

Zapped! and Other Short Stories

By Rawly Rawls © 2020

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

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Zapped!

Chapter 1

“Phil? Phil? That creepy Zapper is staring at me again.” Maude Lowell moved away from the window and went to find her husband. He was in the kitchen eating breakfast. Maude stood there with a hand on her hip. “I said the Zapper was staring at me again.”

“Well, he’s got seven eyes, hasn’t he? He’s probably looking at everything.” Phil swiped away the morning news and puffed on his pipe. “Ever since the galactic treaty, you’ve been on edge.” He took the pipe out of his mouth and pointed it at her. “And calling our neighbor a ‘Zapper’ is rude. He’s harmless and his species has been a great help to us.”

“Yes, but does it have to live next door?” Maude’s skin still crawled. The way the hulking thing had looked at her was not friendly. “I don’t suppose you could skip work today and hang around the house?” She could use some protection. That Zapper didn’t work for a living. None of the Zappers worked.

“Sorry, dear. Duty calls.” Phil stood, adjusted his tie, and lifted his briefcase. “In fact, I might be working late today.” He put on his hat, kissed his wife on the cheek, and opened the front door. “I’ll call you if I can’t make it for dinner.” He nudged her chin with his finger. “Brighten up, sunshine. It’s a beautiful day.” He tipped his hat and strode down the walk.

Maude watched him go. When Phil was out of sight, she looked to her left and the Zapper was standing on its front lawn, staring at her. It had all seven eyes fixed on her. Maude shivered and quickly closed the door.

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The aerobics class was almost done when the doorbell rang. Maude turned off the holoscreen, and towed the sweat off her face as she walked to the front door. She opened it with a bright smile. But her sunny disposition evaporated when she saw who it was. “What do you want?”

“Pleeeeeeease, Mrs. Loweeeeeeell.” Doxnu reached his fourth arm up and tipped his hat at the young wife. With his second arm he adjusted his tie. “I am sorry to intrude. It seeeeeeeems you have a problem.” He wrung his two other hands together. His four feet tapped rapidly at the front step.

“I have a what, Zapper?” Maude crossed her arms. Her lips formed a tight line as the monster’s eyestalks all went rigid at the degrading slur.

“Um ... yeeeeees ... I am sorry to bother you, reeeeeeeally.” Doxnu wrung all four of his hands together. “You have a hydrogeeeeeeen leeeeeek in your baseeeement. My seeeenses are keeeeen eeeenough to pick up on the dangeeer. Pleeeeeease. Let me show you.” Without another word he squeezed his large body through Maude’s front door, pushing the woman to the side of the hall. He moved rapidly toward the back of the house where he assumed he would find the stairs. Doxnu was trembling and hardening as he walked. The excitement nearly overtook him. He had heard how amazing human women were. He had seen all the contraband vids of human women in ecstasy impaling themselves on a Zordellian penis. He was about to find out for himself if she responded to alien pheromones.

“Excuse me. Excuse me.” Maude chased after the creature. “Get out of my house. If there’s a leak, I’ll call the power company.” She had to jog after the monster, it moved so fast on its four legs. When it went down the basement stairs she paused at the top. “Jeez. Just come on up, and I won’t call the cops.” But she couldn’t call the police. Even if the thing was in her house, everyone would think she was a bigot. She sighed and descended the stairs.

“Veeeeeery bad leeeeeek. From this pipe, heeere.” Doxnu pointed at the perfectly fine pipe.

“Really?” Maude stepped around the alien, giving him a wide berth. She bent to inspect the pipe. “What did you say your name was?”

“I am Doxnu, your neeeeeeeighbor. I live neeeeeext door. You have seeeeeen me?”

“Oh, I’ve seen you.” She shuddered. She didn’t like sharing such an enclosed space with the thing. Her nostrils flared. The creature’s scent was spicy and aromatic, like crushed fig leaves. Her shoulders relaxed a little “Hey, what the ...?”

Doxnu raised up his tail and blue sparks shot in the air behind him.

“What are you doing?” The light was pretty, Maude thought. But it wasn’t very close to her, so she calmed herself. Zappers being zappers, she supposed. Her husband was right, they were harmless. “Oh, that smell. What is ...?” Her neighbor’s scent increased a hundred-fold. Her vision clouded and then she felt quite relaxed and happy. She fell into the monster’s many arms and looked dreamily up at its eyestalks. All seven eyes were on her, each taking in a different part of her from head to toe.

“Yeeeeees, it is true. You like it?”

Maude murmured her approval.

“Veeery good.” Dexnu carried her up to the main floor and wandered until he found the stairs going up. Breathing hard from the effort of moving the curvy woman, he found her bed and dropped her there. “Are you reeeeady? Do you want it now?” Daxnu pulled off her blouse and skirt. Her panties were soaked through. She was ready. “Take of your undeeerthings, human. I will undreeeeess now.”

Maude moved her hands behind her back to unclasp her bra, but hesitated. This wasn’t right, was it? This was the bed she shared with Phil. She sat up and watched the alien disrobe. It was hideous.

“We are not that diffeeeeeerent, humans and Zordeeeell.” He removed his underthings and his massive cock lurched into view. The undulating head coughed up some opaque purplish liquid. “Some say we might have the same makeeeeeeer.” He looked over at Maude, who was staring at him with wide eyes. She was not yet naked. “I asked you to reeeemove your undeeerthings, Mrs. Loweeeeell.” He stepped toward the bed.

“Oh, God. What did you do to me?” She scurried off the bed, but it caught her. With a rip, she felt it tear her panties off her wide hips. She squirmed and saw the harmless blue lite sparkle from its tail again. That lovely smell returned. Her mouth dropped open, she let out a low whine, and her body convulsed with the shock and pleasure of those invisible pheromones. She fell back on the bed, and the creature’s weight pressed against her. It was wrong. The way their bodies fit was wrong. The way he huffed and puffed was wrong. And the size of the thing pushing between her thighs was very wrong. But she opened her legs for him anyway. “Ooooofffffffff.” Her breath left her when Doxnu penetrated her. “Go ... slow ... Zapper,” she whispered.

And the alien neighbor did go slow at first. He wanted to break her mind, not her body. It took him five minutes to fit his whole cock inside the squirming, quivering woman. He let her stretch, and stretch to accommodate him. And then his double-jointed hips sped up.

“Oh ... Doxnu ... oooohhhhhh ... you’re in my ... ugh ... belly.” Without thinking, Maude held her legs open for him in the air, and held on to his shoulders with trembling fingers. Her first orgasm was upon her like a thunderstorm sweeping down the plains. “More ... Doxnu ... more.”

“Is it ... eeequ ... eeequ ... eeequ ... good, human?” Doxnu pounded into her with the customary tertiary stroke of his species. First, his hips smashed into hers, then he drove her ass into the mattress, then he pushed further while wiggling side to side. After that, he would pull out and do it again.

“Sooooo ... goooooood ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Maude’s eyes rolled back and her brain nearly shut down with an overload of pleasure.

“Good ... eeequ ... eeequ ... good. You are ... mine ... ekkkk ... now.” He tore at the bra with his first and third arms, ripping it from her. Humans only had two tits, but most Zordell agreed, they were the finest of the fifteen planets. He pumped her to two more orgasms, and then flipped her on her hands and knees without pulling out. Oh, how she screamed and whimpered when he started on her from behind. He leaned forward, with hands on her hips and on each tit. She was so wonderfully tight and responsive. Everything that was said about human women was true.

“Doxnu ... you’re going to ... split me in half. Ohhhhh ... Doxnu.” She wasn’t calling him a Zapper now. She wanted to put her head down on the pillow her husband slept on, but she could tell from her neighbor’s hands that he wanted her up, with her back arched. So, she did it for him. In the moment, she would do anything for him.

“I will ripeeeeen you ... with my seeeeeed ... Mrs. Loweeeeell.” Doxnu grunted and let loose, filling her up. Her screams and cries in response were the sweetest music on that odd blue and green world.

Hours later, Maude rode Doxnu on the floor next to her bed. The sunset shone red and purple through her bedroom window, but she didn’t care. The messenger rang, and she ignored it.

“Beeetter answeeer, Mrs. Loweeeeell.” Doxnu had been looking forward to this part.

Eager to please, Maude answered the call without video. “H ... h ... hello?”

“Maude, dear. It looks like I’ll miss dinner after all. Nose to the grindstone.” Phil was distracted by his terminal as he spoke.

“Oh ... oh ... okay.” Maude could hear the purplish alien sperm squelching out of her pussy with each bounce she took on Doxnu’s cock. She tried to slow her hips, but her body wouldn’t listen to her. She looked down at the alien to see an eerie smile staring back up at her.

“Anyway, back to work. Carry on with your aerobics, or whatever. Love you.” Phil disconnected before she could reply.

“Love ... you ... ugh ... Phil,” she whispered and swiped the interface away. “We ... have ... a ... couple more hours.”

“Eeeeeexellent.” Doxnu’s strange smile widened.

An hour later, Doxnu slapped his softening cock on each of the housewife’s tits. She was now covered in his cum and copious amounts leaked out of her once-tight human pussy. In fact, much of the room was covered in the stuff. It was a glorious sight.

“Would you like to do this again? I’m freeeeee tomorrow.” The alien got dressed.

Maude could only nod up at him.

“Spleeeendid.” He moved to the door on his four legs. “Beeeeeetter get the cleeeeeeaning bot in heeeere before your husband reeeeeeterns.” He put on his hat, and departed.

“Computer?” Maude hauled herself out of bed and wobbled toward the bathroom. “Start my shower. And you better clean the bedroom.” A pleasant chirp confirmed her command. She stumbled into the warm shower and let the water run over her. She was going to have to do some research on whether Zordellians could get humans pregnant.

Chapter 2

“Zordell are very friendly.” Gertrude Hunt smiled warmly at her husband. They walked side by side down the sidewalk under a canopy of chestnut trees. “It’s too bad we haven’t convinced any to accept His Word.” She held a Bible in her left hand. Her long dress swished around her ankles with each step.

“It will percolate for them, sunshine.” Otis returned his wife’s smile. “We expose them to God, and then let them breathe Him in for a while. It hasn’t been that long since the galactic treaty. The Zappers will come around, you’ll see.” They turned up a lovely walk to a large, two-story house. Flowers lined the paving stones.

“They don’t like that term, Otis.” Gertrude frowned. Her husband sounded almost like a bigot when he said “Zapper.” She didn’t like that one bit. They were there to welcome Earth’s newest guests with wide-open arms.

“Sorry, Gertie.” Otis’s cheeks reddened in shame. He knew better. It was hard when everyone around him used that word. “How do you think they afford such nice houses? Zordell don’t work.”

Gertrude shrugged and stopped by the front door. She pressed the doorbell. “Maybe we should ask?”

The door swung open and a female alien greeted them, dressed in a modest housedress. “Oh, how nice. Humans are heeeeeeeere. I am Eleeeeeeeed. What can I do for you?” Eled’s seven eyes took in both humans at the same time.

“Have you heard the good Word?” Otis put on his most charming smile. “I am Otis Hunt, and this is my wife, Gertrude. If you don’t mind inviting us in, we’d like to tell you how God sacrificed His only son for our sins. Both humans and Zordell, I mean.”

“Oh, yeeeeeeeeees. Veeeeeeery inteeeeeeeeesting. Come in.” Eled stood aside and let the humans in. “Doxnu? Weeeeeeee have company,” she yelled into the house.

A moment later, Doxnu shuffled into the room wearing his normal attire of suit, tie, and hat. He had been planning on visiting his neighbor, Maude, but he was delighted when

he saw that pretty human females would sometimes come right to his door. Earth was getting better and better. He rubbed his four hands together. “Greeeeeeetings. What can weeeeeeee do for you?”

“Hello, Doxnu.” Gertrude introduced herself and her husband again. “We were just telling your wife about the good Word.” Gertrude gripped her Bible tighter. Even though she knew she must open her heart to Zordell, seeing the way they moved and talked made her skin crawl. “Can we please tell you how you might be saved?”

“Yeeees, yeeeeees.” Eled spared two eyes to exchange a look with Doxnu. She knew how fond he’d become of human females. As his life-partner, she wanted him to be happy. “Weeeee are opeeeeeen to heeeearing. But, in our culture, a husband and wife must seeeeeeparate when leeeeeearning a new way of life. Theeeeeeeen theeeeeey must compare noteeeees afteeeeeerward.”

“Oh, I see.” Otis nodded. “We haven’t run across this custom before, but it makes sense. I’ll go with Doxnu, and Gertie can fill in Eled.”

“It must beeeee the otheeeeeer way around.” Doxnu walked to the stairs. “Mrs. Hunt will show meeeee, Mr. Hunt. And you will show my sweeeet Eleeeeeed.” Doxnu turned and walked up the stairs, his tail switching back and forth.

Otis and Gertrude exchanged a long look. Neither moved. Eled stood by, clasping her four hands and smiling.

“Yes, okay.” Otis felt these two were the most receptive Zappers so far. It was unusual to leave his wife alone with an adult male of any species, but it might be worth it. If he could get Doxnu and Eled to attend church regularly, he’d be the talk of the congregation. “Go on, Gertie. Spread His Word.”

“Of course.” With one last glance at her husband, Gertrude ascended the steps. She found Doxnu waiting for her in the hall above. He ushered her into a bedroom and closed the door.

“This will beeeee private.” He was already hardening. Maude was a beauty, but Gertrude was even prettier. He couldn’t wait to see her tits. While there were only two, they looked quite large under her dress.

“Something smells lovely in here.” Gertrude’s nostrils flared. The scent was spicy, like crushed fig leaves. Her body relaxed as she looked around the bedroom. The bed was huge, but that made sense. It had to comfortably sleep two large Zordell. The decorations included many statues which were odd and discomfiting. “So ... God sent Jesus down to Earth ... to ... to ...” She watched him raise his tail and blue sparks flew from it. “What are you doing? Is that dangerous? I ...” The pleasant scent in the room increased noticeably. Her mind swam, and a silly smile spread across her face. “Are you

... are you ... undressing?" More and more of the hideous creature came into view as he carefully took off his suit and hung it up.

"You will beeeeeee only my seeeeeeeecond human girlfrieeeeeeeend." Doxnu turned toward her so she could see his cock clearly. He was pleased by the look of shock on her face. He knew her husband was nothing by comparison.

"I am no one's ... girlfriend. My husband is right downstairs." She couldn't take her eyes off the enormous appendage. The undulating head belched up a small amount of opaque purplish liquid. It was not even remotely human. "Put your clothes back on. This is no way to hear the Word of God." She reached up and held the cross that hung around her neck. If the creature's pheromones hadn't so confused her, she would have run from the room. But in her altered state, she still thought she could convert him. "As I was saying, Jesus ... get your hands off my dress!"

"Breeeeeeeeathe ... Mrs. Hunt. And you will seeeeeeee that you must opeeeeeeeen to meeeeeee." With his third hand Doxnu lifted the hem of her dress. She had wonderfully pale, slender legs. Humans were so deliciously delicate. He placed his first hand on her hip and spun her slowly around, admiring the curve of her ass.

~~

Otis could hear nothing from upstairs. "And that is why the Apostles ... um ..." He looked over at Eled who sat on the sofa and watched him with rapt attention. He could tell he was getting through to her. "Maybe I should go check on my wife."

"Weeeeeee cannot inteerupt theeeeeeeem until theeeeeeeey are finisheeeeeed." Eled nodded with finality. "Now go on about the Apostleeeeeees."

~~

Upstairs, Gertrude's Bible hit the floor with a thump. In a dreamy state, she stared at Doxnu's tail as it sparked blue again. That lovely smell filled her nostrils. She couldn't even remember her husband's name. She was only barely aware that the creature was pulling down her panties.

"You are dripping, Mrs. Hunt. How loveeely." He picked her up in his four arms. For such small creatures, humans were quite heavy. Without undressing her further, he placed her on her back in the middle of the bed. The hem of her dress was up around her waist. He spread her legs and admired how her pussy opened for him. Her triangle of hair ran a little wild, but he imagined a religious human might not trim as often as Maude did. He

decided he liked the look. "You will neeeeeeed some time to adjust." He lined up his cock and rubbed the head against her slick, spreading lips.

"Now ... I know this can't be ... right. We were talking about ... Jesus. I would never ... ugggggghhhhhhh." Her whole body convulsed as the head burrowed inside her. "Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii."

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Otis looked up at the ceiling. "Did you hear that?"

Eled nervously licked her lips. "I didn't hear it." But of course she had. She knew the sounds of human female ecstasy well by now. Maude was quite a screamer. "Maybeeee weeeee should go out for a walk and you can teeeeeell meeeee more."

"Oh, no. I couldn't leave my wife alone in a stranger's house." He mistook her expression for displeasure. He didn't mean to give offense. "Not that Doxnu is not an honorable Zapper. I mean Zordell. I mean ... um ... let me tell you more about Saint Paul." There was another sound, and he looked at the ceiling. It was very faint, but he thought he could hear his wife's high voice. It sounded like Gertrude was giving an impassioned sermon. He would be ashamed if she converted Doxnu and he failed with Eled. He ignored the sounds and continued his mission.

~~

Doxnu knew he had to give the woman's pussy time to adjust, so he held his hips still, with his cock buried inside her for five minutes. He practically drooled at the way her eyelids fluttered as she writhed under him. Without him doing anything more than enter her, he had already counted three human orgasms, and she seemed to be approaching a fourth. It was time. Slowly, his hips moved. "You will find, Mrs. Hunt, that it isn't just our peeeenis that is diffeeeeent. Zordeeeell hips are double-jointeeeed, which allows our thrust to go in threeeee phaseeeeees. My first girlfrieeeeeend says theeeeeere is nothing eeeeeelse like it."

"Uuuugggghhhhh ... you're ... in my ... belly." Gertrude's eyes rolled. "Jesus ... Jesus ... Jesus ... you're moving ... ooooohhhhhh ... you're going to ... destroy meeeeeeeeeee." She shook as another climax took her.

“I will go slow at fist.” Doxnu luxuriated in the pleasure of her impossibly tight opening. “You seeeeeeee? First, our hips collide.” He thrust into her. “Then I drive your ass into the mattress.” He pushed her down, so that the mattress was forced to bend under them. “Then, I push further and wiggle side to side.”

“Oooohhhhhhh ... ggoooooosssssshhhhhhhhh ... Iiiiimmmmaaaaa ... bbblllllllllaaaaaa ...” Words left Gertrude. She could only scream incoherencies. What the Zordell was doing to her was nothing like the gentle sex she had with her husband. Doxnu and Otis might as well have been different species. Her mind clung to that thought. They *were* different species. She was not only opening her arms to this strange race from the stars, she was opening her legs. She grunted and squealed as she became familiar with the Zordell’s tertiary way of humping.

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“Now I hear thumping.” Otis stared up at the ceiling, distracted from his thoughts about Christ. “Are you sure that’s normal?”

“Oh, yeeeeeees.” Eled smiled. “Wheeeeeen Doxnu agreeeeees with someeeeeeeting, he stomps his feeeeeeeet. That is normal for our speeeecies.” She had to stifle a laugh as the gullible husband nodded and went on with his talk. His wife was clearly in the throes of the most pleasure she’d ever experienced, and he was prattling on about his silly religion. How had humans ever conquered the outer quadrant?

~~

“So good ... so good,” Gertrude murmured. The ecstasy was driving her insane. She barely noticed when Doxnu undressed her and turned around. Now naked, lying on her back, she tried to figure out why he was facing the wrong way. When she went to look, his tail kept brushing against her face. She howled when he reinserted his penis. She hadn’t known a reverse missionary position was possible. But she hadn’t known penises came in Doxnu’s size either. “Ohhhhh ... Doxnu ... Doxnu ...” She held onto his tail with both hands and opened her legs as wide as they would go. Her feet, still in shoes, bounced in the air as she pointed her toes. Her cross lunged from one trembling boob to the other. “I think ... ugh ... I’m in love ... with you ... Doxnu.”

"I'll ... eeequ ... eeequ ... eeequ ... take good ... care ... of you ... eeequ ... Mrs. Hunt." Doxnu was ready. "Now you must ripeeeeen with my seeeeed." With a few final, shivering thrusts he let out a torrent of his purple goo inside the human.

"I feel it ... uggghhhhh ... it's so hot." Gertrude humped herself up against Doxnu's pelvis, the heat of his stuff spreading inside her. Her latest orgasm surpassed the others. When her mind returned to her, Doxnu lay by her side, his soft, heavy penis resting across her legs. "I forgot why ... I even came here ... today," she panted.

"I neeeeearly forgot, toooooo." Doxnu was so relaxed. He idly reached over with two arms and hefted her tits. With another hand, he fondled the cross around her neck. "You and your husband weeeeeere showing us your reeeeeeligion."

"Oh, gosh. Otis." Gertrude sat up suddenly. "What have I done?" She watched Doxnu's tail rise and blue sparks glittered in her eyes.

"Teeeeeell him to leeeeeeave ... and weeeee can do that all again." Doxnu would not let her go until she was thoroughly hooked on Zordell cock.

"Okay ... Doxnu. You can really get it up ... again?" When she saw him nod, Gertrude got up and dreamily walked to the bedroom door. She was still naked and dripping purple stuff onto the floor.

~~

"I am convinceeeeed." Eled clapped all four hands. "But my husband will beeeeee a tougher seeeeell."

"You'll come to church?" Otis was giddy. *Wait until Gertrude* ... and then he heard his wife's voice.

"Otis, dear." Standing out of sight, Gertrude called down the stairs.

"Yes, sunshine?" Otis stood, but wasn't sure if he should follow her voice upstairs. He didn't want to offend his hosts.

"I need more time to work on Doxnu. He's a bit ... rigid." Gertrude felt terrible lying to her husband, but she was torn. In the moment, Doxnu was more important. "If you're done with Eled, why don't you go home, and I'll catch up with you in a few hours."

Otis moved to the foot of the stairs and looked up, but couldn't see his wife. "Um ... are you sure?" He looked over at the smiling Eled.

“I’m very sure. I’ll see you at home.” Gertrude bit her nails as she waited for his reply. She didn’t want her husband to ruin things with Doxnu. Just thinking about spending the afternoon with the Zordell was making her legs tremble.

“Okay. Good luck.” Otis met Eled at the door. “Thank you for a lovely time. I hope to see you and Doxnu at church.”

“Oh, yesssssss.” Eled tried not to rush him out the door, but she was eager to see what her life-partner was up to. She said her goodbyes to the husband and finally shut the door. By the time she got up to her bedroom, Doxnu and Gertrude were lying on the bed. The sweet human’s lips were wrapped around Doxnu’s prodigious cockhead. “You two look loveeeeeeely.”

Gertrude gave a start when the second alien entered the room. She took a deep breath of that wonderful scent, relaxed, and went back to giving the first blowjob of her life. She had never considered sucking a penis before, and here she was bobbing her head on an alien’s strange thing. How odd.

“Don’t mind meeeeee.” Eled found a seat, so she could watch. “I’ll just beeeee oveeeeer heeeeeeere.”

“Wait till you seeeeee the way sheeeeee squirms.” Doxnu smiled at his wife.

“I can’t wait.” Eled was so happy that her husband had found another human girlfriend.

Wish Granted

Chapter 1

“Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ...” I sounded like a darn animal. Here I was, a respected member of the PTA, on the board of our church, and chair of our neighborhood watch, and I was on my hands and knees in the middle of my marital bed. Up until a few weeks ago, I was a loyal wife and normal mother. But since then I’d piled sin upon sin. It was the middle of the day, my husband was at work, and I pushed my butt back hard against the young man behind me. “Oh, Billy ... I’m going to ... lose it ... again.” You see, the man behind me was my son. In such a short time I’d sunk so low. There were four condoms on the sheets around me, leaking my son’s sperm onto the sheets. He had skipped school and we had been going at it all day. I ground back at him as I orgasmed again.

“Damn, Mom. Your ass is ... uh ... uh ... huge.” Billy slapped my ass and gripped the folds above my hips tighter. Nothing had ever felt so good in my whole life.

“Don’t ... ugh ... say that.” I thought I had raised him right. But the moment seemed to argue with me.

“It’s not like ... ah ... ah ... ah ... you’re fat. It’s just ... ugh ... the perfect mom-bod.” Billy pulled out of me, yanked the condom off his penis, and tossed it with the other used ones on the bed. “I’m just going to try it bare for a minute. I can’t feel anything with the condom.”

“I told you ... only with a condom.” But I didn’t resist when he shoved it back in and found his rhythm. The way his penis went after my vagina was a little too close to heaven for me to intervene. “Ok ... but ... ugh ... ugh ... only for ... a minute.”

“Oh, man. I’m raw-dogging you, Mom.” Billy’s hips went into overdrive. “So ... wet ... and ... tight.”

“Please ... don’t ... talk like that.” I hung my head and watched my boobs flop underneath me.

How did I, the perfect wife and mother, end up here?

Well, a few weeks ago, I was leaving a church board meeting when I saw something strange. I always park down on the other side of the parking lot, so no one dings my Mercedes. As I walked to my car, I noticed a light to my left. I went to investigate and under a tree was a fortunetelling machine. Like the kind you might see at a carnival.

“How odd.” I looked around, but I could see none of the other church board members from my vantage under the tree. On impulse, I put a quarter into the machine. Red eyes glowed on the strange face inside the machine. A message lit up telling me to point the ramp at Zoltar’s mouth. I figured the man in the machine was Zoltar, so using the mechanism, I pointed the ramp as it requested. Then a message read that Zoltar wanted me to make a wish. Of course, it was all silly, but there was something quite formidable about the machine. So, I thought it over. My life was perfect. I had a loving husband, accomplished daughter, comfy house, luxurious car, and caring friends. It was flawless but for one glaring imperfection. My eighteen-year-old son had grown distant from me in his teenage years. “I wish Billy and I were closer,” I said. The face in the machine opened and closed its mechanical mouth and a message lit up, telling me to press the red button. I did.

My quarter shot down the ramp, flew into the air, and went into Zoltar’s mouth. All the lights in the fortune telling machine went out and a card sprung from the machine and landed at my feet. I picked it up and read that my wish had been granted. “Thanks, Zoltar.” I shook my head. Why would I play such a silly game at my age? I then turned and quickly walked to my car.

Things got strange with Billy very soon after that. Maybe I’ll tell you the whole story another time, but the thing of it is, I was now fornicating like a dog on the bed I shared with my husband. My son was slamming it into me from behind without a condom. I was on the edge of another orgasm. But the most terrible thing was that I could tell from his trembling that Billy was close, too.

“Pull ... out ... Billy ... ugh ... ugh ...” I really tried to keep his stuff out of me. I really did.

“Oh ... Mom ... oh ... Mom ... aaaaaauuuuuuugggggghhhhhhh.” Billy’s hips bucked as he lost all control.

I had heard my son reach his climax numerous times over the past few weeks, but he’d never sounded so ... angry before. As he dumped his load in my womb, I felt we had ceased to be two people and become one. I fell to my stomach on the bed, groaning out my own ecstasy, and he fell with me, still firmly implanted from behind.

After a few minutes, he moved behind me again. I let him. I wasn’t really sure he could climax again. It had been five times already that day. But sure enough, a half-hour later, we were both howling our pleasure as he let it out inside me again. Zoltar had given me my wish. I now had the perfect relationship with my son. But I could clearly see the rest of my life would fall apart. As I panted, with my face pressed against the sheets and his weight on my butt and back, I swore to myself that I would find the Zoltar machine and make another wish to put everything right again.

Chapter 2

“Found it!” I shrieked to myself. I pulled into a parking space and slammed on the brakes. “Oh ... my ... gosh. There you are, Zoltar.” I giggled. Euphoria swept over me. I opened the door and slowly got out of my Mercedes, cradling my pregnant belly with one arm. If you read what I wrote before, you’ve guessed that it was my son’s baby inside me. I ended up letting Billy fill me again and again. That was a colossal disaster brought about by a silly wish. But I was about to put everything right.

I had spent months searching carnivals and fairs for the Zoltar machine. I found nothing. But then, as my belly grew along with my desperation, I had a sudden inspiration. I had originally found Zoltar in my church parking lot. So, I drove from church to church. And finally, I was looking at the machine again. Indeed, I was standing right in front of it. I took a deep breath, straightened my maternity dress, and fished a quarter out of my purse. I hit the red button to start the thing. A message lit up telling me that Zoltar wanted me to make a wish. This was it. “I wish I could go back in time and never make my first wish with you, Zoltar.” I adjusted the ramp and let my coin fly. I missed his chomping mouth. It took me several tries to get one in, but I had plenty of quarters and made the same wish every time. I was prepared for this moment. Eventually my quarter sailed into his mouth. I blinked. I’d done it. All the lights in the fortune-telling machine went out and a card sprang from the machine and landed at my feet. I slowly bent down and picked it up. It read: *wish granted*.

“Okay, so how does this work?” I waited for a while. Maybe I was supposed to leave? I turned away from the machine and walked back to my car. A moment later, I found myself in front of Zoltar again, holding a quarter, poised to send it down the ramp. Confused, I looked around. “Holy ... moly.” I was back at my church. I put a hand on my flat tummy. I wasn’t pregnant. I laughed hysterically, throwing the quarter far into the vacant lot. It was over. Billy and I would go back to being a normal, if distant, mother and son. My life was perfect again. I had a loving husband, accomplished daughter, comfy house, luxurious car, and caring friends. I checked my phone. I had gone back in time to the night I made the wish. I kissed the glass in front of Zoltar’s hideous face. “Thank you, Zoltar. Thank you, thank you!” I danced around the parking lot, not caring if other church board members saw me from the main lot. When my jubilation finally waned enough for me to drive, I got behind the wheel and returned to my perfect life.

You thought this would be the end of the story, right? It should be time for me to sign off, riding into happily ever after. Well, not quite. It turns out I didn’t like having a surly teenager under my roof. There was a reason for my first wish, after all. At first, I thought that’s all it was. Billy and I had been as close as a mother and son could be before I turned back time, but now he treated me like an underperforming maid. So, my life wasn’t perfect, but I could live with it.

Other cracks began to show in the façade around me. My marriage wasn't everything I had thought it was. After a week of tension twisting my stomach in knots, I realized that I was suffering from major sexual frustration. My wonderful husband, bless his heart, had none of the enthusiasm or stamina that our eighteen-year-old son possessed. I had been blissfully ignorant before the first wish, but now I knew what I was missing. So, of course, the amount of time I spent masturbating skyrocketed. I went from once a month, to every day, to several times a day. And it was Billy's name that I whispered when I found my pleasure. Even that didn't satisfy me. It became clear how I could kill two birds with one stone.

"Billy, can you come in here please?" Enough was enough. I wore lingerie that I knew he loved and stood waiting for him in my room. I checked the clock compulsively. We would have hours uninterrupted.

"I'm busy, Mom. Can we just ...?" He stopped in my bedroom doorway, and his mouth fell open. Billy stared at my cleavage, quickly looked away, and looked back again, ogling me.

"I thought about playing coy with you, sweetie. But I know you won't mind if I'm direct." I gave him a nervous smile. I knew no such thing, but I was hoping. Tension eased when I saw his gaze unable to pull away. I had him. Of course I did. This man worshipped me as a goddess for months before I foolishly erased it all. "I'd like you to touch them, Billy."

"I ... I ... um ..." His gaze darted to my face and then back down to my breasts. He chewed on his bottom lip the way he did when trying to get through some tough homework.

"Go on. I want you to touch my boobs, Billy." I took a couple steps toward him, swaying my hips provocatively. I lowered the lingerie and let my breasts hang free. "Will you do that for me?"

"Oh ... shit ... I ... um ..." Billy's face went slack when his fingers pressed into my flesh. He looked like he had been hypnotized. I still giggle when I think about his expression at that moment.

Things progressed even faster than when Zoltar had twisted my first wish. I had the advantage of knowing exactly what he wanted and needed.

"Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ..." I sounded like a darn animal. I was a respected member of the PTA, on the board of our church, and chair of our neighborhood watch, and I was on my hands and knees in the middle of my marital bed. I had been beaten by temptation. "Oh, Billy ... I'm going to ... lose it ... again." There were two condoms on the bedding around me, leaking my son's sperm onto the sheets. At least I had learned my lesson from the

first wish. I wouldn't let him have sex without a condom again. I shrieked out another orgasm.

"Jeez, Mom. Your ass is ... uh ... uh ... amazing." Billy gripped my upper butt tighter. That was something he always loved to do. Joy surged through me at having him back inside me, at our renewed connection.

"Slap it ... sweetie." I had raised him right. So, he didn't give my booty a smack. He was too respectful. It was time to undo some of that training. "Go ... on ... Mommy likes when you slap ... my butt." The sound of his hand on my skin reverberated around the room. "Ow ... not so hard."

"Sorry, Mom." He pumped his hips and smacked me more gently. "Look at it ripple. You have the ... uh ... uh ... perfect ... mom bod."

"I ... ugh ... know." Hearing the thing he always used to say to me sent me over the edge. I clutched the sheets and had my best orgasm since the second wish.

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It took some coaching on my part to get Billy up to speed, but quickly we fell back into the routine we had before my second wish. We humped whenever we had the house to ourselves. And even sometimes when we didn't.

"Not so loud, Mom. He might ... uh ... uh ... wake up." Billy took me slow and steady on the living room floor. My husband slept in the room just above us. I was on my back, with my legs high in the air. He kissed my neck and breasts while working his hips between my legs.

"Sorry ... ohhhhhhhh ... I just can't help myself ... with you." I held his shoulders and locked eyes with him. "I think ... we forgot ... the condom."

Billy laughed hard. "Yeah ... I noticed ... I can feel everything now. You're ... so tight."

"Just promise ... you'll do it outside." I gazed at him with total adulation.

"I ... ugh ... promise." Billy said the right words, and I'm sure he meant them. But twenty minutes later he grunted out his satisfaction inside my vagina. And I did nothing more than wrap my legs around his butt and urge him on.

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Months passed. I'm sure you can guess what happened. First wish ... second wish ... it didn't matter. I was in the same position. That is, pregnant with my son's baby and riding him reverse. He says people call it reverse cowgirl, but I haven't seen many cowgirls with swollen bellies.

"You've got ... ugh ... ugh ... a red ... handprint ... on your ass ... Mom." Billy slapped me again for good measure.

"Do you ... like it?" I knew he did, but I loved hearing him say it.

"It's amazing. Your ass is so ... ugh ... wide. There's room for ... plenty more." He smacked me again. I groaned and rode him harder.

"You're back right where ... you started." What I meant was that the second wish had been for nothing. I'd never told him about Zoltar, so he misunderstood me.

"Yeah ... I love being back ... in your pussy. Right where ... I started ... aaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." Billy gripped fistfuls of my ass and slammed me down on his penis. The idea had clearly ignited his orgasm. My body trembled as I took his seed. Each time he released inside me I was hit by the purest high. Even if I found Zoltar again, and started over again, I was sure I would end up right back with my son's penis blasting inside me. It could mean the end to the life I'd had before. But that life wasn't as perfect as I had thought.

When I made my first wish, I knew my son was the missing piece. But there was no way I could know how important that bond would be. My relationship with him dwarfed everything else. It made my church, PTA meetings, and even my husband afterthoughts. It rendered my second wish useless. I wonder if Zoltar knew this when he granted me the second wish. I'm guessing he probably did. He's probably laughing in whatever church parking lot he haunts now.

Erato's Mirror (Complete)

Chapter 1

Once upon a time, Erato was a revered dryad. She was the high priestess to the god Pan. But then, mankind tore the forests from the earth. As the trees died, her powers waned. In desperation, she clung to a mighty oak for centuries, but even it fell to the whims of man. Wood from that tree made its way into an intricately-carved mirror in the early 19th century. The oak was fashioned to resemble writhing forest creatures.

A great sorrow consumed Erato, whose magic was now tied to this one mirror. She had faded but not vanished. Looking into the dryad's silvered-glass mirror would expose any mortal to Erato's enchantment. Thus, even in her diminished form, Erato carried on Pan's work.

In a dusty antique store in upstate Maine, Ellen Tangier found Erato's mirror and haggled the shop owner down to a fair price. Her husband helped her hang it in their bedroom, where Ellen thought it looked lovely.

"It's creepy," Her eighteen-year-old son said. From then on, he refused to go into his parent's bedroom. His older sister would have liked it, but she was away at college.

Over the following weeks, Ellen spent many hours standing in front of the mirror. Nothing was more enchanting to her than looking at her own naked form. She would twist and turn to take in her reflection from all angles. She saw in that mirror a pale woman with the body of a fertility goddess. Absurd as it was, she thought she could see the faint outline of a proud penis between the legs of her reflection. Over many weeks, her body changed to match the woman in the reflecting glass. She grew more voluptuous, but no penis sprouted. Well, that was for the best. What would her husband say if it had?

As these changes worked through her, sex with her husband became exciting again. She had all sorts of new fantasies that played out in her head. That he was a dark intruder and she the helpless housewife. That he was a young ruffian and she a damsel in the wrong part of town. Then her fantasies shifted, and she started seeing herself as the conqueror. She started imagining other women falling before her.

Erato worked her magic and pushed the woman further. If Pan could see Ellen Tangier, he would be pleased.

One day, after staring at herself in the mirror for hours, Ellen decided enough was enough. She needed to taste power over another. Ellen threw on a loose dress, one of the few that still fit her new, curvaceous body, and walked next door. Her neighbor, Mrs. Jessica James, was sure to be home on a Wednesday.

“Hello, Ellen. Want some coffee?” Jessica was delighted to see her neighbor, needing an excuse to break from tedious chores. She invited Ellen in and led the way to the kitchen.

“You look beautiful this morning, Jessica.” Ellen meant it. She couldn’t keep her eyes off her married neighbor’s butt as they walked. Jessica was a small, pretty thing with soft, wide-set eyes, an athletic body, and long, blond hair. “Maybe something stronger than coffee?”

“Well, I’m not sure what I –” Much to Jessica’s surprise, before they had even settled into the kitchen, she found herself in a deep kiss with Ellen. Her formerly shy, plain neighbor had developed some sort of animal magnetism that Jessica was helpless to resist. Minutes later, she found herself wearing only her bra, sitting on the edge of her granite counter, while Ellen lapped at her pink pussy lips.

Ellen felt knew pleasure between her legs. She paused eating out her neighbor to look down. There was a tent in her dress. She carefully lifted it and looked. A long, turgid penis had indeed spouted from her loins. She pulled down her panties to get a better look. It had a purplish head and strange runes written on the skin. Ellen’s hands fell to her new tool and pumped it. Two hands would never fit on her husband’s penis she thought with delirious passion. She was more endowed than her other half. She giggled at the thought, and her mouth went back to Jessica’s pussy.

Jessica was so high on the surprising pleasure of another woman’s tongue, that she didn’t even notice Ellen’s inexplicable cock, or the pumping that was going on down below.

Ellen brought Jessica to a shuddering orgasm just as her own magical balls emptied themselves onto the kitchen floor. When she leaned back and looked down expecting to see a puddle of semen, there was nothing there. The rune-covered penis and its product were gone. Ellen looked up at the panting woman, feeling more herself and quite guilty for what she’d done. “I’m sorry, Jessica.” Ellen scrubbed Jessica’s juices off her face with a kitchen towel and rushed out of her neighbor’s house. She was both horrified and thrilled at the ease with which Jessica had given up the goods. And what about Ellen’s own vows to her husband? Ecstasy, guilt, and confusion fought inside her as she spent the rest of the day masturbating her vagina in front Erato’s mirror. She secretly longed for the penis to return, but it did only for her reflection, which smiled back at her as its hands stroked over those runes.

Chapter 2

Sensing that she was losing herself, Ellen Tangier tried to smash Erato’s Mirror. One day after hours of staring at her reflection, she grabbed one of her husband’s hammers with intent to plunge it through that silvered-glass. But Erato was a dryad, high priestess to

Pan, and Ellen was spellbound. Instead, Ellen dropped the hammer to the bedroom floor, spread her legs, and rubbed her vagina while staring at her buxom reflection with its large cock.

A shrinking part of Ellen's mind still wanted to save the sanctity of her marriage. But a stronger voice sung the siren's song inside her, urging Ellen to take her small, blond neighbor again. Erato pushed Ellen to serve Pan, bending all those around her to the carnal delights of the bacchanal. Eventually, Ellen heeded the call. Wearing a short summer dress, she went to pay Mrs. Jessica James another visit.

The doorbell to the James residence chimed, Ellen could hear it through the front door, but no one came to welcome her. On a Friday morning, Jessica should be home. Ellen tried the door, but it was locked. She walked around the house. All the blinds were closed. She found the back door and it was unlocked. Ellen took a deep breath and stepped into the house. She found Jessica upstairs hiding in her bedroom.

"I hope you don't mind, I let myself in." Ellen strode into the room with confidence, her hips swaying. She looked down and saw that her dress was tented again. The cock was back!

"What?" Jessica turned from the window she had been peeking through and looked at the intruder. "No, no, no. Go away, Ellen." The slim wife was dressed in jeans and a blouse. She backed away.

"You look lovely, sweetie." A snide smile crept across Ellen's face. "Let's make some revelry."

"What?" Jessica backed up to the wall. She hugged her arms to her chest.

"What I mean, is ..." Ellen pulled off her own dress and removed her bra and panties. The strange penis with the runes flopped into view. "It's time to party." Ellen stepped close to the smaller woman, pulling her arms apart.

"What is that?" Jessica shrieked. It was a dumb question. Jessica knew a penis when she saw one. Her wide eyes couldn't turn away from the evil looking thing between her neighbor's legs. Why was it there? What did that writing mean? Jessica let the larger woman press up against her. A second later, a woman kissed her for the first time. If, Ellen, was a woman. The hardness pressing against Jessica's tummy made an argument to the contrary. She was so confused, but her tongue met Ellen's. Tension released from Jessica's back and shoulders, and she melted into the embrace.

After a few minutes, Ellen broke the kiss. She stripped Jessica naked and admired her neighbor's perky body. "Nice tits. But just wait till you have kids, girl." She then gently tossed Jessica onto her marital bed. "This old mare she ain't what she used to be." Ellen's sing-song laugh reverberated around the bedroom.

“Please ...” Jessica lay on her back, her hands waving for mercy. Her diamond wedding ring sparkled.

Ellen straddled Jessica’s pretty face, resting her magical balls on the woman’s tightly shut lips, and lowered her mouth to Jessica’s pussy. She licked and sucked.

Jessica resisted for a while, but the feeling that spread from her vagina was too much. Tentatively, she stuck out her tongue and licked. Soon, she had one hairy ball in her mouth, then the other. They were so warm and full. A little while after that, she tentatively licked her way up the veiny shaft of the penis. She gave her husband blowjobs when he’d earned them, but this cock was quite different from his. The head of the penis slipped into her mouth and she tasted the salty precum.

The neighbors went at their sixty-nine until warm afternoon sunlight fell through the windows. Jessica held firmly to each round butt cheek above, not wanting it to end. Orgasm after orgasm had racked her body, but Ellen had not yet climaxed. Eventually, Jessica felt that round ass tremble, and she knew what was coming. She tried to remove the thing from her mouth, but she found her head was pinned between the mattress and Ellen’s pressing hips.

“Oh ... yes ... I’m going to ...” Ellen thrust her hips violently, barely aware of the gurgling and gagging below her. “Yes. Aaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Ellen screamed out her release. Her hips spasmed several times, and then were still. After a while, she rolled off the slender woman. “I’m a mess.” She slowly crawled out of bed and dressed. Cum dripped from Jessica’s pretty lips, and her blue eyes were glazed over. “But you still look lovely, sweetie.” Even as she looked, the sperm faded away and her ephemeral penis vanished from beneath her dress. All that was left of the mess was the puddle on the sheets between Jessica’s legs. “I suggest you clean up all this ...” Ellen waved her hand inclusively at the bed and the woman. “... before your husband comes home.”

“What ...” Jessica panted. “... did you do to me?”

“Everything.” Ellen bent, wiped her sticky face on the bedsheets, straightened, and smiled down at Jessica. “See you tomorrow.” And she strode out of the house, hips swaying with confidence.

Chapter 3

And so it happened that the mirror corrupted Ellen, and Ellen corrupted Jessica. The wives would get together every morning. They would lick and suck each other for hours, lost completely in their desires.

Ellen's husband threw a backyard party the following Sunday, so naturally Jessica and her husband were invited. Ellen could sense that her special mirror wanted to see her new conquest in the flesh. So, Ellen, dressed in a pretty blue dress, found Jessica sitting on the patio with a beer. She took Jessica's hand and led her through the house up to Ellen's bedroom.

"We can't do this now." Jessica looked around as they entered the bright room. "Everyone's downstairs." The little blond woman wore a loose summer dress and a sparkling silver necklace. She stared down at Ellen's dress and saw the evil thing straining to free itself.

"They won't miss us for a few minutes." Ellen closed and locked the door behind them. She then stepped over to the window, looked down at the party below, and closed the curtains.

"I don't know." Jessica, drawn to the mirror, walked over to it and stared at her reflection. It was a beautiful antique, with writhing animals carved into the wood. She watched Ellen move in behind her.

"Don't you look primal today?" Ellen stood behind Jessica and ran her fingers up the front of Jessica's dress, cupping the small woman's boobs. "We've imbibed." She took the beer from Jessica's hand and put it on the dresser. "Now let's revel." Ellen pulled the dress over her neighbor's head and admired the slim beauty, so pale in the darkened room. Ellen lowered herself to her knees, tucking her dress under her, and dropped Jessica's panties.

"Oh, Ellen, that's so ... dirty." Jessica leaned forward and placed her hands on the mirror. She spread her legs and let Ellen lick at her butt. This was new to the housewife. "You just do whatever you want, don't you?" Jessica watched her reflection quiver and shake as Ellen moved a finger into Jessica's pussy. Jessica barely recognized herself when she spent time with Ellen. The young blond woman reflected in the mirror looked like an animal in heat. Her ears tuned out the laughing and conversation from outside the window. The real party was in the bedroom. Jessica bit her lip when she came, trying to stay quiet.

Ellen pulled Jessica to the bed and tossed her down on her back. She unclasped the woman's bra and threw it aside. "The mirror wants a show, sweetie. Let's try more new things." Ellen dropped her panties, pulled her dress up to her waist, and mounted Jessica. She spread the trembling woman's legs and rubbed the underside of the rune-covered cock on Jessica's pussy.

"Oh, my goodness." Jessica writhed under Ellen. "Are you going to ... stick it in me?" Until now, they had only had oral sex, and Jessica had thought that's where it would stay. But the next moment she found out she'd been wrong. A great stretching sensation

filled her as Ellen pushed the head of her penis past Jessica's wet pussy lips. The slim woman shrieked and grabbed her bra. She bit it between her teeth to keep from crying out again. The way Ellen undulated her hips was downright bestial. Soon, the whole thing was inside Jessica. It was far deeper than any man had gone.

Erato watched the women fornicating on the bed and felt some more power flow back into her ancient magic. They were serving Pan and they would bring more into their circle of debauchery in the days to come.

"Who owns this pussy?" Ellen sped up her hips and placed her hands on Jessica's breasts. "Who conquered your little married snatch?" Sweat dripped down Ellen's nose.

Jessica spit the bra out of her mouth. "You do." Trembling she looked up at her new queen. "You did."

About thirty minutes later, Ellen groaned out her satisfaction as she emptied herself inside Jessica. Her only regret was that the cum would soon disappear, and her little neighbor wouldn't be wandering the party with a womb full of Ellen's seed. Ellen waited for her cock to vanish. Then, she dressed Jessica again and pulled her back down to the back patio. No one seemed to notice anything was amiss, except Jessica's husband. A little later, he mentioned to Jessica that she smelled funny. She didn't have the heart to tell him that what he smelled was their host's complete conquest of a once faithful wife.

Nefarious Elves

Chapter 1

“Santa’s gone crazy. We shouldn’t be doing this.” Shiny Upatree kicked at the doggie door and crawled through. He regarded a dark kitchen. Lights from the Christmas tree cast an oblong glow on the linoleum floor as they shone from the living room.

“Well, Santa doesn’t like when the big ones ask for stuff.” Sugarplum Mary followed Shiny Upatree into the house. The two elves stood no taller than the kitchen counter. “Oliver’s nineteen, and he has the gumption to write Santa asking for some quality time with his mother? What a jerk.” She placed the charmed chocolate powder on the kitchen table, hoisted her rucksack, and led the way upstairs.

“He’s homesick at college. Give him a break,” Shiny Upatree whispered. “He just wants some attention from his mom. He certainly didn’t ask for what we’re about to give him. This is some real monkey paw shit.”

“Shh.” Sugarplum Mary held a finger to her curved lips. The two elves quietly opened the door to the master bedroom and slipped in. They waddled up to the bed, and looked at the sleeping Martha Bixby. Sugarplum dropped the sack, removed a long, branching starkwood limb, and held it over the sleeping wife and mother. She could hear Arthur Bixby snoring away on the other side of the bed.

“You ask but never thank. Now your mother’s mind is blank,” the two elves chanted softly together. “Now we’re here to make her think. Your wish is granted once you drink.”

“Done.” Sugarplum Mary stuffed the branch back into her bag, and the elves headed downstairs. Once in the living room, she pointed at a bookshelf. “Let’s hide up there. I want to see this one. Martha’s a real looker. We wouldn’t want to miss Oliver’s dream come true.” Sugarplum Mary snickered.

“Again? Why do we always have to watch?” But Shiny Upatree had noticed Martha’s beautiful, long blond hair, heart-shaped face, and curving body under the blankets. He followed his fellow elf up on the bookshelf and waited.

A few minutes later, Martha sat up in bed. She had the sudden desire to kindle a fire in the living room hearth and put together some naughty hot chocolate. She left her snoring husband in bed and went to her closet. She rummaged around for a while until she found a robe that her son, Oliver, had given her for Christmas many years ago. She put it on and went downstairs.

Once the fire roared, and the chocolate was piping hot, she had the sudden urge to share this moment with her eldest. She'd missed Oliver since he'd been away at college. It was so, very special having him back for the winter break. She went up to his room, roused him, and herded him down to the living room.

"What's going on, Mom?" Oliver rubbed his eyes and yawned. His flannel pajamas felt a little too warm with the heat of the fire pressing at him. He looked around at the tall Christmas tree, resplendent with all their family decorations, over by the front window. Closer, he saw the angel chimes were lit and spinning on the mantle, making a faint dinging sound. The Bixby childrens' three stockings hung nearby. "Where's Dad and the twins?"

"I thought we'd spend a little mother-son time together. Just you and me." Martha sat on the couch and patted the cushion next to her. Her robe was not long, and she showed a lot of thigh when she crossed her legs. "Come sit. Have some naughty hot chocolate." She pointed to the two steaming mugs on the coffee table.

"Okay." Oliver sat down and reached for his mug. "That's the robe I got you all those years back. I thought you said it didn't fit."

"Nonsense, it fits fine. See." When Martha leaned forward, the robe barely contained her milky-white cleavage.

"Oh." Oliver tried not to stare at his mom's ample bosom. He felt a very weird boner coming on. To take his mind off it, he took a sip of hot chocolate. His eyes went wide when he tasted it. "There's alcohol in here, Mom."

"That's what makes it naughty, silly." Martha giggled and took a long gulp of her chocolate. She smacked her lips when she was done and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. Of course, Santa's magic was making the hot chocolate extra naughty, but Martha didn't know that.

"You're acting kinda weird." Oliver took another sip while giving her a sidelong glance. He was surprised how sexy she looked in that skimpy robe with the dancing firelight playing all over her. Wait, was his mom sexy? Things were getting ever stranger. "Why are you giving me liquor all of a sudden?" He watched her take another long gulp of her beverage, her boobs practically spilling out of her robe as she drank. Oliver could even see a nipple. He watched her finish her drink and smack the mug back down on the coffee table. Her tits completely fell into the open and Oliver averted his gaze.

"To get you drunk, silly." She smiled an innocent, nothing-to-see-here smile and slid onto the floor, leaving her robe behind her on the couch. She was naked. "Now, bottoms up."

“Uh ... Mom ... what are you doing?” Oliver took a big gulp of his hot chocolate and felt the heat of the drink spread out inside him. “Maybe I should go get Dad.”

“Finish it, sweetie.” Martha crawled between his legs and looked up at him expectantly.

“Okay.” Oliver gulped down the rest and let his mother take the mug from him.

“Good job. That’s my big, mighty man. Now it’s time for a Christmas treat.”

Up on the bookshelf, Sugarplum Mary nudged Shiny Upatree with her elbow. The elves watched the nineteen-year-old weakly protest as his mother pulled down his bottoms and go to work on his dick like it was Santa’s tastiest peppermint sugar cane.

Eventually, the boy stopped his complaining and leaned his head back on the sofa cushions.

“Mom ... I’m gonna ... oh ... Mom ...” Oliver looked down at his once shy mother as she devoured his cock. She choked, slurped, and licked like a woman possessed. He let out a long, low moan and erupted down her throat. He watched in ecstasy and awe as she gobbled it all up. When he was done, she carefully scooped the cum that had dribbled down his dick back into her mouth and swallowed like it was more delicious than her naughty hot chocolate.

Martha patted the top of his dick with her hand and looked up at her son. “I haven’t done that in ages. Was it good, sweetie?”

“Oh, God. What happened to you, Mom?” He watched her stand up. She had the most wonderful hourglass figure. How had Oliver not noticed this before?

“You’re a young man, Ollie.” Martha straddled her son on the sofa. “You can go again, right? Your father used to be able to go back-to-back.” She reached under her and guided him into her dripping pussy. “Ohhhhh. That is good. Isn’t it?” She looked down at him and gave a little wink.

“You ... have ... to ... stop.” But instead of pushing her off, Oliver reached around and grabbed big, healthy handfuls of her round ass. He watched her nipples dance like sugarplums before him as her boobs swung with her bouncing.

“I ... really ... don’t ... have to ... stop ... sweetie.” Martha rode her son hard. As he hit places deep inside her, her reality shrank down until all of creation was just the size of a pebble. And then it all exploded out in a mind-altering orgasm. She screamed, not caring who heard her. As she came down from her orgasmic bliss, she could feel him trembling under her. “That’s it ... ugh ... ugh ... let Mommy have it.” She leaned in, pressing her boobs into his face and felt his hot, sticky stuff fill up her insides. “Merry Christmas ... sweetie.” Martha panted as she leaned her cheek on the top of his head.

“Holy ... shit ... Mom.”

A light turned on upstairs, and they could hear Arthur's heavy footfalls through the ceiling.

"Oh, no." Martha pulled off her son with a plop, fear clearing her mind a little. "Hide, sweetie." She quickly put the robe on and rushed to the bottom of the stairs.

Oliver pulled up his pajama bottoms and hid behind a lounger.

"Honey, did you scream down there?" Arthur came to the top of the stairs and looked down at his disheveled wife.

"I ... um ... came down for some water and ... um ... saw a spider." She tried to smile up at him.

"Oh." Arthur yawned, happy it was nothing. "I'm going back to bed." If he noticed the firelight behind her, he said nothing about it.

"Be there in a bit, hon." Martha watched him go, and then went to go get her son out from his hiding place. "That was close."

"Jesus, Mom. You've gone crazy." Oliver stood up on shaky legs.

"Maybe so." Martha nodded sternly, then turned around, placed her elbows on the couch, and lifted her robe. Her pale ass pointed at Oliver. "Now make this the best Christmas ever and give me some more."

Oliver hesitated for only a second, and then dropped his bottoms again. He stepped up behind her. She reached back and guided him in.

The elves climbed from their shelf and trundled across the living room. The humans were so caught up in their humping that they didn't even notice the odd little creatures. At the kitchen doorway, the elves turned in the shadows and watched the rest of the show.

Mother and son mated like rabbits all over the living room. Oliver came twice more inside her, the last time with his mom facing the other end of the sofa and riding like she was going to win the Christmas Stakes. Afterward, they both finally stumbled back to their respective beds.

"Well, he got what he asked for," Sugarplum Mary said as she crawled out the doggie door.

"And we got one heck of a show." Shiny Upatree followed her out, a wide smile on his impish face.

Chapter 2

“He was loopy before, but now Santa’s completely lost it. We’re spending too much time punishing these grown-ups requests.” Shinny Upatree picked the lock and pushed the back door open. “This isn’t what I signed up for.”

“I wouldn’t call it *punishing*.” Sugarplum Mary trundled through the open door and looked around. “We’re granting Christmas wishes that people ... didn’t know they were making. And didn’t really know they wanted. And ...” She waddled past the basement stairs, Shinny Upatree right behind her. “Shh ... they’re still awake.”

The elves stopped at the top of the stairs, staring down at the flickering light of a television.

“It’s always harder when they’re awake.” Shinny Upatree frowned. “And I hate stairs.” He tightened the straps to the sack slung over his shoulder. “This is what ... the sixth house tonight?”

“Right. The sixth. There was the sister-sister, the mom-son, the aunt-nephews, the strange alien thing that wanted to go home, the father-daughter, and now we have a sister wanting to spend time with her brother.” Sugarplum Mary rubbed her stunted chin. “Now that I say that all out loud, maybe Santa *has* fallen off his rocker.” She shrugged. “Oh, well. This is the job. Down we go.”

The elves awkwardly descended down stairs that were much too big for their stiff, little legs. They took in the scene before them. Emma Baskins slept with her head lolled back on one end of the sofa. On the other end, her brother, Brian, and his wife, Page, slept leaning their heads together. On TV, John McClain was stepping on some broken glass with his bare feet.

“This will be easier than I thought.” Sugarplum Mary reached into her partner’s sack and removed a long, branching starkwood limb. She walked up to the back of the sofa and waved it over Brian’s head. “*You ask but never thank. Now your brother’s mind is blank. You were so jealous of his wife, now you’ll know a whole new life. When you suck the cane you take, a precious baby you will make.*” She motioned for the candy canes, and Shinny Upatree dropped them on the sofa between the sleeping siblings.

“Let’s wait for them upstairs.” Shinny Upatree led his partner back to the main level. They hid behind some large presents under the tree.

Brian wandered upstairs first, sucking on a candy cane. For reasons unknown to him, he undressed and kindled a fire in the fireplace. Once it was blazing, he reclined his naked form in an armchair facing the basement stairs.

Ten minutes later, Emma staggered upstairs, yawning and stretching. She still wore her fancy Christmas dress, and like her brother, she sucked on a candy cane. When she registered the roaring fire, she stopped right next to the Christmas tree. Her brow

furrowed in confusion. Then she saw her older brother, and the candy cane fell to the floor. "Brian! Are you ... waiting for Page?" She stared at his lean form, his large penis, and his hungry expression.

"I'm waiting for you, not Page." Brian smiled and looked his twenty-year-old sister up and down. "You keep pestering me for alone time. Why not on Christmas Eve?"

"Earth to Brian. You're fucking naked." Emma bent down and retrieved the broken candy cane. For some inexplicable reason, she stuck it back in her mouth.

"Am I? I must be a gorilla then." Brian stood, pretending to scratch his ribs. He waddled side to side. "Ooo ooo aahh aahh. Me gorilla and me gonna get you." Bowlegged, his heavy penis swinging back and forth, he ran after his sister. He spit his candy cane to the floor.

"Ew, gross." Emma ran away from him around the living room, dodging furniture and shrieking. This sort of game with her older brother was so familiar, but she thought it had been lost to time. Of course, they'd always played such games fully clothed before. "Don't let the monkey get me!" She forgot about her sister-in-law sleeping downstairs and her parents sleeping upstairs. A cascade of laughter filled the house. Her candy cane dropped by the fire, forgotten.

"Me no monkey ... me ape ... and me ..." He reached for her arm and tackled her on the couch, his sweaty frame pinning her to the cushions. "Got you." He tickled her under the arms, eliciting more laughter.

"Okay ... okay ... no more ... tickling." Emma squirmed and giggled. It was a wonder they hadn't woken the rest of the house. It seemed that Santa had actually gotten her letter. This was exactly what she'd wanted. Except, of course, for her brother's nakedness. And ... also ... except for ... the fact that he was kissing her dress as he tickled her, working himself lower and lower. "What ... what ... are you doing ... Brian?" She said between cackles of joy.

"I'm getting tired ... of candy ... time for something ... else." He kissed his way onto her thighs, lifted her dress up, and quickly put his head under it.

"Okay ... Brian ... very funny ... enough with the ... oooooohhhhhhhhh." Emma went cross-eyed when her brother moved her panties aside and sucked her pussy lips into his mouth. Some of her friends talked about their boyfriends going down on them, but Emma had never been able to interest her boyfriend in tasting her pussy. He had said it was gross. With the gusto with which her brother was eating her out, Emma deduced that he had no problem with it. Page was a very lucky wife. "Oh ... my ... God ... Brian ... it's ... oooohhhhhhhh ... right there." The sloppy sounds drove her wild. Emma spread her legs wider for him and watched the lump under her dress with wide eyes.

“Why do the candy canes always lead to oral?” Shinny Upatree whispered to his partner.

“Do you have to ask?” Sugarplum Mary rolled her eyes. “Quiet, it’s getting good.”

“Ohhhh ... Brian ... ooohhhhhh ... Brian ... oooooohhhhhhhhhh.” She gripped the couch cushions with her hands and shook all over. Her brother, minutes ago a silly gorilla, was making her cum. She closed her eyes and let the pleasure take her where it would. When the sensations ebbed, she opened her eyes to see Brian’s wet face had reappeared. He had a look of deep concentration. It took her a minute to realize that he was lining his dick up with her pussy. “Wait ... that’s crazy, Brian ... we can’t ...” She looked down to see that he was hard and huge. Much bigger than her boyfriend.

“Me gorilla.” Brian grunted. “Me want.” He pushed his hips, and the head of his cock entered her slick opening. He watched her arch her head into the cushions and huff and puff. He smiled. “You want, too.” He pushed in a bit further.

“Holy ... shit ... yes ... I do ... want.” Emma gritted her teeth. “I ... want.” She reached up and caressed his hard chest. She let him slowly slide into her. When he hit bottom, her chest rose and fell with heavy, shallow breaths. She lifted her legs into the air, her toes curling. She wanted nothing more than to stay joined like that forever. A few minutes later, as her brother plowed her without mercy, she changed her mind. *That* was the moment that she wanted to last forever. “I’m yours ... Brian ... I’m totally ... yours,” she squealed.

“You’re tighter ... than ... uh ... uh ... uh ... Page.” Brian had no sense of time or space. It was only him, his moaning sister, and his ramping ecstasy. He humped for a long time. “Cumming ... now ... uuuuuuuuggggghhhhhhhhhhh.” His hips lost their rhythm, pounding her with each magnificent eruption.

“Yes ... yes ... yeessssssssss.” Emma locked her legs around her brother’s butt and held him deep inside as he trembled through the end of his orgasm. When he bent down toward her, they kissed deeply.

“Brian? What’s all that noise?” Page’s voice called up the stairs from the basement. Brother and sister froze.

“I knew we forgot something,” Shinny Upatree hissed.

Next to him, still hiding behind the presents, Sugarplum Mary desperately whispered an incantation, “If you should pass within their sight, you will only see a fight.”

“I was ... just having a fight ... with Emma,” Brian called to his wife. He didn’t know what to do, so he stayed frozen on top of his sister, her legs still locked behind him, and his cum deep inside her.

“On Christmas?” Page walked up from the basement, glanced at her husband and sister-in-law, and then headed for the guest bedroom. “Well, try and make up, you two. We have a special day tomorrow. I’m going to bed.”

Still frozen, Brian and Emma watched Page ascend the stairs and disappear from sight.

“That was lucky,” Emma whispered.

“Yeah, really lucky.” Brian’s hips moved again. The squelch of his sister’s pussy joined the cheery roar of the fire. Not long after, he came inside her again.

The siblings separated and rested by the fire. Once she had caught her breath, Emma pulled off her clothes and got on her hands and knees. Her brother mounted her and they humped for almost an hour.

Shinny Upatree watched Emma’s firm ass bounce with each thrust she absorbed. “I wish I could have a turn. She’s gorgeous.”

“Against the rules. Santa was very clear.” Sugarplum Mary took his hand and pulled him away from their hiding spot. “Come on, we have one more house to visit.”

“Okay.” With a final, wistful look back at the mating couple, Shinny Upatree trundled out the back door. “Who do we have up next?”

Sugarplum Mary hopped up into the waiting sled, helped her partner up, and consulted her parchment. “It seems three cousins were close years ago, but they’ve drifted apart.”

“And one of them wished to be closer again?”

“What is Christmas for, if not family togetherness.” Sugarplum Mary barked at the reindeer, and the sled rushed into the sky.

“I guess.” Shinny Upatree was eager to make their last house call.

Chapter 3

“This is getting out of hand. I wish we didn’t have to do this *every* Christmas.” Shinny Upatree followed his partner through the darkened kitchen. “More stairs?” Human homes were much too big for him. “Are we punishing another adult? That would be ...” He counted on his fingers. “... nine such visits on the night.” He waddled up the stairs, holding the heavy sack over his shoulder.

“Yes, another adult wish. We’re turning a wish around on a very pretty lady. You should enjoy this one.” Sugarplum Mary looked over her shoulder at the other elf as she entered the second floor hallway. She stopped and gently closed the door to the baby’s room.

“We don’t want to wake the baby.”

“Baby? So, I guess there isn’t an adult son or daughter?” Shinny sighed. “I suppose it’s a brother, then?”

“Nope.” Sugarplum Mary trundled into the main bedroom. “And not a sister or cousin. The pretty lady here is Gabby Herning. She’s been a mother for almost a year, and her sex life is terrible. She asked Santa to rekindle the spark. So, we’re going to help her out,” she whispered.

“We’re helping her get romantic with her husband?” Shinny took the sack off his shoulder and opened it for his partner. “That doesn’t sound like Santa.”

“It’s ... complicated.” Sugarplum Mary handed Shinny a chocolate coin. “You’re always so grumpy. Gnaw on this.”

“Thanks.” He took the coin, unwrapped it, and chewed on the bitter chocolate.

“You’re welcome.” She reached into the sack and removed a long, branching starkwood limb. She walked over to the side of the king-sized bed and waved it over Gabby’s head. “*You ask but never thank. Now your mind is blank. You’ve become as grumpy as an elf, now we return you to full health. When you wake, you’ll eat this coin, and you’ll look for things that boing. Of our magic you will take, a new baby you will make.*” Sugarplum Mary placed a chocolate coin on Gabby’s nightstand and put the branch back into the sack. She slung the sack over her shoulder and retreated from the room.

Shinny Upatree followed her into the hall. “Do we have to stay and watch this time? I can’t think of anything more boring than seeing romance rekindled between husband and wife.”

“You’ll want to stay for this one.” She laughed and retreated further. “Stay right there. Yes, excellent. Right in the middle of the hall. Merry Christmas, old friend.”

“Wow. You’re so short and ... strange looking.” Gabby stood, leaning on the doorframe to her bedroom. “Oh ... my ... gosh. If you have a big one, I’m going to die. Why are you so hot? Tell me, if I tap your penis, will it go ‘boing’?” She looked over her shoulder at her sleeping husband. “I’m so sorry, honey. I can’t help myself.” She stepped into the hall and silently closed the door. She moved closer to Shinny, towering over him. Standing with her hands on her hips, her breasts jutted out over his head.

“I ... I ...” He looked up at the underside of her magnificent tits.

“You can’t even talk. You’re just a brutish animal, aren’t you?” Gabby took his small, knobby hand and pulled him down the hall. “We’re going to do this in my office at the end of the hall. It’s been soundproofed for my podcast. If my dreams are really coming true, that will come in handy.”

“We ... we ...” He stared at her rolling panty-clad butt. He wanted to reach out and touch it, but he wasn’t allowed ... was he? Santa’s rules were quite clear. When they passed Sugarplum Mary, he glanced at her. She gave him a thumbs-up and followed in the shadows. She was very good at hiding from humans. Gabby didn’t even notice her as she followed them into the office.

“I’m on fire. The thought of your big, ugly thingy is driving me crazy. Let’s see what we’re working with.” Gabby closed the door and dragged him to the center of the room.

“Yes ... yes ...” Shinny removed his clothes as quickly as his stiff joints would let him. His elf cock was already hard when it sprang into the open. He stood before Gabby in all his hideous glory, smiling up at her.

“Oh ... gosh.” Gabby put a hand to her mouth and stared at his penis. “You’re half the height of my husband, but your ... your ... thingy is twice the size of his. And it is ugly, isn’t it? It’s all veiny and gnarled. I love it!” She giggled. “Make it go boing, make it go boing!” When he bounced his penis, she clapped her hands as it nodded at her. “Look ... look ... what you’re doing to me.” She thrust her hips forward and spread her legs, placing her sopping panties right in front of his nose.

“Don’t mind if I do.” Shinny Upatree licked his lips with his long, dark tongue. He tore the woman’s underwear off, grabbed her hips, and buried his face in her pussy. It had been a long time, but it was like riding a sled, it came right back to him.

“Gggllllmmmmmmmmmm.” He worked his tongue into her wet warmth.

“Oooohhhhhhhh ... you *really* are ... an animal ... I’ve never ... I ... oooohhhhhhhhhh ... it’s already ... happening ... it’s ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Gabby’s hips rocked spasmodically on the elf’s face. She clutched his coarse hair and climaxed on his tongue. When she came down on the other side, her second orgasm hit her almost immediately. By the time he removed his mouth from her vagina, she’d orgasmed five times. That was five more than she’d had the entire year.

“Get on your hands and knees. You have a ripe ass. I’m going to make it dance like ... well ... sugarplums.” He spun her so that she faced away from him and slapped her butt several times.

“Ow ... wow ... easy there ... tiger.” She dropped to her hands and knees as he asked. She looked over her shoulder and watched his homely face as he stepped between her legs. He was so short he was going to take her standing up in that compromising position.

“Oh ... my ... I really excite you, don’t I? I can tell that you ... uuuuggghhhhhhhhhh.” She gritted her teeth when he entered her. “Go ... slow ... you’re so much bigger ... than my husband.”

“I can ... tell.” Shinny grinned as he worked his dick into her pussy. “You’re gripping my elf cock ... like you’re a virgin.” He glanced to where Sugarplum Mary stood in the

shadows. He gave her a thumbs-up. "You've been ... a bad girl ... Mrs. Herning. So ... Santa's arranged for me ... to leave a lump ... of elf coal ... deep in your stocking."

"Oh ... gosh ... deep ... deep." Gabby dropped her head, and watched her breasts sway as the elf started humping her. "I've been ... bad ... uuughhhhhh."

Shinny Upatree watched his gnarled elf cock spread her pretty pink pussy. He gripped her ass, digging his pudgy fingers into her flesh, pulling her onto his dick over and over. "Humans ... have the sweetest ... pussies."

"It's yours ... ooohhhhhh ... on Christmas ... my vagina ... belongs to you ... Mr. Elf." Stars burst in front of her eyes. This was the hottest sex she'd ever had. No human had ever matched the intensity of her elf lover's hips or the depth of each plunge. "I'm going to have ... another orgasm ... on your ... ugly penis ... uuugggghhhhhh." She flung her head side to side and soared through ecstasy. She was only barely aware when he pulled out of her and roughly put her on her back. He spread her legs and went to work. "More ... more ... more ..." She gripped his small, hairy ass and pointed her toes at the ceiling.

"Not ... just ... Christmas." Shinny massaged her heavy tits while he humped her. "I'm coming ... back here ... every night. Your pussy is ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... too good to ... give up."

Something in Gabby's mind rebelled. One night of passion was ... a mistake she could get over. But she couldn't give herself to this small, ugly creature every night. Her husband would never understand. "I ... uuugggghhhh ... can't do that ... Mr. Elf. I ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... love my husband. We have ... a baby."

"So what? I'm going ... to give you a baby ... too." He laughed when he saw the horror on her face. "We're going to have ... lots of ... half-human ... uh ... uh ... uh ... half-elf ... babies."

"Nooooooooooooooooo." Another climax swept her mind into the void. When her consciousness pieced itself back together, she heard his deep grunting. It was an unmistakable sound. He was going to spew his icky stuff inside her. She screamed when his heat flooded her womb. Her toes curled, and she had her most powerful orgasm yet.

Hours later, she rode the elf on the floor of her office, looking down into his dark eyes. The squelching sound of her vagina thrilled her. He had unloaded what felt like gallons of elf seed inside her. Each of his orgasms spurred such ecstasy in her mind that she'd begged for it the last couple times.

"Your human ... pussy ... is mine ... Mrs. Herning ... uh ... uh ... whenever I want it." He gave her boob a jolly smack.

"Ooohhhhhh ... I don't ... know." Gabby's eyes rolled back in her head.

“Say it ... tell me ... I can come back ... all year ... or I won’t return.” Shinny grinned. He knew he had her. “Your ... human ... pussy ... is mine.”

“My ... human ... pussy ... is yours ... Mr. Elf. You can ... uuuggghhhhhhhh ... take it ... whenever you want.” Her hips undulated. She listened to his grunting. It was going to happen again. Her hips moved faster to coax out his seed. “Please ... please ... whenever ... you want ... I ... eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii.”

Sugarplum Mary had already cleared the rest of their schedule. But even so, they needed to get going before daybreak. When her partner finished cumming in the once-faithful wife, she offered a polite cough.

“Very well ... Mrs. Herning.” Shinny Upatree pushed the woman’s limp body off him, and she fell on her side. A river of cum burped out of her pussy. He slowly dressed, drinking in the sight of the nearly comatose wife. “I’ll see you tomorrow night.” When he was dressed, he walked toward the door, a massive smile on his face. Santa wasn’t so bad after all.

“Yes ... yes ... Mr. Elf.” Gabby watched the unsightly creature waddle away. He was somehow accompanied by another elf. *Where had the other one come from?* When she had recovered enough, she showered and cleaned her office. By the time she slipped back into bed, her mind swirled with questions. What would her life be like with an elf visit every night?

Outside, the elves climbed into their sleigh. “You know, Santa’s not going to let you visit that lady every night.” Sugarplum Mary giggled.

“I know ... I know.” Shinny Upatree sighed. “But an elf can dream.”

A Goddess Collects Her Debt (Complete)

The city bells rang in the early morning. It was a surreal sound, there hadn't been an invasion into the elvish lands in decades. My husband told me to sit tight and guard the house. He would investigate. When I went to find the servants, I found they had all sneaked away.

About twenty minutes later, he came back to the house sweaty and winded. He said the city was in an uproar. That people were saying the old gods had returned. The word was that each god upon meeting a citizen asked for a tribute in kind. The god, Luzier of the ocean, demanded fish. The goddess, Ryen of the hunt, demanded a stag. And Mordez, the god of war, took his tribute of an elf head where he liked and from whom he liked.

"We need to flee," I told my husband, racing about our house and piling our treasures into a bag.

"Stay your hand, my sweet wife." My husband sat in a chair and sipped at a cup of water. "If the old gods are back to collect their debts, we are safer here than out there. And we have our house to protect. If Ryen herself comes to visit, I do not mean for her to collect my great prize." He nodded up at the great stag head mounted high on our dining room wall.

So, we settled in. My husband took out his sword and rested it on the table. I placed my dagger on my thigh, cleaning it absentmindedly with the hem of my dress. We waited facing the front door. By midday, the tumult outside had died down. But then we heard heavy footsteps enter our alley. The whole room vibrated as the sound drew closer. I gripped my dagger tight and looked to my husband. He seemed ready for a fight.

A great splitting sound filled the house, and the front door swung in violently. A tall, dark female figure bent down to pass under the lintel and stepped into our house. She straightened and closed the door behind her. I recognized this goddess at once.

Teenagers from the city would often sneak out to her decrepit temple to kiss and whisper sweet nothings. The statue of the goddess that had languished in that temple had come to life and now stood just inside our entry way. She was cut from onyx with fine gold jewelry and ornamentation. She had large, hanging breasts, and she was the only goddess in the old pantheon with a penis. The large, black thing dangled between her legs. The head of the penis was golden, as were her nipples. For a goddess, she looked harmless enough. I thought we had caught a break. This was Eheloon, the goddess of fertility. What debt could she command that we could not pay easily? I had been afraid of seeing Mordez.

“Welcome, Eheloon.” I bowed, glancing at my husband to do the same, but he stood with his sword. I trembled as I looked up into her dark, impassive eyes. “Take what you will and consider our debt to be paid.”

“You are ripe and ready.” Eheloon’s voice boomed about the room. My ears rang. “I seek only to seed the next harvest.” She stepped toward us. I could see that despite her composition of stone, her body jiggled with her movement as a woman’s body would. Her long cock raised itself between her legs. I broke into a sweat catching the meaning in her words and actions.

My husband charged her and swung his sword. The goddess made no defense. The sword shattered on her side. A brief flash of annoyance flashed on Eheloon’s face, and then she picked up my husband and carefully caught the back of his tunic on the stag’s antlers, so that he hung from his prized treasure flailing and helpless.

“Please. Not this. We are trying for our first child,” I blurted as Eheloon turned back to me, her cock now quite hard, long, and curved.

“Satisfy me and perhaps I will move on to your neighbor’s wife and leave your womb to your husband.” Eheloon had a slight smile on her stone face.

I had no choice. With trembling hands, I moved toward that impossible penis. It was somehow warm to the touch and I could see clear fluid dribbling from the golden head. Taking a deep breath, I went to work on the thing with both hands. I would satisfy Eheloon and send her away with my lady parts unstretched by that monster. My husband called out to me to stop from his position foisted on our wall. He screamed and he cursed. But eventually, he quieted down. I could not look up at him as I pleased this ancient creature.

I was puzzled after fifteen minutes of work. The goddess seemed no closer to her release, and my arms were tired. My husband would have finished long before that point.

“Did you think your hands would satisfy me, she-elf?” Eheloon shook the whole house with her laughter. “Maybe your mouth will do the task?”

“Okay,” I whispered. My mind rebelled at what I was about to do, but it was necessary. There was so much of that clear fluid dribbling out now. I knew I was making disgusted faces as I leaned closer. I hoped the goddess would not be offended.

My outstretched tongue met the bulbous, golden head and it tasted ... lovely. Like a pleasure long since forgotten by now returned to its full luster. Soon, I was licking clear precum like a crazed jaguar. Not long after that, I took the head into my mouth and bobbed on the goddess. I knew I must have been making the most unbecoming sounds, and I felt terrible that my husband listened. But I couldn’t help myself. While I

pleasured Eheloon with my mouth, I pumped her with both hands. This went on for a long time.

“You tried valiantly, but I must now demand the debt owed.” Eheloon reached down, grabbed my brown hair, and pulled me off her penis. I was half delirious with the pleasure of her precum, so I barely noticed when the goddess ripped my dress in half. With her large fingers, she then pulled my undergarments off. I stood before her, my chest heaving, naked. Her eyes seemed to regard the brown triangle of hair between my legs. Off in the distance, my mind registered that my husband-on-a-stag yelled again for me to stop, or fight, or run. Instead, I turned, placed my hands on the table, and pushed by butt back at the goddess. I had never been more wet in all my years, but I wondered if it would be enough to allow that monster inside me. My hips gyrated when the head of Eheloon’s thing pushed up against my vaginal lips. And just like that, it slipped in. I howled. First in pain, and then pleasure. With steady force, the goddess sunk into me, holding me tight by the hips.

I cannot describe the pleasure Eheloon’s cock spread through my deepest places. She humped me for only a minute before my first orgasm raced through me. She then lifted me by the hips, so that my feet were completely off the floor, and plowed me from behind for a quite a while. I lost track of the positions and locations in the house we had sex. Eventually, as darkness spread outside, I found myself riding Eheloon on the floor in our bedroom.

“I am ready.” I reached down and braced myself with my hands on her giant breasts. “I am ... ugh ... ready to ... pay the debt.”

“Then ... ugh ... take it ... she-elf.” Eheloon screamed out her own ecstasy. My ears are still ringing from that sound.

The force of the goddess’s semen pushed at my insides, causing me to hit the highest climax yet. I could feel her heat spreading through me. I cried for joy.

A few minutes later, I was unceremoniously dumped on the floor. Sperm flooded from between my legs. I looked up at that great onyx goddess, her penis now soft and hanging between her legs.

“You have been marked. And now for your neighbor’s wife.” Eheloon turned, strode the length of our house, and exited.

I lay on the floor, echoes of pleasure bouncing through me. I knew, at some point, I would have to help my husband down from his place on the stag. But I wasn’t ready yet. Instead, my hand went to my vagina as I replayed that magical afternoon in my mind. I looked down between my sweaty breasts and was shocked to see the hair between my legs had turned the same color gold as the goddess’s cockhead. The mark of Eheloon.

A Spell Cast Poorly (Complete)

Chapter 1

Tears streamed down Tabitha's face. People watched her. But she couldn't leave just yet, she didn't want to run into her failed date while he was waiting for his Uber or something. "Tezzle Invlesmia," she whispered. She looked down at her hands. It hadn't worked, she wasn't any more invisible than the table. There was a scream. She looked up and a woman two tables away had disappeared. Oh, well. The spell would wear off in about an hour or so. She got up and rushed out of the café, hoping the man wouldn't still be out there.

"What's wrong, Mom? Another bad date?" Bernard sat hunched over the kitchen table, looking through his math homework, when his mom tried to sneak past. "You okay?"

"You're sweet, Barry. I'm fine." She dabbed at her eyes with a handkerchief. "Another one ran out on me." She stopped by the table, gave him a hug, and headed upstairs.

"Well, I can't get a date either." Bernard spoke the truth. He was overweight and nerdy. At eighteen, he was as much a virgin as he'd ever been. He hadn't even kissed a girl. "It'll work out someday, I suppose." He had to admit, his mom was a homely woman, but some guy would see past that. Wouldn't they?

Upstairs, Tabitha took off her date dress and stood in her bra and panties. "Enough is enough. I don't care what the elders say." She reached up on top of her wardrobe and pulled down the old leather book. She put it on her bed, and scanned through the pages. Transformation spells were tricky, but not as hard as invisibility. She could handle it. There it was, her finger stopped midway down a page. A spell for beauty, another for enhancing sex organs, and third for attraction.

"Alliss dul madea mul nevereste con tevstar." Tabitha made the required gestures. Oh! She almost forgot, she needed the blood sacrifice. She ran into the bathroom and returned with nail trimming scissors. She poked her palm and squeezed her fist until a drop of blood fell onto the book. Well, two drops, or maybe three. But that was probably okay. Then her body buzzed, she leaned her head back, and screamed.

Downstairs, Bernard was feeling quite strange. His head swam, and then he screamed. Something had happened to him. He looked at his hands and he felt his pudgy body, but everything seemed normal. It wasn't until he was looking in the mirror that he noticed something different. For starters, even though he still looked as nerdy as ever, his face had somehow taken on a magnetic quality that he found quite pleasant. Next, when he finally could break his eyes away from his face, he saw an absurd bulge in his pants. He

turned his head when he heard footsteps on the stairs. “Hey, Mom. Something weird is going on, I ...” His brain nearly shut down when she came into view.

Tabitha walked on unsteady, unfamiliar legs. She was taller than she should be, and slimmer in some areas, and wider in others. She was aware that she was spilling out of her bra and that her panties strained around her hips. “It’s nothing. It’s just a little ...” She looked at her son. He looked the same as ever, but she couldn’t take her eyes off him. Maybe some of the charisma charm had escaped her general proximity. Well, that was all well and good. It was about time the girls came running to her sweet Bernard. She stopped next to the kitchen table. “How do I look?”

“Well ... I mean ... wow ... I mean ...” He scratched his head as he thought things over. “You used magic again. Even after what they said last time. Mom, you’re going to get in trouble. How long will this last?”

“One lunar cycle, I think? Long enough for me to have a few successful dates.” She smiled a beautiful, million-watt smile that lit up the room. “And *they* won’t ever know. Don’t worry about it.” She had to avert her eyes from him, because he looked ... really good. “I’m going to go get dressed. Just have some fun with it.” She headed back upstairs.

“But, Mom. You changed my –”

“Not another word about it. Worry less, Barry. Enjoy your life a little.” She shut the door to her room and went to get her phone. She was going to need some new pictures for her dating profile.

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Two months later, the effects hadn’t worn off. Tabitha wasn’t surprised, to be honest. She wasn’t the best spell caster. But at least the elders hadn’t found out.

She sat in the living room on Friday evening playing cards with her new boyfriend, Charles. He was quite a catch, and she was happy to have him.

The front door burst open and in rushed Bernard holding hands with a young blond woman in a cheerleading outfit. “Hi, Mom, Charles.” Bernard was already pulling his friend toward the stairs.

“Hello, Barry.” Charles looked up and frowned. How had that nerd landed Madison Gardner?

“Hello Madison, dear. How was the game?” Tabitha smiled proudly.

“Hello, Mrs. C.” Madison’s pale skin was flushed with excitement. “Jimmy threw an interception to lose it in overtime.” Jimmy was her recent ex-boyfriend, the star of the team. “Gotta go.” Madison knew she should stick around and talk to her boyfriend’s parents for a minute to be polite, but he was pulling her up to his room, and she couldn’t bear to delay the pleasure that was moments away. The teenagers disappeared upstairs.

“I’m not sure how that son of yours does it.” Charles studied his beautiful girlfriend.

Tabitha giggled as she thought about how lucky they were that she’d disobeyed the elders. She wondered what Barnard was doing with Madison in his room at that very moment. She felt a bit woozy just thinking about it. “Yes, he’s a lucky one.” She rubbed her legs together. Ever since that fateful day, the sight of her son always caused unwanted sensations between her legs.

Upstairs, Madison pulled off her panties, flipped up her skirt, and jumped on her boyfriend’s large cock. She humped for all she was worth, praying that her pussy would make him happy. It was so funny, a few months ago, she wouldn’t have given Bernard Covington the time of day. But now, there was something about him that was just so compelling. “Ugh ... I want to ... make you happy ... uh ... uh ... make you happy.”

“Quiet, Madison. My mom’s downstairs.” Bernard picked up her panties off the bed and stuffed them into her mouth to stifle her cries. It had been a wild couple of months, and he’d long since stopped hoping for his mother’s spell to wear off.

Chapter 2

Tabitha’s son, Bernard, dumped his girlfriend, Madison. And picked up a new one. And dumped her. And dated a new one. And so on. His mother watched all this. While she congratulated herself on using a slightly miscast spell to land her boyfriend, Charles, Bernard was lost to the power of his new charms. Finally, a day came when Tabitha knew she needed to do something.

“Hello, Mrs. C.” Gabby Gale walked past Tabitha in the garden. She smiled serenely, following Bernard toward the back door.

Tabitha’s jaw dropped. She was on her hands and knees pulling weeds and did a double take when she saw who it was. “Gabby?” Gabby had been Bernard’s babysitter when he was young. He was eighteen now, so that made her ... Tabitha thought about it ... twenty-five years old. And she had a wedding ring on her finger! “It *is* you, Gabby. Great to see you. Why don’t you stay out here and we’ll catch up?”

“Sorry, Mom. I promised Gabby a snack.” Bernard smacked Gabby’s butt. She squealed with delight and they entered the house.

“That does it.” Tabitha rose to her feet. She removed her hat and wiped the sweat from her brow. She marched to the back door. The elders hadn’t found out the last time she cast a spell. They wouldn’t find out this time either. She walked into the kitchen and shrieked. “Really, Barry! Right here?” Her son had his pants around his ankles, and Gabby was fellating him with gusto. When Gabby heard Tabitha, she pulled away, wiped her chin, and ran out the back door.

“You knew we were in here, Mom.” Bernard looked cross with her. “Why’d you interrupt?”

“Don’t take that tone with me. I thought you two would be in your bedroom. It’s crazy to do that in the kitchen.” She folded her arms and tried not to look at his hard thing pointing straight at her. “Did you see her ring? Isn’t she married? Haven’t I raised you better than ...? No, never mind. I’m going to fix this.” She stormed past him, raced up the stairs, and slammed the door to her bedroom.

Tabitha got the tome down and skimmed through it. Hmm. She needed a pentagram for this one. She drew the star on her carpet with lines of Epsom salts from the bathroom. Just as good as regular salt for a spell. Probably. She stood in the center of the pentagram and recited, “*Yellizm dus manelus corruh dez.*”

“Mooooommmmmmm!” Bernard screamed.

Tabitha chuckled to herself. She had modified this particular spell to shrink his penis to half its previous size and tone down his charm by at least fifty percent. No more married women for her son. She left the pentagram, carelessly brushing the lines with her feet. She wasn’t supposed to do that in case she wanted to reverse the spell, but why would she want to do that? She smoothed out her dress and checked the time. Charles would pick her up for dinner in two hours. Plenty of time to talk to Bernard about his new changes.

“What the hell, Mom!” Bernard screamed from the kitchen.

“Well, he’s taking this badly,” Tabitha whispered to herself. She rushed downstairs to find that her son was still standing with his pants down. He had his back to her. “Don’t worry sweetie, it’s still bigger than average. I just needed to dial back the previous spell a little because –”

“This is amazing, Mom.” Bernard turned toward his mother.

“Oh ... my ... God.” Tabitha stopped dead in her tracks when she saw what had become of her son’s penis. It was now twice its previous size. His balls hung heavily below the behemoth. “I must have made a mistake. I didn’t mean to ... ooohhhhh.” She looked up into his face and swooned. He was gorgeous. Even though he was still overweight, he

was somehow the most beautiful man she'd ever seen. Tabitha felt dizzy and lost her balance. She caught herself with an outstretched hand on the refrigerator.

"I feel really strange, Mom. If Gabby was still here ... I'd ... I'd ..." Bernard walked toward his mother, his great cock swinging ponderously before him.

"Wait ... Barry ... I can fix this ... I ..." She found she could not look away from his beauty. "I ... I ... want this." When his penis was close enough, Tabitha grabbed it and pumped, marveling at its meaty girth. "It *is* amazing." Tabitha, in a trance of longing, fell to her knees on the linoleum floor. She thought briefly of her beloved Charles. She had risked so much to land a boyfriend like him, and now she was throwing it all away. Here she was about to try and slip her son's enormous cockhead into her mouth. "Mmmmmppppppppppphhhhhh."

"Oh ... Mom ... yeah ... you look so ... ugh ... messed up ... like that." Bernard had a shocking moment of clarity. His mom was doing her best to slurp on his giant erection. If his own mother was doing this, he could have any woman he wanted. Teachers, mayors, lawyers, wives, doctors and ... anyone really. But at that moment, he only wanted his mother. He let her blow him for a while, which was really mostly her pumping him with her hands, licking the head, and mewling like a kitten. Then they undressed in a frenzy, their clothes quickly strewn all about the kitchen.

"Hurry ... sweetie. Charles will ... be here ... in an ... hour." Tabitha spared no thought for whether this was a good idea. She was enamored of this man that she had created, and she needed him to demonstrate that he wanted her, too. Naked now, she turned around and pressed her hands on the fridge. "Put it in ... put it in ... put it in ..." Her words were a high-pitched chant until his cock stretched her vagina. Then all she could muster was a wail.

"Never ... felt ... something ... so ... tight." Bernard had been inside many women and wondered that his mother was the tightest of them. She had given birth to him, after all. But then he realized it wasn't her, it was him. His dick would feel tight in anyone. He listened to her animalistic sounds as he pushed steadily inside her.

"Ohhhh ... you're stretching me ... I did this ... I created ... the perfect man ... and now ... Barry ... you're inside ... meeeeeeeeeee." Soon, Tabitha was pushing her butt back at him and shrieking like one of the banshees her mother had befriended all those years ago. When it was time, she didn't give a second thought to letting him unload in her.

Tabitha was still leaking sperm from her vagina when Charles showed up, although she had somehow made herself look presentable. She followed him out to his car on unsteady legs. All throughout dinner, she was in a daze. She demurred when Charles asked to come in after their date. Instead, he received a kiss on the cheek, and she said goodbye. She stood on the front drive of her house watching his car slip into the night.

She turned and regarded her humble home. So many men had passed her over. Through magic, she had finally found a nice one. Now she was going to let Charles go. She walked toward her house, hoping her son had waited up for her.

Chapter 3

For most of her life, Tabitha had boasted excellent self-control. She wasn't much of a witch, but she prided herself on her character as a citizen and mother. She paid her taxes, didn't drink much, never did drugs, and spent lots of time supporting Bernard's bookish interests. But now ... she was an addict. The moment her body had adjusted to her son's size, it was like a switch had flipped inside her brain. Since then, she spent several hours each day with her son's mighty penis inside her. When it wasn't stretching her vagina, she thought about it constantly. When he went out on dates, she imagined what they were doing, often masturbating to her fantasies. In the week since her second failed spell, ecstasy and the tantalizing joy of expectant bliss had taken over her life.

Late on Saturday night Bernard returned from a date. He dragged himself into the living room, spotted his mother, and gave her a weary smile. "I humped Jessie Rosenblum for almost five hours." He slumped into an armchair. "She wore me out."

"The track star?" Anticipation made Tabitha tremble, but she tried to play it cool. "I was just reading about her. She's one of the U's biggest stars. She has a huge meet coming up. I can't believe my eighteen-year-old son is dating a college star."

"She's amazing. You should have seen the things she could do, Mom." Bernard chuckled. "I can barely move." He jiggled his belly. "I'm no athlete."

"Right." Tabitha rubbed her chin. He was right. Despite being radiantly gorgeous, her son was still overweight. "I don't suppose you could muster your strength for one more round with me tonight? I canceled my date with Charles to be here for you."

"Sorry, Mom. I'm all fucked out." He took off his glasses and slowly polished them.

"How about a blowjob then? Please?" Tabitha knew he needed to rest, but she couldn't stop herself. "You don't even have to move. I'll take care of you right there." She bit her bottom lip, her pleading eyes on her son.

"Sure, Mom. Go ahead." Bernard chuckled again as he watched her scamper over to him in a frenzy. "You sure love my cock, don't you?"

"I do ... I do ... Oh ... my." Her fingers fumbled as she removed it from his pants. "I can smell Jessie on you. Her scent is wild. I love it." She spat on his penis and pumped him with both hands. "Did you put your stuff inside her, Barry?"

“I pulled out the first time, because she asked me to.” Barnard smiled and relaxed into the chair. “But she didn’t ask the second time ... or the third, fourth, or fifth time. She practically had cum leaking out of her ears by the end.”

“Oooooooooohhhhhhhh ... my ... why do I love that so much?” Tabitha pumped him faster. “I’m trying to imagine her running a race with your baby in her belly.” She giggled. “Can you imagine?” She lowered her mouth and bobbed her head on his cock. She hadn’t yet figured out how to get very much of his great length down her throat, but she gallantly tried. “Aaaaaaaarrrrgggggggggg.”

“You really like when I knock up chicks.” Bernard watched her cheek protrude with the head of his dick behind it. “You can ride me if you really want. But I’m too tired to be on top.”

With a plop, his penis flopped out of her mouth. “Thank you ... oh ... thank you ... sweetie.” Tabitha tore off her dress and rode him like a rocket-powered broomstick. After he finished inside her, she helped him up to bed and tucked him in.

A cold pit of guilt formed in her stomach as she watched him sleep. Like any addict, she promised to do better next time. But she found herself in his bedroom the next morning, riding him like a crazed woman again.

“You’re ... ugh ... ugh ... wearing me out ... Mom.” Bernard watched his mother’s tits bounce. “Not ... that I’m ... complaining.”

“Fill me ... fill me ... fill me ... oooooohhhhhhhhhh.” Tabitha convulsed when she felt his seed inside her. This was what she lived for now.

After he’d climaxed, she rested on top of him, panting. “That was ... perfect.” Her phone rang. It was in the pocket of her robe on the floor. She reached down and retrieved it. “Shh ... it’s Charles.” She answered the call. “Hello, Charles.”

Bernard watched his mother as she sat on top of him, her phone pressed to her ear. She suddenly had a serious expression on her face.

“Yes ... I know ... I know ... I just thought ... ooohhhh.” Tabitha lurched when her son flexed his penis inside her. She glared at him and continued her conversation. “I’m sorry ... yes ... oooooohhhh.” She nearly dropped the phone when Bernard’s penis jumped again. “It’s probably for the best ... yes ... ooohhh ... yes ... goodbye.” She quickly disconnected. Without her giving it any thought, her hips went off to the races again.

“Did he break up ... ugh ... ugh ... with you?” Bernard put his glasses on so he could see her expression better.

“Yes.” Tabitha ran her fingers down her son’s chubby stomach. “I thought ... ugh ... ugh ... that all I needed ... was a nice man ... like Charles ... uuuuggghhhhhh ... but what I really ... needed ... was you.”

His mother’s words spurred Bernard. He roughly flipped her over and pounded her with her legs in the air. “All ... you need ... is me ... uh ... uh ... uh ... and my dick ... uuuuuggggghhhhhhhhhhh.”

“Yessssssssssss.” Tabitha’s eyes rolled as he unloaded in her again. A little later, as she cleaned up, she worried that she was wearing him out. If Charles wasn’t going to be around anymore, she would have even more time for Bernard. She thought about how tired he’d been the night before. How could she expect him to service her and all his dates if he was so out of shape?

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“This spell needs some give and take,” Tabitha read aloud. “The giver must receive, and the receiver must ... yada ... yada.” She skimmed the rest. “Okay, good enough.” She threw in the yarrow root and stirred her concoction. It glowed green.

“Mom, have you seen my green tie? I have a date with Jessie in a few minutes,” Bernard called through her closed bedroom door.

“You might want to wait to get dressed,” she called back. “*Yarkaz narmool codetess morens.*”

“Oh ... shit. Mom?” Bernard burst into her room. “What are you doing?” Green light hovered around him. “I feel ... burning ...” His double chin receded, his face narrowed, and the suit he had on became baggy. He groped his belly and chest. “I’m ... I’m ... *skinny.*” It was true. He was rail thin.

The green light left him and moved toward his mother. She lifted a questioning eyebrow when it clung to her. She should have read about the spell more carefully. Her breasts expanded, meeting resistance from her clothes. “I didn’t mean ... to get bigger ... your fat is moving into me ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhh ... no.” She looked down as her bra failed to contain her bulging boobs, the cleavage spilling out of her dress. When the green light faded, mother and son stood looking at each other. “Your suit doesn’t fit anymore.”

“Your clothes look ridiculous too, Mom.” He shook his head and smiled. She was a terrible witch, but somehow her spells kept working out in his favor. “You couldn’t give me muscles?”

"I ... um ... didn't think about that." Tabitha put up an arm to hide her burgeoning cleavage. "I'll try and figure out how to reverse the spell."

The doorbell rang.

"Nah, I like you like that." He stepped up and hefted her tits. "Niiiiiiiice." He winked. "That's probably Jessie at the door."

"Okay ... okay ... go on your date." Her cauldron smoked, so Tabitha moved over to tend to it.

"Oh ... there's my tie. I left it here the last time we humped after a date." Bernard grabbed his tie off the closet doorknob and waved goodbye.

Tabitha disposed of the spent potion, changed into her most voluminous dress, and went downstairs to kill some time until her son returned from his date. The doorbell rang again. "Home already?" Tabitha giggled. A surge of excitement ran through her. If her son really did like her larger boobs, she would be sure to use them to her full advantage. She opened the front door and blinked in surprise. Two women with black hair, black eyes, black dresses, and alabaster skin stood on the front step.

"Good evening, Tabitha." The first woman looked Tabitha up and down, her eyes lingering on her enlarged bust. "May we come in?"

It took Tabitha a minute to collect herself. "You're from the Council?" She waited for a response, but got none. That was as good as an admission. "No ... no you may not come in. Not without my advocate present." She had been in trouble often enough that she knew her rights.

"There's no need for that. We just have a few questions," the second lady said.

"If there is a formal inquest, I will comply. Otherwise ..." Tabitha waited, her pulse thundering in her ears. When neither replied, she shut the door in their faces. She pressed her backside to the door, and tried to compose herself. Her backside ... it was also larger than it should be. What had she done? What was she doing? She ran to her phone and left a message for her advocate. She ran to her bedroom and got out all her spell books. She knew there was a spell for covering up spells somewhere in those books. She'd used it once before.

With candles lit, she sat down and pored through her books. Her boobs kept getting in the way. It was annoying at first, but then she reminded herself that Bernard liked them. She couldn't reverse any spells, but she could cover up her handiwork. There was no way she was going to let the Council mess up the life she was building for herself and Bernard.

Maggie's New Boyfriend (Complete)

Maggie's husband, Pete, wanted a family. So, they moved out of the city and started the suburban chapter of their lives. Maggie struck up new friendships. One of her neighbors told her that the previous owners of Maggie's house had divorced over infidelity. Maggie's friend told her to watch out that the same fate didn't happen to her. Maggie laughed at that. She and Pete were solid as rock. And he was quite the stud in bed, she confided to her new friend. He even lasted a full ten minutes, sometimes.

It was that very night that it all started for Maggie. She woke in bed from a dead sleep to find Pete going down on her under the blanket.

"Oh, my, Pete. You never do this," she whispered. It was true, he'd only timidly licked her a few times. But now he was going at her with gusto. She reached her hands under the covers and ran her fingers through his silky hair. "Oh, Pete. Oh, Pete. Oooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." She screamed out her orgasm.

"What? What's wrong?" Pete sat up next to her and hit the light on his nightstand. "Are you okay?" He blinked at her with bleary eyes.

"Pete?" Maggie squeaked. If her husband was next to her, who was under the covers? Her blood ran cold, and she leapt out of bed. But there was no one there. Her chest heaved and her body surged with adrenaline. "I guess ... it was ... a bad dream."

"Yeah." Pete turned out the light before he noticed the wetness running down the inside of her thighs. He threw his head back on the pillow. "Go back to sleep. I've got a big presentation tomorrow."

Maggie did not return to bed. She spent the rest of the night doom scrolling on her phone in the very well-lit bathroom.

A few days passed, and Maggie let down her guard. It really had been a bad dream she convinced herself. On Saturday, she worked in the kitchen to make Pete a terrific breakfast. Bacon sizzled on the stove as she did a few dishes at the sink. She thought her husband was still sleeping upstairs, so she was surprised when she felt Pete's hands grab her hips from behind.

"Stop it, Pete." Maggie giggled. "I'm washing dishes. What are you ... oh!" She bent forward as her husband practically mauled her, grabbing her butt and boobs from behind as if he hadn't seen a woman in ages. It was sort of fun to have him so gassed, so she let it go on.

Soon, Pete flipped her dress up over her waist.

“You never want sex in the morning. What’s gotten into you? Wait ... oh ... are you ... going to ...?” Her panties dropped to her ankles and she felt the weight of her husband’s penis on her left butt cheek. But that was odd, because the thing pressed against her seemed to weigh a ton, and Pete had a perfect, modest-sized penis. Or at least that’s how he described it.

Confusion moved through her. She tried to look back at him, but her husband grabbed her hair and forced her to stare at the running faucet.

“Pete? This isn’t funny ... we can do this later ... I don’t want ... uuuuuggggggghhhhhhhh.” The most guttural sound escaped her lips. He was spreading out her pussy. The thing pushing into her was anything but modest-sized. “Pete ... is that ... you?” She damn well knew it wasn’t. As the cock slipped into her, it chased away her fear. All that she was left with was ... joy. Pure joy. The feeling was like that one time she had done ecstasy in college, but about million times more powerful. This man, who was clearly not Pete, stretched and filled Maggie in the most perfect and immodest way. She pushed back at him, bracing herself against the sink, and soon they were humping like long lost lovers. She had three explosive orgasms and could tell her new friend was getting close to his completion. She wanted it. She wanted this stranger to give it all to her. And in an instant, a smoke alarm ruined everything.

“What’s going on, Maggie?” Pete’s voice barely carried over the sound of the alarm as he called down the stairs.

Maggie was alone in the kitchen. That delicious feeling faded. She groaned in frustration, still pushing her butt back against the sudden emptiness behind her. “I’m ... I’m.” She looked at the clock. Goodness, she had been completely lost in the moment. It was over a half-hour since she’d started washing dishes. She turned off the sink, straightened, and pulled her panties back up.

The kitchen was full of smoke. She turned to find the bacon in the pan burned and blackened. The alarm stopped.

“I got the alarm.” Pete called from across the main floor. “What’s going on?”

“I burned your bacon, Pete.” She turned off the burner and removed the pan from the heat. “I’m sorry, Pete. I’m so sorry.”

Maggie was not stupid. It was clear she’d been taken by something supernatural. Men didn’t just appear and disappear in her kitchen. But she wasn’t about to tell Pete about it. Or call in an exorcist. She had tasted pure Heaven, and she wanted more.

That night, after Pete safely snored in bed, Maggie crept to her closet and put on the sexy lingerie she saved for special nights with her husband. She snuck downstairs, sat on the

couch, and spread her legs as wide as she could. "Come and get it," she hissed at the empty room.

Green lights sparkled and out of the floor crawled a naked man. He had coal black eyes, paper white skin, and an emaciated body. But his cock stood out proudly as he rose to his feet. Seeing this creature with her own eyes, Maggie almost had second thoughts. But her body remembered what highs he'd taken her to. So, she reached down and spread open her pussy lips so that this strange apparition of a man could see the pink that waited for him.

"You want me?" Maggie tried not to look into his dead eyes. God, she was so excited. It was Niagara Falls between her legs. "Oh ... yeeeeesssssss." She accepted him. The force of his first lunge inside her took her breath away. "Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... you ... have ... me. Oh, God. I'm ... yours ..." One-and-a-half fucks in, and she was hopelessly addicted. He humped into her without saying a word. With cold hands, the pale man tore her bra from her chest and stuffed it into her mouth. Of course, her new boyfriend was right. She was making too much noise. They didn't want to get interrupted by Pete again.

By the time he was done with her, she'd taken several phantom loads. The apparition faded into the night, and she waddled back upstairs on shaky legs. She knew she had turned the page on what she had been. What lay before her was strange, novel, and hopelessly addicting.

A Fistful of Stone (Complete)

It was true. Rashida stared out from the darkness with her mouth hanging open. As a group, eighteen-year-old men were exaggerators when it came to women. So, she hadn't believed Brayden. Even if he had somehow seduced Rashida, it was impossible to believe he could do the same to his own, sweet mother. But now the truth of it seared into Rashida's brain.

"Where's my dick, Mom?" Brayden had his mom on her back with her legs spread. His bed creaked, groaned, and slapped the wall. It would be a wonder if the old wood frame survived the summer. He faced away from her, and plowed her pussy. He didn't know what you called the position. Reverse missionary maybe? But he loved it because he knew it highlighted the length of his cock. His dad wouldn't even be able to put it in her from that position.

"You're inside me ... ugh ... all the way ... hitting the back ... of ... my ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." Sheila lost her train of thought. It hadn't been much of a train to begin with. Ever since Brayden had gotten her pregnant, it seemed her orgasms had taken it up another notch. As her brain crested the mountain of pleasure and things cleared a bit, she looked down at the obscene spectacle. "Goodness ... Brayden ... I'm so wet." It was true. Her froth was

all over the upper part of his penis. She couldn't see the lower part, even on his upstrokes, because her big belly blocked the view. Months ago, when he'd first done her facing the wrong way, she had been stunned and couldn't stop staring at the odd angle at which he stretched her vagina. Since her pregnant belly was now in the way, she instead stared at his tight, white ass, flexing over and over, and the heavy balls swaying underneath.

"Who owns this ... uh ... uh ... uh ... pussy, Mom?" Brayden loved getting her to admit it. She had told him that no man had ever talked to her that way before.

"Don't make me ... say it," Sheila groaned. The light faded in the room. The sunlight had been streaming through the windows when they started. Had they been copulating for that long? The pulsing, red light of the rock in her hand cast its faint glow on the shadowy walls.

"Tell me ... or ... I'll stop." Brayden had dated a little. But this side of him hadn't really appeared until he'd found the stone. All of a sudden, he had tons of confidence, and a belief he could make anything happen. Even turn his unsuspecting mother into the woman she'd become.

"You own it," Sheila screamed. "My pussy ... is yours." She wasn't used to saying the "p" word. But she had been trying a lot of new things lately. "You make me ... so ... very ... bad. Oooooohhhhhhhhhhh." Her hips rocked up to meet his thrusts and she came again.

There was a thump in the closet. Brayden kept his rhythm, but looked over that way. Shit, he'd told her to be quiet. He looked over his shoulder at his mother. In her delirium, Sheila hadn't noticed. That was good. She had come a long way over the past months, but he was pretty sure she'd freak if she knew his girlfriend was watching them.

Rashida stared at the pair fucking like they'd gone crazy. They had gone crazy. She was glad for her dark skin, as she pressed her eye against the crack in the door. Sheila hadn't noticed her despite being just feet away. From her spot in the closet, Rashida could hear every slap of skin and squelch of pulverized pussy. She could also smell them. God, Brayden's mom smelled good. Rashida wondered if her own pussy smelled that good. Speaking of her own pussy, she had her hand in her jeans furiously working herself, trying to stay quiet. A minute ago, when her orgasm had caused her to fall against the wall, it seemed only Brayden had noticed.

"Your father will ... ugh ... be home soon." Sheila didn't want the feeling to end. Ever. But she still had a life outside that long penis. And someone had to cook dinner.

"So?" Brayden didn't really care.

"So ... ah ... ah ... please finish ... before he gets home." Sheila hated that she still had to spell it out for Brayden. She didn't want Peter to catch them, again.

“Okay. I’m ... ready ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... I’m ready ... Mom.” Brayden let the power of the stone course through him. He could feel it. He could feel it all the way from his mother’s clenched fist. It heightened everything.

“Oh yes ... Brayden.” Sheila stared down past her heavy, swaying breasts and round quaking belly to his massive balls. That’s where the treasure was. “Please ... Brayden ... do it.”

Rashida thought about that fateful day she’d rented a room above the garage from these nice white folks. Who would have thought half the family would be insatiable perverts? Or that she was a hidden pervert herself? She’d moved out here to be closer to her PhD program, and she’d gotten a whole lot more than she bargained for. Including a scrawny, new boyfriend with an enormous cock. That boyfriend let out a low growl and came in his mother’s pussy. “Damn,” Rashida whispered to herself as she fingered her button. “Damn, damn, damn.”

There was a knock on the bedroom door. “I can hear you two in there.” It was Peter’s defeated voice.

“Oh, sorry, dear.” Sheila slapped at her son’s butt, trying to get him to pull out of her, but instead he slowly sank his still hard thing all the way in.

Brayden looked over his shoulder at his mother and gave her a devilish smile.

Sheila tried to give him a cross look. “Ooohhhhhh. I’m sorry ... Pete ... I’ll be right out,” she said at the door. “I mean ... oh, goodness.” Brayden was humping her again. She could hear the sperm squishing in her pussy. Heck, it was so loud her husband could probably hear it through the door. “Maybe ... make that ... a half hour ... dear.”

“Did you make dinner?” Peter’s voice was quite low now.

“No ... ugh ... sorry ... ugh ... ugh ... throw a frozen pizza ... in the ... uuuuggggghhhhhh ... oven.” Sheila clutched at the sheets as Brayden really gave it to her, smashing into the back of her pussy over and over.

“Okay.” And Peter was gone.

“Shit, no,” Rashida whispered to herself. And Peter knew about it and just let Brayden fuck his wife? Her hand worked faster on her pussy.

About a half hour later, Rashida settled her weight on Brayden, letting his fat dick slide right in. He’d changed her. It wasn’t that long ago that he barely fit. “So ... ooohhhh ... you weren’t lying ... I guess.”

“I told you.” Brayden reached up and grabbed heaping handfuls of her heavy tits. “She’s as big a slut as you are.”

“Don’t say that.” Rashida frowned down at him as her hips started undulating, almost on their own. “You know I don’t like ... when you talk like that.”

“My mom does.” Brayden grinned up at her. He enjoyed being provocative.

“Maybe ... but your mom ... is waaaaay crazy, Brayden.” Rashida’s frown faded and her jaw fell as the pleasure surged through her. “That’s your baby ... ugh ... in her, right?”

“I knocked her up over Spring Break.”

“Damn ... dddaaammnnnnnn.” Rashida was on the pill, and that had been her only saving grace. She tried getting Brayden to wear a condom early on, but he kept taking them off halfway through, and she never had the will to stop him. She could see how Sheila had found herself pregnant. “You’re crazy ... Brayden. Everything about this house ... is perverted ... and insane.” She was going to cum thinking about that sweet Sheila giving her son the goods.

“Yeah. But everyone’s ... happy.” Brayden gently tugged her tits up and down to get her to bounce on him. He’d never cum if she was just grinding.

“Sure ... Brayden ... whatever you say.” Rashida came three times before she finally felt him shoot it all up in her. When they were done, she collapsed on top of him, and they both fell asleep.

Sheila was quite surprised and flustered when she entered her son’s room and found their tenant in bed with him. So, Sheila wasn’t the only one he’d seduced with his big thing. She quickly closed the door and headed downstairs, her mind spinning. She didn’t know if she should feel happy or sorry for the poor woman. Unable to decide, she settled on jealousy. Brayden was *her* son after all. She’d just have to visit his room again once Rashida left.

The Stone Appreciates You (Complete)

“I do feel sexy.” Sally twirled around her room. She avoided the sight of herself in the mirror. She wanted to feel good about herself. Wearing a bikini and seeing yourself in one were two different matters. She was her own worst critic, and the little red bikini was ... well ... little. But she had been feeling bored and unappreciated lately. It was time to change things up. She left her room and headed downstairs. She planned to take a dip in the hot tub and maybe give the neighbors a show. She hoped they would peek from behind their curtains at her like they usually did. Even that sort of attenuated appreciation would be helpful.

As she passed the study, she stopped and looked in. “Hello, Brianna. What are you reading?” She gave her daughter a warm smile.

“The Revenant.” Brianna looked up from the book and took off her glasses. She cocked her brown, braided hair to the side when she saw what her mother was wearing.

“Is it good?” Sally’s voice was quite chipper. She had a good feeling about her Friday night.

“It seems to be a Christ allegory where a bear is the crucifixion.” Brianna frowned, her smooth, twenty-year-old face drawn tight. “So, it’s sort of over the top.” She waved her hand at her mother, inclusively covering her from head to toe. “More importantly, Mom, what on Earth are you wearing?”

“Oh.” Sally felt like covering her boobs with her hands as she wilted a tad under Brianna’s brusque gaze. Her daughter was such a serious young woman. Sally took a deep breath. Instead of hiding, she bravely let her breasts hang out there under that tiny bit of cloth. “With your father on a trip, and Austin on his date, I thought I might enjoy our run of the house. I was going to take a dip. How do I look?”

“I won’t lie, Mom. You look like too little jam spread over too much bread.” Brianna marked her page, put the book down, and hopped out of her chair. “You want a drink? I’ll bring a beer out to the hot tub. You probably need something to take the edge off this mid-life crisis.” She stepped past her mother, trying, unsuccessfully, not to glance at those enormous boobs.

“Sure, thank you, Brianna.” Sally watched her go. Brianna was such an odd, stern, young woman. But very helpful. Sally then fetched a towel from the closet and stepped outside. She froze when her gaze settled on the hot tub. Again, she had the temptation to cover her boobs. But she was not the kind of woman to fear her own body. Not even when it was all hanging out there in front of her eighteen-year-old son. “What are you doing, Austin? I thought you were on a hot date tonight.” She strode over to the hot tub

and carefully climbed in. She glanced at Austin and saw that he was looking at a small stone in his hands. It was black, with faint red veins running through it. Sally hadn't known that he was interested in geology.

"Gail broke up with me, Mom." Austin stared at the stone, turning it over in his hands. Warmth seemed to pulse from it into his fingers, sending tendrils of heat down his arms.

"Sweetie, I'm so sorry!" She settled onto the bench in front of one of the bubbling jets. "What can Mommy do?"

"You can stop calling yourself Mommy. I'm old enough to ..." Austin looked up for the first time and his words died away. His mouth hung open. His mother was wearing the skimpiest swimsuit imaginable, her boobs floated in the water before her. He could ... he could even see the outlines of her large nipples through the thin fabric right at the waterline. Jesus, he was instantly hard. The stone in his hand pulsed stronger than before. His mom was a goddess. He wondered what her lower half looked like, but the water obscured his view, so he settled his gaze back on those floating tits.

"Eyes up here, mister," Sally said gently.

"Oh, sorry, Mom. I was ... um ..." He looked up into her kind eyes. "... I was just thinking about Gail." His ex-girlfriend had completely dropped from his mind.

"What are you doing here, Austin?" Brianna walked up to them, carrying the cold beer still in its bottle. She rolled her eyes at her brother when she saw how his gaze kept dropping to their mother's exposed cleavage. "I think Mom wanted to be alone tonight." She opened the beer with a bottle opener and handed it to Sally.

"It's okay, Brie. He just broke up with Gail. He can stay." Sally took the cold beer and put the bottle to her lips. It tasted good. She must have done something right to raise such a thoughtful daughter.

"You broke up?" Brianna's face softened as she regarded her brother. He looked so small and bedraggled, with his skinny, white body and his hair soaked and plastered to his skull. "Can I get you something from the kitchen?"

"Um ... no thanks." Austin dropped the fist holding the stone under the water. He didn't want anyone to see it for some reason.

"I'll get you a lemonade." Brianna gave him a patronizing smile and left.

Sally breathed a deep sigh and took a couple more gulps of her drink. The hot water relaxed her muscles. She took a furtive look at the neighbor's house, but they weren't at the window. She smiled at Austin and found he was staring at her bust again. Definitely

not the intended audience, but it did boost her confidence. “Can I see that rock you’re holding?”

“Well ... um ... sure I guess.” He didn’t want to part with it, but he raised his fist from the water, opened his fingers, and held it out to her on his palm. He almost winced when she leaned forward and plucked it from his palm.

“Well, this is an odd thing. It’s not natural ... is it?” The world suddenly spun around Sally. God, she was getting old if she was already tipsy after half a beer. She settled back onto the bench and looked over at her son. She was so proud to have made and shaped him into the person he was. She blushed. And to have such a handsome young man staring at her boobs was exactly the pick-me-up she needed that night. Her hand tingled around the stone, and then her whole arm throbbed. For a moment of panic, she thought she was having a heart attack. But then she realized it was only her son’s pulse. How nice to feel his life beating through that rock. Wait ... that was strange, wasn’t it? Her brain really was struggling with that beer.

“Mom?” With an iron will, Austin pulled his gaze up to her face. She looked dazed. “You okay, Mom? I said, I don’t know if it’s natural. I found it on my walk home.”

“Oh? I’m fine. Fine. Really good, actually.” She rubbed her legs together. “Um ... so ... what happened with Gail, kiddo?”

“We had a fight and ... she said some mean things, Mom. I don’t want to get into it.” When he realized he’d been caught looking at his mother’s tits again, he blushed deeply. “I just want to forget it.”

Sally clutched the rock loosely in her fist. “I understand. I dated some boys that didn’t treat me right in high school.” She scooted her butt along the bench until they were next to each other. She bent down to kiss his cheek. When she did, her boob hit something hard under the water. Did he ... did he have an erection from looking at her? She had wanted to feel sexy, and by God, she did. She gave him that kiss, leaned back, and put her hand on his thigh. “Gail is a dummy, sweetie. You’re a smart, handsome guy. Any woman would be lucky to have you.” She ran her fingernails along his leg, and brushed up under his suit. Further and further up his thigh. She smiled down at him as his cheeks turned an even darker shade of crimson.

“Really? I ... I ... I ...” Austin stammered as he stared at her beauty. What was she doing? Was his own mother coming on to him? His dick was so turgid it hurt. As his mom leaned against him, he could feel her heavy tit push against his arm. He had entered the hot tub feeling sorry for himself, but that all seemed ancient history now.

“One lemonade for a sad, little brother.” Brianna marched back out onto the deck with a glass clinking in her hand.

“Oh.” Sally’s hand quickly left Austin’s thigh and returned to her own lap. She instinctively moved away from her son on the bench.

“Thank you, Brianna. Thank you very much.” Austin felt like a great balloon had deflated. He took the lemonade from her and placed it on the edge of the tub.

“Sure thing, dude. Feel better.” Brianna turned and headed back inside. “Back to my book. I’ll be in the study if you need me. Enjoy your soak.” She disappeared into the house.

“She’s the best, right?” Austin smiled nervously at his mother. He watched her chug the rest of her beer and place it next to his lemonade.

“The best.” Sally smacked her lips and scooted back next to him so that their sides touched. “But let’s talk some more about that dummy Gail and all that she’s missing out on.” This time, her hand moved under the water to his flat, hard stomach. Her fingers found the waistband of his trunks and slipped under.

“She’s nice, Mom. Really. We just had a ...” Austin stiffened. His mother had put her hands under his trunks, her fingers were playing gently with his pubic hair. “What are you doing?”

“You’ve made me feel really special tonight, sweetie. Just when I needed it most.” Sally leaned in and kissed him on the cheek again. “And I just want you to see that you’re special, too. Pardon me for saying this, Austin, but Gail is a bitch. You deserve to be treated like a prince.” Her hand went further under his trunks and found his penis. She thrilled at how hard he was. It was because of her. This steel cock was her responsibility. “I will treat you like royalty. Do you understand?”

“Oh, shit ... Mom.” Austin’s butt slid down on the bench a little. He slumped into the water until it was up to his chin. She had just said the word *bitch*, and it wasn’t even the biggest story of the evening. Wonder of wonders. His mom was in the hot tub with him, spilling out of her bikini, and giving him a handjob. “Who ... needs ... Gail?” He stared at her boobs as they shook with her efforts half submerged in the water.

“That’s the spirit, Austin.” She nodded enthusiastically. “The next girl will be way better than Gail.”

“Are you the next girl, Mom?” Austin was in a daze now. He felt so good, he only wished his trunks weren’t constricting his mother’s dexterity down there.

“I’m your mother, Austin. I can’t be the next girl.” She gave him a patronizing smile as she beat her prince off. “I’m just bridging the gap for you.”

“Oh, okay.” He let her stroke him in silence for a while, the sounds coming from the jets and the water splashing in time to her arm movements.

“Are you close, Austin?” Sally didn’t want him doing it in the hot tub, but she wasn’t sure where to have him cum. She looked around for something that might be useful. A towel maybe. Then she saw the spies. The neighbors were peeking out at them from behind the curtains. What terrible timing they had. She had wanted to give them a show. But not *this* show. She removed her hand from Austin’s cock and jerked away from him. In her haste, she dropped the stone to the bottom of the tub.

“Ohhh, don’t stop.” Austin looked over at her in agony.

“I promised to treat you right, and I will.” She pulled herself out of the water and flung her towel around her shoulders. “But not here. Keep your trunks on and follow me into the house.”

“Okay.” Austin eagerly complied. He jumped out and didn’t even bother with a towel. He jogged after her.

“You’re dripping on the floor, you two.” Brianna looked up as mother and son passed outside the study.

“I’ll clean it up later, Brie. Don’t worry about it.” Sally called as they raced by.

“What’s the rush? Jeez.” Brianna put her book down. If they were out of the tub, maybe she would take a dip. She got up to go put a bathing suit on.

Upstairs, Sally and Austin entered his room. She closed the door behind them and locked it.

“Do you still like what you see, Austin?” She dropped the towel and did a twirl for him.

“You look really nice, Mom. That bikini is ... amazing.” Austin wasn’t sure what to do, so he just stood there dripping hot tub water with a crazy hardon tenting his swimsuit.

“Good answer, mister. Would you like to see more?” She struck a pose for him.

“There’s more?” His eyes went round as saucers. “I ... I ... I ...”

“You are too cute. I can’t believe Gail is missing out on this.” Sally reached behind her and unclasped the top of her bikini. Seeing his stuttering reaction brought a smile so big that her cheeks hurt. “More of these, I mean.” She dropped the top to the floor. She gazed at her son, and he gazed at her tits. She wasn’t even the least bit tempted to cover them up. “You like?”

“They are the most beautiful things I’ve ever seen.” His jaw dropped.

“Oh my, I nearly forgot my promise. Let’s get you taken care of.” She kneeled down before him and pulled down his trunks. She whistled appreciatively when his penis bounced into view. “What a pretty sight. You could crack a walnut with that thing. Is this all because of me?” She looked up at him and blinked innocently.

“Yes.” Austin nodded and watched in awe as her hands reached up. With her left hand, she took hold of his balls. He could see the diamond on her finger glinting up against his wrinkled skin. With her right hand, she pumped his dick.

“You’re really hard, sweetie.” Her smile faded as she watched her own hands at work. She bit her bottom lip. Her evening had spiraled out of control. Might as well let it spiral a little further. “I’m going to put it in my mouth. That’s what a prince deserves. Right?”

“Um ... yeah.” Austin swallowed. His throat was dry. Watching his beautiful mother opening her mouth wide and leaning toward his dick summoned an erotic vortex in his mind. He didn’t think he would ever get out. Her heavy tits wobbled a little as she moved in. And just like that, her wet warmth swallowed him up. He could feel her tongue rolling around the head. After a couple minutes, he could see half his cock disappear into her mouth with each stroke. “Holy shit ... you’re really ... into it.”

“Mmmpphhhhh.” Sally could tell by his demure grunts that he was going to let it out soon. The towel was on the floor by her feet. She could soak up his seed with that. But, as she bobbed her head on him, she decided she’d rather swallow his stuff instead. His admiring stares and compliments that evening had been so wonderful. He deserved it.

“Mom ... I’m going to ... ugh ... I mean ... I’m going ...” A surge of ecstasy built in him. He was almost to the crest.

“Mmmmmpppphhhhhhhhhh.” She was so ready for this. Her body jumped when his hot salty stuff splashed over her tongue. Spray after spray, she almost couldn’t swallow it all.

Austin’s body tensed. He was shooting off in his mom’s sweet mouth. He knew there would be no moment in life that could top this one. “Hhhiiiiiiiiinnnnngggggg.” He made some strange sounds to accompany the gulping that echoed off the walls. Eventually, he watched his mother pull back, gently spit him out, and then pick up the towel to wipe her mouth.

“There now. That was really quite something, Austin.” Sally stood on unsteady legs. She couldn’t wipe the grin off her face. This was the sexiest she’d ever felt. That night’s mission was accomplished in the most surprising way. “Gail is such an idiot. You are quite the catch, Austin.”

“Gail who?” His eyes followed her bare boobs as she moved about the room.

“That’s right. Gail who indeed.” She picked up her top from the floor and headed to the door. She had gotten herself all hot and bothered and needed to go take care of her own needs. “Mommy’s going to go have a shower now. Keep that chin up, sweetie.”

“Will do.” Austin was still hard, standing in the middle of his room as she left. “Bye, Mom.” Normally he had some post-nut clarity. But not that night. His mind was already racing, thinking about the long weekend with his farther away.

Outside in the hot tub, Brianna slipped into the bubbling water. Those creepy neighbors were looking from their window. She hated those weirdos. She turned her back on them and sunk into the water. “Ow!” There was something hard on the bench. She reached under her and pulled up a strange, dark stone. “What the heck is this?”

The Stone's Plunge (Complete)

"The air smells different up here." Owen looked over his shoulder. His backpack prevented him from seeing his mom as she hiked up the dusty trail behind him. He stopped and turned around. He liked the way her shoulder straps clasped together above her breasts. And, of course, her bulging belly always brought a smile to his lips. He thought about the special night she had finally let him forget condoms. The stone in his pocket pulsed warmth into his hip as Owen's memories grew more and more dirty.

"It's pine. And dust. You're right, it smells wonderful." Brooke breathed in and out. She should have been gasping for air, but she wasn't. It was amazing that she could still travel in the backcountry at the beginning of her third trimester. "Now keep moving."

"Yes, ma'am." Owen nodded his agreement and turned back up the trail. He contemplated the naughty things they would pursue once the tent was up. "Are you sad Dad couldn't make it?"

"Don't you start on your father, Owen. You know I don't like that talk."

"But you're happy it's just the two of us, right?" Owen squinted up at a nearby peak. They were almost there.

"Yes, Owen. I'm happy it's just the two of us."

In the late afternoon, Owen sat naked on a towel watching his mother slowly rise from the lake. A breeze pleasantly evaporated the water from his skin. The glacial cliffs hung in the background behind his mother, orange with the setting sun. And Brooke, now thigh deep, was a picture of flourishing beauty. If he had lived in ancient times, Owen would gladly have worshipped her as the goddess of bounty and promises. She was so wonderfully swollen. And she was all his for their five-day trip. He looked down at the black stone with red veining. This would be a perfect trip. He could just feel it.

"How about we make dinner and then have a tumble in the tent?" Brooke called to the shore.

"Sure, Mom." His cock stiffened. He wondered if he'd be able to wait until after dinner.

Brooke bent down and retrieved a can of beer from the lake where they'd left it to cool. "I can't have one of these, but you can." She had agreed to bring the beer since Owen was officially twenty-one the following week. "It's not going to make your big guy sleepy, is it?"

"Thanks, Mom. I'll have one." Owen smiled. While sharing a camp with her, nothing would make his dick sleepy.

As Brooke rode her son that night, Moonlight illuminated the tent. She placed her hands on his strong chest and gently shifted her hips back and forth. "I know ... mmmmmm ... you're a young man, but I'm ... ah ... always surprised by how long you last. Oooohhhhhh." He hit a spot deep inside her. She shivered. She hadn't known that spot had existed until last year.

This was the opening Owen was looking for. "Dad doesn't last that long?"

"Oh ... stop it, Owen." She smiled down at him. She could see his face just well enough to follow his gaze to her breasts. It was miraculous that she could so excite him.

"How long does he usually ... ugh ... last?"

"Owen ... Owen ... Owen ... you are such ... a brat." Brooke's hips gained speed on their rotation. "Your father only lasts about ... five minutes. And never more than once a ... ohhhh ... night."

"Was he a stud ... ugh ... when you met him?"

"He was ... uh ... uh ... uh ... the same." Brooke leaned back and arched her back. "Now ... stop talking about your father ... ughhhh ... and cum, sweetie."

"Keep it up, Mom. I'm almost ... there."

The next day was pleasant. They took a day hike and Owen bent his mother over a rock with a fantastic vista. He fucked her with the Sierra Nevada laid out below them.

They arrived back at camp in time for lunch and then retired to the tent for an afternoon session.

It was after sunset, as Owen climbed between her spread legs, that he was ready to bring up the topic he'd been pondering for some time. He sunk into her and looked down at her pretty face. They were on a blanket next to the campfire, and the flickering light made wonderful angles of her face even more pronounced. "Do you think ... Mom ... that maybe ... I could ... sleep with someone else?" On the blanket next to them, the stone glowed.

"Ugh ... yes ... Owen. It's about ... time you had ... a girlfriend." She put her hands behind her knees to hold herself open for him. Again, she wondered that she had so much stamina despite her pregnancy.

"No ... Mom ... not a girlfriend my age. I was thinking ... maybe ... you could set me up with ... one of your friends." His hips fell out of rhythm a little with nervousness.

"Not in a million ... ugh ... years." She grabbed hold of his hips and stopped his movement.

“But ...” He hadn’t expected her to say no. He looked over at the stone. If he put it in her hand, she’d agree.

Brooke followed her son’s gaze to his black rock. It had opened her up to so much, but she wasn’t going to let it run rampant in the world. “Pull out. Pull out, sweetie.” Her voice was soft but firm. She pushed and he relented. He pulled out of her vagina and sat on his knees, still looking at the stone. “Throw it into the lake, Owen. I’m yours. I’m all you need for now. And eventually, you’ll find yourself a girlfriend. Throw it in the lake.”

“Mom?” He picked it up and looked at the pulsing red glow. “Really?” It seemed to want to stay. He thought about defying her.

“You don’t need it, sweetie,” she whispered soothingly. She spoke to him with warmth and kindness. “It’s time to let it go.” Brooke gently stroked his thigh. “Let it go.”

“Um ...” Owen turned his vision away from the stone. The firelight reflected in her eyes. He saw love and acceptance with which no promises from the stone could compete. He stood, erection still protruding before him, and threw the stone as far as he could. After a brief pause, he heard a splash.

“That’s good. That’s my Owen.” Brooke held out her arms to him, still laying on her back by the fire. “Come to Mommy.” She welcomed him back into her arms. His passion for her seemed to hit new highs that night. It would be a good trip. She was very happy to be in the backcountry with her son.

The Stone in the Lake (Complete)

The trail snaked higher and higher into the mountains. Dust filled my lungs. My pack compressed my skeleton. All I could hear were birds chirping and the wind in the pines. My mom and I were twenty miles into the back country. Her mother had taken her backpacking for her eighteenth birthday, so she'd insisted that she do the same with me.

"Isn't it beautiful, Emma?" Mom sounded hardly winded. I was sucking in each ragged breath.

"Great ... really ... pretty." I don't think the sarcasm made it through my huffing and puffing. I tried to pull my pack higher. The stupid chest strap chafed my upper boobs.

"Your father would love this." Mom stopped at a tall rock and pulled out her canteen. She didn't need a rest, but she could tell I did.

"So ... bring him ... next time." I slumped sideways, letting the rock carry the weight of my pack.

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We made it to our campsite around dusk. Once erected, the tent looked almost pretty so close to the lake. I wasn't happy about camping under those foreboding glacial cliffs, but I was happy about resting there the next day. We ate, packed up the camp for the night, and climbed into the tent. Despite my mom's snoring, I never slept better.

The next day, we ate breakfast, and had some time to relax. Mom took out her book, and settled under a tree.

"What should I do, Mom?" I looked around. All my muscles ached from the day before. I wasn't about to go for another walk. What else was there to do out in the middle of nowhere?

"Go for a swim." She smiled without looking up from her book.

"I didn't bring a suit." I frowned at her.

"There's no one around for miles. You don't need a suit, Emma." She winked at me and went back to her book.

This was weird. I wasn't used to undressing in front of my mom. But a swim did sound like a good idea. I undressed, folded my clothes on a rock, and gingerly walked out to the

lake. Twigs, stones, and branches poked at my bare feet. I waded into the water. “Holy fuck, that’s cold.” My voice echoed back to me from the other side of the lake.

“Watch your language, sweetie.” Mom didn’t look up from her book.

I forced my body into the water. Once I got deep enough, I swam. I stretched my overtaxed body in the water, and it was actually quite pleasant.

There was a warm spot in the center of the lake. How odd. I had a feeling that there might be something beneath me. Something ... friendly. Without thinking, I dove under the water, kicked my feet, and shot to the muddy lake bottom. A faint glow pulsed reddish light in the murky depths. I grabbed the thing.

A minute later, I waded out of the lake, cold water dripping off me. I held in my hands a black stone with jagged, pulsing red veins. Anticipation crackled my nerves like electricity. I wasn’t sure what I anticipated, but it was something big.

“What have you got there?” Mom looked up from her book. She stood and walked over to me, bringing a towel with her.

“I don’t know.” Warmth spread up my hands in a steady beat. The stone had matched the rhythm of my heart. “But it’s beautiful.”

“Let me see it.” Mom wrapped the towel around my shoulders and reached for the stone. I pulled my hands away. She smiled like it was a game. “Give it here.”

“No.” I looked over at her. She looked suddenly quite different in her shorts and ratty t-shirt. I could see all her womanly curves and ... I liked them. A queasy feeling came over me. I could hear the pulse beat loudly in my ears. I stepped back from her. “I found it. It’s mine.”

“I just want to see it.” Mom reached for it again. I stepped back again. The smile left her face. Before I knew what was happening, she had hold of me and we were struggling. The towel fell from my shoulders. She slammed her weight into me and we fell to the ground, rolling in the grass. Soon, we both had hold of the stone. She sat on top of me, our legs interlocked. “It feels ... strange ... doesn’t it ... Emma?” Mom’s hips rocked.

I’d never been so excited in my life. Having her weight on me was a key turning some lock I didn’t know I had. I was as wet as I’d ever been between my legs. But the zipper seam on her shorts rubbed me the wrong way. “Ugh ... Mom ... your shorts ... kind of hurt.”

“Sorry, sweetie.” She absently smiled at me. With her left hand still on the stone, she reached down with her right and pulled off her shorts and panties. A minute later, her hips rocked steadily. I realized she was moving to the stone’s implacable beat. It took

five minutes before what we were doing really dawned on me. My mother's pussy was going to make me cum.

"Mom ... oh ... Mom ..." I released the stone into her grip and reached up to cup her boobs through her t-shirt. This woman who had brought me into this world was driving my mind out of this world. "I'm cumming ... Mom ... I'm ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhh." My screams echoed back to us over the lake.

After we'd both cum several times, Mom joined me in the lake to clean off. But the icy water didn't cool us down. We left the lake hand-in-hand. The stone joined us back in the tent. The thing had unlocked something deep inside both of us. And once that secret had been unearthed, there was no holding it back. That day we both ate pussy for the first time. We had planned to move to a different campsite the day after. But instead, we spent the rest of our trip by that lake, mostly together in the tent. Occasionally, I'd see the ring on her finger and feel guilty about Dad. But once her lips fell back to mine, I forgot about such things.

On the hike out, we both wore big smiles. The dark stone was tucked safely in Mom's backpack. I wondered what life would be like for us once we got back home. So much of what had happened depended on the seclusion of our trip. Well, we'd find out soon enough.

Roll Ten for a Save

Chapter 1

“You boys need anything else?” Becky smiled down at the crowded basement table. It was the summer before college for her son, and Brian and his friends were still playing Dungeons and Dragons. It was sweet.

“We’re good, Mrs. Hall.” Kevin smiled over at her.

“Okay, then.” She caught sight of the newcomer and shivered. She didn’t like the look of Malcolm Maddox. But if he was a friend of Brian’s, she supposed he was welcome.

“We’re good, Mom. You can go.” Brian always felt self-conscious about the way his friends stared at his mom. Although, she seemed oblivious to the attention.

“Okay, Brian. Don’t stay up too late tonight, remember we’re picking your father up from the airport tomorrow morning.” Becky smoothed out her dress and beamed at her son. She had to soak him up before he left the nest.

“I didn’t forget.” Brian nodded toward the stairs. Time for her to go.

“Great. Well, if you need anything, I’ll be in the living room.” She ruffled her son’s hair and walked up the stairs.

Everyone but Brian turned to watch her ass sway as she left them.

“Back to the game, everyone.” Brian frowned, but didn’t want to make a big deal out of it.

“Okay, as I was saying.” Malcolm smiled at the group. “The incubus approaches within thirty feet. Before you can draw your sword, the fiend uses a charm spell. You need a fifteen wisdom saving throw, or you’ll be charmed for a day.”

“Shit.” Brian wasn’t sure who had invited the creepy Malcolm to their game. Or how he’d talked himself into being the dungeon master. He tossed the die. A fourteen turned up. “Shit.”

“The fiend has dark plans for you.” Malcolm’s smile looked positively feral. “You have one recourse. You may use your mother’s innocence to thwart the evil. Her power is strong, so you only need a ten. But if you fail, she will be charmed, too.”

“But I’m a mighty warrior from the Eastern Edge.” Brian knitted his brows. He didn’t understand. “I was born not from mother or father, but from the –”

“Not your character, Brian. I mean your mom.” Malcolm leaned back in his chair. “The one upstairs right now.”

“That’s not how you play the game,” Sam said.

“What are you even talking about?” Kevin eyed Malcolm like he was the incubus himself.

“Well?” Malcolm shrugged. “It’s basically a free roll. And we’re not talking a long seduction here. No souls involved. Just a twenty-four-hour charm.”

“Free roll. Sure.” Brian picked up the die and rolled again. It tumbled across the table and came to rest on a nine.

“Too bad.” Malcolm raised his hands like he was conjuring the spell himself. “The incubus has your character and your mother.” He turned to the next player over. “Now, Sam, you watch in horror as a member of your party succumbs to the fiend. What do you do?”

“I attack using the Sword of Duquesne.” Sam picked up the die.

Upstairs, Becky sat on the sofa reading her New Yorker. A breeze blew through the living room. “Brian, did you open a window?” She looked around. Her blood froze when she saw someone, or maybe something, standing in the doorway. “Malcolm?”

“I am not the humanoid Malcolm. I am Razzool, a servant to Lord Graz'zt. I will allow you to see my true form, for I have been given the unsatisfactory task of bringing you under control without true seduction.” The thing stepped out of the shadows. It was naked and a horror to behold.

“What? I don’t ...” Becky scrambled to the far side of the sofa. Was she being pranked? Was her husband behind this? The creature before her seemed so real. It had furry legs that ended with cloven hooves. A spaded tail swished behind its folded, leather wings. There were two small horns on its head above its smoldering red eyes. But most disturbing of all was the long, black penis that hung between its legs. “Get out of my house.” But just as she said those words, the monster spoke in some strange language and green, iridescent light filled the room. Her vagina spasmed and her stomach did cartwheels the way it had on her first date with her husband. Suddenly, the creature was the most beautiful thing she’d ever seen.

“There now, how do you feel, charmed one?” The incubus’s toothy grin spread into a nasty half crescent.

“Like George Clooney just asked me out on a date.” She giggled at Razzool and bit her bottom lip shyly.

“Give me the ring that you wear.” Razzool held out his hand.

Without thinking, Becky slipped her wedding ring off her finger and handed it to the fiend. She watched, nonplussed, as he slid it onto the left horn on his head. "You will give it back?" She thought it looked quite nice glittering on him.

"I think not." Razzool's cock inflated as the moment of his conquest approached. He would prefer to have had her innocent soul, but her pretty body was an acceptable consolation. "You are very hot now, my pet. Almost burning."

"Oh, gosh." Becky stood, sweat beading all over her body. "So, hot!" She quickly wriggled out of her dress, pulled off her panties, and nearly tore her bra in her haste to remove it.

In the basement, Malcolm switched on some music. He picked something theatrical for the game. There was some consternation. Music was usually forbidden, but no one seemed to want to push back on Malcolm.

The music vibrated the floorboards under Becky's feet. If she hadn't been swooning for that tall creature, she might have opened the basement door and told Brian to keep it down.

"Have you received oral pleasure with your mate standing?" The incubus knew she hadn't.

"What, no. You see, James, my husband has a bad back. But ... ohhhhh." Becky found herself lifted by muscular arms and flipped upside down. Her face was now inches away from that curved, cruel penis. "Uuuuggggghhhhhhhh, gggooooooosssshhhhhhhh." Becky didn't understand what was happening at all. Razzool had placed his mouth to her vagina and it felt like his tongue was a foot long. She had her first orgasm of the evening within a minute of the tongue probing her depths. Before she could scream, she felt a hand guide her mouth to that penis. Going for an upside down sixty-nine with the most beautiful creature on the planet had not been on Becky's bingo card that night, but she couldn't have been happier. She sucked and drooled on his massive thing. Stars shot before her eyes, both from the orgasms and the blood rushing to her head.

Razzool pulled his tongue from her clutching pussy. "Enough then, charmed one. Prepare yourself." He spun her in the air and placed her on her hands and knees on the floor. She did not flee. She did not protest. She waited for him. He squatted behind the human woman. "You may keep your soul, but your body is mine."

"Okay ... sure ... just ..." She looked back over her shoulder at the gorgeous specimen of masculinity. "... Just ... put it in." She was not disappointed when his head entered her. "Oh ... gosh ... stretching ... me."

"And so, you enter the Cavern of Draconis." Malcolm's smile grew colder when he heard the faint thumping from upstairs.

“What’s that?” Kevin cocked his head and listened. It was hard to hear over the music.
“Turn off the music for a second.”

“The music stays on,” Malcolm said.

“Oh, well, I thought I heard something.” Kevin shrugged and then went back to playing.

One floor above, Becky clenched her teeth and tried to meet the thrusts that pummeled her from behind. Not only was Razzool undeniably attractive, he fucked like a maniac. A guttural scream rose up inside her as the tidal wave of her latest orgasm began to crest. She felt him stuff his fingers into her mouth to quiet her, pulling her head upright. She arched her back, completely under his control. She didn’t mind. “RRRrrraaazzzzzzlllllll,” she mumbled around his thick fingers. Her eyes rolled back and she convulsed, skewered by that cruel cock.

Razzool fucked his charmed woman for quite a while. Eventually, he was ready for his end. “Will you ... uuuuuhhhhhhhh... take your ... gggggghhhhaaaaa ... prize ... bitch?”

“Yes ... yes ... yes ...” Becky squealed. His semen was like molten fire inside her. She had never been more satisfied.

When he was finished, he pulled out of Becky and let her fall to the floor. Razzool’s cock softened and he thought for a moment. “I see no reason to leave you before the charm expires.” He picked up the naked woman, placed her in his arms, and flung the window open. He leapt out, extended his wings, and the pair flew high into the night.

When the game was over, Brian and his friends walked up to the main floor, but didn’t see his mom anywhere. He figured she’d already gone to bed, so he sent his friends home and went to sleep. He dreamed that night of rolling a nine over and over.

When he woke in the morning, his mother was waiting for him down in the kitchen. She seemed oddly happy, and moved with a skip in her step. Brian noticed her wedding ring was missing. That was odd. She never took it off. “Everything alright, Mom?”

“Splendid, just splendid.” She winked at him and served pancakes.

Brian thought he heard her singing a song under her breath. Something about “*There ain’t no tool like ol’ Razzool, ‘cause he’s got the biggest in the shed.*”

“What, Mom?” Had she been listening to their game last night?

“Nothing, sweetie.” She kissed him on the head. “Enjoy your pancakes. We’ll go pick up your father from the airport in a half hour. I’m going to go take a shower.” She winked again and sashayed out of the kitchen.

Brian shook his head. When she'd gotten close to him, she'd smelled quite ripe, and he noticed her mascara was running. Parents were weird sometimes. He shook his head. At least she was happy.

Chapter 2

"I didn't invite him, did you?" Kevin whispered into Brian's ear.

"It's Sam's house, maybe he invited him?" Brian shrugged and looked from Sam to their creepy dungeon master, Malcolm.

Cool air from the air conditioner blew over the kitchen table where the four boys huddled. At eighteen, they would all start college soon. Sam, Brian, and Kevin had played D&D together for years. But this was only the second time Malcolm had joined them.

"How deep is the river?" Sam eyed Malcolm speculatively.

"The River Oor is –"

"Don't mind us, boys." Laura walked into the kitchen, wearing a conservative one-piece swimsuit. She leaned over and kissed her son, Sam, on the cheek, unaware of all the male attention her cleavage drew.

"We're just passing through." Becky followed her friend into the kitchen. She wore a skimpy bikini, and was well-aware of how teenage boys received her near-nakedness. She wondered how many of them were popping boners. "We didn't mean to disturb your silly game."

"Jeez, Mom. What are you wearing?" Brian's cheeks turned scarlet at the sight of her.

"Laura and I are having a girls' night. I can wear what I want." Becky smiled mischievously at the boys, winked, and walked off toward the back door.

"We'll be in the pool if you need anything." Laura followed Becky, and they were gone.

Brian and Sam exchanged an embarrassed look. Malcolm smirked at each of them in turn. Kevin pushed his chair farther under the table, hiding his uncomfortable erection.

"As I was saying, the River Oor is swift, murky, and deep enough that it carries an icy chill. Do you want to cross?" Malcolm pretended to consult his notes. "Maddroi, the Old Ones, dwell among the rounded stones. You might wake them when you splash the water. You'll need a seventeen stealth throw to escape their notice."

"If I cross, I get the Sword of the Night King?" Sam watched Malcolm nod slowly. He picked up the die and rolled an eleven. "Damn."

“The mighty creatures wake when they hear your crossing.” Malcolm’s grin widened. He turned to Brian, who rolled to save his friend but failed. The same happened to Kevin. Malcolm stared at Sam. “Your turn again. Long disjointed limbs rise up around you. You feel icy fingers upon your skin.”

“I strike with my sword.” Sam shouted. His heart beat in his ears. He was really worked up.

“You could do that, but the water would slow your thrust. You would need a twenty. Or, the innocence of your lovely mother could save you.” Malcolm shrugged like he hadn’t been planning this all along. “You only need to roll a ten on her behalf.”

Brian almost said something. Ever since the night when Malcolm had made him a similar offer, his mother had been acting oddly. But he didn’t want to sound silly, so he kept his mouth shut.

“Okay.” Sam picked up the die and rolled an eight. “Shoot.”

“The creatures will now have their way.” Malcolm gave a quick glance of satisfaction toward the back of the house.

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“Are you a little sad that Brian will be gone soon?” Laura lazily floated on her back looking up at the stars. “Mark and I will be empty nesters in the fall.”

“I do think Brian and I should bond before he moves out. We’ve grown distant over the years.” Becky treaded water on the other side of the pool. She stared out at the expanse of dark forest that surrounded the house. She had always marveled at the seclusion of Laura’s home. “Oooohhhh ... do you feel that? That buzzing ... it’s just like the last time.” She spun in the water searching the darkness. “Is that you, Razzool?”

“You’re having one of your spells again, Becky?” Laura didn’t move her eyes from the stars. She was used to her friend’s odd outbursts lately. It was no cause for alarm. Of course, the icy fingers that suddenly gripped her legs *were* a cause for alarm. Her scream was cut off before it started when something pulled her underwater. There was a ripping sound and her swimsuit was gone. And then, so were the fingers. She kicked to the surface, sputtering. “Becky ... Becky ... something had me ... something ...” She spotted her friend and was struck dumb. There was a strange man floating on his back. Becky had propped herself up on his stomach. His penis was absurdly long and thick, standing straight up. Unimaginably, Becky had the tip of it in her mouth. As Laura took in more of the scene, she realized the owner of the penis wasn’t a man at all, but some

sort of sea monster with fins jutting out of his head and arms, and strange leathery skin. “Becky ... what are you ...?”

Becky paused the blowjob and looked at her friend. She could feel her new friend’s chilly presence seeping into her skin. “He’s not Razzool, but maybe he’s even better.” She cackled, her laughter echoing back from the forest line. “He brought a friend. You’re going to love it.”

“What?” Laura swam as fast as she could toward the edge of the pool, but icy fingers clamped on her ankle and slowly dragged her toward a frigid embrace.

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“Did you hear something?” Sam cocked his head.

“Only your flailing in the River Oor.” Malcolm put his phone on the table and turned on some spooky music. He looked at Brian. “You and your comrade are both stuck in the current. The creatures have not enjoyed human flesh in a long time. Will you cast a spell?”

Brian shivered. There was something unholy in the way Malcolm said “human flesh.” He stood. “Maybe I’ll go check on my mom.”

“If you do, you’ll lose your turn.” Malcolm frowned.

“Okay.” Brian sat, glancing nervously at the back of the house. “I’ll try a spell. Let me think about which one.” He rubbed his chin as he thought.

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Becky rubbed her clit as she rode the amphibious creature. She looked down to see her belly bulging with each stroke. He was gargantuan. She was awash in happiness to have found such pleasure again. And to share it with Laura made the moment even sweeter. She watched her friend’s round body bounce as Laura rode the other floating monster like a sea-cowgirl. Water violently splashed around Laura’s legs.

“Oh ... boy ... oh ... boy ... oooooohhhhhhhh.” Laura stared down at the inscrutable expression on the creature’s fishy face. Laura guessed he was enjoying himself. She sure as hell was. Her third orgasm was just around the corner. That was more than she had experienced in the last year. And it wasn’t just quantity. If she rolled a lifetime of

previous orgasms into one, it wouldn't come close to equaling the ecstasy she felt on that massive, frigid penis.

"Do you ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... like it ... Laura?" Becky's eyes rolled back. "This is ... what ... I felt with ... Razzool. Ooohhhhhhhh ... he's driving me ... insane."

"Yes ... yes ... yes ... I love him ... I love him." Laura bent down and kissed his cold, wet lips. Her hips never missed a beat, continuing with strokes long enough to easily dislodge her husband.

Both women orgasmed at the same time, their howls of delight echoing into the night.

It was incredible to smash her vagina onto that long cock. But when the creature dragged Laura to the shallow end and took her from behind, she thought she might die from pleasure. Her new mate was dogged and determined. "Oooooohhhhhhhh ... you're turning me ... inside out." Her mind in a haze, she saw that Becky was getting the same treatment from her monster.

"He's going to ... do it ... in me ... Laura." Spit flew from Becky's mouth, joining the spray of water all around them. "He's ... going to make me ... his."

"Oh ... yes ... I can feel it ... tooooooooo." A chill flooded into Laura's core as the creature released his icy sperm inside her. "He's ... spewing ... his stuff ... oooooohhhhhhhh." Her eyes rolled back, and she knew only joy. When he had finished inside her, she felt him withdraw from her. Strong, disjointed arms lifted her and held her tight as they dove underwater. She held her breath and closed her eyes. In a few seconds, they broke the surface. Laura opened her eyes and looked around, taking a deep breath. They were in a moss-covered grotto with a white sandy beach lit by a bonfire. "Becky ... where have they taken us?" She saw the other monster carrying her friend over his shoulder.

"They want us to stay ... the night." Becky was so excited her voice squeaked. "We will ... ugh ... never be the same." She spread her legs when the creature dropped her to the sand. She saw Laura do the same. The creatures mounted their women. Ecstatic screams bounced off the cave walls.

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"I definitely heard something. I don't care about my turn. I'm checking on them." Sam got up with Brian and Kevin. When they got to the pool, there were puddles everywhere. The water was sloshing onto the deck like there was a party going on, but no one was there. "Mom? Mrs. Hall?" Sam looked around, confused.

"Mom?" Brian felt a chill run down his spine. "Where are they?"

They never got a good answer to that question. Fathers were called. A search party was organized. In the end, the women walked out of the forest at dawn with wide smiles on their faces. Their bathing suits were dirty and torn. They were muddy and smelled like some strange fermenting fruit. But the grins never left their faces.

The lie they told was that they had decided to take a walk and had gotten lost. Becky and Laura exchanged an odd look when they promised never to do anything so silly again. But they did insist that they'd had the most lovely time in the woods together.

With everyone safe and sound, the families put the strange night behind them. Sam, Kevin, and Brian agreed to have another D&D night at Kevin's house to make up for the unsettling night at Sam's place. They all agreed they would not invite Malcolm .

Twelve Days of the Stone (Complete)

Three days. It had been three days since Hailey had found the odd rock with glowing red veins. In that time, she had made out with her best friend, finally let her boyfriend go all the way, kissed her shy older brother, and masturbated constantly. At the moment, she should have been finishing her homework, but the eighteen-year-old couldn't focus. She held the stone in one hand, clutching its pulsing warmth. She held a large cucumber she'd borrowed from the fridge in the other hand, reaming herself with it again and again. "Aaron ... oh, Aaron ..." She whispered her brother's name over and over. She remembered the shocked look on his cute face when she'd kissed him. The way he'd run from the room. Her eyes rolled back and she came on the vegetable. Things couldn't get stranger.

Five more days passed, and Hailey found things could, in fact, get stranger.

They stood in Aaron's messy apartment. He had broken up with his girlfriend a while back, and had taken it pretty hard. "Just this one time, Aaron." Hailey kneeled down and clawed at his pants, pulling them down his legs. "You need to relax." She pulled down his underwear. Not huge, but bigger than her boyfriend, and very ready for her.

"You're my sister. There's no way I can relax when ... oh, God." He stared down at her. "You ... you ... put it in your mouth." He dropped the strange rock he'd been holding on the floor and watched his once sweet sister slobber on his dick. He offered no more protests. Was she on drugs? Was he?

Hailey stumbled out of Aaron's place a couple hours later, her belly full of cum. In her daze, she forgot the stone at his place.

When Aaron returned the stone to her the next day, she found that it hadn't been idle.

"Is Mom or Dad here?" Aaron looked around and nervously licked his lips. He stood there awkwardly.

"They're at work." Hailey thought her brother looked like he hadn't slept the night before. A day away from the rock had given Hailey some clarity. "About yesterday. Um ... that was crazy. I have a boyfriend, and you're my brother, so obviously we can't ..." She watched him lower his pants. "Listen to what I'm saying, Aaron. It really was a one-time thing. We can't ..." Her jaw dropped when he lowered his underwear and a giant cock swung into view. It was twice the size of the one she'd gotten to know the day before. "Holy ... shit. You're as big as my cucumber."

“I don’t even want to know what that means. What is this rock?” Aaron pulled the stone from his pocket and tossed it to his sister. She caught it out of the air.

Twenty minutes later, Hailey was on her knees drinking down her brother’s cum from his now ridiculously sized cock.

With the stone back in her possession, Hailey’s clarity obscured. To make matters worse, her boobs grew overnight. She went to sleep a 30C, and woke up quite a bit larger. She’d later learn she had grown into a 30F. She went back to her brother’s apartment that day and although she hadn’t planned it, she ended up riding him for hours. By the time they finished, they were both exhausted and covered in sweat and cum. She spent the whole weekend at his apartment, completely blowing off her boyfriend. It had now been nine days since she’d discovered the stone. She was hooked.

At school, Hailey couldn’t keep her eyes off her friend, Jenny. But ever since they’d made out, Jenny hadn’t spoken to Hailey or even made eye contact. It was twelve days since she’d discovered the stone when Hailey decided to do something about Jenny.

Hailey knew her friend walked home after softball practice, so she intercepted Jenny on Birch Street. Jenny was stiff and laconic until Hailey tossed her the stone. Jenny caught it with her mitt. The stone’s heat moved through her.

“Do you ... uh ... want to come over?” Jenny hadn’t expected to say this. She was so mortified about kissing a girl, she had tried not to think about Hailey at all. But now that she looked at her, Jenny thought her friend looked really cute. And surprisingly busty.

“Yeah, sure. We can hang.” Hailey let her friend hold onto the rock as they walked and made awkward small talk. When they entered Jenny’s room, and the door was locked behind them, they fell into each other’s arms. They made out for a long while, and then their clothes came off.

“Oh ... Hailey ... you’re so pretty.” Jenny gripped the stone tight in one hand, and her sheet with the other hand as she lay on her back. She watched her friend’s full, naked body crawl between her legs. She had tried weed on her eighteenth birthday, and she’d had a beer here and there. But she knew at that moment that sex would be her drug of choice. Her whole body vibrated. “No one has ever kissed me down there.” She glanced at her own triangle of hair to indicate what she meant.

“I’m going to do a whole lot more than kiss you there, Jen.” Hailey buried her face in her friend’s pussy. She was a novice at it, too. But she had a good intuition about what Jenny would like. And from her friend’s stifled groans, she seemed right on the money.

After several orgasms, there was a knock on the door. “Everything alright, Jenny?” It was her mother’s voice.

Hailey lifted her face away from the pussy and gave her friend a shiny smile.
“Everything alright?”

Jenny could only nod at Hailey.

“Tell your mother,” Hailey whispered.

“Everything ... is fine ... Mom. We’re just ... playing a game.” Jenny stared with wide eyes at the girl who was stealing her heart.

“We’re playing Grand Theft, Mrs. Higgins,” Hailey said cheerily. “I’m winning.”

“Okay, have fun girls.” Jenny’s mother moved away. Hailey dived in again.

When she left Jenny’s house a couple hours later with the stone safely tucked in her backpack, Hailey texted her mother to tell her she would be sleeping over at Aaron’s. Her parents didn’t really care. She then texted her brother to come pick her up. As she walked down the empty street, she couldn’t wipe the smile off her face.

An old Mazda pulled up beside her. “Need a lift?” Aaron smirked at his sister from the driver’s seat.

“Yes, please.” She opened the passenger door and hopped in. She noted with some pride that his gaze fixed to her bouncing chest.

Aaron had barely put the car in drive before his sister was pulling his cock out of confinement. She blew him all the way over to his apartment, and then finished him for the first time just inside his door.

That night, Hailey threw caution to the wind and let him cum deep inside her. And once she’d experienced that new thrill, there was no going back. Twelve days since she’d discovered that strange rock, and she was taking load after load all night long.

A Stone in Spring (Complete)

In the start of my freshman year in college, Kaylee was my ultra-smart, uber-hot TA in Geology 101. She had a boyfriend, she was working on her PhD, and she had very little interest in a skinny freshman like me. I couldn't say I blamed her. I had the biggest crush on her. She looked so beautiful and exotic with her dark skin and black hair. I had grown up in a mostly white town. College was opening my eyes to the diversity in the world.

On a rainy fall day, I found the most interesting mineral out by the pond on campus. It was matte black with pulsing red veins. Looking for something to talk about with my TA, I showed it to Kaylee during her office hours. Much to my surprise, she blew me while several classmates waited outside.

In the springtime, Kaylee was still hot, smart, and working on her PhD. But she had a new boyfriend. Me! And she was quite pregnant. One day, we were having sex in the northern stairwell in the library as we often did.

"Gggghhhh ... so ... deep ..." Kaylee's dress was lifted over her hips, resting on her back. Her panties were lowered to her knees. She pressed her palms against the dirty wall, and thrust her butt back at me. "I can ... never quite believe ... ugh ... how big you are."

"Me ... either." This was true. The day after I found the stone, I had woken up with a much larger dick. I didn't look that particular gift horse in the mouth. "There's ... uh ... uh ... uh ... something ... I wanted to talk about."

"Anything ... Aiden."

"Come home ... uh ... uh ... with me for ... spring break." I was getting close. I gripped her hips tightly and stared at her rippling ass. I never grew tired of that view.

"You ... want me ... to meet your ... folks?" She shouldn't have sounded so surprised. She was having my baby.

"Yep." I was so close at that point I was seeing stars.

"Of ... uh ... uh ... course."

The thought of finally showing her off back home sent me over the edge, and I unloaded inside her.

After we caught our breath, we both dressed hurriedly. We were late for class.

"You make me so crazy, Aiden." Kaylee kissed me on the cheek. "I love you." She smiled and rushed off.

“Love you, too,” I called after her.

A couple weeks later, we arrived at my house at the start of spring break. My parents met us with a less than warm greeting. But my eighteen-year-old sister, Zinnia, beamed ear to ear and peppered Kaylee with questions.

After we settled in my old room, I took a load of laundry down to the basement and ran into my mom.

“Hey, Mom. Are you okay?” I put down my basket and watched her as she stiffly washed something in the basement sink. “You’re usually so nice to my girlfriends. And I think Kaylee is the one.”

“Oh, you do?” She shot me a look with her eyebrow arched. “Well, forgive me if I think you’re not quite ready to be a father.”

“I told you she was pregnant on the phone.” My shoulders slumped a little.

“You did.” She scrubbed harder at the shirt she held. “But you didn’t tell me she was black. What will people think when my grandchild has dark skin?”

“I ... um ... I ...” I stared at her slack-jawed. She’d never said anything racist before. There were a million things I could have said, but I blurted out one of the more stupid options. “She’s not black. I told you her last name was Srinivasan. She’s Indian. Or, I mean, her grandparents moved here from India.”

“She’s black,” my mother muttered.

“I can’t believe you, Mom.” I stormed out of the basement without even putting my clothes in the washer.

I found my dad and told him what my mother had said. He said Mom was wrong, but he couldn’t do anything about it. He was always such a pushover with her.

The trip was off to a terrible start. I retreated to my room, where Kaylee was napping. I sat down and doom-scrolled on Twitter while she slept.

“What’s wrong?” Kaylee’s dark eyes watched me closely with her head on the pillow. I hadn’t noticed her waking up.

“Nothing.” I put my phone down.

“Your shoulders are up at your ears. I know you, Aiden. You’re stressed.” She tried a reassuring smile on me. Her beauty nearly pulled me out of my funk. “We could get out the stone and get naughty in your old room. Would that be fun?”

“My mom is a racist. And my dad won’t do anything about it,” I blurted out. I told her what had happened.

Kaylee frowned as she thought about what I'd said. "This is bad."

"I know. We should leave today. We'll stay in a hotel tonight, and drive back in the morning."

"No." Kaylee rubbed her protruding belly and sat up. "We should use the stone on your mom. It'll open up her mind."

"Yeah, but ... wait ... what?" I looked at her alarmed. "Does it do anything besides the sex?"

"Let's find out." She nodded gravely like it had already been decided. Which it hadn't.

"Hold up, Kaylee. I'm not going to risk having sex with my mother."

"No?" She looked over at me with surprise. "But she's hot. You must have noticed."

"No way. She's my mom. My racist mom it turns out, but still my mom." I moved over to my suitcase and started packing. "We're leaving."

"Fine. You don't have to use the stone. But I think we should stay." She got out of bed and walked over behind me and rubbed my shoulders. "She'll change her tune once she gets to know me. I'm the best, right?"

"You are." I wasn't convinced, but I stopped packing. "We'll give it three days. But don't hold your breath. She's always been stubborn."

"Don't worry, Aiden." Kaylee pulled me up on my feet, turned me around, and kissed me. Soon, we were humping on my bed. As I sodomized this beautiful, confident woman I wondered if the old me would ever have believed that his bed would be put to such a use one day. I'm pretty sure he would not. She squirmed on top of me and trembled when I came deep in her ass.

The rest of the day with my parents was tense. My sister was the only bright spot at dinner, still babbling with Kaylee. I think Zinnia was trying to impress her. At least that was sweet.

The next day, it felt like a cloud had lifted. My mother barely said anything, and she went out of her way to treat Kaylee like a special guest several times. I was impressed. Kaylee was working her magic.

The day after that was more of the same. We had a pleasant family outing to the zoo. When we got home, my mom helped Kaylee to the couch, worrying that she must be tired after all that walking. When my mom rushed off to get Kaylee a pillow for her feet, my dad and I exchanged a wide-eyed look. Maybe things would be okay after all.

On our third night back home, I woke up around two in the morning. I reached over for my girlfriend, but found I was alone. Recently, she'd had to go to the bathroom in the

middle of the night more often, so I didn't think anything of it. I waited for her to return. When she didn't come back, I got worried. I rose from bed and wandered the house in my boxers. I heard Kaylee once I descended to the main floor.

"Wish I could see your pretty face while you ... oh ... do that, Mrs. Howard," Kaylee said. "But my ... ugh ... belly is in the way. Why don't you leave my pussy for a sec and kiss my tummy?"

I froze. What the fuck was happening? My brain refused to come to the obvious conclusion. Maybe Kaylee was by herself and pretending. But then I heard my mother's distinctive voice.

"You're ... making ... me ... do ... this." Each of my mother's words was punctuated by a kissing sound.

"Then stop. Go back to your boring husband." Kaylee let out a soft sigh and there was a long pause. "I thought not. We're just two women getting past our differences. Right?"

"No," my mother said.

I could see a faint red glow coming from the living room. I crept that way and peered around the doorway. Kaylee sat with her legs spread in my father's leather recliner. My mother was on her knees in front of the chair. They were both naked. My mom looked pale and pink in the reddish glow. She struck a strong contrast against Kaylee's skin, which looked almost black. My mom was kissing Kaylee's round belly lovingly.

"But you do want more of my pussy, don't you?" Kaylee's hands went to the top of my mom's head and pushed her down. "I can't hear you, Mrs. Howard."

"Yes." My mother stopped her kissing and looked up at Kaylee's face. My girlfriend's smile cut through the gloom, a crescent of white in the dark. The stone was on the arm of the chair. It cast half her face in complete shadow.

"Yes, what?" Kaylee pushed my mom's head between her legs.

"Yes, I like your vagina." My mom sounded so defeated.

"You mean you love pussy. Say it." Kaylee hadn't been like this when we'd started with that blowjob in her office. She had become more and more perverted over time. In a way, I had done this to my mother.

"I love pussy, Kaylee." And with that, my mother went back to eating out my girlfriend. She slurped and moaned like a slut. I turned and quickly ran back to my room. I should have seen this coming, but somehow it had blindsided me. As I stroked my cock in bed thinking about what my mother was doing at that very moment, I wondered what I had unleashed. I came and fell back asleep by the time Kaylee returned to bed.

Revenge of the Stone (Complete)

Blood dripped from my nose. I tasted iron, fear, and rage. I thought I had put prep school behind me. I thought that was it, no more bullies. Soon, I'd leave for college. But Jordan hadn't got the memo. I was still his punching bag, it seemed. He had just given me another ass-kicking.

I turned down the front walk to my humble home. My dad's car wasn't there yet. That was good. I entered the house. When my mom saw me, her face fell. "Oh my gosh, Ricky. What happened?"

"It was Jordan. He still has it in for me." I sat in the kitchen chair and let my mom clean up my face with a cold, wet cloth. When she was done, she kissed my cheek and started undressing.

"I know what can make you feel better." The concern on her face wasn't gone, but she tried to smile. Her tits dropped into view.

"Won't Dad be home soon?" I looked at the clock.

"Your father called to say he'd be running late." My mom knelt on the floor between my legs and carefully pulled my heavy dick into the open. "You forget about that awful Jordan Goode, and let Mommy take care of you." With an expertise she'd honed over the past couple months, she sucked my cock into her mouth and bobbed her head. I thought about the stone that had helped our relationship along. And then I thought about revenge. I knew just what I was going to do. As slurping sounds filled the kitchen, I plotted my next move.

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"What do you want?" Megan stared at me from across her desk. The sign on her office door said paralegal, but I doubted she actually did all that much for her dad's law firm. She did dress smartly, though. She had some sort of suit on. I couldn't see the bottom half, but I suspected it was a skirt suit.

I closed the door behind me. She eyed my cut lip and bruised cheek. "If this is about Jordan, that's between you two. You can't come running to me every time you get in a fight." This wasn't the first time I'd asked her to rein in her agro boyfriend. She hadn't been all that helpful the other times, either.

“I know you can’t help. I just wanted to give you this.” I placed the stone on her desk. The mineral was matte black, but its red veins glowed and pulsed. “Since we won’t be seeing each other much now that we graduated and everything.”

“We’re not friends.” The red reflected in her eyes as she reached for it. “Oh, it feels strange.” The chill in her voice warmed. She held it up to examine it.

“Oh, man. That’s too bad. I thought we were.” I sat down in one of her client chairs and waited for the thing to have its effect. “Maybe we can become friends.”

The room was silent for a while. I got up and checked the door and locked it. “I always thought you were pretty, Megan. Far too pretty for Jordan.”

“Shut ... up.” She turned her gaze away from the stone, pupils dilated. “Jordan’s amazing.”

“Well, if he’s so great why does he have a tiny dick?” I didn’t know how big Jordan actually was. But I knew about relativity. Once she saw mine, Jordan’s would look small.

“He’s ... big.” Her voice almost had an unsure lilt to it.

“I’d like you to see mine and then say that again.” I dropped my pants and underwear. My long, heavy cock swayed out in the open.

“Holy shit.” Megan’s free hand went to her mouth in surprise and wonder. Her other hand clutched the rock tighter. If you know anything about how things went with my mom, and you do, then it won’t surprise you to learn that twenty minutes later I was blowing my load in her mouth. She spit me out, and I coated her face and hair in cum. She wiped the stuff from her eyes and stared at me in awe, trying to figure out what had just happened.

“That was great, Megan. But I want to show you what you’ve been missing with Jordan.” I pulled her from her chair. She did have on a skirt suit. I bent her over the desk.

“What are you doing?” She looked over her shoulder at me, cum still streaked on her face. If only Jordan could see her now.

“What do you think?” I lifted her skirt and ripped her pantyhose. I placed myself at her entrance.

“Oh ... Jesus ... we shouldn’t ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhh.” She shook violently when I entered her. I took hold of her hips and humped her hard. When I’m with my mother, I’m often very gentle. I skipped that part with Megan. I just let her have it.

When she started howling like a coyote, I grabbed some legal papers off her desk and shoved them into her mouth. That kept her quiet enough as she trembled through several orgasms.

About twenty minutes later, I was ready. "I'm going to ... cum ... Megan." All she did was whimper through her paperwork. I took that as an invitation. When I was through, she was lying on the office floor, sperm leaking from her pussy.

"So, now that you've seen mine, do you still think Jordan is big?" I watched her closely as I dressed. She shook her cum-covered head. I reached down and plucked the stone from her hand.

"Hey ... I ... thought that was ... a gift." She feebly reached for it, but I brushed her hand away.

"You can hold it again if you come over to my house sometime." I didn't wait for her to answer. I left her there and slipped out of the office. I wondered how she was going to clean herself up.

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The scrapes and bruises Jordan had given my face were mostly healed by the time I approached his big sister. She was hitting tennis balls from a machine on her private court. Her body moved like clockwork. I'd heard she was captain of her college team. "Hey, Taylor." When I spoke, she mishit a ball high into the air. She turned and stared at me, the machine still whizzing balls right past her. I held up my hands. "Sorry, I just want to talk." My pulse quickened. The hate in her eyes was familiar. Years ago, she used to beat me up, too. Bad memories came flooding back.

"Why do I care what you want?" She looked around her backyard. It was clear from her look that I didn't belong there. Of course, she was right. If her brother caught me back there, I might never walk out.

"Jordan wanted me to give you this." I tossed the stone over the fence and she caught it with one hand. The machine ran out of balls and turned itself off. I walked over to the gate and let myself in. While she stared at the rock in her hand, I ambled over to her. She was incredibly fit and looked like quite the athlete in her tennis outfit. Her face was pretty too, now that the hate had left it.

"What is it?" She dropped her racket to the hard surface with a clatter.

"I wouldn't call it revenge. More like payback." I reached out and removed her sun visor. Her hair fell around her face. I was still a little tentative. I didn't want her to pick that racket up and start beating me with it. But my worries were misplaced. It wasn't long before she was gripping the net tightly while I pumped her pussy from behind.

“Did ... Jordan ... really ... want me ... to have this?” She still held the stone, pinning it between the net and her hand. She pushed back at my thrusts with her ass.

“Not ... uh ... uh ... uh ... exactly.” I watched her tanned back flex as she strained to take me.

“You were always ... ugh ... such a pain ... in the ass ... Ricky. The stupid ... scholarship ... boy.” She looked back at me in clear ecstasy, but there was also a shadow of that old hatred in her eyes.

“A scholarship ... means ... I’m smart ... dummy. But ... ugh ... maybe I am ... a pain in the ... ass.” I pulled out of her pussy, held her hip firmly, and guided myself into her asshole. I went slowly at first. I didn’t like Taylor, but I didn’t want to kill her.

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Her shriek echoed off their four-story mansion and carried out across the lake.

“You’re tight ... Taylor.” I wormed my way all the way in and took long, slow strokes. “Does your fiancé ... ever ... tap that ... ass?”

“Nooooooooooooo,” she wailed. We humped out in the glorious sunlight for well over an hour.

When I left, she was running back to the house, holding her skirt on her bottom to catch the cum dribbling out of her ass. “Bye, Taylor,” I called after her. “If you want to see the stone again, you know where to find me.” I waved cheerily at her backside, slipped the stone into my pocket, and walked home.

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You won’t be surprised to learn that both Taylor and Megan became frequent guests at my house. My mom, of course, knew about my history with Jordan and Taylor. She raised her eyebrows when the women visited, but she didn’t bring it up. Not even when the screaming from my bedroom must have made the nature of their visits quite clear. She was always a cool mom, even before the stone.

It was Taylor that finally laid the groundwork for Jordan’s mom. Like many in the upper echelons of America’s wealthy, Mrs. Annetta Goode donated a tiny percentage of her overall fortune to charity. And then made everyone very aware of her *good deeds* by attending galas, luncheons, and celebrity events. Taylor let me into their house one afternoon when her mother was getting ready for such an event. We caught her rushing down the hall on the third floor.

“Hey, Mom.” Taylor smiled at her. “Do you remember Ricky?”

“Hello.” I waved.

Mrs. Goode’s lip curled. “Isn’t this the runt that’s always getting in Jordan’s way? The *scholarship* kid? What on Earth is he doing here?” She said *scholarship* like it was a bad word. Giving me a sidelong glance, she adjusted her fancy dress and adjusted her pearls just so around her elegant neck.

“I’m not a kid anymore. I’m eighteen and going off to Harvard. Another scholarship, I’m afraid.” I handed the stone to Taylor. I didn’t think Mrs. Goode would accept it from me.

“What’s he doing here?” Mrs. Goode’s icy stare turned on her daughter.

“He’s showing me his rock collection.” It sounded ludicrous, but Taylor smiled like she was doing charity for the underprivileged. Which she sort of was. “Here, check this one out.” She stepped forward and handed her mother the stone.

Mrs. Goode’s face softened as she regarded the glowing, pulsing stone. She was going to be a tough nut to crack, so I decided to leave her alone with it. “I’m going to show Taylor some more stones, you can give that back to me later, Mrs. Goode.” We left her in the hallway and made our way to Taylor’s room. It was palatial, with a spectacular view of the lake. While we waited, Taylor blew me out on her veranda.

A little while later, I stood and buttoned my pants. “You think your mom is still here?” I was suddenly a little worried I had let her wander off with the stone.

“Let me see.” Taylor wiped cum from her lips and checked the security cameras on her phone. “Her driver is still waiting outside. She’s still here.”

“Great.” I asked for directions to her parents’ bedroom, kissed her on the cheek, and left her in her room. I didn’t think she’d be helpful for the next part.

I found Mrs. Goode in her bedroom, her right hand working hard under her dress. Her left hand still clutched the rock. Her wedding ring had taken on the red glow seeping between her fingers. With her eyes scrunched up tight, she didn’t notice me. I undressed, folded my clothes, and put them on a nearby dresser.

“Hello, Mrs. Goode.” I kept my voice cheery and casual.

“What in the ...” She nearly jumped out of her skin when she heard me. Her hand withdrew from between her legs, and she stood quickly. She did a double take when she saw the long cantilever of my dick. “I ... I ... what are you doing in here?”

“I came back for my stone like I said I would.” I walked toward her, my dick swaying side to side. I stopped just as the head pushed against her dress, leaving a smudge of either precum, or leftover cum. I didn’t know which.

“You stained my dress.” She was staring holes through my cock. “I’ll have to change.”

With a confidence I would have never known but for that strange bit of mineral, I placed my hands on her shoulders. “I don’t think you’re going to make your luncheon, Mrs. Goode.” I gently pressed down, and lowered her to her knees.

“Why are you doing this?” Her lips were only inches from my cock. She was almost cross-eyed as she continued to stare at it.

“Since you asked, it’s because you raised a couple of terrible children.” I placed my hand on the back of her head and wound my fingers in her hair.

“What did you ... say?” Her eyes didn’t waver from my dick, but a vertical line of anger creased her forehead.

“Your kids suck, Mrs. Goode.” I pulled her onto my dick. There was a brief moment of reluctance, and then she opened her mouth wide. “And so do you.”

She wasn’t an expert at blowing. She didn’t roll her tongue, or pop on it, or get more than the head in her mouth. But her enthusiasm was a thing to watch. And speaking of watching, I did spy Taylor peeking at us from the doorway. I gave her a wink at one point.

I wasn’t going to cum this way, so I pulled her off my dick and tossed her up on her bed. “Ready to try to make a nicer kid?” She struggled a little when I said that. And I must confess, I wanted to torment her a little. But I had no intention of knocking her up. I didn’t trust her to raise any more children. “Don’t worry, I’m joking. I won’t cum inside you.”

“Okay ... just do it ... then.” She held her hips steady as I slapped her pussy with my dick. She shrieked when I slipped it in. We didn’t talk for a while. The only sounds were slapping skin and her mewling, punctuated by screams when she came.

Taylor had her hand on her face in the doorway, watching between her fingers.

“God ... you’re tight ... Mrs. Goode.” I slammed into her, sparing no gentleness for the woman that had created Jordan. “Does your husband ... use this ... pussy?” I’m not crude at all when I’m with my mom, but these women really brought out my darker side.

“No ...” she squeaked.

“Well, I’ve got another ... ough ... month ... until I leave for ... college. I could come by ... every day ... if you want.” I looked over at her left hand. Her knuckles were white, she was gripping the stone so hard.

“Yes ... please.”

“I’m ... going to ... cum.” I pulled out of her, true to my word. I finished myself off outside her pussy, spraying her fancy dress, face, and hair. I thought about slipping back in, but I knew Taylor would want a turn back in her room. I retrieved my stone and left the catatonic Mrs. Goode lying on her bed.

As Taylor rode me that afternoon, I wondered what I would do next. My plot had been to bed all Jordan’s women. That was done. But maybe there was some more revenge in my future. Maybe I’d have to find a way to make Jordan aware of what I’d done. But then again, I didn’t want him to kill me. I decided to ask Taylor her opinion once I’d cum in her ass again. She knew her brother better than me, after all.

The Hidden Stone (Complete)

There was something strangely compelling about my fiancé's older brother, Rodrigo. He was withdrawn, laconic, and stared at me whenever my sweet Carlos and I visited with him. When he did speak to me, my cheeks would flush, my pussy would dampen, and I'd stutter like I was meeting a Hollywood star. I'm not sure what was the source of Rodrigo's strange charisma, but he certainly had the oddest magnetic force about him.

I suppose my life would have been quite different had I followed my instincts and avoided being alone with him. But one day he came over to my house while Carlos was out, and I let him in.

"Would ... um ... would ... would ... you like something to drink?" I blushed profusely as he stared at me, not trying to hide his avaricious gaze at my boobs.

"I want to tell you something, Lila." He sprawled on my sofa like he owned the place. "I have slept with every one of Carlos's girlfriends."

"You ... what?" I put my hand over my mouth in surprise. Had I heard him right?

"I fucked them all." Rodrigo nodded thoughtfully. "Carlos has wonderful taste in women. They are all so sweet, pretty, and ... accommodating. Like you, Lila." He unbuckled and unzipped his pants.

My stomach did cartwheels. I wanted to pull my hair out. What was even happening? Was he ... was he pulling his dick out? "Waa ... waa ... why are you ... telling me this?"

"Don't be stupid, Lila." Rodrigo released his penis. It was a massive, veiny thing. Life pumped into it steadily. In shock, I watched it rise. "Carlos is going to marry you," he said. "That makes you my crown jewel." Even as I listened to those disgusting comments, I wished for his approval. I felt like I was meeting Alfonso Herrera, not my taciturn soon-to-be brother-in-law.

"Why do I feel like this?" I took a step toward that powerful cock. And then another. Soon I was standing next to the sofa, staring down with wide eyes. "It looks angry." It was true. The head had a purplish color that reminded me of poisonous animals in the jungle.

"Don't fret, it's quite happy." He reached up and pulled me to my knees next to the sofa. His hand took hold of my dark hair. My fiancé's brother was some sort of monster. I was in thrall to a beast. I kissed the purple head with a little peck, hoping that would satisfy him. It did not.

It wasn't long before I was gagging on his dick. I expected him to cum quickly like his brother, but the blowjob kept going and going. Eventually, my jaw and neck were too sore to continue. I pulled off him, panting. "It's ... too much ... I can't ... keep going."

"We'll build your endurance. But for now, that's good enough." He pulled off his shirt. "Get undressed."

"Okay." I stood and hurriedly pulled off my clothes until I was standing before him naked. I yearned to hear a compliment. But that wasn't Rodrigo's style.

"You'll do." He nodded thoughtfully and rose from the sofa. He pulled off his underwear and pants. "What haven't you and Carlos done together? Has he fucked you in the air?" He made a motion like he was holding a woman aloft and thrust his hips. His dick shook obscenely.

"Yes." I tried to look away but could not. "Carlos will be home soon, so maybe we should _"

"Carlos is visiting our mother. She called him this afternoon with an emergency." Rodrigo put a hand on my shoulder and turned me around. "He's done you doggy of course."

"Yes."

"What's your favorite position?" He smacked my ass and turned me back to face him. Before I could answer he laughed. "That doesn't matter. You have been lost, but now you're found. How about snow angels?"

"What? I've never even seen the snow." I watched him lean down and take my nipple into his mouth. I did nothing to stop him. After a minute, he released my breast.

"It has nothing to do with the snow. It's a position. Lie on your back." He guided me to the floor. He turned to face my feet and mounted me, his legs on either side of my head. I had no idea what he was doing, but I was now looking at his skinny butt. "You're so wet, it's running down your legs, Lila."

"You're too big, Rodrigo." I looked down to see his balls dangling and his hand lining up his dick with my pussy. "And you're facing the wrong way. Oh, my. Oooooohhhhhh ... shit ... it's too biiiiiiiiiiiiiggg."

"This position tightens up your pussy." He slid into me slowly. "Which means I'll loosen you up more." He laughed. "Your pussy will be worthless to Carlos. But ... ugh ... don't worry. He never notices when I stretch them ... ugh ... out."

"Ohhhhhh ... God ... oh, God ... oooooohhhhhhhh ... Ggggggggg ..." I put my hands on his ass, gripping tightly. Then, he started pumping.

“Lift ... uh ... uh ... uh ... your legs ... and wrap them around ... my back.” He was humping me with long, determined strokes. “Yeah ... like that ... it’ll help me penetrate ... ugh ... deeper.”

“Deeper? Sshhhiiiiittttttt.” Five minutes of that and I was hopelessly hooked. I didn’t know if he was really destroying my pussy for my sweet fiancé. In the moment, I didn’t care. My first climax hit me hard. I wanted more. We fucked in that depraved position for a long time. At the end, I actually urged him to cum in me. He obliged.

He left me that day a sticky, wet mess. I had joined the ranks of Carlos’s women who had become Rodrigo’s women. It will not surprise you to find out that we did it again and again after that. I learned all sorts of new positions and levels of depravity. Whenever I protested, Rodrigo would just turn up his strange charm, and I would melt before him. I am powerless, but I pray that Rodrigo will leave me alone after I marry Carlos. Of course, another part of me dreads that very outcome.

The Barter (Complete)

“He corrupted the whole castle of elves. Even the countess.” Taeral paused his story to swing his mallet. His ball clanked off the little gate, and he cursed. The other elves laughed. “I was never fond of this game,” he muttered.

“A man with a dragon’s cock did all that? Tall tales.” Ailduin crossed the grass with his mallet. He readied himself for a strike.

“It is all true. I heard it from an elf working in the very castle. Oh, I didn’t tell you the best part. Apparently, he traded his wife for a vial of dragon’s blood and bedded his own mother.” Taeral leaned on his mallet. “The world of men is barbaric. They are barely above animals.”

Ailduin swung and sent his ball well wide of the gate. His hands trembled. He hadn’t ever considered such levels of depravity. The lurid images in his mind had a profound effect on him. How was that man having so much sex, when Ailduin was matched but could not summon the courage to have any sex at all?

The elves laughed again. Taeral clapped his friend on the back. “Don’t look so distraught, Ailduin. That was indeed a terrible shot, but you’ll have another strike to make amends.”

“It is true then. This man really did those things?” Ailduin tried to gather himself. He didn’t want anyone to suspect his virginity.

“Well, yes. But he had a dragon cock, and you do not, Ailduin.” Taeral’s laughter echoed over the green. “If you want to bed a countess, your best bet would be to barter with a succubus.” All but Ailduin joined in with hearty guffaws.

That evening, Ailduin watched his mother as she made dinner. He could hear his father tinkering with his infernal engines in his workshop.

“Why do you stare at me so?” Lyra gave her son a mock frown. “You are twenty winters now. You should not be under your mother’s skirts. Go be with your match. Your father and I worked hard to pair you with Thea.”

“I know you did. And she’s lovely. Thank you, Mother.” Ailduin was grateful. He loved his match dearly, but he always grew so timid when he was around her. If he could somehow have sex and get past the awkward fumbling of the first time, maybe he would have more confidence.

“And so why are you here and not with her?” Lyra stirred the large pot as it bubbled over the fire.

“Because ... you are more lovely?” Ailduin blushed.

Lyra’s laugh chimed like a singular tower bell. The soft beauty of it tugged at Ailduin’s heart.

“Have some courage with her, sweet one. And if not, at least run along and do something useful. You must have studies for the guild.” Lyra turned away from him.

“Yes, I do.” Ailduin sighed and left for his room. He would make the barter Taeral had suggested. But not for a countess. Any pretty elf would do.

It was seven days later and just past the witching hour when Ailduin’s preparations were complete. He had no idea whether the summoning spell would work, but he carefully recited the incantation. A cloud of blue smoke filled his room. Out stepped a hideous female creature with leathery wings and horns. Ailduin trembled all over.

“Greetings, succubus. I am here to offer a barter.”

The creature’s laugh was a low grumble. “You seek a night of pleasure. I can be anything you want.” She turned into an elf princess, her beauty unparalleled. Her smile was unnaturally alluring. The creature then transformed into a tall woman, like one of the queens from the lands over the sand. She then shrank down and was a goblin princess, her beauty strange and compelling. “What will it be? All I ask in return is your soul.”

“That you cannot have, noble creature.” Ailduin’s voice shook. “But I will freely give you the essence of my first time, which I know is fuel for your fires.”

The goblin princess frowned. “You seek a discount, then?” She cocked her head, sizing him up. “Very well, you have a deal. But I get to choose the form of your partner.”

Ailduin prayed the creature would be beautiful. “Very well. You have a deal.”

The door suddenly opened and Lyra stepped into the room. “I heard noises, sweet one. What is going on?” She looked around, but the room was empty save for her son.

“Oh ... I ...” Ailduin could see no trace of the succubus. Had she fled at his mother’s arrival? She must have interrupted before they could complete the trade. He frowned. How would he ever lose his virginity? He supposed he would have to summon another succubus on another day. The thought seemed daunting. “It was nothing, Mother. Just my studies.”

A strange tingling ran through Lyra’s body. She shuddered, stumbled into her son, and her mind spiraled farther and farther away. “Let me taste you before you give me your elven virtue.”

“What? I don’t understand. I ... mmmppphhhhhh.” Ailduin mind went numb. His mother pressed her mouth against his. Her tongue parted his lips. His body went stiff as

she hugged and caressed him. Much to his shame, his penis went stiff, too. After a minute, he pushed his mother away. "What ... are you doing ... Mother?"

"I am what you bartered for. Don't you like it?" Lyra twirled for her son. She skipped over to his door, closed it, and put her finger to her lips. "Let's not be too loud, we don't want to wake your father." She pulled off her dress. Her undergarments soon followed it to the floor.

"You ... you ... you ... are ...?" Ailduin couldn't help but stare. She was the embodiment of all he desired. So many curves. He should have never summoned that creature. "I have been ... a fool."

"Don't be too hard on yourself." Lyra's boobs shook as she walked toward him. She kissed her son deeply, grinding her pelvis against his hidden cock. After a few minutes, she came up for air. "I am giving you ... what you wanted. And you may not have guessed it, but ... your mother is quite good at sex. Just ask your father." She leaned in and whispered conspiratorially, "Well, maybe don't ask him." She slowly removed his clothes, which wasn't easy because every joint in his body had gone rigid.

"Mother? Are you in there? I made a mistake. You have to leave ... now." He took a step back but complied with her when she told him to lift his arms so that she could remove his shirt. "Oh ... gods ... you smell so good."

"Your brash scent belies your timidity. I can hear you clearly, Ailduin. I admit I am feeling rather strange this evening." She freed his cock and smiled. "You are even bigger than your father, and he is quite proud of his tool. Why have you been so shy with this?" She took hold of him with gentle fingers and played with his foreskin. "It's lovely."

"This is really going to happen ... isn't it?"

"Oh ... yes ... it is." Lyra's voice was full of a mother's pride. Her eyes were riveted to the manly instrument in her hands.

"Will my mother ... remember?"

"How could I not remember?" Lyra dropped to her knees. "I'm right here, silly." She leaned forward and slipped his head into her mouth. With expertise honed over many years of marriage, she massaged her son's balls with her left hand, stroked his shaft with her right, and bobbed her mouth on his cock. The room filled with obscene slurping sounds.

"Oh ... Mother ... it's better than I ... ooohhhhhh." Ailduin's eyes crossed. He placed his hands on his mother's bouncing head. He knew he wouldn't last long. "Soooo ... good. I'm ... going to ... aaaahhhhhhhhh." His hips jerked and he came down his lovely mother's throat. Before he could finish, she pulled her mouth off him and jerked him with her hands. His last few jets of sperm landed on her laughing face.

“You certainly don’t last as long as your father.” She spun him and pushed him down on the bed. “Let’s see if you do better when I give you another bite at the apple.” She quickly mounted him, her ponderous breasts hanging over his chest.

“We ... shouldn’t ...” But Ailduin’s heart wasn’t in the protest. He watched her triangle of hair hover over his cock, and then she guided it in.

“Ooohhhhhhhh ... it’s been a while ... since my box has had much ... use.” Lyra planted her feet on the mattress and slid down his length. She smiled when she caught sight of his face. “My, you are a horny devil, aren’t you? Do you love your mother’s pussy?”

“No ... I ... oh gods ...” Ailduin held his blanket for dear life as she long-stroked him with her vagina. His mother had never been vulgar in the slightest. The succubus had her in its clutches. He knew it was desperately wrong but could not summon the willpower to stop her.

“That’s ... a good lad ... last longer now ... give your mother a chance ... to find her own ... uh ... uh ... pleasure.” Lyra rode him so hard the young man’s butt lifted into the air on each upstroke. They humped passionately, their grunts providing the only colloquy. Hers were high and clear, his were low and mumbled. The time finally arrived, and she gritted her teeth. “Yesssssss ... yesssssss ... you’ve done it ... oooohhhhhhhhhh.” Her hips jerked to a stop and her body convulsed. Lyra did her best not to scream as she rode her son to a fantastic climax. When the tidal wave had passed, her hips went off to the races again.

“Oh ... Mother ... your tightness ... is so ...” He mumbled the rest.

“Thea will be ... much tighter.” She put her hands on his chest and ground her hips into him. “She has yet to deliver a child. Will you still ... be ... uh ... uh ... timid with her ... after tonight?”

Ailduin shook his head. He stared at her gyrating hips, moved his gaze to her swinging breasts, and then further up to her eyes. His mother wore a mask of lust and hunger. As he watched, he saw the mask slip away. Her expression changed to one of confusion.

“Oh ... gods ... what are we doing ... Ailduin?” Lyra’s hips did not stop. Her body surged with pleasure. A dark voice whispered in her ear exhortations and promises of a powerful bond only a few mothers would ever know. The voice echoed in her head. The floodgates had opened and there was no turning back the tide.

“Mother? Is that ... uh ... uh ... uh ... you?” His brow knitted in confusion, too. Clearly, she was back, he could see it on her face. So why wasn’t she stopping?

“Quiet ... sweet one.” She put a finger to his lips. “My legs are ... weak.” She pulled off him with an audible plop, and moved to her hands and knees. “You are going ... to have

to ... finish this." She looked over her shoulder. There was no more confusion, only hunger and purpose. "Hurry ... get behind me ... pretend I'm Thea ... if it helps."

"I ... don't want to pretend." Ailduin moved behind his mother and lightly caressed the curve of her ass. "It goes here?" He rubbed the head where he thought her opening was.

"Yes ... that's right. Oooohhhhhhhh." She pushed back at him, and he quickly sank into her. It didn't take long before the sound of skin slapping skin filled the room. "You are ... very good at this ... for a beginner. We ... now share something ... few have ever known ... we are lucky."

"Yes ... Mother ..." He held tight to her hips and slammed into her. He wondered where the succubus had gone. She had abandoned his mother so suddenly. Maybe she had found herself full after gorging on his sexual energy. The barter did not seem such a poor bargain anymore. "It's going to ... ugh ... ugh ... happen ... Mother ... oh gods ... aaaaaahhhhhhhh." Ailduin bit his lip to keep from crying out and shot his seed deep inside his mother.

"Yesssssss ... oh ... yesssssssss." She pushed back at him, her mind spinning with pleasure and a novel proximity to her son she knew no female elf could replace. Not even his lovely match, Thea. They collapsed to the bed, sweaty and panting.

After a few minutes, Ailduin's hips moved again. He rode her from behind while she lay on her stomach. They spent the rest of the night joined together.

At dawn's first light, Lyra stumbled out of his room. She had no idea how she would hide any of this from her husband, or what it meant for her future. But she wore a wide smile on her face. The dark voice whispered that this was only the beginning. The bond could be forged stronger still.

She believed it.

The Clairvoyant Prisoner (Complete)

“You look so handsome, William.” Molly fussed with her son’s hair and smoothed out his cardigan. “I have a good feeling about this internship.”

“You’re the best, Mom. I can’t believe you got me this gig.” He looked around her spartan lab. “I get to spend the summer before college with my mom at a top secret base. How cool is that?” His eyes shone with excitement.

“Well, this is where I work, so you’ll have to keep things professional.” She licked her finger and rubbed a smudge from his cheek. “You’re eighteen now, so I’m sure you won’t need your mother. But, of course, you’ll always know where to find me.” She gave him a warm, sweet smile and moved across the lab. It was early in the day and the room was empty, but soon the place would be bustling with activity. She straightened her white lab coat and wiggled her skirt into a better position. Molly walked toward the open door. “Now then. You’re meeting Dr. Baldwin down the hall at seven-thirty. I’ll show you the way and we –”

The door slammed shut and a heavy security door slid down inside it. Red lights flashed around the lab.

“Mom?” William inched closer to his mother.

“It’ll be alright, Billy.” She took his hand and patted it. “This happens from time to time. I’m sure it’s just a drill. If we –”

“Security alert.” A booming voice echoed from the speakers. “The subject has broken containment. All personnel must shelter in place. Locate shielding helmets immediately. Telekinesis and telepathy possible. Security alert.” The message went halfway through repeating itself before abruptly shutting off.

Molly raced to the emergency cabinet and came back with one helmet. The thing had a transparent face shield and looked like something out of Buck Rogers. “There’s only one in the lab. There should be more ...” She held it out to her son.

“You take it, Mom.” William’s face drained of color. The flashing red lights went out. A loud thump shook the security door, followed by several arhythmic slaps that sounded almost like something wet splattering against the metal on the other side.

“No time to argue. I’m your mother and you need to put it on.” Molly stared wide-eyed at the door and shoved the helmet at her son.

“Okay.” William slipped it onto his head, fastened the strap, and stood waiting. His whole body twisted itself into one tense knot. He was so focused on staring at the door,

that it took him a second to notice his mother walking slowly toward a panel on the wall. "What are you doing, Mom?"

Molly looked over her shoulder and smiled. Her hips swayed in an exaggerated fashion as she sauntered away from him. "I'm opening the door, silly."

"What? No!" William ran after her. The slapping sounds on the metal grew more insistent. He took hold of her wrist and pulled her away from the controls. She spun into his arms and looked deep into his eyes through the faceplate. He could feel her curving body pressed up against him. He sprouted the most confused boner of his life.

"That's my big guy," Molly purred. "You're too handsome for that ridiculous helmet. Let me help you." She unbuckled the strap and attempted to lift it off.

"Wait ... Mom ... I think the thing on the other side of the door ... is ..." William held onto his helmet tightly, keeping it in place. "I ... can't ..."

"Nonsense ... you can." Molly switched tactics and tickled his armpits. She'd always had a deft touch at finding his weak spots. He writhed to get away from her fingers, leaving his helmet unguarded. She reached up and plucked it off his head.

"Whoa ... I mean ... whoooooaaaaaaaaa." William felt like he was on one of those psychedelic trips he'd heard about. "Wait ... Mom ..." He didn't stop her this time when she sauntered over to the control panel and pressed the release button.

The security door didn't budge. "Drat. They must have it on override." Molly frowned and stared at the door. She listened to the slurping, slapping sounds on the other side. "Billy ... sweetie ... she wants us to ... um ... do you hear her?" She turned to her son and slowly removed her coat. Her military issue blouse and skirt fell to the floor next. She stood before her son in only her underwear, garters, and high heels.

"Yes ... I hear her." William removed his clothes so fast he could hear seams tearing. Unlike his mother, he didn't stop at his underwear. Very soon, he stood before her wearing only his socks.

"Oh ... my. Did I give you that?" She pointed at his penis. "It's so long and hard."

"Are we really going to ... do it?" William took two steps toward her and paused. This was his mother, no matter what the voice said.

"Oh, yes." Molly's sweet smile had hardly changed from before the whole ordeal had started. She reached behind, unclasped her bra, and let it fall to the linoleum floor. She drank in his awed expression as he stared at her boobs. "I can tell that you like them. That makes me happy, Billy."

"Wow." William's jaw dropped as he gazed at her heavy tits. His mother was a knockout.

“Have you had sex before?” Molly turned around, leaned on a lab table, and stuck her butt out toward him. She slowly lowered her panties down her long legs.

William didn't think he should lie. “I once put it inside Shannon Abbot for about a minute.” He stepped toward her with awkward strides, like he was a marionette. The slapping sounds on the door grew louder.

“One minute? That sounds like your father.” Molly laughed. “We're going to go a lot longer than a minute today, sweetie.” She wiggled her butt at him. “Stick it in.” She moaned when he prodded her with his penis, but he couldn't find the hole. She reached under her, took hold of the bulbous head, and guided it in. “Oooooohhhhhhhh ... that's it ... good ... good ... slide it in ... slowly. Oh ... gosh ... I'm not used to the size. Yes ... yeeeeesssssssss ... you're all the way ... uuuggghhhhhh ... in. Welcome home ... baby.”

“Mom ... Mom ... Mom ...” William chanted as his hips smashed violently into his mother's backside. The cadence of the wet thumps on the door synced with the slapping skin inside the lab. He took fistfuls of her ass and held on for dear life. His mother's vagina wasn't as tight as Shannon Abbot, but she was warm, wet, and she knew how to meet his thrusts. William was quite sure that nothing in his life would ever top fucking his mother.

“Yes ... Billy ... you're so deep ... and ... so good ... and ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Molly's eyes rolled back with her climax. Unlike her tender husband, William didn't even slow down for her orgasm. He humped like an animal, and it drove her crazy. “Oh ... my ... aaaaaaahhhhhhhhhh.” For the first time in her life, she had back-to-back orgasms.

William wasn't a jock, and his body could sustain the pounding for only so long. After a while, he pulled out of her, sweaty and panting.

“Are you ... tired, Billy?” Molly could see he was tuckered out. “You took such ... good care of me.” She pushed some lab equipment out of the way and moved him onto his back on the table. She then mounted him. “Let Mommy ... do the work for a while.” She placed him at her entrance, lowered herself, and slipped right in. In no time at all, she was riding him for all she was worth. She held her breasts in her hands, leaned her head back, and let out a primordial scream.

“Oh ... Mom ...” His mother's raw beauty pushed him over the edge. “I'm ... cummingg ... aaaaaaahhhhhhhhhh.” He bucked up into her.

“Eeeeeiiiiinnngggggg.” Molly gritted her teeth, and her eyes crossed. She had never felt such heat in her womb before. She was sure he was filling her to the brim. When their climaxes passed, they stayed on the table panting. “It seems ... we're going to be stuck in here ... all day.” Molly's hips started to move again. “Do you have ... another round ... in you?”

“Oh ... Mom ...” William kissed her bouncing boob. “I could ... cum in you ... all day.”

“Oh ... good.” Molly’s hips got back up to speed.

The slapping sounds on the door continued to match their rhythm.

A little while later, there was a loud hiss. Mother and son turned their heads and watched the security door rise. Even as they stared in amazement at the creature on the other side, they didn’t stop humping.

“Oh ... God ... it’s ... amazing.” William’s eyes went wide.

“The ... clairvoyant ... prisoner.” Molly’s face went slack. “She’s come for us.”

The escaped prisoner moved into the lab.

Inseidious Harvest (Complete)

“The air is so fresh out here.” Jenna took a deep breath, held her arms out, and spun. The valley was vivid around her. The trees were decked in the most sensational oranges, reds, and yellows. In the distance, the cheery sound of a babbling brook broke the silence.

“No cars, no barking dogs, no husbands talking about sports.” Lisa had a sly smile on her face. “Do you know why nobody comes out to this trail?”

“No.” Jenna shook her head.

“Beware the Headless Horseman.” Lisa hammed up her spooky voice. When Jenna laughed, she joined in. They continued up the trail with a case of the giggles. When their laughter died down, Lisa passed a hand over her face and gave her friend her most somber expression. “They say he rode his horse into a farmhouse and the lintel took his head clean off.”

“Lintel?”

“The top of the doorframe took his head clean off.” Lisa suppressed a smile.

“Nuh uh.” Jenna started to laugh again, but stopped when she saw her friend’s face.

“That was a stupid thing for the Horseman to do. Why’d he ride his horse into a house?”

“Why do all men do such foolish things? Why did Clark marry you? Why did Brad marry me?”

“He knocked his head off for love?” Jenna’s smile was tentative.

“He was ... decapitated chasing a woman.” Lisa nodded. “He isn’t the only one to do that either. Did you know that two different French kings did the same exact thing?”

“No.” Despite the warm sunshine, Jenna shivered and pulled her dress tightly around her. “Let’s talk about something else.”

Back to using her spooky voice, Lisa pulled her dress up and draped it just below her eyes. “And they say he is still searching this valley, looking for sweet young women to chase down. Bwahahaha.”

“That’s not real.” Jenna looked around. Suddenly the hills surrounding them seemed like they were penning the women in. “Maybe we should go back to the car.”

“I’m just messing with you, Jenna. Come on, there’s a wild pumpkin patch up ahead. You’ll love it.” Lisa finally let her smile free. “So, what *do* you want to talk about? How has it been with hubby in the sack since the wedding?”

Jenna sighed. "Can we talk about the Horseman some more?"

They laughed again.

The friends wended their way along the trail as they moved deeper into the valley.

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"We're lost." Jenna watched the western sky with dismay. It was almost as colorful as the trees.

"Maybe ... maybe we shouldn't have tried to find that pumpkin patch." Lisa scanned the valley ahead. "I could have sworn that the hill on that side was south, and that one was north, but ... I guess not." The soft sounds of evening filled the air. "Do you have any reception on your phone? The last thing I got was a text from Brad right after we parked."

"No bars." Jenna rubbed her arms. The warmth of a fall day was quickly giving way to the autumnal chill of night. "Look." Jenna pointed. "There's a small house over there."

"It looks abandoned. I don't want to spend the night out here. Maybe if we doubled back we ..." Lisa stopped in her tracks and cocked her head, listening. "Do you hear that?"

"Is that ...?" Terror suddenly filled Jenna's eyes. "That sounds like a horse ... running fast."

"Yeah ... a gosh darned, galloping horse." She took Jenna's hand in hers, her diamond glittering in the fading sunlight. "Come on. Let's hide in that house." She pulled her friend across a nearby field. It occurred to her that a horse might mean that there was a rider out here that could give them directions. But she didn't slow down. Deep down, she knew who it was.

They huffed and puffed as they neared the far edge of the field. Daily yoga hadn't prepared them for a sustained sprint over treacherous ground. When they reached a bramble, Jenna glanced back. She screamed when she saw a sleek, sable horse burst from the tree line. The Horseman was dressed in black and shrouded in gloom. She couldn't get a clear look at him. "Run ... run ..." They pressed through the thorny bramble, their dresses tearing with each frenzied step.

Once through, there was a short, overgrown road leading to the house. "Hurry ... Jenna ... we'll be safe ... inside." Lisa pulled her friend down the path. When she looked over her shoulder, she saw the dark beast leap over the bramble. She felt the mass of the

thing vibrate the very earth they treaded on. If she had any breath left, she might have used it to scream. The horse and rider galloped toward them.

“Right ... behind ... me ...” Jenna gasped.

“Here ... here ...” Lisa clawed at the front door handle. It was unlocked. They tumbled inside, and she slammed the door behind them. They found themselves in a dilapidated, one-room house that had clearly been deserted a long time ago. They ran to the far wall and waited, clutching each other and trembling.

The thundering of hooves passed by the house, growing more distant.

“Do you think ... he didn’t see us?” Jenna couldn’t help but hope they were safe.

“Listen.” Lisa’s knuckles turned white as she gripped fistfuls of her friend’s tattered dress. The hoofbeats grew louder again ... and louder ... and soon they were deafening.

The door burst open and the horseman followed it into the small place, still mounted on his sable beast.

The women screamed, the horse whinnied, and the Horseman let out a dark, peeling laugh. But the source of his voice was a mystery.

“His ... h ... h ... h ... head.” Jenna pointed to the nothingness above the man’s shoulders.

Lisa almost corrected her friend by pointing out that it was his lack of a head that was concerning, but all she managed to say was a pitiful “eep.”

“Calm now, gentle creatures.” The Horseman’s voice was thin and ethereal. “Do not be frightened.” He reached up and felt above his shoulders. “Oh no, it happened again.” He reached behind his back and produced a large jack-o’-lantern, carved to possess a crude face. A candle flickered inside it, casting strange shadows on the moldering walls. He placed the pumpkin on his shoulders, and adjusted it just so. “There now, all better. Are you still frightened?” The expression on his primitive face changed to convey kindness.

“I ... I’m not afraid.” Jenna laughed because it was true. She was talking to a ghostly rider with his horse snorting in her face, but her body relaxed. She let go of Lisa and felt her friend release her as well.

“Um ... why did you chase us ... like that ... sir?” A warmth bloomed in Lisa’s belly like she’d just downed a cosmopolitan too quickly. She ventured a smile at the jack-o’-lantern.

“This valley is dangerous after dark. There are sundry malevolent ghouls prowling even now.” He gestured to the broken window. Outside, the gloom of night had spread. “I offer you safe passage back to your carriage. I know the way. I only ask for a pittance in return.” He leaned from the horse and offered them a gloved hand.

Jenna exchanged a look with her friend. She could see relief written plainly on Lisa's face. She felt the same. She lifted her eyebrow as if to say, *Do we trust him?*

Lisa nodded and took the horseman's hand. "Oh ... my." She was off her feet in a flash, sitting astride the hot, massive steed. The Horseman pulled her practically into his lap, and then hoisted Jenna up to sit in front of Lisa. When the horse turned, Lisa grabbed Jenna's hips to steady herself, and Jenna took hold of the horse's mane.

"I'd like to keep your fair heads on your lovely shoulders, so, please duck." The Horseman maneuvered his mount out of the dilapidated house. When they were free, they broke into a trot down the road. "You fared better with the lintel than I did. Huzzah." He chuckled to himself.

"Why do I feel so comfortable around you?" Lisa looked over her shoulder at his flickering face. She tried to gauge his expression and decided he looked excited, like he was on a rollercoaster that was about to crest. Just as she had that thought, something large and hard thumped against her butt.

"Because together we will sow the bounty you'll reap next summer." The horseman lifted her dress and gracefully tore her panties off. He tossed them carelessly away.

"Oh ... gosh ..." Lisa clutched her friend's hips tighter. She leaned her mouth next to Jenna's ear as they continued to trot in the darkness. "He just lifted up my dress, Jenna," she whispered. "My panties are gone. I think ... I think ... his thing is bouncing against my butt."

"Oh ... no ... what are you going to do?" Jenna tried to look back, nearly lost her balance, and instead buried her face in the mane.

"I can't help it ... I'm lifting up for him and ... and ... ooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh ... he's big ... really big." Lisa gritted her teeth as the ghostly penis entered her.

"He's ... inside you?" Jenna waited for a response, but all she heard was her friend's whining and continuous hoofbeats. "What do you need me to do?" She gasped when Lisa's fingers dug deeper into her hips. Lisa was now lurching into Jenna's back at a faster rhythm than the horse's trot.

"I ... ugh ... ugh ... don't know ... ugh ... we trust him ... don't we?" Lisa shuddered, electricity running down her spine. Ecstasy built in her vagina.

"Yes." Jenna thought about it. "Mr. Horseman ... sir?" She called back. "What are you doing to my friend?"

"I am ... uh ... uh ... doing that which ... cost me everything." His grunts became louder as Lisa's round bottom bounced onto his lap at a quicker pace. "I sought only ... to create life ... but death came instead. I bargained with ... the Reaper ... and was given the gift

of ... persuasion ... and added time ... on this plane. Now ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... I seek every year to sow before ... the final harvest. And it is ... almost ... time.” He held the reins with one hand, and kneaded Lisa’s butt with the other. “So ... full of life.”

“Oh ... okay.” Jenna felt her friend’s breasts bounce against her back, thumping on her like Lisa was playing the strangest set of drums. She didn’t know what to say, but she felt she had to say something. “Is he ... bigger than Brad?”

“Ooohhhhhhhh ... Jenna ... ooohhhhhhhhhh ... our Horseman is so much ... uh ...uh ... bigger than Brad. He’s stretching me ... and he’s found a spot ... oh gosh ... oh gosh ... Jenna ... I feel him tensing ... I think he’s going to ... eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” Lisa’s scream echoed off the bracketing hills. Her orgasm overtook her the moment she felt his flooding heat enter her womb.

“Oh ... my.” Jenna felt her friend stiffen and then go limp behind her. After a time, the steed stopped, and the women traded places. Jenna let him raise her dress above her hips. “I don’t know if ...” With a rip, her panties were gone. She was hopelessly wet and ready for him. She lifted herself up and sat on his lap, forcing his penis past her entrance. “Ohhhhhhh ... you were right ... Lisa ... oh ... my ... it’s large ... and strong ... and ... oooohhhhhhhhhhhh.” Jenna had her first real orgasm in years, and the Horseman wasn’t even all the way in yet.

As they trotted on, Lisa basked in post-orgasmic bliss. “Isn’t he ... amazing?” Lisa looked over her shoulder at her bouncing friend. Above Jenna’s head, she could see the jack-o’-lantern smiling down at her.

“The ... best ... the ... best ... oh ... my ...” Jenna rode the Horseman hard and was eventually rewarded with his seed.

The women switched places twice more.

Jenna screamed out her passion, accepting his seed just as the horse trotted into the parking lot. He helped the trembling women onto their feet and gave them a flickering wink. The Horseman moved back up the trail, turned his horse, and reared it in the shadows. He waved a gloved hand. “Goodbye, my lovelies. Reap your harvest well.”

The women waved back as he disappeared into the night with an ethereal laugh.

Lisa opened the car door and they stood staring at each other over the hood. “You’re a mess, Jenna.” Her friend’s hair was wild, and her dress was shredded. Judging by how much sperm she was leaking, Lisa guessed that Jenna was a mess downstairs, too.

“So are you.” Jenna burst out laughing, and her friend joined her. They got in and drove away, still giggling.

“What will we tell Clark and Brad?” That thought sobered Lisa.

“I don’t know.” Jenna’s smile faded. “Do you think our babies will have pumpkin heads?”

And the laughter picked right back up. They spent the rest of the ride trying to keep a straight face.

Marooned Christmas

“We’re snowed in.” Mom read the texts on her phone, frowning.

“What about Dad? Everyone else?” I watched her carefully. I loved Mom, that was no secret. But I was also madly, secretly *in* love with her. What better way to spend Christmas than alone with my smart, beautiful mother? I pretended to be just as worried as her. “How bad is the storm?”

“It’s bad. It’s supposed to snow for days.” She looked around our three-bedroom cabin. “At least we have power.”

The power went out not two seconds later. She jinxed us!

It was the middle of the day, but the light was dim inside. Snow swirled and caressed the westward windows. Mom’s eyes widened. I didn’t know if she was adjusting to the gloom or freaking the fuck out. “Holy shit, holy shit, holy shit! We have to drive out.” Okay, so she *was* freaking out. She never swore in front of me. She stood, her frown deepening. “We can’t stay here, sweetie.” She raced to the front door, opened it, and stood looking out. Snow swirled in around her.

“There’s already two feet of snow. We can’t drive out.” I joined her at the door. “We have to ride out the storm.” I put my hand on the door and gently pushed it closed. “You’re letting snow in, Mom.”

“Oh ... no.” Mom turned and hugged me, pressing her face into my shoulder. I put my arms around her, my hands feeling the outline of her bra. I knew the brassiere was putting in a yeoman’s effort by containing her boobs. They were huge and pressing into my chest. If I could just see them, that would be enough. We had plenty of booze. Tomorrow was Christmas. I swore to myself I’d make it happen.

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“What a man you’ve become.” Mom warmed her hands by the roaring fire I’d stoked. “Sometimes, I still think of you as my little man. But you’ve really grown up.”

“Thanks, Mom.” My cheeks grew hot from the compliment and the flames. I sat on the hearth and picked up one of the bottles of white wine she’d packed. “Something to pass the time before bed?” My stomach was full from our cold dinner. A different kind of hunger gnawed at me. I needed to get her drunk if I was going to have any chance.

“You’re not old enough to drink, Logan.” She cocked her head at me. There was some leeway here. I could tell she was thinking it over.

“I’ll be twenty-one in three months. You know I drink with my friends.” I pulled the cork and looked over at Mom. She was wearing a tight sweater, and I couldn’t help staring at her boobs. When I met her gaze, it was obvious that she’d caught me peeking. I quickly looked away.

“I mean ... I suspected ... but you never said anything.” Mom shrugged. “I wish we didn’t have secrets, sweetie.”

“Me too, Mom.” I poured the wine and handed her a glass. Over the course of an hour, we drank the bottle. I opened another one and steered us into a game of Truth or Dare. As we drank the second bottle, I waited for her to ask me about my love life. She was always pestering me about who I was dating, so I knew she’d bring it up on her own.

“Truth,” I said.

“Okay ... okay.” She sipped her wine, her motions languid and sloppy. Her words weren’t slurred yet, but she was clearly drunk. We both were. “Who’s your biggest crush right now?” Mom blushed and glanced toward the fire.

“Well ... um ... you are.” I wanted to turn away, but I didn’t. I sat up straighter, ready to face the music.

“Um ... what? I must have misunderstood you.” She gulped down the rest of her glass.

“You are the most gorgeous woman on the planet. I’d give anything just to see your boobs.” I did my best to keep my breathing even, pushing panic away. If I didn’t go for it now, I never would. This was my moment. “You’re the woman I have a crush on. It’s always been you, Mom.”

“What ... are you saying?” She carelessly put the empty glass on the coffee table, it rolled on its side and tumbled to the carpet, unbroken.

“You asked for the truth.” I shrugged and slumped in my seat. It could see she was going to reject me.

“I’ve ... I’ve seen the way you look at me. I just thought ... all boys your age ... do that.” She shook her head. “Thank you for being honest.” She stood and put the cork in the bottle. “Now let’s forget this ever happened. We’re going to wake up tomorrow and ... make the best of things.” She fled toward the master bedroom, turning back in the doorway. “I’ll take this room. You can sleep in either of the other rooms. Get that fire roaring before you go to bed. It’s going to be cold tonight.” She closed the door and disappeared.

I did as she asked, and the fire was roaring when I finally went to bed. I'd been shot down. I felt gut shot. With a sigh, I curled up and tried to sleep. Even with a mountain of blankets on top of me, it was a bitterly cold night. After much tossing and turning, I stripped naked, hoping that the radiant heat between me and the blanket might warm me better. It was something I'd read once. It turned out to be bullshit. It was a rough, frigid night.

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"Sweetie? Sweetie?" Mom hovered over me, shaking my shoulder. I blinked my eyes awake. "The fire's out. And it's soooooooo cold." I could see her breath hanging in the air.

"Okay." I jumped out of bed, forgetting that I was naked. My dick was in full morning wood mode and flopped around as I crossed the room for my pants.

"Oh ... my." Mom blushed and turned away. "Do you always ... sleep naked?"

"I was trying something last night." I quickly dressed. "Something about heat radiating at a greater distance between the body and blanket."

"Did it work?" She was hugging herself from the cold.

"Yeah, it was really warm," I lied. I didn't want her thinking I was a complete fuckup after the night before. The snow was over six feet high when I opened the front door. I dug a path to the wood pile on the side of the cabin, carried in the logs, and got a new fire going. The power was out, there was no reception, and no Wi-Fi. We didn't know how much longer the snow would keep piling up outside, so I brought most of the logs into the cabin. I didn't want to dig a new trench tomorrow. I was sweating by the time I sat down, panting from my hard labor.

"Well, this is a terrible Christmas." Mom rubbed her hands, sitting on the edge of the hearth. She caught me staring at her boobs again. They were poorly hidden under a Christmas sweater. I could see a bemused frown on her face before I looked away.

"At least we're together." I shrugged.

"That's the spirit." She went over to the kitchen and retrieved a bottle of wine. She held it up. "Perfectly chilled."

"Isn't it a little early?" I watched her uncork it. She poured two glasses and brought them back to the fire.

“I have a lot on my mind. We’re stuck in the middle of nowhere. The rest of the family isn’t coming. And your dad has all the presents in his car.” She handed me a glass and sipped hers. “Like I said, I have a lot on my mind. I need something to take the edge off.”

“Okay, sure, Mom.” I wondered why she hadn’t mentioned the truth I’d shared the night before. That was probably at the top of her mountain of problems that she was trying to forget. “Let’s break out the fancy cheese and crackers. We can make this the best worst Christmas ever.” I got her to smile with that. We clinked our glasses together and got out the good stuff.

Neither of us got plastered, but we did spend the day buzzed. We played cards. We played Chutes and Ladders. We talked. Mostly we stayed huddled by the fire. It was late afternoon when we finished a heated round of Twenty Questions. She always knew what I was thinking, never needing more than twelve questions. I had a harder time getting inside her head. We sat in silence as the light faded, sipping our wine and staring at the fire.

“Your whole life, I’ve wanted to make you happy.” Mom’s voice was low and contemplative. “That’s always been my Achilles heel with you and your sisters. I just want to see you happy. Your father would say I’m a pushover.”

“Mom, I –” I started, but she cut me off by raising a finger.

“Let me finish.” She sipped her wine and turned her eyes from the fire to me. “I’ll show them to you. If that will *really* make you happy.”

My pulse quickened and my dick hardened. I thought she’d shot me down, but she’d been thinking about what I said the whole time. I nodded enthusiastically.

“I can tell by your enormous grin that it *would* make you happy.” Mom didn’t return my smile. Her face was filled with doubt. “I’ll only show them to you if you promise me you’ll find a girlfriend. Not someone to date like you usually do. I mean ... you know ... someone you’ll bring home to meet me and your dad. I don’t want you fixated on me. It’s not healthy. Promise me you’ll find a smart, pretty girl that will make you happy.”

“I promise, Mom.” I put the wineglass down. My hand was shaking so much I was afraid I’d spill it everywhere.

“This is a binding deal, Logan. I’ll hold you to it. You’ll find yourself a girlfriend.” She put her wineglass down, too, and nodded like she’d made a decision. She stood, reached down, and held the hem of her sweater. “I can’t believe I’m doing this.” Slowly, she pulled the sweater up her body, wiggling slightly. I was on the edge of my seat, ready to see her bra, but she had on more layers underneath. I nearly laughed out loud, I was so nervous. But I held it in. I didn’t want her to think I was laughing at her. She wiggled out of the other layers, put them down on the armchair behind her, and stood in front of me

wearing only her jeans, wool socks, and bra. I stared with my mouth hanging open. It was a boring bra, but it exposed a milky white expanse of cleavage.

“Wow ... Mom ... you're beautiful.” I adjusted my cock as it uncomfortably pushed at the confines of my underwear.

“Once upon a time, you loved these.” She put her hands under her boobs and hefted them, causing her cleavage to shake. “It seems we've come full circle.”

“Can you take off the bra, too? Please?” My breath caught in my throat when she nodded and reached behind her back. She unclasped the bra and pulled it off unceremoniously.

“Here you go. I hope you like them.” She put her hands by her sides and stood in front of me. Even with the fire going, it was cold in the cabin. Her nipples looked stiff.

“Best ... tits ... ever.” My gaze roved over her bare skin. Her shoulders and arms were thin and delicate. Her breasts sloped dramatically out to large pink nipples and areolae. A lattice of blue veins was evident under her pale skin, making her seem all the more vulnerable bared for me.

“Watch your language, Logan.” She didn't look mad. She still looked confused and maybe a bit patronizing.

“Sorry, Mom.” My gaze fell back to her tits. “You've really made me happy today. This is the best Christmas present ever. I wish you didn't ever have to put them away.”

“I'll tell you what. Since this is the only Christmas present you're getting, I won't put my bra back on.” She picked up her underlayers. “You can look all you want for the rest of the night, and you don't have to look away embarrassed like you always do when I catch you sneaking a peek.” She put her clothes back on. Her nipples were more than evident pushing at her Christmas sweater.

“Best ... Mom ... ever.” I couldn't wipe the grin off my face.

“I'm glad you think so.” She went back into the kitchen to fetch us some more wine. “It fills my heart to see you so happy, sweetie.” She came back and refilled our glasses.

“More Chutes and Ladders?”

I was on cloud nine the rest of the night. We played games and talked, and I stared at her headlights unapologetically. Eventually, it was time for bed. But that's a story for another Christmas. Maybe I'll tell you about it next year. If you're lucky.

Will You Accept the Seed?

Candles flickered all around the house. Heavy rain drummed against the windows. Ross watched his dad and uncle head to the front door. A flash of lightning strobed inside the home. Ross stood. "Are you sure you don't want me to come, too?"

"You stay with the women. Keep them safe." Ross's father looked at his wristwatch. "Chris and I will help evacuate the senior center. We should be home tomorrow morning ... unless the bridge washes out." He glanced at his brother-in-law. "Ready to be heroes, Chris?"

Chris nodded and zipped up his coat.

"Happy New Year's, dear." Peggy reached up on her toes and kissed her husband on the cheek. "Be safe."

Clara walked over to her husband, smacked his ass, groped it, and pushed him toward the door. "Go get 'em tiger." She made a claw with her hand and scratched the air. "Roar."

Peggy stared at her twin sister, trying and failing to understand her.

The men laughed, said their last goodbyes, and ventured out into the storm. Chris's truck started up a minute later, its headlights moved across the front windows, and then the red taillights faded to black.

"This sucks." Ross slumped in an armchair.

"Don't worry, dude. Tonight is gonna hella rock." Clara stuck out her tongue and pretended to rock out. "You're with the two coolest bitches in town." She whipped her hair in a circle, bouncing her heavy, braless boobs under her t-shirt.

"Oh, heavens." Peggy straightened her prim dress, making sure *her* bra was very much in place. "I've told you not to talk to him like that, Clara. Gosh ... it's so crude."

"You're eighteen," Clara said to her nephew. "You like when we treat you like an adult." Clara took out a cigarette and bounced it in her mouth while she searched for a lighter. "You think your aunt is bitchin'?"

Honestly, Ross didn't know what to make of his aunt. She looked like his mother, but acted like a hell raiser. "You're rad, Aunt Clara." He beamed at her.

Lightening flashed again, followed quickly by thunder. Peggy cringed, Clara gave a whoop, and Ross sank further into the armchair.

“Well, at least we’re together.” Peggy nodded her head like she was deciding something. She checked the clock. “We have hours until midnight. Let’s play a game to pass the time.”

“I found a game in the park that looks ...” Ross eyed his aunt, “... bitchin’.” He went to his room, got the cardboard box, and came back to the living room. He set it up on the coffee table while his mother got a Coke for him, a glass of white wine for herself, and a beer for her sister. They sat on the floor around the coffee table and studied the board.

“This looks far out.” Clara nodded her head and rubbed her chin. Unable to find a lighter, she discarded her cigarette and took a sip of beer.

“Did it come with instructions, sweetie?” Peggy smiled at her son.

“Nope. Just what it says on the board.” Ross pointed at the text.

The Seed is a simple game of strategy and chance. Roll the dice. Move your piece. Pull a card. Make a decision. Once you start, the game will continue until you’ve planted The Seed.

“Well, that isn’t very clear, is it?” Peggy frowned at the board.

“It came with these cards.” Ross put stacks of cards face down on the designated rectangles. They were sorted by color.

“I like it.” Clara selected a piece, placed it at Start, and rolled a four. She moved her piece. “Draw a blue card,” she read. She pulled a blue card from the pile and read aloud, “*Do you ...?*” Clara paused, her forehead furrowed.

“What does it say, Aunt Clara?” Ross wondered what on Earth would give Clara pause.

“It says, *Do you want a baby?*” Clara shrugged. “Easy. No. Chris and I don’t want kids.” She rolled her eyes at Ross, letting him know she thought his game was wonderfully weird. An odd thought occurred to her. She put her hand on her belly. *Do I want a baby?* For some reason, she wasn’t so sure she’d made the right choice about a family.

“Are you okay, Aunt Clara? You look ... strange.” Ross drank some Coke, keeping his eyes on his aunt the whole time.

“I’m fine. Just go, Peggy.” Clara’s cheeks flushed.

“Okay.” Peggy set her piece at Start, rolled, moved five spots, and pulled a red card. She read, “*Bummer, you lose a turn and your dress.*” Peggy stood up. “That is very odd. I can’t believe ... I’m going to do this.” She unbuttoned her dress and slowly pulled it over her head. She quickly sat back down in her bra and panties. Both sisters were now blushing furiously.

“Mom?” Ross stared at his mother with wide eyes.

“Maybe we should stop.” Peggy folded her arms over her boobs when she caught her son checking out her deep cleavage.

“I ... can’t stop.” Ross set his piece at Start, rolled, and moved four spaces. He picked a green card. He held it up for the women to see. *“Choose a player to take The Seed or move back two spaces.”*

“What does that mean?” Peggy looked around the board, trying to see if she was missing something. There was a polished black button with glowing red veins. She touched it and felt warmth running up her arm. Her pupils dilated and her jaw went slack.

Ross didn’t see his mother’s reaction to the button. He was still studying the card. “I don’t know what it means.” He moved his piece back two spots.

Clara quickly grabbed the dice and rolled. She moved her piece along the path. She pulled a blue card as directed. “It just says, *Kiss! Kiss! Kiss! Kiss! You always wanted to try it. Now’s your chance.*”

“What?” Peggy took the card and read it herself. “That’s so ... odd.”

“Radical.” Clara gazed lovingly at her sister. “Come on, Peggy.” She stood and pulled Peggy to her feet. They held hands and walked into the kitchen, out of sight from the living room.

Ross sat on the floor next to the coffee table, his cock turning to steel. With the clatter of rain on the roof and windows, he couldn’t hear what was happening in the kitchen. He sat and waited. After what seemed like an eternity, he checked the clock. It had been five minutes. “Mom? Are you okay?”

“Fine ... sweetie.” A few seconds later, Peggy came back into the living room. Her lipstick was smeared, her eyes dazed, and her brow creased with worry. One of her bra straps had fallen off her shoulder.

“Far ... fucking ... out.” Clara walked back into the living room after her sister. She also looked dazed.

“So, it’s my turn?” Peggy sat down and tried to compose herself. Thunder shook the house. She made her move and pulled a red card. “It says, *Will you accept The Seed now? If so, move ahead ten places. If no, another player takes The Seed.*” Peggy shook her head, mystified.

Ross reached out for the black button. He was mesmerized by the red glowing veins. When his finger touched the hot, smooth surface, he felt a jolt run through his body. His dick was suddenly too big for his pants. It was so constrained, it hurt.

Clara stood, pulled off her shirt, and shimmied out of her jeans.

“Oh ... my ... gosh ... what are you doing ... Clara?” Peggy stared at her sister, aghast.

“You’re not going to accept The Seed, are you?” Clara smiled at her sister. “So ... the card said another player would take The Seed instead. That’s me!” She jumped up and down with excitement, her boobs defying gravity for a brief moment at the apex of each leap and crashing back to her chest with captivating wobbles.

“What?” Ross withdrew his hand from the black button, finally bringing his attention back to the room. “Aunt Clara?” He stared at the bare boobs jiggling on the other side of the coffee table.

“Of course I’m not going to accept The Seed. It sounds ... crude.” Peggy waved a hand to catch her son’s attention. He looked like his eyes were about to pop out of his head.

“Please, don’t look at her like that, Ross. She’s your aunt.”

“Don’t listen to her, Rossy.” Clara stepped around the table and pulled Ross to his feet. Both women shrieked when they saw the bulge in his pants. Peggy’s noise was one of horror, Clara’s was delight. “My fine, upstanding nephew.” Clara pulled Ross into the kitchen, glancing back at her sister. “Don’t come in here if you don’t want to ... see stuff.”

“I won’t.” Peggy folded her arms and waited. All she could hear was the steady drumming of the rain and the occasional peal of thunder. She waited a long time for them to return. “Everything okay in there?”

“Yeah ... ugh ... ugh ... Mom.” Ross’s voice sounded strained. “We’re ... totally ... tubular.”

“Ross ... sweetie?” Peggy chewed on her bottom lip. “I hope you’re not doing ... what I think you’re doing.”

“Take ... oooohhhhhhhh ... a chill pill ... Peg.” Clara’s voice was husky and tight. “Your ... son ... is fucking ... amazing.”

Peggy sat silently. She could just barely hear both of them grunting over the thrum of rain. Ross made low, guttural sounds. Clara sounded like a demented bird on cocaine. Eventually, Peggy couldn’t wait any longer. She stood and tentatively moved toward the kitchen. She peeked inside and found exactly what she had expected to find. Despite her suspicions, it still floored her. Her sister and son were both naked. Clara sat on the edge of the Formica countertop. Ross was between her legs. He was up on the balls of his feet, thrusting his hips with determination. Peggy couldn’t see his penis, but judging from the length of each stroke, it was very, very long. She stared with wide eyes. She could still feel the heat from that strange button. She reached into her panties and found her vagina a sopping mess.

“Aunt ... Clara ... Aunt ... Clara ... you feel so good,” Ross whispered into his aunt’s ear.

Clara raked his back with her fingernails. She looked over and saw her sister in the doorway. "You ... don't have to ... whisper ... anymore. Your Mom is ... watching us."

Ross looked over and smiled. "Mom ... Mom ... it's ... so good. This is the best ... New Year's ... ever."

"Give me ... The Seed ... give me ... The Seed." Clara's hands worked their way down to her nephew's ass. She pulled at him, encouraging him to piston more violently.

"Oh ... my ..." Peggy had never been more lost than at that moment. Her fingers found her special button and pleasure rocketed through her. All three people were ready to cum. "Ooohhhhhhhhhh ... My sweet ... Ross ... you're a man ... my man.

"The Seed ... The Seed ... The Seed ..." Clara's chanting grew louder.

"I'm ... ready ..." Rose buried his face in his aunt's fat boobs. His hips jerked erratically. "Cumming ... cumming ... take ... The Seed. Aaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

"Eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!" The twin sisters sang their ecstasy in harmony.

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Ten minutes later, they were back sitting around the coffee table. Ross and Clara were naked. Peggy, still wearing her bra and panties, handed her sister a towel. "Put it under you. I don't want to ruin the carpet."

Clara did as she was asked. She then rolled the dice, moved her piece, and pulled a red card. She read the card silently to herself then passed it to her nephew.

Ross read out loud, "*Make the other player take The Seed and move to Finish.*"

"I don't understand. I—" Peggy was shocked when her sister roughly unhooked her bra and pulled it off her. "Hey ... what gives?" Despite having the same DNA, Clara was the stronger sister. She wrestled Peggy's panties off her, and half lifted, half dragged Peggy onto the coffee table.

"Are you ... uuugghhhh ... ready ... Ross?" Clara positioned Peggy on her hands and knees on top of the game board, maneuvering her with a firm grip on Peggy's hair and hip.

"I don't know." Ross stood behind his mother, staring at her pink, glistening pussy lips. Candlelight flickered on her round ass cheeks, casting beguiling shadows.

"She *has* to take The Seed." Clara breathed a sigh of relief. Her sister had stopped struggling. Just in case it was a ruse, she didn't let go of Peggy's hair.

Peggy's hand rested on the black button. Heat radiated up her arm and into her core. "It's ... it's okay ... sweetie." She looked over at the clock. It was almost midnight. "Let's usher in the new year with ... The Seed." Peggy braced herself and gritted her teeth when she felt the large dome of her son's penis at her entrance. "Just ... do it."

"Here goes ... Mom." Ross pushed his hips forward, sinking into his mother.

"I may be a freakazoid, but I loooooove the way that looks." Clara had a prime view to watch her nephew's fat, veiny cock slide into her sister. "I wish you could see this, Peggy."

"Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh," Peggy said.

"It looks ... far out." Ross gripped his mother's hips, pulled back, and slammed into her. He took a few more experimental thrusts and found a rhythm. "Wow ... wow ... Mom ... your ass ... is shaking."

"I know ... I know ... I know ... sweetie." Peggy clawed at the table. She didn't know if the flashes she saw were lightning from outside or fireworks of ecstasy in her mind. "It's shaking ... for you ... for you ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." Her eyes rolled back, and she had her second orgasm of the night.

Clara finally released Peggy's hair and sat back on the sofa. She buried her fingers in her pussy and watched her sister and nephew mate.

Mother and son humped right into the new year. A little after midnight, Ross was ready. "Shit ... Mom ... you're ... so ... tight ... I'm gonna ..."

"The Seed ... The Seed ... The Seed ..." Peggy and Clara chanted in unison.

When Ross roared out his climax, the women screamed in ecstasy together. They were in perfect harmony. As the pleasure died back, Ross pulled his cock out of his mother and rested it on her ass. It spurted twice more, shooting sticky white goo across her back and into her hair. "I think we ... finished ... the game." Ross panted.

For a time, all three were quiet, listening to their own panting and the drumming rain.

Finally, Clara broke the silence. "We have until morning. Want to play again?"

Peggy and Ross looked over at her, smiling. "Yes," they said at once. Peggy climbed off the coffee table and they reset their pieces at Start.

Chronicles of Abrollin (On Hold)

Chapter 1

The massive Bengal tiger stepped closer to the twins. “And remember this. Do not look for a way back into Abrollin. You have found childish adventures here as children. But as adults, you would, I fear, see a whole different side of my lands.” The tiger breathed his hot breath on their faces, and the twins departed back to Earth.

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“We’re only here for Christmas, Nigel. Not for Abrollin.” Gertrude let her twin brother pull her through the long, dark halls of their uncle’s mansion. They were twenty years old now, and this was their first time back at the gateway to so many of their miraculous journeys. “Even if the door was still there, we wouldn’t go through it. Would we?”

“I think we might.” Nigel laughed. They entered the old gallery, and sure enough, the painting hung on the wall like it always had. The sight of it was unnaturally compelling. Before either knew what they were doing, they had stepped into the canvas and out of their earthly realm.

The sunlight blinded them, and the sand scalded their feet.

“Oh, gosh. We’re naked.” Gertrude’s hands went to her chest and between her legs to cover herself from her brother.

“I’d forgotten we couldn’t take our clothes through.” Nigel let out a careless laugh and covered himself. “Remember how we used to fashion makeshift clothes from the yallala leaves? I see a tree over there.” The twins climbed the dune and dressed themselves in foliage as best they could.

“Does this place seem different to you?” She thought back to the tiger’s last words to them. “The light seems harsher, maybe. And the air acrid.”

“Maybe.” Nigel looked around. “We’re somewhere in the south, obviously. I don’t remember any islands this way, but ...”

“Who goes there?” A faun stepped slowly out of the forest tugging behind him a donkey laden with yallala leaves.

“Hello, good faun.” Nigel tried to avert his eyes from the faun’s lower half. A gargantuan goat’s penis hung there. Nigel leaned toward his sister. “Did we not notice their anatomy before? Do you remember seeing such a sight?”

“Never.” Gertrude shook her head. “I mean ... I just never thought about it.” The faun wore a dirty, tweed jacket and a tie, but no trousers. “Come to think of it, why don’t they wear pants?” She whispered.

“What are you whispering about then?” The faun scowled at them. “Wait ... are you a son of Prometheus? And you a daughter of Athena?”

The twins smiled at those words. This really was the same old Abrollin, even if some things seemed a little different. They nodded their agreement.

“Well, this island is no place for ones such as yourselves. My name is Mr. Blinken. I’ve got a boat in the cove over there.” He eyed the humans, his gaze lingering on Gertrude. “I don’t have room for the two of you. Not with my donkey, and the leaves.”

“Hello,” the donkey said.

“Hello.” The twins smiled at him.

“We can’t split up,” Gertrude explained. “This is my twin brother, Nigel. And I’m Gertrude.”

Mr. Blinken let out a chortle as he pulled his donkey toward the water. “That’s funny. We have stories from ancient times about a king and queen just as yourselves. With the same names. Anyway, I’ll take the lighter of the two of you. The daughter of Athena. I’ll take you, Miss Gertrude, straight to the castle. They’ll send a caravel back to pick up Nigel here. Very fast ship. He shouldn’t have to spend the night here.”

“We’ll both wait for the caravel then,” Gertrude said. She and Nigel were forced to walk along with the faun and his donkey to carry on the conversation or the biting wind would have carried off their voices.

“What you have to understand, Miss Gertrude, is that the castle won’t take my word for it. They’ll need to meet one of you before they’ll send a ship as precious as a caravel.” Mr. Blinken sighted his boat and changed course a little to head straight for it. He hoped the humans couldn’t read his face well. He was so excited.

“It’s fine, Gert.” Nigel patted his sister on the back. “It seems a sturdy boat. Mr. Blinken makes a fine first friend on our return. Go with him. Send the caravel. I’ll wait right here.” The goat penis was so long that he could see it dangling between the faun’s legs from behind. He felt queasy and looked away. It would be okay. When had a faun ever steered them wrong?

“Okay, Nigel.” She kissed his cheek. “I’ll be in the prow of that caravel. Look for me before nightfall.” She waved to her brother and then followed the faun and donkey aboard the boat. They cast off and she saw her brother blowing her a kiss. She blew one back. Then the boat hit a current and drifted swiftly away.

~~

Night came upon Nigel’s island quickly. He had been so confident in his sister’s return that he hadn’t foraged or readied a fire. The moonless sky had a certain blackness he hadn’t remembered from Abrollin in nights past. Were the stars fainter? Or maybe that’s how they always looked to a grown man. Perspective was a tricky thing.

Strange, disquieting sounds filled the forest. Nigel thought about sleeping on the beach, but that seemed too vulnerable a spot. Instead, he climbed a tree and spent a fitful night shivering in a crook between branches.

In the morning, Nigel jumped down from the tree expecting to see the caravel anchored just off shore. But there was only silver water and the distant dark line of the mainland. He sat under a tree and waited. When nothing came of that by midday, he knew he needed to find water and food. The caravel would wait for him if it arrived while he was in the forest.

No ship came that day. Or the next. Or the next. Nigel stared out at the distant shore. It was too far to swim. He was stuck until his sister’s return. As he collected firewood, he prayed that would be soon.

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The faun’s penis was misshapen, and bent downward appallingly. Gertrude couldn’t believe the situation she’d found herself in. They were out in the middle of the strait, the stupid donkey looking on, while the faun mounted her from behind. The little boat shook and rocked as he humped her. She was bent over the stern, looking back to the distant speck of her brother’s island. “This is ... ugh ... really ... enough ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... Mr. Blinken. I am ... not a maenad ... you must ... ugh ... stop this.”

“You will not ... uh ... uh ... uh ... ask me to stop ... much longer ... ugh ... daughter of Athena. I will show you ... the true ... passion of ... ugh ... the wild. A man ... cannot compete ... with a faun’s cock.” Mr. Blinken took her hair and gained more control over his bucking mare.

“No ... no ... ooooohhhhhhhhhh.” Gertrude closed her eyes and tried to pretend it was her boyfriend from Earth behind her. But the faun was right, her boyfriend could not foment the flow of wetness and ecstasy that sprang from her vagina. She was overcome by new joys that betrayed the woman she was on Earth. Gertrude screamed out her passion and orgasmed on that dreadful penis.

As the small boat neared shore, Mr. Blinken readied himself to meet his own climax. What a foolish woman that she did not know that there were few maenads in left Abrollin. It was common knowledge that fauns and satyrs resorted to breeding other species for pleasure and offspring. A daughter of Athena was, of course, a prized pairing. With an ear-piercing bleat, Mr. Blinken unloaded in the woman, and then let her slump in the stern. He smiled at the dazed expression on her face. She had been stupefied by the fucking. Not the first mate that had responded to Mr. Blinken that way.

He let her lie naked on the bottom boards, his white stuff oozing out from between her legs. He turned and piloted the boat toward the dock.

“You should not have done that.” The donkey chewed on some hay as he spoke.

“She’s perfect. Why shouldn’t I?” Mr. Blinken glanced at the animal.

“Because she is the High Queen Gertrude returned, and our current king will want to have her himself. He would have wanted her unsullied. You’ve ruined her.” The donkey was a practical sort, and didn’t want his master beheaded. Then it would be onto a new master, and better the devil you know ...

Mr. Blinken laughed a long time. Finally, as the boat settled against the dock, he calmed. “Those are old wives’ stories, donkey. She is no more a high queen than I am a tiger.”

“If you say so, Mr. Blinken. If you say so.” The donkey, however, was quite sure his master was wrong.

Chapter 2

“Why do you linger on this island, son of Prometheus?” The rough voice came out of nowhere.

“What creature is speaking?” Nigel looked around but saw no one in the wood. He looked down and spied a badger peeking at him from behind a log. “Did you address me, good badger?”

“I did. And keep it quiet. We don’t want them to hear you. Notice the fading light.” The badger waved his paws up toward the reddening sky. “They like to sing at dusk. If they sing directly to you, resist them with all your might.”

“Who is it that you fear?”

“The sirens. They love to mate with young men such as yourself, and when they’re done with you ... um ... well, let’s say it’s too grisly for a badger to watch. And that’s saying something.” The badger crept closer. “What are you doing here? Where are you from?”

“I am from ...” Nigel stopped. “That is the most beautiful sound.”

“Cover your ears, son of Prometheus! They have discovered us.” The badger watched the man turn and walk toward the shore as if pulled like a fish on a line. “What did I just say? Resist it!” The badger kicked a pinecone. “Drat, now he’s as good as eaten. Now, I’ll never even know his name.” He turned and trudged off, muttering to himself.

Wearing only his yallala leaves, Nigel approached the sandy beach. He could see a beautiful, blue woman splashing in the waves, weaving the most gorgeous song he’d ever heard with a voice like chiming bells. He had once learned something of sirens, but he couldn’t seem to remember what it was. The melody pushed all thought from his mind. He found himself wading out into the waves.

“Come to me ... you are so strong ... come in me ... it won’t be long ... let us dance ... among the forests below. Come meet your wife ... I am she ... Give me your salt ... of the sea ... come follow your sweet Undertow.” The siren sang and smiled, beckoning the man out to her. Her blue and green webbed fingers coaxed him closer and closer. Her heavy breasts swayed like the sea around her. The webbing under her arms caught the light of the setting sun, becoming almost translucent.

“I am here,” Nigel said. “But I can’t leave with you until my sister returns with the ... uuugggggghhhhhhh.” He sucked in water. To his great surprise the siren had dragged him under. The salt stung his eyes and burned his lungs. They moved so quickly that the tug of water removed his leaves. He was once again naked. Trying to reach the surface, he clawed at the arm that held him, but her grip would not budge. His air was running out. He tried desperately to wait for them to surface. Surely this beautiful female creature did not mean to drown him. A few more seconds passed, and the world went black around him.

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“Mr. Blinken, I must protest.” Gertrude stood naked in the faun’s cabin, her arms crossed over her chest. “We can’t keep doing it. I have to return to my brother. He’s been on that island for days.” She watched his strange penis enlarge, curving downward in its goatish way.

“I promise we will go to the castle for the caravel right after one last mating. I can’t keep my hands off my new wife.” Mr. Blinken approached her with a wide smile.

“I am not your wife. I have a boyfriend back home.” She uncrossed her arms and licked her lips. Why did this hideous creature have to be so good at sex? This was all Nigel’s fault. They should never have returned to Abrollin. “And at this point, we don’t need the caravel. If you would just let me use your boat, it would take me no more than a day to fetch Nigel.”

“Very well, you may use my boat.” The faun took the daughter of Athena into his arms. He could feel her melt at his touch. “Right after you perform your wifely duties one more time.”

“Fine.” Gertrude regretted making her brother wait, but she wouldn’t get another chance at such ecstasy once she left the faun. What a strange thought. Abrollin was so different for a woman in her twenties. “Shall I start with my mouth again?” Without waiting for a reply, she dropped to her knees, took hold of his long penis, and caressed it with her tongue.

Two hours later, Mr. Blinken’s donkey peered in the window at the rutting couple. The daughter of Athena, or Queen Gertrude as the donkey thought of her, rode the faun with wild abandon. If she was indeed the queen of old returned, she was a horny monarch for sure. Perhaps her womanly body was overwhelmed by a different anatomy. The donkey felt that was likely. Given her own obvious cravings, and the fact that Mr. Blinken was not very likely to let her go anytime soon, the donkey felt he should probably intervene. It wouldn’t be the first time he had crossed his master.

~~

It seemed like he would cough up water forever. But Nigel eventually finished retching and looked around. He was in a grotto on a small mossy island. Reflections of morning daylight bounced off the water’s surface and lit the ceiling with a mercurial, flowing display. He gave a jump when he saw he was not alone. Lying on her back several feet away, was the aquatic woman who had dragged him there. Not a woman, it was plain to see from her amphibious features. She was a siren, he remembered, and she had her legs open with the most inviting expression on her face.

“I didn’t catch your name at the shore.” Her voice was smooth as silk. “You know me as Undertow, and you are ...?”

“I am Nigel.” He tried to get his bearings. The island was, of course, surrounded by water. The cave had only the one exit. And the inky depths looked rather ominous to

him. "And you, Undertow, almost drowned me. That is no way to make friends." He turned a look of reproach upon her. Her heavy breasts hung to the sides. He found her curves beguiling.

"We will be more than friends, Nigel." She beckoned him with her hand. "Come to me and rest your tired head on my breast."

"Return me to the beach, please." Nigel remembered almost drowning on the voyage over. "Or rather, could you direct me? I can find my own way."

"Rest your head ... my lost man ... come to bed ... I've got a plan ... to have you ... ugh ..."

Undertow stopped her song for a brief moment when he climbed between her legs and entered her. She reached around and took hold of his butt, pressing him deeper inside. "... to have you ... all to my own ... in the sea ... we'll make our home." She sang to him as he humped her, her eyes rolling back in her head. Sons of Prometheus were stupid, but they were always fierce between her legs. It had been so long since she'd consumed the vitality of one so strong.

"Ohhhhhh ... so tight ... uuuuggghhhhhh." Nigel's hips were a blur. He had never been so turned on. He planted his hands on her blue tits and pushed himself up so he could gaze down on her beauty. Her song and her pussy wrapped themselves around his very soul. "I ... uh ... uh ... uh ... love you ... Undertow. I'm ... cumming." He violently slammed his hips into hers a few final times. The siren's song tugged at him. He had barely caught his breath when his hips started again. He wanted to fill her with all his brine.

~~

It took a while for Gertrude to clean herself. Mr. Blinken had deposited so much sticky stuff in her and on her. She washed with seawater by the dock, catching the donkey watching her. "It is impolite to stare, Donkey."

"Forgive me, Your Majesty." The donkey bowed a little with its front legs. "But I thought it might please you to learn that there is a dress about your size in that crate over there."

Gertrude went over and opened the crate. Sure enough, there were several dresses inside and one fit her very well indeed. It was a bit tattered, and smelled of the sea, but it would do. "Thank you, Donkey. That was very kind of you."

"My master does not mean to let you go," the donkey said in a whisper. "He is charming, I know, but also quite enamored of your beauty. Fauns are a lascivious race, after all."

"When I was in Abrollin before they were always so –"

“I have stowed some food and water in the boat.” The donkey backed up to the cabin’s front door. “Go now and I will distract my master.”

“Oh ...” Gertrude nodded. “Thank you again. It was quite an eye-opening experience. But Nigel must be worried sick.” She hopped into the boat and set about untying it from the dock.

“Hey ... what’s this?” Mr. Blinken peered out a window. “Thief. You’re stealing my boat. Thief!” He pulled his head back in and raced for the door. The moment he exited the cabin, two hooves hit him square in the chest. “Ooooooooooooooooo.” The donkey’s kick lifted the faun clean off his feet and sent him flying into the sea. When he came to the surface, sputtering, he could see his boat leaving the dock.

“Goodbye, Donkey.” Gertrude waved. “Goodbye, Mr. Blinken. I wish one of you much happiness.” She turned from the smiling donkey and the wet faun. She had a keen sense of navigation. She would be back with her brother on the island in no time. She wondered if she should tell him what happened. Abrollin was not the place they had thought it was. Who knows, maybe Nigel would have his own stories to tell.

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“Love ... you ... I love ... you ... Undertow.” Despite feeling completely drained, Nigel continued to hump the siren. He was starting to worry that his heart might burst in his chest. But as long as the song incited his arousal, he could not stop. He had cum more times in her than he could count. His penis hurt. His balls seemed on the verge of imploding. And yet he continued.

“Come in me ... again tonight ... like the tides –” Undertow’s rhyme was overwhelmed by giggles in the cave. Laughter swirled all around them. The siren stopped singing and stood, fiercely waving a webbed finger at the water. “Do not approach, mermaid. He is mine.” More giggles echoed off the grotto walls. The siren tried to follow the sound to its source, spinning around. So concerned was she that she didn’t notice the pair of white, slender arms reach out of the water and take hold of Nigel’s withered form.

“What?” Nigel looked over to see a pale, laughing face.

“Shh.” The woman smiled at him and winked. “I am here to save you.” And quickly she pulled Nigel under the water.

He shut his eyes tight expecting the saltwater to sting and burn again, but that was not the case. When he opened his eyes, he saw that there was an air bubble around his head.

And his savior wasn't a woman, for she had a glittering, scaly tail instead of legs, ending with a powerful fin. "What happened?"

The mermaid swam on, powerfully moving them into the open sea. She leaned her head into his air bubble and spoke. "A badger sought me out and told me the tale of Undertow's latest victim. A son of Prometheus, no less. I could not let her consume you."

"No more singing ... please ... I can't go on." Nigel let her pull him to her bare bosom as they streaked through the water.

"No more singing. I am your friend." The mermaid looked behind her and sped up. The siren was giving chase, but she would never catch them. The son of Prometheus was safe. At least for the time being.

Chapter 3

"Nigel ... Nigel!" Gertrude looked up and down the empty beach. She tied Mr. Blinken's boat to a tall rock and shaded her eyes. There was no sign of her brother. "I'm back! Nigel?" Her voice echoed off the tree line. "There was no caravel. It was a trick!" She got no response. She waded out to the boat, grabbed the pack, and slung it over her shoulders. "Good donkey," she whispered to herself. She waded back to dry land. A breeze tugged at her wet dress, billowing her top, but the sopping skirt didn't budge. She shivered despite the hot sand between her toes. "What now?"

"I would suggest you leave this beach. That's for sure." A rough voice startled Gertrude.

"Who's there?" She whirled about and saw a badger standing on his hind legs. "Oh, good day to you, Mr. Badger. I can't leave. I'm supposed to meet my brother here."

"Good day to you, daughter of Athena." The badger bowed to the woman. "I know. I know all about it. But he isn't here anymore. A siren absconded with him."

"Oh, no!" Gertrude's hand went to her mouth.

"I tried to warn him. I did." The badger waved a paw in disgust. "But he listened to her instead of me."

Gertrude ran over to the badger and dropped to a knee to get on eye level. "The siren will consume him. Please, tell me which way they went. I must save him."

"You'll never find them out there." He nodded to the sea. "But I am not without a heart. I know where the mermaids play north of the island. I alerted Scylla. With any luck, she will rescue your brother."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Badger." Gertrude hugged him tightly. When she noticed his soft penis pushing into her breast, she quickly let go and pulled back. Of course he had a

penis. When she was last in Abrollin, she had never noted the full anatomy of its creatures. There was an odd expression on the badger's face. Such animals couldn't blush, but she thought his expression was probably his version of such an aspect. "I am very grateful for your assistance. I will wait here for the mermaid to bring him back."

"Did you not hear me upon my arrival?" The badger shook his head. "You should leave this beach. If indeed the siren has lost her prize, she may come back here full of wrath. There are also animals, wild things without the gift of speech, that prowl the forest and these shores. It is especially dangerous at night."

"I can't leave." Gertrude stood straight and folded her arms. "I will wait for my brother."

The badger scowled at her and sighed. "You strike a regal pose." He rubbed his furry chin. "I will stay by your side until your brother returns. If the siren comes for you, place your hands over your ears and follow me into the forest. Deal?"

"Deal." She nodded. "I like your practical nature, Mr. Badger."

"And I admire your devotion." The badger plopped down in the sand. "If your brother doesn't return by nightfall, you cannot stay out here. You may pass the night in my den."

"Is there a Mrs. Badger?" She smiled at the curmudgeon. "I wonder if she will mind a surprise guest."

"I have yet to mate, although my mother wishes it were so. I am quite old to be a bachelor, but there are not many lady badgers on the island. And none have chosen me for a match."

"You have a good heart, Mr. Badger." She sat next to him, cross-legged. She fought the urge to pat his head, knowing it would be an affront to his dignity. "You'll make a lady badger very happy one day."

"Thank you, daughter of Athena," he grumbled. "Do you have anything in that pack to eat while we wait? This would normally be my foraging time."

"I would be delighted to share with you." She pulled off the pack and put together a picnic for them.

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Nigel dreamed that he floated among the clouds light as a feather, drifting aimlessly. When his sleep came to an end, he found that the sensation of floating did not leave him. He opened his eyes, sat up quickly, and blinked in amazement. He was in a room

that looked very much like other homes he had seen in Abrollin. It was paneled with dark, waterlogged wood. The furniture was made of mother-of-pearl, and topped with all sort of keepsakes, treasures, and knickknacks. There were framed portraits on the walls. He was in a bed with luxurious covers. But all of it swayed and moved constantly with the water that filled the space. "Hello!" His voice sounded hollow. Panic surged, but then he put his hand to his face and found that he still had the bubble of air around his head.

"Hello!" Scylla beamed at her guest. She was seated next to the bed, carefully watching over Nigel as he slept. "You look much better." She placed a hand on his bare chest when he tried to rise. "But don't leave quite yet. You still have some of the siren's poison inside you." She pushed him onto his back, and he settled onto the soft mattress. Her hair floated in a halo around her head. Her face was round, warm, and alluring. Her tail quietly pushed at the water, as a human might tap her foot on the floor.

"You ... are not a siren." Nigel breathed a sigh of relief. His bubble fogged up temporarily.

"Do I look like an awful, siphoning siren?" The cheery smile never left Scylla's face. "Now, let's get you fully mended." She pulled down the covers and exposed his soft penis. "It's not such an imposing thing, is it? I'm not sure why sirens get so worked up over sons of Prometheus."

"What are you doing?" Nigel recoiled as she reached for his penis. He wanted no more sea creatures to drain his essence, however pretty they might be.

"Calm yourself. I have no intent to suck you." Her boobs floated in different directions as she leaned her mouth toward his exhausted tool.

"Oh, good." He bit his lip as he watched her, wondering what she was up to.

"I will blow the poison out instead." She held his penis firmly. "Be still." She lowered her mouth unto the organ and blew, bubbles steadily escaping around the penis.

"Ooohhhhhhhh ... noooooooo ... I thought ..." Nigel's eyes crossed. He pressed his head into the pillow and gripped the mattress tightly with both hands. Even in his state of heightened pleasure, he could tell she was helping him. This mermaid's action was wholesome and without seduction. He let her blow the poison out. Even when he was fully rigid, and her head began to bob, he made no move to stop her. He watched the bubbles rise from her act and collect under the ceiling.

Scylla worked hard at her task. The siren had almost destroyed the man in her care. She poured her own vitality into her work, restoring the man to his fullness. When he was ready to explode, she stopped blowing, massaged his ripe testicles in her hands, and accepted his gushing brine.

“Aaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” Nigel arched his back off the bed and orgasmed. He could hear her gulping through the bubble. When he was done, he watched her lift her head off him with that same warm smile. “That was incredible. Thank you, Scylla. I feel ... myself again.”

The mermaid wiped her lips. “It was my pleasure.” She pulled his covers back up to his chin. “Rest now. I must consult with my mother, but I will be back soon.” She kissed him on the forehead. “I will sing you no lullaby, for fear of reminding you of ... her. But I ask you to sleep.”

“I am ... drowsy.” Nigel yawned. He could feel the gentle pull of the water rocking him slowly side to side. “I’ll just take a quick nap.” He closed his eyes, yawned again, and was quickly asleep.

“Pleasant dreams.” Scylla put a hand to her breast in contentment with a job well done. She swished her tail and quietly swam from the room.

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“Dusk is here.” The badger scanned the darkening horizon and stood. “We can wait no longer.” A strange hissing sound carried to them from out of the forest. “Perhaps we should have left a short time ago.”

“Right.” The truculent noise coming from the woods sapped Gertrude of any countervailing arguments. She stood and mounted her pack on her back. “Lead the way, Mr. Badger.”

Without further words, the badger dropped onto all fours and lumbered into the forest. He knew a daughter of Athena would have long strides, so he didn’t worry about her keeping up. They moved quickly. But despite their haste, the hissing sound drew nearer.

“I hate to ... ask ... Mr. Badger. But ... what is that creature ... following us?” Sweat cascaded down Gertrude’s body and her lungs burned. She was not used to such exercise. Well, not at home at least. In Abrollin, Mr. Blinken had certainly worked her out.

“Shh. It can hear us,” whispered the badger. He picked up the pace. The creature was closer to them than the woman supposed.

Gertrude was in a full sprint now, but she dared not ask her companion to slow down. She was breathing so hard, she feared she might faint. The hissing was directly behind her and quite loud. With relief, she saw the badger stop at a stout, round door and swing

it open. She bowed low to follow him in and sprawled on the cool, stone floor. She heard the door slam behind them, and the sound of a turning lock.

“I will ... never marry ... if I am eaten ... helping ... one of you survive.” The badger panted, pushing his back up against the door.

“Did Nigel ... spend the night here ... before the siren ...?” Gertrude looked around her. It was a lovely den. On her left, she could see a tidy kitchen with a clean, little kettle on the stove. Straight ahead was the living room with reclining furniture sized just right for a large badger. The room’s focal point was a grand, dark fireplace. To her right was a dimly-lit room that she guessed was his bedroom. She wondered where she would sleep.

“I only found your brother right before the siren took him.” The badger shrugged apologetically. “He must have slept in the trees. But ... I imagine he’s safe with the merpeople now. You needn’t worry about him.”

“Thank you, Mr. Badger.” Gertrude sat up and smiled. The vaulted ceiling wasn’t too far above her head. She would have to stoop as she moved about the place. “You are very kind. Would you mind ...?” She glanced longingly into the kitchen. “If it’s not too much of a bother, do you think we could have some tea?”

“Of course.” The badger nodded like he was happy to hear her talking sense. “I’ll get the kettle on.”

Anything for Robby (Complete)

Chapter 1

Ever since Rob turned eighteen, he had become quite moody and disagreeable. His mother, Betty, tried to discipline him, but she was a pushover. She asked her husband for help. Rob's father sat him down and told him to find a girl. Teenage boys need to let off steam. Rob agreed.

The next day after school, Rob snuck up behind Betty while she worked at the kitchen sink and rubbed himself against her round backside.

"What are you doing, Robby?" Betty turned and gently pushed her son away. "You can't touch me like that."

"I can't help it." Rob's eyes roved over his mother's curves, tucked away in her green housedress. "Dad told me I had to find a pretty girl and make her mine."

"So, go do that and leave me alone." Betty folded her arms over her chest and did her very best to look stern. It didn't come naturally to her.

"You don't get it, Mom." Rob gazed into her pretty eyes. "You're the girl I like best."

"What?" Betty's pale cheeks blushed crimson.

"You're the only one I want." Rob stepped toward his mother and pressed himself against her softness.

"Now, Robby." Betty was pinned, her butt pressed up against the counter. She pushed weakly against his shoulders with her hands. "That can never happen." But she didn't say it with authority.

"Be my girl." Rob placed his hands on her back and drew her into an embrace. He stole an awkward kiss from his mother. Pretty soon, they were making out in the kitchen like a couple lovebirds at the passion pit.

How could this happen? Betty chided herself, but kept kissing her son. She let him explore her mouth with his tongue. She was such a pushover. And when he reached his hands up to her shoulders and pushed her down to her knees, she let him. He dropped his pants and she reached out to stroke his veiny, rigid thing. Motherhood was full of unexpected circumstances and messy situations. But nothing had prepared her for the moment she extended her tongue to lick the head of her son's special gadget.

"Oh, my gosh. Mom, please ..." Rob looked down at her sweet face.

Betty bobbed her head on her son's magic tool, her right hand stroking his length, her left hand pressed onto his butt. After several minutes, she pulled him out of her mouth with an audible plop. She looked up into his dazed eyes. "I do this with your father sometimes. It always relaxes him to put his stuff in my mouth. Do you want that, Robby?"

"Yes." Rob nodded and put both hands on the back of her head. He pulled her mouth back onto his dick.

Betty lovingly took her son's penis into her mouth, slurping and bouncing her head back and forth. She could feel him building up to a release.

"Mom ... it's ..." Rob closed his eyes, jerked his hips, and let loose a torrent of cum down his mom's throat.

Betty gulped, doing her best to swallow the hot, salty mess. When he was done, she pulled her head back and regarded his sweaty face. "There now, all better." She pulled up his pants, tucked in his penis, and sent him to his room for homework. Motherhood was full of surprises.

Chapter 2

Betty thought that helping out Rob that one time with her mouth would be enough to satisfy the eighteen-year-old. Instead, her son talked about going steady with her. That was preposterous. He asked her to go down south on him again. She declined. He asked for another kiss. She demurred, but eventually let him explore her mouth in the living room one day after school. The two made out on the couch for hours, tongues entwined, bodies pressed against each other.

The make out sessions continued and Rob felt emboldened. He smacked Betty's butt when his father wasn't looking. And pressed up against her behind while she tried to prepare dinner. He even started reaching for her boobs, squeezing and hefting them through her dress, when he kissed her. Betty was a good, faithful wife, but she had a hard time saying no to her son. And Rob wanted another blowjob.

One day, mother and son drove home after a shopping trip to Woolworths. "I can't stand it, Mom. I need it." Rob looked over at her from the passenger seat with pained eyes.

"You really want it that bad? Right now?" Betty glanced at him. Her poor boy looked so upset. She couldn't put it off any longer. "Fine, but we'll have to be quick." She turned the car down a side road and parked in an empty alley. How had it come to this? She

leaned over and pulled his penis from his pants. She bent further and took him into her mouth. When he came, she gulped it all down.

After that day, the floodgates opened. Betty went down on him again and again, swallowing load after load. Each day after school, she got down on her knees in the living room, washroom, kitchen, his bedroom, the garage, den, study, and even in the bedroom she shared with her husband.

Even that wasn't enough for the young man. One day, in the kitchen, while Betty lovingly slobbered on her son's tool, Rob pulled her to her feet and turned her around. "I need more, Mom." He turned her around and lifted her housedress around her waist. He pulled down her panties.

"No, Robby. This is going too far." Betty said the right words, but she stepped out of her panties and spread her legs a little. She bent forward and rested her hands on the wall. "You can't do this."

"Dad told me to find a girl." Rob stepped up behind her, dressed only in his cardigan. He looked down at the wonderful, round swell of her ass. "You're my girl, Mom."

"Robby, please. Your father ... oh, my ... you're really going to ..." She felt the penis sliding around back there. "A little lower, sweetheart." She was such a pushover.

"Thanks, Mom." Rob was having trouble finding her entrance. He lowered his dick and slid right in. He put his hands on her hips and got into a good rhythm. The sounds of Betty's mewling, grunting, and "Oh-my-Gods" drove Rob wild. He mated his mother from behind for over an hour.

"Not inside, Robby." Betty was a sweaty mess. She looked over her shoulder at her handsome son. She could tell he was getting close.

"Okay." Rob pulled out and deposited his biggest load yet on her ass.

When he was done, Betty straightened and turned around. "I'm going to go get cleaned up. Now go finish your homework before your father gets home." Betty hustled off toward the laundry room to save her dress from staining.

Rob smiled, his mind already contemplating their next copulation.

Chapter 3

After that one time when Betty let Rob mount her, he asked for more of the same each and every day. Betty refused him, but offered to satisfy him with her mouth. And so, the blowjobs continued, but she managed to keep her eighteen-year-old son out of her

panties. Betty lost track of how many times her son had blasted down her throat. So much salty, messy cum.

One Friday night, Betty's husband informed her that he'd go out drinking with his pals. Betty had hoped for a special night with her husband, wanting to rekindle a little magic in their bedroom. But off he went.

"What's wrong, Mom?" Rob found her lying on the couch.

"Your father's gone off drinking with his buddies." Betty sat up with a frown.

"Cheer up." Rob sat next to her and put his arm around her shoulders. "Let's go to the movies."

So, Betty drove them to *The Seven Year Itch* at the drive-in.

"This is fun." Rob passed her the popcorn from the passenger seat. The movie had just started. "Why don't we get into the back? It'll be more comfortable."

"I don't think so, Robby. That's what a boy does with his girlfriend." Betty shook her pretty blonde head.

"You are my girl." Rob climbed into the back of the automobile. "That's why you're always going down on me. Right? Now get back here."

Betty blushed. She was such a pushover. She gingerly hoisted herself over the seat and into the backseat with Rob. She leaned up against his shoulder for a while. Looking down, she could see the tent in his pants, waiting for her. "Robby? Would you like me to take care of it?"

"Yeah." Rob watched her pull down his pants and underwear.

"You're especially big tonight, sweetheart." Betty took a firm grip, her left hand on his left ball, her right stroking his erection. She lowered her mouth in the dark car and bobbed her head up and down. The car filled with the sounds of her slurping and gagging. Before long she coaxed out his load, gulping it down.

"Thanks, Mom." Rob sighed. He'd completely forgotten about Marilyn Monroe up on the big screen. "But we've still got some time in the movie."

Betty looked up at him with wide eyes. "Again?"

"Yes, but not that." Rob pulled her onto his lap. He pulled up her dress and removed her panties. He unbuttoned the top of her dress and pulled down her bra, exposing her magnificent boobs.

“I keep telling you, Robby, we can’t.” Betty looked down at his hard gadget as it moved between her legs. “Ugh,” she said dumbly as he shoved it in. Despite her words, she was wet and accommodating.

Betty couldn’t help it, her hips rocked and drove him deep inside her. She just couldn’t get him to listen to her. Not ever. Twenty minutes later, she could tell he was close. “Not inside, Robby,” she said weakly.

“Sorry ... Mom.” Rob grunted like an animal and unleashed a torrent inside her.

Later, Betty drove them home in silence, cum leaking into her panties. Her mind was at war, equal parts satisfaction and guilt. She wondered what Rob would get away with next.

Chapter 4

There are many problems when opening a Pandora’s Box. One issue, Betty discovered, is that once you open the thing, it is near impossible to close. And so, Sunday morning before church, while her husband golfed, Betty gave in to her eighteen-year-old son again. They were already dressed in their Sunday best, but Rob wanted to undo that.

“Robby ... please ...” Betty offered feeble resistance as Rob roughly removed her dress. “If you’re going to do this, we need to use one of your father’s condoms.” She melted a little as Rob leaned in for a kiss.

Rob broke the kiss and pulled the dress over her head. “Fine, Mom. But you have to put it on.”

“Okay, sweetheart.” In only her heels, panties, and bra, Betty ran upstairs. “We have to hurry. I want us ready for church when your father gets home.” She moved into her bedroom and opened the nightstand drawer. She hoped her husband wouldn’t notice one missing condom as she tore the packet open.

“I love watching your butt as you run.” Rob followed her into the bedroom. “I could watch that all day.” Rob dropped his suit jacket on the floor. He tossed his pants and underwear behind him. His dick swung right below his shirt and tie. “You have such a wide, round butt, Mom.”

“Oh, my gosh, Robby.” Betty blushed, walked over to her son, and dropped to her knees. “Don’t say things like that.” She carefully rolled the condom onto Rob’s erect penis. It barely fit his large gadget.

“Lose the bra. I wanna see your boobs.” Rob smiled as he watched her tits drop out of confinement.

A few minutes later, Betty found herself on all fours on her marital bed with Rob plowing away at her from behind. “Not so ... ooohhhh ... not so rough, Robby. You’re ... really big.” She thought about her husband. Was he on the 15th hole right now? The 16th? She wondered at how he could be so oblivious to something as monumental as her surrender to their son.

“You’re my girl, Mom. Don’t complain.” He slapped at her butt and thrilled at her little yelp in response. “Dad’s lost you. You’re mine now.” Rob grabbed her ponytail and pulled her hair.

“No,” Betty squealed. “I love ... your father.” She marveled at the way Rob handled her. Everything he wanted Betty gave him. She felt Rob’s penis touch deep inside her and her orgasm approached.

“Okay.” Rob slapped at her white ass again. “But you’re a better mother than a wife.”

That sent Betty over the edge. With Rob in complete control, she shrieked out a massive climax.

“You can be my girl and his girl.” Rob’s cum churned in his balls. He was close. “I don’t care.” He let go of her hair and grabbed her hips with both hands. He convulsed and unloaded into the overtaxed condom.

When he was done, he pulled out of her and looked down at the ballooned prophylactic. “What should I do with the condom?” He peeled it off and walked into Betty’s bathroom.

“Leave it on some tissue in there.” Betty rolled onto her side, pleasure still rippling through her. “I’ll take care of it. We can’t have your father finding a used condom.”

Rob did as instructed and then got dressed again. Betty slowly redressed herself, disposed of the condom, and then readied herself for church. By the time her husband returned, they were ready for Sunday services.

Chapter 5

Slippery slopes will drag a person to the bottom. Betty found herself slipping. Her 18-year-old son, Rob, had nudged her out onto a licentious decline, and now she couldn’t find any traction. The housewife didn’t know where the bottom of this lust pit was, but she knew she was headed there.

One stop for Betty on the way down her slope was at the five-and-dime, buying a box of extra-large condoms. Her husband’s condoms could barely contain Rob’s penis, so they needed more protection. Also, Rob’s father was sure to miss his condoms if Rob used too

many of them. Betty paid the store clerk, a deep blush on her cheeks, and rushed to get home before school let out for the day.

Several hours later, Betty found herself naked, on her back, with her legs spread in the air. She was in her son's room, looking up at the ceiling, while Rob punished her vagina with long, powerful strokes. All around them on Rob's bed, lay torn condom packets and used condoms. Rob had taken her up to his room right when he got home and hadn't stopped mating her since.

"Your father ... will be home ... uh ... uh ... uh ... soon." Betty couldn't believe her son could keep going like he was. She wondered if he would just leave his penis inside her 24 hours a day if she let him. "We have to ... oooohhhh ... clean up, Robby. I need to ..."
Betty's large breasts wobbled and shifted back and forth on her chest with every thrust. "... make dinner."

"Just a little longer, Mom." Rob moved her legs over his shoulders to get some additional leverage. "Are you my girl now? Is this my pussy?"

Betty shook her head and looked away from her son at one of the posters on his wall. There was a smiling cowboy on a horse with an Indian woman riding next to him. It was from some movie Rob liked, but still she wondered if that Indian had given herself to that cowboy like Betty was giving in to Rob.

"Dad doesn't deserve your pussy." Rob stopped his hips and pressed his dick all the way inside her, holding it there. "I should get you all to myself."

"Share with your ... father." Betty's eyes rolled as she felt him moving organs around inside her.

"I shouldn't have to share all of you with Dad." Rob pulled out of her, grabbed her right hip, and flipped her onto her stomach. He pulled off the condom and tossed it behind him. His dick was slick with cum. He pushed her legs together and nudged her buttocks with his purple head. "Dad ever do you here?"

"No," Betty squeaked. No one had ever put their gadget in her backside.

"This will be my hole then." Rob slid several inches into her butt. He watched his mother tense her back and grip his sheet tightly with both hands. "I should get one hole that's all mine. That okay with you?"

"Yes ... Robby. So tight." Betty was such a pushover. She felt pain at first, but that quickly changed as Rob slid more into her. Several minutes later, her hips were bouncing off the mattress as Rob gave it to her from behind. Her shrieks filled the house. "Take it for yourself, Robby. Take my butt," she howled.

After Rob finished, Betty wobbled toward the door, holding her clothes behind her to catch the cum that leaked out of her backside. "Clean up those condoms and change the sheet," she said in a shaky voice. She stopped at the door and leaned against the frame. "Don't let your father see them in the trash."

"Sure, Mom." Rob, his dick finally deflating, picked the used condoms off the bed.

"I'm going to go get cleaned and make dinner." Betty walked down the hall on unsteady legs.

Chapter 6

Betty hadn't played Cowboys and Indians with her eighteen-year-old son in years. But one day when Rob got home from school, that's what he wanted to do. He asked her to find an old Halloween costume she had worn to take him trick-or-treating when he was little. Betty said she didn't know where it was and it probably wouldn't fit anymore anyway. But Rob persisted, and Betty eventually hunted it down. She was such a pushover.

Later, she walked into his room. Rob waited for her in a cowboy outfit, hat perched back on his head.

"What do you think, Robby?" Betty twirled for her son. She wore a buckskin dress with fringe hanging from the sleeves and the sides. She had a leather headband with a feather sticking out of her blonde hair. And she'd applied some black makeup in horizontal stripes on her cheeks to look like warpaint.

"It's perfect, Mom." Rob's dick instantly went rock hard.

"Now, how do you want to play?" Betty smiled, ready to have some wholesome fun with her son for a change. "I could pretend to be on a raiding party? Or we could just spend time on the ranch?"

"I had something else in mind." Rob pulled down his chaps and pants and stroked his dick.

"Oh." Betty's smile faded and her eyes zeroed in on that ample penis. She supposed it was sexy to see Rob in his cowboy outfit. "I see. Well, then we better get your condoms." Betty stepped over to his nightstand.

"No." Rob watched her butt sway under her costume. "Cowboys and Indians didn't use condoms."

"But ..." Betty opened the drawer and reached in. Her hand stopped before grabbing the box.

“Don’t worry. I’ll finish in your butt.” Rob stood, walked behind her, and lifted her dress. “Indians didn’t wear panties, Mom.” Rob pulled off her panties and tossed them away.

Ten minutes later, Betty was bent over the nightstand, looking at the unused box of condoms in the open drawer. Her buckskin dress was bunched around her hips. She thought about how good her son’s bare penis felt inside her and grunted her way through her third orgasm of the afternoon. She’d allowed him finish in her vagina before, but she couldn’t let him make a habit out of it. “My ... butt ... Robby. Not ... my vagina.” Even as she said the words, she kept pushing her hips back at him.

“Sure, Mom.” Rob pulled out of her pussy and slammed his slick cock into her asshole.

“Oooooooooohhhhhh.” Betty gave no resistance when Rob tugged down her dress, flopping her boobs out in the open.

“At least ... uh ... uh ... you’re not wearing a bra. Indians didn’t ... wear bras.” Rob held tightly to her hip with his right hand and grabbed her left boob with his left. “So ... tight ... Mom.” He loved that one hole he didn’t have to share with his father. “Here it ... comes.” Rob let loose a torrent of cum in her ass.

“Rooobbbbyyyyyy.” Betty shivered and took his seed. She had told her husband when they’d married that she’d never do anal sex. But Rob mating her there was already second nature to her. Betty looked over to Rob’s cowboy poster and again imagined that Indian woman giving herself to that rough rider. This time it was up the butt.

“Thanks, Mom. That was the best Cowboys and Indians ever.” Rob pulled out of her with a plop.

“You’re welcome, Robby.” Betty straightened and pulled her costume back into place. “Maybe we could do it again, sometime.” She turned, gave Rob a kiss on the cheek, and left to put a housedress back on.

Chapter 7

Betty started to see herself as having two husbands. There was the inattentive one, blind to his son’s maneuvers. And there was her eighteen-year-old son, Rob. She found herself performing more wifely duties for Rob than her actual husband. As Rob’s demands increased, Betty’s other responsibilities around the house fell behind. She wondered when her husband would notice.

One weekday afternoon, as was typical on schooldays, Betty found herself naked in her son’s room. She rode her son backwards, with his cowboy hat perched on her head. Their clothes were spread all around Rob’s floor. And Rob’s penis was in a familiar spot, buried deep in her butt.

“Yeeehaaaaawwww, ride it cowgirl.” Rob slapped Betty’s butt and watched it wobble.

“Don’t do that, Robby.” Betty looked over her shoulder at him, her face flushed. *Could he tell that she secretly liked it?* “I’m your mother and you need to show me some respect.” Her hips continued to rock.

“Come on, Mom.” Rob laughed and slapped her butt again. “I can tell you like it. Plus, you have the most amazing ass.” Rob reached for her arms and pulled them back. He placed her hands on her butt. “See what I mean?”

“Um, thank you, sweetie. I guess.” Betty’s blush deepened. She felt her butt with her fingers. Each globe was round, firm, and deliciously supple. “I guess I do have a nice butt.”

“Yeah, you do.” Rob gazed at her left ass cheek and eyed the wedding ring pressed into her flesh. “Slap it.” He loved the way she moved her hips back and forth with a little wiggle. Before he’d made her his girl, he’d never have guessed his mom could move like that. “Go ahead and slap it.”

Betty shook her head and looked forward, hands still on her butt.

“Go on.” Rob pulled her left hand off her butt and slapped it back down. “Like that.”

“Oh,” Betty gave a little yelp. Her hips sped up. She felt him lift her right hand and slap it back down. “Ooh.” She looked down at his cute, round toes. When had her boy grown up? It was certainly sometime before he’d talked her into that first blowjob. Betty slapped her own butt without help and felt its luscious wobble. “Like that?” She did it again and the slap reverberated around Rob’s bedroom. Betty couldn’t believe she was doing this, but after all, she was a pushover.

“That’s ... perfect.” Rob watched the ripples spread out from her slaps. Man, his dad was missing out. “You’re my ... cowgirl ... Mom. Now ... I’m gonna ... I’m gonna ... cum ... cowgirl.”

“Do it, Robby.” Betty slapped her ass again and pushed back, driving his penis deep inside her. She took his cum in her backside for the second time that afternoon. Thank goodness she’d given him access to her butt, because over the last few days the boy had refused to wear the condoms she’d gotten him. Betty leaned forward, put her hands to Rob’s thighs, and panted as she tried to catch her breath.

“You’re ... the best, Mom.” Rob slapped her butt one last time. He enjoyed the red hand print it left on her pale cheek. “I wanna try that while I’m in your pussy next time.”

“Now, Robby.” Betty climbed off him and started collecting her clothes from the floor. “You don’t want to get me pregnant.” The idea of Rob’s sperm meeting her egg sent a

dark, electric thrill down her spine. But she was a good mother and a faithful wife. Or maybe ... a mostly faithful wife. That could never happen.

“Yeah, sure, Mom.” Rob put his hands behind his head and sighed. She’d change her mind about the availability of her pussy. After all, she just couldn’t say no to her son.

Chapter 8

Once you’ve given a little piece of yourself to something, it’s quite difficult to guard the other pieces. Betty had given almost all of herself to her eighteen-year-old son, Rob. The once faithful housewife, perched naked on all fours, looked down at her white knuckles. Sweat dripped onto her son’s sheet. She grunted as Rob plowed her butt from behind. They had been going since Rob got home from school and it was getting dark outside. She really needed to make dinner before her husband came home.

“Robby, you in there?” Her husband knocked on the bedroom door. “Have you seen your mother?”

It was too late! Betty’s eyes went round as saucers. She looked back over her shoulder at Rob.

“I’m here, Dad.” Rob slowed his hips and looked down as his cock slowly slid into his mom’s buttocks. “I don’t know where she is. Out shopping?” His gaze moved to her wide eyes and he winked.

“Her car’s here.” The locked doorknob rattled as Rob’s dad shook it. “What are you doing in there?”

“I had a big test today.” Rob could tell from the panicked look on Betty’s face that she wanted him to stop his hips entirely, but he felt slow and steady was good. He pressed his fingers into the soft flesh around her hips and held her tight. “I’m trying to take a nap. Maybe Mom went for a walk?”

“Maybe,” Rob’s father grumbled. “Anyway, I have to go back to the office tonight. When you see your mother, tell her I’ll be home late. Have a good nap.”

“Thanks, Dad.” Rob waited a good long while, slowly stroking in and out of his mom. He then pulled out, went to door, opened it, and listened. “He’s gone.” He walked back to the bed and took Betty’s hand.

“That was too close, Robby.” She let Rob pull her from the bed, followed him into the hall, and then into her bedroom. She held her breasts with one arm to keep them from swaying about. “We should stop.” She let him push her onto her marital bed. She rolled onto her back and automatically spread her legs.

“We’re never gonna stop, Mom.” Rob climbed between her legs and fed his dick into her pussy.

“Well ... ooohhhh If you’re going to do it there, you need a condom.” She accepted his thrusts.

“I was thinking ...” Rob found a good rhythm. He put both hands on her breasts for leverage. “With Dad gone tonight, we have a perfect chance at romance. Maybe light some candles. Do something special.”

“But ... uh ... dinner ... Robby.” Betty grunted as he hit deep places inside her that his father never had.

“What would be really ... special, Mom, is if you ... ah ... ah ... ah ... had my ... baby.” Rob leaned down and kissed her pretty lips, swirling his tongue around hers. She kissed back with passion. He broke the kiss and looked into her eyes. “You’re my girl now, and you’re gonna have my baby.”

“No ... Robby ... we can’t ...” But who was she kidding? She knew she’d let him. She was such a pushover.

Minutes later, Rob grunted out his first orgasm of the night in her pussy. Thirty minutes after that, he erupted in her vagina a second time. And an hour and half later, he splattered her insides a third time.

By then, she was on top of her son, cradling his head against her boobs. “Good boy, Robby. Let it all out,” Betty purred. Her vagina spasmed around his long cock.

When her husband returned home, Betty was showered, changed, and sound asleep. Her womb was filled with Rob’s potent seed.

Chapter 9

Months passed and Betty gave herself to her eighteen-year-old son again and again. He became fixated on having a baby, and sure enough, Betty’s belly began to swell. She convinced her husband that it was his. But, of course, she knew it was Rob’s. And Rob teased her endlessly about carrying her own grandchild.

High school graduation arrived, and Betty’s husband had his wife and son pose arm-in-arm for a picture. Rob and Betty wore big smiles on their faces. Rob’s Oxford cap tilted a little to the side with the tassel hanging by his ear. Betty’s baby bump clearly showed under her dress as she pulled her son tightly to her side. After the ceremony, Betty’s husband told Rob that he was proud of him, and that all he needed to do was find himself a girl. Rob smirked and Betty blushed.

When her husband departed for work, mother and son stood together on the high school lawn. "I suppose you're going to go celebrate with your friends now." Betty stood next to Rob, looking at all the proud parents and happy young faces. "Do you want me to drop you off someplace, Robby?"

"No, Mom." Rob looked around and then gave her round butt a quick slap. "I'll see my friends later. I want to celebrate with you tonight." He linked his arm in hers and walked her out to their waiting car.

"Really?" Betty couldn't wipe the smile off her face. "What's your plan?"

"Remember the time we went to a drive-in?" Rob leaned in close to whisper in her ear.

"That was ..." Betty blushed profusely. "The first time you did it ... in my ... you-know-what."

"Let's do it again." Rob opened the driver's side door and held it for his mother. "Burgers first."

"Okay." Betty cradled her belly as she lowered herself behind the wheel.

Later that evening, they sat in the back seat of Betty's car while the movie started. The front seat was littered with burger wrappers and paper cups from their shakes.

"How would you like to celebrate, Robby?" Betty lifted her dress to her waist and removed her panties.

"I'm gonna celebrate with your pussy, Mom." Rob pulled her onto his lap so that they were both facing the movie screen. As he entered her, neither were actually watching Cary Grant and Eva Marie Saint.

"Your father's probably wondering where we are." Betty rocked her wide hips in little circles. She pulled her dress over her head so that she only wore her bra. Her round belly looked so obscene shaking with her movements. "We should have left him a ... ooooohhhhh ... a note."

"You're my girl, Mom." Rob reached around her and pulled her bra cups down so he could grab her growing boobs. "You've got my baby inside you." He gently tugged her boobs up and down to get her to bounce on his dick. "Dad can fucking fend for himself."

"You're right." The haze of pleasure clouded Betty's mind. She didn't even reprimand Rob for his language. She bounced fast. She knew the car must be rocking, but no one would notice something like that at the drive-in. When Rob exploded in her vagina, she lost herself in her own orgasm.

"Turn around." Rob removed her bra and helped his naked mother turn to face him. She rode him hard, cooing and grunting. The pair continued until the movie finished.

Afterward, Betty drove them home, cum leaking into her panties. She wondered what excuse she'd tell her husband. Maybe she'd tell him they went for burgers and a movie. She'd leave out the part where their son now owned her pussy.

Chapter 10

"Your father's golfing, Robby. Should we ...? You know ..." Betty found her eighteen-year-old son reading comics in his room. She was already wet thinking about what they might do that day.

"Yeah, Mom." Rob looked up at his beautiful mother with a smile. "Cowboys and Indians?"

"I don't think that costume fits me anymore." Betty cradled her pregnant belly through her dress.

"I don't care." Rob smirked and went to get his cowboy outfit on.

"Okay, sweetie." Betty went to find her Indian costume. She pulled the buckskin thing on, but she couldn't really get it passed her swollen belly. Oh, well. She sighed, put mascara face-paint on her cheeks, and stuck a feather in her blonde hair. She left her panties on since the Indian consume wouldn't go past her boobs, leaving her feel a bit exposed. She found Rob in his bedroom waiting for her, looking handsome in his cowboy outfit. "You look very nice, Robby."

"You look amazing, Mom." Rob stood and lowered his chaps. "What would Dad say if he saw you now?"

Betty blushed and lowered her gaze to the carpet.

"Do me a favor." Rob's smile widened as he pulled his dick out of his underwear. "I want you to have sex with Dad tonight and wear that outfit." Rob chuckled. "Tell me what Dad says when he sees you."

"I thought you didn't like sharing me with your father." Betty stood fiddling with her wedding ring.

"It'll be worth it." Rob sauntered over to her and rubbed the precum from his dick directly onto her round belly. "I can't wait for you to have my baby, Mom."

"Let's not talk about that." Betty's blush deepened. "How do you want me?"

"Well, Indians didn't wear panties remember?" Rob pulled her panties off. "I'm gonna take your butt today. If Dad gets a go at your pussy later, I want to take what he can't have." Rob pulled her to his bed.

“Okay, Robby.” Betty mounted him. She spit into her hand, reached under her, and guided him into her butt. “Oh, gosh. So ... so ... big.” She bounced on his gadget for long while, moaning and squealing.

Eventually, Rob pulled her off, grabbed her hair, and brought her mouth to his penis. Betty didn’t like to go directly from her ass to a blowjob, but she couldn’t say no to Rob. She was such a pushover.

“That’s it ... Mom ... I’m gonna ...” Rob trembled and pulled her mouth off him so he could spray her face.

Shot after shot of hot cum hit Betty’s face. She closed her eyes and took it like she always did. When he was done, her face-paint ran down her cheeks, and she wiped sperm from her eyes with the back of her hand. “Sheesh, I hope you didn’t get any on the costume. How was that, Robby?”

“That was amazing. Way better than stupid golf. Dad’s an idiot.”

“Be nice to your father, Robert.” It was hard to look stern with cum on her face, but Betty did her best.

“I am nice to him.” Rob smiled. “I’m making sure he gets some sex tonight.”

Betty sighed. “You’re right, Robby.” She climbed back onto Rob’s lap and slid his penis into her vagina. “More?” She didn’t wait for him to answer. She knew from experience that he could go and go.

Chapter 11

The baby napped soundly in her crib. Betty moved around the house, cleaning and ordering things. Butterflies fluttered in her stomach. She wanted everything perfect for Rob when he arrived for Christmas break, hopefully any second now. In the living room, Betty stopped to straighten an ornament on the tree. She turned and ran to the door when she heard a car stop in the driveway. She flung the door open and looked out with a thousand-watt smile.

“Hi, Mom.” Rob got of the car. He met her wide smile with one of his own.

“My big man is home from college.” Betty squealed and ran to her nineteen-year-old son. She lost herself in the moment and jumped into his arms, wrapping her legs around his waist. The neighbors would surely think she’d lost her mind, but Betty didn’t care.

A few minutes later, Betty ushered Rob into the baby’s room. “Shh. I just got Chrissy down to sleep.” Betty still couldn’t wipe the smile off her face.

“How’s my sister doing?” Rob gave Betty’s ass a smack. He’d missed that butt. College girls didn’t have bodies like her. “Or should I say, how’s my daughter doing?”

“No, you shouldn’t say that. Even when your father isn’t here. We have to remember that she’s his baby.” Betty tried to look cross, but she was too happy. “And she’s doing well, Robby. She’s very healthy.”

“She looks sweet.” Rob grabbed his mom around the waist and pulled her out of the room, gently closing the door behind them. “Let’s make another one.” He massaged her milk-filled boobs through her dress.”

“Oh, no you don’t mister.” Betty half-heartedly pushed his hands away. “That’s enough babies for this family.”

Not long after, she found herself on all fours just outside the baby’s room, moaning as her son took her from behind. Her dress was up over her butt, with her panties around her right ankle. Betty was such a pushover. “I almost ... ugh ... forgot how big ... you are.” He hit someplace deep inside her.

“I didn’t ... forget ... how ... perfect your pussy is.” Rob slammed into her with ferocious lunges. He had missed her so much. They had lots of catching up to do. “Time ... to ... make ... another ... baby ... aaaahhhhhh.” Rob unloaded inside her and listened to his mother squeal.

They didn’t wake the baby, so there was more time for mother-son bonding. Betty quickly undressed and straddled her son. “I mean it about no more babies.” She grasped his large, slick penis. “You’ll have to do it in my butt while you’re home. Okay?” She slid him into her ass and gasped. She hadn’t had anything back there since she’d driven him to college.

“Sure, Mom.” Rob grinned up at her. “Only the ass. Got it.” He watched her ride him with glee, enjoying her rolling eyes and shuddering shoulders as he gave her one orgasm after another. When he was ready, Rob tactfully pushed her hips up on the upstroke, moved his cock out of her ass, and skewered her pussy on the downstroke.

“Oooohhhhhh.” Betty was going to let him seed her again. She couldn’t help it. She cried out as he filled her for the second time. As she leaned her breasts into his chest, catching her breath, the baby started to cry. “Why don’t you take a shower? I’ll wipe up and go tend to little Chrissy.” Betty rose and wobbled into her room, sperm dripping down her legs. She cleaned herself as quickly as possible and rushed back to Chrissy’s room.

Rob watched her hurry about and then went to the shower. It was going to be an amazing Christmas break.

Chapter 12

“What do you want for Christmas, sweetie?” Betty flipped pancakes with one arm and held Chrissy with her other. She looked over at the kitchen table with an eyebrow raised at her son who was devouring pancakes one after the other. Apparently, they’d forgotten to feed him at college. Her husband sipped his coffee next to Rob, his face hidden behind the paper.

“Um ...” Rob chewed, swallowed, and took a sip of orange juice. A sly smile spread on his face as he looked over at the newspaper hiding his father. “How about a new sister?” he said with complete nonchalance. “Or maybe a brother?”

“Now, sweetie. That’s between me and your father.” Betty frowned at him. Chrissy fussed, and Betty bounced her a little and rocked her hip.

“That’s a strange Christmas request, Son.” Rob’s father put down his paper, adjusted his tie, and looked over at Rob. “Between you and me, Chrissy was a surprise. And we’re not planning on having any more rugrats running underfoot, thank you. Serendipity won’t strike twice.” He looked over at his wife like that was the final word on that. “Now, Rob, how about we get you a nice suit so you can take those pretty college girls out on real dates? Have you made a girl yours yet?”

“A suit’s fine, dad.” Rob tried not to look disappointed. “I’ve met lots of girls. But how do you know when you’ve made one yours? After the first baby? Or maybe the second?”

“Very funny.” Rob’s father hid behind his paper again. “I don’t care for that sort of crass talk, Rob.”

Betty looked between the two men sitting at the table, her eyes round with worry. She turned off the stove burner and walked over to her son. “I have to put Chrissy down for a nap. Will you help me, Robby?”

“Sure, Mom.” Rob stood, left his pancakes, and followed his mother to the other side of the house. When she’d put the baby down in her crib, Rob pulled his mother by the hand into his room. He quickly had her dress pulled above her hips and her panties pushed to the side. He bent her against the wall and admired her curves.

“Do my butt ... my butt ... we really shouldn’t do it in my ... ooooooohhhhhh,” Betty hissed as that long, hard thing slid into her vagina.

“Such crass talk, Mom,” Rob said in her ear. “What would Dad say?”

“Oh, your father ...” Her hands pressed into the wall and she pushed back at him. Her wedding ring caught her eye, and she wondered what the diamond signified now. Surely, she had betrayed its deepest vows.

“Well, I’m off to work.” Betty’s husband’s voice carried through the house.

“Thank, God,” Betty whispered. “Have ... ugh ... good day dear,” she called back across the house, hoping she didn’t sound too odd. The slam of the front door echoed back to them.

“You have the best ... pussy ... Mom.” Rob increased the tempo, not worrying anymore about his father hearing them.

Betty blushed at the compliment and looked over her shoulder at him. He looked so handsome working her back there. “You really want ... another ... sibling?” Her feet wobbled a little as she tried to keep her balance in kitten heels. “For ... ah ... ah ... Christmas?”

“Yes.” Rob gave her his widest smile.

“I’d do ... anything for you ... Robby.” Betty closed her eyes as an orgasm approached. She was such a pushover. “Fill me up ... yes ... yes ... yeeeeeeeeeeeeee.”

A few minutes later, she stood in his room with her legs spread wide and her dress hiked high. She stuck her hips forward so that Rob could get a good look at the sperm dripping from her pussy.

“It’s beautiful, Mom.” Rob grabbed her and tossed her onto the bed. “I’ve got more for you.” His dick swung before him as he jumped on top of her.

“Just ... one more ... your sister isn’t going to ... nap ... forever.” Betty’s heels stuck high in the air. She squealed as her son entered her again.

Chapter 13

“Run along you two.” Betty shooed the toddlers out of the kitchen, a huge smile on her face. Their father was home. No, not her husband. Her college graduated son was right outside. And ... Betty paused as she took one more look at the parking car. He’d brought a woman home with him. Her enthusiasm dampened. “I knew this day would come. And it’s for the best,” she whispered under her breath.

Welcoming the young couple into her home, Betty gave her son a chaste kiss on the cheek. She shook the young woman’s hand awkwardly. Sarah was a pretty one and quite charming. Betty could see why Rob liked her. “I’ll set you up in Rob’s old room, Sarah. Robby can have the couch.”

“We’re both sleeping in my room, Mom.” Rob put his arm around Sarah’s shoulders and squeezed. “She’s my girlfriend.”

“You’re not married. I can’t have you sleeping in the same room. Your father wouldn’t –”

“Mom.” Rob gave her a stern look.

“Of course, I’ll make up the room for both of you,” Betty mumbled. She was such a pushover.

He smiled. “And where are the little ones?”

“Your brother and sister are in the living room playing with some dry-cleaning bags, I think.” She watched Rob run out of the kitchen. She listened to the squeals of the happy children as they greeted their brother and roughoused with him. Sarah stayed in the kitchen. Betty searched for something to say. “So ... um ... what are you studying?” Betty’s eyes fell to the floor.

“Anthropology.” Sarah stood demurely, with her hands behind her back. Her swing skirt and sweater flattered her well enough. She smiled sweetly. “I really do like Robby, Mrs. Brewster. I think he might be the one.”

“That’s nice, dear.” Betty tried very hard not to frown. In the end, she put on some approximation of a smile. “I’ll go get your room ready.”

Later that night, the whole house was in bed. Betty stared at the ceiling, twiddling her thumbs in the dark. Her husband snored next to her. She needed to talk to Rob. She wasn’t sure what needed to be said. Sarah seemed like a nice woman. But ... she had to say something. She rose from bed, pulling her nightdress tight around her. Silently, she moved out of her room and down the hall. She was about to knock when she heard something. She leaned her ear to the door. It was a moan.

“Oh, Robby. You’re so bad.” Sarah’s voice came through. “And so ... deep. I can’t believe you talked me into putting it ... aaaahhhhhhh ... in my butt.”

Betty’s hand went to her mouth in shock. She had assumed she would be the only woman brave enough to take her son’s big thing back there. She had assumed wrong, apparently. At least Sarah couldn’t get pregnant that way. There was some heavy, masculine grunting.

“It’s ... ugh ... how my mom likes it.” Rob’s voice.

Betty nearly fainted on the spot. The blood drained from her face. He had told another woman that terrible secret?

Sarah giggled. “I almost believed you until I met her today. That sweet ... ugh ... oh, god ...” Sarah’s voice got higher. “That sweet lady ... would never let ... a bad boy like you ... do that ... yes, that ... yes ... oooohhhhhhhhh.”

Betty felt dizzy. She rushed to the bathroom, thinking she would throw up. But instead, she found her hand between her legs. She masturbated furiously thinking about what

her son was doing and saying just feet away. She didn't go to bed until five orgasms later. When she stumbled by Rob's room, all was quiet.

The next morning, Betty was in the kitchen furiously scrubbing an already clean plate. Her husband was at work, and the toddlers were at their grandparents' house. She nearly jumped out of her heels when she felt strong hands slide onto her hips from behind. She looked up to see her son's reflection in the kitchen window. "Jeez, Robby. You nearly gave me a heart attack." Her whole body stiffened. She wanted to pull away, but he pressed his hard thing into her backside, pinning her. "What are you doing? Are you crazy? Your girlfriend will see." Betty sounded frantic.

"She's still sleeping. I wore her out last night." He was only dressed in boxers and a t-shirt. He pressed his morning erection into the crack of her ass.

"Your brother and sister ..." Betty dropped the plate in the sink, and it shattered. She gripped the countertop.

"They're not here. I checked. Did you send my kids to Gran's?"

"Yes." Betty squeaked. "We can't ... Sarah could find us." She let him flip her dress over her waist. She felt him wiggle his boxers down his legs, and then her underwear fell, too. "Get it slick ... you need to use ... my butt ... no more children."

"I'll get it slick ... in here." Rob sunk his dick into her pussy. Soon the sounds of their mating mixed with the tick of the clock and the morning sounds of suburbia from outside. Rob humped her hard for a half hour, and eventually filled her womb. When he pulled out, his mother was so happy she slumped to the kitchen floor with an ear-to-ear grin.

"I'm going to go wake up Sarah." Rob patted her blond head. "Breakfast in ten?"

"Yes ... Robby," Betty panted. "Make it ... fifteen." She needed some time to compose herself.

Chapter 14

"You wanted to see me, Robby?" Betty stepped into the hotel room and closed the door behind her. "My, you look handsome in your tuxedo." She clasped her hands in front of her giant belly and smiled.

"And you look lovely, Mom." Rob smiled at her.

"I look fat." Betty frowned.

“No, you look perfect. You always do with a baby in your belly.” Rob saw his mother’s cheeks redden beyond the rouge she’d expertly applied. He reached over and removed her tea hat with its flowers and bows. Her cheeks reddened further.

“I know what you’re thinking, and we can’t. Not on your wedding day, Robert.” Her mouth formed a thin line as she tried her very best to be severe. She let him put his hands on her shoulders and lower her to her knees. “What about Sarah?”

“I told her about us, Mom. But she just won’t believe a nice lady like you would suck any cock, let alone her son’s.” Rob undid the belt on his tuxedo, and carefully pulled off his pants. He hung them on a chair and dropped his underwear.

“Oh, jeez.” Betty stared at the familiar cock waving in her face. It was so big. “Fine, but only my mouth.” This was going to ruin her lipstick. She took hold of it and with the expertise honed by years of practice. She took him into her mouth, quickly bobbing her head on his great length. How had she gone into this big day without thinking this would be in the cards? She had assumed that some of life’s events would be impervious to her strange relationship with Rob. But his hormones could not be denied. Not by her, at least. After a few minutes, he pushed her away and laid down on the hotel bed. He still wore his tuxedo top, but he was bare from the waist down, his penis glistening with her spit.

“Really?” Betty shook her head but pulled up her dress and dropped her panties. It wasn’t easy to mount him with her great, big belly, but she managed. “If you need this so badly, you should find your bride.” Despite her words, she grabbed him and guided him into her vagina.

“I’m not supposed to ... ugh ... see the bride before the wedding. It’s bad luck.” Rob smiled and rolled his eyes at his mother like she’d asked him the impossible. He reached up and groped her swollen boobs through the shimmering fabric.

Betty tried to push his hands away, but he was persistent. “Let go, you’ll ruin my dress.” The ceremony was only an hour and a half away. How was she going to put herself back together in time?

“You look so pretty all made up for my wedding.” Rob held her breasts firmly through the dress and his mother relented.

“Thank ... you.” Betty spoke through gritted teeth. She now gripped his forearms through his jacket, trying to keep her balance on top of him.

“Do you think Dad deserves a pretty wife like you? Has he earned this pussy?”

“Yes.” She squeaked.

Rob slapped her right boob just hard enough to make it rock back and forth in its confinement. "He does?"

At that rough touch, Betty's hips went into overdrive. She worked hard to lift her heavy body high above his hips and back down again. She didn't worry about dislodging him. He was so long. "What?" She hoped Rob wouldn't make her speak ill of his father.

"Does ... Dad ... deserve ... this ... pussy?" He looked up into her face and they locked eyes.

"No ... your father ... doesn't deserve ... my pussy ... Robby. But ... ugh ... you do." Her eyes rolled back, her hips dropped onto his, and she ground their pelvises together. "Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." She felt bad for Sarah and her husband as her orgasm rose to infinity. But Sarah had been warned by her groom repeatedly and hadn't listened. And her husband should have suspected something after the third unwanted pregnancy. Why could no one see what was plainly before them?

"All those years ago ... uh ... uh ... Dad told me to make a girl mine." Rob wondered at all those sad men out there that hadn't had a shot at their mother's pussy. He was certainly one of the luckiest guys on Earth. "And I went out ... and made two women ... mine. Sarah's ... mine. And you ... ugh ... ugh ... Mom ... have been mine ... for a long time." As she came down from her orgasm, he could see his mother nod her agreement.

After her son had finished his business deep inside her, Betty waddled to the bathroom to get herself ready for the ceremony again. Her dress wasn't torn, thank goodness. And her makeup could be fixed. She dug into her purse for her lipstick. The worst was the leaking, but she cleaned up her vagina as best she could.

An hour later she sat in the front row as the ceremony started. Rob spotted her and gave her a quick wink. He couldn't suppress the smile on his face. Whether it was because he was marrying such a beautiful bride, or the afterglow of his mother's pussy, Betty didn't know. She sat there smiling through the ceremony, her hands clasped on her big belly. Their relationship wasn't natural in the slightest, but at least she made her son happy. And, she had to admit to herself, he made her happy, too.

Betty thought about all that had happened since she'd said "I do" to her husband all those years ago. Her son was embarking on his own journey now. She didn't know what the future would hold, but she suspected that Sarah wouldn't come between her and Rob. Betty patted her belly as the couple on stage kissed. She just hoped that this would be the last baby she carried for Rob. Maybe Sarah would get to do the heavy lifting from now on. She really hoped so. But if Rob wanted one more, she didn't think she'd stop him. Betty was a pushover.

Oedipus Hex

Scene

When an Ace Chemicals truck crashed in a suburban neighborhood, the people were assured that the spill wasn't toxic. Of course, Ace Chemicals has a long history of flexibility with the truth. Later that day, Joey's stepmom suddenly took an interest in him for the first time. When he got home from Gotham University, she was unusually affectionate. He was surprised, but didn't say no when she offered to help him with his hobbies. He really enjoyed photography, so that was first.

Scene

The Bat was seen in the neighborhood a few days later. Strange reports circulated. Some wondered why a circus car had upended the Ace Chemicals truck. But Mrs. Mary Stevens didn't much care about all that. She was only interested in re-bonding with her eighteen-year-old son. They had grown so distant in his teenage years. But now, she suddenly knew how they would come back together. Freddy didn't understand why his mom pressed against him all the time, holding him close. It was awkward to say the least. As things escalated, he thought his mother must have gone crazy, suffering some sort of midlife crisis. Even as she sucked on his dick, Freddy didn't connect the chemical spill to her new attitude. A few days later, the Joker was on television laughing about chaos in suburbia. But all Freddy could think about was filling his mom's sweet pussy.

Scene

While her husband worked in Gotham, Kate couldn't help teasing their college-bound son, Bobby. She even went so far as to prepare dinner without a skirt on. Eventually, Bobby took the bait and took her backside as a pre-dinner snack. When the Bat went on TV to tell all young men to stay away from their mothers, Bobby got as close to his mom as a young man could, reacquainting himself with her insides.

Scene

Things seemed crazy in suburbia. Madison worried about her little brother, Noah. When she heard the latest news reports, she invited him to her apartment in Gotham for the weekend. Their parents agreed so long as she didn't let him stay up too late. As she watched her brother, there was something different about Noah that Madison couldn't put her finger on at first. Much to her amazement, she finally put a finger on it. Then a whole fist. Then her other fist. It was a weekend of firsts for the siblings. Noah stayed up all night for the first time. And Madison was shocked to learn she liked anal sex.

Scene

Joey told his stepmom that she could put the camera down if she wanted. But, with a dazed expression, she explained that she needed a selfie. Without evidence, the girls at the country club weren't going to believe her.

Scene

Eventually, it occurred to Mrs. Mary Stevens that her urges were out of sorts. She had always thought her son handsome, but this? As she worked him to get ready to put it in her again, she wondered if maybe they should stop. She decided not to worry about it.

Scene

When Bobby had asked his mom to wear the shirt he'd gotten her a few birthdays ago, she said yes. When he told her to put it on backward, Kate was confused. But when he guided her into a reverse cowgirl, she understood.

Scene

On Monday, Madison and Noah's phones rang and rang as their parents tried to get a hold of them. Why hadn't Noah returned home? Was it the traffic jam? Was it because of what the Bat said on TV? But it wasn't those things.

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