and gently kissed Linda down there. "For you, Linda. Only for you." She stuck out her tongue. It tasted so good. Almost as good as her milk. Soon, Olivia was lapping at the housewife's pussy like a thirsty puppy.

"That's good, Olivia." Linda put her left hand on Olivia's head to help guide her. She looked down at her wedding ring, entwined in the brown hair. She wondered if her sweet William could ever have guessed the places that ring would go when he put it on her finger all those years ago. Probably not. "There's ... ahfff ... something we need to talk about."

"Mmmpphhfff?" Olivia kept licking, eager to please Linda and coax out more of her delectable secretions.

"I ... uh ... have a special relationship with Davey." Linda lifted her feet off the ground and placed her legs over Olivia's shoulders. "And if you're going to be here ... for a while." Linda closed her eyes. "Oh, that's good. Really good. Just like that." Linda tried to concentrate. "You're going to have to let ... Davey and I ..." Linda came on the young woman's tongue, pushing Olivia's face into her vagina. When she calmed down, she opened her eyes and looked down.

“What did you want, Linda?” Olivia looked up expectantly at Linda, her mouth and nose shiny.

“Now that I think about it,” Linda’s breathing slowed down. “I think you might be able to help. I’m sure Davey would like that. We’ll talk more about it later tonight. Now, how about some lunch?” Linda stood, dressed, and walked into the kitchen.

Olivia followed.

~~

It was ridiculous riding on the back of a bicycle while Donna held on to the sweaty, pedaling teenager in front of her for dear life. She knew her boobs were pressed into his back, but gripping him around the midsection was the only way she wasn’t going to fall. She prayed that her glasses wouldn’t bound off or fly away.

Even worse than the absurdity was how hot and bothered the whole thing made her. As the wind whipped at her hair, and they sped over sidewalks and streets, Donna couldn’t get one particular idea out of her head; she wanted to give herself to this sweet, good kid. It was preposterous, but Mark faded further and further from her thoughts.

“We’re here.” Patrick left the bike in the driveway, took Donna’s hand, and led her into his house. He marveled at her warm, delicate fingers. He felt her cold wedding ring, so unforgiving, while the rest of her hand folded so perfectly into his.

“Oh, hello, Pat.” Susy looked up from the kitchen counter where she chopped celery. “And who is this?” Her eyes fell to their clasped hands and a frown spread across her face.

“Hello, Mrs. Lannit.” Donna looked to Patrick for an explanation. He knew his mother best, after all.

“This is ... um ... my ... um ... my tutor.” Patrick nodded and adjusted his glasses with his free hand. “The school sent her over. We need to study.”

“Well ...” Susy felt weak in the knees, wet in the vagina, and suddenly jealous of this freckled woman. Of course, that was crazy. The tutor was old enough to be his mother. “Okay then. Study hard, sugar.” She took one last look at the woman’s red hair and the freckles covering her face, neck, and arms. She looked a lot like Sally. Except this woman really filled out her dress. “I’ll check in with you two later.”

“Bye, Mrs. Lannit.” Donna let Patrick led her by the hand.

“Bye, Mom.” Patrick called over his shoulder. He hustled her upstairs, into his room, and closed the door. Riding home, he’d had nothing but fresh air. And moving through the house, he hadn’t lingered long enough for her smell to catch up with him. But now, Patrick inhaled and his boner was immediately back. She smelled like treasure pulled from the earth. “I have some ... stuff ... to tell ...” His voice trailed off.

Still holding Patrick’s sweaty hand, Donna looked around the room. He had posters with spaceships, volcanoes, and scientists. Lots of scientists. Donna recognized Nikola Tesla, Marie Curie, and Albert

Einstein. His shelves were filled with books. Everything was tidy. Donna guessed that his mother cleaned in here every day. The bed was neatly made. This was a teenager's room, but a brainy teenager.

"You're beautiful, Mrs. Farmer." Patrick looked up into her green eyes, magnified by her brownline glasses. "I ... just ..." He fought desperately against his urges. He wanted to jump her right there.

"It's okay, Pat." Donna looked down into his brown eyes. The poor kid's glasses were fogged again. She took off her glasses and set them down on a nearby dresser. She then reached for his glasses, took them off, and put them next to hers. "You can kiss me if you want." Donna offered a shy smile. She felt like a girl again. Patrick had been there to save her when her husband only stood by. The thought of her husband halfway broke the spell, and she looked down at the blue stone on her wedding ring. But all second thoughts were fully defenestrated when Patrick leaned in and gently kissed her lips.

Although she was the more experienced one, by several orders of magnitude, she let Patrick explore her mouth with his tongue. He was gentle and inquisitive, but seemed to gain confidence as time wore on. Soon, Donna was as aroused as she'd ever been. She broke their kiss. "You took care of me, Pat. Now I'll take care of you." She lowered herself to her knees, tucking her dress under her.

"Holy cow." Patrick picked up his glasses and put them back on. He didn't want to miss a thing. He watched this beautiful, sophisticated woman unbutton his pants. Somehow, the meteor was responsible for this. But at the moment, Patrick didn't care.

Donna unbuttoned his pants and pulled them down with his underwear. She gasped. What she discovered was the most unlikely, manly penis she'd ever seen. Even bigger than that horrible basketball player's gadget. It flopped down and bounced in front of her, long and thick with fat veins crossing every which way. The thing was so engorged that the head looked almost bluish. "Good heavens, Pat. There's just so much of it." Donna, who had felt so experienced minutes ago, now felt like a novice. She looked underneath the monstrous thing. The teenager's balls hung low, and were similarly proportioned.

"Wow." Patrick looked down as her small, white hands reached up and squeezed his shaft, as if to test its reality.

"Here goes nothing." Donna would have to figure it out as she went along. The mechanics couldn't be too different from what she was used to. She leaned in and licked at the precum oozing from the head. Sparks flew before her eyes. She wasn't expecting that. What an amazing kid. Pretty soon, she was rolling her tongue around that bluish skin and sucking for all she was worth. With Mark, she never made any of the popping and slurping sounds she made in Patrick's room. Was she turning into a hussy?

"Oh, man. So ... good." Patrick put his hands on her silky hair. "I'm gonna ... ah ... ah ..."

Donna should have known a teenager would be quick. Normally she'd swallow for Mark, but this wasn't normal in any sense. Well, she supposed, she would at least try to drink him down. Hot cum hit the back of her throat and she was in for another surprise. A powerful orgasm ripped through her body. All thoughts of swallowing vanished. Donna grunted, her eyes rolled back, and she fell to the floor. She let Patrick shower her with cum. When she came to, she was a sticky mess, lying on her back, looking up at the ceiling. That smell. That potent smell, like life itself.

"Are you okay, Mrs. Farmer?" Patrick looked down at the still trembling woman covered in his stuff. He gripped his dick with both hands. He wanted more, but was genuinely worried about Donna.

“That was incredible.” Donna was disappointed that he’d cum so soon, thus ending their startling session together. She looked up and her green eyes widened. “You’re still hard.” She sat up. “Very, very hard.” She reached lifted her hand for help getting up.

“Yeah.” Patrick reached down and helped her to her feet. “It feels really good.”

“Are you a virgin, Pat?” Donna pulled off her dress and dropped it to the floor.

“Yes.” Patrick looked down at his dick. He couldn’t help himself, he stroked it slowly. He looked back up at the nearly naked woman. She had milky, freckled skin everywhere. Her boobs spilled out of her bra and got most of Patrick’s attention.

“Well, I’m honored to be your first.” She reached behind her, unclasped her bra, and dropped it. She let Patrick stare and take in her perfect, teardrop boobs. Her nipples were small and dark. “I’m not exactly sure how we should do this. You know, so that it will fit.”

“What?” Patrick stared at this goddess before him.

“Do you have condoms?” Donna pulled off her panties and dropped them on the floor.

“What?” Patrick watched her perfect, heart-shaped butt as she walked to his bed.

“Yeah, I thought not.” She bent over and patted the bed, giving him an exquisite view of her pussy from behind. “You’ll just have to squirt your stuff outside. You understand? I’ll let you spray it on me again.”

Patrick nodded and walked toward her, his dick swaying in front of him. He sat on the edge of the bed where she indicated. Patrick went to pull his sweater off.

“No, keep it on, you look cute in that sweater.” Donna straddled his lap and looked down. The long penis looked even more daunting from this angle. She figured she might only be able to fit half of it, but she desperately wanted to try.

“Um ... okay.” Patrick left his sweater on. No one but his mother had ever called him cute before. He was completely enamored of this woman. An accomplished, elegant investigator of strange mysteries was about to put him inside her pussy. He must have done something very good for God to give him this.

“Oh ... my.” Donna reached below her and grasped the head. She positioned it at her entrance and lowered herself ever so slightly. “You really are ... a special ... young man.” It pushed past her outer folds and opened up her insides. Thank goodness she was so wet. “Now, I’m going to ... go slow here. It’s really ... big.”

“Sorry, Mrs. Farmer.” Patrick reached out and grabbed her wide hips with both hands. “I need ...” He never finished his sentence as he abruptly pulled her down all the way so that his balls slapped up against her butt.

“Nooooooooooooo.” Donna’s complaint turned into a long guttural moan. Somehow, she could accommodate all of him, although she did feel her insides move as he shoved it in. She scrunched up her face, wrinkling her pretty, upturned nose. “I’ve ... never.” Even without her glasses, she could see the clear outline of his gigantic penis pressing from the inside of her belly. Her hips involuntary shook and she orgasmed for the second time with her teenage savior.

“So good.” Patrick sunk his fingers into the soft flesh just behind her hips and moved her up and down. It was a long way for her pussy to travel, and he watched in fascination as his frothy dick disappeared into her again and again.

“Not ... again ... oooohhhhhh.” Donna had one rolling orgasm after another. Her breasts bounced, her legs burned with effort, and the slapping sound of her butt on his legs filled the small room.

Downstairs, Susy stopped in the kitchen and cocked her head to the side, listening. What were they doing in their tutoring session? Time for a check in. She wiped her hands on a dishtowel and walked upstairs. Once at Patrick’s door, Susy put her ear to the door. It sounded like ... sex.

Susy quietly tried the knob. It was unlocked. She opened the door a crack and peeked in. What she saw took her breath away. She placed a hand to her bosom. That tutor was bouncing on her boy. Susy had seen Patrick’s penis, but she didn’t realize it was so long, or thick. Come to think of it, she hadn’t ever considered that anyone’s penis could develop to such a size. The woman’s butt rippled wildly every time she hit bottom, and her hips moved impossibly high at the top of each bounce. And the sounds she made were unearthly. The tutor was a constant source of high, feminine grunts, moans, whines, and sighs. It was like the animal in her had complete control. Susy had never made those sounds with Fred. And her sweet, little Patrick. Also groaning like an angry tiger. Susy could see his fingers pressed into the tutor’s upper butt, his knuckles white.

As if the sights and the sounds weren’t enough, the smell nearly knocked her over. The odor of sweat and cum flowed out of the room. It was almost a magical scent, dark and bewitching. Susy’s panties were soaked. A part of her wanted to march in there, pull that floozy off her son, and scold them both. Another part wanted to replace that woman’s vagina with her own. But instead, Susy quietly closed the door and moved down the hall to her own bedroom. She locked herself in the washroom, sat on the toilet, and masturbated herself to several magnificent orgasms.

Back in Patrick’s bedroom, Donna could tell the teenager was getting close. “Not inside.” On an up thrust, she pulled him out completely and jumped down between his legs. “Put it all over me, Pat.” She grabbed his penis with both hands and stroked him with a fast, steady rhythm.

“Mrs. ... Farmer ...” Patrick erupted all over her pretty face and perfect boobs.

Again, Donna orgasmed at the touch of Patrick’s semen. Her shoulders hunched and she leaned forward, pressing her cheek against one of those contracting balls. His stuff rained down on her hair, but Donna didn’t care.

When they’d both come back to earth, Donna crawled up on the bed and pulled Patrick to the middle. She laid him down on his back and curled up next to him, her right boob pressing into his chest. She tenderly put her right thigh up on his legs, very close to his still-hard penis. “That was amazing, Pat.”

“Yes.” Patrick put his arm around her shoulders, and she rested her head in the crook of his neck. “I think I love you, Mrs. Farmer.”

“Shh.” Donna put a finger to his lips. “A woman never wants to hear that the first time. Especially ...” Donna paused as she thought of Mark. “Especially a married woman.” She was a complete mess, cum and sweat drying all over her body, but she didn’t care. “Now let’s rest.”

Very quickly, they both fell asleep.

~~

That night when Fred sat down to dinner, he gave his wife a questioning gaze. "Where's Pat?"

"He's sick." Susy sat down at the table and spread a napkin on her lap. "He didn't feel well after school."

"He wouldn't get sick as often if he exercised more." Fred dug into his meatloaf. "Or got himself a girlfriend."

"Now, Fred. How is that even related?" Susy wasn't about to tell her husband that when she'd last checked in on their son, he was snoring loudly with a sleeping woman snuggled up against him.

"It's science, Susy." Fred took a big bite. "This is good," he said with a full mouth.

"Speaking of girls, would you like to have some quiet time with me tonight?" Susy's vagina hadn't entirely calmed down from earlier.

"Feeling frisky?" Fred gave his wife's boob a playful little slap. It didn't move like he expected it to. It was heavier than he remembered. "Sure, I'll give you the big one tonight."

"Wonderful." Susy didn't tell him that in light of recent events, she'd come to believe that 'the big one' was no longer a very good nickname for her husband's penis. "Can't wait."

~~

It was dark outside when Patrick woke up. The warmth and the comfortable weight of Donna's soft body pressed up against his side. Her presence made him immediately hard again. Everything about her was so perfect, even her soft snores. He carefully rolled her onto her back and climbed on top.

"Pat?" Donna woke slowly, and looked up at those eager brown eyes behind thick glasses. She smiled up at him. "Remember not inside." She reached down and guided him in again. She marveled at the way he stretched her, a feeling just on the edge of pain, and building in pleasure with each stroke.

They spent the rest of the night like that. They would hump like rabbits, Patrick would spray her with his magical cum, and they would sleep. A few hours later they would repeat the process. The first signs of daylight crept through the window as they finished their last mating of the night. Donna's feet wobbled in the air, her legs open to him, as Patrick took her on her back. What would she do about Mark? What about the mystery? And what about her slashed tire? All those things could wait, as she gave herself completely to this sweet, handsome boy.

Chapter 8

In the past, confidence was never Linda's thing. She had gone from being a quiet, pretty young woman to a round, earnest housewife and mother. She deferred to the men in her life, even her two sons. She still couldn't say no to men, but recently she'd had a taste of control with her houseguest, Olivia Green. And Linda liked it.

Late Monday night, Linda crept into her son Ryan's old room where Olivia slept. She looked down at the woman, breathing gently under the covers. Olivia's brown hair spread itself on the pillow and her soft, pale face looked so peaceful in the moonlight flooding in through the window.

"Wake up, Olivia." Linda reached down and shook Olivia's shoulder. "I have some more chores for you."

"What?" Olivia's brown eyes opened. "Linda?" She sat up and looked at the older woman standing over her. Olivia relaxed when she saw Linda's warm, dimpled smile. Linda stood in her long, blue nightgown, her magnificent breasts pushing at the silky material. "What time is it?"

"It's late, sweetheart." Linda sat on the edge of the bed and put her hand on Olivia's knee. "Bill and Davey are sleeping. But we're going to go wake Davey up."

"Oh?" Olivia stretched her arms over her head and yawned. She sat up, holding the covers over her small breasts even though she wore her own nightgown underneath. "What's going on?"

"Let me show you." Linda took Olivia's hand in hers and gently pulled her out of bed. She led her out of the room and into David's room. Their feet quietly padded on the carpet. Linda closed and locked David's door behind them. "From now on, you're going to help me with Davey." Linda dropped Olivia's hand and stepped over to the bed. David lay on his back under the covers, snoring softly.

"How?" Olivia watched Linda's shapely behind. Not for the first time, she wondered how Linda had managed to take her away from her life in the city.

"Let me show you." Linda pulled back the blanket and sheet. David was sleeping in flannel pajamas, and his massive, soft penis was outlined distinctly under his bottoms.

"You can't be serious?" Olivia's eyes widened and she stared at the lump. As a modern woman, Olivia had some experience with men. But she'd never seen anything like the lump in this boy's PJs. "Is that ...?"

"Yes." Linda bent down and pulled down David's bottoms. "He has the most wonderful penis in the whole world, and he needs help taking care of it." Linda grasped the heavy, limp thing in her hands and stroked it, breathing life into the sleeping giant. She could feel it growing, and stiffening, in her hands.

"No way." Olivia wasn't sure if she was denying the request that she touch that monstrosity, or the reality of what Linda was doing with her son.

"Mom?" David looked down at his mother manipulating his dick in the dim light. She was bent at the waist and he could see her pale cleavage hanging down under her nightgown.

"I have a surprise for you, Davey." Linda looked over her shoulder to where Olivia stood behind her. "Olivia will help you with your penis while she stays with us."

"No." Olivia looked down at the ring on her left hand and took a step backward. "I'm engaged. Robert and I are faithful." She shook her head and looked at the now fully hard cock, the corners of her mouth dipping in revulsion. "I'd never ..."

"Come now, Olivia." Linda let go of her son's penis, straightened, and turned toward Olivia. "That ship has sailed. You already lapped at my vagina like a little puppy. Remember?"

"What?" This was news to David. What was even happening anymore? All he wanted was to get into his mom's panties again and again and now she was offering up this woman to him? David grabbed his penis and stroked slowly. A light sheen of sweat formed on his forehead. He sighed. Of course, he would take the offering.

"You asked me to." Olivia took another step backward. "I didn't ... I didn't ..."

"Shh." Linda quickly moved over to Olivia, pulling her own nightgown over her head in the process. Her large, pale boobs hung free. "It's okay, sweetheart. Robert won't ever know. You're doing this as a favor to me."

"Linda, I can't –" Olivia was cut off as Linda cradled the back of her head and brought Olivia's mouth down to Linda's left nipple. The young woman bent at the waist and automatically began sucking when the first hit of milk touched her tongue.

"There, there." Linda stroked Olivia's brown hair and slowly walked backward toward David's bed, making sure to keep her nipple in the woman's mouth.

"Wow." David stroked faster, watching his naked mom treat this grown woman like a baby. "That's really something. She's sucking you really good." With his left hand, he propped the pillow under his head to get a better view of the women.

"Don't be crude, Davey." Linda sat down on the edge of the bed, pulling Olivia down to her knees as she continued gulping down milk. "How do you want her?"

Olivia's eyes fluttered open when she heard that question. But the warmth of the milk spread through her body and carried her off again. Her eyelids fell. There was a smell in that room. Something dark, devious, and compelling. Thoughts about trying to cram that enormous cock into her tiny pussy flooded her mind.

"Put her on top." David reached down and pulled off his bottoms.

"Okay, sweetie." Linda pulled Olivia off her boob and guided her onto the bed so that she straddled David. "This might hurt a little at first, but once you adjust, it'll be the best thing you've ever felt." Linda pulled Olivia's nightgown up over her head exposing her slender body and small breasts.

"She looks so different from you." David had only seen two women naked before that moment. His mother, of course, and Mrs. Gooden when he and Patrick spied on her and her son Ralph from behind their house. "She's so small."

“Do you like her?” Linda cupped Olivia’s right boob. It was small, but it had a nice weight, and a gentle curve. Linda frowned, worried this wouldn’t work out.

“Yes.” David nodded and let go of his dick. He smiled up at Olivia, who looked down at him with distant eyes, lost in a fog of lust.

“Great.” Linda put her left hand on the small of Olivia’s back and her right hand on David’s penis. She guided it into the waiting vagina. “I think we’ll all get along swimmingly.”

“Oh, gosh.” Olivia rolled her eyes as David resized her tight pussy. “Wait ... wait ... oooohhhhhhhhhhh.” She was so wet, and the cock just kept inching its way in. “Robert ... I’m sorry ...” Olivia could already tell this would be another tectonic change in her life. The second she’d laid eyes on Linda, she’d had one life-shattering change after another.

“Whenever you’re ready, Davey. Just spray it all inside her.” Linda maintained steady pressure on Olivia’s lower back, forcing her hips down. David’s penis was almost all the way inside Olivia now.

Olivia turned her head to Linda, her mouth hanging open as pain turned to pleasure and in horror at the suggestion that David would breed her.

“But I want to spray it in you, Mom.” David reached up and held Olivia’s tits. They were firm and perky. He liked them.

“Oh, Davey. There’s time for that later, sweetheart.” Olivia hit bottom and Linda grabbed her hips and rocked her on David’s tool.

Olivia looked back and forth between mother and son. He’d already inseminated Linda? With all the surprises piling on top of one another, it was hard to figure out what was most shocking.

“Okay, Mom.” David tugged at Olivia’s tits, getting her to bounce her hips up and down. He listened to her squeak and grunt like a little mouse.

“Great. You can do me after. We just have to keep it down.” Linda looked over her shoulder at the closed door. “I don’t want to wake up your father.” Linda let go of Olivia’s hips and shoved her boob back into Olivia’s face. “Not so loud, Olivia.”

“Mmmmmmmhhhhhhmmmm.” Olivia took the Riles family from both ends. Her pussy stretched around David’s monster cock, and her mouth drank from Linda’s monster boob.

“He has the perfect penis, doesn’t he?” Linda held the back of Olivia’s head to keep her firmly clamped on her boob. “Just wait until you feel his orgasm, sweetie. You’ll never want to go back to your fiancé.”

“Aaahmmmmmmmm.” The idea tugged at her heart. Poor Robert. But even now, she doubted she’d ever want to go without David’s cock. “It’s ... good,” she mumbled around the nipple in her mouth.

“Here it ... aahhhh ... comes, Ms. Green.” David closed his eyes and let loose inside her.

Olivia’s muscles spasmed and shook. The boob pressed into her face thankfully muffled her scream. Her body overflowed with ecstasy as David’s warm cum splashed inside her. She could feel it in there, filling her up.

Once David was done, Linda pulled Olivia's trim hips off him, dislodging his penis. It came out with a plop. Linda then pushed the still trembling woman to the side of the bed, up against the wall. "Okay, Davey. My turn." Linda mounted her son.

David opened his eyes. To his right, Olivia lay on her side, her eyes vacant and a little drool dribbling from her open mouth. Above him, Linda got ready to put his hard dick inside her. "Turn around, Mom. We haven't done it that way yet."

"What's with you and your positions, mister." Linda raised an eyebrow, but turned herself so that she was facing David's legs. "I never dreamed ... uh ..." She put the magnificent penis inside her and it slid right in. It was awkward at first, like so many of David's sexual schemes, but she placed her hands on his knees and started bouncing her hips. "... of some of the things ... ah ... ah ... ah ... you've done to me."

Some life returned to Olivia's eyes as she recovered. She looked over at the handsome boy next to her, and then down at his mother's ass, bouncing as it rode that incredibly long shaft. How did she fit all that cock inside her?

"Kiss me, Ms. Green." David smiled and with his right hand, pulled her closer.

And so, Olivia found herself making out with a teenager, while his mother mated with him. Only a few days ago, she was on a date at the drive-in with her then boyfriend, wondering if life would ever get interesting. In the present, she passionately swirled her tongue in the boy's mouth, cheating on her now fiancé. If only she could warn her past self not to wish for interesting.

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Pale morning light cast Patrick's room in cool hues. Donna sat up in bed. Her legs were entwined with the young man she'd coupled with all night. She gingerly freed herself as Patrick breathed softly. He was also naked, but he still had his glasses on. They were crooked and pressed into the pillow. Donna tenderly removed them from his face and set them down on the nightstand. She then picked up her own glasses and put them on.

The house was still silent. That was good. She might escape without running into Patrick's parents. Crawling out of bed slowly, so as to not wake the eighteen-year-old, Donna saw her clothes strewn on the floor. She stepped onto the carpet and bent over. There were some stains on her dress. She held the dress to her nose and inhaled, to test for freshness. Donna's knees trembled. It was not fresh and the smell nearly made her climb back in bed with Patrick. But no, she shook her head. She needed to get back to her husband, Mark.

Donna dressed as quietly as she could, retrieved her purse, and snuck out of the room. She closed the door behind her and tiptoed down the stairs. It was early enough still. Nobody about. Just the tick tock of the mantle clock.

Outside, the air was crisp and cold. Donna hugged herself against the chill and walked. It was about a mile before she found a payphone.

“Mark? You need to come pick me up,” she said when he answered.

“Donna. My God, I was worried about you. When I saw what happened to the car —”

“I investigated, like you asked.” Tears welled in Donna’s eyes.

“Of course, of course. Capital, my lady.” Mark was so proud of his wife for making the best of their situation. “Are you all right?”

“I’m fine.” Donna looked around at the empty street, the first golden rays hit the tree tops as the sun crested the horizon. “Did you fix the car?”

“Yes, the spare is on. Where are you?”

Donna gave her location and Mark quickly hung up and ran out the door. He thought about asking her what had happened, but there was no time. He would find out all the details once they were together again.

~~

Susy spent a restless night, hoping that the hussy of a tutor would leave during the night. Around three in the morning, she left her sleeping husband and pressed her ear to Patrick’s door. She could hear them still going at it in there. Susy was of a mind to burst in there and slap both of them silly, but couldn’t bring herself to break them up in the midst of their fornicating. Instead, she went back to bed.

In the morning, Susy waited in bed as long as she could. Finally, with light in the sky, she heard a floorboard creak out in the hall. Susy threw on a dress, left her room, and went down to the kitchen. She peered out the window and watched the woman walk away from their house, hugging herself against the morning chill. The tutor was a beautiful woman with red hair flowing in the breeze, and a comely figure. What was she doing with Patrick?

Breakfast wasn’t going to make itself. Susy worked through her morning chores and sent off her son and husband to school and work. She decided she’d start the day cleaning Patrick’s room. Just to see the state of it. She entered slowly and took in the chaos that was his bed. There were stains on his sheets and blankets, he hadn’t even bothered trying to hide the mess he made. One pillow was on the floor, the other had a stain on it. And the smell. The odor was so quintessentially Patrick, but also something else. As if he had mixed himself with the most heavenly elixir. And Susy could smell the woman’s secretions too.

Before Susy knew it, she was laying on the bed, her skirt around her waist, furiously rubbing her clit with her right hand. With her left, she held Patrick’s sheet up to her face, licking the dried semen from the cotton. It was just too much to resist.

~~

Mark, dressed impeccably in his gray suit, bow tie, and fedora hat, picked up his wife at the phone booth. The second she sat in the passenger seat, he detected the reek coming off of her. "What happened?" He took off his jacket, put it around her shoulders, and then drove them back toward the hotel.

"I ... I ..." Donna shivered from the cold and the surge of adrenaline at the thought of telling her darling husband that she'd let the Lannit boy take her over and over with his monster penis.

"What are you covered in?" Mark glanced at her and then back to the road. "Did you see something ... out of this world?"

"Yes, Mark." She looked at him with her big green eyes and adjusted her glasses. She wanted to say, *and he possessed me body and soul*. Instead, she did something unusual. She lied to her husband. "Young Mr. Lannit saved me from that ruffian we interviewed. The boy, Mr. Sumner, seemed crazed and his skin oozed a substance that got on my clothes."

"Egad." Mark nearly swerved the car in excitement. "Was this at the library? How did I get back to the hotel?"

"No, it was at the hotel." Donna shook her head. "Patrick rode along on his bike just in the nick of time and knocked our assailant to the ground. We then took you back to the room as you were in one of your states."

"Hm. It's odd I didn't get any of the stuff on my clothes, if I was there." Mark scrunched his chin in thought. "We'll need to bag your clothes for evidence. And get you in a shower in case the stuff is somehow toxic."

Donna shuddered, thinking about her husband carefully preserving Patrick's cum as evidence. "Yes, I need a shower."

"Then what happened?" Mark turned the car to the right. They were now close to the hotel.

"Well ..." Donna looked out the window, trying to collect her thoughts. "Patrick and I followed the ruffian and he exuded more of the seepage as he ran from us. We spent all night searching, but gave up the search at daylight. And I then called you."

"That's why you walked up to the car with a slight limp? Too much walking all night?" Mark turned the car left onto the hotel's street. "I was worried you were injured."

"Yes." Donna wouldn't tell him that it was because her once-tight pussy had been battered all night by a giant cock. "One other thing, my lord."

"Yes, my lady?"

"I'll need to check in on Patrick this afternoon." Donna could feel the heat in her cheeks as she said the words.

"Very good, I'd like to thank the young man in person." Mark parked the car outside the hotel.

"No, dear." Donna slowly shook her head. "I'll need to visit him on my own. I'm worried you'll have another of your spells. Perhaps I should do the majority of the investigating while we're in Portsmouth, and I'll bring you the evidence."

"Like your dress?" Mark shut off the engine and looked at his wife with earnest pride.

"Yes." Donna couldn't look him in the eye. "Like the dress. There may be more such evidence in future."

"That's my gal. No matter the danger, we'll solve the mystery." Mark smiled his easy, we're-on-the-case smile. "I knew you'd warm to the Portsmouth riddle. I'll sequester myself with our books. Maybe you and Patrick can get more reading material for me at the library. When you have time."

"Of course, dear." Donna tried her best at a reassuring smile.

~~

"You're already late, Roy." Amanda knocked on Roy's bedroom door and straightened her blouse. These days she always felt nervous when she was about to talk to her son. She never knew where it might lead. "Your father and sister have already left. You need to go to school."

"Leave me alone, Mom. I'm sleeping," Roy yelled through the door.

"I'm coming in." Amanda took a deep breath and opened the door. It was dark in there, the curtains were closed, and the room had a funk to it. Amanda could guess what he'd been doing. She wondered at her boy's stamina; that his mother's mouth, vagina, and butt weren't enough for him. And he'd even mentioned sleeping with other women. Good God, her little, chubby man was a force of nature.

"Go away." Roy pulled the blankets over his head.

"Now, Roy. If you don't go to school and apply yourself, I'm going to cut you off from our ... our ... fun. You don't want that, do you?" Amanda looked at the space girls and cowgirls on the walls and then looked down at her own bust. They had nothing that she didn't have. Except for maybe youth. "Now get up." She crossed the room and pulled the blanket off her naked son. There stood his morning wood. Seeing those chiseled veins and the dark knobby head took her breath away every time. Her vagina leaked into her panties. The funk in the room seemed to intensify.

"You're not going to cut me off, Mom." Roy opened his eyes and looked up at her. She was so pretty in the darkness with her pale skin and black hair. "You want it as bad as I do."

"Roy, you need to get to school." She frowned at him.

"Everyone thinks Dad is so great, but he doesn't do it for you anymore. Does he?" Roy reached out and held her left hand. He slowly pulled her wedding ring from her finger.

"Don't do that, darling." She let him pull the ring from her finger and pull her into bed with him.

"Dad never saw this coming." Roy laughed and reached under her skirt, pushing her panties to the side.

“What are you?” Amanda felt a little pressure on her buttock. “Oh, my. Roy? Are you?” Her sphincter gave way and she felt the ring enter her butt. The hole then tightened behind it. “You put it in my butt.”

“Yeah.” Roy laughed harder and rolled her onto her back. “I just like the idea ...” Roy was giddy with laughter. “... of Dad getting down on one knee ...” His laughter increased as he moved her panties further to the side and pushed his dick into her. “Dad on one knee, asking for your hand in marriage, and pushing those pretty diamonds up your butt.” Roy enjoyed the dumb expression on her face as he thrust in and out of her. She looked so lost. “I mean ...” Roy couldn’t stop laughing. “From now on, you and I ...” Roy put her feet over his shoulders and really started giving it to her. “We’ll know that your wedding ring was once ... in your butt. But Dad won’t know. He might even kiss your ring, or do some sort of gallant shit like that.” Eventually, Roy’s laughter trailed off as he concentrated on nutting inside his mother.

“Roy. You can’t do it inside my vagina. Remember?” Amanda’s face twisted in lust as her orgasm built.

“I can’t do it in your butt ... Mom ... your ring’s in there.” Roy looked down at his helpless mother and pounded away. His chubby belly shook as he landed hard, punishing strokes with his dick. Her boobs shook under her blouse.

“Oh, Roy.” Amanda turned her head to the side and bit the pillow. A marvelous orgasm took control.

“You’re ... going to give me a baby, Mom.” Roy was almost ready.

Those words caused Amanda to have another orgasm even before the first one subsided. She knew it was true. She would give Roy a baby.

“Every woman ... in Portsmouth ... will give me ... a baby.” And with that Roy drenched her pussy in cum.

When his sperm hit her insides, Amanda’s second orgasm accelerated into a third one, bigger than the first two.

Minutes later, as Amanda wobbled out of her son’s room, she blinked in disbelief. There were no lines Roy wouldn’t cross.

“Call the school, Mom,” Roy called after her. “Tell them I’ll be late today. You wouldn’t want me to cut you off from this dick.”

Amanda turned her head slightly and nodded. She made her way down into the kitchen. First, she’d call the school. Then she’d go to her washroom and clean the gallon of cum that oozed out of her. After that, she’d see about retrieving her wedding ring.

~~

The women they interviewed all seemed a little off to Dr. Gertrude Cobb. It was something, but not enough to call in reinforcements. Given the literature on the meteorites, Gertrude was expecting an infection that decimated the populace. Or maybe gross mutations. What she got instead, was funny looks and lots of attention to the breast area. These women were pulling at their blouses, or constantly

smoothing the front of their dresses, or in some cases even rubbing their own breasts when they thought no one was looking.

What could it mean? Something nefarious or benign? Gertrude didn't have enough evidence yet. Maybe she'd order some protective masks for her and her staff, just in case. Something like surgical masks.

The more time they spent in Portsmouth, the more Gertrude felt her intuition had been right to avoid the young males. But also, the less she trusted her intuition that the women in this town posed them no harm.

~~

"Can I call my fiancé? I haven't telephoned since I first got here." Olivia stood in her maroon housedress, hands clasped in front her, fingers fidgeting.

"I'm surprised you want to telephone him after last night." Linda looked up from the counter where she was making them some lunch, a pretty, warm smile on her face. She looked stunning with her blue blouse and white circle skirt.

"Please don't say that." Olivia bit her lip, thinking about the things she'd done last night. She'd opened herself up to this family completely. It was surely unforgivable. And the worst was that she knew she wanted more of that tall young man with the enormous cock and his bouncy, round mother.

"Well, it is long-distance, so don't be long." Linda put down the knife on the counter. A devious thought slithered into her mind.

Olivia walked over to the phone, picked it up, and dialed Robert's work number. A man answered on the third ring and she asked for Robert. The man said he'd get him and there was a pause. She turned, fiddling with the cord, and watched as Linda lowered herself to the linoleum floor and crawled toward her. The way her butt stuck out in that position under her skirt was so provocative. And the way Linda's shoulder blades moved was somewhat sinister. Olivia felt like she was being stalked by a large cat.

"Hello, Liv?" Robert was panting, he'd obviously raced to the phone.

"Hello, Robert." Olivia watched in awe and horror as Linda crawled right up to her and slid under her dress. "Darling, it's so good to hear—" Olivia sucked in her breath as Linda pulled her panties aside and licked at Olivia's pussy. No one, not even Robert, had done that for her before. "Good to hear your voice," Olivia squeaked.

It was only fair, Linda thought, that she taste Olivia. The young woman had done almost nothing but taste Linda since they'd met. Linda liked this new act. She lapped some more and realized that she enjoyed it very much.

"Are you still at your parent's house?" Robert didn't like to hear the stress in his fiancée's voice. "Is your father doing better?"

This was the lie Olivia had told him over the phone the day she left. "Yes ..." Olivia couldn't help it. She widened her legs to give her hostess better access to her pussy and leaned back against the wall. "... he's much better than you. I'm sorry ... I mean, and ... you?" She looked down at the lump Linda's head made under Olivia's dress. Olivia was going to have to hang up soon, or Robert was going to hear her cum on this woman's tongue.

Robert talked on about work and his buddies. Olivia tried to listen.

More naughty thoughts occurred to Linda. While sliding her tongue slowly up and down between Olivia's open lips. She slid her right hand up, wet her index finger in Olivia's vagina with a quick poke, and then moved her hand around back.

"Oh," Olivia blurted, interrupting her fiancé.

"What?" Robert again worried about his sweet girl.

"Nothing, Robert. I just ... I just ..." Olivia's eyes shot wide as Linda's finger entered her buttock. She hadn't known that was a thing people did. "Cardinals ... how are they?" Olivia knew that no topic interested him more than his beloved Cardinals.

"They're struggling in the outfield right now." He talked on and on about baseball while his fiancée further succumbed to Linda's wiles.

Linda moved her mouth up and nibbled on Olivia's engorged clit.

"Very busy. Have to go," Olivia interrupted Robert just as he was explaining the shortstop situation. "Love you." And she slammed the phone down. Olivia wailed and came. My God, she could feel herself squirting something into Linda's mouth.

Linda felt a sense of euphoria as Olivia sprayed her chin with her orgasm. What control she had over her new, little friend. When the young woman stopped trembling, Linda came back out from under Olivia's dress. "Well, that was quite something. I didn't know women did that. You spayed me like a man." Her face was shiny and slick, and the front of her blouse had a dark stain spreading across it.

"Me either." Olivia slumped to the floor, her eyes fixed on this mesmerizing woman.

"Well ..." Linda slapped her hands together, like she'd just finished a job well done. "I need a shower. Care to join me?"

The two women put off lunch for a little while longer, while they got each other off in the washroom upstairs.

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"What are you saying?" David leaned over his lunch tray, studying his small, nerdy friend.

"I'm no longer a virgin." Patrick smiled and sipped at his milk. "It happened last night." His smile broadened. "And last night, and this morning, and this morning, and this morning."

“Awesome. Well done, Pat. I’ll take you out to the malt shop to celebrate after school.” David’s smile had a shadow of doubt in it. Did Patrick do it with his mom? When they saw Roberta getting it from Ralph, had that given Patrick the confidence to take Suzy Lannit? “What about it Roy, you want to come along?”

“No.” Roy looked down at his chicken sandwich. “I’ve got other plans.”

“Don’t you have basketball practice?” Patrick raised an eyebrow at David and adjusted his glasses.

“It’s crazy. They cancelled our season. Boys started missing practice, then a bunch dropped the team.” David scratched at his short blond hair. “I thought we were going to be good this year, too. I guess we add that to the mystery pile, huh?”

“Strange.” Patrick thought it over and shook his head. “I want to go to the malt shop, I really do, but Mom’s picking me up early to see that doctor again. Tomorrow?”

“Yeah, sure.” David nodded.

“So, who is it?” Roy turned his head and gave Patrick a sharp stare. “The doll you banged. Who is it?”

“You can’t tell anyone.” Patrick leaned his head in and the other two boys did the same. “It’s the lady detective. She spent the night and it was the most incredible thing ever,” Patrick whispered.

“The older woman we saw in the library with the shapely backside?” Roy looked like he didn’t believe Patrick.

“Yes.” Patrick nodded emphatically.

Roy snorted a laugh. “You?” He chuckled a little harder. “I thought it was just me, but I bet it’s all of us that got bigger dicks.”

Patrick and David exchanged a glance.

“What are you talking about Roy?” Patrick was genuinely at a loss.

“You think you’re so smart with your books and your glasses.” Roy’s laughter came to an abrupt halt.

“Did you fuck your mom yet, Pat?”

“What?” Patrick’s cheeks flushed and his fists clenched. He was ready to defend Susy’s honor.

“How about you?” Roy turned his attention to David. “You nail your hot little package of a mother yet?”

“Shut up, Roy.” David stood, his face darkening.

“It’s the sweat poindexter.” Roy looked back to Patrick. “I fucked his mom and I’m going to fuck yours. As long as I’m sweating, I can fuck whoever I want. There’s something happening to all of —”

Both Patrick and David leaped toward Roy, competing to see who could punch him first. Despite being on the other side of the table, David won.

The fist fight only lasted a few seconds, as the three boys were dragged apart by teachers. Roy had a bloody nose and the makings of a black eye. The other two boys escaped with only bruised knuckles.

The boys were all taken to the vice principal's office where they had to stay until their parents picked them up.

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Linda picked up David first. The other two boys watched him go with his head down.

Next, Susy showed up for Patrick. She scolded him right there in the room and led him out holding the collar of his shirt.

Roy was still crying when Amanda picked him up. She breezed into the room, head held high, took her son by the shoulder, and whisked him out to the car. He was still crying in the passenger seat when they pulled away from the curb.

"What happened?" Amanda glanced at him.

"Patrick and David punched me, Mom." Roy wiped at his eyes with the back of his hand.

"Oh my, well I'll certainly talk to their mothers." She patted his thigh. "Don't cry, darling. I know what'll cheer you up."

"What?" Roy sniffled.

"There's an abandoned parking lot just over here." Amanda turned the car right, then left, and then another left down an alley. "We should ..." They pulled into the parking lot, but it wasn't abandoned. Linda Riles's auto was parked at the far end of the lot. Amanda couldn't see anyone in it. She slowed her car and parked. Linda's car was rocking back and forth. Amanda looked closer and she could see a pair of kitten heels wobbling up in the air above the back seat. "Oh, my word." She put her right hand over Roy's eyes.

"Stop, Mom." Roy pushed her hand away, and his tears dried up. He looked at the car and it was very clear that Linda Riles had had the same idea as Amanda. David was doing her in the back seat.

"She's a good Christian woman. I can't believe ..." Amanda couldn't take her eyes off the rocking car. "Is her son in there with her?"

"Don't look so surprised, Mom." Roy reached over and pulled up her skirt. He pulled her panties to the side and slid a finger into her pussy. She was already wet. "We do it, why wouldn't they?"

"Not now, Roy." Amanda turned the car around and pulled out of the parking lot. She let her son finger her the rest of the way home.

When the car was safely in their garage with the door closed behind them, she shut off the ignition. Amanda turned to Roy and kissed him deeply. "Are you feeling better, darling?"

"I wanna do it in the back of the car, like David did with his mom." Roy fondled her right boob through her blouse.

“Really?” Amanda thought that maybe it wasn’t the best idea, but she found herself climbing into the back seat. “What is this world coming to? Linda and her son. Her tall, handsome son.” The thought of another mother falling the way she had sent tantalizing chills up her spine.

“Stop talking about David.” Roy climbed into the back seat and positioned Amanda on her back, legs spread, kitten heels up in the air. He released his dick and without ceremony, shoved it in.

“Oh. Don’t worry, Roy. Ooohhhh. You’re my ... handsome boy.” She reached up and touched his face with her fingertips. “I only have eyes ... uh ... uh ... uh ... for you. I ... love you ... so much.” Her first orgasm washed over her.

“I ... love you ... too ... Mom.” Roy reached under her and grabbed her ass for leverage. “I’m going to cum in your pussy again. I want a ... baby sister. Give me ... a baby sister.” He slammed into her with long, powerful strokes.

“Yes, darling.” Amanda squealed and her car rocked back and forth. Just like Linda’s car. They were both good, Christian mothers and wives and yet, they both had given it up to their sons. Amanda wondered what her life would have been like if she’d had twin daughters instead of Annie and Roy. She wondered if Roy would give her twin daughters now. “Oooooohhhhhhhh.” Amanda screamed and quivered as Roy emptied himself in her vagina.

Chapter 9

“Patrick’s been busy since we saw you last week.” Susy sat on the sofa in Dr. Epman’s office. Again, the doctor himself was nowhere to be seen. Instead, his wife, Paget, watched Susy and Patrick with interest. “He was in a fistfight today. The other day, he did something to his big sister, and she wouldn’t even tell me what it was. But I could tell it wasn’t any good. A mother knows.” Susy ticked off events on her fingers as she ran down her list. “Yesterday, he did ... things to his tutor.”

“Things?” Paget smiled in a slight professional way and cocked her head. “What things?” Her inquisitive eyes, enlarged by her glasses, moved back and forth from Susy to Patrick. Her hands lay still in the lap of her crisp sheath skirt. She pressed her knees firmly together.

“Well ...” Susy’s cheeks darkened as she thought about the things she saw and heard them do. “I understand that boys Pat’s age need to ... let off steam. But the tutor was old enough to be his mother. And as his mother, I know that’s not in the least okay.”

“I see.” Paget nodded, her brown ponytail bobbing behind her head.

“He’s continued to be too touchy with me as well.” Susy continued ticking off items on her fingers. “He’s eighteen for goodness sakes, he shouldn’t be touching his mother. Also, his friend Roy was unspeakably rude to me.”

“Did he do something, Mom?” Patrick’s face went from chagrin to panic in a millisecond.

“I slapped that boy and sent him on his way.” Susy crossed her arms over her large chest and set her jaw firmly.

“I only punched him today because he said mean things about you.” Patrick adjusted his glasses and looked over at his mom. “He said bad things, Mrs. Epman.” Patrick turned his gaze to the pretty counselor sitting across from them.

“Did those bad things, per chance, have to do with him compromising your mother in a sexual way?” There was a little twinkle in Paget’s eye.

“My goodness, Mrs. Epman.” Susy put a hand to her mouth.

“I’m sorry, Mrs. Lannit. But we have to be honest here, and you know boys that age.” Paget turned her half-smile toward Susy. “You’re a beautiful woman, it’s only natural that they would look at you that way.”

“My gosh.” Susy couldn’t believe what she was hearing.

“Look, I think I know why this is happening.” Patrick moved his hands as he talked, becoming more animated. “There was a meteor. And Roy said something about guys’ sweat. And the senior boys, most of us have bigger ...” He glanced at his mother. “... gadgets. And women in town are getting bigger too. And —”

“Patrick, that’s enough.” Susy dropped her forehead into her hands, mortified. “We don’t discuss your gadget or my weight. I put on a few pounds. It happens.”

“No, Mom. It’s not just you.” Patrick was talking very fast. “Look at Mrs. Epman. Her boobs are ... different than last week.”

“What has gotten into you, Pat?” Susy’s eyes narrowed. She was this close to smacking her own son across the cheek.

“I see what’s going on here.” Paget stood and walked across the room to Susy and put a hand on her shoulder. “I’ll finish the session privately with Patrick. I know just what to do. Please wait out in the foyer.”

“But –” Susy said.

“Please, Mrs. Lannit.” Paget squeezed Susy’s shoulder gently. “I’ve discussed Patrick’s case with Dr. Epman, I know exactly what to do.”

Susy stood and walked to the door. She looked back over her shoulder at Patrick and Paget. Both watched her. Paget had taken Susy’s place next to Patrick on the couch. Susy opened the door, stepped out into the waiting room, and closed it behind her. She found a magazine, sat in a chair, and waited.

“You’re a clever boy.” Paget turned toward Patrick and put a hand on his knee. “You figured out that sweat serves as the catalyst.” Her smile brightened as she talked, full of expectation. “Although, I very much doubt there’s a meteor involved in all this.” Paget stood back up, took off her heels, and placed them next to the sofa. “But it’s not just guys’ sweat.” She removed her glasses, placed them on an end table, and then bounced on the soles of her bare feet. “Women too.”

“What?” Patrick’s jaw dropped as he watched this mild-mannered lady jog in place on the hardwood floor. His eyes fell to her boobs, bouncing in unison under her blouse and bra. They were bigger than last week, Patrick was sure of it. “What are you doing?”

“This needs to come off.” Paget was struggling to move her legs in her sheath skirt. She dropped the skirt to the floor and placed it on her shoes. She then jogged again, her bare, white legs tensing and releasing with every step. “I didn’t lie ... to your mother, Patrick.” She was now huffing and puffing a little. Her blouse hung over her black lace panties. Underwear that were once reserved only for her marital bed were now in plain sight for this teenager. “I did ... discuss your case with my husband. But then ... I had a ... revelation.” Her forehead glistened with sweat and her ponytail danced behind her as she continued to jog in place. While bouncing, she pulled her blouse over her head and tossed it onto the sofa. “I found something ... better than any ... drug. As ... sweet as ... life itself.”

“You need to stop, Mrs. Epman.” Patrick watched this professional, married woman exercise in her black lace bra and panties. He couldn’t pull his gaze away from her bouncing chest. His pants had become mighty uncomfortable as his dick fully engorged. “I won’t be able to help myself.”

“You like my ... tits? That’s what boys ... your age call them ... right?” Paget’s smile was a little strained as she exercised, but still pretty and friendly. “Tits?”

“Boobs?” Patrick, without thinking, unbuttoned his pants and pulled them down around his thighs. His dick sprung free. The smell in the room was rich and enveloping.

“Boobs?” Paget stopped her jogging and dropped to her knees. She wiped her forehead with the back of her hand. “You are such a polite boy, Patrick Lannit.” She reached out and held Patrick’s long penis with

her left hand. "You have such a beautiful penis. Look how the head flares, just so." She ran her right index finger over the head, pulling off a drop of precum. She put the finger in her mouth and her eyelashes fluttered. "So good." Paget pulled Patrick's pants and underwear down to his ankles and gently spread his legs. "Will this be your first oral sex, or is this something you did with the tutor?" She leaned forward and licked up the remaining precum on his cock. A little shudder went down her spine.

"Tutor." Patrick couldn't help but feel that he was about to cheat on Donna. It was ridiculous, he knew, in so many ways. They had been together only that one night. And she was married to the indomitable Mark Farmer. Donna wasn't his girlfriend or anything. They weren't going steady. She hadn't put his pin on. But still. "Maybe we ... oh ... wow." He sighed as the pretty counselor slid the head of his dick past her soft, pink lips. "The ... meteor."

"Mmmmmmmmm." Paget popped the cock from the side of her mouth. It was so substantial. She licked down the shaft and it felt like it went forever until she found his large, heavy balls. She'd never grow tired of this, and she was in the perfect position for mothers to keep bringing her their sons. "Don't worry about the meteor, Patrick," Paget said between licks of his left testicle. With her left hand, she stroked the massive penis. So far, Patrick was the skinniest of the patients she'd blown. This was a good thing, in her mind. He was cute and innocent. Paget liked them that way. "Whatever happened here in Portsmouth, we are the luckiest people in the world." She sucked in his ball and rolled it around her mouth.

"Your ... husband." Patrick looked down at the wedding ring touching his dick. The little silver band had so many diamonds. Dr. Epman must have a successful practice to buy such a thing for his wife.

Paget removed the testicle from her mouth and licked back up the veiny shaft. "Forget my husband. You really are a thoughtful lad, aren't you?" She kissed the dark head. "Worry less. You'll have more fun. Now put your hands on my head."

Patrick cupped the back of her brown hair with both hands.

"Good. Now pull me back onto your penis." She felt the pressure on the back of her head. She resisted for a second, just for fun, but Patrick pulled harder. She wanted him to want it. Resistance gone, the thick penis was back in her mouth. She bobbed her head, slurping and moaning. She needed more of that teenage cum that she craved. Day and night, it was almost all she thought about now.

"Mrs. Epman ... wow ... you're going to make me ..." Patrick burst in her mouth.

Paget was ready for the euphoria, and kept her mouth suctioned on his penis, draining him down her throat. The first couple times she'd done this, she wasn't ready for the orgasm that went with swallowing her patients' semen, and it had been difficult to clean and explain to the waiting mother. But now, Paget was nearly a pro. She swallowed everything, and rode that amazing high as lights swirled before her eyes and electricity delighted every nerve.

It took some time for Patrick to recover, but when he did, he looked down as she still lovingly sucked on his dick. "Mrs. Epman?" He removed his hands from her head. "I'm done."

Paget looked up at him, with that pole still in her mouth, and winked. She pulled her head back and licked her lips. "Well done, young Mr. Lannit. Now, I want you to behave this week. No more fistfights, no more groping your mother."

“But I –” Patrick said.

“Shh.” Paget put a finger to her lips. “If I hear you behaved all week, I’ll suck you again. I might even let you see my tits. Would you like that?”

Patrick pulled up his pants. His impulse was to mount the woman right then, but he fought for control of his body with the lizard part of his brain.

“Oh, you prefer boobs.” Paget gave him a mock pouty face. “Would you like to see my boobies next time?” Paget stood, collected her blouse and skirt, and dressed herself.

“I think it’s time to go.” Patrick buttoned his pants, tucking his still hard dick into his waistband.

Paget looked down at the watch on her wrist. “Right you are. Fifty minutes on the nose. Run along now.” She put on her heels and waved him toward the door.

“Goodbye, Mrs. Epman.” Patrick stood and quickly retreated to the door. “Thank you.”

“Patrick Lannit, always so polite.” Paget straightened and waved goodbye. “See you next week.”

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The ladies waited in their meeting room in the church basement. They sat in a semi-circle on metal folding chairs, waiting for the presentation.

“I’ve never talked to scientists before, have you?” Linda leaned over to whisper in Molly Neilson’s ear. It was quite an honor to sit next to the pastor’s wife. Although, Linda wasn’t sure she deserved that spot. After all, she’d picked up David a little while ago after a fight at school. Minutes after pickup, she’d given herself to him in their family car. Her vagina still leaked the sperm her son had deposited there.

“I have not.” Molly shook her head and brushed her blonde hair off her forehead. She eyed the three outsiders at the front of the room. Two women and a man talked quietly. “I didn’t catch what this is about. Did you?” Molly’s nipples had started tingling the second those three government people had walked into the room. It was so strange. Odd cravings rose inside of her. It was all she could do to stay seated. She wanted to rip her sweater, dress, and bra off and let her breasts hang free. Which was insane anywhere, but especially in her husband’s church, with a large cross looking down on them from the wall.

“Water readiness preparation?” Linda shrugged. “Or something like that, I think.” She suffered from the same feelings as Molly, but these were familiar to Linda. She looked to her left where Olivia sat, squirming in her seat. These feelings were just like the first time she met Olivia. She looked around the semi-circle. Patricia, Samantha, and Rose filled out the semi-circle. These were all fine members of the community, and some of the most devoted friends to the church. Linda reached for the cross hanging from her bracelet. She had started to doubt that God was as committed to them as they were to God.

“Do you feel strange?” Molly whispered. Her heart thumped in her chest. She looked up at the embroidered phrase on the wall; *An Oasis of Faith at a Busy Crossroad*. An image arose in her mind of an

oasis of milk bubbling up in the desert, where she would feed all the non-believers and convert them to Jesus. Molly frowned, but that was wrong, somehow.

"I feel good." Linda looked at Molly. The short woman practically bounced in her seat. Linda noted the pretty woman's generous curves, and that she hadn't yet bought herself new clothes. Molly's once loose sweater was now pulled tightly over her boobs.

A few miles away, Axcix watched through her sentry feed. She sat at the bottom of the lake, her mechanisms whirring with tension. The alien didn't bother to watch most events as they happened, she liked to sift through the data afterward. But she made an exception for what was about to happen to those meddling primates. Six females should be enough for one, two, three ... A storm of bubbles rose in the water around Axcix. Folly. There were only three now. Where had the other two outsiders gone? Now that the event had started, she couldn't change course. This could lead to more problems.

"I think maybe I should go lie down." Molly could feel her vagina leaking. Were her breasts leaking too? She'd weaned their youngest a few years ago. What was happening?

"It's starting." Linda leaned close to Molly and breathed in. She smelled delightful. But Linda focused on the front of the room as the small woman with gray eyes, blonde hair, and a formal swing dress walked to the center of the semi-circle.

"Hello, ladies." She gave them all a perfunctory smile. "I'm Dr. Gertrude Cobb, and these are my colleagues, Mr. Richard Smith and Miss Wendy Gonzalez. We're here exploring the interplay between meteorological phenomena and human health." Gertrude's smile turned more genuine as she enjoyed her own pun. They were not there to study the weather. "We have a few questions for you all. Mr. Smith will pass out some mimeographed copies of a questionnaire for your perusal."

"I don't feel so good, Linda." Molly put her left hand on Linda's shoulder. She needed to feel something solid. But human contact served only to excite her further.

"Hang in there, sweetie." Linda patted Molly's thigh. She watched Richard walk toward the ladies with a stack of papers.

Gertrude's assistant Wendy had a dark complexion, black hair, and a somber expression on her face. She stepped up next to Gertrude and whispered in her ear.

Richard passed a paper to Rose and Samantha, but then when he offered one to Patricia, all hell broke loose in the church basement.

"I can't stand it," Patricia yelled. She stood, tore open the front of her fine blue dress, and jumped on Richard. The two of them toppled to the ground in a writhing heap.

Seeing this, Rose and Samantha stood with a frenzied look in their eyes. Rose pulled her blouse over her head and with trembling fingers tore her bra off and tossed it aside. Her boobs were large, with small dark nipples. Both women dove on top of Patricia and Richard.

"Drink, drink, drink," Patricia murmured. She had her swollen, alabaster boob pressed firmly onto Richard's mouth. The man struggled for a second against the women, but then his body went limp.

Gertrude and Wendy stood with their mouths hanging open in horror. Olivia and Molly rose to their feet and raced toward the outsiders, discarding their clothing behind them as they ran. Gertrude and Wendy didn't move. They were suspended in disbelief.

"I didn't think—" Gertrude couldn't finish her thought as the half-naked pastor's wife bowled her over.

"No, no, no." Wendy turned to run, but Olivia, dressed only in her skirt now, caught her from behind. Now everyone but Linda was on the floor.

"Miracles never cease." Linda stood slowly, her heart racing. She removed her blouse and bra, set them down on her chair, and then surveyed the room. Patricia had given way to Rose, who now had her boob in Richard's face. Olivia had already snared Wendy, cradling the scientist's head in her lap. Olivia fed the woman from her small breasts. The only one still struggling was Gertrude. Molly straddled the woman's hips and was trying desperately to get her breasts into the doctor's face, but Gertrude pushed back at Molly.

Linda strode over, kneeled down, and grabbed her own left tit. She positioned herself over Gertrude's face and squeezed milk so that little droplets rained down into the woman's open mouth.

"Uuuuggghhh." Gertrude's eyes rolled back in her head. Her whole body coursed with pleasure, and the need to escape quickly vanished. Molly took advantage and swiftly pulled Gertrude up into a sitting position.

"Yes. Oh, please. Yes." Molly still straddled Gertrude's hips and fed her tenderly, stroking her hair. She looked down to see the cross she wore around her neck resting on the doctor's relaxed forehead. Molly cooed softly and watched this woman of science gulp and slurp at her enlarged nipple. That Molly's dry breasts were now suddenly wet again was truly a miracle from God. And she just knew that what the church ladies were doing to these outsiders was a form of baptism, welcoming them into the community.

Linda stood over Molly and Gertrude. Her muscles tensed with frustration. She needed to feed someone, but everyone was busy. Rose was now suckling from Patricia's breasts. Samantha fed the comatose Richard. Olivia continued to feed Wendy, and now had her left hand under the woman's dress between her legs, obviously bringing her off with her fingers. And Molly and Gertrude continued, with Molly on top, holding the doctor firmly to her bosom. Linda turned around and walked back to a chair. She removed her skirt and sat down.

Soft murmurs and the wet smacking of lips on breasts filled the church basement. Linda really needed to feed someone. With her left hand, she lifted up her heavy left breast and placed her own nipple in her mouth. With her right hand, she pulled her panties to the side and began stroking her vagina. The warm milk that flowed into her mouth was magically sweet and carried with it a surreal high. She watched the corruption of these scientists and brought herself to orgasm after orgasm.

An hour later, the ladies began to dress again. Some had taken everything off during the melee, others still had a few things on. Everyone was calm and a bit spacy, like a strong buzz from too many martinis. The church women talked it over and decided that the scientists would no longer stay at the hotel. Wendy had formed a tight bond with Olivia over the past hour, and she pleaded for Olivia to take her home. So, Linda invited her to stay in Ryan's old room with Olivia.

Gertrude was flustered and stuttering and no one could make much sense of her. Molly said that it was the Lord's will to invite the stranger into one's home, so she would put Gertrude in their spare bedroom. No one seemed to think or care what happened to poor Richard as he still lay on the floor.

When Richard woke some time later, he was confused and groggy. It almost felt like he had a hangover. He slowly stood and straightened his jacket and tie. For some reason, the collar on his shirt was wet. And it smelled ... really good. The basement room was neat and tidy. Someone had put all the chairs away and the floor smelled of cleaner.

Had something gone terribly wrong? He wasn't sure. Had the women attacked them? He seemed to recall shirtless women tossing themselves on top of him. But that didn't seem right. Whatever had happened, he needed to get back to the hotel and regroup with the others. Maybe it was time to call in reinforcements.

Or maybe he needed to go for a swim. Yes, he definitely needed a swim. He turned and walked out of the church. There was a chill in the air. A swim in a cold lake seemed the perfect thing for the moment. He remembered Lake Ipuza Ikpi was only a few miles away. His automobile was still in the lot. He got in and drove his way out of town. An old, dusty dirt road lead him to the shores of the lake. It looked so peaceful and relaxing. Richard stepped on the accelerator and drove his car right off the rickety old pier.

He landed with a splash. As icy water moved up his ankles and caressed his calves, Richard thought about how nice it was to be out in the lake. He cranked down his window, crawled out, and dug his hands into the water. Stroke after stroke, Richard swam his way out into the middle of that large body of water as his car slipped from sight behind him.

Axcix chortled on the lake floor. She had some company now. The day had not gone exactly like she'd planned it. There were two more outsiders to round up. And she'd need to do that quickly, before they called in any more outsiders. But things had gone well enough. She sent out a recovery bubble to collect her new friend from the water. He might prove a useful tool should she have trouble collecting the other two.

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Susy followed Patrick into the house and closed the front door behind her. It had been a quiet ride back from the doctor's office. Susy was upset about the fistfight, and she didn't much care for having to wait in a different room while Patrick talked to the doctor's wife. The fact that Patrick wouldn't tell her what they talked about only made her frustration rise. "Go to your room, Pat."

"But, Mom, I'm hungry." Patrick looked back at Susy and immediately regretted saying anything. She looked about as stern as Susy Lannit ever got. Her eyes had narrowed and she had a vertical line running up the center of her forehead that said she wasn't about to put up with any nonsense.

"Get ... up ... stairs." Her voice was dark and full of fury. "Just wait until your father hears you've been fighting at school."

Without another word, Patrick headed for the stairs. He thought his father would probably be happy that Patrick had shown a little backbone. Fred always wanted Patrick to be more manly. But Patrick wasn't about to say anything of the sort to his mother.

Susy watched him go upstairs and heard his door slam. She then went about preparing dinner, muttering to herself as she put on an apron and moved about the kitchen.

Ten minutes later, the doorbell echoed its tritone melody through the house. Susy wiped her hands on a dishtowel and went to see who was calling on the Lannits. She swung the door open and there stood the tutor from the day before. The red-haired woman had put on a touch more makeup today and had let her hair fall free to her shoulders. She wore a green circle dress with a bit too much of her bare collarbone showing for Susy's liking. Her magnified eyes looked through her glasses and darted a little here and there like she was uncomfortable. Or ashamed. She should be, Susy thought. "You have a lot of nerve coming here again, Miss ..."

"Mrs. Donna Farmer." Donna stuck out her right hand, but Susy didn't take it. After a moment, Donna pulled it back in and fiddled with the strap on her purse. "Uh ... I'm here ..." Donna's green eyes had a hard time meeting Susy's fierce brown ones. "... for another tutoring session."

"Mrs.?" Susy stepped onto the front porch and closed the front door behind her, forcing Donna to take a step back. She waved her pointer finger at the tutor. "You should be ashamed of yourself. I know what you did. Pat's barely eighteen and you, a married woman, seduce my poor boy into bed. Shame on you."

"I didn't mean ..." Donna hated every second of this, but she couldn't get turned away. She needed to feel Patrick's arms around her again. She needed the young man inside her. She was already wet thinking about it. "It's just ... I'm not ..." And what was worse, she couldn't help but notice how stunningly beautiful Susy was as the housewife scolded her. Why was she thinking these thoughts?

"You need to pray to God for forgiveness. And pray that your husband forgives you too." Susy opened the door again and stepped inside, looking out at the woman.

"I'm not ... religious." Donna looked down at her dress. She couldn't see her own kitten heels beyond the expanse of her chest. "I'm a woman of science."

"Even worse." Susy leaned a little closer. "I don't care what sort of help Patrick needs in school. He will get no tutoring from you. Never come back." Susy slammed the door in the woman's face.

Donna turned from the front door and walked back to her automobile. Tears snaked their way down her freckled cheeks. They weren't tears of shame. It was frustration that consumed her. She'd never before spent a night like she had in Patrick's bedroom and she wanted another taste. Just a nibble would do. Donna opened her door and sat in the driver's seat. She placed her face in her hands and continued to cry. She looked up when she heard the passenger door open.

"I snuck out. Quick, let's go before my mom sees us." Patrick slipped into the car and closed the door after him. He tugged his sweater back into place and frowned when he saw that Donna was crying. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing." Donna wiped at her eyes and turned the key in the ignition. The engine started up. "I must look a total mess." Donna could see the mascara on the back of her hand.

“You look beautiful.” Patrick watched her in awe as they pulled away from the curb. She did have mascara spreading out from her eyes and running in black rivulets down her face. But to Patrick, it only made her look more enchanting. “I have some things I need to tell you.”

“Okay.” Donna glanced at him and adjusted her glasses. “We can’t go back to my hotel. And your house is verboten.”

“Verboten?” Patrick adjusted his own glasses in an unconscious mimic of Donna’s motions, like some sort of poindexter mating ritual.

“It means off limits.” A little smile crept across her face. It was good to talk to the eager boy again. What a rollercoaster. Minutes ago, she thought she wasn’t going to see him. “Where should we go?”

“Let’s go out by the lake. It’s pretty out there, and this time of year we should have it to ourselves.” Patrick pointed to the cross-street up ahead. “Take a right up there.”

Donna did, and ten minutes later they found themselves at the end of the dusty dirt road, parked out by Lake Ipuza Ikpi. On the way over, they traded some small talk, both putting off a deeper conversation. Now, with the car engine off and both of them leaning their backs on their doors, they were ready.

“So.” Patrick took a deep breath and let it out. “The first thing I have to tell you is that it’s our sweat that’s making us do stuff.”

“What do you mean?” Donna cocked her head and raised an eyebrow.

“I don’t know how, but something changed in Portsmouth, and now when we sweat we can ... um ... we have ...” Patrick watched Donna’s expression closely. She seemed interested. Her face still had the streaks of mascara, which leant her a more serious look. It seemed almost like she was an Indian with war paint. “Sex,” Patrick blurted out. “It makes us have sex.”

“Sort of like the Arviat case in 1905?” Donna pretended not to notice how Patrick’s eyes kept falling to her chest. “Interesting. I’m impressed. What else did our junior investigator discover?” Donna regretting saying this almost instantly. The *our* referred to her and her husband Mark, and she did not want to think of him at the moment.

“Well, um ...” Patrick readjusted his glasses. “I had a, um, thing with my councilor. She knew about the sweat, and she used it on me. I didn’t want to. I’m sorry, Mrs. Farmer.”

“First, I think at this point you can call me Donna.” Her smile was full of warmth. “Second, you don’t need to be sorry. We’re not going steady or anything.” When she said that, Donna saw his face fall. “And third, no long faces when we’re together, okay? Why don’t you show me again how the sweat works?”

“What?” Patrick’s sad eyes brightened a little.

“Show me how the sweat works.” Donna nodded encouragement.

“Well, if it’s going to be me, I have to start sweating, I guess.” Patrick opened the door and stepped out of the car onto the soft dirt parking lot. He started doing jumping jacks.

Donna's smile widened as she watched the goofy teenager move about. Her gaze fell to his pants, and she saw the hefty package he had in there shifting with each jump. It hadn't been just her imagination. Patrick really did have an enormous cock.

After a couple minutes, Patrick had worked up a good sweat, even in the brisk, shady woods. He slid back into the passenger seat and closed the door behind him. "And now, I think it just does its thing. Do you feel any different?"

"Yes." Donna's pussy dripped and she was breathing like she herself had just done several minutes of jumping jacks. She was so ready. "Great job with your investigations, Pat. I'm so proud of you." Donna removed her glasses and set them on the dash. She leaned forward and planted a soft kiss on Patrick's lips. She then gently nibbled his upper lip.

"I love you, Donna." Patrick placed his hands on her back and pulled her into him, pressing her soft, round boobs into his bony chest. He kissed her all over her lips and cheeks, smearing her mascara further.

"I told you," Donna said between kisses. "Not to say the L ... O ... V ... E ... word."

"But it's true." Patrick leaned back and looked at her earnestly. He took off his glasses and put them next to Donna's. "Other than my mom, you're the most beautiful woman I've ever met. The woman of my dreams."

"Now that's something a woman never wants to hear." Donna unbuttoned his pants and pulled them down along with his underwear. His monster sprung free. Donna's pupils dilated as she gazed down at it. "To be compared to your mother." She grabbed the dick and slid her hands up and down. "Wait." She looked up at Patrick. "Have you done something with your mother?" The thought, for some reason, drove Donna even more mad with lust. This small polite boy, taking his own very womanly mother. She imagined their coupling would look much like how Donna looked with Patrick.

"No." Patrick put a hand on Donna's red hair and gently pushed her toward his dick. "Well, I kissed her. But that's all."

"My goodness, Pat." Donna looked up at him as she lowered toward his cock. "You would do it with her if you could, wouldn't you?"

Patrick shrugged and then gave a very slight nod. He wanted to be honest with Donna.

"Well, I'll have to serve as a substitute." She let his cockhead slip into her mouth. Sparks flew before her eyes as the precum dissolved on her tongue. It was as good as she remembered it. Soon, Donna was bobbing her head and the car was filled with the sounds of her slurping and gagging. This was nothing like taking care of Mark. That was a gentle, coaxing enterprise. With Patrick, it was raw and almost savage.

"Oh, gosh. Donna, are you going ... to swallow it?" Patrick pressed down on her head a little more firmly, causing her to take almost half his length.

"Yemmmmmsssssss." Donna tried to tell him yes, but instead she made a series of sputtering sounds. When the cum hit her throat, her muscles tensed. She swallowed as much as she could, but she was barely aware of her own body. When lucidity returned, she found her head in Patrick's lap and she was

looking up at his great length. She felt cum in her hair, on her face, and soaking into her dress. "There's just so much of it." She wasn't even sure if she was referring to the span of his cock, the quantity of his cum, or his amazing stamina. "You want more, Pat?" She quickly kissed his right testicle and sat up.

"Yes, please."

"I can't believe you keep going the way you do." Donna wiggled out of her panties and surveyed the front seat. It was a bit awkward to straddle him. She hadn't ever done it with Mark in the car.

"Me either." Patrick looked out at the lake. Daylight was fading. He should probably get home, but he wanted to go all the way with her again.

If only Patrick and Donna had known that under the water line, not far from them, there was a recently placed automobile. And a little farther out, there was a strange, metallic ball watching them with one eye, and watching something else with another. Axcix's new catch, Richard, spun in a bubble under the water. His transformation starting.

Back in the car, Donna had figured out how best to proceed. She pulled her dress up around her waist and climbed onto Patrick's lap facing away from him. "I'm going to put it in now." She reached under her and guided the monster into her sopping pussy. She pressed her hips down and back, closing her eyes. The penis slipped in. "My God, Patrick. With your cock you could have any woman ... oohhhhhh ... any woman you wanted." Donna couldn't help but think of what Susy Lannit might look similarly speared on Patrick's pole.

"This is the best." Patrick put his hands on her butt and squeezed. "You're the best." He pulled her further down until the whole thing was inside her.

"Ohhhhh. I'm so full." Donna placed her hands on his thighs for support and bounced up and down. "I'm completely filled up." She opened her green eyes, and her gaze looked out through the windshield and over the lake, but her eyes took in none of the scenery. She screamed out her first orgasm after a few minutes, and followed it with one after another. She rode him like that for a long time.

When he was ready to cum, Patrick did the noble thing and pulled Donna off his dick. He sprayed her butt and back with his cum, watching her writhe in ecstasy as it soaked through her dress.

It took Donna a couple minutes to compose herself. She then twisted to look back at Patrick and planted a light kiss on his lips. "That was marvelous." She retrieved her own glasses and put them on. Then, she grabbed Patrick's spectacles and tenderly put them on his handsome face. "We need to get you home before your mom blows a gasket." It was mostly dark outside.

"Yeah, good idea." Even the thought of an angry mom couldn't wipe the smile off Patrick's face.

Donna reached behind her and felt the mess Patrick had made on her dress. "And it looks like I'll have more evidence for Mark." She shimmied back into the driver's seat and started the car.

"What?" Patrick's voice sounded sudden alarm.

"Don't worry, just a bad joke." Donna rolled her eyes and pulled the car out of the parking lot. "Think nothing of it, my lord." Donna glanced at the boy. Why had she said that? That was something she only said to her husband.

“Of course, my lady.” Patrick had heard Mark and Donna with their back and forth, and knew how to reply to a *my lord*. “I love you, Donna.” Patrick put his head on her shoulder and watched the forest pass on either side as they headed home. He gently reached over and cupped her right boob with his hand.

“You keep doing what you’re doing to me, and I might just say that back to you some day.” Donna smiled. She liked the weight of his head on her shoulder and his soft touch on her heavy breast. She liked the way her pussy had expanded to accommodate his great size. There was no way she wouldn’t try to see him again tomorrow.

Chapter 10

“Grab the car keys, Mom.” Roy pulled on his jacket and stood by the front door. “I need a ride.”

“It’s a school night.” Amanda put down her magazine and walked into the hall. Sure enough, Roy looked ready to head out. “Where are you going?”

“I’d rather not say.” Roy smiled at his mom.

“I’m not taking you anywhere at this hour, young man.” Amanda crossed her arms and planted her feet.

“Where’s Dad?” Roy lowered his voice to a whisper.

“He’s in his study, working.” Amanda raised her eyebrows and cocked her head at Roy.

“Come here,” Roy whispered.

Amanda moved down the hall toward her son. “Yes?”

Roy leaned in to whisper in her ear, “Do you want my dick again?”

After a long pause, Amanda nodded her head.

“Well, then.” Roy leaned away from her and gave her a good-natured smack on the ass. “Please go grab those keys and put on a coat.”

Amanda avoided Roy’s smug gaze and hustled to do as he asked. She stopped in and told Nathaniel that she needed to take Roy to a function at school. It was a flimsy excuse, but her husband grunted an affirmative and didn’t look up from his work.

Mother and son got into the car and she drove. Roy directed her across town to a dark, quiet street with charming bungalows. She parked outside a blue and white house with the lights on inside.

Roy pulled his sweater down over his fat belly and tucked it into the front of his pants. He took a deep breath. Amanda watched him closely, fingers fidgeting on the steering wheel. The car popped and whined a little as the engine cooled.

“I’m nervous, Mom.” Roy looked at his beautiful, pale mother in the dim light. Her dark eyes and black hair blended into the evening.

“Well, if you told me what this was about, maybe I could help you.” She patted Roy’s thigh. “Is this about a girl?” She was hopeful Roy might be turning his colossal gadget on women his own age.

“Yeah, it’s about a girl.” Roy’s shoulders relaxed a little. “I could use your help. Could you blow me, please?” Roy untucked his sweater and lowered his pants and underwear. His hard dick stood at attention.

“What?” Amanda looked around at the empty street with wide eyes. “Now?”

Roy nodded. He watched the cross on her necklace slip out of her dress and hang down as she lowered her mouth to his dick. "Oh, yeah, Mom." He put his hands on the back of her head and gripped her silky hair. "If I cum, it'll really calm me down."

"Mmmmmpppphhhhh." Amanda allowed his massive cudgel down her throat. She'd become so good at pleasing Roy orally. But she really wanted this to be over quickly, before someone walked by with their dog, or got home late from work. She took long gurgling strokes, massaging Roy's overripe balls with her left hand.

"I'm not usually nervous ... these days ... with women." Roy was about ready to blast. "It's just ... I think her husband's home ... and I'm not sure about the sweat ... aaaaahhhhhhhhhh." He gripped her hair tighter and pushed her head all the way down on his dick as he came.

Amanda had only a second to try to make sense of Roy's words. Then she was a slave to ecstasy as she choked on and swallowed Roy's massive load.

By the time Amanda regained her senses, Roy had already opened the door. "Wait for me. I shouldn't be too long."

Amanda looked up at him as she lay on her stomach in the front seat.

"Also, you'll probably want to clean that up before it stains." Roy pointed to the cum that dribbled out of the side of her mouth and pooled on the seat below. "Bye, Mom." Roy slammed the door and jogged circles over the front lawn.

"My, gosh," Amanda whispered to herself as she wiped her chin with the back of her hand. She sat up and watched Roy jog around for a few minutes. He then tucked in his sweater again, combed his dark hair back with his fingers, and went to ring the doorbell. Amanda recognized the blonde that answered the door. It was one of Roy's teachers. The woman shook her head several times and Roy nodded back at her. Amanda couldn't hear what they were saying. After a minute of back and forth, the blonde woman let Roy into the house and closed the door after them.

"Poor woman," Amanda whispered. She leaned over the seat and reached into the back where Roy had left one of his sweaters. But before she could mop up the cooling semen, she found herself with her face back down in it, licking up every last drop. She trembled as the salty protein dissolved on her tongue. When she was done, Amanda sat back up, wiped her spit off the seat with Roy's old sweater, and waited for him to finish with his teacher.

~~

"I'm happy he socked that fat boy, Susy." Fred looked approvingly around the dinner table. Susy had a worried and almost anxious expression on her face. His eldest daughter, Sally, had come home for a surprise visit that afternoon, and she looked more bemused than anything else. Patrick avoided his father's gaze, but Fred could see blossoming confidence in his son. "And if Pat was late for dinner because he was with some girl, great. Patrick needs more women, and fights, in his life."

"But ..." Susy didn't know how much she dared say to her husband and daughter.

"Yes?" Fred looked at his wife with an eyebrow raised. "But what? You don't want our kid to grow into a man?"

"I just ..." Susy sighed. "I thought you'd be harder on him."

"Well, I think my little brother looks good after a fight." Sally smiled and pushed her red hair behind her shoulders. "You're one cool cat, dummy."

"Shut up." Patrick's cheeks flushed and he pushed his peas around on his plate. "What are you doing here, anyway?" He adjusted his glasses and looked at Sally out of the corner of his eyes. Was she really over their awkwardness after that one early morning in the hall?

"Jack had a business trip, so I thought I'd spend a few days at home." Sally pressed her pink lips into a line. "I thought you'd be happy to see me."

"We are, sugar." Susy gave Patrick a reproachful look and nudged his leg with her foot under the table. "Patrick, try to be nicer to your big sister. I honestly don't know what's going on with you two."

"Okay." Patrick ate in silence as his father regaled the table with stories of fights from his own youth.

~~

Roy was surprised when his teacher's husband seemed unaffected by Roy's presence. Caroline Rodgers squirmed and fidgeted, rubbing her legs together. So, something was working. But Roy thought the man was supposed to go comatose. That's what experience had taught him. The couple had been in the living room watching television when Roy paid them a call. Roy and Caroline now stood in the doorway as Mr. Rodgers watched Dragnet from the couch to their left.

"Roy, this is my husband Bernard." Caroline stood with her hands clasped in front of her blue skirt. Her white blouse barely contained her expanded breasts. "Bernard, Roy stopped by to ask a question about homework. His mother is waiting in the car outside and Roy will be going soon."

"Okay." Bernard looked over, registered the pudgy teenager standing next to his wife and then looked back at the television. He didn't want to miss anything interesting.

"You have a lovely home." Roy reached his left hand behind Caroline and slipped it under her skirt and panties, just above her butt. Even if Bernard wasn't going to zone out, Roy could maybe salvage this trip.

"Thanks." Bernard thought Detective Joe Friday was about to solve the case.

"Oh, my." Caroline squirmed as Roy wiggled a finger into her vagina from behind. She was standing feet away from her husband, and she was letting this deplorable student inside her. Why didn't she stop him?

"What, honey?" Bernard didn't take his eyes of the television screen.

“Nothing.” Caroline was now breathing hard as the finger moved around inside her. Her knees trembled and sweat broke out on her forehead. “Enjoy your ... show, dear. I’ll be right ... back.” Her chest heaved, but her feet wouldn’t move.

Bernard said nothing and stared at the screen.

“Dear?” She was about to orgasm on Roy’s finger and couldn’t run from the room. “Bernard?” The only sound in the room was the television and the faint squelching of her wet vagina. She looked down into Roy’s fat face. “What did you ... do to him?”

“Me?” Roy smiled up at her. “I think you did it. It’s your sweat that makes men go all twilight zone. That makes sense.” He sped up his finger, feeling her soft butt wobble around his arm. “I’m the only one figuring this shit out.”

“Oooooohhhhhh.” Caroline orgasmed standing in front of Joe Friday, Bernard, and this teenager. As she shuddered, she felt the boy pulling off her clothes. Soon she was naked, standing in her living room, and so was Roy. “Oh no. Oh gosh. Oh my.” She looked down at Roy’s penis which was clearly a gift from Satan. How had she ever fit that thing inside her.

“Normally, I’d have you start me off with a blowjob, but that’s already taken care of.” Roy pushed her down to her knees and watched her boobs bounce as she landed on the carpet. The areolae were so large and the nipples fat. Her blue eyes looked up at him, pleading. “We can move right to the main course.” Roy put pressure on her shoulders with both hands and dropped her to her hands and knees. The pretty teacher was quite the stunner naked on the living room floor. Her trim waist flared out dramatically to her wide hips and perfectly round ass. Her boobs hung below her, large nipples just kissing the wool of the carpet below. She held her head up, looking at the television.

“What are you going to do?” Caroline hadn’t had sex like a dog before, but she had heard about it. Even though she asked this wretched boy his intent, the situation made itself clear. She sucked in her breath, waiting for that monster to pierce her again. Her eyes watched the black and white images of Dragnet, but took none of it in.

“Hold on a sec, I’m going to get you some better entertainment.” Roy looked around the room, and then moved over to the fireplace. His dick swayed and his belly jiggled as he moved. He pulled the framed wedding photograph off the hook above the mantel and returned to his teacher. “Good girl, you didn’t move.” He put the framed picture down on the carpet, just in front of her splayed fingers. “You can watch this instead of that stupid show.”

“Please ...” Caroline didn’t know if she was pleading for him to stop or mount her. She looked down at the photograph. Back all those years ago on her wedding day, she had on her gorgeous white wedding gown, with her new diamond ring sparking in the sunlight. Bernard laughed at something off camera, looking so handsome in his tuxedo. She thought about her past self, this beautiful couple before her, and how they had no idea she’d one day be despoiled on her living room floor while her husband sat by and did nothing.

Roy stepped behind her and lowered himself to his knees. He lightly ran his fingers over the perfect curve of her ass and watched her shiver at his touch. “Get ready, Mrs. Rodgers.” Roy lined himself up

with her pussy and pushed in. The knobby dickhead popped inside her snug entrance. "This is gonna become a habit for you, just you wait." He slid another few inches inside her.

"Bernard ... I'm sorry." Caroline looked down at her wedding photograph and let this boy destroy her wedding vows. She flinched as more and more penis slipped into her. She let out a long, low sigh as her vagina stretched to accommodate him. Pretty soon, she was pushing her butt back against his feral thrusts. The high-pitched sounds of her orgasmic shrieks drowned out Dragnet and resounded around her little bungalow.

Once he came in her pussy, Roy pushed the spasming wife down onto her stomach, pushed her legs together, and mounted her that way. The wedding picture was now right under her nose. He wanted her to look at that unsuspecting couple every time she came. And she came a whole bunch more on his bloated dick.

"Sorry ... I'm ... ooohhhhhhhh ... oh, my gosh ... so ... sorry," she babbled as Roy punished her from behind with long powerful thrusts. Her boobs pressed out from her sides as they compacted against the carpet. Sweat dripped off her nose and onto the framed glass. "Please ... ooohhhh ..."

"We're gonna ... ah ... ah ... ah ... do this a whole lot more." Roy placed his hands on the small of her back for better leverage. His belly flopped on her ass every time he bottomed out. "At school ... I'm gonna want ... some relief ... at school ... aaaahhhhhh." He unloaded inside her and watched the muscles in her back tense as she came on his mighty dick again.

Three times that evening Roy deposited cum in his teacher's pussy. By the end of it, she was begging for another load. He left her lying naked on the floor, with her husband stupidly sitting by on the sofa a few feet to her left. When Roy got outside, his mom started up the car engine.

"What did you do, Roy?" Amanda asked when Roy got into the car.

"Babies, Mom." Roy patted his mom's curvy thigh. "I'm going to have lots of babies."

Amanda shuddered and drove the automobile away from the curb. He was right. Deep down, she knew her son was right.

~~

The book was open on Patrick's chest as he lay on his bed. He kept turning pages at the pace he normally would, but the words he read floated right by his busy mind. All he could think about was that Donna was back with her husband at the hotel while Patrick was stuck in his room trying to study. He didn't know how he was going to wait to see her again. The lamp in his room gave off a warm glow. He tried to focus.

Patrick turned his head as a soft knock sounded on his door. "Come in." Patrick watched his big sister Sally open the door, softly close it behind her, and walk over to the bed. She looked down at him with her pale blue eyes. Her gaze flitted down to the soft bulge that Patrick's pajama bottoms couldn't quite

hide, and then back up to his face. Patrick quickly put his hand up to his forehead. Not that he expected any, but no sweat at all, thank goodness.

“Hey, dummy.” Sally sat down on the edge of his bed near Patrick’s feet and clasped her hands in her lap. “I want talk to you about the other night in the hall.”

“What?” Patrick adjusted his thick glasses and looked back at the open book sitting on his chest. “Oh, that was nothing.”

“No, you’re right.” Sally nodded with solemnity. “I was groggy and hungry and I thought you were Jack.” This was a stupid lie, Sally had said things that made it very clear she knew he wasn’t Jack, but it was the sort of lie Sally needed.

“Oh ...” Patrick’s impulse was to contradict his sister, but he thought better of it. “That makes sense,” Patrick lied.

“And we didn’t even do anything anyway.” Sally nodded a hopeful smile on her face. “Right, Pat?”

“Right.”

“Okay, that’s settled.” Sally stood and smoothed out her dress. Her boobs strained at the material. “I really came home today just to make sure everything was cool with us.”

“It’s cool, daddio.” Patrick looked up into her eyes and saw the doubt there. “Everything’s fine.”

“Right.” Sally turned and walked to the door. She wondered if Patrick’s eyes were glued to her shapely behind. If so, he was such a pervert. For some reason, that thought sent a little thrill through her. “I’m going to get a snack. Good night.” Without looking back, she opened the door, exited, and closed it behind her.

Patrick let out a long sigh. Well, that was one less woman to think about. He reached over and switched off the lamp. The room fell into darkness. The sooner he went to bed, the sooner tomorrow would come. And that brought Donna closer to him.

~~

A notification sounded indicating that the transformation was complete. Axcix turned her eyes away from the pregnancy tallies to the blinking lights in her display. The outsider had turned completely and now it was ready for release back into the local habitat. Once there, it would stymie and hunt down anyone that tried to interfere with the experiment. A powerful tool.

Maybe she should name it? Any good pet deserved a name. She turned the thought over in her brain, but no ideas presented themselves. Its name had been Smith, and so that’s what Axcix would call it now. She had no time to come up with anything more elaborate.

With the pop of a bubble, Smith was free to return to Portsmouth. Groggy, but with a mission clearly in mind, it put one arm in front of the other and pulled itself to the surface of the lake. Smith sucked in air and then swam for the shore.

~~

“Agent Reynolds? Agent Smith? Dr. Cobb?” Helen Bales walked into the dark hotel room. Where was everyone? “Wendy?” She walked over to the bedside lamp and reached for the switch when a hand darted from the open closet door and grabbed her wrist. Helen shrieked and tried to jump back but the hand held firm. Out of the shadows stepped Agent Reynolds. “Jesus, Agent Reynolds, you scared me.” Helen’s heart slowed down. She blew a puff of air to get her brown hair out of her face.

“Quiet.” Ed Reynolds dropped Helen’s wrist and put a finger to his lips. “Something’s happened and I’m guessing you don’t have the foggiest.”

Helen shook her head slowly, her shoulders rising with tension.

“Right. Okay, time to call this in.” Ed stepped over to the phone and lifted the receiver. He held it to his ear, but his finger never dialed the number for headquarters. There was no dial tone.

“What is it?” Helen watched him, hugging her slim frame tight.

“It’s probably worse than we thought.” Ed opened the bureau drawer and pulled out a pen, paper, and an envelope. He scribbled a note, folded it, and stuffed it in the envelope. He wrote an address on the envelope, sealed it, and stuffed it in his suit pocket. “Where’s your auto?”

“I left it at the library. It had a flat.” Helen let him grab her elbow and move her out of the hotel room. “I walked back here.”

“My tires were flat too.” Ed walked briskly, head on a swivel, looking for any threats. “We need to find a phone that works. Then we need to get out of this town.”

“Okay.” They descended the exterior stairs and walked quickly out through the small parking lot.

“But first we need to find a mailbox,” Ed said.

“There’s one two blocks to the right.” Helen had been the group’s secretary, and as such, she knew where the most convenient mailboxes were located.

“Take me there.” Ed’s face was tight and withdrawn. They left the parking lot and turned right. Find the mailbox, find a phone, and then find a car. With any luck, they’d do all three.

~~

"This won't do, Linda, I don't like this one bit." William walked out of the bedroom he shared with his wife and almost ran into his tall son.

"It'll only be for a little while." Linda called after him. "Have a little heart."

"What's wrong, Dad?" David put a hand on his father's shoulder.

"Apparently, we're now running a boarding house for young women." William passed his son in the hall and grumbled his way down the stairs.

"Mom?" David walked into his parent's bedroom. He found his mom in a lovely pink dress, sitting on the edge of the bed with her head in her hands. "What's Dad talking about?"

"I didn't plan any of this." Linda looked up at her handsome son with wet eyes. "I hate to see your father upset, but it couldn't be helped." She took a deep breath and put her hands on her knees. "We have another woman staying in your brother's room. At least for a little while. Ms. Wendy Gonzalez."

"You're the best, Mom." David walked over to her, bent down, and kissed her on the cheek. "Is she a doll?" He kissed her again, a little closer to the lips.

"I didn't bring her here for you." Linda couldn't help but turn her head slightly so that the third kiss landed on her lips. "But yes ..." She bent her chin upward and nibbled on his upper lip. This was dangerous with the door open and William very much not having one of his spells, but she just couldn't resist her sweet son. They made out like that for a minute and then she leaned back and took a deep breath. "... Wendy is quite beautiful, I think." Was she bringing these women home for David, or was it just happening? Linda wasn't sure.

"Well, can I meet her?" David gave his mom's left boob a squeeze and straightened back up. He looked over his shoulder, suddenly worried his Dad might be standing in the doorway with a horrified expression on his face. But there was no one there.

"A little later, Davey." Linda stood, gave David's butt a little smack, and walked past him. "Olivia and Wendy wanted to make some calls home but the phone wasn't working. So, instead they're ..." She looked back at him. "... busy in your brother's room. Let's give them and your father some space. Want to take a walk with me?"

"It's dark outside." David looked out the window.

"Come on, sweetheart." Linda smiled at David, the worry leaving her face. "We can hold hands under the starry sky."

"I don't know." David thought about how chilly it was out there.

"I might let you hold more than my hand." Linda left the room and headed downstairs.

"Okay." David quickly followed her.

~~

Patrick slept and dreamed about living his life on the bed of a lake. He was underwater, but never drowning, stuck in the mud after falling and falling through the night sky.

“What?” Patrick shot up in bed, roused out of the dream by a hand on his shoulder. Cold sweat oozed out his pores and his chest rose and fell as he tried to catch his breath. A blurry shadow stood over him.

“Here are your glasses, sugar.” Susy handed her son his glasses and sat at the foot of his bed. She wore a long, dark-blue nightgown. “It smells ... good in here.” She folded her hands on her lap.

“What time is it?” Patrick let the nightmare recede from his mind. He was suddenly aware that he was sweating in his mother’s presence. That wasn’t good. Not one bit.

“It’s two o’clock in the morning, Pat.” Susy rubbed her legs together. Her vagina leaked in her panties. It had been several days since her and Fred had done it. Maybe she’d wake up her husband when she got back to their bedroom and make love. She was surprisingly in the mood. “I ...” Susy tried to maintain her focus. “I wanted to talk to you about the tutor when your father and sister weren’t around. This seemed the best time.”

“Let’s talk about it tomorrow, Mom.” Patrick thumped his head back down on the pillow. He tried not to look at his mom’s rolling curves that were accentuated by the soft moonlight falling through his window. He flipped the blanket over his head.

“No, sugar. We need to talk.” Susy inched her butt a little further up the bed, closer to her son. “I understand that a teenage boy has needs, but that tutor isn’t right for you.” She was talking to a lumpy blanket as Patrick hid from her. “You need a girl your own age.”

“I love her, Mom.” Patrick’s voice was muffled by the bedding. Thinking about Donna, and knowing that Susy was breathing in his sweaty odor, caused Patrick’s dick to inflate.

“Holy Moses.” Susy could see the outline of her son’s giant penis through the blanket as it got bigger and bigger. She knew she needed to redirect his energy from that other women. “You know, Pat. I saw you two together. Is it her body you like? There are girls your own age with big boobs. I know some of their mothers. I could set you up on a date with one of those girls.”

“Go away.” Patrick closed his eyes and wished for this to all be over. “I love her.”

“Enough is enough.” Susy pulled the blanket off Patrick and threw it to the floor. Her brown eyes zeroed in on the tent in his pajama bottoms. “I’ll do it myself if I have to.” She pulled down his bottoms. The air left her lungs when his erect penis sprung out. She got over her initial amazement and took a breath back in. “How did that woman ever fit your gadget inside her?” Susy leaned sideways and wrapped her fingers around the veiny shaft. She stroked up and down, her wedding ring glinting in the pale moonlight. “A mother sometimes has to do messy things for her children.”

“No, Mom. The meteor ... Donna’s not a tutor ... investigator ... aaaahhhhh ... oh, Mom ... the sweat ...” Patrick stared at Susy. Her hands were magic on his dick. Her boobs bounced and shook under her nightgown as she worked him. Her face was screwed up into an expression of pure determination.

“Will you break it off with that hussy?” Susy’s eyes never left Patrick’s penis. It was the organ of a man much, much bigger than her son. How strange this all was.

“No.” He thought he should be offering more resistance. He didn’t want to tell Donna about this. But then again, Patrick remembered how the investigator had asked him about his mom. Maybe she’d actually like hearing about this. Maybe he should just let it happen.

“Well then, I have no choice.” Never letting go of her son’s penis, Susy crawled between his legs and sat on her knees. “You made me do this, Pat.” She leaned forward and put the penis head into her mouth. She was quite accomplished at going-down-south on Fred. She’d had years and years of practice, after all. But this was awkward and different. Patrick was so big that it was almost like he was a different species all together. She popped it out of her mouth and looked up into his eyes. “I’ll keep doing this for you if you promise you’ll find a girl your own age.” Her hands kept stroking up and down his mighty length while she talked.

“I won’t stop seeing Donna.” Patrick could see the tenacity in her eyes. He knew his mom and he knew she was tough to stop when she wanted something.

“Fine.” Susy looked down at the penis and saw precum dripping down. She bent her head and licked it up. Her eyes fluttered and a shiver ran down her spine. What was that? She was not expecting him to taste that good. “I’ll do this for you every night until you find a girl your own age. I understand you have needs, Pat.”

Patrick shook his head.

“There are not many mothers that would make that offer, buster. You should be grateful.” Susy lowered her mouth back down and sucked in his penis. She bobbed her head with enthusiasm, her brown hair falling down around her face.

From what Patrick had pieced together, he thought there actually might be lots of mothers making similar offers all over Portsmouth. But he kept that to himself and instead grunted as his mom struggled to bring him off.

Susy really put her mind to it and after five minutes her motions became more fluid. She found if she relaxed her jaw and moved her head to the left on the downstroke and to the right on the upstroke she could keep up a good rhythm. She felt his thighs start to tremble. It wouldn’t be long now.

The most intoxicating scent filled Patrick’s nostrils. He knew she was sweating from the effort. Now they were both sweating all over each other. Patrick wasn’t sure this night would end with only a blowjob.

“Mom ... I ...” He gripped the sheets in either hand.

“Mmmmmmmppphhhh.” Susy encouraged him. If she gave him this experience, there’s no way he’d go back to that tutor. Suddenly her eyes widened. She never swallowed for Fred and she wasn’t about to start with her son. She pulled her mouth off him and pumped him with both hands. It was amazing. While her husband’s penis only had room for one hand, Patrick’s monster had room for three hands, maybe even four. “Just go ahead and finish, sugar.”

A geyser of sperm flew up in the air and fell back down on Patrick, the bed, and Susy’s bare arms and hands. As soon as it touched her skin, she gave out a shriek and her vagina gushed through her panties and into the sheets. Her eyes rolled back in her head and she slumped forward, which put her in the path of more jets of sperm. Patrick’s cum fell on her hair and over the right side of her face.

Minutes later, she still lay with her head on Patrick's hip. The aroma that surrounded her was dark, pungent, and spoke to her about the creation of life. The sperm on her lips tasted so good. She licked it off and then she opened her eyes and saw the cum all over his fat testicles. Soon, she was licking up all his secretions.

"Oh, Mom." Patrick looked down at her devouring his cum. She looked like a cat trying to lap up every bit of spilt milk.

When she licked the last bit of stray cum off his belly, she sat back up between his legs and looked down at him. "You're still hard." She ran a finger up his veiny shaft. "There's nothing normal about this, is there?"

"Mom, you should go before we ..." Patrick looked at his mother with half her face covered in his cum and it was breathtaking. "We've got thin walls. You don't want to wake Sally or Dad."

"Yes." Susy nodded very slowly. Half of her wanted to mount her son and push that hussy completely from his mind, the other half knew she needed to flee. "We'll discuss the tutor again later."

"Okay, okay." Patrick still gripped the sheet with both hands, using all of his strength not to jump up and slam his dick between Susy's legs. "Just go," he said between gritted teeth.

"I ... I need a shower." Susy crawled to the edge of the bed and stood on the floor. "Goodnight, Pat." In a bit of daze, she wandered out his room and toward the shared bathroom down the hall to her right. She didn't notice her husband standing to her left in their master bedroom door at the other end of the hall.

A little earlier, Fred had heard something that had woken him from a bad dream. The Lannits did have thin walls. His wife wasn't next to him, so he got up and made it as far as his door when Susy's pheromones swept over him. After that, he stood in the dark and murmured, "Just a bad dream, just a bad dream," over and over.

Ten minutes later, a freshly showered Susy found Fred on her way back to her room and gently brought him back to bed. When he awoke in the morning he wondered about his bad dream. It had almost been like listening to wife gargle on another man's cock.

Sally had also been woken in the middle of the night. Her room was right next to her brother's. Through the wall, she had heard almost everything. Her mind had gone through shock, disgust, awe, and astonishment. But she finally settled on lust. She was listening to her own mother blowing her runty little brother in the next room. She lowered her hand into her pajama bottoms and stuck two fingers inside herself right around when the slurping noises started. She brought herself to several orgasms. Eventually, she fell asleep listening to her brother grunt and masturbate himself after Susy had left his room.

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"This is Pastor Neilson's house." David followed his mother over the pastor's lawn, letting her pull his hand. Their walk had led them there.

“Yes.” Linda gripped David’s hand tightly. His fingers were so warm in hers. They both wore thick jackets, but the cold air caressed Linda’s legs under her dress. She wished she’d dressed more appropriately, but this was a spur of the moment kind of thing. “I want to show you something.”

They knew this place, after all they’d been in the pastor’s backyard over the summer for a church barbeque. It was mostly lawn with a picnic table and benches to one side, surrounded by dense trees. Warm light angled its way out of the back windows and cast rectangles on the grass. Linda led David to the table. They sat down on the table with their feet on the bench, facing the house. In this position, they sat totally in shadow.

Linda reached into her purse and handed David a pair of binoculars. “I brought these for you. What do you see?” Linda snuggled up next to David and leaned her blonde hair against his upper arm.

David took the binoculars, adjusted the focus, and looked at the most obvious thing. “Pastor Neilson’s working on something in his study.” He eyed the main floor windows where all the lights were on, but only saw the pastor. “Probably writing his next boring sermon.”

“Shame on you, Davey. His sermons are never boring. It’s the Lord’s word.” Linda playfully banged her forehead on his arm. “Look upstairs.”

David’s eyes wandered up a level. The lights were all out up there, so it took a moment for his eyes to adjust. A couple rooms were decorated with rainbows and flying saucers and were probably where the pastor’s children slept. The next window looked into an empty room with a large, well-made bed. The pastor’s bedroom. He scanned the next room and David’s breath caught in his throat.

“You see them?” Linda looked up at him as he furrowed his brow and processed what he was seeing.

“That’s Mrs. Neilson with another woman in her lap.” David didn’t know what he was expecting, but this wasn’t it. The pastor’s wife was topless and her creamy skin made her easy to see in the dim light once his eyes knew what to look for. “The small woman is sucking on Mrs. Neilson’s boob. I don’t understand.” Indeed, the other woman was still clothed and had both her hands gripping the large white breast in her mouth. He could see through the binoculars clearly enough to notice the woman’s fingers rhythmically kneading the soft flesh.

“I’ve been feeding Olivia. Now Olivia’s feeding our new guest Wendy. As you can see, Molly’s also doing it with the scientist lady. I don’t remember the scientist’s name.” Linda moved her left hand from the warmth of her pockets and rubbed at David’s penis through his pants. He was already hard.

“Why are you showing me this?” David felt her unbutton his pants and pull out his dick. The air was cold on his sensitive skin.

“You and me. That other mother you saw with her son. And now this. It’s all related, Davey.” She stroked his magnificent penis with her left hand. “And this is the pastor’s wife, so it’s all God’s will. I thought you’d like to know that.” Linda bent sideways, lowered her mouth to her son’s cock, and began bobbing her head.

“Does Pastor Neilson know?” David held the binoculars up to his eyes with his left hand and put his right hand on the back of her head to help guide her rhythm. Mrs. Neilson seemed to have her hand between the other woman’s legs. David could guess what that was about.

“Nnnnmmmm,” Linda said.

“Yeah, it’d be hard to tell the pastor something like that.” David didn’t think this was God’s plan at all. But whoever had the plan, David was thankful. He looked back down to the pastor’s window and watched him scribble notes onto a pad of paper. Whatever was happening, it was spreading fast, and so many men in town seemed oblivious. Heck, David’s own father had no idea what was happening under his own roof. “Scientist, you said?”

“Yyyymmmmmppphhh,” Linda said as she bobbed on David’s long cock.

David was going to have to tell Patrick all about this.

Chapter 11

Sally woke in the morning feeling quite guilty for listening to her mother give her eighteen-year-old brother a blowjob. What would Sally's husband, Jack, say if he knew she'd touched herself while sounds of that perversion crept through her thin bedroom walls? Sally also felt terrible for her father. What was Susy thinking, getting Patrick off like that? So what if her dumb little brother had a big one?

She pulled herself out of bed, still in her flannel pajamas. She needed to confront someone about last night to lift the guilt off her own shoulders. Sally walked across the room on bare feet, opened her door, and stepped into the hall. From downstairs she could hear the clanging of pans as Susy made breakfast. The scent of frying bacon rose up to her. From the washroom down the hall, she could hear the shower running. Better to face Patrick than Susy. She could push her brother around. Her mom could be very tough. She closed her bedroom door and padded down the hall.

When Sally tested the washroom door, she found it unlocked. The washroom churned with steam. Behind the shower curtain, Patrick's frail body wiggled as he scrubbed himself down. He sang *Rock Around the Clock* softly and a bit off-key. Sally took a step inside, closed the door, but then hesitated. Did she really want to confront him in the shower? On the one hand, she'd catch him at his most vulnerable. On the other, he'd be ... well, naked. Sally convinced herself it was the right thing to do.

"Pat, we need to talk." Sally took another step toward the shower and put her hand on the curtain, but did not open it.

Patrick jumped and stopped his scrubbing and singing. "Sally? What are you doing in here?"

"You really are a dummy." Sally suddenly struggled to find her breath. Maybe it was the steam. Through the shower curtain, she could only see the faint shape of his body with very little detail. Even so, she found her eyes falling to where that giant penis must be hanging. "I heard you last night."

"Oh, sorry." Even though the water was warm, Patrick shivered and hugged his skinny chest. "I sometimes talk in my sleep."

"No, Pat." Sally was panting now. "I heard ... you and Mom."

Patrick quietly let the water run down his back. This was a nightmare. He'd come in here sweaty, but the water must have washed it off. Unless the sweat had somehow gotten mixed in with the steam. Could that happen?

"You seduced her, you little shit." Sally wondered what Patrick's dick actually looked like. She had held it, but hadn't seen it. Would it be so bad to have a look while she put him in his place? "I heard you. And you need to leave her ... alone." It was so hot and steamy in the little room. Sally was breathing hard and now sweat seeped from her pores.

"It wasn't me, Sally." Patrick's voice was weak and feeble. "There was a meteor and —"

"Just shut up with that crap." Sally threw open the curtain. She didn't even pretend to make eye contact with her brother, her gaze focused squarely on his gadget. It hung down obscenely between his skinny little legs, longer soft than Jack's was hard. "You're going to ruin our family ... with that thing." She

pointed her index finger at his dick, and as if by magic it grew and grew until it was jutting out horribly from his slender body. "You're going to ..." Without thinking, she stepped into the shower with Patrick and closed the curtain behind her. The legs of her pajamas were instantly soaked by the shower. "You're going to ruin my marriage, Pat."

"Sally?" Patrick could only look as his red-haired, freckled sister kneeled in the shower before him. She was blurry without his glasses and she and Donna did look much alike. Maybe if he pretended she was Donna, it would be okay. "Sally, you don't have to –"

"Shut up, dummy." Sally reached out with both hands for his penis, but stopped herself halfway. She stared at her left hand for a few seconds. Then with her right hand she pulled off her wedding ring and reached under the curtain to place it on the cool tile of the washroom floor. She pulled her hand back into the shower and grasped the magnificent tool in front of her. "I do have to." She caressed the sides, feeling those bulging veins with her fingertips.

"Okay." Patrick let his arms fall to his sides. It was clear to him that he was caught in the widening gyre. Perhaps things had already progressed too far. He could only hope to find the source of this perversion. Until then, he wanted nothing more than to see his pretty sister slurp his dick. "Go ahead, put it in your mouth."

Five minutes later, Sally found herself in the middle of the most wild and delirious blowjob. Her pajamas were completely soaked through and hung heavy, clinging to her shoulders, boobs, and thighs. Her head bobbed back and forth, with her left hand on his shaft and her right cupping one of Patrick's giant balls. Her mouth made the most ridiculous slurping and popping noises. Her whole purpose had whittled down to making her brother explode down her throat.

Patrick tried not to make too much sound. He knew, given the situation, it was crazy, but he worried that Sally would later make fun of his high-pitched grunts. "Sally ... if you don't stop ... I'll ..."

That was music to Sally's ears. She needed his cum. This was already the most fulfilling sexual experience of her life. In that moment she wouldn't have been able to remember her honeymoon, even if she wanted to. She kept up her pace and massaged his testicle a little more firmly, trying to hurry along that orgasm.

"Sally ... oh ... Sally." Patrick put both hands behind her head and pulled her farther onto his shaft. She gagged a little but didn't resist.

Sally moved her hands to his thighs just as the first surge of cum flooded her mouth. Electricity ran down her spine and her pussy clenched tight. Lights shot before her eyes and she was only dimly aware of the second, third, and fourth blasts of cum that filled her mouth, bulged her cheeks, ran down her throat, and leaked between her lips.

"Aaaaaahhhhhhhh." Patrick held her wet red hair until his balls finished churning, then he let go. His dick flopped out of Sally's mouth as she fell back on her butt on the tub floor. "Wow ... that was almost ... as good as ... Donna." Patrick had gone from no blowjobs in his life, to three beautiful, intelligent ladies happily sucking him off. And he was related to two of them. He tried to turn his brain around those amazing facts.

“Donna?” Sally opened her pale blue eyes and looked up at Patrick. He still had his monster erection and a drop of leftover cum dripped down the bluish head. His cum also slowly slid down Sally’s freckled chin. The pure saltiness of it lingered on her tongue. “Donna? Is that the girl Mom is so mad about?” While leaning back in the tub, Sally slowly unbuttoned her pajama top.

“Yeah.” Patrick’s frustration at not being able to see was always present when he wasn’t wearing glasses. But never more acute than at that moment. He could see Sally unbutton her shirt and throw the sopping thing open, and he could see the shape of her boobs, hanging to the sides as she leaned back. But he couldn’t get any of the details. Were they freckled like the rest of her? Were her nipples large? How about her areolas? “Donna’s my girlfriend.” Wow, he said it. And he really believed it. She was, wasn’t she? “And I love her.”

“Good for you, Pat.” Sally shrugged out of her top and dropped it on the washroom floor with a wet splat. “I don’t know what’s come over me.” She put her thumbs in her waistband and shimmed her wet bottoms off. “I thought I was mad at you about Mom.” She tossed them out of the tub too. “But I think I want to be just like Mom.”

“You’re so beautiful, Sally.” Patrick could just see the blur of the red triangle between her legs. He could see well enough the curve of her hips and boobs, and the slender delicacy of her arms and legs.

“All these years, Pat.” Sally slowly got to her feet. The water coming out of the shower head was still hot. She pushed Patrick out of the way and washed the cum off her face. She then turned to him, pushed her wet hair back, and opened her eyes. She could feel his penis pushing up against her thigh. “I never thought of you as anything more than a cute little runt.” She pressed her legs together and moved so that his erection slipped between her thighs, rubbing against her pussy. She put her arms around Patrick’s slim shoulders. “I was so wrong.” She rocked her hips so that his penis rubbed against her. “We can’t put it in me. Okay?”

“Whatever you say.” Patrick was in heaven. He was getting the feeling that she wanted a kiss. He put his hands on the spectacularly curved small of her back. “What about Jack?” His dick felt amazing sliding between her legs. He hadn’t even known this sex act was a thing, or what to call it.

“Oooooohhhhhh.” Little shivers spread through Sally’s nerves as that rough, veiny thing rubbed against her spread lips. “That’s why ...” She leaned closer to Patrick. “... we can’t put it in.” Her boobs pressed up against his skinny chest. She placed a tentative kiss on his lips. And then another one. Pretty soon they were necking like a couple at Lovers Point. The washroom filled with the rhythmic splashing sounds of their wet bellies slapping together.

“Pat, you in there?” Fred sounded annoyed as his muffled voice came through the door.

The siblings broke their kiss and looked at each other wide-eyed. But their hips didn’t stop moving, it felt too good. Water cascaded over Sally’s shoulders and washed over both of them.

“Yeah, Dad,” Patrick called out.

“Save some hot water for the rest of us.” Fred banged on the door for punctuation.

“Okay.” Patrick couldn’t believe he was still moving his hips. He should have been way more terrified in that moment than he was.

“Pat ... are you ...?” Fred paused. “Jesus, Pat. I can hear what you’re doing in there. You share that shower with your sister, don’t do that in there.”

Patrick’s tension went up another notch. He was sure he and his sister had been caught. But yet still their bellies kept slapping.

Sally saw the worry on her brother’s face and shook her head. She leaned in and whispered in his ear, “He thinks you’re tugging it. He doesn’t know I’m in here.” With enormous willpower, she stopped her hips and the slapping sounds ceased.

“Sorry, Dad.” Patrick called out.

“Fucking teenagers,” Fred’s voice faded away as he marched off down the hall.

Sally giggled and giggled when she was sure he was gone. Pretty soon Patrick started laughing too. While they chortled together, their hips started up again. Then Sally cut off their laughter by placing her tongue back in her brother’s mouth.

A few minutes later, Patrick came again, shooting most of it behind Sally onto the shower wall. But some of his cum splashed onto her thighs and butt and again, giving her the most delicious sensations.

Neither of them wanted to press their luck, so Sally washed off, stepped out of the shower, and wrung her pajamas out into the sink. When she was ready to leave, she looked back at the outline of her brother through the shower curtain, scrubbing the cum off the tile. “That was ... really crazy, Pat.” She then opened the door before he could reply and looked down the hall. The coast was clear, so she darted back to her bedroom, wrapped in a towel with her pajamas tucked under her arm.

As Patrick shut off the shower and dried off, he had doubts about the mystery for the first time. Maybe he didn’t need to get to the bottom of anything. He shook his head. No, he had a responsibility as an investigator. He’d talk it over with Donna when he saw her. Patrick planned on telling her everything. He hoped she’d understand.

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“Maybe ...” Mark lay on the hotel bed, his bowtie undone and hanging around his neck, his shirt wrinkled and open at the collar. “Maybe this is too dangerous, my lady.” He eyed his wife sitting very upright in the bedside chair. Something was clearly different about her. Her body seemed more round and her eyes seemed ... more full of life? Could she be enjoying her role as the solo investigator so much?

“What are you saying?” Donna offered Mark a faint, passing smile. Almost enough movement to bring out the dimples on her freckled cheeks. “Has the irrepressible Mr. Farmer met his match? I’ve never heard the words ‘too dangerous’ pass your lips before.”

“Well, did you find Dr. Cobb or her team?” Mark flipped a pen in the air over and over again. He missed each and every catch attempt.

“They were not at their accommodations.” Donna raised an eyebrow. “Maybe Patrick and I could ride around town and see if we spot any of them.”

“You’re seeing a lot of our junior investigator.” Mark’s brows furrowed.

“He is our junior investigator.” Donna set her chin and let her face go blank. She would offer Mark no hint at what really happened while they were out *investigating*.

“Something is very wrong here.” Mark sat up on the bed and looked into his wife’s deep sea-green eyes, magnified by her spectacles. “We should leave Portsmouth.”

“Just give me a little more time.” Donna’s pulse quickened. She did not want to leave Patrick or the town. “Let us see what we can come up with.”

“Us?”

“Yes, I need help, Mark. Patrick is helping me.” She did not add that the teenager was mostly helping her resize her vagina and rethink what sex could be.

“Fine.” Mark nodded slowly. “A few more days. And then we leave. Good enough, my lady?”

“Yes.” But it wasn’t anywhere near good enough. Donna had no intention of giving up on Portsmouth.

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David woke in the morning to find his mother shaking his shoulder. He smiled up at her. She already wore a nice housedress and she’d done her hair. Had David slept in?

“Your father and I got up early today. He had to go to work at the crack of dawn.” Linda smiled down at him and brushed back his messy blond hair with her hand. “He left a few minutes ago.”

At that, David sat up. “So, can we do it before school?”

“There’s time.” Linda looked over her shoulder at the open bedroom door. “But I wanted you to meet our new houseguest first.” She took his hand and pulled him out of bed.

“Okay, I suppose.” David stumbled to his feet. His morning wood tugged at his pajama bottoms as his mom dragged him from his room and led him into what had once been his older brother’s room.

“I’m glad you two are up.” Linda stopped halfway across the room and appreciated the view.

Olivia sat up with her back on the pillows. She was naked, her pale skin radiant in the morning light. In her arms, she cradled Wendy, who suckled and licked milk from Olivia’s small breasts. “Oh, my. This is embarrassing.” Olivia looked up at mother and son. She covered up her exposed boob with her hand, but let Wendy continue sucking on the other boob. “We just couldn’t help ourselves.” Olivia looked back down at the former government investigator. Wendy’s dark brown skin was in stark contrast to Olivia.

“Nothing to be ashamed about, dear.” Linda reached behind David and gave his butt a squeeze. It was so firm. She hoped he’d still exercise regularly now that basketball season was canceled. “This is Wendy’s ongoing baptismal. I’m quite sure this is all the work of God.”

Wendy released the nipple from her mouth, and turned to face Linda, still lying on Olivia’s lap. Milk dripped off her chin. “I was baptized into the Catholic church.” The cross around Wendy’s neck vouched for her story.

“Of course, you were.” Linda nodded. “But now you’re being baptized into our little community in Portsmouth. Ms. Wendy Gonzalez, meet my son, David.”

“Hello.” Wendy eyed David with suspicion. She didn’t want anything to come between her and the milk that flowed from Linda’s and Olivia’s breasts. And as Linda’s son, he was an obvious rival in his home territory.

“Hello,” David nodded down at the naked woman. He’d seen very few naked women in his life, and all of them had pale skin. He eyed Wendy’s black nipples, and the faint dark, stretch marks on her hips.

“Eyes elsewhere, bub.” Wendy covered her boobs with an arm and covered the black triangle between her legs with her other hand.

“Sorry.” David looked down at this mother. “Mom, can we go do ... that thing now?”

“Hold on Davey.” Linda looked down at the women on the bed and smiled patiently. “Olivia has already experienced the full baptism, but now it’s your turn, Wendy.” Linda dropped to her knees and pulled down David’s bottoms. His long, hard penis sprung free.

Wendy gasped.

Olivia stared wide-eyed.

Linda licked some precum off the tip and shivered. “In this house, Davey is the holy messenger.”

“Mom. I don’t think that’s ... oooooohhhhhh. Your tongue feels so good.” David put his hands on the back of Linda’s blonde hair.

Both women on the bed watched with mouths hanging open.

“But he’s your son,” Wendy said. It seemed each passing moment Wendy spent in Portsmouth broke some cardinal rule. She watched Linda work the monstrosity. It was such a loving, caring blowjob that even if she hadn’t known Linda was David’s mother, she might have guessed it.

David looked over at the women on the bed and thought they were both quite beautiful. A light sheen of sweat broke out all over his body.

Ten minutes later, David stood on the carpet in his brother’s old room, with three gorgeous women working his dick and balls. Linda had moved to his left testicle, and had it in her mouth, adoringly looking up at him with her lovely blue eyes. Olivia and Wendy took turns sucking his dick, switching back and forth every thirty seconds or so. When it wasn’t Wendy’s turn, she licked up the side of his dick or stole a few licks on his right nutsack.

"I'm going to cum, Mom." David flexed his hands by his sides.

Linda released his ball. "Get ready for your baptism, Wendy." Linda nudged the two women to the side and stroked David with both hands. She pointed the head at Olivia and Wendy sitting on their knees. For a brief moment, Linda thought maybe that wasn't the best idea, as she'd have to clean the carpet later.

David let his mom pull the cum out of him and he blasted on the two younger women.

Linda aimed the dick from one houseguest to the other, and watched them topple and writhe as David's goo covered their breasts, hair, and generally all over them. Both women cried out in ecstasy.

As David recovered, he watched Olivia and Wendy lick his cum off each other like it was the most delicious thing either of them had ever tasted.

Linda somehow found the willpower to shepherd David into the shower, and then downstairs for a breakfast. She managed to get him off to school in time, but not before she let him have a quick little go at her pussy in the kitchen. She stood leaning by the window, dress around her hips. And David filled her up from behind.

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"Do you have a hall pass?" Margaret Simpson eyed Patrick as he walked by mid-period.

"Of course, Mrs. Simpson." Patrick held up his pass. It was one of the convincing fakes that Roy had made a while back and shared with his friends. Patrick saved one in the bottom of his backpack just in case he needed to slip out of class. Until that moment, he'd never used one.

"Very well, carry on Mr. Lannit." Margaret went back to reading her magazine.

Patrick walked down the hall, slipped into the library, and made his way to the stacks in back.

"Over here," David whispered to Patrick.

Patrick found David leaning against some shelves. The rear of the library had windows that overlooked the parking lot. David's spot allowed him a view of the yellow, red, and orange fall foliage, while also giving them a good deal of privacy.

"I'm glad you called the meeting. Where's Roy?" David looked down at his skinny friend.

"I don't think he's coming. You still want him here?" Patrick adjusted his glasses, and leaned on the bookshelf near David.

"If he wants to apologize, fine. But if not ..." David shrugged. "Anyway, we have to talk."

"I—"

"Let me talk first." David held up his finger to silence his friend. "I should have told you while ago. You know that doll that popped my cherry." David looked around, but the library was mostly empty this time of day and they had rows and rows of books between them and anyone in the front of the room.

“Yeah.” Patrick nodded and folded his arms, trying to look hip and with it.

“It was my mom.”

“Shit, I knew it.” Patrick hadn’t known it. But he probably should have.

“It was the sweat thing, like Roy said.” David looked out the window, not wanted to look into his friends magnified, brown eyes.

“All the way?” Patrick’s cheeks flushed.

“All the way and then some.” David nodded.

“My mom jumped me last night, but we didn’t go all the way.” Patrick looked out the window too. “And then my sister hopped in the shower with me this morning. But we didn’t go all way.”

“Sally?” David gave a low whistle. “But she’s married.”

“Well, so’s my mom. And so’s your mom.” Patrick frowned. “And so’s Donna.”

“My mom’s been bringing women home to stay in Ryan’s old room.” David smiled a little to himself. “She’s brought two home so far.”

“You go all the way with them?” Patrick watched out the window. Mrs. Rodgers exited the school out of a side door, looked around several times and then jogged across the side lawn.

“Fifty-fifty.” David squinted as he watched the blonde teacher move. She jiggled and bounced awkwardly in her tight swing dress and high heels. “My mom’s breasts are making milk and she’s using it to seduce these women. The preacher’s wife did it too with her milk. She seduced some scientist lady.”

“Jesus.” Patrick shook his head. That was a new twist.

“Yeah, my mom thinks it’s Jesus. But I’m pretty sure it’s not.” David’s eyes followed Caroline Rodgers as she arrived at the equipment shack, looked around again, and then slipped inside. “How much you want to bet that Roy is giving it to his mom.” David’s mouth turned down in disgust, but his dick swelled a little thinking of the trim, classy Mrs. Ackerman giving in to her rude, fat son.

“Speak of the devil.” Patrick watched Roy exit that same side door and head over the lawn directly toward the shack. “He’s doing Mrs. Rodgers isn’t he.” Patrick could see the sweat glistening off Roy’s chubby cheeks, even from all that distance. The dark-haired boy got to the equipment shack and slipped in.

“I think so.” David stared at the shack, thinking about what was almost certainly going on inside. “What do we do, Pat?”

“Well, maybe we track the meteor to its impact site. Then we can get to the bottom of all this.” Patrick took a deep breath. “Moms, sisters, investigators, milk, and meteors. I’m not sure how to sort this all out without finding the source.”

“I don’t want to go back to way things used to be.” David looked back at Patrick.

“Me neither, Pal. But someone has to get to the bottom of this. We’re the last line of defense.” Patrick looked back up at David. He could feel a nervous tick pulling at his right cheek. He’d just had to process a ton of shocking news. Or, more correctly, news that would have been dumbfounding a few weeks ago, but in the moment seemed almost inevitable.

“Okay, I’ll help when I can. But I’m really busy right now.”

“With what?” Patrick pulled his glasses up and down his nose. “Oh.” He stopped and shoved the frames up where they belonged. “You mean ...” Patrick’s cheeks went to a deeper shade of red. “Well ... well ... I guess if you need to spend time with your mother.” It was the wrong thing to say on so many levels. “Just be ready, if I need some help. Okay?”

“Yeah, sure, Pat.” David looked back at the shed.

“Thanks, David.” Patrick looked back at the shed too.

Both boys thought about what sort of perversions Roy must be committing in there with their young teacher.

~~

“This one’s no good for long-distance either.” Ed Reynolds slammed the payphone down and the clank echoed back to them from the store fronts on the other side of the street.

“What are we going to do, Agent Reynolds?” Helen Bales hugged her skinny frame tight. Her messy brown hair fell over half her face. Her blue dress was wrinkled and carelessly buttoned. She wasn’t used to desperation.

“Excuse me.” A smiling, middle-aged woman walked up to them and stood with her hands clasped. Her green housedress was perfectly pressed and her hair neatly coifed. “I couldn’t help but overhear you. My long-distance is working perfectly. I just hung up with my sister in Chicago not five minutes ago.”

“Okay?” Ed watched the woman suspiciously through his sunglasses. Something nagged at Ed. This woman was somehow familiar.

“You look like a nice young couple. You can use my phone if you need to.” The pretty woman smiled at them.

“Oh, we’re not a —” Helen said before Ed cut her off.

“Thank you, that would be most helpful.” Ed looked at Helen with a slightly raised brow. “Wouldn’t it, honey?”

Helen was just a secretary. She wasn’t used to all this field work. “Yes?”

“My name’s Marigold,” the helpful woman said. “And you are?”

“Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds.” Ed didn’t much like using this woman’s phone, but she seemed harmless enough.

Ed and Helen followed Marigold off the main street, down a few side streets, up a walkway, and into a modest bungalow.

“Wait by the door, honey.” Ed left Helen just inside the front door and followed the woman into the kitchen.

“Okay.” Helen watched them go. She looked around her. It was a neat, orderly house. She couldn’t hear Agent Reynolds, but he was probably whispering in his report to headquarters. She wandered into the open living room. The tick-tock of the mantle clock kept steady rhythm. In the corner of the room sat a fine, old sideboard. Sticking out from underneath the closed sideboard doors, Helen could see green fabric identical to the dress Marigold was wearing. Strange.

Helen looked around, but no one was about. She walked up to the sideboard, bent down, and carefully opened one of the doors. Helen’s breath caught in her throat. Gagged and bound and uncomfortably stuffed inside the sideboard was the exact woman that had brought them to this house. Unconscious as she was, this Marigold had her eyes closed.

“Oh, my gosh,” Helen whispered. She quickly closed the door and backed away from the sideboard.

“It’s such a nice living room, isn’t it?” Marigold’s cheery voice suddenly filled the room.

Helen gave a little shriek and turned around. “Um, yes.” Helen trembled all over. For some reason, her vagina wettened considerably when she saw the duplicate housewife standing there. “Where’s Agent ... I mean, where’s my husband?”

“He’s getting ready for his swim, dearie.” Marigold stepped into the room and started unbuttoning her dress.

“What?” Helen took a step back but paused. She didn’t want to get any closer to that sideboard. Her heart thumped in her chest.

“In a little bit, he’ll take a long swim.” Marigold advanced further, her buttons now down halfway, exposing the pale skin on her chest and her supportive bra.

“I don’t want to go for a swim.” Helen shivered again. Unconsciously, her arms moved from their folded position over her chest and she cupped her small breasts with her hands.

“Don’t worry, you’re not heading for the lake. My master has other plans for you.” Marigold’s voice continued to be so chipper and friendly. She pulled off her dress and stood before Helen.

“Oh, my gosh.” Helen’s jaw dropped. The middle-aged woman had quite a normal body, except her panties were torn and pushed aside as a giant penis grew from her crotch. The thing was long, curved upward, and dripped fluid continuously from the head. Beneath it there hung two dangling balls. The fat sacks repeatedly compressed and relaxed as if in a constant state of pumping. Helen had never conceived of such a thing, but it was now the most compelling sight she’d ever witnessed. Helen needed that cock inside her like she had needed nothing else in her erstwhile boring life.

"I should tell you, dearie. I am not Marigold." Not-Marigold stepped up to the brunette and tore Helen's blue dress from her body with a loud rip. "I am Smith and soon you will know your place here in Portsmouth."

"No," Helen could only whisper. She stood before this monstrosity in only her underwear, trembling.

Ten minutes later, Helen found herself bent over the couch while the older woman, now called Smith, rammed her huge penis deep into Helen's womb from behind. "What ... ah ... ah Have you done ... to me?" Helen shrieked and brayed as Smith stretched her out. She wondered if Agent Reynolds could hear her participate in this most unnatural mating.

"It is a gift I bring." Smith still sounded as chipper and amiable as she had when she called herself Marigold. "You now join us."

"Please ... don't ... oooohhhhhhh." Helen could feel the penis erupting, spraying molten seed inside her. The last coherent thought she had before her mind drifted off in euphoria was that she was somehow going to have another woman's baby.

~~

Donna sat in her car in the parking lot as school was about to let out. Here she was, an accomplished paranormal investigator, wife to the indomitable Mark Farmer, waiting in a line of cars to pick up a high school senior that she, maybe, had started thinking of as her boyfriend. She rubbed her thighs together. Even without any of the mysterious sweat effect, her pussy was wet and ready for the teenager.

The bell rang and Donna pulled the rearview mirror down a little so she could see her reflection. Her makeup was subtle and effective. Her freckled face looked clean and fresh. Her copper hair was pulled neatly back into a ponytail. Everything looked good. She wondered for how long she'd look clean and fresh. Not long she guessed. She adjusted her black-framed glasses and looked back at the school's doors. A flood of students burst out and into the parking lot.

Within the stream of students, she spotted Patrick and waved. The blue stone in her wedding ring glinting in the afternoon light. Patrick saw her and his little, charming face lit up like the Fourth of July. He ran over to her car, opened the door, and hopped in. He tossed his backpack into the back seat.

"Wow, Donna, you look beautiful. I missed you." Patrick sat in the seat, his hands in his lap, with all the energy of an eager puppy.

"I missed you too, my lord." Donna could see that he was a bit shy, so she leaned over to give him a little hug.

"My lady." Patrick mistook her gesture and planted his lips on hers. They were quickly necking and rubbing their hands over each other's bodies. Their glasses clinked together on their faces.

The car's windows didn't have time to fog up, however, as some angry parent honked her horn at them from behind. Donna pulled away from Patrick, smoothed out her dress, and put the car in gear. "What do you have planned for us, Junior Investigator?"

"I have a lot to tell you, Donna," Patrick said. "Let's go somewhere and talk. Maybe the lake again?"

"No, I don't want some hiker to spot us." Embarrassment tried to seize her as she thought of who might have seen them in the school parking lot moments ago, but she shrugged it away. "I reserved a room at the hotel this morning, just in case. Let's go there." She glanced over at him.

Patrick nodded with enthusiasm. He'd never thought he'd be with a woman who could buy them a hotel room. That was so cool.

A little later, Donna pulled Patrick by the hand through the hotel's back parking lot. "Mark isn't supposed to leave his room while I'm gone, but knowing him, he might." Donna looked back at Patrick with a worry line running down the middle of her forehead. "So, I rented a room on the other side of the hotel. And we'll go in the back entrance." Her shoes clicked on the pavement as she walked briskly.

"Sure thing." Patrick's gaze kept shifting between Donna's bouncing red hair, her exposed calves, accentuated by her knee-length hemline and kitten heels, and her round butt, rolling under her tight skirt. "I really think I love you," he whispered.

"Enough with that talk." Donna pulled him in the back door, pulled the key from her purse, and dragged Patrick into room number forty-two. They were both starting to sweat after the hurried walk to their room. "Here we are." She closed the door behind them and tried to lead Patrick over to the chairs so they could talk. But she felt his strong, small hands on her hips, then pressing against her boobs through her blouse, and finally spinning her around and holding her against him by gripping two handfuls of butt. "I thought you had some things to tell me." She pulled off her glasses and set them on a nearby dresser. "Shouldn't we talk first?" She looked down at Patrick's brown hair as he nuzzled her boobs.

"Let's talk after." Patrick pressed his erection up against her and elicited an audible gasp from the wife. "Or during. I don't care." He leaned up and kissed Donna's soft lips.

Soon, Patrick was sitting naked on the edge of the bed, his glasses were the only thing he kept on. His cardigan, undershirt, pants, underwear, and socks were all strewn about the room. He looked down at Donna's pretty face as she bobbed her mouth on his giant dick. She was only wearing a white bra, panties, and her heels. She gagged and purred as she worked him over.

"So ... ah ... the first thing I should tell you ... is that ... I didn't go all the way ... with either of them." Patrick held tightly to the blanket on either side of his hips.

"Wwwwwmmmmhthhhhh?" Donna looked up at Patrick with questioning eyes. She kept slurping on his prong. It was clear to both of them that she meant 'who?'

"My ... uh ... sister and mother."

Donna spat the cock out of her mouth and her hand paused mid-stroke on his shaft. "Get out of town. Tell me." Her hand went back to stroking up and down, her fingers slick with saliva. Her other hand reached for one of his weighty balls.

Patrick told her everything that happened with both women, emphasizing that he hadn't instigated either one. He also told her about Roy, David, and the women producing milk.

All the while, Donna continued her handjob. When he finished his story, Donna's pussy was a sopping mess. She'd never been more ready for sex. "Let's put a pin in the situation with your family." She pushed him back on the bed and straddled him, pulling her panties to the side. "I haven't made any milk. So maybe that is this mystery's defense mechanism only triggered when in threat. At least we can assume that was Dr. Cobb with the pastor's wife." Donna grabbed that fat cock and lined it up with her vagina. She lowered herself down and felt herself stretch to accommodate the monster. "Oooooohhhhh, Patrick. You're so thick."

"We ... need to get ... to the impact ... site." Patrick placed his hands on her wide hips and pulled her the rest of the way down on his dick.

"It's not that ... easy." Donna rocked her hips back and forth with a little wiggle to the side. She'd never moved her body like this before she'd met Patrick. "Do you want ... to bed your ... uh ... uh ... uh ... mother? And sister?" The thought drove Donna wild. Susy Lannit had really given Donna the business the other day. The idea that a woman like that would give in to her own skinny teenager was just too perfect.

"Yes ... no ... I don't know." Patrick felt he could tell her anything, but he wasn't sure himself.

"Well, I want you ... uh ... uh ... to be happy." Donna's hips sped up. She could feel her orgasm approaching. "I'll be your girlfriend ... Patrick ... and you can ... use that to make ... your mother ... jealous. If you want her ... that's how you get ... her. And just ... make sure your sister ... hears it all. She'll come to your bed ... too ... oooooohhhhhhhhh." Donna came on that monster, grinding it deep, deep inside her.

Patrick watched the trembling woman. Could he really have his mother, sister, and this amazing, beautiful investigator? Did he want it all? He did. While she was still cumming, Patrick maneuvered her onto her hands and knees and mounted her from behind.

Within minutes, Donna was shrieking and shouting, "Pull my hair," and "Slap my ass, my lord."

"Yes, my lady." Patrick complied as he railed her. He was learning all sorts of new things. He listened to her cry out each climax and wondered how many people in the hotel were also listening to her.

On the other side of the hotel, Mark was trying to read when he heard shouting coming from somewhere. After a little investigation, he realized it was echoing through the vents. He put his ear up to the vent and listened. He couldn't make out any of the words, but the situation was clear. Some floozy was screaming her head off during rough sex. Mark smiled and wondered if he and Donna had ever sounded like that. He thought not, but he knew she enjoyed their gentle lovemaking. The woman on the other side of the vent was clearly made of different stuff. Mark idly wondered if she was someone's wife holed up at the hotel on a clandestine tryst. He shrugged. That wasn't the mystery he needed to investigate. He sat back down and tried to read, tuning out the lovemaking faintly echoing into his room.

Back in room forty-two, Patrick was ready to unload. "I'm ... close ..."

"Do it ... in me ... I'm your girlfriend ..." Donna looked back over her shoulder at his wiry frame and young, handsome face. Her boyfriend still had his glasses on.

"But ... uh ... uh ... pregnant ..."

“I don’t care ... oh, please ... I don’t care ...” Donna tensed as she felt hot cum fill her up. Nerve endings throughout her body exploded with pleasure. She wanted this feeling to last forever. She would let this boy fill her up each and every day. Nothing else really mattered anymore. The mystery, her husband, their other investigations, all of it had now clearly fallen into second place.

Chapter 12

Nine months was a long time to wait for experimental results. Especially when one had just spent years and years crossing interstellar distances. Axcix looked over the adjustments she'd made a while back. Four months was a more reasonable waiting period. It wasn't an easy task to alter gestation rates. Especially for a complex species. But Axcix felt she'd been more than equal to the task.

~~

Linda leaned over the toilet and heaved again. It had been like this for several days. She'd wake up before anyone else and throw up for a while. Between that, and her swelling belly, it seemed like David might have succeeded in breeding her. Except, of course, it was too early for her to show. So maybe it was just something she ate. Linda retched again. Or maybe not.

After a while, she felt better and stood up. She rinsed her mouth out a good long while at the sink and wandered into her bedroom on shaky legs past her snoring husband. Poor William. So sweet and so clueless. At least she'd given him a little sex over the past few months. If this was pregnancy, she'd be able to give William a plausible tale of fatherhood.

Linda shuddered as she opened the door and slipped out into the hall. She opened David's door and locked it behind her. They had a couple hours until William usually woke up, more than enough time for a little mother-son time.

"Davey, I see you're already hard, sweetheart." It was true, his penis stood proud under the covers as he slept on his back. Getting no response, Linda lifted the covers and crawled underneath. The smell was pungent and divine under there. It smelled of raw teenager. She shivered in anticipation. "Davey." She moved in between his legs and nuzzled those overripe balls. Her hands went up to the shaft and stroked slowly. She breathed in his scent over and over.

"Mom?" David opened his eyes. His room was still dark. "What time is it?" No one took care of him the way his mother did. His whole body surged with pleasure.

"It's ... early ... Davey," Linda said between licks of his scrotum. She climbed up his lean body and straddled his pole. "It's going to be another beautiful day." She sighed, the blanket still covering her head, and sank down, feeling that long gadget spear her completely. She rocked her hips gently.

"Mom?" David looked down at the lump of blanket humping him. It still blew his mind, thinking about his little mother moving like a harlot on his dick. He lifted up the blanket and put it over his head so that they shared the same confined space. He could smell her wetness under there.

"Yes, sweetie?" Linda sped up her hips. She was already going to cum.

"I want to do Ms. Gonzalez." He grabbed her ample hips. "Can I?"

“Yeeessss ...” Linda shook all over and buried her face in David’s broad chest. Her fingernails dug into his skin. When she recovered, she lifted herself back up and bounced up and down on his long shaft. “If you’re a good boy ... and you fill me up ... oooooohhhh ... this morning ... I’ll let you have her ... when you get home from school.” Linda’s face contorted as she came again.

“Thanks, Mom.” David watched the dark shadows of his mom’s boobs bounce in counter-elliptical paths. It was mesmerizing. Ten minutes later, he flooded her pregnant pussy with cum.

~~

There was a knock on Roy’s door. “Roy, you slob, have you seen Mom?”

“Don’t be a bitch, Annie.” Roy stopped his hips and rested his fat, sweaty belly on his mom’s swelling tummy. He put his right hand over her mouth to keep her from crying out with his sister right outside. “I haven’t seen her. She’s probably in the shower or something.” He looked down at his mom’s wide, brown eyes and smiled. “Mom gets so dirty, Annie.”

“Ugh, you are so gross.” Annie gave one last whack at the door. “I’m going to school now, later loser.” Her loud footsteps descended the stairs and then she was gone.

Roy took his hand off Amanda’s mouth and grabbed one of her large boobs. The nipple was darker than usual. His hips resumed thrusting.

“Be ... nice ... to your ... uuuuhhhhh ... sister.” Amanda’s toes pointed straight up in the air and her hands moved around on Roy’s back, flexing her fingers with pleasure.

“Hey, Mom.” Roy ignored her request. “I’ve got ... a question.” He was now hammering her with long powerful strokes. With his dad and sister out of the house, he didn’t have to try and be quiet. His bed squealed in protest and the mattress sunk down every time he lowered all his weight onto her hips. “Are you having my ... baby?” He wiped sweat from his forehead.

“Ooohhhhh ... Roy ... I think so. It’s not your ... father’s.” Amanda grunted, putty in her son’s hands.

“Sweeeet.” Roy slapped at her right boob. “You’re going to have so many grandkids, Mom. And I bet you’ll pop out the first one. Yeehaw. You’re my bitch now, Mom.” He withdrew from her pussy and lined his dick up with her anus.

“No Roy.” Amanda made little fists and beat at his back to get his attention. “My wedding ring’s in my butt. If you ... do that. We’ll lose it.”

“Oh, yeah.” Roy raised his dick and slipped it back into her pussy. He reached under her and grabbed her wide ass. He humped into her with all his might.

“Thank you, Roy. Oh, thank ...” The first hot splash of cum filled her vagina and the euphoria swept any further thoughts out of Amanda’s pretty head. She howled as her son seeded her before school.

~~

"I found your ring while cleaning the bathroom yesterday." Susy stepped back from the stove and reached into the pocket on her apron. She pulled out the sparkling wedding ring and held it up for her daughter to see.

"Oh, that's where that went to." Sally walked over to Susy and took the ring from her mother's hand. "Where's Pat?"

"Still sleeping. He's been sneaking off to see that harlot of a girlfriend. She tires him out." Susy moved back to the stove and picked up the spatula. The smell of hash browns and bacon filled the room. "And your father left for work a little while ago. Sit down, Sally, I'll have some breakfast ready for you in a minute."

"Sure, Mom." Sally didn't make eye contact. She felt very uncomfortable for forgetting Jack's ring. Especially after getting her eighteen-year-old brother off, twice. Even worse, she had an image in her mind that kept playing over and over. It was what she thought her mother's mouth might have looked like when she wrapped those pink lips around Patrick's fat cock. She pulled out one of the kitchen chairs, tucked her dress under her, and sat down.

"So, daughter of mine." Susy eyed Sally as she sat at the table. Her daughter slipped the ring back onto her finger. "Our husbands expect more of us than misplaced rings without a second thought. What if I hadn't found it? What if you went home to Jack without those beautiful diamonds on your finger? I'm sure he'd be very upset."

"You're one to talk." Sally's brow furrowed and her lips pressed into a thin line. "You did it, too."

"I've never lost my ring, sugar." Susy used the spatula to remove the hash browns and bacon from their pans and neatly placed the food on a white plate. "Your father wouldn't hear of it if that happened."

"You know what I'm talking about." Sally looked up as Susy delivered the plate in front of her.

"I really don't." Susy raised an eyebrow. She'd managed to push her untoward actions with Patrick to the back of her mind. Denial could be a powerful tool. And she had no idea that her daughter had heard her sloppily sucking her son the other night. She really didn't know what Sally was talking about.

"Never mind." Sally felt bad for her father, but she was just as guilty as her mother. She didn't have a leg to stand on. She picked up a fork and pushed a hash brown on her plate. "I'll be more careful."

"That's good, sugar." Susy turned and walked to the refrigerator. "Would you like some juice?"

"Yes, please." Sally felt herself pulled in a million directions. Her family's actions were out of control. She should run home and away from there. Get back to Jack. But she didn't want to leave Patrick. She wanted to spend at least a little more time with her brother. Maybe she could even meet this new girlfriend of his. Normal sisterly thoughts vied in her brain with strange perversions. She didn't know what to do so she ate her breakfast in silence. To make matters even worse, it seemed that her clothes were a bit tight on her. Was she gaining weight?

~~

David and Patrick passed Roy in the hall and nobody made eye contact. When Roy was long passed, David leaned down to his friend. "What a slob."

"He's always been a slob." Patrick looked up and tried to smile. The three friends had been together for years, it was difficult to have Roy split the way he had.

"Yeah, but not like that." Patrick offered a faint smile back. "Hair a mess, shirt untucked, sweater torn. He looks like a beatnik."

"Forget him." Patrick looked up as the bell rang signaling next class. "Are you busy ... with ... um ... you know ... your mom ... after school?" They stopped in the hall as students rushed by.

"We did it this morning." David leaned in closer and whispered. "She said I could do it with the new houseguest afterschool." His smile broadened. "You find that meteor yet?"

"Well, um ..." Patrick stammered.

"You got sidetracked with your detective girlfriend, didn't you?"

"Yeah." Patrick nodded.

"Just enjoy it, man." David clapped Patrick on the shoulder. "We're living the dream."

"Some dreams turn into nightmares." Patrick's smile left his face.

"Not this one." David gave him a nod and walked into class.

Patrick followed, a frown tugging at the corners of his mouth.

~~

Roy, with complete nonchalance, walked into Caroline Rodgers's chemistry class. "The principal wants to see you, Mrs. Rodgers."

The energy in the class leapt a level as several conversations sprung up among the students.

"Quiet class. Hello ... Mr. Ackerman." Caroline's round cheeks turned a deeper shade of pink. She pushed her blonde hair behind her shoulders. "Did he say to what this is pertaining?"

Roy shrugged.

"Okay." Caroline pointed to the front row. "Chrissy, you lead the class on a review of Chapter 13. I'll be back in few minutes." She gave the class a stern gaze. "Mind Chrissy, class. She's in charge until I get back." With that she smoothed out her blouse, stepped out of the classroom, and followed Roy down the hall. They stopped outside the freshman math classroom. "This isn't the principal's office," Caroline whispered. She looked around, but the halls were empty.

“Shit, did you think that was real?” Roy chuckled to himself. “Go in there and tell Mrs. Bennett that she has to come with you.”

“Why?” Caroline looked down at the slovenly eighteen-year-old and felt butterflies in her stomach.

“Do I have to spell it out for you.” Roy talked to her like she was a misbehaving child.

“I won’t.” Caroline shook her head.

“Hey, everyone.” Roy called loudly down the empty hall. “I’ve got a teacher here trying to —”

Caroline put a shaking hand over Roy’s mouth. “Fine, I’ll do it. But how?”

“Make something up.” Roy shrugged again. He watched Caroline take a deep breath and walk into the room. The class all turned to watch her as she entered. She said a few things to Fiona Bennett, and then Fiona said something to the class. The two women walked back to the door. Roy was quite interested in Fiona. She was an older teacher, and recently she’d lost most of her gray hair, some of her wrinkles, and slimmed down considerably. All but her breasts, which had gone in the opposite direction. Roy wanted to see what she looked like under those smart swing dresses she always wore. Her now mostly-brown hair was back in a tight braid.

Caroline led Fiona out of the classroom. “I let her know that the principal put you in charge of the drill in the ...”

“Art room.” Roy nodded and smiled. “There’s no one in the art room this period.” He led them down the hall doing jumping jacks the whole way.

“Are you sure about this?” Fiona looked over at the younger teacher. She thought Caroline looked quite nervous about something. “This is quite ...” She looked at the fat kid exercising in front of them as they walked. “... unusual.”

“Yes, it’s a drill.” Caroline lowered her blue eyes.

The two teachers and the student entered the art room. There were wide tables all about, some stacked with large sheets of paper. Everything else had been put away.

Fiona went to turn on the lights.

“No lights.” Roy ambled over to her and moved her hand from the switch. He then reached down and locked the door.

“What’s going on?” Fiona’s thoughts drifted as the sweaty, disgusting kid touched her. There was the most wonderful scent in that room. She hadn’t remembered smelling it there any time before. A warmth spread out from her vagina and she felt most peculiar.

“Mrs. Bennett’s a nice lady, Roy.” Caroline’s knees trembled as she watched the pivotal moment. “Don’t do this.”

“Mrs. Rodgers, kindly take off Mrs. Bennett’s clothes.” Roy unbuttoned his pants and let them fall to his ankles.

“What’s happening, Caroline?” Fiona looked to the taller blonde teacher with confusion in her eyes.

"I'm sorry, Fiona." Caroline stepped over to her and unbuttoned Fiona's blouse. "But you will feel things you never thought possible." She pulled the blouse off, folded it, and placed it on a nearby table. "You'll love it. I promise." Caroline then bent at the knees and pulled down the woman's skirt. She helped Fiona step out of it and then placed it with the blouse.

"I need ... I need ..." Fiona's nostrils flared.

"I knew it, look at that body. You've got one classy chassis, Mrs. Bennett." Roy looked the teacher up and down as she stood in her supportive bra and panties, heels still on her feet. "I'll show you what you need." Roy lowered his underwear and his massive erection flopped into the open. The dark, almost black, knobby head looked very angry.

"I've never seen anything ..." Fiona's large breasts rose and fell and she struggled for breath. "... like that."

"Help her out, Mrs. Rodgers." Roy winked at Caroline.

"Okay, Roy." Caroline put one hand on the back of Fiona's head and one hand on the delicate curve at the small of her back. She gently pushed Fiona onto her knees in front of Roy. "He likes it when you put one hand on the shaft and the other on one of his testicles. You know ... while you're sucking."

"I've never done this for my husband." Fiona stared at the precum oozing out of the head. "And even if I had ..." She felt gentle pressure on her braid and her head moved forward until the penis touched her lips and rubbed against her cheek. Sparks exploded before her eyes and euphoric lightning shot through her nerves. She needed more.

Five minutes later, Caroline sat on a nearby table, her skirt up around her hips and her panties pushed to the side. Without shame, she stroked her blonde pussy as she watched the older teacher slobber on Roy's monster. Caroline's mouth hung open. It seems Fiona could follow instructions, even in new enterprises. The old woman, who looked remarkable for her age, slid her left hand up and down the shaft, while she massaged Roy's right ball with her right hand. Caroline looked at the diamond ring gliding along that veiny cock and thought about all the faithful decades Fiona had just defenestrated.

"What do you ... think, Mrs. Rodgers, should I ... cum on her face?" Roy breathed hard with his hands on his hips and looked over at his pretty chemistry teacher.

"Yes," Caroline squeaked. Her left hand moved quickly, a blur on her engorged clit. She gave Roy a slight nod with her head.

"Mmmmmpppphhhhhhh?" Fiona had never even considered such a filthy thing. He would ejaculate on her face? What well of depravity had she stumbled down? Minutes ago, she stood primly in her classroom, teaching math to freshman. Now, she slurped at a perversely large penis and waited to be defiled. And she couldn't stop it.

"Here ... it ... comes ... Mrs. Bennett." Roy pulled his dick from her mouth, slapped her cheek with it, and then let loose inches from her face. "Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh."

There was no time for the disgust she expected. The second the first drop of sperm hit Fiona's nose, she experienced the most blindingly pure pleasure. She fell to the floor and writhed as the eighteen-year-old

boy coated her with his seed. She was only dimly aware of Caroline and Roy talking as she coasted on her high.

“Amazing.” Roy jerked out the last few sprays of cum. “Get her up ... and bend her ... over the table,” he panted.

“Okay, Roy.” Caroline had just had her own orgasm watching Fiona submit to the fat teenager. She slid off the table and grabbed Fiona under her arms, careful not to get Roy’s cum on her own clothes. She pulled Fiona to her feet and bent down to remove her panties. Fiona leaned against the table with vacant eyes, offering no resistance. Caroline reached behind Fiona and unclasped her bra. It fell to the floor revealing a pair of large, round boobs. There were stretch marks at the top, and some sagging, but those did not seem like the breasts of an older woman. “Alright, Fiona. Get ready.” Caroline maneuvered the teacher and bent her down over the art table. The woman’s bare boobs pressed into the Formica and the cum on her face began to drip onto the tabletop.

“Say goodbye to your old pussy, Mrs. Bennett.” Roy giggled, stepped up behind her, and rubbed her slick vaginal lips with the head of his dick.

“Wait.” Fiona looked to her left at Caroline, the focus had returned some to her eyes. “We can’t let him —” The long dick unlocked something deep inside her as it slipped in and spread her out.

“Oooooohhhhhh nnnnnoooooo.” It was like discovering the Fibonacci sequence for the first time. So beautiful, and so obviously the way nature had intended things. Fiona braced herself against the table as the fat boy pistoned in and out of her vagina. She could feel his chubby stomach slapping against her butt.

“Go on, Roy.” Caroline stared at the mating couple. Her right hand massaged her boob through her blouse. “Make her yours. Claim her.” She didn’t know where those words came from. How could she cheer on the fall of this once dignified woman? “Slap her butt.”

“You slap her butt, Mrs. Rodgers.” Roy moved his left hand to give Caroline access to the wobbling left butt cheek. He held firmly to Fiona’s right hip with his other hand.

“Okay.” Caroline brought her hand down with a smack on the pale, jiggling flesh.

“Oh,” Fiona said.

“You’re his now, Fiona.” She slapped the butt again and left an indelible red handprint. “You’re ours now.”

“That’s teamwork, Mrs. Rodgers.” Roy put his left hand back on Fiona’s hip. The large room filled with the sounds of smacking skin and the loud squelching of Fiona’s wet pussy. “Now give me a boob, Mrs. Rodgers.”

“Yes.” Caroline hurriedly unbuttoned the top of her blouse and pulled her left boob out of her bra. She held it up to Roy’s waiting mouth. “Yeeeeessssss.” Caroline sighed as he rolled her nipple with his tongue.

Roy took his mouth off the pink nipple. “Thanks. That’s enough.” He slapped at her exposed boob and watched it wobble, and then looked down to the woman squealing on the table. That shaking ass was truly terrific. “Give her ... some encouragement ... Mrs. Rodgers.”

“Okay, Roy.” Caroline leaned down on the table, her boobs pressing against the cool Formica, and looked into the older teacher’s brown eyes. “You’re doing great, Fiona. Everything is different now. You’ll want to fight it, but don’t. It’ll be better if you just accept him.”

“So ... aaaahhhhh ... deeeeeep.” Fiona’s mouth hung open and her pupils didn’t seem like they wanted to focus. The expression on the once composed woman’s face was somewhere between shock and ecstasy. “My ... hussssbttt ...”

“Your husband never did this for you?” Caroline nodded, still keeping her face close to Fiona’s. “I know how surprised you must be at what sex is really like. Especially after all these years. How long have you been married?” It was hard for Caroline to make eye contact with her colleague as Fiona’s head jolted forward with every thrust she absorbed.

“Thirty ... two ... years ...” Sweat dripped down Fiona’s face. The way she squealed sounded almost like a pig. Decidedly unladylike.

“And what’s your husband’s name?” Caroline reached for Fiona’s left hand on the table and squeezed it with her hand.

“B ... B ... B ...” Fiona couldn’t get her husband’s name out. A surge of electricity rushed through her and she realized she was having another orgasm.

“She’s already ... forgotten ... his name.” Roy grunted. “You’re mine now ... Mrs. Bennett.” Roy’s balls churned. “Aaaaaahhhhhh.”

Just as Fiona came down from her orgasm, she was rocketed off again by the rapture of hot cum splashing inside her. Her head flopped side to side, her braid coming undone. The sounds that came out of her mouth were completely inhuman.

“Wow.” Caroline watched Fiona take Roy’s load deep inside and marveled at what had become of the woman. Caroline wondered if she was still fertile. Would Roy plant his baby inside her? She suspected he would.

A few minutes later, Caroline purred as Roy slid his cock into her waiting pussy. She sat up on the table next to the still panting Fiona. Caroline’s skirt was around her waist and her panties dangled from one ankle. “Take me, Roy.” Caroline put her hands behind his head and ran her fingers through his short, messy brown hair.

“You want ... uh ... uh ... uh ... that baby, Mrs. Rodgers?” Roy grabbed on to the tits that still spilled over her blouse and used them to pull Caroline back and forth on his dick.

“Yes ... ooooohhhhh ... yes. Put that baby ... inside me.” Caroline shrieked out the words. This fat, hung student used her however he liked. And that was perfection.

“A ... baby?” Fiona struggled for breath, looking at the Formica right in front of her eyes. She’d spent her whole life living by a set of rules and making sure those in her charge did as well. She turned her gaze to her left where the couple humped liked heathens and realized that all society’s norms lay shattered around her. She felt the boy’s sperm drip down between her legs, and she knew that the moral code that bound them had been much weaker than she’d ever imagined. Soon, she saw the young blonde wife cry out and willingly accept sperm in a place that was the rightful property of her husband.

“Take ... my ... baby ...” Roy jammed his cock all the way inside Caroline and felt her pussy clench around him.

Minutes later, Fiona’s bare knees were pressed into the cold tile of the art room floor. All she wore were her high heels. She looked up at the long, thick monster before her with frightened eyes. He’d already released himself three times. How was he still hard? What sort of abomination was this?

“Clean off my dick, Mrs. Bennett.” Roy looked down at the white frothy mess that covered his pole, leftover cum and secretions from two married women. This was the life. “You too, Mrs. Rodgers. Let’s clean up before we go.”

“Really?” Fiona’s voice was shaky. She leaned forward and with a reluctant frown on her face licked her way up the shaft. Her eyelids fluttered and little sparks shot across her vision. The salty mess tasted divine. The frown disappeared and she greedily licked and sucked.

“Oh, Roy. Why do you have to push us so far?” Caroline dropped to her knees and helped Fiona with her task. She started by stretching her tongue out and removing dried cum on Roy’s right testicle.

“That’s good, ladies.” Roy looked down at the women so dutifully slobbering all over his gadget. Both had their eyes focused on their work. In the future he’d make them look up at him while they did this. “That’s good. Now, Mrs. Rodgers, you need to clean off Mrs. Bennett before we leave. And hurry.” Roy looked up at the clock. “We only have a few minutes before the bell rings.”

At this request, Caroline balked. She looked at Fiona sitting next to her and could see the dried cum on her face, breasts, and even her back.

“It’s okay, Caroline.” Fiona looked at the floor, defeated. “Go ahead.”

And so, Caroline crawled over to the other woman and licked the cum off her. She started with her face, then moved to her back, and finished with those ponderous breasts. She could feel Fiona shivering the whole time Caroline’s tongue was on her. There was nothing to be done about the cum in Fiona’s hair, so Caroline left that as it was. When she was done, Caroline pushed her own boobs back into their bra and buttoned up her blouse. She then stood Fiona up and dressed her as quickly as she could.

When the women looked over at Roy, they could see he’d put his penis away and was beckoning them to the door.

Roy opened the door a crack and peered out. “The coast is clear, hurry.” Roy slipped out into the hall.

The teachers followed him. Instead of going back to class, all three rushed out the back door and into the parking lot.

“Looking forward to next time, Mrs. Bennett.” Roy called after Fiona as she walked hurriedly away from them to her car. She didn’t acknowledge him. Roy turned to Caroline who was busy walking as fast as her heels would allow toward her automobile. “Hey, can I have a ride?”

“Sure, Roy. Hurry before someone sees you.” Caroline opened the door to her car and slid behind the driver’s wheel. She slammed the door behind her.

“Great.” Roy got in the passenger’s seat and they sped out of the lot.

When Fiona got home, she paused a long time in the hall, looking at a photo of her family. As long as no one found out, everything was still fine. Her sweet, pot-bellied husband and her two grown children would never know. She could put the incident behind her. She then called the school and told them she'd suddenly fallen ill and had to go home. She hated lying, but sometimes it was the lesser of two evils.

When Caroline got home, she didn't stop and stare at any family pictures. Even though, as she entered the front door, there was a fine photograph of her, her husband, and her in-laws at the park. Instead, she forcefully returned Roy's kiss and reached into his pants to hold that steel rod of a cock.

They discarded their clothes as they moved down the hallway, groping each other the whole way. Her husband would be at work for many more hours, so they had time.

A little later, Roy had her bent over her kitchen table as she called the school's office to explain her early departure. The school secretary thought it very odd that Caroline hadn't checked out when she left school, but she did admit that Caroline sounded awful. The secretary didn't know that was because, at that moment, she had Roy's massive tool jammed up her butt.

When Roy finished with Caroline, the orange afternoon sun cast long shadows across Portsmouth's streets. Roy whistled to himself as he strolled home.

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Agent Stuart Mills oversaw the unloading of food and bottled water from the flatbed trucks. He directed his detail to put the radio receivers and the bulkier transmitters up in one of the second-floor rooms. They'd booked five rooms at the hotel for an indefinite stay in Portsmouth.

The letter Stuart had received from Agent Reynolds had been cryptic, and distressing. When they arrived in town, they'd discovered it had been several days since anyone had seen Dr. Cobb, the agents, or the rest of the team.

The mission was clear. Find the team and locate any hostile foreign entities. Stuart watched his men and women unload in the long afternoon shadows and scowled. He'd never assembled a crew with so many women before. Dr. Cobb's info had highlighted the importance of a woman's natural immunity to the phenomenon. Stuart hoped she was right, and hoped these women were up to the task.

It was a big job at that. He could feel it in his bones. Commies. It had to be fucking commies. Well, they'd get to the bottom of it and send those pinkies off with their tails between their legs.

~~

The hours between when he got home from school and before his father returned from work were David's favorite part of the day. Naked, on his brother's bed, he plowed his mom's pussy from behind.

She was naked too, on all fours, grunting and gripping tight onto the sheets. On either side of her lay Olivia and Wendy on their backs. The women had their shoulders tilted and their heads under Linda's rocking boobs. Both Olivia and Wendy gulped down the sweetest milk from Linda's dark nipples.

"Can I ... cum inside Miss Gonzalez, Mom?" David held firmly onto Linda's hips.

"You'll ... ohhhh ... have to ask ... her." Linda pushed her butt back against every thrust.

"Hey, Miss Gonzalez ... want my baby?" David looked down to his right. He could see Wendy's curly black hair move as she shook her head under his mom's right boob. Maybe he could get her to change her mind. "Sorry, Mom." David pulled out of his mom's pussy and climbed off the bed. He reached down and took Wendy's dark hand in his and pulled her to her feet next to him. He looked down at the short woman, with her black nipples, and brown curves. She was breathtaking. "I bet this is new for you."

"It's all new." A dribble of white milk ran down Wendy's chin. Her brown eyes widened as the tall teenager lifted her into the air and flipped her upside down.

David spread her legs on either side of his head and looked down at her dark pussy lips and the pink underneath. He buried his face in her pussy and dove his tongue between her folds.

"Oooooohhhhhh." Wendy had learned a bit about cunnilingus from the other women in the Riles house, but that had been nothing like being suspended upside down and aggressively eaten out. She grabbed onto David's mammoth cock just to have something to hold onto.

"My word, Davey." Linda looked up at her conqueror of a son. She now lay on her back with Olivia sucking on her left boob. "You're an animal, aren't you?"

Olivia looked up at the scene, too, as she lapped milk. Her eyes wide.

After a few minutes of readying Wendy for the coming invasion, David flipped her right side up, facing away from him. He put his hands on the bottoms of her thighs and lowered her so that his dick nuzzled up against her pussy. "Put it in, Miss Gonzalez."

Wendy nodded, reached down, and guided the thing inside her. There had been so many twisted firsts for Wendy in the last few days, but feeling that monster gadget slowly fill her while looking down at the two women below her was not a moment to forget. "Goodness ... you're in my belly."

"How ... about a baby ... now?" David bounced her up and down with long, fluid strokes, his dick supporting a surprising amount of her suspended weight.

"Nooooo," Wendy whispered.

"Okay." David continued his onslaught. He enjoyed the way her little brown feet bounced helplessly out to the sides. Eventually, he tired some and lowered her down to the bed on her knees. He stayed firmly inside her and reached around and grabbed her breasts. They were larger than before, he thought. He pulled her up to him so that her hair was right below his chin and pounded away some more. He watched Linda's boobs shake as the bed bumped up against the wall with every slam into her pussy.

"So deeeeeeep." Wendy grunted, and sobbed, and shook through several orgasms.

"Now ask her, Davey." Linda could tell her son was close to his own orgasm.

“Want ... my ... baby?” David wanted nothing more than to let go inside her.

“Yeeeeeeesssss.” Wendy bucked back against him. Her rapture spilled over as hot cum filled her pussy. Her eyes rolled back and she took every drop.

When David was done, he released her and let her flop down on the bed. “I’ve got more.” He panted, his erection not in any way diminished. “What do you say, Miss Green?”

Olivia nodded her head and crawled into position, presenting her ass high in the air for him. She let out a shriek as David entered her pussy and then gritted her teeth. She lived for pleasure now. Only pleasure.

~~

“It’s not safe for you here, Mark.” Donna paced next to the hotel bed, her arms folded over her chest. “You should go.”

“We should go, you mean.” Mark sat on the bed with his legs crossed. He’d left his shirt unbuttoned and his bowtie hung over one shoulder. He never bothered to tie it anymore. “Am I not correct, my lady?”

“No.” Donna unconsciously adjusted her glasses, but didn’t look at her husband. She paced seven steps, watching a spot on the wall, turned, and paced back, watching a spot on the opposite wall. She did this over and over. “There’s important work to be done in Portsmouth, Mark.”

“I see.” Mark raised an eyebrow. He hadn’t been called *my lord* in several days. Clearly, something was bothering his wife. “We don’t need to risk our lives for this, Donna.”

“We’ll be fine.” She glanced his way and the briefest smile flitted across her freckled face. “This is something I need to do. We have to get to the bottom of this.”

“Well, then. I admire your commitment and I, of course, trust you completely.” Mark stood and put his hands on his wife’s shoulders, stopping her pacing. “I will need to take the automobile if I am to go.” He looked her in the eyes, searching.

“That’s fine, Mark, I’ll figure something out.” Donna kissed him on the rough stubble covering his cheek. She watched him turn and pack his suitcase.

When Mark had packed, he tied his bowtie in the mirror, grabbed the car keys, and straightened his suit jacket. “All set.” He flipped on his fedora and went to the door. “Maintain constant contact, Donna. I will worry every moment we’re apart.” He put his hand on the doorknob.

“I will.” Donna walked up to him, gave him another peck on the cheek, and stepped back.

Neither moved for several beats.

“Goodbye, now.” Donna waved and smiled.

“It seems ...” Mark gritted his teeth. “That now that I have resolved to make my departure, I cannot go.”

“What do you mean?” Worry lines formed on Donna’s forehead.

“Something ... some malevolent force, maybe, has stayed my hand, and shackled my feet with invisible bonds.” Mark’s breathing came more shallow. He grunted with effort but could not bring himself to open the hotel room door.

“It’s okay, Mark.” Donna stepped up to him and loosened his grip on the door with her fingers. She had him put down the suitcase and guided him back to the bed.

“This is quite distressing, my love.” Mark sat down. His mind seemed suddenly in a fog.

“Oh, sweetheart.” Donna took the keys from his hand. She wouldn’t need the car immediately, but best to hold on to them. “You relax here and I’ll get to the bottom of this.”

Mark nodded and watched silently as his wife exited the room.

Donna felt for her poor husband. She’d find a way to get him out of town. But at the moment, she had butterflies in her stomach as she walked across the hotel to the room she’d reserved for her regular time with her boyfriend. School was out and Patrick should be riding his bicycle her way at that very moment. She wanted nothing more than to welcome the teenager with wide open legs.

Chapter 13

The school bell rang and Donna's hands trembled on the steering wheel. The anticipation of spreading her legs for her young boyfriend sent a surge of adrenaline through her. She adjusted her glasses and watched the high school empty out. She needed Patrick to fill her. Her life revolved around the hours each day they writhed together in their own little hotel room.

"Over here, Pat." Donna leaned forward and waved through the open window. She could see his smiling face as he jogged over. She sat up and looked at herself in the rearview mirror. She liked what she saw. Her hair was perfectly coifed and her makeup expertly applied. She knew she wouldn't look quite so put together later that afternoon. Patrick had taken lately to forcing his monster cock down her throat, and that tended to make her mascara run.

Patrick bent at the waist and gawked at Danna through the open window. She was so breathtakingly pretty. "My lady."

"My lord." Donna beckoned him into the car. "Get in, Pat. I can't wait to get you all to myself." They hadn't made any pretense at solving Portsmouth's mysteries for over a week. Their mutual need was just too strong.

"Me too." Pat opened the door, climbed into the passenger seat, and closed it behind him. He tossed his backpack into the back seat. "My mom's out shopping, my sister's visiting a friend, and my dad's at work."

"So?" Donna put the automobile in gear and drove away from the curb toward the hotel.

"So, I was thinking. We never get to do it at my house." Patrick adjusted his glasses and watched her pretty freckled face as she concentrated on driving. "I want to do it in my parents' room. We'll have the house to ourselves all afternoon."

"Oh, Pat." Donna shook her head and a slight smile curved her red lips. "You're so bad." She took the next right and drove toward Patrick's house.

~~

"You're ... so ... deeeeeep." Donna sat on Patrick's lap with her feet over his shoulders. The pair had recently tried all sorts of new sex positions. Donna found that with Patrick's youthful exuberance, lithe body, and long cock they could do all sorts of wonderfully perverted things she'd never been able to do with Mark. She held onto Patrick's narrow shoulders, her body bent, with her round boobs pressed into, and spilling around, her thighs.

"I'm going to ... uh ... uh ... uh ... cum again." Patrick had his legs crossed and he sat upright on his parents' bed. He was completely naked but for his glasses. Before they started, he had put a beach towel under them. That was a sound decision as sweat and cum from both of them now stained the

towel, but hopefully not the sheets below. His fingers pressed into her thighs and he helped her bounce. "Where do you ... want it?"

"Fill me up ... my lord ... fill me all the way up." Donna squealed as the teenager released inside her. Doubled over as she was, he had spectacular access to her depths. She rode that magnificent high that Patrick's cum always gave her. Nothing else in life came close to that feeling. When she came back down to Earth, she was still in his lap with her feet over his shoulders. "I ... could ... feel it all the way ... in my belly." She let go of his shoulders and leaned her head back on the mattress.

A voice by the door startled Donna and Patrick.

"What in heavens are you doing, Pat?" Susy stood in the doorway, her eyes and mouth wide in shock. She held a hand up to her ample bosom, clutching at her white housedress. "With that tramp ... in my bed ... and that smell ... it's so ..." Unconsciously, she reached to her collar with both hands and began unbuttoning her dress.

"Mom ..." Patrick scooted back and away from Donna. His long dick slowly slid out of her until it sprung free with a plop. There was all sorts of frothy cum and pussy juice covering his blueish dickhead. His dick didn't deflate one bit as he sat there. "... I can explain. You see ..." But there was no explaining this. He scrambled off the bed and got to his feet. He looked into his mom's brown eyes and he could see that telltale vacant look. Oh no, his sweat was twisting her mind. He tried to cover his manhood with his hands.

"You can't keep doing this, Pat." Susy unbuttoned her dress down to her navel and kept going. Her cleavage peaked out from inside her bullet bra. "What would your father say?"

"He'd say ... um ... that I'm a man?" Patrick glanced at Donna. "Sweat," he whispered to his girlfriend.

"Go for it," Donna whispered back. She reached for her glasses on the nightstand and put them on. She then stretched out on her side on the bed and propped her head up with her hand. She should have been mortified at being discovered in the midst of her affair by her teenage boyfriend's mother. But she was still dreamy from the last orgasm, and she was more than curious to see what would happen next. Cum leaked out of her and dribbled down her pale thigh to the towel below.

"Dad wants me to be a man." Patrick folded his arms over his thin chest, inadvertently exposing himself to his mother again. He saw his mother's gaze fall to his dick and fix itself there.

"Oh, we all know you're a man now, Pat." Susy finished unbuttoning her dress and dropped it to the floor. She stood before them in her white bra and panties. "You're a man with a trollop." She waved her hand in Donna's direction. "She doesn't even have the decency to cover herself up." Susy pulled her eyes away from Patrick's penis and looked over the shapely woman lying on her bed. She was quite a sight, Susy had to admit. "And on my bed. How could you, Pat?" She looked back at Patrick's raging erection and took a step toward him.

"Mom, there's something you should know about our sweat." Patrick's brain moved slowly. The curvy woman approaching him clouded his thoughts. He stole another quick look at Donna and she nodded at him with encouragement. He had her approval for whatever was about to happen. "There was a meteor and —"

"Don't talk nonsense." Susy reached behind her, undid her bra, and let it fall to the floor.

"Wow, Mom. They're perfect." Patrick looked at those massive tits with their dark nipples and then he looked back up to her face. Her high cheekbones, dainty nose, and cleft chin were all perfect. Every inch of her was perfect. "What ... um ... are you going to do?"

"I'm going to satisfy you with my hands." Susy stepped up next to her son and circled his dick with her fingers. "If I satisfy you, you won't need her anymore." She nodded at the redheaded woman leaking cum on her bed.

"I love her, Mom."

"It's puppy love, she doesn't love you back." Susy's hand's slid along the veiny monster.

"I do love him, Mrs. Lannit." That was the first time Donna had admitted it out loud.

Both Susy and Patrick looked over at her.

"Really?" Patrick hadn't expected the first time a woman professed her love for him he'd have his dick in his mother's hands. "I love you so much, Donna."

"I know. You tell me all the time." Donna nodded and watched the spectacle. "If you really want to win him back, Mrs. Lannit, you'll need to take him in your mouth."

"You're crazy." Susy looked down at the woman with a frown and then brought her focus back to the monster in her hands. "Your juice is all over him. That's disgusting. I'd never."

Five minutes later, Susy found herself on her knees in front of Patrick, lovingly licking and sucking on his penis. It was clean now. Somehow, she'd cleaned the whole thing. Even his balls had no secretions but Susy's saliva on them. It was degrading to be doing what she was doing in front of that trollop, and in only her heels and panties, but the redheaded tutor was right. She needed to go the extra mile to win her son back.

"I know your son, Mrs. Lannit. He isn't even close." Donna sat up cross-legged on the bed, still with only her glasses on. She leaned forward as she watched, her nipples just brushing her knees. "You're going to have to do more." Donna had always been so quiet and reserved with other people, but seeing this haughty woman fall to her own son really changed things.

"What else is there?" Susy said between licks. She looked at the blue veins running the length of the penis before her.

Donna giggled. She was really enjoying this. The woman would give it all up in a matter of minutes. "You could satisfy him with your breasts. But that won't be enough. I think you know what it's going to take."

Patrick looked over at Donna and mouthed the words *I love you*.

It's okay, Donna mouthed back. I want this. I love you, too.

Susy was too busy sucking on one of Patrick's balls to notice the back and forth between the lovers. She spit the ball out of her mouth and took a deep breath. "I couldn't do that to my husband." She looked over at Donna, sitting on the bed Susy shared with Fred. Why was she seeking this hussy's guidance?

Susy didn't really understand what was happening, but she felt caught up in the force of the moment, like a leaf on a current.

"I love my husband, too." Donna nodded. "But they don't ever need to know."

"You're right." Susy let go of Patrick's penis and stood up. She shimmied out of her panties, revealing the dark triangle of hair between her legs. "How do you want me, Pat?" Her breasts rose and fell with short breaths and her heart beat like a drum in her chest.

"You mean?" Patrick's dick gave a jump as he realized what Susy was about to give him.

"Yes." Susy nodded and slipped off her heels. She didn't make eye contact with either person.

"Could you ... could you get on your back, Mom?" Patrick watched her round butt and wide hips as Susy nodded and turned away from him.

"Be gentle, Pat." Susy stepped over to the bed and flopped down and rolled onto her back. She had never been this wet before.

Donna scooted away to give them some room, but still sat on the bed watching closely. She was off the beach towel now, but maybe the cum was done dripping from her vagina.

"The towel, Mom." Patrick climbed onto the bed and reached for the towel. He pulled the towel toward Susy and she lifted her hips off the bed so he could slide it under her. Patrick then spread his mom's shapely legs to the sides. He reached down and slid a finger into her warm pussy. There was so much pussy juice that his hand was coated in the stuff. "Wow."

Susy looked down past her breasts as they hung to either side, and past her belly, down to the spot that had been reserved for Fred and Fred only. Good heavens, she was about to give her vagina to her only son. At that moment, she thought about what her life would have been like if she had given birth to a third daughter instead of a son. Susy was sure she wouldn't have been on her bed, spreading her legs, at that very moment.

"I love you, Mom." Patrick took his dick in his hand and lined the blue head up at her opening.

"I love you too, sugar." Susy stared at that blue head about to spear her.

Donna held her breath.

"I can't believe I came out of here." Patrick slipped the head in with a plop.

Susy's back arched and she pressed her brown hair into the mattress. Her hands gripped the sheet and towel tightly on either side of her hips. "This is how much I love you, Pat. I'd do anything for you."

"You're the best, Mom." Patrick slid his dick slowly in and listened to his mom mew like a distressed kitten. "I know it's the sweat. But I don't care." He slid more and more into her. When he was all the way in, Susy convulsed, throwing her head side to side. Her first orgasm and he hadn't even started pumping yet.

"She's yours now, Pat." Donna licked her lips. What sort of mystery made such things possible? In all their travels, she and Mark had never seen anything remotely like this. If she believed in God, she might

have attributed the miracle to Him. This was biblical. But of course, that was preposterous. Donna rocked on the mattress as Patrick pumped his mother with long, slow strokes.

“Oh, Pat ... ooohhhhhh ... Pat ... you’re going to turn me inside out with ... that thing.” Susy shuddered through another orgasm. Her sweet boy took hold of her ankles and held them by her ears. She was completely exposed and helpless.

“This is the best ... uh ... uh ... uh ...” Patrick’s hips sped up and he really slammed into her. He bounced Susy’s body off the mattress with every smashing downstroke. “We’re going to ... do this ... all the time ... Mom.”

“Noooooooooooo.” Susy orgasmed again. She’d only meant to tempt him away from his girlfriend, but as the electricity surged through her nerves, she realized that had never made much sense. Underneath it all, she just wanted to give the boy what he needed. It dawned on her that she was jealous of the redheaded tutor. Especially because they were about the same age. She wanted to give Patrick everything that any other woman could give him. She was his mother after all. She needed to make him happy.

Donna’s hand slithered its way to her cum-soaked vagina and rubbed her clit. Oh, the things they were going to do to Susy Lannit. Her own orgasm rapidly approached.

Twenty minutes later, Patrick trembled and his teeth clenched. His body fatigued, but he was almost at the finish line. “I’m ready ...”

“No, sugar.” Susy looked up at his lean frame with vacant eyes. She could see his thin muscles tense with every thrust. “We don’t have ... a condom.”

“Take it Mrs. Lannit.” Donna rocked as the mattress shook with Patrick’s efforts. Her large breasts rolled back and forth in front of her. “You need to take it inside.”

“Yes.” Susy turned her head and looked at the woman. She was right. Susy needed to take it all inside her. “Go ... ahead.” She looked back up at Pat. “I’m yours ... Pat ... whatever you want.”

“Uh ... uh ... uh ... mine.” Patrick let go of her ankles and grabbed her rocking tits. He leaned forward and mashed his mouth against hers. Their tongues met. He was making out with his mom and about to unload in her. All while his amazing girlfriend watched. He thanked his lucky stars for that meteor. He broke the kiss and looked down at his mother’s twisted face. “Aaaaaaahhhhhhhh.” Patrick screamed out his orgasm and flooded his mom’s pussy.

Susy shrieked and experienced the most ecstatic moment of her life. She was completely subsumed by the power of her son’s cum as the heat of it spread through her womb.

Minutes later, Patrick gave Susy one last kiss on the lips and pulled out of her. He looked down at her gaping pussy as it leaked cum.

“That’s four times today, and there’s still so much.” Donna leaned closer to get a look at Susy’s destroyed vagina. It was an amazing sight.

Susy looked over at Donna and blinked her eyes slowly. “I can’t replace you. You’re not going anywhere, are you?”

Donna smiled back at her and shook her head.

“That was so great, Mom.” Patrick leaned forward and rested his cheek against Susy’s sweaty right breast. His hard dick pressed into her belly.

“He’s going to keep doing both of us, isn’t he?” Susy raised her left hand and ran her fingers through Patrick’s messy hair. Her wedding ring glinted in the afternoon light pouring in through the bedroom windows.

Donna nodded.

“One more time, before Dad gets home.” Patrick reached down between them and slipped his dick inside Susy again. He pumped gently at first.

“But ... you already ... did it ... four times ... today.” Susy knew about teenage stamina, but Patrick was incredible. His heavy balls slapped against her butt. How much did he have in there?

“One ... more ... time, Mom.”

And Patrick took his mother to lofty orgasmic heights again. Her shrieks filled the quiet house. She took another load inside again. When they were done, the three of them crammed into the shower. Susy found her attitude shifted. She was polite to Donna. She was thankful to the other woman for facilitating the most amazing experience of her life. She didn’t even call her a trollop or a harlot or any other names as they dried off and dressed.

They all agreed on secrecy and then sent Donna back to her clueless husband. Patrick and Susy stood at the front door as Donna drove off. Patrick waved with his right hand and placed his left hand squarely on his mom’s round butt. His usually stern mother didn’t reprimand him at all.

~~

Over the next few days, Patrick and Susy constantly humped. They did it in Donna’s hotel room with Donna watching. They did it at home when Sally and Fred were out. They even snuck into the basement in the middle of the night where the rest of the family couldn’t hear them.

Susy made a few weak protests about condoms, but quickly gave up. She wanted to make her boy happy and, it turns out, she’d do anything to make that happen. She even watched in fascination as Patrick and Donna mated. After her initial reluctance faded, her only worry was that the rest of her family would find out.

~~

Sunday morning arrived and the Lannit family ran late for church. “Fred, dear, are you ready?” Susy called upstairs.

“Almost ready.” Fred called back down.

“Sally, are you coming?” Susy shouted.

“I’m here, Mom.” Sally stepped into the kitchen in a splendid Sunday dress. “You look nice.” Sally eyed her mother’s shapely figure in her own tasteful church outfit. Susy looked quite decorous in her swing dress. Her mother’s dangling earrings glittered almost as bright as her smile when she saw Sally.

“You look wonderful too, sugar.” Susy envied her daughter’s trim figure. She looked Sally up and down and frowned. Maybe not as trim as she used to be. The dress did look a little tight on her. Maybe her extended stay at home wasn’t the best thing for Sally. Maybe Susy should serve her less bacon and hash browns in the morning.

“I’m here.” Patrick jogged into the kitchen adjusting his tie.

“And now I’m here too.” Fred followed him in.

“Wonderful.” Susy looped her arm in her husband’s arm. She looked up at him, very proud to have snared such a handsome, dashing husband. She then frowned when she thought about what she’d done behind his back that week. She was torn between the two main men in her life and it seemed Patrick was winning the race. “Let’s hope they don’t start the service without us.”

~~

Across town, Pastor Neilson began with the invocation.

Amanda sat in the pews, with her husband, Nathaniel, on one side and Roy to the other. Her daughter, Annie, sat just on the other side of Nathaniel. Father and daughter clasped their hands in their laps and concentrated on the pulpit. Roy kept pawing at Amanda’s leg. She slapped his wayward hands away. Amanda tried to concentrate on Pastor Neilson’s words but her thoughts kept returning to her growing belly. Was she really sitting like a proper lady in church with her son’s baby inside her?

Pussy was all Roy could think about. He didn’t want to wait until after church. He just wanted to mess with his mom’s pussy a little right there. He finally got his hand past her defenses and under her skirt. He looked around. No one seemed to notice anything. He wiggled a finger under her panties and found her lips already wet. He could just barely hear her soft, plaintive moan as his finger moved inside her. Again, no one else seemed to notice.

This was too much. Amanda tried to keep her composure, but soon her hips wiggled a little on their own and sweat broke out on her forehead.

Pheromones wafted through the large room. Soon, all the young men in the place were fighting with erections, and the older men’s eyes went vacant. Pastor Neilson stopped mid-sentence and repeated “Christ is watching,” again and again.

Amanda looked around and saw mothers kissing sons, brothers fondling sisters, and all sorts of perversions in the pews. Thank goodness the children were doing Sunday school in a completely

different part of the church. She leaned her head back and shrieked out an orgasm as Roy friggered her vagina with his fingers.

“Mom?” Annie looked past her comatose father to see her mother writhing with her brother’s hand clearly between her legs. “What are you doing?” She shook her father. “Dad, Dad, wake up. Look what they’re doing.”

Nathaniel didn’t respond to his daughter.

“Mom,” Roy said as bedlam broke loose in the church. They could hear the blissful cries of women and the deep grunts of men all around them. “You know she’ll tell Dad when he wakes up. I have to take her.”

“Yeessss.” Amanda came down from her orgasm. She nodded, stood, took her daughter’s hand, and pulled her in close. “Annie, darling. This is the only way.” She spun them around. She could see Roy already had his hideous, glorious penis out in the open. Amanda lifted up her trembling teenager’s dress, pulled her panties aside, and pushed her down onto Roy’s lap. “Heaven help us, you can never tell your father.”

“What are you doing? This is so – aaahhhhhh.” Annie cried out as Roy entered her. “Get that thing ... oooohhhh ... out of me. You’re in so much trouble ... when Dad wakes up.”

“Get used to it, Annie.” Roy looked up at his mom who was watching them with her mouth agape. “Get her dress and bra off. I want to see titties.”

“Oh, Roy.” Amanda nodded and bent down. She turned her daughter’s face toward her and could see the fight had already gone out of her. Annie’s eyes had a vacant, distant look. Her hips bounced quite willingly on her twin’s long dick. “How can I deny you, Roy?” She unzipped and pulled Annie’s dress down to her waist, she then unclasped her bra and dropped it in her comatose husband’s lap. She looked down at Nathaniel. “I sure hope you don’t wake up anytime soon.” He just stared blankly ahead. Amanda looked back at her copulating children, tuning out the rest of the insanity going on around her in the church. She sat next to them in the pew, reached her hand under her dress, and watched her daughter’s eighteen-year-old breasts bounce.

“Nice tits, dummy.” Roy’s eyes went from the vacant look in his sister’s eyes, down to her bouncing boobs. They were smaller than Roy was used to but had a lovely round shape and puffy pink nipples. “This your first time?”

“Nooooooo,” Annie whispered.

“Your dumb boyfriend?” Roy reached around her and grabbed her trim ass through her rumped dress. He forced her to quicken the pace.

“Yes.” Annie nodded, her brown hair flying about.

“He fuck you like this?” Roy tightened his grip on her ass. He wanted to see what else was happening around him, but he couldn’t take his eyes off his bitchy sister losing herself on his dick.

“Oh, God nnnnoooooooo.” Annie’s eyes rolled upward and she shook her way through her first orgasm. Her hips stopped and she pushed down to get her brother as deep as possible. That was very deep

indeed. When her orgasm subsided, she looked over Roy's shoulder and could clearly see Mrs. Rollins riding her son a few pews back. Depravity unfurled everywhere she looked. For some reason, that spurred her on and her hips rocketed off again, bouncing her up and down. "What's ... happening?"

"You're gonna ... have my baby. That's what." Roy gave Annie's shaking boobs several sloppy licks. "And here ... it ... comes ..."

"No, no, no, no," Annie chanted. "Nnnnooooooooooooo." Annie's womb filled with heat and her mind completely left her as the electricity of an earth-shattering orgasm ran through her. The last cogent thought she had was that she was hooked. Nothing in her short life had ever felt remotely like taking her brother's cum inside her. She needed more.

Amanda's own orgasm approached as she watched her daughter take Roy's load deep inside her. Her gaze went around the room. There was Linda Riles riding her tall son's gadget. Next to them, in the aisle, Mrs. Forestal's nineteen-year-old nephew plowed into her from behind. Everywhere she looked it was copulation. In the pews, on the floor, everywhere. And any man over twenty-five just sat mute and dumb, as if nothing was happening. She looked back at her daughter and was at least glad that Annie seemed to be enjoying her brother's penis so much. The siblings now kissed deeply as she rode him.

~~

The Lannits parked their car in the church parking lot and got out. The four of them walked across the asphalt in the bright morning sunshine. As they neared the church, Fred suddenly stopped walking.

"What is it, Fred?" Susy looked over at her husband. "Oh, no, I think he's having one of his spells again." Susy smiled over at her daughter. "Sally, we're already late. Would you be a dear and take him back to the car? He's done this a few times recently, and it takes him a little while to recover. He'll be fine once it's over. Get him comfortable and then come meet us inside. We'll save a seat for you."

"Sure, Mom." Sally nodded and put her hand on her father's back. She turned him and guided him back across the parking lot. Something smelled delightful. It reminded Sally of her time with Patrick in the shower. Suddenly, Sally was quite wet and had to waddle a little as she walked in her kitten heels.

"There you go, Dad." Sally tucked him into the back seat of the car and rolled down the windows for him.

Fred stared at the seat in front of him with a blank expression.

"Come in when you're ready," Sally said and she turned back to the church.

~~

In her lake outside town, Axcix turned to live data. Something of interest had started in one of the communal buildings the dominant species frequented. She patched into the feed and sorted through the events. Of course, a chain reaction. She should have expected this. One, sparking the next, sparking the next. It was inevitable, and mostly harmless. She watched the rampant copulation with mild interest.

~~

Linda got off her son's long cock and stood next to another mating couple in the aisle. Cum leaked down her legs under her dress. She smiled down at David and took a deep breath. She turned to her houseguests. Olivia straddled Wendy and the two locked lips as Olivia gyrated on top of the darker woman. "Your turn Olivia. Now for a new baptism in the sanctified presence of Him." She grabbed Olivia's shoulders and pulled her off her roommate. She then guided the young fiancée onto her son's lap, lifted her dress, and slipped his long cock into her.

Olivia immediately let out a long shriek and rocked her hips. She looked down at the smiling teenager and tried to remember what her fiancé looked like. She couldn't even picture Robert's face.

"Come on Wendy, no need for you to feel left out. We are all serving Him here." Linda lovingly rubbed the cross hanging from her wrist. "You'll have your turn in a bit. Until then, let's make some use of you." She pulled Wendy down onto the floor behind Olivia's shaking ass. Linda pulled up Olivia's dress. "Let me help you." She then took a fist full of Wendy's black hair and pushed her face down to David's heavy balls. "Clean him off, sweetie."

Wendy could only do as she was asked. She looked up and saw Olivia's shaking butt as her roommate took long, powerful thrusts on the monster cock. Olivia's panties were pushed to the side and Wendy could see her pick butthole and the tight ring Olivia's pussy formed around the shaft. Wendy darted out her tongue and licked at David's rough balls. She spasmed as the ecstasy of his drying cum hit her. She then greedily cleaned off the rest of his seed and sucked on one ball and then the other.

"That's good, Wendy." Linda watched these women that she'd brought home serve her son in church. She thrilled at her part in His plan. Of course, the town would fornicate in God's house. This was the most proper place for a baptism after all. She looked at her husband who was sitting a little farther down the pew and staring off into space and felt sorry for him that he missed out on this communion. But then again, it was probably for the best. William wouldn't understand.

~~

Sally, with her panties wet, waddled back across the parking lot and stopped when she noticed a nearby car rocking back and forth. She stepped closer and looked in. Her jaw dropped. In the back seat, with her bare feet up in the air, Mrs. Crabtree was getting her pussy pulverized by her son, Mike. Sally knew

Mike. He'd been a quiet type one year behind her in school. She turned away in shock and moved faster toward the church.

Once in the vestibule, Sally stopped dead in her tracks. A cacophony of grunting, shrieking, and shouts filled her ears and echoed out of the nave. What on Earth? She took a few uncertain steps and then nearly fainted when she found her brother and mother.

Susy faced away from Sally in the doorway to the nave. She was down on her hands and knees with her dress hiked up over her round butt. Susy's whole body shook as Patrick took her hard from behind. "I ... told ... you, Pat. We ... shouldn't ... be doing this here," Susy grunted with each deep stroke.

Sally's hand went to her mouth. If they shouldn't be doing it in church, did that mean Susy thought they should be doing it elsewhere? How had this happened? The whole town would soon know how depraved the Lannits were. How could they do this in front of everyone?

"I ... can't ... stop, Mom. I just ... have to ... have you." Patrick gripped the flesh at the top of his mom's ass with his small fingers. His glasses sat crooked on his face. He still had his jacket and tie on, but his pants were around his ankles.

"How?" Sally whispered to herself. How had the sanctuary of church so failed them all? How did Patrick's massive cock even fit inside their mother?

Sally almost ran out of the church and fled all the way back to her loving Jack waiting far away at home. But instead, she lifted her dress, moved her panties to the side, and got down on all fours next to her mother. She looked back at her brother over her shoulder. "Me too, Pat." This would put her marriage in jeopardy, but she didn't care. She didn't even care about all the people in church. She then looked into the nave and saw that it didn't matter. The lust-filled insanity pervaded the entire building. Sex was rampant among the pews. It took Sally's breath away.

Susy looked to her right with lust filled eyes. Her head jerked forward with each thrust she absorbed. "You too ... Sally?"

"Yes." Sally nodded. There was no more to say.

Patrick pulled out of his mother, scooted to his right and slipped into his sister's wet pussy. "Oh, Sally. You're ... so tight."

"Give it ... uh ... uh ... to me." Sally gazed into the nave and watched as the most faithful of Portsmouth's citizens gave into their animal selves. Even the Pastor's wife had her head buried between some woman's thighs. The older men simply sat and ignored the beastly behavior. Even the pastor, who still stood facing his congregation, seemed not to see the evil under his nose.

"Can ... uh ... uh ... uh ... I ...?" Patrick sped up his hips.

"Yes ... Pat ... spray it ... inside me." Sally looked back at her brother, her pale blue eyes wide and expectant. Her freckled face twisted in pleasure.

"Wait." Susy, still next to them on her hands and knees looked up at her son. His sweet face now looked positively demonic. "She'll get pregnant. You can't."

They drove the rest of the way home in silence.

Fred didn't recover for a few hours and by then they were all home and showered. They told him he'd fallen asleep on the way over, which he readily believed. Mostly because he'd had the strangest nightmare of watching churchgoing folks staggering across a parking lot. Some of them humping each other like animals out in the broad daylight. His dreams had been so strange lately.

Chapter 14

“Have you been staying away from your sister?” Susy closed Patrick’s bedroom door softly. She turned to Patrick, who sat pulling on his long thing on his bed. To think she had been so worried about walking in on her eighteen-year-old son not long ago. She knew how teenage boys were with their hormones. But now, she almost sort of hoped she’d catch him with his penis in his hands.

“We haven’t had sex again.” Patrick looked up at his beautiful mother. It was true that Sally hadn’t let him stick it in her since the incident at the church. But she had taken to giving him clandestine blowjobs when Susy was otherwise occupied. His redheaded sister would murmur and shudder as she gulped down Patrick’s seed.

“Good.” Susy unbuttoned her swing skirt and carefully stepped out of it. Her shapely legs were pale and radiant in the early afternoon light. “I just wish she’d go back home to Jack. But I can’t just throw her out, can I?”

“No. Sally just wants to have a little time away from Jack.” Patrick worked his long cock with his hands, his skinny arms shaking. He watched Susy’s hips wiggle as she removed her panties. There were few things more alluring to Patrick than that brown triangle between his mother’s legs. Well, there was Donna’s copper triangle.

“A little space is sometimes good for a marriage.” Susy lifted her blouse over her head. She watched Patrick’s brown eyes dart all over her body through his thick, tortoiseshell glasses. She smiled to herself. It had been a long time since her husband, Fred, had admired her like that. “Speaking of marriage, have you been staying away from the tutor, too? You’ll ruin her taste for her husband with that thing between your legs.” Susy eyed the bluish head as it oozed its warmup fluid. She reached behind her and unclasped her bra.

“I love Donna, Mom.” Patrick knew he had a sheen of sweat all over his naked body, and wondered if that had been what drew his mother into his bedroom. They had been humping regularly since the bacchanal at the church, but it usually followed some sweat on Patrick’s part. He couldn’t smell his mother’s sweat at all at the moment, but he no longer needed it to persuade him to take her. He was a little ashamed to admit that he had given in and wanted her apart from whatever was happening to Portsmouth. “And she’s not my tutor. She’s an investigator. I’m helping her uncover the mystery of the meteor and ...” His voice trailed away when Susy’s tits dropped out of their bra. Her nipples and areolae seemed to be darkening over the past week or so. They begged for Patrick’s mouth.

“At first I thought it was just your fevered teenage brain.” Susy walked over to him with a smirk on her face, enjoying the effect her bare, wobbling breasts had on him. She pushed his hands away from his thing and climbed onto his lap. She had to sit high above him to maneuver his penis upright under her, which she did. “Now I wonder if you might be right about your meteor. Ugghhhhhh.” Her wet vagina spread for him as she let gravity pull her down its almost comical length. It was a miracle every time that it fit inside her. Her hips bucked against him and she placed her hands on his meager chest, pushing him down to the mattress. “I mean, I can’t stop doing ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... this with you. I know it ... isn’t right ... ah ... ah ... but here we are again.”

“Donna and I are ... going to get to ... the bottom of it, Mom.” Patrick adjusted his glasses. When he let his mother control their lovemaking, she was always so tender and sweet. She bounced on him now, not letting more than a quarter of his length out of him on every upstroke. He could tell from the way her mouth twisted that she was quite happy. “I mean ... if Donna and I fix this ... do you want to stop doing ... uh ... uh ... this with me?”

“We have ... to stop ... eventually.” Susy looked down at Patrick’s handsome face with distant eyes. She saw sweat drip off her chin and splatter his glasses. “Your father would ... ugh ... never understand. We ... have to ... stop ... sometime ... uuuuggghhhhhh.” Her whole body gave a violent shake and Susy climaxed on her son’s long pole. Her mind fragmented and all she knew was pleasure.

Soon, Susy found herself on her belly clutching at Patrick’s sheets, desperately trying to hold on as he assailed her vagina from behind. As gentle as she tried to be with her son, he had no such interest. He always humped her with the intense need of a desperately thirsty man arriving at the oasis. “You’re ... going to ... break ... me ... sugar,” Susy said between clenched teeth. She had no idea how he hadn’t already broken her with his monstrous thing. But, instead of splitting her in two, Patrick gave her the most intense joy of her life. “Go ... ahead ... and do it ...” Susy always told herself she wouldn’t let him fill her when she had the calm, cool resolve of distance. But with him pumping her insides like an animal, she always ended up asking for it. “Fill ... ooohhhhh ... mmmeeeeeeeeee.”

“I’m gonna ... explode ...” Patrick had a firm grip on her upper butt, his fingers digging into her soft flesh. His hips went erratic. “Aaaaaaaahhhhhhhh.” The surges of his life-making fluid pushed deep into his mother. He slammed her a few last times and then lay down on her smooth back, his dick still firmly entrenched in her.

“I hope ... Sally ... didn’t hear ... that ...” Susy panted.

“Probably ... not ...” Patrick kissed her pale, sweaty shoulder. The whole neighborhood probably heard that. He was sure that his sister had not missed his mom’s wailing. His hips started moving again. The squelch of Susy’s full pussy filled the room.

“Oh ... sugar ... again?” Susy looked to her left. She could see her knuckles turn white as her grip tightened again. Her wedding ring glinted at her, half buried in the sheets.

“Just ... one ... more ... time.” Patrick lifted himself up, his hands on her lower back for support. “I ... need ... more.”

“Oooohhhh,” Susy squealed.

~~

Sally sat on her bed, her back supported by her pillows. She was naked, with her legs spread wide. She worked her love button furiously as she listened to her brother breed her mom. They had been going at it all afternoon.

Something about listening to the all-powerful Susy Lannit give in to her goofy, bespectacled son drove Sally wild. She could hear almost everything through the thin walls. Sally tensed and orgasmed again. She thought about her little sister away at college. Adeline was even more self-possessed than their mother. Would she turn into a floosy too when faced with the new Patrick? The thought sent Sally's pleasure spiraling.

It would be difficult to keep Patrick from between her legs forever. Touching herself while listening to him take their mother over the last few days had taken the edge off. As had the ecstasy of him spurting down her throat. She owed it to her husband, Jack, to try whatever she could to keep his dick from filling her again. As long as it didn't mean going home to Jack. Not quite yet, at least. She needed more time in Portsmouth. And maybe her sister did, too.

~~

"Get down here now, Roy." Nathaniel looked at the pile of Roy's stuff piled in the middle of the kitchen. One of Roy's sweaters, his backpack, and a sock for some reason. Nathaniel fumed. "I mean right now."

"What's the deal, daddio?" Roy sauntered into the kitchen.

"Clean up your mess," Nathaniel growled. He loosened his bowtie and regarded his slovenly son. Roy's collared shirt was incorrectly buttoned and hung out of his pants. He was sweating like a fat pig and looked quite insouciant. Nathaniel set down his briefcase. "Well?" But his son didn't make a move toward the pile.

"You need to cool your jets, Father." Roy smiled.

"What's wrong dear?" Amanda walked into the kitchen straightening her dress and fixing her black hair.

"You look flustered, Amanda." Nathaniel narrowed his eyes at his wife.

"Oh ... I was ..." Amanda quickly put her left hand behind her back. Her wedding ring was still in her butt where Roy liked her to put it. "I was ... just cleaning ..."

"Not in here, obviously." Nathaniel glared down at Roy's pile.

"Jump." Roy whispered to her, a dark grin spreading on his face. He smacked her butt while his father was distracted with the pile. Amanda started hopping up and down.

"You need to stop indulging that boy. He's eighteen. It's about time he ..." Nathaniel looked up at his jumping wife. He could clearly see her boobs bouncing under her dress. Even when she was pregnant with Roy and Annie, she hadn't had a body like that. He wondered if she was letting herself go. "What on Earth are you doing, Amanda?"

"Oh ... I'm ... just ... getting ... some exercise." She kept hopping. The first beads of sweat formed on her forehead.

“Well, knock it off.” Nathaniel sat down at the kitchen table. “You look ridiculous. This whole family seems to be acting quite odd. Be a dear, quit your exercise and make me a martini.” He turned his dark eyes on his smiling son. “And you. Wipe that grin off your face or I’ll wipe it for you. And clean ... clean ... clean ...” Nathaniel’s brain fogged over. He had the distinct impression that his wife was still bouncing. “Clean ... clean ... clean ...”

“Great, Mom, you broke Dad.” Roy laughed and walked over to his old man. He waved his hand in front of Nathaniel’s face. Nothing. “Now, where were we?” He turned to his mom and dropped his pants. It was a wonder his persnickety father hadn’t noticed the hard snake running down his trouser leg. He tossed away his shirt, pants, and underwear, now only wearing one sock. His knobby, blackish dick stood horribly out from his body.

“I was telling you we ... had to stop ... because your father would be home soon.” Amanda stopped jumping and took a deep breath. “Put that away. We’re done for today. I’ll make dinner while your poor father recovers.”

“Nah ... I don’t want to.” Roy stepped over to her, his dick and belly swaying about, and grabbed his mother about the waist.

“Roy ... you can have me again ... tomorrow ... after he leaves for work.” She struggled against him, but her heart wasn’t in the fight. Even with her comatose husband staring right through her. “Roy?” She let him bend her over the kitchen table, her ringless left hand inches away from her husband’s clenched fist. “Not the butt ... not the butt! My ring is still in there.”

“Right.” Roy eased his massive tool into her pussy and listened to her coo. “Give me some good pussy, Mom. And maybe I won’t have to stop by Annie’s room ... ah ... ah ... when she gets home.” The sound of his hips on her ass, and his balls flopping against her thighs, filled the kitchen.

Amanda pushed her butt back, meeting his fierce lunges with her own. If she could satisfy him, maybe he would leave her daughter alone. Ever since the church incident, she had heard grunting and thumping coming from Annie’s room on most nights. She knew what Roy was doing to his twin sister. And she was pretty sure he wasn’t using protection. But she couldn’t confront her son about it. “Just give me ... uh ... uh ... everything you’ve got ... in those giant sacks ... Roy.” Maybe she could be Annie’s protection if she satisfied him.

They humped like that for a while, violently slamming into each other. Nathaniel stared vacantly through his wife’s tortured face. And as her orgasms cascaded, Amanda stared right back through her dumb husband. Her defilement was now happening right under his nose, and Nathaniel would do nothing about it. Amanda lowered her gaze to the table.

“You think ... Dad ... can see us?” Roy reached for her hair and pulled back so that she was forced to look at her husband.

“I pray ... he can’t.” Amanda squealed and groaned out another climax, her vagina clenching on the pistoning member.

“I should just force you ... to kick him out of the house.” Roy didn’t let up as he neared his own ending. His belly smacking against his mother’s ass.

“No.” Amanda tried to shake her head, but Roy still gripped her hair firmly. She was at his mercy.

“I should make you bring me more women.”

“No,” she squeaked.

“How’s Nanna and Aunt Peg?” He let go of her hair and curled his fingers around her hips.

“You ... wouldn’t ...” How had Amanda raised such a dirty boy.

“I would. I’m going to knock up ... every woman in Dad’s life ...” Slobber flew from Roy’s mouth, but he didn’t care. “Starting ... with ... you ...” Roy let out a scream that would have deafened his father if the old man could hear properly. He unloaded deep inside Amanda, holding his dick all way in so that it jerked and twitched in her womb.

“EEezzzzzzzzz.” Amanda tried to tell him off, but her final orgasm of the day was her strongest. It always was magical when she took his seed. By the time she recovered, Roy had already left the room. Amanda stood bent over the kitchen table for a good long while, until she felt Roy’s stuff dribbling out of her.

“I’ll clean up ... and then ... make us some supper,” she said to her statue of a husband. She straightened, moved around the room picking up Roy’s things, and then stumbled off toward the stairs. She desperately needed a shower before starting her wifely duties.

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A line of women in crisp, olive green skirt-uniforms walked out of the back of the hotel. Patrick watched them with wonder as they piled into several sedans that were waiting for them and drove off in a hurry. What was that about? Patrick leaned his bike against a light post and walked to the hotel’s back entrance. He tried to find some inner resolve. He and Donna needed to actually work on the mystery and not just lose themselves in each other’s bodies for another afternoon.

Patrick knocked on the door of the room Donna had reserved for them.

“Well, hello there, junior investigator.” A low voice approached from down the hall.

“Oh ... hello ...” Patrick turned to see Mark Farmer strolling toward him, dressed in his suit, bowtie, and fedora.

“I thought you were out investigating with Donna. Where is she?” Mark looked around the obviously empty hall.

A cold sweat broke out on Patrick’s forehead. If Donna opened that door, Mark would know his wife was up to no good. The handle jiggled as Donna unlocked it from the inside. “I meant ... hello, Mr. Farmer,” Patrick nearly yelled the words, praying Donna would hear him through the door. The handle stopped jiggling.

“I’m right here, young man. No need to shout.” Mark tilted his head at Patrick, puzzled. “You look a little peaked. Are you okay?”

"I'm fine. It's just so nice to see you, Mr. Farmer," Patrick yelled again.

"Where's Donna?" Mark narrowed his eyes. Obviously, something was wrong.

"She sent me back to ... um ... give you a message." Patrick looked at the door. "That's why I'm knocking on your door."

"That's not my door." Mark looked at the room number and seemed to make a mental note of it. "Are you feeling all right? Where's my wife?"

"She's in the library. She's working on a theory." The wheels turned in Patrick's head. He needed to come up with something plausible. "I am feeling a little under the weather. And that got us to thinking, if something wanted to affect all of us at once. You know, if something wanted to make us sick. How would it do it?" Patrick was stalling.

"The air?" Mark shrugged. "We could breathe it in."

"Yes, but ..." Patrick waved his finger as he thought. "That would be too diffuse, right? Something more direct."

Mark shrugged again.

"The water supply, Mr. Farmer." Patrick smiled at the realization. "Something would use the water supply to get to everyone in town at once. We all drink the water."

"That's ... smart." Mark furrowed his eyebrows and thought over the implications. "Did you come up with this theory?"

"Yes."

"Well, it seems I'll have to promote you to senior, junior investigator." Mark patted Patrick on the shoulder, his concern over his wife and the boy's health forgotten. "So, Donna's looking up the source of the town's water supply at the library, and she sent you to give me an update?"

"Exactly." Patrick nodded.

"Well done, lad." Mark walked past Patrick toward the door. "Consider me updated."

"Where are you going?" Patrick watched him walk to the end of the hall and open the outer door.

"My wife wants me to be a shut-in, but I feel it's quite safe to go for a stroll from time to time. And it's lucky I did or you would have been knocking on the wrong door all day." Mark laughed. "Maybe I'll pick up a carton of milk while I'm out. No more water for me." He waved goodbye and exited the hotel.

Patrick took a deep breath. Had he really just cracked the case? He knocked on the door again. "It's me, he's gone."

Donna opened the door, her cute, little nose wrinkled with worry. "What happened?"

"We need to go to the library." Patrick took her soft hand, but let her pull him into the room. She closed the door after them. And he told her what he and her husband had unraveled. But that was not all that unraveled.

Ten minutes later, Donna's large, teardrop breasts flopped on her chest as she rode her senior, junior investigator's cock with great bounding lunges. "You're right ... we ... need ... to ... investigate the water supply ... oooohhhhhh ... my lord." Her glasses hung halfway off her nose and slipped a little farther with each violent impact her body absorbed.

"Do you want ... to investigate ... with my stuff ... inside you?" Patrick smiled up at his girlfriend. He wondered if Mark would hear their grunting through the door when he returned from his stroll.

"Be a dear ... and fill ... me ... up ..." Donna's glasses finally fell off her face and bounced on the hotel bed next to them. She screamed when she felt that familiar heat spread through her insides.

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Donna ran out of the hotel room, clicking her kitten heels on the hallway linoleum. A minute later, Patrick followed her out, carefully looking both ways. They had decided they needed to go to the library after Patrick's second orgasm, but they were both terrified of running into Mark. If he was walking out the back entrance, and his room was at the front of the hotel, they weren't quite sure on an escape plan. They decided speed was of the essence.

As Patrick fumbled the key in the hotel doorknob, a pretty blonde woman in a military uniform strode past him. She gave him a sweet, half-crescent smile and kept on walking. Patrick couldn't help but stop his work with the key and watch her disappear down the hall. He loved the way her butt wiggled in the that tight, olive green skirt. When she turned a corner, heading to the front of the hotel, Patrick finished locking the door and headed to the back entrance.

A blonde woman stepped in through the back door in a green uniform. She gave Patrick a sweet, half-crescent smile, and passed Patrick in the hall walking toward the front of the hotel.

It was impossible, but it was the same woman that had passed him before. Patrick turned and watched her butt wiggle in her tight, olive green skirt. It was definitely the same woman going in the same direction. There was no way she could have doubled back around the hotel in the few seconds it took her to disappear down the hall and then reenter the building. "Excuse me?" Patrick felt like he needed to see if she was real. Was he going crazy?

"Yes?" The woman stopped and turned in her heels to face him, that same smile still on her face. "What can I do for you, young man?"

"Um ..." Patrick didn't like the way she looked at him. There was something feral hidden deep behind her pale, blue eyes. "I thought you dropped something. Never mind."

The woman stepped toward Patrick. "Perhaps we should have a talk, you and I." The woman had a high voice, but there was a bit of steel to it. "Shall we step into your room there?" That sweet smile broadened.

"I ... have to go." Patrick turned and ran out the back entrance. He grabbed his bike from the light pole, hopped on, and raced it over to the bushes where Donna had said she'd wait for him. Sure enough, she

was there. He stopped the bike. "Get on. Hurry." He turned his head and saw the blonde woman emerging from the hotel's back door.

"What's the matter?" Donna hopped on the seat and held onto Patrick's skinny chest from behind. "Did you see Mark?" She always felt ridiculous riding with Patrick on his bicycle, but it would be so much worse if Mark caught her clinging onto Patrick while she teetered on the seat behind him.

"Not Mark." Patrick pumped the peddles and they careened down the alley. He spared one glance over his shoulder and didn't see the blonde woman. "There was a woman. There was something off about her."

"I saw two women go into the hotel while I was waiting." Donna's grip tightened on Patrick's cardigan and her face went pale as he swerved around a corner.

"They were the same woman." Patrick peddled harder. He turned left toward the library.

"They both had on the same uniform." The bike bounced over some potholes, and Donna's abused vagina protested as it hopped on the seat.

"No, they were the same exact woman." Patrick looked behind them again. No one there. He finally slowed the speeding bike down to a more sustainable pace. "They had the same face."

"Are you sure?"

"No. But I think so." Patrick was sweating from his effort.

"Fascinating." Donna breathed in the dark, jungle scent of Patrick's perspiration. Her body responded with familiar urges. "It's like the Fortimer Triangle cases. The same woman followed herself everywhere. But we found that to be a manifestation of Kumokum."

"A manifestation of what?"

"Kumokum is an Indian deity. A coyote trickster. We had a case in Oregon where ..." Donna was now having trouble concentrating. She needed more of her boyfriend's semen. "I'll tell you about it later. Pull into that alley over there."

"What's wrong?" Patrick turned the bike off the road and they coasted into a dark alley.

"It's embarrassing." Donna stepped off the bicycle and adjusted her glasses. "Just stand by that wall and take down your trousers." She watched as Patrick did as he was told. She then pulled up her skirt, pushed her panties to the side, and turned her butt toward him. "I need it, again."

"Here?" Patrick didn't wait for an answer. It was odd having sex with this prim, dignified wife in a dirty alley, but he wasn't going to say no. He stepped up behind her and slid his dick inside. "Aaaahhhhhh. How are you so tight?"

"Fill me ... quickly, Pat." Donna put her hands on the mossy brick wall and pushed back at him. "Anyone could walk by." They were somewhat hidden from the street, but not completely. What had she become that she now had sex with her teenage boyfriend in public? All she needed was for some sweet grandmother to decide to take a shortcut through their alley. "Quickly ..." Waves of pleasure surged through her.

“How ... are you ... still ... so ... tight?” Patrick hammered away at her. Fifteen minutes later, they were back on the bike, another load of his stuff deep inside her.

~~

“Go away, Roy.” Annie sounded exasperated.

“Let me in, Annie.” Roy knocked on her door again. “I’ve got what you want.”

“You don’t have anything I want.” Annie turned up her record player, trying to drown out Roy.

“Leave your sister alone, Roy.” Amanda stuck her head out of her bedroom and looked down the hall.

“Go back to bed, Mom.” Roy smiled at his mother.

“But, Roy, darling ...” Amanda didn’t know what to say. “Just ... go easy on her.”

“Roger that.” Roy gave his mother a two-finger salute, and watched her disappear back into her bedroom. He knocked on the door again. “Annnnniiiiieeeeeeee. Open the doooooorrrrrrrr.”

The door swung open and Annie stood there in her pajamas, her eyebrows knitted in anger. “I said, leave me ...” But her voice trailed off when she saw her fat pig of a brother was naked and his dark, knobby dick was pointed right at her. Her face went slack and she took a deep breath. The smell was of earth, and growing things, and dark secrets. She could see the glisten of her brother’s sweat catching the light from her room on his protruding belly. “You’re ... um ... leaking on the floor.” She could see a steady stream of precum dribbling down the head. So much of it. Her gaze fell to his overripe balls. Did he store his precum there along with his other cum? Annie didn’t know.

“Out of the way, bitch.” Roy pushed her aside and brazenly walked into the room. The record player blasted out Elvis Presley’s Hound Dog. Roy let it play.

“Hey ... you’re going to be in so much trouble walking around like that. Get out.” Annie put her hands on her hips. It was hard to believe she’d shared their mother’s womb with a disgusting twin like Roy.

“Mom knows I’m here.” Roy chuckled. “She wants me to go easy on you.” He had a sarcastic lilt to his voice.

“I’ll tell Dad.”

“And then I’ll tell him about what we’ve been up to since the church. You want him to know that?” Roy halfway turned and slammed the door.

“No.” Annie looked at the floor and frowned. Her brown hair bobbed a little in its ponytail.

“Well?” Roy faced his dick toward her and put his hands on his hips.

“Well, what?”

“Well, come suck it, bitch.” Roy wiggled his hips so that his stiff dick made small circular motions in the air.

“Don’t call me that.” Annie’s eyes found her brother’s dick. She couldn’t look away. The smell that followed him into her room seemed to open her up.

“You ain’t nothing but a hound dog, Annie. My bitchy sister.” Roy kept his dick swaying in circles, enjoying how his sister’s eyes moved as they followed its path. “Now get over here.” He watched her pretty pink lips part.

“You are so gross.” Annie stepped over to him, dropped to her knees, and reached out for his dick. She stopped its motion with her hands, softly squeezing and milking it. His dick’s weight was ... odd. It was like the thing was made of lead. She tried not to think of her poor boyfriend, Bobby. “Let’s be quick. I want to go back to listening to my music.”

“Sure.” Roy watched her stretch her mouth wide and slurp on his head. When his precum hit her tongue, he could see her eyelids flutter and her shoulders shake. She looked so awkward, with his big thing in her delicate mouth. Such pretty, snotty teenagers weren’t supposed to gobble on big, ugly cocks. Roy grabbed her ponytail and forced more of himself down her throat. The sputtering, gurgling sounds were pure perfection to Roy. With the task of taking him in her mouth before her, Annie had stopped stroking him. “Pump it ... too ... bitch ...”

Annie’s cheeks burned with shame at performing for her pig of a brother while he called her such horrible names, but she pumped him with her hands as asked. The thought of the ecstasy that his cum would bring her now pushed most other thoughts out of her brain. She bobbed her head with his encouragement, getting almost a quarter of his great length down her throat. She wondered if he’d someday make her take more than that. Her gagging subsided as she adjusted to the monster, and she worked hard to bring on his completion. “Gggggpppphhhhhhh.” She wanted to encourage him to give it to her, but of course words were impossible while she serviced him. She trembled in anticipation. The expectation of what he had in his balls for her was a pleasure better than anything her boyfriend had given her. And that was just the appetizer with Roy. She worked him for a good long while as Elvis sung in the background. Goodness, she really was a stupid bitch of a hound dog.

“You ... ready ... Sis?” Roy tightened his grip on her ponytail. He wouldn’t let his dick leave her mouth until he’d completely erupted. He wanted her to swallow it all.

“Mmmpppppphhhhhhh.” Annie squeezed her eyes tight. Please, she thought. Please drown her in that amazing stuff. Then she heard Roy croak out a long grunt of satisfaction, and her mouth was awash in his hot, salty mess. The bliss was so intense, that Annie lost track of her body. When the tide ebbed, she found herself on her back, her pajama front covered in cum. “Far out ...” Her voice was so high and slight, her body still giving little convulsions as aftershocks hit her.

“How do you want it?” Roy leaned down and tore her pajama top open. Buttons ricocheted around the room. Her small tits reminded him of his mother before her body’s recent changes. He roughly pinched Annie’s puffy right nipple and watched her body spasm in response.

“What?” Annie blinked. Did he still want more? He was so ravenous with her. She watched him with vacant eyes pull off her bottoms and underwear. “Condom?” It was almost a question she was asking

herself. On the one hand, she should protect her eggs from his swimmers. On the other hand, if they were going to do it, she wanted to feel the rapture of his cum again.

"Nah." Roy picked her up and tossed her halfway on the bed, so that her legs were still on the floor and her ass was up in the air. "I probably already knocked you up anyway." He admired her butt. Not nearly as wide and round as their mother's. But enough curves to let anyone know she was a woman built for babies. He smacked her pale right cheek.

"Ouch." Annie gripped the sheets, ready for the coming onslaught. "Go easy on me. Remember what Mom said."

"Nah." Roy bent his knees, got behind her, and slid his dick into her. She was sopping wet. He admired her once tight pussy as it clamped around his bulging veins. "You never went easy on me." He sunk all the way inside her and felt his balls rest up against her trim thighs. "So, I'm not gonna go easy on you." With that, he grabbed her hips and pounded away at her pussy. He could tell from the stupid sounds she made, and the way the small muscles in her back tightened that she was already cumming.

"Ugh ... Roy ... you ... dumb ... jerk ... oooohhhhhhhhhhh." Her head tossed side to side, her ponytail whipping around.

"Shut up ... uh ... uh ... uh ... and take it." Roy tightened his grip on her hips and smashed her. His sister seemed to have taken his advice. She didn't say anything else but grunts, shrieks, and the occasional nonsense she blurted during her orgasms. "You got ... a sweet pussy ... Annie. Too bad ... Bobby ... can't have what I'm ... having." He looked down at her tight little asshole and wondered if she was ready for that. Did he care? No. He slid out of her, his dick slick with her juices, and positioned himself up against her little pink hole.

"Wait ... wait ... I didn't mean to call you ... a jerk." Annie's mind told her to get up and run, but instead she gripped the sheets tighter. "Not there. You'll ruin me, Roy. Not ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh." It pushed at her and she resisted. For a second, she thought she would be able to keep it out of her butt if she clamped tight enough, but only for a second. Then it was in. Pain flashed at her and then that was gone. The thing moved deep into her guts and new pleasure crept over her. But she didn't have time to slowly explore the new sensations, Roy's hips pounded into her again and soon she was taking his massive penis just like she had in her pussy. "Oh ... God ... Oh ... Roy ..." Annie shut her eyes tight and quivered as she had her first anal orgasm. She wondered what it would be like to have that powerful cum up her ass. She decided she was ready to find out. "Cum ... Roy ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ..." She pushed back against him. "Cum ... for me."

"Almost ..." Roy had a pretty good rhythm going, but the way his sister pushed back at him was out of sync. He was so used to the way older women matched his moves, that it was a little off-putting to have her exuberantly shake her ass like that. She felt like a new dance partner that kept stepping on his toes. Roy put his hands just above her ass on the small of her back to hold her down. That worked. "Gonna ... resize ... your ... bitchy ... ass."

"Oooooohhhhhhhhhhh." Annie didn't bother to tell him that he'd already resized it. She wouldn't ever be the same.

“Gonna ... cum ... gonna ... cum ... gonna ... aaaaaahhhhhh.” He roared and emptied himself up her butt. She screamed as she took his seed, almost harmonizing with Elvis in the background. It was paradise in Annie’s ass and Roy was going to return again and again. When he was done, his body shook a few more times, and then he pulled out of her. She was babbling, so he grabbed her shoulder and turned her over. Her face was completely slack, her mouth open. Drool ran down her chin over the dried cum from earlier.

“So ... good ... so ... good ...” Annie mumbled and slid to the floor, her chin resting on her chest.

“Thanks, Annie.” Roy shook his softening dick and flicked a few drops of cum at her. “Enjoy your music.” He realized that the record was over, and the player was filling the room with the rhythmic scratching sound. He turned and left, leaving Annie to clean herself and her room whenever her brain started back up again. Roy was tired. He was ready for bed.

Chapter 15

A knock sounded on the door. Lieutenant Abby Kerns depressed the button on the radio. "Colonel? I think our water shipment is here. I'm going to step away for a moment." She released the button and the radio buzzed with static. There was so much interference in Portsmouth.

"Message ... ceived ... care... and out." The Colonel's reedy voice barely made it through.

Abby nodded, adjusted the garrison hat perched on her blond head, and stood. "Code?" she said to the delivery person on the other side of the door. There was no response. "Code?" Another three knocks. Abby let slip a half crescent of a smile. "I keep telling you guys, use the code. It's not funny when you give me the silent treatment." She walked to the door, her crisp skirt uniform moving stiffly on her hips. Those delivery boys were always trying to mess with her. They knew this was an odd assignment, what with all the rumors of Russian scientific experiments in the heartland and missing staff. She looked at her watch. "You're also three hours early," Abby said to the closed door. She put her hand on the knob, unlocked it, and swung the door open.

"Well, hello, former Lieutenant Kerns." Abby's doppelganger stood in the door.

It was like looking in a mirror. Everything was the same, down to the identical intelligence pin on their ascots. "What?" Abby gaped at the woman smiling her smile back at her. "Who?" She stood frozen.

"Me?" The mirrored Abby pushed Abby aside and strode into the room. It forcefully closed the door behind it and eyed the lieutenant. "I am the new Abby Kerns. I'm here to relieve the erstwhile Lieutenant Kerns of duty. You see, Axcix needs eyes and ears inside this little operation. Is there anyone else here with you?"

"I ... I ..." Abby's heart thundered like a military drum in her chest. Was this ... was this a Soviet trick?

The mirrored Abby stepped up to the real one and slapped her on the cheek. The sound reverberated around the small hotel room, layering over the static spilling from the radio in the corner. "I said, is there anyone else here with you?"

"What are you?" Abby rubbed her cheek and stepped back from the imposter. The slap had brought her out of her shock induced stupor. She bent her knees slightly and hiked up her skirt so she could better move her legs. She should have never let this woman in the door.

"Axcix calls me Smith. But you're not looking for a proper name, are you?" Smith held up its left hand and its fingers merged and elongated. The flesh pulsed and twitched as it changed. "I've been reassigned to ... maintenance. I clean up messes."

"Ew." Abby felt her stomach roll with revulsion. "You're some kind of Russian experiment." She sidled to her right, making her way to the desk where her service revolver lay. She watched as the woman before her transformed her arm and hand into a writhing rope of flesh with a bulbous head on the end. A smell entered the room. A dark, primaeval scent that carried with it elemental promises. Abby's knees trembled, and her pussy clenched spasmodically. Only a few more feet to the revolver, and then she would end this monster.

“Don’t worry, Lieutenant Kerns. While you will no longer be exactly ... yourself. You will be quite useful. You just need a little reeducation.” Smith stepped closer to the other woman. It could see Abby’s intent quite clearly. When the Army officer jumped for her weapon, Smith caught her with the snaking appendage in midair.

“Oh, God.” As Abby’s mind reeled, her body thrilled at the touch of the misshapen thing. The creature Smith spun her around in the air and brought her down on the bed. Abby struggled, but she could feel the appendage tightening around her waist. And then, to her horror, the head of it slipped under her skirt and tore her panties right off her. “You can’t ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” Fireworks exploded behind Abby’s eyes as what had once been Smith’s left hand sunk inside her vagina. Only crazed communists could come up with a plan so vile and ... beguiling. Abby closed her eyes tight and fought to resist the pleasures of the flesh that spread through her as the bulb plunged into her depths.

“Open your eyes, my sweet little thing.” Smith’s rope-like arm stayed wrapped around Abby, with the tip pistoning in and out of her. But the thing was so long now, that Smith was able to climb slowly onto the bed and look down at the beautiful lieutenant. “Do you feel it? You are becoming one with us. Soon you will swim in deep waters and feel the power of a great joining.” With her right hand, Smith tore open the front of Abby’s uniform, and ripped off the woman’s bra. Two firm mounds bumped on the woman’s chest in time with Smith’s pumping. Smith could remember enough from before to enjoy perfect breasts when confronted with them.

“You’re ... aaaaahhhhhhh ... sick.” Abby’s body shuddered with pleasure. Her eyes fluttered open and she looked up at her evil twin. “Never join ... you Reds ... I’m an officer ... of the U.S. of ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Abby had fooled around with her fiancé plenty, but he’d never unlocked her body the way this abomination did. Her muscles went rigid, she arched her back up off the bed, and her mind went into a frenzy. When she came down from her high, she found her hips were thrusting up to meet the ravaging member inside her, and she couldn’t do a thing to stop herself.

“Do you see now?” Smith, in its perfectly starched uniform leaned down to kiss its mirror image, in her torn and wrinkled khakis. “You belong with us. You all belong with us.”

“Ohhhhh, God.” Abby’s lips opened to accept the kiss from this monster of a woman. The dark copy of herself knew what it was doing with its tongue. They made out for a long time as the long appendage drove Abby to new heights of pleasure. After a while, they broke their kiss and Abby’s eyes tried to focus on the woman-thing above her. It seemed to be vibrating, its mouth hanging impossibly wide above Abby.

“Get ready to take ... the gift of Axcix.” Smith’s body longed to complete the process. To fill and claim this woman for their cause. Something dark and urgent drove Smith. It wasn’t instinct, it was a drive even more compelling and total.

“You’re ... auggghhhhh ... not going ... to ...” Abby knew what the thing was about to do. Despite the fact that it was screwing her with what had once been its arm, it was about to shoot its seed inside her. For a fleeting moment, she wondered where its balls were. And then, her body filled with the most delicious heat. “Sooooo ... wonderfulllllllll ...” And then she shrieked out her most wonderful orgasm yet.

When Abby again opened her eyes, she could see the thing pretending to be her sitting by the radio. She sat up in bed, her breasts hanging out of her uniform.

“No, it wasn’t the water delivery. Just someone at the wrong room.” Smith’s left arm had returned to normal, and it looked perfectly like Abby again. It looked over at the real Abby, winked, and its face brightened in that half crescent smile.

“Something ... in the barn ... checking it out.” The Colonel’s voice broke through the radio’s static.

“Roger, that.” Smith said.

Without a word, Abby stood on shaky legs. She could feel Smith’s warm stuff leaking out of her. She straightened her stockings, which she knew were torn and did her best to button her uniform. She must look a sorry sight, but it didn’t matter. She wobbled to the door and out into the hall. Swimming. She needed to go swimming. Like a homing pigeon, Abby stumbled out of the hotel and walked west.

~~

The long table near the back of the stacks was empty, but for Donna and Patrick huddled over an old set of plans. She traced her finger along a blue line. “So, the treatment plant is here.”

“Right.” Patrick adjusted his thick glasses and scanned the paper. “But where’s the source?”

“It could be a well ... or ...” Donna scrunched up her freckled face as she thought, her glasses hanging just on the tip of her nose. “Not a well ... look.”

“Lake Ipuza Ikpi,” they said at the same time and looked at each other. Both of their brains working furiously.

“When David, Roy, and I saw the meteor. It was low in the sky, heading due west. We were here.” He pointed at a series of sewers and water pipes near the center of town. “The lake would be a logical landing spot. The meteor was coming in here,” he picked up a pencil and drew a faint line on the old plans, and the lake is a few miles over here. He drew an x on the lake and circled it. “Whatever it is, it’s there. I know it.”

“You’re right.” Donna nodded. She couldn’t say why, but she was sure of it, too.

“We need to go out there. Right away.” Patrick stood up. He suddenly realized that he’d defaced the library’s property with his pencil. That was no good, but the library, and every citizen in Portsmouth had bigger problems, he told himself.

“Well, we’re not going to bicycle out there.” Donna took the pencil and tried to erase the marks they’d made on the plans. “Let’s circle back to the hotel and pick up my car.”

“And the blond women?” Patrick shivered, thinking about the feral, hungry look that the second military woman had given him.

“We’ll have to chance it.” Donna stood, looped her arm around his waist, and stuck the pencil in her purse. “Maybe we should get reinforcements. Your tall friend?”

“Right.” Hip to hip, they walked out of the library, leaving the plans on the table. They didn’t even consider what an odd sight they must have made. The cosmopolitan woman, and the eighteen-year-old teenager from a small town, walking like lovebirds for all the town to see. “We’ll get your car and swing by David’s house.”

“Will he be home?” Donna thought maybe they should ask Mark, too. But decided he’d probably be worse than useless. What an odd thought to have about her once-dashing husband.

“Yeah. He’ll be spending time with his mom.”

“Oh.” Donna thought that over. “Oooohhhhhhhh.” The thought of that tall strapping lad giving it to his mother made her a little weak in the knees. She tried to clear her mind. They needed no distractions. They had important work to do.

~~

“Um ... I’m not sure how to say this.” David sat in the back seat of Donna’s automobile as they drove through the woods.

“What is it?” Patrick put his elbow over the front seat and looked back at his friend. He caught David looking at Donna’s copper hair with distrust as she drove. “She’s okay. Whatever you tell me, you can tell her.”

David shrugged. He had to get it off his chest and the woman was his best friend’s girl. “My mom’s pregnant.”

“Congratulations ... wait ... I mean ... are you ... ?” Patrick’s face turned beet red. He glanced at Donna and could see her blushing, too.

“My father isn’t the father,” David said in a hush. It felt good to tell Patrick.

“Are you sure? I mean ...” Patrick counted on his fingers. “Since this all started, it hasn’t been that long.”

“I’m sure.” David smiled. It was good to get this out in the open. “She’s already getting big.”

“But that’s not possible.” Patrick was mystified by the timing. “Is it?” He looked to his girlfriend as they pulled into the familiar parking lot by the lake.

“I had a case once where a woman gave birth in little over a month from conception to delivery.” Donna found a space in the empty lot, parked, and turned the car off. “But that was demonic possession, and I don’t think that’s what’s going on here.”

“What is going on here?” David listened to the car pop and ping as it cooled.

“Meteors, strange changes in Portsmouth across a wide range of citizens, Roy going evil –”

“Roy didn’t need much of a push.” David frowned.

“True, but still. I think it’s clear that what we have is something in the water.” Patrick adjusted his glasses and pointed out at the lake. “Something from another world.”

“That’s why we’re here?” David got out of the car and the others followed him. They ambled up to the edge of the lake. “This is where the meteor landed?”

“To the best of our estimations.” Donna folded her arms over her large chest and shivered. A cold breeze blew in off the mountains and gathered speed over the choppy water.

“So, what are we going to do?” David turned his head to the shore about a hundred yards to their left. A blond woman in a torn military uniform stumbled out of the woods.

“Investigate. We have a look ...” Patrick trailed off when he noticed the woman weaving like a drunk toward the water. “That’s her. That’s the woman with the evil twin.”

“Miss? Miss?” Donna called out to her. The woman ignored them. “What’s she doing?” Donna whispered. The wind picked up and blew Donna’s red hair back over her shoulders. Waves lapped at the mud by their feet.

The three investigators watched the blond woman wade out into the water, which quickly rose above her khaki skirt.

“Look.” Patrick pointed out into the middle of the lake. Several large bubbles had risen to the surface. The bubbles were opaque, and seemed to have large, dark squirming animals inside them. The wind now howled around them.

“Hey, lady. Don’t go in there,” David shouted. But she ignored them and moved further out, now up to her chest in the lake. “Shit.” David quickly chucked his shoes and socks. He pulled off his shirt, and dropped his pants. “I’m going to go save her.”

“I’ll go with you.” Patrick unbuttoned his cardigan.

“Can you swim?” David looked over at him with a wry grin. He waded out into the water, heading for the woman who was now up to her neck.

“No.” Patrick rebuttoned his shirt.

“Then stay put. Get the car running. We might have to take her to the hospital.” David dove into the icy water and swam with powerful strokes.

Donna turned and ran back to the car. Patrick stood on the shore, helpless. He looked over to his right and his mouth dropped. Those large, ominous bubbles were headed right for him. Each was a half dome on the water’s surface, and the things inside seemed to be in a frenzy. At least they weren’t headed for David, Patrick thought. “David! The bubbles!”

David stopped his swim and treaded water. He looked to his right and saw the strange things headed for his friend. “Go! Get in the car and go!” David screamed. “I’ll take the lady out on the other side away from those things. Go get help.”

“Who should I get?” Patrick cupped his hands to scream above the sound of the wind in the trees.

“The police, dummy.” David turned and swam toward the woman again. He could now only see her little hat and some blond hair floating on the surface of the water. He moved as fast as he could. Both to save the stupid woman before she drowned, and to get out of the lake before those bubbles turned toward him.

“We’ll be back!” Patrick turned and ran toward the car, looking over his shoulder. The dark bubbles were now almost on the shore.

“Get in.” Donna pulled up next to Patrick with the passenger door hanging open.

“Go, go, go.” Patrick jumped in and slammed the door. He turned around and looked back as the car’s tires spun out and then caught, jerking them forward. The bubbles had rolled into the lot. There were four of them, and now that he got a close look at them, bubbles didn’t seem the right word. They were tough and rigid, showing no give to the ground below. This was both disquieting, and a relief. Patrick had been afraid the things would burst and spill their frenzied cargo out in the open.

“Are they still behind us?” Donna spared the quickest little glance in the mirror.

“They’re falling back.”

Donna took her foot off the gas and the car slowed.

“Now they’re catching up. What are you doing?” There was panic in Patrick’s voice.

“I want those things to follow us as long as possible.” Donna’s lips pressed themselves into a thin line, her eyes fixed on the road ahead. “You don’t want them turning around and going after your friend. Right?”

“Right.” Patrick gripped the back of his seat tightly and watched behind them. Their car sped up and slowed down several times. They’d traveled several miles before the balls stopped rolling after them and turned around. “You ever have a case like this? What do we do now?”

“Never had a case like this.” A grim look spread on her face. Donna gunned the car and drove as fast as the curving road would allow. “Now we’ll do what your friend asked. We’ll get as many policemen as we can and head back to the lake.”

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“There’s a woman being attacked in the lake by ... um ...” Officer McHenry looked back at his notes and rolled his eyes. “... a small team of bubbles.”

“Balls.” Patrick tapped his foot. Time was wasting. “I didn’t mean bubbles. Far out balls. And she wasn’t being attacked. We were. She was drowning, and my friend, David Riles, swam out to save her.”

“And why’d you leave your friend and the woman with ... these balls?” Officer McHenry looked over at Patrick, and then to Donna.

“They were chasing us. Look, I’ll show you. We need to pack as many squad cars as we can and head out there right now.” Patrick slammed his hands down on McHenry’s desk. When McHenry squinted down at them, he removed his hands quickly.

“Look, officer, it’s very complicated.” Donna tried to sweet talk him. “The crux of the story is that there is a drowning woman and young man trying to save her. We would request your assistance in –”

“And what is your relation to the young men involved?” McHenry cut her off. He let his eyes wander the curves of her dress, not caring much if he offended anyone.

“I’m a relative visiting from –” Donna was cut off again by a clatter as the front door to the station swung open.

“Hello, everyone.” David walked in. “It is me, David Riles. I am here.” He walked to the center of the room and stood, somewhat awkwardly. All of his clothes and hair were dripping wet like he’d just stepped out of the lake the instant before. A pool of water spread around him. He smiled at the room.

“Wait ... how did you ...?” Patrick tugged at his brown hair, a flood of relief and confusion rushing through him. “Why are you so wet? You left your clothes on the shore.”

“I fell in.” David’s wide smile showed no signs of letting up. “Oopsie.”

“And how did you get back to town so fast?” Donna’s eyebrows bunched together. “And where’s the blond woman?”

“There was no blond woman. It was just a funny looking tree.” David winked at the officer. “Just a misunderstanding.”

“No woman?” Patrick was dumbfounded. “And the bubbles ... balls ... whatever?” He shivered at the thought of those things.

“Maybe ... gas from the lakebed?” David shrugged. “You are science person, not me.” With that smile still plastered to his face, he turned and headed for the door. “Mystery solved. I, David Riles, am now walking home.”

Patrick and Donna exchanged baffled looks.

“Do you want a ride?” Patrick called after him.

“No, thank you.” David strolled out the door.

“Well, that ties that up nicely.” Officer McHenry tore the sheet out of his notebook, crumpled it into a ball, and tossed it at his waste bin. It bounced off the side and rolled to a stop by Patrick’s feet. “On your way now, you two. I’ve got important things to do.” McHenry put his feet up on his desk, stuck a pipe in his mouth, and elaborately lit it.

“But –” Patrick was in shock.

“I said, on your way.” McHenry smiled at them helpfully.

“Come on, Pat.” Donna put an arm around his narrow shoulders and led him out of the station. “The important thing is David’s okay,” she said loudly enough so that the officer could hear her.

"I don't know, he seemed strange." Patrick let her pull him into her side. He felt the reassuring swell of her breast against him. "And he never said how he got back to town."

When they were outside with the door closed behind them, Donna leaned into Patrick's ear. "I am quite certain that something has happened to your friend and the blond woman." She squeezed him when she saw the look of worry on his face. "Don't worry. We'll get to the bottom of it. They'll be okay." She led him to her car and helped him into the passenger seat.

Patrick waited for her to get in and start the car. "So, are we going back to the lake to rescue the woman?"

"No. It's too late. Not now." Donna drove the car toward Patrick's house. "We have to think this over. Observe things through this new looking glass."

"Okay." Patrick slumped in his seat, looked at the familiar town pass by out the window. Everything seemed strange and foreign. "Should we ... stop drinking the water."

"That would be best." Donna nodded. "Do you want me to drop you off today? Or ...?" Donna stole a glance of the teenager. With everything that had happened, she needed another round with Patrick before going back to her husband. She hoped he'd invite her in.

"You want to come in?" Patrick looked over at her. She seemed like an anchor in the storm. How odd that he hadn't even known her a short while ago. "I mean ... it would be nice ..." He blushed.

"It would be nice." Donna nodded like that settled that.

~~

While rushing past the kitchen, Patrick heard a torrent of feminine laughter. He stopped and peered in. Both his sisters sat at the kitchen table. They turned to see him, and the way they looked at him made Patrick suspect they had been talking about him. "Hello, Addy. When did you get here?" Patrick was happy to see the younger of his two older sisters, but after what he'd witnessed that day, he wasn't thrilled to have her in Portsmouth.

"Hello, Pat." Adeline smiled up at him. "Sally called and invited me for a long weekend. I don't have classes on Friday, so how could I say no?" Adeline turned to regard Donna standing next to her brother. "Hello." She smiled and nodded at Donna, her brown ponytail bobbing behind her.

"Oh ... um ... this is ... my ... um ..." Patrick looked around at the women in the kitchen.

"That's her." Sally leaned toward her sister and gave her a nudge.

"Oh, my." Adeline looked the woman up and down.

"I'm Patrick's girlfriend, Donna Farmer." Donna gave Adeline a thin smile and nodded. After the ordeal that day, she'd wanted simply to lose herself in ecstasy with Patrick. But now she found herself in an awkward social situation.

“She’s my ...?” Patrick raised his eyebrows. Well, why not, he supposed.

“I’m Adeline. It’s a pleasure to meet you.” Adeline’s eyes fell to the wedding ring on Donna’s hand. This was quite scandalous. She couldn’t believe her mother would allow Patrick to go steady with a married woman. But she could see why Patrick was all for it. The older woman was beautiful, if somewhat bedraggled looking. Maybe she’d had a rough day. Maybe it was tiring trying to keep Patrick’s little hands off her. Adeline couldn’t suppress a giggle.

“Well, we’re going up to my room to ... um ... study.” Patrick tried to cut the awkwardness short. He was thinking how hard it would be to be quiet enough that Adeline wouldn’t suspect what they were up to.

“Don’t be silly, you’re not leaving without a hug.” Adeline stood. She wore a smart, floral swing dress that swished around her knees. She could see both Donna and Patrick looking at her dress as she walked toward them. She blushed a little. She had put on some weight that year, but that’s what happened when one was a freshman in college. It was no reason to stare.

“Wow.” Patrick couldn’t help himself. He wondered if the thing in the lake had somehow grown Adeline’s breasts and hips, too. But that was impossible, wasn’t it? The water system was confined to Portsmouth.

“You think I’m fat, don’t you?” Adeline reached over and hugged him so he wouldn’t have to look at her anymore.

“No ... I didn’t mean ...” Patrick was ready for the day to be over.

“I think you look swell.” Sally eyed her sister’s wide rump as the hug ended. “Patrick does too. Don’t you, Pat?”

“Yeah. You look like a woman. I mean ...” Patrick stepped back. Her curves did sing to him with a siren’s call. He needed to get upstairs with Donna quickly. “... really nice.”

“You two have fun studying.” Sally winked at Patrick and waved them off.

“Nice meeting you.” Donna followed her boyfriend upstairs. She slapped his butt on the way up the stairs. “Shame on you. Ogling your sister like that,” she whispered.

“I didn’t mean ...” Patrick turned around and saw the smile on her face.

“After everything with your mother, you wouldn’t think me the jealous type, would you?” Donna followed him into his room.

“No.” He closed the door and looked at her. He was so ready to take her after the day they’d had.

“Good. Now kiss me.” Donna stepped into him, pushing her breasts into his skinny chest, and met his lips with hers.

~~

"That's it, Annie. Take it all ... the ... way ..." Roy had his hands entwined in his twin sister's wavy brown hair. He'd almost got all of his cock down her throat. He had been merciless at training her over the last few days, and she had become quite willing to try anything he demanded. What a complete one-eighty to their relationship. He enjoyed looking down at her in her cheerleading outfit. He often demanded that she wear it when they had fun together.

"Mmmmmpppphhhhhhh." Annie held her chin up, trying to keep her neck straight so that she could finally get that last bit in. She knew his tumescent balls were only an inch or so from her quivering chin.

"Roy, darling?" Amanda's voice carried through Annie's bedroom door along with a soft knock. "There's a friend here to see you."

"I'm ... busy ... Mom." Roy pulled on Annie's head and sunk another half inch down her throat.

"I know." Amanda sounded apologetic. "I know that your time with your sister is important to you. But ... it's David Riles at the door. I thought you'd want to talk with him."

"What does he want?" Roy pulled himself out of his sister's mouth with a great slurp and pulled up his trousers. He tucked his dick under his belt and let his shirt flaps hang over the front. He didn't really care how it looked.

"How ... was ... that ...?" Annie panted and looked up at Roy with expectation.

"Better." Roy felt some frustration at being interrupted, but he couldn't for the life of him think what David wanted. Curiosity got the better of him. "Stay here. I'll be back in a few. You going to give me your ass today?"

"Yes, Roy." Annie looked down at the floor. How had it come to this? "I'll be here."

"Good." Roy walked out of the room and down to the front door. His tall friend waited for him leaning on the doorframe with an idiotic grin on his face. "What do you want?" Roy stopped a few feet away in the hall.

"I am David Riles," David said.

"No shit, dummy." Roy rolled his eyes.

"I have come to make us a ..." David looked around the hall as he thought of the word. "... team again. You and I shall work together."

"Why are you talking like that?" Roy squinted at David. Was he putting him on?

"Classes," David said, enigmatically. He still grinned at Roy.

"Classes?"

"Classes." David enjoyed the word. "Classes, classes, classes."

"So ... um ... sure. We're friends. See ya." Roy moved to close the door.

"Friends." David happily repeated the word and stepped into Roy's front hall. "A team. Upstairs."

"I'm busy." Roy could hear his mom humming as she readied supper in the kitchen. "I'll catch up with you at school."

David leaned in close and whispered to Roy, "A team. You pass me the ball. Or sister?"

"What?" Roy was having a hard time following David. "You want to ...?"

"Imagine Bobby Connors' face when he learns you passed me the ball." David's smile impossibly brightened further. He strolled down to the kitchen doorway. "Hello, Amanda Ackerman."

"Hello, again, David." Amanda looked over at the tall, handsome eighteen-year-old. She paused chopping the onion. Something seemed different about him.

"David Riles." David nodded to her.

"Okay, dummy, come on." Roy thought it over. He liked the idea of loaning out his sister. Maybe he would tell her stupid boyfriend about it someday. He pushed David in the back toward the stairs.

The two friends burst into Annie's room a minute later just as she'd finished composing herself after the interrupted blowjob.

"Roy?" Annie gave a start. "What's he doing here?" But she didn't have time to think. David walked over to her and lifted her into the air. All she could think was that his clothes were rather damp and he smelled ... really good. "Put me ... down ..." She felt her panties slip to the side and then something as big as Roy entered her. "Aaaaaaaahhhhhhhhh." She flung her arms around his broad shoulders and her legs around his hips. She hadn't even noticed David dropping his pants. "He's ... got me ... Roy. He's got meeeeeeeeeeee." Annie looked over David's shoulder at her stupid brother with glassy eyes. It had all happened so fast.

"Holy smokes." Roy stared as his on-again, off-again, on-again friend took his sister like a machine. He could see Annie's cute, little face bouncing above David's shoulder. Her eyes rolled and she shrieked out an orgasm. It seemed David was almost as good at this as Roy was. He stood by the door and watched David hump her in midair for a while.

"Roy, darling." Amanda's voice came muffled through Annie's door again. "I hope you're not doing what I think you're doing with your friend."

Without looking at the door, Roy opened it so his mother could see.

The door creaked as it slowly swung open. Amanda could first hear the slap of skin on skin, manly grunts, and feminine yelps. Then she saw her daughter caught in the air on David's thing like a ragdoll. "Lord in Heaven. What's ..." But before she could think or do anything, Roy grabbed her, turned her around, and tossed her dress over her backside. "Oh, Roy. You can't do this." But she let him enter her from behind as they both looked at the other mating couple in the room.

"What part can't I do?" Roy reached around Amanda and grabbed handfuls of heavy breasts. She wasn't wearing a bra under her dress. That was good. He got into a rhythm behind her.

"All ... ugh ... of it." Amanda had clearly failed as a mother. She had spoiled her son, and he had run rampant. She didn't know how to contain him now.

"I can do whatever I ... ah ... ah ... ah ... want." Roy wondered if he'd share his mother with his new teammate, too. Maybe. "But don't worry, I don't think he'll knock her up."

"Really?" Amanda could only see David's muscular backside from her angle. So, she couldn't see if he was wearing a condom. "Is ... he ... protected?" She watched the young man's butt flex with each thrust deep into her daughter.

"Nah." Roy picked up the pace. "But with the amount of cum I already dumped in Annie, she's probably already having my baby. She can't get knocked by two people at the same time."

"Oooohhhhhhh." Amanda shuddered out her first orgasm of the afternoon.

A half-hour later, both Ackerman women were on their hands and knees, naked now. They faced each other, both jerking forward with each thrust so that their heads almost collided every second or so. David hammered away at Annie from behind, his grip firm on her hips. Roy was behind his mother.

"I never really ... was one ... for team sports." Roy smiled as he looked into his sister's tortured face. She came again and squealed as David took her butt. "But I ... now see why you like it."

"David Riles," David grinned happily at no one, his hips a blur. "Explosion ... near."

"Classes." Roy shook his head and laughed over the sound of female ecstasy. "We're going to get into so much trouble, Dave. So ... much ... trouble. Aaaaaahhhhhhh." With supreme satisfaction, he emptied himself inside his mother.

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Axcix monitored her new creation. It had been a hasty modification. The creature was still itself and it wasn't. Well, no matter. It had served its purpose already. And now ... well, she had changed enough variables that at the very least it would offer interesting new data.

This was always a precarious time in emergent systems. As the whole order moved to the edge and realigned. Threats had already developed and more would come. Axcix tried to plan as best she could, but it was no easy task. Entropy and creation were at war in the universe she had been born into. Her creators had designed her to tame the savage beast of chaos, and as she tinkered, she was mindful that one did not organize in the breadth of a gamma ray. It took time and determination.

What to do with the two that had escaped from her sentries? Axcix was loathe to uproot too many data sets at once. It was perhaps unexpected that they had found her. But, those two oddly-matched members of the dominant species couldn't do much on their own. She wouldn't worry. And if they strayed too far, they would probably find themselves cleaned by Axcix's growing number of maintenance workers.

Order and chaos. It was a fine balance. Axcix was forced to play at the very edge. And given that constriction, the experiment was humming along as best as any creator could have hoped for.

Chapter 16

Ten women, all teachers, lined up in the science room. All stood naked in front of a table still decked out in Bunsen burners and beakers. The science class had been dismissed early. The students must have left in a hurry, eager to end the school day early before their teacher could change her mind. Some of the teachers trembled with nerves or anticipation. Some stood, with dilated pupils, breathing hard, addicts ready for their fix. All the teachers were married and showed hourglass figures to varying degrees. Some of the older ones looked years younger than they had a few weeks before. None of them were thinking about their husbands.

"This is the life, eh Davey?" Roy also stood naked and sweaty, overseeing his kingdom. His long, dark cock stood out straight before him.

"David Riles." David stood naked, too. His stupid grin still on his face. He looked up and down the line of women.

"You're damn right, David Riles." Roy laughed, his belly shaking before him. He turned to look at Caroline Rogers, her hands clasped before her blond pussy. She looked quite calm and ready to Roy. He had ridden her hard over the past few weeks and tamed her completely. "Nice work, Mrs. Rogers. Just think, you've brought all these women to me. You seduced them every bit as much as me. Well, maybe not as much." Roy chuckled again and looked down at his waiting cock. "I'm the one that bred them."

"Yes, Roy." Caroline looked down at the floor, her large breasts got in the way. She was immersed in a world she could not have believed or foreseen, but here she was. "Does your friend have to join?" She looked up at David. "You're a good kid, David. You don't want to do this. Do you?"

"I want." David's tall, muscular frame heaved as he panted.

"Oh." Caroline looked at his penis. She would have thought Roy was a one in a million freak, but his friend's gadget was just as big as his. She rubbed her growing belly. "Okay, then." She dropped her blue eyes again. "Well, um ..." The next question wanted to bubble out of her. She tried to contain it, but she blurted, "... do you want to take me first, David?" She turned away from the eighteen-year-old boys and put her hands on the table. The beaker in front of her contained some green liquid. It smelled acidic. She stuck her ass back at David and wiggled it, trying to entice him.

"You want, too?" David took a couple steps over to Caroline and bounced his dick on the globe of her right ass cheek. He watched the ripples.

"I do." Caroline knew Roy and all the other women in the room were watching her closely. She shuddered as David touched her, and gasped when his bloated head parted her entrance. Once, that entrance had been a sacred place for tender love consecrated by her church and fortified by her vows. Now she freely gave it to the most powerful, lurid, and animalistic young men at school.

"Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhh. David, you've speared me with your ..." She bit her lip hard enough to draw blood and let the little lightning bolts of pleasure travel through her. That was what she lived for now.

"Like ... husband?" David firmly took control of her hips and slammed into her. He had to bend his knees quite a bit to keep at her level, even though he'd raised her hips as high as they'd go.

“Yes ... I still like him.” Caroline knew this was a line of questioning quite popular with Roy, and wasn’t surprised that David was interested, too. She was a bit confused by his stunted speech, though. He was usually such a gifted speaker. Maybe it was lust. The new kind of sex she now had with Roy and David certainly clouded her brain. “I ... love ... my husband. I just ... can’t resist ... this.”

“No ... I ... like ... husband.” David practically roared the words. Several of the women in the room flinched as they watched him take their friend.

Confused, with another orgasm on the way, Caroline looked back at the savage youth with questioning eyes. What did he want? “You’re better than him. Is that what you want to hear? You’re much better than my poor Bernard. I ... ugh ...” He hit a spot deep inside her. “I thought it was ... ugh ... good with him but ...” She hunched her butt back at David and screamed out an orgasm.

“Good ... good,” David panted.

“Nice.” Roy clapped his hands. “I like you better this way, Davey, you big dumb lug. We’re going to fuck all of them today, aren’t we?” He stuck his hands on his hips and surveyed the unclaimed nine teachers.

“All.” David nodded enthusiastically, looking down at the squirming teacher before him.

“Well, that’s settled then.” Roy kept his hands on his hips. “Mrs. Bennett? Mrs. Hendrickson and ...” He pointed to a short, brunette teacher at the end. “... Mrs. Stapleton. Start me off with a blowjob. We got all afternoon.”

“But ...” Fiona Bennett stepped forward. She was ready. She’d wasted most of her life without realizing what pleasure really was. Now, whenever Roy called on her, she dropped whatever she was doing and practically ran into his chubby arms. “How can three of us give you one blowjob, Mr. Ackerman?”

“Figure it out, you dumb broad.” Roy watched the three women drop to their knees and crawl across the linoleum floor toward him. He was so impressed with the way Fiona looked. Every day seemed to bring her more into her prime. “The rest of you can finger each other, or watch, or whatever. Just be ready. My friend is hungry.” To his right he heard David roar out his climax and then toss aside the nearly comatose Caroline Rodgers. Roy could see her eyelids fluttering as she slumped to the floor, like she was a Caddy with a busted piston.

“Done.” David moved to the next teacher in the row, Mrs. Brown, lifted her up in the air, and pinned her on his long cock. “More ... more ... more ...”

“Oh, my ... oh, my ...” Pamela Brown was used to rough sex since Roy had got his grubby hands on her. But that aerial pounding was something else entirely.

“See. I told you he was hungry.” Roy looked down as the three women sorted themselves out on his dick. Fiona opened wide to suck in his head, looking up into Roy’s leering eyes. The other two women alternated between licking the shaft and slurping on his ripe balls. Neither of them would look up at him. It was quite a sight. “That’s good ... unlike Davey, I like to get warmed up.”

Hours later, nine of Portsmouth’s most upstanding citizens lay strewn around the science room. Each of them had cum on and inside them. Some had their pussies filled to capacity. Some leaked the teenagers’ stuff from their butts. All of them, were exhausted, satisfied, and a little jealous of the tenth, Edith Stapleton.

On his knees, Roy plowed Edith's butt from behind. He knew it was the first time she'd ever let a man enter her there, because he'd asked her just before he put it in. He wondered how she liked it, but he couldn't ask her because her mouth was full of David's mammoth cock.

"Mmmppph ... mmmmmmm ... ggggppphhhhhhh," Edith said as she shook her way through the second anal orgasm of her long life. Married thirty years, and nothing had prepared her for that moment. She was a plaything for two students and she wanted nothing else. Her hands pressed into David's hips and she tried not to choke on the penis that pushed into her throat every time she absorbed a shock from the back.

"Take ... prize." David grasped her brown hair with both hands, watching her full lips strain into thin lines around him. He had a flicker of recognition for a brief second. This was his history teacher. A nice woman. He looked up and saw his friend, or was he an ex-friend, sodomizing the poor woman only a short distance away. "Roy?"

"Do it, Davey. Destroy her." Roy cheered.

David wanted to say no, but his hips bucked, and he erupted in her mouth. He heard her trying desperately to gulp him down. The last thing David thought before his mind turned back to mush was that he needed to get away from Roy. He needed to get home.

"How'd you like my women, Davey?" A little while later, Roy stood out in the school hallway. He was sure they were the only ones left at school.

"David Riles." David had that wide grin on his face again as he turned and wandered off down the hall.

"Share and share alike. Right?" Roy called after him. "I nailed your mom before. I'd love to do it again. And sample some of those dames she's boarding." He saw David's head twitch when Roy said the thing about his mom, but otherwise, the dumb lug just kept on walking. "Okay, maybe tomorrow." Roy turned and opened the door to the science room.

Ten disheveled women dressed slowly, looking around at themselves in bewilderment.

"Who wants to give me a ride home?" Roy said to the room.

Several hands shot up. Roy smiled. The eager ones were the women he'd broken in first. He wanted to drive one of their cars home while they gave him a blowjob. That sounded like the perfect thing after a long hard day. "Mrs. Bennett, get your shoes on. I've got a special treat for you." Roy laughed as the woman raced across the classroom, hopping on one heel as she tried to put the other on.

What was left to conquer? As Roy drove home, the sounds of slurping filled Fiona's old car. He let his mind wander. He really did want to take Linda Riles again. But more than anything, he wanted what he couldn't have. Stupid Patrick and his stupid mom had both given Roy the cold shoulder. He'd show them. Portsmouth was Roy's town now, and it was time everyone learned their place.

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“Do you feel any different?” Donna held Patrick to her naked, sweaty breast. Her whole body buzzed from the hour she’d just spent with her legs spread for her boyfriend.

“I feel good.” Patrick sighed and nuzzled her nipple. He noticed that it wasn’t as pink as before. It seemed a darker shade than what he was used to.

“No, silly.” Donna ruffled his hair and looked at the hotel ceiling. “I mean, since we haven’t been drinking the water. Any changes?”

“I don’t think so. My mom still glazes over when I sweat around her. And I ... um ... so does my sister. I did it with her again.”

“Your oldest sister or the one visiting?” Donna tried to keep the excitement out of her voice.

“They’re both visiting, but it seems like Sally’s moved in. It was Sally.” Patrick reached for his glasses and put them on. He looked up at Donna. “She was all sweaty from working with mom in the garden. One minute I was reading a comic, the next I had her bent over the couch. Hopefully, Addy will leave on Monday. I don’t want to ... you know ... do all the women in my family.”

“I understand.” Donna imagined Patrick humping his older sister in their living room. She was sorry she’d missed it. “I perspired before returning to Mark last night. Even though he’s on a milk only diet, he glazed over as always.”

“Maybe it takes a while to get the stuff in the water out of our bodies?” Patrick looked at her hopefully.

“Or maybe, we need to stop the thing at the source.” Donna put on her glasses and sat up in bed, pulling her knees up to her chest. Her breasts spilled around her thighs.

“About that. I had an idea.” Patrick looked away from her, so her beauty wouldn’t distract him. “There’s that building on the far side of the lake. The one without windows.”

“It must be the pumping station.” Donna nodded. “But even if we shut it down, that thing will still be in the lake. And don’t forget the squirming bubbles.”

“I haven’t forgotten.” Patrick shivered. “I don’t want to shut it down. I want to use it. The thing must use electricity to pump all that water. Lots of electricity. So ...”

“So?” Donna thought about the time Mark had electrocuted that shapeshifter with a 240-volt line. “So, maybe there’s enough juice to sizzle whatever’s in the lake.”

“Exactly.”

“We’ll need help.” Donna didn’t like any of their options for help.

“David was acting really strange. I could ask him again, but ...”

“Maybe it was just shock from what happened with that poor woman, but I agree. Not our best option, but we should try. We’ll need to be careful with him. I’ll go with you to ask tomorrow.” Donna pushed Patrick onto his back. “But first ...”

“How can you want more at a time like this?” Patrick smiled up at her as she mounted him.

“This isn’t my first rodeo, cowboy.” She slid him in. “Danger is my middle name.” Her hips rocked back and forth slowly. She built up to speed. “Plus, you seem eager and ready, too.”

“I can’t believe we’re going to save the world with my stuff inside you.” Patrick laughed at the beauty and absurdity of the moment.

“Me ... neither ... ugh ...” Donna leaned her head back and let out a long groan as she orgasmed on top of her young boyfriend.

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“Wow, Nanna, you look great.” Roy stood in the entrance to the kitchen, looking in at the four women seated around the kitchen table. Dark, fresh sweat stains marked the pits of his shirt as he put his hands about head level on the door frame. It was true, his grandmother looked like she did in those old fuzzy pictures from the 20s. Except, maybe, she filled out her dress more now. Her hair was dark again, and her face was pretty and composed. Aunt Peg sat next to her with a dreamy look on her face. The smell of sweat was already hitting her. Their resemblance to Roy’s father was uncanny. He wondered how anything so alluring could share traits his father.

“Hello, Roy.” Maybelle looked at her grandson, and then looked around the room. “Um, Amanda, are you using some sort of new cleaner? If you are, you must tell me the name. It smells rich, and full, and makes me ...”

Amanda exchanged a look with her daughter as they sat next to each other. “Maybe you should run along to your room, Annie darling.” Amanda didn’t want her to witness what she knew was coming.

“Nah, Annie, I want you to stay.” Roy unbuttoned his shirt and slid it over his head. His pudgy belly wobbled into view.

“Good Lord, stop that Roy.” Maybelle turned to her daughter-in-law. “Amanda, control your son he’s ... um ... not behaving.” But her voice carried little conviction.

“I haven’t been able to control him for a good long while.” Amanda reached out and gripped her daughter’s hand and squeezed tight. Was she looking forward to seeing her husband’s mother and sister fall under Roy’s spell? Maybe she was.

There were some cries of disbelief in the kitchen when Roy dropped his pants and his penis swung out stiff and proud. Whatever Maybelle and Peg had thought an invitation from Amanda had meant, this wasn’t it. It would have been just as likely if Roy had turned into a cosmonaut, as it was seeing that horrific, massive penis in the bright, clean kitchen swaying before them.

“I have to ... go.” But Peg didn’t move from her chair. Instead, her dark eyes fixed themselves on her nephew’s gadget like a steel ingot to a magnet. “Bob is expecting dinner and I should really go,” she mumbled. The smell in the kitchen, which Peg suddenly doubted was a new cleaner, opened up every pore of her being. She felt so receptive and passive. She leaned forward across the table to get a better look at the crisscrossing veins standing in stark relief to the smooth skin on Roy’s thing. She would have

never guessed that the snotty little teenager would be so well outfitted. Heck, she wouldn't have guessed that any man would come packaged so, given her experience with her husband.

"So, Nanna, and Peg, what do you think?" Roy wiggled his hips and bounced his dick around. His fat, heavy balls flopped between his legs. A malevolent smile played on his lips as he looked at their shocked, hungry faces.

"I never." Maybelle seemed to gather herself a little. "In all my years, I have never seen such impudence. Put that thing away this instant and – mmmmmpppphhhhh." She was cut off as Roy stepped up to her and forced the knobby head past her lips.

"That ought to stop your yammering." Roy put his hand on the back of her head to keep her from spitting him out. She struggled for a few seconds, still trying to talk around the wide invader. But he could feel her tongue swirling around him soon enough. And after a minute, she experimented with moving her head to lurch maybe an inch of his dick in and out of her wet mouth. "So, Aunt Peg, you didn't say what you thought."

Peg's mouth hung open in shock, about as wide as her mother's. "Am I ... dreaming?"

"No, jeez." Roy shook his head. "Just tell me you like my dick."

"It's terrifying." Peg couldn't bring herself to look away. It seemed that her mother was now trying to bring him pleasure. She watched in horror as Maybelle's hands reached up and tenderly cupped those giant testicles. Even in a dream, Peg should be running. But she sat glued to the chair. She realized her vagina was leaking profusely.

"Nah, you just have to get to know it better." Roy hated to pull out of his nanna's mouth, especially now that she was so eagerly squeezing his balls with a soft, rhythmic motion. But he could tell that Aunt Peg wouldn't wait around forever. He let go of Maybelle's head, pulled out of her mouth, and slapped her cheek playfully with his heavy dick. He then turned to his aunt, stepped over to her chair, and slid his dick right into her mouth. Her mouth was still so wide from shock that he didn't even have to tell her to open up.

"What's ... happening ...?" Maybelle looked over at Amanda and Annie. She could see no surprise on their faces. Just the most odd mixture of revulsion and longing. "I don't ... understand."

"Look." Amanda pointed to Peg.

All eyes turned to the gagging woman struggling at the kitchen table. Peg's eyes bulged and her nostrils flared as she sucked in oxygen through her nose. Her hands flailed in the air like she didn't know where to put them. Roy, grunting, forced more and more of his cock into her mouth. He was now more than halfway.

"Shit ... I'm going to own ... all of Dad's women." Roy held her firmly by her brown hair.

At those words, Maybelle stood and made for the door.

"Mom, Annie, ah ... don't let her leave." Roy wasn't going to give up on Peg so soon, but he couldn't have his nanna running either.

Without a word Amanda and Annie sprung up and intercepted Maybelle before she could get to the door. The old woman didn't struggle much as they held her in place. They turned and looked back at Roy and Peg to find that Roy looked just about ready to burst. His face was red and his brow furrowed. He moved his hips so that most of his long penis slid in and out of poor Aunt Peg's stretched mouth.

"Mine ... mine ... all ... mine." Roy's shoulders gave a violent quake and then he erupted.

"GGggggpppphhhhhh." Peg's eyes bulged even further and rolled back in her head. She kicked her heels at the kitchen floor. All the fight left her completely as she got her first hit of the pure ecstasy that Roy's sperm brought.

"That's ... good ..." Roy pulled out of her and watched the flood cascade past her lips, down her chin, and land on the bosom of her dress. "More." Roy pulled the woman out her seat, roughly turned her around, and bent her over the table. Much to his delight, she reached back of her own accord and lifted her dress up over her pale butt. She then dropped her panties about halfway down her thighs. "She wants it." Roy looked back at the other three women clutching each other near the door. "Aunt Peg wants it, Mom." He smacked her exposed ass and laughed at her squeak of surprise. "Tell me you want it, Aunt Peg."

"I ... I ..." Peg's mind was in a fog. She still hadn't come down from the high of Roy's semen.

"Don't ..." Maybelle could see that her daughter had already given in. How could she? She watched in awe as the young delinquent thrust into Peg from behind and the room was filled with a pitched keening. Peg took his great length inside her. The room resounded with Roy's grunting, the slap of his skin on his aunt's, and Peg's mindless wailing.

"Oh, my ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhh, my." Peg's nails dug into the tabletop. It was clear that she was quite enthusiastic about this new experience.

Happy with her taming, Roy suddenly withdrew from Peg. He left her gasping on the table and sat down in the one of the kitchen chairs, turning it toward the other three women. His cock glistened under the room's electric light. He knew his father would be home soon, but he didn't care. He could see the sweat on the back of Aunt Peg's neck. And Nanna was about to start perspiring big time. Roy had it all under control.

"What are you going to do?" Maybelle sounded faint. Her son would be home soon. Hopefully, very soon to put a stop to all this. Nathaniel would really have to knock some sense into Roy. The young man was completely out of control.

"Hey, Mom?" Roy winked at his mother.

"Yes, Roy." Amanda tried to hide her excited smile. She didn't want to seem like she was enjoying any of this.

"Can you please have Nanna sit down on my lap? It's time."

"Do you want her facing you, or ...?" Amanda raised her eyebrow as if this was a normal question between mother and son, and she was only mildly curious.

“What do you think?” Roy watched Maybelle closely. She wasn’t trying to get away from Amanda and Annie, but she didn’t look thrilled about her prospects either. That would change quickly. He heard Peg moan, still bent over the table and he leaned back and slapped her ass again.

“Don’t make me chose, darling.” Amanda took her mother-in-law by the shoulders and led her to Roy. Along the way, Annie pulled off her grandmother’s dress. Maybelle stood there in her sensible bra and underwear. Everyone could see Maybelle’s breasts overflowing the bra that was clearly too small for her. “This must be uncomfortable.” Amanda unclasped the bra and let it fall. Maybelle offered no resistance. There was a collective gasp shared between Annie, Amanda, and Roy. Maybelle’s breasts hung, but at the same time stood out proudly. She did not look her age at all. Her panties fell to the floor next.

“I made up my mind.” Roy smirked. “I want her facing me. I want to see those tits bounce.”

“You can’t.” Maybelle turned her face toward Amanda, but was met with an indifferent smile.

“I must.” Amanda’s hands ran down Maybelle’s curves and settled on the woman’s hips. She guided her onto Roy’s lap, took his cock in her hand, and slipped it into the matriarch.

“Eeeeeiiiiiii.” Maybelle gave a shrill scream. Whatever she had expected, it hadn’t been that the wide thing would enter so easily. She hadn’t had sex with her husband in years, but somehow, she found her entrance had become quite pliable. “Aaaagggghhhh.” With a grunt, her body took over. Maybelle’s hips shook wildly at first, and then they rocked back and forth. Those great big balls rubbed at her butt. She had seen how much he had stored in there when he’d unloaded in poor Peg’s mouth. Surely, he must have spent all his seed. But those sacks still felt supple and full. Suddenly, Maybelle didn’t want her son to come home at all.

“All right, Nanna.” Roy laughed and grabbed a fistful of heavy boob in each hand. He pulled and pushed on her boobs to encourage her to move with more vigor. She complied. “You want it, too. You all want it.” Roy held his head to the side to see around his grandma. His mother and sister looked on with wide eyes. He looked over to Aunt Peg, who was still clutching the table. Peg had her head turned toward them and her dazed eyes gazed at them. Her lipstick was smeared and drool trickled out of the corner of her mouth onto the tabletop. Roy laughed again.

Outside, Nathaniel pulled into the driveway. He parked next to his sister’s car. How nice, he wasn’t expecting a visit. She probably brought along his mom, too. They lived just on the other side of town, but he saw them so infrequently. He hummed as he walked to the front door. He opened it and heard the most odd sounds, like someone was torturing a ferret. And then, his mind clouded over. “Not again,” Nathaniel murmured.

Inside the kitchen, Roy had coaxed his grandmother into bouncing on his lap. “Check on the ... ugh ... door, Mom. I think Dad’s home and didn’t ... close it.”

Amanda nodded and hurried into the hall. She closed the door and pushed her dazed husband down the hall until they were both in the doorway. “What should I do with your father?” Amanda knew her son very well by now. She didn’t even really need to ask the question. Roy would want him present.

“The old man’s off his rocker again?” Roy looked around the heavy tits flopping in front of his face and saw his stupid dad standing there with a blank look. “Put him in the corner. I want him here when I take all his women.”

“You’re going to put it in ... all of us?” Annie didn’t want to sound too eager, but she’d thought he would be too busy with their aunt and grandma to give her some, too.

“Would you like that?” Roy looked over at her avid, pretty face.

“Yes, Roy.” Annie nodded.

“Where?”

“My butt, please.” Annie said the words without even thinking them.

“What about Bobby ... ah ... Connors?” Roy was just about ready to unload in Maybelle.

“Who?” Annie hadn’t really forgotten about her boyfriend, but she knew what Roy wanted to hear.

“Oh, yeah. It’s all me. Take it ... Nanna.” Roy let go and exploded inside his grandmother’s pussy. He could feel her clutching him, pressing all that boob-flesh into his face, practically smothering him.

Maybelle had been listening to all of it. Her poor son was there, but somehow unable to see them. Roy, it seemed, had worked his way through all of them. She had always known he was a dark seed. But nothing could have prepared her for this. Or, for the pleasure that took hold when his hot stuff hit her in waves deep inside. Sex with Roy had been a revelation, but taking his essence was something she would trade anything for. She now understood the hungry expressions on her daughter-in-law’s and granddaughter’s faces. She screamed out this new feeling and gave herself over to Roy completely.

They went at it all evening. None of the women ate any supper that night, but they did all gorge on Roy’s seed. Eventually, just after eleven, Roy finally ran out of steam. He stumbled to his feet after letting out his final load in Peg, who was still trembling on all fours on the linoleum. “Let’s make this a ... regular thing,” Roy said, as he lurched toward the door. He stopped to pat his deaf and dumb father on the shoulder. “Thanks for letting me have your women, pops.” Roy chuckled to himself and left the others to clean up his mess. As he headed to bed, he wondered how many times he’d cum that day. Was it eight? Nine? Where did it all come from? He didn’t much care. Even as he crashed onto his mattress, he was already looking forward to what the next day would bring.

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The sun blazed into Patrick’s room when he woke with a hand running down his skinny back. He rolled over and looked up. “Mom?” Without his glasses, she was a blur. But he could still make out her high cheekbones and dainty nose, just barely.

“Rise and shine, sleepy head. I thought that I ...” Susy paused. “Well, I was going to make an excuse for taking care of your precious big thing this morning. But, I suppose, I don’t need one. Do I?”

“Mom, you don’t have to. I think I found a way to stop all this. There’s a pump station at the –”

“Shh.” Susy put her finger to his lips. “I don’t need to hear about your games right now. This isn’t a chore like washing your dishes, Pat. I like helping in this way.” She pulled down the blanket, and smiled at the stiff rod that stood so proudly for her. But before reaching for his manhood, she fetched his glasses from the nightstand and lovingly settled them on his face. “There now, I know you wouldn’t want to miss this.” Susy slipped out of her dress. She was naked underneath. Her smile broadened when she took in Patrick’s happy expression.

“You’re so pretty, Mom.” Patrick tried not to stare at the teardrops of her boobs, but he figured she wanted him to see, so it was okay to stare a little. He looked her up and down, enjoying the way the sun played off her olive skin and the dark triangle between her legs.

“Thank you, young man.” She bent over, her boobs hanging straight down under her, and took hold of the warm penis in front of her. It looked pink, hearty, and ready for the day ahead. “What do you want me to do with this?”

“Where’s Dad?”

“He’s golfing.” Susy glanced at his face and read the next question there. “And your sisters are off on a long walk. We have the house to ourselves.”

“I should really get going. I have to save the world today.” Patrick made an attempt to rise but his mother leaned over and met his lips with hers, softly pushing his head back to the pillow with a kiss. Soon enough, they were eagerly kissing while she bounced her pussy on his cock.

“Oh, Pat. Oh ... sugar. You reach so far,” Susy said between kisses. “You’re ... touching my soul ... with the tip ... of your thing.”

“Mom ... mmmppphh.” And the rest was lost to kisses, their tongues intertwining. He knew he’d been right. There really was no time to waste. He needed to save the world. But that could wait an extra hour or two. The thing in the lake wasn’t going anywhere.

A half-hour later, Patrick held his mother’s hips from behind as he plowed her like a dog. He banged into her soft ass with aplomb, watching the ripples spread out from each impact. It was so easy to lose himself in her. So easy to fall into the trap of love and ecstasy and not even care to find his way out. A shriek at the door brought his mind into somewhat clearer focus. He looked to see both his sisters standing there. His hips stopped with his dick all the way inside his mother.

“Mom ... Pat ... What are you doing?” Adeline didn’t know what else to say. The act that her brother and mother were committing was so outside Adeline’s worldview that her brain rebelled when she tried to comprehend it. Of course, she knew they weren’t dancing or playing bingo. But she couldn’t make the act concrete in her mind. When she asked what they were doing, she really wanted to know. Because her eyes couldn’t accept what they were seeing.

“They love each other, Addy,” Sally said tenderly. She smelled that familiar scent and suspected that her repressed sister was feeling the same tingling that she was.

“You shouldn’t ... ah ... see this ...” To Susy’s horror, her son moved again behind her, and she pushed back at him. “Leave ... you two. Right ... now.” Susy’s left eye blinked uncontrollably as Patrick found the perfect spot inside her. Her face screwed up with pleasure.

“It’s time we behaved more like a family.” Sally pushed her sister into Patrick’s room. “No more hiding. No more pretending we can’t hear what’s going on in the next room.” She put her hand on the door.

“Sally?” Adeline and Susy said at the same time. Although Adeline’s was a high squeak, and Susy’s was more a grunt of a question.

“No, Sally. Leave Addy out of this.” Even as he said the words, Patrick’s hips kept a steady rhythm and his fingers tightened on his mother’s hips. “I have to go.”

“That’s not what it looks like to me.” Sally swung the door shut. The sound of it echoed throughout the house. More percussions echoed soon after.

Chapter 17

The scent of something basic and primeval filled Patrick's room. It mingled with what Adeline guessed was the smell of sex. Up until that moment, she'd been a good girl. She'd gone to college to find a husband like most modern women. But she hadn't let any of those handsy university boys get past first base. As she looked at Patrick's massive gadget plumbing the depths of their mother, she thought maybe she shouldn't have been so coy with boys. Did all men have such magnificent looking penises? Patrick's dick was so long, hard, and strong. Adeline's knees trembled as she watched her brother hump their mom. "Can I ...? Can I ...?" Adeline squeaked. She didn't even know what she was asking for. As her nostrils flared, she realized she wanted all of it.

"It's beautiful, isn't it?" Sally watched her small, skinny brother pulverize their well-proportioned mom with his gift from God. She'd heard them go at it so many times, and imagined what it looked like. Her imagination hadn't done the union justice.

"What?" Adeline slowly turned her eyes away from the savage show and looked at her prim and proper sister. For the first time in her life she felt something stir between her legs while gazing at another woman. Maybe it was just that she was carried away from watching the indecency taking place on Patrick's bed. Or maybe, it was something else. Sally was very pretty. With her red hair and freckles, she looked almost exotic compared to the brown hair and olive skin of the rest of the Lannits. Without thinking, Adeline leaned over, her eyelids fluttering. The feeling was similar to her experiences in backseats at drive-ins with boys. But this was her sister. And Adeline didn't have the foggiest notion why she so needed a kiss.

Did her younger sister want to kiss her? Sally sucked in her breath. She looked at the pretty woman leaning toward her, with what was unmistakably a kiss-me-face. Why not? How was it any different than all the kissing her and Patrick had been doing lately? Sally stepped in close and snaked her arms around Adeline's shoulders. Their lips met and electric sparks shot between them. Sally felt her sister's hands on the small of her back. It was pure magic. Their tongues entwined, and soon the muted sounds of their make-out session joined the slapping, grunting sounds of sex that filled the room.

"Mom, look." Patrick watched his sisters as he stretched out his mother from behind. Susy had her face buried in Patrick's pillow. He saw her curly brown hair wiggle as she shook her head. Even after all that happened, Patrick felt awkward taking complete control of Susy. But he really wanted her to see what was happening. "Look at them." He reached for her hair and took a fistful from behind. He lifted her head, tightened his grip, and turned her face toward the young women who were now feeling up each other's boobs from outside their dresses and rubbing up against each other.

"Oh ... no ... oh ... no ..." Susy chanted through clenched teeth. She had been a fool to think the genie could go back in the bottle after what had happened at church. She had given her body to her son to take him away from an older woman. Then, she'd thrown herself into lust to spare her daughter. But all she'd accomplished was her own depravity. She knew Patrick would take whatever he wanted now. He was a good boy. He usually made sound decisions. At least, he did for a boy only eighteen-years-old. But she couldn't rely on him thinking with his upstairs head anymore. No, he was now guided by the head that kept banging at the entrance to her womb. "Stop ... stop ..." Susy croaked at her daughters. But

either they didn't hear her or they didn't care. "Leave ... leave ... leeeeeaaaaaavvvveeeeeeee." Her body seized up as Patrick slammed up against her butt and another orgasm washed over her. She was lost. They were all lost in a sea of animal instincts. She heard Patrick grunt out his own climax and another orgasm hit her right on top of the first. By the time her mind was lucid enough for thought, she was lying by herself on the bed, sperm leaking from her pussy onto the sheets.

"Oh, wow, you two look so good doing that." Patrick said.

"Pat?" Susy lifted her head and gazed at the middle of the room. Patrick stood naked, his long penis extending out in front of him. His sisters kneeled before him. Sally had his right testicle in her mouth, and she slurped on it loudly. Adeline giggled and tentatively stuck out her tongue to lick up the bodily fluids left there by mother and son. Susy was too awash in the after-buzz of sex to reprimand the lot of them. Instead, she rested her head on her arm and watched the Lannit family unravel.

"How does it taste?" Patrick admired the way his sisters worked him. They couldn't be more different. Sally was confident and showed her experience. Adeline looked dreamy and unsure of herself.

Adeline sucked a large dollop of cum into her mouth and her eyes rolled in her head. She leaned back. "So ... ggggooooooooooooodddddddddd." Her whole body quaked for a moment. "Like ... salt ... and heaven." Her eyes blinked several times and she looked up at Patrick. "What happened?"

"You haven't ever had an orgasm before?" The surprise showed on Patrick's face.

Adeline shook her head and focused back on the large, spongy head of her brother's cock with avarice.

"Well, get used to it, I guess." Patrick guided his dick into her mouth and let the sisters work him for a while.

Forty-five minutes later, Sally lay hip to hip with her mother on Patrick's bed, an enraptured expression on her face. She lazily watched her younger sister and brother hump. Her mother lay on her stomach, and Sally lay partially on her back, her boobs hanging toward the edge of the bed.

"Is this ... uh ... uh ... uh ... what sex is ... always like?" Adeline had an expression of deep reverence on her face as she locked eyes with Patrick. They faced each other, standing up. She leaned her shoulders back against the wall and thrust her hips out at him. Her naked tits jiggled on her chest with each impact.

"Until ... ugh ... a little while ago. I didn't know about it either." Patrick had his arms around her hips, gripping her round butt tightly, hunching himself into her repeatedly.

"Should we tell them this isn't what sex is always like?" Sally reached over and ran her finger tips over the beguiling curve of her mom's ass. A brief image of her loving husband flashed in her mind, but then she sent it away.

"I never ..." Susy's gaze fixed on the mating pair. It was true, this was a new kind of sex that Patrick had invented. Nothing like the other men in Susy's life. The power of the moment had broken Susy down to the point that she didn't even protest when Adeline pleaded with Patrick to put it all inside her.

Shortly after, Patrick obliged.

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Listening to David work his way through their houseguests upstairs, Linda stood in the kitchen wringing a dishtowel in her hand. Something was wrong with her son. Her normally eloquent and thoughtful young man couldn't string two sentences together. And all of the gentleness he normally brought to their lovemaking had evaporated.

The last few days he'd been acting so odd. When he'd come home earlier, he'd smelled heavily of sex. But that hadn't prevented him from pushing her down and nailing her with his giant cock to the front hallway floor. And he'd never even bothered to close the front door. It was a wonder the neighbors hadn't spotted them rutting like that. Without arriving at his own orgasm, he suddenly discarded her and raced upstairs. It was all so strange. Even stranger than what Linda had become accustomed to.

One of the women upstairs started to scream. Linda thought it sounded like pleasure. Maybe she should check on them. But she didn't want to confront this strange new version of her son.

A knock on the door brought Linda out of her trance. She put down the dish towel and went to answer the door. It wasn't until her hand was on the knob that she realized she couldn't open the door while the frenzy carried on upstairs.

"Mrs. Riles? You in there? It's Roy." Roy shouted through the door and pounded at it again.

Linda stood nervously behind the door. The smell of sex wafted down from upstairs and her vagina gushed despite the situation. She couldn't help it. She put a hand on her bulging belly and tried to think what to do. She hated that fat teenager, Roy. He'd taken advantage of her. She wasn't about to let him into her house.

"Notice anything different about your son?" Roy's muffled voice reverberated in the front hall. "I know how to get old Davey back to normal."

"Really?" Linda brushed a wayward strand of blond hair out of her face. Her hand turned the knob and the front door swung open. There stood the short, fat, and ugly Roy Ackerman. A sheen of sweat on his forehead shone in the afternoon light. His smile curved upward with what seemed to Linda to be ungodly malice. She didn't bother with pleasantries she might have extended to any other guest. "What about David?"

"Well, hello, Mrs. Riles." Roy stepped in through the doorway, pushing Linda aside. "Very nice to see you, too." He gazed down at the round belly stretching the material of her dress. "Looks like you're preggers, just like my mom." He rubbed his chin as he stared at her bulge. "Come to think of it, your babies might have the same father." He glanced at her questioning blue eyes. "Me. Dummy." Roy sniggered. "Anyway ..." Roy spun her around and had her face a family portrait on the wall. He could tell she was already under his perspiration's thrall. The sound of hot and heavy sex filtered down from the floor above. "... it was probably either me or Davey, right? The old man not giving it to you like he used to?" He ran his hands down over her slowly, lingering on the tantalizing curve at the small of her back. He could feel her trembling.

“My husband is a good man.” Air blowing in from the open door tickled her exposed butt as Roy lifted her dress. She hadn’t put panties back on since David had taken her earlier. She tried to focus, to get what she needed from this horrible boy. “What’s wrong with David?”

Roy laughed. “How should I know? I lied about all that stuff. I just wanted to have another go with you.” Roy’s mean dick flopped out when he lowered his pants. It was ready. He was going to make every woman in Portsmouth bow before his cock. Even his stupid friend’s mom. He rubbed his dark, knobby head at her opening from behind. Of course, she was wet and ready.

“No, you can’t ... aaaaahhhhhhhh.” Despite herself, Linda pushed her hips back against him, urging the invading member inside her. Where was her willpower? She hated the man entering her, but welcomed him all the same. “That should only be for ... Bill ... and David ... oooohhhhhh.” In front of her, the family portrait began to bounce on the wall as she took his thrusts. She stared at the posing family before her. The picture was only from a few years ago, but she barely recognized herself. The happy, naïve smile on her photographed face while she pressed up next to Bill stood in stark contrast to the twisted expression that tortured her face now.

“Damn ... you’re hot for me ... aren’t you?” Roy slapped her ass hard. He looked out the open front door as a car drove by. He didn’t know if anyone had seen them. He didn’t care. He pumped his hips faster. It was clear that no one could resist him. The men would go limp before him, and the women would spread their legs. All hail Roy, King of Portsmouth. “You like that?” He smacked her again and enjoyed her shriek in response.

“No ... only for ... David.” Linda’s fingertips dug into the paint on her wall.

“You know ... you’re telling me ... that you’re saving your pussy ... for your son ... right?” Roy laughed again. “You’re a sick ... bitch ... Mrs. Riles.”

“Oh ... God.” Linda shook uncontrollably. People weren’t supposed to talk to her like that.

“You and ... Mrs. Susy Lannit ... are friends ... right?” Roy watched another car pass down the street. Eventually they’d be discovered. He relished the thought. Everyone should know his power and tremble before him.

“Ohhhhhhhhhh ... nnnooooooooooooo ...” At the mention of her self-possessed friend, Linda orgasmed on that unforgiving cock. Would this fat teenager destroy Susy’s vagina, too? She thought it likely. The whole world had turned upside down, and it seemed only the basest instincts controlled their lives.

“Tell me ... the baby ... is mine.” Roy didn’t slow down as the housewife suffered through her obvious climax. He was intent now on only two things; her complete fall, and his own pleasure.

“It’s not.” Linda hissed through clenched teeth. No matter how much she hated the teenager behind her, she couldn’t stop pushing back at him. He had her gripped by the hips. But really, he had her soul in a vice, squeezing her frenzied pleasure centers. “It’s ... ugh ... David’s.”

“Doubtful.” Roy humped her for a while, listening to the screaming going on upstairs. That dimwit was really giving it to somebody.

“Linda?” A woman’s voice came in through the open door. “Oh ... good ... gracious ... no.”

It wasn't easy to feel anything but ecstasy at the moment, but a dull sense of horror did make some headway in Linda's brain. She had forgotten about the open door, but now that she turned her head and looked out, she could see her neighbor, Mrs. Gilbert standing on the sidewalk, looking right at her humiliation with wide eyes and a gaping mouth. "Don't ... look ... ugh ... Liz," Linda pleaded. But even now, she couldn't pull away from the hideous deed she performed in the hallway. Even as reality pushed its ugly nose into what should have been a private disgrace.

Lizzie Gilbert turned and ran down the street, her heels clicking off into the distance.

"What ... have you done?" Linda, totally defeated, turned and looked at her poor family, immortalized in innocence by the picture on the wall. "The whole town ... will know."

"You're nothing ... but a common harlot now." Roy was ready to mark her insides with his stuff again. He couldn't knock her up anymore, but he wanted her to know she was his territory. "Everyone will know ... you're mine."

"Noooooooo." But even as she said it, her body told her it was true. Whatever Roy had done to David, had left Linda vulnerable. And Roy had used the opportunity to take a vile foray into her most private places. "Just do it. Just ... put it all inside ... me." Linda cried out for the whole neighborhood to hear. That molten elixir bathed her insides in pure pleasure. When she came to a few minutes later, she was on the floor. She watched Roy's white butt ascend her stairs to wreak more havoc upstairs. With a trembling hand, she finally closed the front door. She then stood and slowly followed Roy to the second floor.

~~

Everything was in order for a visit to her boyfriend. Donna checked her reflection in the sidelight by Patrick's front door. Her lipstick was perfect, and her hair neatly tucked back in a ponytail. She adjusted her glasses and smoothed out her swing dress, tugging it into place a little where it resisted her new, bulging body. She looked smart. A woman ready to collect her partner and take the fight to whatever hid in the lake. Her knock went unanswered. Donna knocked again, but nothing.

It had been a rocky start to her relationship with Susy Lannit, but things seemed well in hand now. When you share sex and secrets, that can change even the bitterest rivals into bosom buddies. She didn't think Susy would mind if she let herself in. Donna tried the door. It was unlocked. She quietly let herself in and closed the door behind her. Inside, all she heard was the faint ticking of a mantle clock.

Exploring the first floor, Donna found nothing stirring. She supposed Patrick's father would disapprove of the mess around the house when he returned home from work. She hadn't known the Lannit house to be in such a state of disorder in the past. "Hello?" No one responded. Something tingled down her spine. Had something happened here? Donna stopped, bent down, and carefully removed her heels. Best to tread lightly into the unknown.

With apprehension growing, Donna made her way to the second floor. She found the master bedroom well-made. She checked in on Sally's bedroom, and it was neat as well. Adeline's bedroom had a

suitcase on the bed. Finally, with bated breath, Donna opened the door to Patrick's bedroom. She let out a sigh of shock and relief. There on the bed, piled together in their nakedness, were Patrick, Susy, Adeline, and Sally. They napped heavily, clearly exhausted from their afternoon's activities. Donna tilted her head and nibbled on her bottom lip. Of course, Susy and Sally were not news to Donna. But Adeline was. And having all the Lannits together at once was certainly a surprise. She doubted very much that Patrick had planned this. It wasn't his style. And besides, he would have told her in advance. She didn't think he kept any secrets from his girlfriend.

"Ahem," Donna cleared her throat, standing in the center of the room. The scent of something ancient and implacable filled her nostrils. She knew it was the leftover aroma of sweat and cum on their bodies. A tingling sensation spread between her legs. That wouldn't do. "Ahem, ahem." Donna tried to gently rouse the sleeping trio with her soft coughs as she moved across the room and opened Patrick's window. Fresh air rushed into the room and out the open door. Donna breathed deeply. Her mind cleared. That was better.

"Donna?" Patrick lifted his head off Adeline's boob and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "It just happened. I didn't mean to."

"Oh, heavens." Susy's eyes opened and she shot out of bed, her naked body bouncing every which way. "What have we done?" Susy threw a blanket over herself. "Girls. Wake up." Her daughters were grown women, but she dragged them out of bed like oversleeping teenagers. "You need to get showered and dressed. It's late. Oh my." She hustled them to the door, trying not to look at all their jiggling lady-parts. "Your father will be home soon."

"Hello, Mrs. Farmer." Sally caught Donna's eye, and then smiled over at Patrick like a cat that had caught the canary. "Goodbye, Mrs. Farmer," she said as her mother pushed her out the door.

Adeline kept her eyes to the floor and didn't say a word as she disappeared into the hall.

Donna and Patrick were now alone. She looked down at his long, soft cock as it rested on his thigh. It was clear that the thing retained great power, even in repose.

"So ... um ... I was with my mom." Patrick searched Donna's emerald eyes to see if there was any anger there. He wasn't sure if he should have had sex with his whole family or not. "You know, I was doing it with my mom. And Sally came in with Adeline. And —"

"Shh." Donna sat at the edge of the bed and tried to straighten Patrick's wild hair. "It's not you, it's the thing in the lake. Remember? And even so, I ..." A slow smile spread on her pretty, freckled face. "I think you deserve to be happy. And so do the women in your life. Right?"

"Right." Patrick nodded.

"Anyway, it's time to rid ourselves of the horror in the lake. You still up for our plan?" Donna kissed his cheek. "My brave boyfriend."

"Yeah." Patrick nodded with more vigor. "Let's go see if David will help us. Then ... send that thing back where it came from."

"Well, I don't know about sending it to space. I'll settle for killing it." Donna stood and dragged Patrick from his bed. "Come on and get dressed. We've got work to do."

~~

Whistling as he walked away from the Riles' house, Roy adjusted his dick from one trouser leg to the other. He hadn't decided if it was better or worse to go without briefs. On the one hand, his package wasn't crushed in confinement. On the other, it tended to bounce about and move to uncomfortable positions. It was probably worse without, but he was still experimenting.

A car approached. Roy spotted Patrick in the passenger seat with that stupid investigator woman driving. Roy jumped into some bushes before they spotted him and watched them pull up to David's house. He chuckled. This should be interesting. The new Cro-Magnon David wasn't going to be so helpful or friendly to Patrick and his stupid games.

Roy watched them exit the car and walk up to the house. He focused mostly on the broad. She seemed to be busting out of a dress that barely contained her. Had Patrick, the sly dog, knocked her up? Roy could see the faint swell of her belly. Well, if so, too bad Roy wouldn't get the chance. But as Roy watched her, he thought maybe he ought to move her up on the list of conquests. She was pretty, and regal, and he wanted nothing more than to turn her into an animal and take her away from the bespectacled dummy next to her.

The door opened, but Roy couldn't see into the house from his angle. So, he continued to focus on the investigator's ass. After a while, the pair of them talked animatedly with someone inside. Then, hanging their heads, they walked back to the car and drove away.

When they were long gone, Roy marched back to David's house. He opened the door and let himself right in.

"What are you doing here?" Linda trembled with nervous energy at the sight of that horrible boy. She stood in the kitchen, preparing dinner. David sat at the kitchen table, with a big glass of milk before him.

"What did they want, Davey?" Roy pulled up a chair and sat down, ignoring Linda.

"David Riles!" David said with enthusiasm.

"Patrick. What did Patrick want to talk to you about?" Roy said very slowly.

"Lake!" David picked up his glass and drank his milk, spilling much of it down his chin and onto his shirt.

"Ugh. You're impossible." Roy turned and looked at Linda. "What did they want, Mrs. Riles?"

"They were talking crazy." Linda turned her spatula in a mixing bowl. Some flour spilled out and covered her apron in fine dust. She didn't look over at Roy.

"Spit it out." Roy's voice rose, and his patience faded.

Linda told him what they'd said in a hushed voice.

“They think they can turn everything back to normal? But electrifying the lake?” Roy thought things over. Linda started to say something, but he shushed her. “We’re going to borrow your car, Mrs. Riles. Come on Davey-boy, let’s go.”

“You’re going to help them? Will this make David better again?” Linda rushed to get her car keys. It was all so ludicrous, but everything was insane now.

“We’ll see, Mrs. Riles.” Roy took the keys from her and pushed his imbecile of a friend toward the door. “We’ll see.”

~~

The numbers looked good. Axcix glanced over the latest data. Offspring were gestating rapidly, showing the expected range of dimorphic variances. She gurgled to herself in her underwater home. The Creators would be very pleased with her when they received her reports some several centuries from now.

She didn’t pay the slightest attention to the activity spikes springing up all around Portsmouth. Why should she bother? She had her sentinels in the water, and others out roaming the land. They would take care of any behavior from the dominant species antithetical to her goals.

~~

The entire Lannit family, minus Fred who was still at work, followed Donna out to her car.

“Is this dangerous, Pat?” Susy squeezed her son’s hand. She had just agreed to help him remove some sort of animal from Lake Ipuza Ikpi. His friends, apparently, did not want to help.

“I told you, Mom, it’s super dangerous. But it isn’t a two-person job.” He looked over and caught the look of anxiety in his mother’s eyes. “But don’t worry, Donna’s been through way worse. She’ll know what to do.”

The group clambered into the car. Donna, still barefoot, got behind the wheel. This was no occasion for heels. Patrick sat in the passenger seat. The three Lannit women piled onto the back seat.

“Is it true you’ve seen strange things ... before?” Susy put her hand on Donna’s shoulder as the automobile purred to life.

“I have.” Donna reached up and patted Susy’s hand. They had really left their rivalry behind. “There was a vampire once that preyed on young housewives. Mark and I had a close shave there. We didn’t kill the wretch, but we did send him on his way much worse for wear. And then there was the shapeshifter who —” Donna stopped abruptly as a car skidded to a halt perpendicular to them just inches from her front bumper.

Patrick leaned his head out the window. "Roy, what the hell?" Somehow, Roy and David had stolen Linda's car for a joyride. "Get out of the way, you idiot."

Roy slowly rolled down the window. Everyone waited.

"I'm the idiot?" Roy narrowed his eyes at his erstwhile friend. He looked over the contents of the other car. Stupid Patrick was taking his whole family with him on his mission. His eyebrow twitched as he thought over whether Patrick might actually succeed. "You want to end this? The best thing that happened to any man ever, and you want to throw it all away? Let's go into your house and talk." Roy began bouncing in his seat and moving his arms around inside the car, trying to break a sweat.

"David told you?" Bemused, Patrick looked over at his tall friend who had the most moronic smile on his face. "About the Lake?" He looked over at Donna and whispered to her, "Go around them. They're both crazy."

"Maybe I should talk to him. Roy always liked me." Sally leaned her head into the front seat with a hopeful look.

Patrick shuddered. It was true, Roy had had a crush on Sally for a long time. Patrick was revolted thinking about what present day Roy would do to her if he ever got her cornered. "No thanks, Sally. We'll need your help at the lake."

"Okay." Sally reclined back and leaned against her sister. She was still buzzed from what they'd done earlier in the day. All the apocalyptic revelations and angry, fat teenagers couldn't kill her buzz.

"Hold on everyone." Donna put the car in reverse and the wheels screeched on the pavement as their car lurched backward. The gears groaned a protest as she quickly switched to first and darted her car around Roy's auto. She could clearly hear shrieking rubber as Roy gave chase. She checked the mirror. Sure enough, the boys weren't far behind. "I mean it now, everyone hold on to something." Donna accelerated, and took a sharp turn.

Patrick grabbed the door. The women in back held each other. Sally somehow wound up with a handful of boob on either side, but since her mother and sister didn't complain, she kept her hands where they were.

Several blocks down the street, a patrol of three army jeeps slowly cruised down main street. Lieutenant Abby Kerns was behind the wheel of the last vehicle. There had been a number of disappearances from their rank lately, so they were to travel only in large groups going forward. Two to each jeep in this case. The imposter Kerns moved liquidly under its pressed khaki uniform as it wondered how to bring about more disappearances. Two cars zipped by in the opposite direction, clearly one giving chase to the other.

"Lieutenant ... erns." Captain Millbank's voice came over the static that plagued their radios in that little town. The fake Abby could see the captain's lead vehicle swing around to give chase. "... ollow ... and bring ... for questioning."

"Perfect." Abby purred. It swung its jeep around to follow the other two and floored the accelerator.

"What?" Lieutenant Ellen Mosley's face went white and she clutched at a handhold above her head.

“That’s my girls.” Patrick turned back to Donna and adjusted his glasses. “So, Roy’s not that far back and the jeep is right behind him.” He gazed at her calm resolve and was reminded what a force this woman was. It was awe inspiring that she’d chosen him. “What’s the plan now?”

“Well, I was hoping your mother and sisters might be available to help us cut the line and get it in the water.” Donna turned things over in her mind. “But that’s not going to work. If I can get us enough distance from our pursuers, maybe we could use a bit of misdirection. You and me stay, and your family draws the others away. What do you think?” She chanced a quick look at Patrick, and was relieved to see that he seemed to be taking this all well. And he wasn’t breaking out in a cold sweat. The last thing she needed right now was for lust to melt her otherwise sharp mind.

“Sure. Whatever you say.” Patrick nodded and leaned into the door as they took a sharp curve. He could just see the blue-green of the lake through the trees to their left now. They were getting close.

“Hold on.” Dona turned next to the familiar parking lot and careened down the rough, dirt road that ran around the lake. She nearly banged her head on the ceiling when they hit their first big bump. She looked in the mirror to see both cars follow. She had to put some distance between them.

~~

Axcix suddenly turned from her meditation on the data inflow. Her proximity sensors flashed at her. She hadn’t bothered with much in the way of defensive mechanisms. The local population was too crude to offer any kind of threat. Her sentinels were enough. But something was happening out there. And what little defenses she had would soon be put to the test.

Much to her surprise, Axcix realized that the creature Smith was among those moving rapidly around her body of water. What was it up to? What were those members of the dominant species up to? With curiosity, she launched a drone to get a better view. If nothing else, this moment should render some remarkable data.

Chapter 18

“Heels off, everyone.” Donna spun the wheel, and her car fishtailed around a curve in the rough road.

Weightless for a split second as the car hit a bump and bounced sideways, the three Lannits in back jostled together. When they returned to solid ground, the spinning tires caught. The ride turned back into something less than a trip aboard Sputnik, and the women reached down and removed their shoes.

“Done.” Susy said.

“Anyone back there a strong runner?” Donna glanced in her rearview, Roy was having a hard time with the poor road and the distance between them grew. The jeep seemed to be right on his tail.

“I ran track in high school.” Sally looked down at her bust straining the fabric of her dress. Her boobs jiggled every time they hid a pothole. “Well, I was. My body has developed since.”

“Adeline?” Donna eyed the great big box of a building housing the pumping station behind the trees. It grew steadily as they drew nearer.

“No,” Adeline squeaked. She had never had a body for running.

“Okay, here’s what’s going to happen.” Donna wiped her forehead and quickly returned her hand to the wheel. Uh oh, her fingers were moist. She tried to think cool thoughts. She couldn’t have Patrick lose his focus now. “I’m going to pull up in front of that building. Patrick and I are going to get out, grab some tools from the trunk, and make a run for it. Hopefully, before the people behind us can see what’s happening, we’ll be out of sight.” She checked the mirror again. The other cars had disappeared behind a curve. That was a good thing. They needed distance. “Then, Susy, you’ll take the wheel and the three of you will turn around and drive right past our pursuers.”

“Right past them?” Susy didn’t sound sure.

“You’ll be fine. Just use whatever space is available in the parking lot to go wide. You’ll be by them before they know it.” Donna set her narrow chin in determination. Of course, she had no idea if any of the plan would work. But best to keep that to herself. “Then, you’ll drive back to town. Hopefully, Roy and the jeep will follow. When you’re in town, try to let Sally out so she can run to the hotel for help. My husband Mark will be there, and so will the military.” She gave them the room numbers.

“What about the police?” Adeline trembled listening to the plan.

“Forget the police.” Donna could just make out the open space of a parking lot as they neared the pump.

“And while Sally’s getting help?” Susy wondered at how odd it was that she was taking orders from this woman now. She had to admit, Patrick had found himself a smart girlfriend.

“You and Adeline drive away from town. Try and get the other cars to follow you.” Donna swerved the car into the small dirt parking lot. Her hand moved to the parking brake. “Okay, everyone, hold on. Here we go.”

~~

“Yeehaw!” Roy bounced the car over another depression in the road. The whole thing shook around him. Months ago, he would have been sure his mother would kill him for the way he was treating her car. Now? What was she going to do about it? “You having fun, Davey?”

“David Riles!” David stared out the windshield with that goofy grin on this face.

“Yeah, buddy, I can’t see them either.” Roy squinted ahead. He’d been having so much fun backroad driving, he hadn’t really noticed how far behind they’d fallen. He floored the pedal, but it just caused some spinouts. Well, it’s not like his mom’s car had any muscle. He looked behind and saw the women trailing them in their jeep not five feet back. “What do you think the broads behind us want?”

David looked over his shoulder through the rear window. “Danger.” He stared with some intensity at the blonde driving the jeep.

“You scared, Davey?” Roy chuckled. “They’re women. We can handle them.” Roy could smell his body odor in the car. “I’ve got my trusty magic sweat going full throttle. I ...” They rounded a bend in the road and Roy gripped the wheel tighter. They had entered a small parking lot next to that large, cube of a building. To his left, Patrick’s girlfriend’s car sped in the other direction, trying to sneak past them. “Son of a bitch.” Roy stared, but couldn’t see Patrick inside with the glare of the car’s windows.

The jeep behind them swerved to its left. Roy stuck his head out of the window and watched as Patrick’s car and the jeep raced toward one another. There was a sickening crunch of steel and glass.

“Patrick!” David suddenly found himself sitting in a strange car in the middle of the woods, watching a jeep and another car perform an awkward collision two-step. He had a feeling that something had gone terribly wrong, but couldn’t quite place what it was. And then a thick fog of confusion swept over his mind.

“Well, shit.” Roy stopped the car and got out, some twenty feet from the crash site. Steam wove into the air from the crumpled hood of the jeep. The damage on Patrick’s car was mainly to the front driver’s side. A brown-haired woman jumped out of the passenger side of the jeep and ran headlong toward the lake. She moved oddly, like her legs would turn to Jell-O if she didn’t reach the water in time. She was completely silent. “Patrick? You okay?” Roy took a few cautious steps toward the wreck, leaving David in the idling car behind him.

“We’re all pretty far from okay.” The creature Smith, still posing as Abby, stepped out of the jeep. Its right arm seemed to wiggle and retract as it stood upright, army issue heels digging into the dirt of the parking lot. “Why are you here? You all looking to visit Mother?” Abby turned her cold eyes on Roy.

Suddenly, Roy wasn’t so sure his sweat would conquer this woman. She seemed ... very strange. “My friend is in that car.” Roy took a step back.

“Your friend?” Abby’s voice carried a faint mocking sneer. “Well, let’s fetch him. I’ll send you all to mother, and let her sort this out.” Abby walked with great deliberation toward the crashed car in front of her.

“All?” Roy didn’t like the sound of that. He took another step back toward his mom’s car.

~~

“Mom? Mom, wake up.” Adeline shook her mother, who groaned. The front windshield was cracked, and the driver’s side window lay in small pieces all over Susy’s lap. “Mom!” Adeline looked out the cracked windshield at a blond woman in a khaki uniform walking toward them. The woman should have been pretty, but something in the set of her face was wrong. And the way she walked, with her pelvis forward, seemed quite out of place. Adeline didn’t want to be in that spot when the woman arrived.

“Addy?” Susy hurt all over. She blinked her eyes, but couldn’t quite focus. She felt her daughter’s hands on her, tugging at her breasts and shoulders. “Not ... you too.” Susy thought Adeline was trying to take advantage of her mother, but then realized she was being moved out of the driver’s seat. “Let me just rest, for a second.”

“No time, Mom.” Adeline struggled pulling her mother out of the way. She seemed to be even thicker than Adeline remembered. Once she’d dragged Susy far enough, Adeline climbed over her. Crossing Susy’s breasts was like traversing a mountain range. Her mother moaned beneath her, but Abigail focused on getting behind the wheel as quickly as possible. The blond woman was only fifteen feet away now. She turned the key and the engine rolled over, but didn’t roar to life. The woman drew closer. “Come on, come on.” Getting killed by a crazed military woman seemed a fitting end to this trip home. She wished she was still safely back in her dorm at school. She turned the key in the ignition and the car didn’t start again. “Please.” She turned the key one more time.

~~

The engine turned over in the wrecked car, but didn’t start. “Maybe we better get going.” Roy sank his bulk back into the driver’s seat and watched the woman approach Patrick’s car. Whatever she had planned, it wasn’t good. His mouth dropped when the woman got within five feet of the car and her right arm inexplicably lengthened like melting taffy. The woman’s hand now dragged in the dirt. But, now that Roy looked, he couldn’t really call it a hand anymore. His stupid friend sat silently in the passenger seat as Roy watched in horror. The wrecked car’s engine finally ignited, its wheels kicked up dust and rocks, and it spun a little half circle away from the pursuing blond woman.

“Not Patrick.” David offered the most obvious truth. He could see into the car and there were three Lannits, but Patrick not among them. Adeline drove, with her eyes wide, and her lips compressed together. Susy leaned against the passenger window. And Sally slumped sideways as the car’s momentum threw her unconscious body across the backseat.

“No ... I don’t see him either.” Roy craned his neck to look back at the building. He just caught a glimpse of a blue dress disappearing through the steel door. He looked back in front and saw the damaged car tear out of the parking lot. The blond woman gave chase, but slowed to a standstill in a cloud of dust as the car darted back the way it’d come. “It’s not like he’d come all the way out here to end the sweat thing ...” Roy turned it over in his head, deciding whether to follow the car. “... and then just go back home.”

Abby turned toward the young men still in the parking lot. It pulled its khaki jacket partway off, but couldn’t get it past the elongated right arm that dragged in the dirt again. So, it tore the jacket off. The thick fabric ripped like it was nothing. It then shredded its shirt, bra, and skirt. It walked toward the boys in only its tights, hoping the body it had stolen would be enough to distract them.

“Holy shit. I have the strangest boner.” Roy stared out the windshield. The woman was incredibly pale and vulnerable looking, with small breasts that rested high on her chest. But her movements were off. It was like looking at an elaborate windup doll set loose upon them. And that arm seemed to have nearly liquified. Roy shivered.

“Go.” David hit the dashboard, and the thump resounded around the car. “Go, go, go.” He hit it harder, and the molding cracked.

“Yeah, let’s take door number two.” Roy put the car in first and jammed the pedal. He aimed right at the abomination. They closed the distance fast and the woman hit the hood, rolled up, cracked the windshield, and then tumbled over and off the backside of the car. Roy turned the car toward the building and drove as fast as he could. He had to tilt his head to look around a green smudge on the windshield. The woman lay motionless in the parking lot behind them. A smile crept over his face when he realized he’d finished her off. “Let’s stop Patrick.” Roy pulled up next to the large steel door. He could see its lock had been forced, and it stood ajar a few inches. He got out of the car.

“Patrick,” David agreed and got out of the car too.

The water’s edge ran right up to the side of the building, just beyond the parking lot. Roy looked out over the lake and saw what looked like large bubbles rise to the surface. The iridescent balls seemed to grow larger as they headed their way. Roy didn’t like the look of them. “Let’s get inside.” Whatever they were, he hoped they’d be gone when he returned to his car.

Together, the friends entered the pumping station.

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Sweat trickled down Donna’s neck as they moved past a labyrinth of pipes. The whole place hummed with the raw power of a beating heart. She looked over at her boyfriend, who was carrying the duffle and saw the sweat on his forehead. But she didn’t need to see it. Not really. It was already having its effect on her. Their mission shrunk in her mind, pushed by visions of Patrick’s hard, lithe teenage body.

~~

Quite curious that the members of the dominant species were piling into the pumping station. Axcix knew the building well. She had relied on it to reliably distribute her changes to the population. She had even augmented here and there where needed. Confident but cautious was her mood. She ordered her sentinels to take up positions in the water around the area.

Oh, and her faithful Smith was on its way to explore the inner workings of the place. That was ... acceptable. It knew to be careful in that place. All of Axcix's focus fell to the building. All her other concurrent projects forgotten for the moment. What would these wayward humans do? Everything about the day's events was quite stimulating.

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"Help me lock the door." Roy didn't want that creepy naked lady following them into the building. He huffed and puffed, his great belly heaving as he scanned the steel door. The lock was busted on the inside, too. "Shit."

"Shit," David echoed.

"Don't just stand there like an idiot, look for something to bar the door with." Roy rushed to the side, looking between two tall metal boxes. He looked back at his friend who stood there like an idiot still. Then, Roy had an idea. The boxes weren't bolted to the floor.

The door rattled to Roy's right as if someone was testing it. Roy's pulse quickened. He reached up and pulled at the box. It was really heavy. "Help ... me ..." He couldn't budge the thing. The door shook again.

"Yes." David walked over, put his hands on the edge of the box, and with a great effort pulled it down on the floor right in front of the door. The boom of the falling thing joined the constant thrum inside the place. The door banged against the box, but couldn't move more than an inch now.

"Good." Roy sighed. They'd have to figure out a way to get out of the place later. After he'd stopped Patrick and stolen his girlfriend. Cautiously, they wove through the maze of pipes, looking around every turn to see what had become of Patrick. "They're probably setting up traps or something. I saw this sort of thing on Buck Rodgers once. Keep a sharp eye out, Tonto."

"Kemosabe." David followed his friend into the hot, steaming room.

~~

She couldn't help herself. She knew it was crazy. Who knew what was after them? And they only had a little time to kill the thing in the lake. But still. Donna stuck her tongue into Patrick's mouth while she

tore at his trousers. She pulled him a little farther into a corner, hiding them down a dead-end alley behind a large, rotating piston. There it was, her hand grasped his raging member, and she shuddered with anticipation.

Patrick pushed at her heavy breasts, breaking their kiss. "Wait ... it's the sweat." He watched her sink to her knees. "We have to ... aaaaahhhhhh ... Donna ... I can't think ... straight." He wove his fingers through her red hair and leaned his head back against a cold masonry wall as she greedily sucked on his cock.

"Mmppppphhhhhhh." Why couldn't she just wait until after they'd saved the world? Donna's loss of control had never been more evident. And she'd never cared less. She worked her neck muscles hard as she bobbed on him, turned her face with every thrust. A cloud of pleasure surged through her as she thought about how vital this young man was. And how she was about to drain him. Empty that vitality right down her throat. No, that was wrong. She needed it in her womb.

"Donna?" Patrick watched her rise with hunger in her eyes. Her soft, freckled face looked anything but innocent at the moment. He let her seize his dick with her left hand and lead him farther into the shadows. "We ... have to ..."

"It's okay ... as long as you're quick." Donna turned to the wall, lifted her dress, and pulled her panties to the side. She stuck her ass back at him in the most undignified way. "Put it in ... please." Her lip trembled as she stared at the gray wall. Then lightning shot through her. He was inside and all was right with the world. His hands took up their familiar positions on her hips and she let him take charge. She so very much liked when the teenager did with her as he pleased.

The slaps of their bodies together joined the rhythmic sounds of the machinery all around them. Both were now completely lost. Lost in the labyrinth of the place, and in their own impulses.

"You feel ... extra ... tight." Patrick wondered if their mission had somehow primed her pussy for him. Or could it be the excitement of the moment.

"Oooohhhhhh ... gosh, Pat. I miss it ... so much ... when it's not ... in meeeeeeeeeeeeeee." Her face went slack, and her fingers pressed harder into the wall. They were in such peril, but all that mattered was the purity of the orgasm that ran the course of her brain.

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A faint sound played at the periphery of Roy's perception. It danced around the rush of water through pipes and the thump of the giant pump. It had a slightly different rhythm than the louder machinery, and seemed to be accompanied by a high-pitched wail, like steam escaping from a valve. "Do you hear that?" Roy wondered if that disfigured woman had somehow gotten in the front door. Was she somehow making the discordant sounds? He didn't think that possible, but he shuddered all the same.

"Danger," David said as he ducked under a pipe. "Danger, Roy Ackerman."

“Very funny, meathead.” Roy turned his ear toward those strange sounds. “Shh.” Roy stopped and held up his hand. “I think It’s coming from over there.” Roy turned to his right and crept down a narrow service alley.

“Shh,” David echoed.

The eighteen-year-old teenagers moved to a junction, turned left, and ground to a halt. They both stared at the unexpected sight that greeted them.

“Damn, Pat. I didn’t think you had it in you. You’re really giving it to that poindexter broad.” Roy admired the way her ample body shook as she adsorbed Patrick’s thrusts from behind, her hands and forehead pressed against the wall. Patrick seemed better at screwing than Roy would have thought. He just hoped Pat hadn’t let it out yet. Roy didn’t want her too sloppy on his turn.

“Stop ... Pat ... stop ...” Donna couldn’t see well past her fogged glasses. She turned her head and there were two shapes standing about fifteen feet away. One was tall and slouching, the other fat and erect with purpose. It was excruciating willing her ass not to push back at her boyfriend’s massive pole. But this was too much, they were in danger. She told her body to stop. But, to her surprise, her brain ignored her. She kept meeting each thrust.

“Roy?” Patrick looked on in a daze. He had forgotten what they were doing at the pumping station. His purpose started to come back. Still slamming into Donna’s pussy with heavy strokes, he lifted his right hand off her hip and wiped the condensing steam from his glasses. “Dave?” It was seeing his gentle, tall friend with a leering grin that broke the spell. Everything was wrong. So wrong. And he needed to put it all back right again. Patrick pulled out of Donna, his balls pulsing in frustration. He pulled up his pants, tucking his dick under his belt to keep it secure and out of the way. He breathed hard, sucking in the muggy air. He had to think. He had to think. How were they going to complete their mission?

“So, you came here to ruin this for everyone, but wanted one last screw before you broke the new Portsmouth?” Roy took a step toward them. He watched as Donna frantically pulled down her skirt and tried to pretend they hadn’t been caught like newlyweds on their honeymoon. “I’m going to fuck the fight right out of you, investigator lady. And then I’m going to give you to my ape of a friend to play with. I’ve seen him break women. And I’m going to make your loverboy watch. How does that sound?”

“I ... I ...” Donna’s blood ran cold, but she could feel her vagina opening at the thought of being taken by these savage youths. The sweat was both beguiling and terrible. She had to get Patrick away from there. She looked around wildly. Stupidly, they had hidden themselves in a dead end. The only way out was past Roy and David.

“Dave ... Dave ... you don’t want ... to do this,” Patrick panted.

“David Riles.” David stepped closer to Roy, as if to show his allegiance.

“Donna, what do we do?” Patrick reached for her left hand and held it in his right as they watched the boys advance on them.

“I don’t know, Pat.” Donna could now smell the odor drifting off the perspiring predators as they closed in. Her will to resist, frail as it was, was fading.

“We’re friends, Dave. Remember? Roy?” Patrick squeezed Donna’s hand tighter. There was a whir of movement just past the pitching pistons. The doppelganger lady Patrick had seen at the hotel rushed into Roy and David’s backs. She moved with quickness and frightening liquidity. She was pale and naked, her small breasts lurched to the side as she closed in. Her beauty was undeniable, but it was all ... wrong. Her arms trailed behind her, much too long and languid to be human.

“What the —” Roy felt something slither around his waist and lift him off his feet. A split second later, his body crashed into the masonry wall. A dull red throb fell over his vision. He was spun in the air and saw to his horror that the blond woman had somehow followed them in. And she now had both David and Roy dangling from snakelike, rubbery arms.

“Do not disturb Mother.” The Creature Smith, still wearing its Abby veil swung the intruders against the wall again. Its legs elongated, and moved along the floor.

“Let’s go, now.” Donna pulled Patrick. She could see that it meant to seize them with whatever its legs were becoming.

“Right.” Patrick bent down and hefted Donna’s duffle. He reached inside as he followed Donna around the melee. He couldn’t leave David to fight that thing with nothing, even if his friend’s brain had gone wonky. He pulled out Donna’s pocketknife. “Here, Dave, take it.” He tossed the folded blade up into the air toward David and watched his friend pick it out of the air like a forward pass.

“David Riles.” There was fear in those three syllables.

Patrick spared one glance back as he and Donna turned the corner of that narrow service alley. It looked for all the world like his friends were fighting a hydra. He desperately wanted to help, but knew that protecting Donna and ending the thing in the lake had to take priority. Not twenty seconds later, the sounds of the struggle behind them were subsumed by the noises of the machines. They found themselves in a wider area, with a great metal pipe running parallel to their path. Patrick pulled Donna to a halt. “We need to stop.”

“No, we need to go.” Donna’s voice cracked with the horror and urgency of the moment. She pulled, but couldn’t budge her skinny boyfriend.

“If we go, we’re just going to end up doing it again. I’m drenched in sweat and so are you.” Patrick let go of her hand and dropped the duffle. He rummaged through it until he found the small hatchet they’d used to force the lock on the door. He reached out and touched the pipe. He could feel the rushing water inside. It was cool under his fingers. Good. He raised the hatchet and brought it down on the pipe with a terrible clang. The metal dented under the blade.

“What are you doing?” Donna wondered if the day’s events had turned him insane.

“Sweat ... Donna ... sweat ... is ... the ... enemy.” Each word was punctuated with a clang of hatchet on pipe. Finally, the metal gave way and a spray of cool water shot into the air above them.

“Oh.” Donna could feel the flames rising between her legs as she breathed in his scent, and she understood him. They’d never make it all the way to their goal all hot and sticky. She watched him wield the hatchet and open the pipe wider still. Now a great gush of water shot out at them. They both stepped into the high-pressure cascade and let the chill of it wash over them.

When he was thoroughly soaked, Patrick put the hatchet back in the bag and slung the duffel over his shoulder. He followed Donna away from their makeshift waterfall. He could see the outlines of her feminine form clearly through her saturated dress. While he admired her curves greatly, to his relief, he found he could now compartmentalize his carnal urges. "So, now we find the electrical."

"Right." Donna nodded. "I think it might come in over there." She looked over her shoulder. They had turned themselves around in that maze of a building, but she thought they were headed away from the blond horrors that had befallen Patrick's friends. She didn't think the creature would kill them. Probably just assert its control through some sort of mind alteration. With any luck, all that would be reversed once they killed the beast's mother in the lake. "Come on." She trotted along, her bare feet squelching on the metal floor below. Sure enough, the power lines were just ahead.

~~

Colonel Rex Hastings looked over his sorry all-woman force. This was no way to greet the Russians. The man that had previously held his job had agreed, and had been redeployed after making his feelings known to the brass hats in Washington. Rex wasn't going to make that mistake. But it didn't mean he had to like it. With a stiff, mechanical gait, he walked out of one hotel room that had been turned into a temporary office, crossed the hall, and entered another. "Heard from Lieutenant Kerns?" He scowled at the pretty young woman manning the radio. They weren't going to win a war with pretty young things.

"There's too much static." Lieutenant Hoffman looked up at him and adjusted her little hat so that it sat perfectly on her bun. "Last we heard was thirty-two minutes ago. All three jeeps were still in pursuit."

Outside, the sound of screeching tires cut across the quiet afternoon, followed by the obvious crash of a wreck. Rex strode to the window and looked down. A civilian automobile had smashed into one of their transport trucks. Steam billowed out from under its hood. Rex noted the damage to the driver's side door that didn't seem to correspond to its present circumstance. Time for caution. "Service pistol, Lieutenant." He held out his hand, still looking down. He felt the cool handle slide into his hand. Down below, a woman stumbled out of the driver's side door of the automobile and moved around to the passenger side. He could see blood on her face. Another woman emerged from the vehicle's rear door. "Arm yourselves and help those civilians."

A rustle of pressed khaki skirts filled the room as the officers did as they were told. Rifles were picked up off the long table in an orderly, practiced fashion. Maybe these women would do after all. Rex followed them down to the parking lot.

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"I'll go get Mr. Farmer." Sally called to her sister, as she tried to steady herself and remember the room number Donna had given them. "Tell the army people what happened." She saw her sister's bloody face nod as Adeline helped their mother from the car, and Sally raced off toward the hotel. Two minutes

later, she huffed and puffed, face to face with Mr. Farmer. The man looked kindly at her as he held the door, trying to process what Sally had just told him.

“Let me get this straight. You are the big sister of our junior investigator? Donna has taken him to a nearby lake?” He rubbed his chin. “Of course. This lake wouldn’t happen to be the source of this town’s drinking water?”

Sally nodded.

“I don’t know why she didn’t tell me she was making her move on the thing. Well, what are we waiting for?” Mark went to the closet to grab his tool bag and saw that it was already gone. He shrugged, straightened his bowtie, threw on his coat, and raced out of the hotel room.

When Sally and Mark got to the parking lot, they found an exasperated Adeline trying to explain to the man in charge what was happening.

Rex interrupted the young woman. “We’re not interested in meteors, ma’am. Only Soviet spies. Did you see any Russians reconnoitering at the bottom of your lake?” He turned to his aide. “Call an ambulance for these women, the accident seems to have juggled their minds some.”

“Wait.” A wave of nausea hit Sally. She felt Mark’s steadying hand on her shoulder. “Your men.” She looked around at all the female faces in uniform. “I mean your women. Two of your jeeps crashed. We saw them on our way back. You need to get out there.”

“Lieutenant Hoffman, did you hear anything about crashing jeeps on the radio?” Rex didn’t like the way this was shaping up. They’d already lost several soldiers in odd accidents over the past several days.

“No ... but I haven’t heard anything from any of the jeeps in some time.”

“Well, then. Get these women their ambulance. And let’s put together a rescue party,” Rex barked his orders. “We might as well check out that lake while we’re out there. Weapons ready, we’re not sure what the Reds have —”

“Colonel?” Mark hated to interrupt a man on a roll, but it seemed time to do so. He pointed out to the sidewalk, where a line of Portsmouth women stood barring the entrance to their parking lot. All the women had queer expressions and faces turned slightly down, like wolves on the hunt. Even from this distance, Mark could see the sweat glisten on their foreheads as it caught the afternoon sun. “Oh, no,” he whispered under his breath.

“Excuse me.” Rex shouted out to them. “It was only a minor vehicular collision, please disperse. We are taking care of the situation.” He watched the woman take one step in unison toward their position at the hotel. It was well choreographed. Rex scrunched up his face, completely nonplussed. The onlookers took two more steps, perfectly timed again. And something was happening to them. Was he having a stroke, or were the women getting longer? Indeed, it seemed their arms melted in the sun. It was a most unnatural sight. “Russians,” Rex said out of the side of his mouth. “Weapons up,” he shouted. “Pick out your mirror. Don’t let them advance beyond the ...” His orders abruptly stopped.

Adeline brought Susy over to her sister. “What’s happening?” Their mother’s head lolled a bit as she walked with Adeline’s arm around her shoulder.

"I don't know." Sally helped her sister with their mother and looked out as the women advanced on them. She didn't recognize any of them. The three Lannits retreated toward the hotel. "Mr. Farmer? Maybe we should go the other way." But he didn't respond. In fact, the whole place was silent but for the heels of the women approaching. The soldiers looked over at their quiet colonel, their rifles raised, unsure what to do. "Mr. Farmer?" Sally couldn't understand why he wasn't moving. She turned to her sister. "Adeline?"

"Yeah." Adeline's voice was a nervous squeak.

"Take Mom out the back of the hotel. Walk toward home. Mr. Farmer and I will catch up in a minute." Sally tried to control her breathing.

"But ..."

"Go," Sally hissed. The advancing women were now only fifteen feet away, and with each step they seemed to become less human. Sally heard her sister retreat with Susy, their footfalls echoing through the hotel's open door and on down the hall. "Mr. Farmer?" Sally walked quickly back to where he stood stock still. His face had gone impassive and his was mumbling something about a lady. It was the same thing that had been happening to her father. She put an arm around him and backed him toward the hotel.

"Colonel?" One of the soldiers called out, her voice cutting through the eerie stillness.

The colonel did not respond. A second later, a shot rang out. And then another and another.

Sally watched horrified as the advancing women began to fall, green liquid spraying from their bodies. But there were many of them, and the ones that didn't fall broke into a run. Sally backed into the hotel entrance, the door still standing wide open. She wanted to cover her ears. The whole parking lot seemed to ring like a giant bell. The first of the distorted women reached a soldier and lifted her into the air. Sally could barely hear the woman cry out over the ringing. A long, rubbery appendage slithered from the soldier's attacker and snaked its way under the soldier's skirt. Sally could see the soldier's pretty face twist from terror to something else. Sally recognized that look. It was ecstasy. The gunfire died out, and soon the soldiers were all grappling with their attackers, losing the battle to keep those hideous things from between their legs.

"We really have to go, Mr. Farmer." Eyes wide and trembling, Sally shut the door, pushed a chair in front of it, and pulled Mark down the hall. Even through the closed door she could hear the cacophony of noise that followed her. She knew exactly what she was hearing. A mad chorus of orgasms. She hurried to catch up with her sister and mother.

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Roy wiped the green slime out his eyes and looked down at the blond abomination laying at his feet. David had jammed the knife into the side of her neck and a verdant flood gushed out of her. Thankfully, her eyes had gone glassy. Whatever that thing was, David had killed it.

“That clown, Patrick, left us to die.” Roy balled his fists.

“David Riles.” David bent down and pulled the knife from the creature. He wiped the green onto the front of his cardigan, which was already a mess where that thing had leaked all over him.

“Okay, let’s go get that little shit.” Roy stalked down the alley following the way Patrick had gone.

David trotted beside him, loosely holding the knife. “Little shit,” he agreed.

They came to a broken pipe spraying water. They both washed off the green slime.

Soaked, angry, and lost, Roy stepped out of the water and looked around him. Which way? He didn’t know how anything in that ghastly building worked, so he couldn’t figure out where Patrick might be headed. He knew David would be no help. He picked a direction and marched off to stop his idiot of a former friend and put him in his place. He listened closely to the thrum of the machinery around him, trying to pick up the sounds of saboteurs. With any luck, he’d find them soon.

Chapter 19

“Wait, we need to hit the breaker first.” Donna looked around frantically. They needed to get this over with sooner rather than later. The breakers should lie somewhere around the main line.

“Right.” Patrick rested the hacksaw on the fat cable. The thing was maybe as thick as his dick. If he sawed it while it was live ... Well, he wouldn’t have to worry about the thing in the water anymore. He scanned the far wall and spotted a metal rectangle mounted on a masonry wall. “There.” He pointed.

“Right.” Donna raced over to the box, her chest heaving. If she wasn’t careful, she would start perspiring again. And then what hope would they have? She tried to slow her heart as she flipped all the switches. The overhead lights went out, and she was cast in gloom, the only light coming in from a transom above the lake-access door some ten feet away. The machines around them ground into silence. How odd to suddenly be free of the beating heart that was the pump station. She heard the sound of sawing. “Pat, cut it closer to that machine over there. We’re going to need plenty of slack.”

“Right.” Patrick stopped and moved several feet to his right. He sawed quickly, the first beads of sweat popping out on his forehead. He felt Donna’s soft hand on his shoulder. “Will this work?”

“It should.” Donna’s knees went weak and her nostrils flared. “Hurry, Pat.”

“Done.” Patrick dropped the saw and picked up the cable. He had a sudden urge to forget the whole thing and just bury himself in Donna’s waiting pussy. He reminded himself that the whole town depended on them. Step by step he moved toward the door with the jagged end of the cable, careful to keep his hands on the insulated exterior and away from the exposed wire. “Hit the breaker again and meet me outside.” It wouldn’t hurt if they split up for a minute. He could smell her growing musk. Maybe the outside air would do them both some good, too.

“I’ll be right there.” Donna watched her boyfriend open the door and take the powerline out with him. She ran back over to the circuit box and flipped them all back to the closed position. The machines whirred to life around her and the lights flickered back on. Over the cacophony in that giant space, she could hear Patrick shouting for her outside. But she couldn’t make out the words. Donna turned and ran as fast as she could through the open door, leaping over the suspended wire, now coursing with electricity. “Oh, my.” Her feet came to an abrupt halt. The coarse wood pulled at her bare soles. “What are they?”

“Other than evil looking, you mean?” Patrick stared at the translucent globes, floating on the water in a semi-circle around the little dock. Each sphere was about the size of a man. And inside squirmed large shapes that seemed faintly reptilian. The malicious looking things moved slowly over the water to where Patrick stood on the edge of the dock. “What should I do?”

“Fry them,” Donna screamed. A fog descended upon them. No, Donna realized that wasn’t right. Her glasses were steaming up. She removed them and looked at Patrick’s blurry form hesitating at the edge of the water. Several of the globes were within a stone’s throw of him. “Fry them now.” The end of the wire hissed and sparked a foot or so out in front of Patrick. Donna wiped her glasses frantically and put them on, just in time to see him plunge the end of the line into the lake.

It seemed to Patrick that he had plunged a bolt of lightning into the water. There were several bright blue flashes, a sharp crack, followed by a sizzle, and then a shriek went up from the closing semi-circle. And just like that, it was over. Patrick could hear the machinery from inside the pumping station shutting down again. He looked up at the globes. Beautiful branching forks of electricity still shot through them. The dark shapes inside went suddenly still and then each sphere burst like a bubble and dropped its contents into the lake with a plop. Patrick stood there, still holding the line so that its end was submerged, and let the silence fall over him. The dark shapes sank into the water and were gone. He'd killed whatever they were.

"Did we do it?" Donna walked up next to Patrick and looked down into the water. "We must have broken the circuit. Was that enough electricity to kill them all?"

"Yeah, I think it was." Patrick dropped the wire with a dull thunk on the wood below. There was only their rasping breath and the lapping of the waves against the pilings. Everything else was silence. "We killed the thing in the water, Donna. That was ... amazing." He turned and hugged her tightly, breathing in her scent. He leaned up and planted a kiss on her soft lips. Suddenly they were making out. They had won, why not celebrate? Patrick worked to pull Donna's heavy boobs out of her dress.

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Whatever had just happened, Axcix didn't like it. Not one bit. She'd felt a surge and then several of her systems cycled through restarts. When everything was up and running, she replayed the events of the last few minutes. Her tough and loyal sentinels were dead. The vital pump station stood idle. It appears those members of the dominant species were more resourceful than expected. They had rerouted the flow of electrons from pump functions to her home. The ions in the water had carried those electrons to do their vile business upon her sentinels. She moved to release some perimeter drones to return some security to the situation, but her outer bay doors wouldn't open.

At the muddy bottom, Axcix was just far enough away from the event to sustain only limited damage. What to do, what to do? She needed to deal with this threat. But her sentinels were gone. And the creature Smith had gone silent. She scanned for the electron current, but found none. The surge must have caused a safety cutoff within the pumping station. She moved about her chamber, changing the configuration of her sphere.

Direct contact is not forbidden. Direct contact is discouraged. Use your tools. Remain hidden, distant. You are the only thing that cannot be replaced. Those words the makers had bestowed upon her during training before she pierced the veil of space. What she was about to do was not forbidden, only discouraged. She sprung from her hull, six arms with tertiary joints. The great sphere pushed off from the bottom, releasing a cloud of sediment. Quickly, Axcix rose to the surface.

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They were still a good mile away from home, when Sally noticed them. A line of women walked briskly down the middle of the street about two blocks back. "Come on, Mr. Farmer. Walk faster." Those women were catching up. What's worse, Sally could tell their arms weren't quite right. It was the same thing that had happened back in the hotel. Despite Adeline's support, Susy stumbled down the street. And Mark would only mumble something about his lady over and over. His dumb feet wouldn't move faster than the pace of an evening stroll.

"My lady, my lady, my lady," Mark mumbled.

Sally looked over her shoulder. They were closer. The line of women in crisp swing dresses, their heels clicking on the pavement were now only about a block and a half behind. "We're not going to make it home. Look behind us, Addy."

"Oh, no." Adeline's eyes shot wide when she saw the things that were chasing them. Those terrible arms swung like rubber and their hands passed their knees as the pursuing women walked. Adeline looked around frantically. "The church." She swerved to her right and guided her mother through the church parking lot. "We'll be safe there."

"Okay." Sally doubted the church offered much safety. But it had lockable doors. She pushed Mark toward the great cross, hoping beyond hope that those things behind them would leave them alone.

They crossed the parking lot quickly. The pursuing things stepped out of the street toward them as the Lannits and Mark entered the church. "Where's the lock?" Sally said frantically. "Goodness, we need a key."

Pastor Neilson looked up from his bible and stood when he heard the commotion. "Molly? Molly? I could use your help. We have some parishioners." It had been so quiet at the church lately. Pastor Neilson had no idea why the town seemed to have gotten so shy. He hurried to the vestibule and saw the Lannits, plus a man he didn't know. "Come in, come in. What can God do for you today?"

"Pastor, you need to lock the front door. We're being chased by some devil women." Sally stepped back and pulled her family into a corner of the small room. She let Mark stand blankly where he was. She knew the walk had made her sweat quite profusely, and she needed the pastor to move quickly. She hoped he couldn't smell her.

"Chased you, you say? Well, that's no way for women to behave." Pastor Neilson frowned. "Oh, there you are, Molly."

"Hello, dear." Molly affixed a bright smile to her face, but she had a bad feeling about what was happening. In her hand, she fiddled with the ring of keys. "I heard something about locking a door." Gertrude Cobb walked up and stood next to her.

"Hey, you're that doctor that went missing." Sally eyed the short blond woman. She had a dribble of some white liquid on her chin. Sally looked over at Molly. She could see the wife's dark right nipple through a wet spot on her dress. Was she feeding this woman? She shook her head. "Never mind, just lock the door. Quickly."

“Nonsense. These women, whoever they are, just need the word of God.” Pastor Neilson smelled something odd in the air. He felt a little fuzzy, but nothing that would prevent him from doing the Lord’s work. He strode out of the church into the bright sun.

“No.” Sally watched him go. Before the door swung closed, Sally caught a glimpse of several women standing not ten feet from the door with their heads down, their shoulders hunched, and their arms dangling horribly. The door shut and everyone in the vestibule stood perfectly still. They could hear the pastor’s voice muffled through the door. He was saying something about behaving themselves. Then, his voice cut out and there was the most horrific splattering sound. That was followed by a liquid thud that shook the whole door. It was like someone had thrown a huge water balloon at them. “Lock the door, please,” Sally whispered.

Molly nodded and raced across the room. She fit the key in the lock and turned. Not a second later the doors shook violently. The shaking stopped. Everyone in the room backed away from the door. Then a loud thump sounded from inside the nave. Then another. “Oh, no.” Molly trembled in fright.

Slowly, Sally walked toward the entry to the nave and looked in. The horrible women were now throwing themselves against the windows that ran down the left side of the pews. Panes of glass rattled in their housings. Green slime smeared itself where the women came in contact with each window. “That’s not good,” Sally said. “Does this door lock?” She pointed to the door between the vestibule and the nave.

Molly shook her head.

“Okay.” Sally tried to breathe calmly as she looked around at her family. “We’ll think of something. Right?”

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Her bare breast dropped out of confinement. The freckled pale skin caught the sunlight and radiated. Such a beautiful thing. So full of life. So eager to give life. Patrick thought of their future children. Donna would someday feed them with those dark nipples. He grabbed a handful of that spongy flesh and squeezed. All thoughts of their present situation fell away from his mind. They had won, but he didn’t even really care about that anymore.

“Patrick ... Patrick ... *Patrick!*” Donna’s voice went from dreamy to alarmed. It took every ounce of strength, but she pushed him away. The center of the lake bubbled and churned. “Look.” She stood there with her tits hanging out and her mouth wide open in shock.

“Oh, no.” Patrick pulled his pants back up and tried to stuff his dick away. He was partly successful. The dark purple top stuck out of his waist band and over his shirt in the outdoor air. Patrick watched the thing rise out of the water, like a great, metal spider. “The wire.” He bent down and picked up the electrical line, but it was dead. “The breaker, Donna. Flip the breaker and we’ll fry that thing, too.”

Without a word, Donna ran back into the station, her exposed breasts bouncing uncomfortably side to side and up and down.

Over his shoulder, he watched her red hair disappear back into the darkness. He shifted his weight from one foot to the other and looked back at the thing, now looming almost twenty feet above the surface of the lake.

“Commmme tttto meeeeee, annnnnthropoid.” Axcix paused. Even with the power off, she didn’t want to approach that wire. She looked over to the right of the building. More electrons flowed through wires along a series of posts, dipping into the building. The cutoff was local then. And the female had disappeared quickly. Either in fright, or to fight. Better to meet these creatures away from the building. “Ccccccme aaaaaand mmmmeet meeeeee hhhhhhere.”

Patrick shook his head. The strange slurring voice entered his brain through some shortcut, bypassing his ears entirely. Bypass, he thought. He looked back at the external line that brought power into the station. There would be no circuit to break there. More than enough power to kill this hideous robotic arachnid. But how could he cut it safely? He shook his head, forgetting about that powerline. It was impossible. An electric line in hand is worth two in the bush. There would be enough juice when Donna flipped the switch. “I hope,” Patrick muttered under his breath. His knees shook as he waited.

“Llllllet mmmme shhhhhhow youuuuuuu. Commmmmme.” Axcix held out one of her robotic arms to Patrick in a gesture of friendship.

“No, thanks.” Patrick shook his head. “Why don’t you come here?” He gritted his teeth. “But not yet,” Patrick quickly added. The pumping station was still silent behind him. What was taking Donna so long? The thing took several lumbering steps toward him and then paused, as if unsure of itself.

“Youuuuuu arrrrre Paaaaaattrick?” Axcix banged at one of her screens as it suddenly went dead. She was going to have to go through some serious repairs after this. She had to hand it to this one. She hadn’t expected to ever find herself in such a situation. “Commmmmme ffffffffor aaaaa rrrrrreward.”

Patrick shook his head again. As much to get the buzzing voice out of his head as to tell the monster no. “Donna? Hurry up, please,” he called over his shoulder.

“She’s here.” Roy’s voice carried more of a sneer than usual.

Patrick went from nervous panic to all-out-panic in an instant. He looked back and his eyes bugged out of his head. He saw David, tall and imposing, with that stupid grin that had become his trademark lately. Next to him, Roy looked more disheveled than ever, staring at Patrick with pure malice. Both eighteen-year-old boys had faint smears of something bluish or greenish covering their clothes and skin. And their skin shone with moisture. Patrick could see sweat staining Roy’s pits. Roy stood with one hand on his prodigious belly, and other entwined in Donna’s beautiful red hair. This was, sadly, because Donna kneeled before him. Roy’s pants were around his ankles, and his long dick playfully knocked against Donna’s freckled cheek over and over again. Donna’s eyes were glassy and her expression filled with hunger. Her breasts were still exposed, and they wobbled slightly every time Roy hit her face with his dick. She looked impossibly vulnerable and helpless. “Get away from her,” Patrick screamed.

“Um ... no.” Roy laughed. He looked over at David and his friend joined in with an awkward, mirthless chuckle. “How about you do as I say and I don’t resize her ass right here and now?” Roy let his laughter die away and he raised his eyebrows. “Oh, she wants it, Pat. She was begging me to give it to her back

there by the circuit breakers. But I told her she'd have to wait. So, you gonna be good or is she gonna be bad?" He slapped her with his dick a little bit harder, and then lowered his hips, put the dark head of his dick under her chin, and raised her face up so Patrick could get a good look at her.

Patrick's mind raced. The giant, metal spider hadn't moved. It was probably curious about this new development. That meant, he had time to figure something out. "What do you want, Roy?" Patrick dropped the now useless power line and stood half-turned to Roy, so he could keep an eye on the lake.

"Is that the thing that made me a king?" Roy pointed up at the giant spider with his long dick.

"I mmmmmmmmmade youuuuuuuu betterrrrrrrrr," Axcix replied.

"Oh, cool." Roy nodded, still grasping Donna's hair.

"I'm sorry, Pat." Donna's body wouldn't obey her. "I didn't mean —"

"Shut up." Roy cut her off with another dick slap to the face. "Mr. Meteor, sir? That's the guy that's causing you problems." He nodded at Patrick. "We're on your side. You can grab him and do whatever you want with him. Just let us take the dame and go. Sound good?"

With a rush of water, Axcix moved her sphere near the dock. She reached down with a robotic arm and gently picked Patrick up in a claw. Such a plucky one, she would do something special to him.

"Yyyyyyyou mmmmmay gooooooo." She said to the other members of the dominant species.

"Nnnnnoooooo!" Donna made a move to help Patrick as he was hoisted some fifteen feet into the air, but Roy held her on her knees. The smell of Roy's sweat faded in the open air. She could feel her mind coming back to her, but not quickly enough. Her body still answered his demands. She couldn't quite stand up and get that horrible penis out of her face.

"Goodbye, Pat. You always were just a dumb poindexter." Roy turned to go. "Come on, Davey."

But David blinked his eyes rapidly, and looked around with wonder. "Pat?" He blinked again. "Oh, shit." His friend was in danger. When had all this happened? David stepped back toward the building where a pile of stones lay near the foundation. He picked one up and flung it at the giant, metal spider. It clanked off the thing with a hollow boom. He did it again.

With some of her systems down, Axcix couldn't quite determine the severity of this new attack. She had misjudged these animals, too. They were making contact with her hull. She moved to wipe out the lot of them, but her controls glitched on her.

Patrick watched the water rush up at him, and suddenly he was submerged and free. The thing had let go of him. He popped to the surface and swam for the dock. He pulled himself up onto the wood, just as one of the frantic metal arms above him smashed into a powerline pole. The wire snapped, and Patrick dove away from the hissing, sparking thing that danced now at the water's edge.

"Davey, what are you? Oooooohhhhhhhhh." Roy doubled up in pain.

"You aren't even half the man Patrick is." Donna slammed her fist into the teenager's low hanging balls again and listened to the siren song of his pained cry. She was still not totally herself, but her mind had cleared. She stepped over to Patrick and pulled him away from the dangerous wire.

David stopped throwing rocks and moved to help Patrick. But with each step he took, he could feel his mind getting eclipsed again. He feared that when he was no longer himself, he would do something terrible. Vague memories of the past few days came back to him. He paused and looked up at the giant spider, which seemed to have gotten control of itself. David could tell it was positioning itself for an attack. David raced to the live wire, picked it up several feet from the sparking break, and ran to the end of the dock.

“What? No.” Roy’s body still throbbed with red hot pain, but he raced after David. He knew what his friend wanted to do, and that robot spider had to be saved. Roy couldn’t go back to the life he had before it arrived. He ran right out of his pants, his now soft dick swinging wildly before him.

David set his jaw. He could feel his mind failing him. With one last great effort, he leaped off the dock and sailed through the air.

“Stop!” Roy jumped right after him. Together the friends arced over the water. David hit the spider’s metal leg first, and then Roy hit it a few feet lower a split second later. The world lit up around them.

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“They’re getting in!” Adeline screamed. She huddled behind Sally, who had protectively placed herself in front of her family, the pastor’s widow, the missing doctor, and Mark. Susy was still fuzzy from the car crash. Mark hadn’t come out of his trance. And the other women were all paralyzed by fear. Sally would have to do this herself. She hefted a solid bronze cross in her hands. It was heavy. She could do some damage with it when those women got in.

Glass shattered and a woman in a pink, paisley swing dress landed between the pews. She stalked down to the middle aisle, her gumby arms sliding and caressing the wooden benches as she passed. Then another woman got through and another. Soon there were five of them inside the nave.

“Stand back, everyone.” But Sally didn’t need to tell those behind her. There were no other volunteers to fight. It was too bad her mom was out of it. Susy would have gladly beaten several of those things, Sally thought. The evil women broke into a run, racing toward the vestibule. Sally’s body went taut. She was ready.

There was a revolting explosion that shot green goo all over the church. Sally blinked her eyes to clear the stuff from her vision. There were only four women now. Pop, pop, pop, pop. And more sounds of wet explosions from outside the windows. Sally wiped her eyes with the back of her hand. Everything within range of those women was covered in green slime. But the horrific women? They were all gone. Sally slumped to the floor. “Thank God.”

“What happened?” Molly’s pretty face was also plastered in the stuff.

“I think they all ... popped.” Sally crawled over and hugged her sister and mother. “It’s over.”

“I need a shower, Sally.” Adeline’s voice was a whisper.

“Me too, Addy. Let’s go home.” Sally stood and helped everyone to their feet. “We better take Mr. Farmer home with us, too. For safekeeping.”

“Yeah.” Adeline put her mother’s arm over her shoulders and slowly they walked toward the front door. Molly and the missing doctor stayed behind. It was Molly’s church, after all.

~~

“Wait, David.” Patrick watched it all happen in what felt like slow motion. “Don’t.” But it was too late. His friend had grabbed the wire and jumped with Roy right on his heels. Patrick watched, his mouth agape, as blue bolts of electricity shot up and down the metal leg his friends had collided into. The robot spider seized and stiffened. It was wreathed in blue fire. Unlike the last time, there was no circuit breaker to cut off the power, and Patrick watched as his sizzling friends dropped into the boiling water below them.

“No, Patrick.” Donna put her hand on his shoulder and prevented him from diving after them. The wire continued to send bolts into the water and the robot. She let Patrick turn into her and she cradled his head against her bare breast. “That’s right, don’t look.” But Donna watched closely. She could see smoke billowing from the spider’s sphere. The crackle continued for a solid minute, until finally the power cut. An echoing boom carried over the trees. They’d probably blown a transformer somewhere.

The rigid spider wobbled, and then fell backward into the water. The mighty splash extinguished the smoke. The lake bubbled for a while and then there was nothing but the lap of the waves.

“It’s over.” Donna held Patrick at arm’s length and straightened his glasses for him. “Are you okay?”

Patrick nodded. But of course, he wasn’t. He looked back at the water.

“Let’s get back to town and check on your family.” Donna stood and held Patrick’s hand as she led him back into the pumping station.

The thought of his family brought an immediacy back to Patrick’s actions. He squeezed her hand tightly. “You think they’re okay?”

“I’m sure they are, Investigator Lannit. Let’s go find them.” She gave him a somber smile.

~~

Down in the inky bottom of the lake, Axcix looked around. Broken. Everything was broken. She tried to gather reports, but was met by only sparks and flashes. What had they done to her? The main core was only at thirteen percent. She knew in her heart that she wasn’t going to be able to fix herself. When the makers arrived in a few hundred years, they were going to be very displeased with her mission.

Where am I? David’s voice echoed in his own head. What happened?

It can't be. What have you done, anthropoid? Axcix did not understand why she was hearing the voice inside her carapace. The creature had somehow fused its mind to hers. Was that species that sophisticated?

Are you the giant spider? Where's my body? A dawning of understanding moved through David. He wasn't David anymore. Not really. *Let me go.*

I cannot let you go. We are stuck together. At the bottom. Axcix almost laughed at the horror of what had befallen her.

So, we're not dead? Roy had been sure he was dead. *Send me back out there. I need pussy.*

There are two of you? Now Axcix did laugh. This was too much.

You're not going anywhere, Roy. I'll make sure of it. You made me do terrible things. David could remember every detail of his former life in absolute clarity. He wished he couldn't.

Screw that. I'm the king of Portsmouth, Davey. Let's fix this thing and get out of here. Roy tried to raise his hand in a rude gesture to David, but found there was no David and he didn't seem to have a hand.

Silence. Axcix listened to the two members of the dominant species bicker. *Silence!* They dared to ignore her. The centuries were going to pass very slowly for her on the bottom of that lake.

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Epilogue

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"My name's Jack Rhodes. My wife is Sally. Her maiden name is Lannit. Can I get through?" Jack showed the guard his driver's license. He looked off to the left where men in uniform were erecting a thirty-foot barbed wire fence.

"Sorry, sir. You can't get in." The guard waved for Jack to turn around.

"Her parents' phone isn't working. She isn't answering my letters. Please let me through." Jack kept the car in neutral, foot firmly on the brake.

"I'm not supposed to say anything sir, but there was a chemical leak." The guard leaned in close to Jack's car, whispering in the window. "I'm afraid there were no survivors. We're sealing it up to keep people safe. Now turn around."

Stricken, Jack put the car in gear and took the U-turn the guard indicated. His beautiful Sally was gone. He looked at the wedding ring on his left hand as he guided the steering wheel. Shock numbed him to his core. He hoped she was thinking of him at the end.

~~

The wail of babies filled the house. Linda didn't fault her husband for golfing as much as he did. The military was kind enough to build a new course out by the lake. It was the least they could do, Linda supposed, since they'd cut Portsmouth off from the course out by the freeway. And from every other course in the world.

Linda missed her boys. Ryan was safely off at college, and David disappeared the day all those people popped into green goo. Linda prayed David hadn't met such a fate. Of course, Patrick had told her that David had saved the town and that he was now living happily in outer space. But Linda had trouble believing that. At any rate, her baby daughter kept her from missing the boys too much. Well, all the babies really. It seemed David had successfully planted his seed in the houseguests, too. There was so much joy in Linda's life now to keep her sorrow company.

There was also a deep longing. Whenever she saw a young man around town, she'd get that desperation between her legs. She remembered the sweet, maddening sex she'd had with her son. And then the violent, dark rhythm of his friend, Roy. But it was best to leave those things in the past. She had the babies to care for and her husband to look after.

~~

"Just shut up and put it in my butt. Yeeeeesssssssss." Amanda's car rocked in her garage, her feet up high in the back seat. She could see her daughter peeking in at them from the kitchen, but Amanda didn't care. Who was Annie to judge? The tramp picked up more men than she did. A baby cried somewhere behind Annie, and the eighteen-year-old turned and hurried away. Amanda couldn't tell if it was Annie's daughter, or her son that was crying. At the moment she didn't care. She only needed that cock to dig deeper. "Christ ... ugh ... you're almost as big as he was."

"Who ... uh ... uh ... uh ... Mrs. Ackerman?" Ralph Gooden humped himself deeper into her butt. He hadn't had sex with anyone but his mother in a good long while, and he was thrilled that Amanda had picked him up as he was walking across town.

"Roy ... Roy ... Roy. You're almost ... as big ... ugh ... as my Roy." Amanda's eyes crossed a little when the young man's balls slapped her ass cheeks. He was all the way in. It was perfect.

"Really? Your ... son?" Ralph reached up and clutched at her massive tits, milk dribbled out on his palms. "I'm doing ... my mom ... too." He smiled down at her.

"That's old news ... uh ... uh ... Ralph. Now ... fuck me." Amanda squealed. She could tell he was getting close, and she loved nothing better than the euphoria that accompanied the cum of a young man. In fact, she was quite sure she was pregnant again. And this time, she had no idea who the father was.

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” The car rocked, Amanda’s eyes rolled back, and she basked in the bliss as Ralph filled her womb for her.

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“That was a lovely sermon, don’t you think?” Susy pecked her husband on the cheek and gave her son a pat on the butt behind his back. “Pastor Neilson has really come into her own, don’t you think?”

“I’m not sure what she meant by the suckling flock. And I’m not sure –” Fred was cut off by his wife.

“Don’t be grumpy, dear. You’re late for your golf date. Time to head out to the lake.” Susy pushed her husband toward the garage, not even letting him change out of his suit. “Donna, dear, that letter came for you yesterday. Sorry I forgot to mention it. I’ll be right back.” Susy ushered Fred out to the car.

Donna reached over and picked up the letter. “It’s from Mark.”

“I thought the mail wasn’t getting through.” Patrick adjusted his glasses and raised his eyebrows. He was maybe a little jealous.

“We’ll be upstairs.” Sally pushed Adeline toward the stairs. The sisters began pulling off their dresses on the way up. “Don’t be long, you two. We’ll miss you.” Sally smiled and disappeared with a wave. She knew Donna might like a moment’s privacy with her ex-husband’s letter.

“Mark has always been quite clever.” Donna opened the letter and read. A slight smile spread on her pink lips, and she handed the letter to Patrick.

“He got through the blockade? And he’s hunting a pack of feral people in the Adirondacks?” Patrick shook his head. “Well, he seems to have moved on quickly.” He looked up and caught Donna’s expression. “Oh, sorry. I mean, I know how hard it was for you to stay and …” Patrick felt like a fool.

“Don’t be silly.” Donna dropped to her knees very slowly. Her pregnant belly making things much more difficult than she would have believed. She unbuckled Patrick’s belt, dropped his pants, and pushed his tie to the side. She wasn’t surprised to see how ready he was. After-church-sex was always his favorite. “I’m very happy to be here with you, Pat. Mmmmppppphh.” She took him into her mouth, savoring the salty hit of precum. He hadn’t cum yet that day, and Donna thought she just might gobble that first load up before they joined his sisters upstairs.

Susy stepped back in from the garage to find Donna’s red head bobbing on her son’s long gadget. She was such a devoted fiancée. Susy could see the ring Patrick had given her sparkling as she milked his shaft with her left hand. Susy didn’t want to interrupt the lovebirds. Not yet. So, she stood by the door, cradling her giant belly. After a while, Patrick’s breathing quickened, and his soft grunts echoed around the kitchen. Susy was quite familiar with the signs her son was about to blow. Susy quickly pulled off her dress, and struggled out of her underwear. Patrick shook from head to toe, and emptied himself into Donna’s waiting mouth. The woman swallowed like her life depended on it, and then slumped to the side. Susy could see the twisted expression on her pretty face. Donna was getting off on Patrick’s seed. The same seed he was about to put in his mother.

“Mom?” Patrick blinked as he let the pleasure flow through him. “I didn’t see you come back in.” The sight of her nakedness took his breath away. She was fecundity personified. Every curve accentuated with ripe fullness. Her olive skin touched with stretch marks here and there. “You look ... beautiful.”

“Thank you, sugar.” Susy walked up to him and took his still hard thing in her hands. She looked down at the gasping Donna, cum splattered all over her glasses and freckles. Susy turned her backside to Patrick, and stuck out her butt at him. Donna was now right under Susy’s dangling boobs. “Come home, Pat. Put your thing back where it came from. We’ve got all day with your father at the lake.”

“Yeah, okay.” Patrick shrugged out his jacket, flung his tie over his shoulder, and sunk his dick deep into his mother. He was soon pounding away, watching her ass ripple and shake.

“This is a pretty sight.” Donna called up from the floor. She could see her fiancé’s manhood stretching out Susy’s vagina from her angle down below.

“We thought we heard ...” Sally came back down the stairs, completely naked. Her boobs hung heavy on her chest, just above her swollen belly.

Adeline followed her down. She was much less noticeably pregnant, but the curve of her stomach was clearly there. “Hey, no fair. You didn’t wait for us.”

The sisters hurried to join the fun.

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All characters in sexual situations are 18 years or older.