

Homelands Pt 2 Ch 10

By jdnunyer

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The ritual comes to an end.

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Afterwards, I came back inside and went looking for Iva.

Time to end this.

As it turned out, my aunt was coming down the stairs into the living room just as I walked in from the kitchen. She wore six inch black stilettos, red fishnet thigh-highs attached to a black satin garter, and a black and red corset that did wonderful things with her big breasts.

Yup. It had been unfair of me to think Mel's outfit was over the top last night. This getup my aunt wore now was no less absurd. But even so, my blood thumped in my veins like the bass track of a techno song.

"That's quite the look for you, Aunt Iva," I said, trying to sound detached.

"Thank you," she said, flicking a loose lock of hair out of her eyes. Her nails had been painted black. That was ordinarily too Goth a look for me, but Iva was pulling it off quite well. "So what are you up to at the moment?" she asked.

"Same as you, I suspect."

She pursed her brick red lips. "Pretty sure Pat went looking for your mother just a little while ago. After Mel left. I think he'd tried talking her into joining him, but she apparently declined. Couldn't hear them too well, but sounded like she tried to talk him out of something. So. I'd say it's time, don't you think?"

"Yeah."

I offered her my arm as if heading out onto a dance floor. She took it and we headed down the hall to my parents' bedroom. To our mutual surprise, it was empty. Iva assured me that the only people

upstairs were Rob, who was passed out, and Dad and Cindy, who were still going at it. Iva's voice was tight when she said that.

She should go to talk to my sister. Then she'd know what heartache was.

But that was just my guilt talking. Iva hadn't even said anything. I had no right to begrudge her the tiniest little accidental display of emotion.

There were more important things to worry about just then anyway. Like what Mel had tried to talk Pat out of doing to my mother. So we decided to check downstairs.

Sure enough, we heard the sounds of their fucking as soon as we opened the door. They were faint at first, but grew markedly louder with each step. The acoustics of the room couldn't account for that. Apparently our boy had thought to mask their presence.

That didn't bode well for Mom.

I was pretty sure that she was powerful enough that the odds were in her favor. But all he needed was the smallest opening.

"Whoa, there," Iva said, slapping a hand on my shoulder. I hadn't even realized I was rushing down the stairs. "Wait for me. You see the heels I'm wearing?"

"Sorry," I said.

We finished our descent more slowly.

Fortunately, Mom didn't seem to be in any danger. She had Pat pinned beneath her on the pullout bed, hands pressed against his lean chest, driving her hips into him like she was drilling for oil. His hands lay limp at his side, his jaw agape.

"Hey guys," Mom said, looking up.

The words almost didn't register. I was nearly hypnotized, just watching her. She wasn't wearing anything at all. A silk something or other lay in a heap on the floor.

"Just let me finish up," Mom continued. "He's got a little left in him."

Iva gave me a good bump with her hip. "And you were ready to make me twist an ankle." Then,

lowering her voice to a whisper, she added, "Actually, you were right to worry. I had the same thought when I noticed the sound distortion."

I nodded to her before climbing into the recliner to watch Mom work.

Aunt Iva dropped down on her haunches in front of me. "Let her worry about him," she said to me. "Keep your eyes on Auntie Iva."

She ran her tongue over my sac, up the length of my dick, and over my head. My breath caught. I quivered with anticipation. She looked up at me and smiled, then stood up.

I swore under my breath.

"That's just vicious," I said to her.

Iva smiled then turned around and wiggled her ass at me.

If there was one thing I'd change about Iva, it was her ass. It was small, and not as round and well-shaped as that of some of the women in my family. She had Holly beat, but that was about it. Not that it was unappealing. Just not as impressive as that of other women, even considering its size. If Natalie's was bigger, it wasn't by much, but my sister's ass was so perfectly shaped that it didn't need to be in order to make Iva's look bad. And my niece's ass was every bit as shapely as Natalie's, maybe even more so, and a great deal bigger to boot. Even men who didn't couldn't appreciate the divine beauty of my mother's huge, soft, white orbs would be sure to prefer one of the other women to Iva in that respect.

Still, no reason to let that show. I reached out and squeezed one modest, soft cheek. Iva giggled. Then she climbed up into the chair, slowly, facing away from me. She folded her legs up beside us, the sharp heels of her stilettos inches away from my hips. I held a hip with one hand to keep her stable and unzipped the back of her corset with the other. She took the hint and tossed the garment to the floor.

I reached around her front and took hold of her huge breasts. Here, no one could compare to her, except my mother. Mom's were bigger, but if you asked anyone except me, they were also too big. Even I found myself agreeing some of the time. Iva's were getting towards too big, but weren't quite there. They hadn't given much ground to gravity, but they didn't have that unnatural stiffness you found with implants. And her prominent nipples were all kinds of fun to play with. They were really sensitive too, and the way her breath caught and her pulse accelerated after the lightest touch was incredibly arousing.

She lowered her hips, let my cock press against her moist opening, jerked away, then made another slow approach. My helmet disappeared ever so slowly. When she had about a quarter of my dick in her, I decided I could take no more teasing, and thrust up into her.

Iva gasped at first, but the sound quickly turned to a laugh. "Couldn't wait?"

"You're evil," I said.

"But I had your rapt attention. I bet you didn't even glance at your mother."

Without replying, I grew mouths in the palms of my hands and sucked on her nipples. I gave her a moment to get used to that before I started ramming my fat cock into her, fast and hard. Her nipples were so thick, her breasts so soft, her pussy so wet and tight, that I knew my first orgasm wasn't far away.

Iva relaxed, leaned her back against my chest, and fingered her clit languidly with one hand while raking her fingers across the back of my head with the other.

She cooed softly. "That's it, baby. Give your Aunt Iva that monster cock."

I closed my eyes and simply reveled in the moment.

The next thing I knew, my balls were being licked. I glanced over at Patrick and found his catatonic form alone on the pullout bed. Mom had come to join us.

After she played with my balls a bit more, Mom stood up and kissed her sister-in-law. As she did, she held up one hand where I could see, wiggled her fingers, then replaced them with tongues. The tongue-fingers then slid inside Iva's tight snatch alongside my cock. They writhed and curled, attacking my aunt's G-spot. While the effort was mostly for Iva's benefit, the feel of two soft tongues against the base of my cock, while I was already inside a warm pussy, was exhilarating.

When I shot a huge load inside Iva not long after that, she raised her hips up enough to let my cock slide out, and asked my mother to clean us up. She smiled, dropped to her haunches, and first polished my member, then sucked my cum out of Iva's snatch.

"That's it, Ellen, just like that," my aunt said.

Hearing my aunt purr as she said my mother's name was itself almost enough to get me off again. I'd

dreamed about having the two of them at once so many times. I couldn't believe this was happening.

My aunt then split herself in two. While still riding me reverse-cowgirl, she went around behind my mother, knelt down, and slowly worked her fist inside the brunette's pussy. All the while, Mom kept licking the blonde's swollen lips and stiff clitoris.

At least, that's what I thought was happening.

In the many fantasies I'd had of this moment, I'd never had the problem of not being able to see what was happening. In my fantasies, I could watch the action from any and every angle. I wasn't pinned beneath my aunt, unable to see much more than the top of her head, my mother's back, and the other body Iva wore from the waist up.

Still, it was plain enough to my ears if not my eyes that they were enjoying themselves nearly as much as I was. And that was definitely exactly as it was in my fantasies.

I felt it in their Libidos as well. It might just have been my imagination, but I thought I could even pick out exactly *what* was turning them on. Iva had once told me that was possible, and I had no doubt that it came naturally to her. But this was probably the first time I'd noticed it myself.

Iva was enjoying almost everything about it. The feel of me inside her, my mother's oral ministrations, the excitement of seeing my mother respond so enthusiastically to the fist she was pushing in and out of her, and the simple knowledge that she was giving me the gift of being with my two favorite women. And, yes, Iva knew that she was one of my favorites.

Mom was enjoying the fisting in spite of herself, but was mostly excited on my behalf. Though, unlike Iva, I don't think she realized that this meant more to me than sharing her with some other woman would have. Or, if she did, she didn't appreciate the extent to which that was true.

That realization almost killed the mood for me. It wasn't exactly like I hadn't ever noticed before that I was really starting to develop powerful feelings for Iva, but I'd tried very hard to avoid admitting to myself that I was keeping that from Mom.

Perhaps then, it was no surprise that when Mom and Iva reached climax more or less at the same time, I was unable to join them. For a while there, I thought I might finish *before* them. Now I was just glad that I hadn't gone soft.

Okay, that was an exaggeration. I probably should have felt guilty enough for that to be a concern though. One of these days, either Mom was going to figure it out, or, if I was a halfway decent person,

I'd tell her myself. And that would not be a good day.

But I was having a threesome slash foursome with my mother, the supremely voluptuous raven-haired fertility goddess, and my favorite aunt, the seemingly all knowing, wise-cracking, busty blonde beauty. There was some shame about being less than straightforward with Mom, yes. But there was absolutely no chance that I was going to lose my erection.

Iva collapsed into one body once more and offered Mom her place in my lap.

Mom gladly accepted. "Hey there," she said as she slid into the recliner.

"Hey yourself," I said, nibbling at her lower lip and running my hands over her breasts.

Iva's might be perfect. But damned if I didn't *love* Mom's oversized melons.

Aunt Iva produced four sets of handcuffs from nowhere. She held them up in the air and gave them a good shake so the metal chains chimed softly. Before we could respond, she cuffed my left hand to Mom's right and vice versa, then used the two remaining pairs to attach us to hooks that she made grow from the ceiling.

There was something delightfully tortuous about having Mom bouncing in my lap, her generous curves rippling uncontrollably, and not being able to touch her.

While Mom and I did our best to fuck each other's brains out, break the recliner, or perhaps both, Iva slipped out of her stilettos and padded softly over to Patrick.

Pretending not to know what was about to happen, I kept on shoving my dick into my mother as hard as I could while the two of us sucked face. But the moment I felt Iva's Libido expand rapidly, surging with energy, I pulled away from Mom's soft lips.

"What the fuck!"

Yet another secret I was keeping from Mom. But even Natalie had told me that no one should know that I'd known, or that I'd told her.

Mom looked over at Iva, brow furrowed. When she saw the blonde woman writhing in ecstasy atop a bed that should not have been otherwise empty, she whispered, "Oh, dear."

"It had to be done," Iva said, a brief pause between each word.

"You have to admit\ldots Iva does sort of have a point," Mom said to me, voice heavy with sad resignation. "I'm pretty sure he was going to try to do the same to me."

"Really?"

Mom nodded. "Poor thing. I felt too sorry for him to say anything to you two. But I was going to tell you later. After I had the chance to work up the courage to volunteer to do precisely what Iva just did."

Before I could reply, my mother buried me under a series of rapid-fire kisses. "I'm so sorry, sweetie. But if you're going to be king, and that looks to be certain now, you're going to have to accept that sometimes hard decisions have to be made."

"You're right," I whispered.

"Of course I am. Mother knows best," she said.

"But Natalie isn't going to take it well," I said.

Sort of true. She *hadn't*.

"No, she isn't," Mom said. "She'll probably withdraw from the court all over again."

"Maybe, yeah."

All but certain, actually.

"But you couldn't leave a loose cannon like him around just because you didn't want to upset his mother," Iva said.

"No, we couldn't," Mom added. "And I'm glad it was you who did it."

"Hence the cuffs," Iva said. She walked over to us and undid them.

For a moment, we all studied each other, uneasy looks on our faces.

It was over. No one was going to stand in my way at this point. I should just go ahead and burst the bubble, bringing the ritual to an end. I knew that. And they did as well.

But the lust rolling off each of the three of us was intoxicating, and I was sure Iva was eager to test out her new found power. It would've been cruel to deny her the opportunity.

At one point, there were three Iva's, three Franks, and two Ellen's. We experimented with every possible combination, from MFM to MFF to Iva sixty-nining with herself.

Eventually, though, we did decide to let the ritual end.

#

My coronation ceremony was a tedious affair. After all the time I'd spent lately with women who not only had a ton of power but knew how to use it, fucking one lesser noblewoman after another felt like a chore. Nonetheless, I pretended to enjoy their efforts. And, more importantly, doing my best to ensure they enjoyed mine.

As strong as I might be, no one could manage to hold the throne without support. And an army of vassals. I could command every single member of the court to offer themselves up as vassals, of course. Rule with an iron fist. Silas had done much the same. But I wanted to try a different approach. If I was going to expect my subjects to make great sacrifices for me, I thought it would help if I did something for them as well.

That started with treating my subjects like lovers rather than cattle, the way Brianna had. At least a good number of them. I took mental note of which ones I might be able to afford alienating, and which I'd better do my best to keep satisfied.

It was also high time our court started to build some lasting institutions. Iva informed me that most of the courts did not have any to speak of, but the largest ones all did. Genuine governments, staffed by career civil servants drawn from the ranks of the lesser nobility. Apparently, she'd tried convincing Jack to do the same, but he'd been so focused on repairing ties with Silas that he never even got around to choosing a prime minister.

So, ten minutes after having met her, I offered the position to the youngest daughter of one of the oldest, if no longer particularly prominent, houses.

By the standards of our world, Wendy was nothing particularly impressive. She had dull brown hair that had looked a mess even before we'd gotten all sweaty. Her figure was pear-shaped, her chest almost completely flat. There was a bit of a gap between her two front teeth. She also had bright green eyes, an easy smile, and prominent dimples. She might not be beautiful, but she was certainly cute.

What had impressed me first about her was that she hadn't hesitated to let me know what worked for her and what didn't, where all the other noblewomen had been so afraid of making a bad impression that they'd heaped effusive praise on me. It had been sickening.

I might be powerful and talented, but I didn't know their likes and dislikes. It was utterly implausible that I'd satisfied them as fully as they'd have had me believe. Wendy hardly made me feel unappreciated, but she wasn't obsequious either.

Which was a good quality to find in a lover. Not exactly a qualification for public service though. I'd *really* made up my mind about asking her to serve as the Third Autumnal Court's first prime minister when it became clear from our brief pillow talk that she knew the aspirations and grievances of all the major houses, and had more than a modicum of knowledge about the customs and practices of the other courts.

Thankfully, Wendy was all too happy to accept my invitation. Her father would be most pleased, she'd insisted. Their family had once regularly sat kings and queens upon the throne, but it had been generations since any of them had had a prominent place at court. She was so proud to help restore her family to its rightful place, she cried.

After the ceremony, I had wanted nothing more than to spend some time alone with Mom or Aunt Iva or both. Or to try to convince Natalie not to withdraw into the mortal world again. But there were things that needed doing. I did visit them both, along with Wendy, Sean and Mel. But none of those trips was for pleasure.

I left Wendy with the task of compiling a list of the most common institutional arrangements used in the Homelands, both currently and historically, along with her sense of the pros and cons of each. I realized that if she was to do so thoroughly, it would be a lifetime's work. But even the equivalent of an undergraduate term paper would be useful.

Between the two of them, I expected Mom and Iva to personally visit each of what I thought were the twenty most important noblemen. Neither had liked it when I told them that I thought we ought to make a point of sleeping with our strongest supporters at least once a week each, and that I wanted them to tend to the men while I did for the women. Before we could do that, I needed them to compile a list of who we could woo, who we couldn't, and who we might be able to simply ignore. I also asked them to write down a list of the nobles' grievances, no matter how petty.

I also asked them to have each of the noblemen provide a list of the three most influential houses. Naturally, they'd all list their own first. But I could only assume that we'd learn a lot from what names

were most frequently listed second and third.

Finally, lest anyone think me soft, I also asked Mom and Iva to Devour the two nobles that struck them as most likely to cause trouble. I further told them that, if they saw fit, they could Devour one other person apiece, for any reason whatsoever. Or none at all. No questions asked. But I also stressed that this was a one time offer.

Neither much liked the requests. Mom hadn't even liked the offer of a hunting license, though Iva would surely put hers to good use. After I told them that they could each take one vassal for every two they recruited for me, though, they'd agreed to my outreach plan.

In Mom's case, that agreement came reluctantly. She'd looked like she wanted to let me know that what I'd asked of her was Shadow's work, and I'd chosen Iva for that job. I wasn't entirely sure I could have blamed her if she had. As soon as possible, I was going to have to set aside some time just for the two of us, make sure she knew just how much I appreciated her. And maybe come clean about some things I'd been keeping from her besides.

I informed six of the most attractive foreign dignitaries, three male and three female, that if they wished to have audience with me, they'd first have to satisfy my niece and nephew. I told Melanie and Todd that they should go along with the idea that they were playing an important gate keeping role, but I think they understood that this was really just a gift to them. At least, I was sure Mel did, and that she'd explain it to her brother.

When all of that was done, I went in search of my bed. There were still a million things that needed doing. Not least of which was a complete renovation of the palace. Each of the previous rulers had used the palace's appearance to make powerful statements about how they'd intended to rule. I'd need to do the same.

But just then, all I could think about was how tired I was. My first day as king wasn't even over yet, and I was already beginning to wonder why I'd wanted the position so badly.

#

When Mom walked into my office, I had my chair pushed back against the wall and Wendy propped up on my desk while I performed my best cunnilingus for her. Well, not quite my best. She wasn't ready for that. But I was using more than a few of my better tricks, and she was on the brink of her third monster orgasm.

I made Mom wait while I finished Wendy off, which only took another two minutes or so. The prime

minister dropped back to the floor, pulled her skirt down around her hips, gently kissed me on the cheek, and headed for the door without needing to be asked to give us some privacy. She and my mother exchanged brief greetings before she left.

Mom planted her hands on her hips. She wore a black evening gown, a pearl necklace, black leather gloves, diamond earrings, and nice heels. It was perfect for the visits she was still finishing up. Formal enough to command the respect due to an emissary of the king, revealing enough to draw attention to her best assets.

"I see you've finally found some time for recreational activities," Mom said.

I sighed as I settled into my plush executive office chair, gesturing for Mom to take a seat as well. "You know that's not it. It's not like I'm paying her a salary. If I want her to do a good job, I need to motivate her somehow. And the whole court will bene-

Mom waved away the rest as she sat down. "She'd probably be happy enough to do it on a strictly voluntary basis, and I think you know that. But I'm not under the impression you're developing romantic feelings for the girl. In your head, there's something noble about making sure she's compensated to your satisfaction, whether that's necessary to ensure her loyalty or not." She sighed, but there was a hint of a smile there too. "He might call himself king these days, but in some ways, my sweet baby will never change."

I coughed into my fist to hide my blush.

"I think I even mostly believe that you chose Iva to be your Shadow instead of me for similarly pragmatic reasons."

I forced my face to remain impassive. "Mostly" was pretty much exactly the extent to which she should believe that. There *were* some very good pragmatic reasons to ask Iva to be my Shadow. But I couldn't claim that I had no real feelings for her the way I could Wendy. And it was really getting to be time that I told Mom that.

Soon.

"I've never been interested in politics, and she knows all kinds of obscure and arcane crap," Mom continued. "And she can be plenty scary when she needs to be, too. It's okay, honey. I get it. Really. I mean, you can't blame me for being a little jealous all the same, but that's not what I came to talk to you about."

"What *did* you come to talk about?" I asked.

My mother sighed heavily. The way her huge breasts rose and fell as she did gave me an instant erection, whereas eating Wendy's pussy had not. "Please tell me you're going to have some time for your dear old mother soon? I miss you, honey. Rather badly."

"Of course I will. Later tonight, in fact. I was thinking we can take a little trip to the mortal world. Spend a few days together, without getting out of bed or sleeping a wink. And when we get back, just a few hours will have passed. What do you say?"

Her Libido swelled. "That would be...nice."

"Good. Then that's what we'll do," I said. "Tonight. But, just now, I'm afraid we need to talk business. How goes the outreach?"

She groaned, then kicked off her heels, pulled one of her feet up into her lap, and started to massage it with both hands. And that was all the response she offered.

I laughed as I came around behind her and gave her a back rub. Her muscles really were tense. I'd thought maybe she'd been making a show of looking weary, to make sure she got a little attention from me. And maybe that was true to some extent. But there was no question that the task I'd set her was taking a lot out of her.

Nodding to myself, I resolved to make our little excursion as special as I could. She deserved that, and more.

Mom rolled her neck as I worked, moaning softly. "Mmm. That's nice, dear."

"So what happened?"

"Oh, exactly what you'd expect. At first, everyone was very polite, but skeptical. When they saw I really was willing to listen though, they wouldn't stop rattling off all kinds of complaints. And some were reasonable enough. But others...."

"Couldn't tell if they were even serious?" I asked.

"Worse. Even when I was sure they were, it seemed like they shouldn't have been. I can't believe they think that we're going to do something about some of this. Like their favorite lover spending more time with some other member of their family. Or what's going on in politics in the mortal world. Sure,

we made that world, but seriously. We can't be expected to spend all of our time fixing everything about it. They get to roam around and prey upon hapless mortals more or less without consequences, provided they're quiet about it. They want us to worry about tax rates, unemployment, and gay marriage?"

"But they're taking us seriously?"

"Yes, yes," Mom said. "You might be opening a box you won't easily be able to close."

I handed her a margarita. She took it, patted my hand, and sipped the drink. She let out a contented sigh each time the glass left her lips.

"At any rate, I'm really getting the sense that the first thing you should do is set up a judiciary. A lot of their grievances are with one another, not the throne. Simply having a neutral but authoritative arbiter to resolve their disputes would mean a lot to them."

"Makes sense," I said. "Why did no one think of that before?"

"Oh, I'm sure they have. It's just that no one cared, honey. Because no one's sat on that throne before who truly wanted to make their subjects happy."

I laughed. "That's nice of you to say, but I rather suspect the real answer is that I'm spending a lot of time on things that won't really improve my hold on power, when I could be using my time more wisely."

"Probably," she said.

"Thanks for the vote of confidence," I said, with a sigh. But I would rather hear the truth. And it was hard to imagine that her first response fell under that category.

Mom busied herself with her margarita for a time before saying, "Well, anyway, you ought to look into recruiting a royal magistrate. I mean, you could, of course, do it yourself. They'd certainly appreciate that. But talk about not using your time wisely. You've already committed yourself to spending more time than I wish you would, ah, distributing patronage. As if you couldn't just command every family to volunteer one of their members to serve as a vassal and be done with it. The last thing you need to do is hold court four hours everyday, listening to the kind of shit I've been wading through lately. So find someone qualified and promise to fix any problems they create in the mortal world. That seems to be the closest thing to currency here, besides offering them time with your or your family. Which, I hope I don't need to remind you, is a scarce commodity."

"I know it is," I said. "And I really do appreciate everything you've been doing."

"Well, we'll find out tonight just how much you do," she said. After another sip of her drink, she added, "I'm warning you mister, if you get your mother's hopes up with talk of a little vacation, and then bail last minute, I'm going to...I'm going to...well, I don't know what I'm going to do, but I'm sure you won't like it."

I laughed then kissed the top of her head. "Duly noted."

She rubbed my forearms. "How about you, baby? Is everything going okay so far on your end? I see you've made the palace your own."

I nodded. It looked pretty similar to the way it had under Jack. At least in the sense that it looked like a place someone might actually live in, if they had obscene amounts of money, rather than a cold, hard, intimidating thing, as it had when Brianna sat the throne. Jack's dream mansion wasn't identical to mine in various little ways, but we'd still chosen to make similar statements. You could say I'd made it my own. But there was as much continuity as change to the way the place looked.

"Official negotiations with the First Autumnal Court begin tomorrow," I said. "I guess that's when we'll figure out whether it was a huge mistake to take the throne."

"I'm sure my baby knows what he's doing," my mother said.

Isn't that what mothers pretty much always say?

I laughed. "I'm glad one of us is. To be perfectly honest, I don't know how I *could* know what I'm doing, being so new at this. But we'll see."

"Have you...talked over the details of your proposal...with your Shadow?"

"Don't do that," I said, kissing her head again.

"Do what?" She finished her margarita, then refilled it herself. "Okay, I know I didn't need to use that tone. But it was actually a serious question."

"Not yet. But I will. And I'd like your feedback too. We can talk more about it tonight. But I guess it's only fair to tell you now that one of the things I'll pushing for is the release of the woman who was held captive with me. In fact, I plan to ask her to marry me."

Mom dropped her glass. It shattered on the floor, and margarita sprayed against the desk, the chair, and our feet. "I'm sorry," she said. "I just...didn't expect that."

"Don't worry about," I said. With a thought, I cleaned up the mess.

"So. What's the lucky girl's name?" she asked in a flat tone.

"Lily," I said. "But Mom, don't worry. Nothing's going to change between us. I promise."

"Don't say that. That only makes me think you haven't thought this through."

"Okay. Fine. That's fair enough. What I mean is, you'll still be my favorite," I said. "Besides, last I checked, *you* were still married. Doesn't stop us from...well, what I'm saying is, whatever this is, it doesn't require us to be single."

Another conversation neither of us wanted to have.

"That's truuue," she said, her lips moving slower than molasses with the second word. "But, our kind doesn't even bother pretending marriage is a lifelong commitment. Now that our children are of age, your father and I don't have much reason to be together. Even if you go about things the same way we did, you're still committing yourself to making this Lily a very important part of your life for what will seem like a few years here in the Homelands, but a few decades in the mortal world. Which is how long it will take to raise kids. I assume that's what this is about, right? You want children?"

I ground my teeth. She just had to say her name like that.

But I didn't want to let my frustration show. I was dropping something of a bomb on her, after all. She was entitled to a little cattiness.

"Of course it is," I said, hopefully without any edge to my voice. "And of course you're right. You're *always* right. But even so, I promise you that no one's going to replace you. I may have less time for you than either of us would like, but that won't mean I care about you any less, or that I won't be thinking of you when I'm with her."

"It better not mean that," she said.

Neither of us said anything for a time.

Eventually, Mom broke the silence. "So. Tell me. Where are you going to have the wedding? The Homelands or the mortal world? Indoors or out?"

"I don't know."

Her back stiffened a little. "And who are you going to invite? Do you expect any of her family to attend?"

"Not sure. She's an exile. Got the impression she's not on good terms with her family."

"Exiled from?" Mom asked.

"Shadowed Glade of the Moon." Reluctantly, I added, "I'm pretty sure. She didn't talk about home much, and didn't seem to want me to ask."

"Frank. Honey."

"I know," I said. "I know. But, Mom, she might not even say yes. I'm just trying to give you early warning here. I don't have any actual plans yet. You're literally the first person to know that I'm even thinking about it."

"Okay, fine, so you still have plenty of time to work that all out. But if I know my son, you're going to try to put all those decision off til the last minute. Or make her make them. You can expect some serious nagging from me if you do though."

Some things never change. "Yes, Mom."

#

After we'd settled in to the hotel room, tested out the bed and enjoyed a quick shower together, my mother and I were ready for a drink. She summoned a bottle of tequila. I did one shot with her, then told her I had a better idea.

The foot I was massaging slipped out of my hand and made a playful poke at my crotch. "And what's that, mister?" Mom asked.

I slid a key card across the little wooden table. "I want you to go down to the bar. Round up three or four guys. Then bring them back here. I'll make myself invisible, so you'll be the only one to know that I'm watching. The only to know that seeing my mother behave like a cock-hungry slut will have me

jerking off like crazy."

"Oh, sweetie," she said. Her Libido swelled. "That sounds delightful. But that's really not necessary. I can't believe I'm turning down a good gangbang, but Mommy just wants some time alone with her baby."

"There'll be plenty of time for that," I said. "We're going to be here for two nights."

She chewed at her full lower lip. "You sure? It won't make you jealous?"

"I'm not just sure. I insist."

Her huge breasts rose and fell. At last, she nodded. No doubt, she'd noticed that I'd dodged her second question. But she let it slide.

"One more," she said, reaching for the bottle. "Nothing like a little liquid courage."

After we downed the shots, I thought she might actually back out. I was surprised by how hesitant she appeared to be. I sensed excitement when I read her Libido, but also a hint of fear. Just what she was afraid of, though, I couldn't have said. Nonetheless, the next I knew, every trace of it was gone anyway, so I decided not to worry too much about it.

We kissed for a while, and I was right back to thinking that she was going to change her mind. Though this time, it wasn't fear that I sensed in her Libido. As powerful as the desire I felt pulsing inside her was, the fact that she didn't throw me down on the bed and have her way with me must have taken considerable willpower.

Mom donned a loose-fitting sundress, blue with white floral print.

"How do I look?" she asked. "Too conservative?"

It was reasonably modest, but she hadn't bothered with a mortal disguise, so she wouldn't need to show much skin in order to attract attention.

"Absolutely perfect," I said.

Mom slapped my bare upper arm. "Seriously. Do you think I should...?" she cupped her breasts, mushing them flat against her body. "Or at least...?" she turned around and similarly tried to hide her fat ass in her small hands. "You know other guys don't necessarily feel the same way you do about-"

"Don't be crazy, Mom," I said. "You're going to have to beat them off with a club."

She smiled that smile that all parents learn, and perhaps no one who isn't a parent can ever quite master. Roll her eyes though she might, there was both affection and gratitude in that look.

"Unfortunately for you, I forgot my club. So I may just bring back more than three or four. How's about that?"

"If that's what you're in the mood for," I said. "I just want you to enjoy yourself. Because I'm going to enjoy you that much more as a result. Plus I'm looking forward to watching you fuck those poor saps within an inch of their lives."

She flashed a devious grin. "Okay. I'm going now." It almost sounded like a question.

"Have fun," I said. "Or choose well. Or whatever it is I'm supposed to say at this point."

She snorted, waved bye, and left.

"Here we go," I said to myself. As I lifted the bottle of tequila to pour myself one last shot, I noticed my hand shaking a little. Mom's reluctance only further convinced me that this had been a good idea.

She was going to love the surprise.

I tossed back the shot and shuddered. Then I stood up, drew a deep breath, and stepped directly from the room to the bar, without bothering with the space between. Shortest distance between two points a straight line, my ass.

#

As soon as she saw me standing in a circle, wearing three different bodies, Mom snickered and covered her face with one hand. But she recovered quickly and continued playing along. She took a seat by herself at the bar and surreptitiously invited one of "us" to buy her a drink with her eyes.

I waited a few minutes before going over to her.

"What're you drinking?" I asked. "Doesn't look worthy of you. Let me buy you something top shelf," I added, before she could respond.

Mom tried her best to hide a giggle. "No sense hiding good tequila in another frozen margarita," she

said, the straw still in her mouth. "Do a shot with me?"

Was that her way of telling me she knew? Did she think I hadn't already guessed? Either way, I ordered two shots of the finest tequila they had. Unfortunately, this wasn't an upscale bar in downtown Manhattan, so their finest wasn't all that fine. But it would do.

"I'm Ellen," Mom said, as she clanked her empty glass down on the marble.

"John," I said.

"John?" she asked.

I nodded. "And that there's Jimmy. Beside him is Joe."

"Are they not fans of tequila?" she asked.

"I'm sure they are, but-"

"Well, then, invite them over," she said.

So I introduced Mom to the other guys I was pretending to be. As hard as it was being inside three bodies at once, all altered just enough to look like different people even if they were all recognizably me, it was even harder remembering to only talk with one at a time. And remembering which one went by which made up name. I almost answered questions she asked of Jimmy with Joe, and of Joe with John.

But thankfully, Mom didn't make me keep the charade up long. After one more round of shots, I paid the bill with a credit card the bartender wouldn't find out was fake until tomorrow, and the three guys followed Ellen up to her hotel room.

Though I wasn't sure I could handle it, once back in the room, I split off into a *fourth* body. But that one sat in the corner, invisible, and watched.

As John, I was the tallest I'd ever made myself. Pushing six foot six. I was also a lot leaner. My usual build on a body that tall would have made for quite a big boy.

Jimmy was a bit taller than my baseline self, with blonde hair instead of my ashy brown, and a deep bronze tan. He had the beginnings of a golden brown beard.

Joe was my regular height, and much thinner. There was still a fair amount of muscle on that body, but it was wiry rather than bulky. Whereas I ordinarily looked like a bodybuilder, Joe looked like a runner. He wore his brown hair in a ponytail, and had a full beard.

The three guys undressed Ellen, laid her down on the bed, and set to work exploring her voluptuous figure with their hands and mouths.

"Oh, my," Mom said. "I've never done anything like this."

"Sure you haven't," one of me said. I was starting to lose track.

"Well, maybe once or twice," she said. "But my husband, Frank, is usually one of them."

I almost lost control then. Did my head spin, or did four heads spin?

Her *husband*.

"Where is he now?" I asked. As Joe, I think.

"Who cares," Ellen said with an evil laugh.

I, or we, or they, or whatever it was, laughed with her.

Somehow, I managed to keep up the different appearances and personas long enough for Ellen to at least suck, if not fuck, each of them. But even though she showed admirable restraint whenever one of my bodies came, energy was gushing out of me like blood from an opened femoral artery. First, I stopped maintaining the alterations that made John, Jimmy and Joe distinct, and three identical men continued pleasuring Mom while a fourth watched. But that only staunched the flow of energy a little. It was more the fact that I wore four bodies than that they all looked different that was wearing me out fast. So I soon I condensed two of the bodies into one.

That, I probably could have kept up for a while. Especially since Mom's orgasms were plentiful. But I was getting tired. So after she took one more load in her mouth and one in her womb, I let go of the extra bodies, allowing my full consciousness to gather within the invisible voyeur. Finally, I made my final self visible.

"Did...you...enjoy?" I asked, between gasps for air.

Mom wiped a sweaty lock of hair that had been obscuring her vision from her face. "Baby, that was

just about the hottest thing we've ever done."

"Even without all the extras?" I asked. "No blue bolts of not-quite-electricity, no zero-gravity, no floating hands or spectral mouths?"

"That's all nice," she said. "Don't get me wrong. And I hope to see most of that too. Because there's nothing you do to me that I don't absolutely love. But, yes, even without that, I enjoyed it. A *lot*."

"Good," I said. "But if you don't mind, I think I need a break before we can get to the rest. Appears I'm not as strong as I thought I was."

"Oh, sweetie," Mom said, as she slipped out of bed, padded over to me, and draped herself across my legs. "You're the strongest I've ever met. Much stronger than my mother was. From what I hear, Silas might have something on you, but short of-

"Iva. Iva's stronger than I am. She'd be queen right now, if she'd wanted to be," I said.

Her mouth tightened. Perhaps simply because I'd mentioned her name. But maybe because she thought my claim that Iva was stronger was simply me having an overly high opinion of her. Or maybe because she believed me, and the truth bothered her. I'd loved to have known which it was, but on the topic of Iva, Mom never had much to say.

Not that I could blame her, really. I hadn't either, not yet. And that wasn't fair of me. Of course, it wouldn't be fair to tell her now either. This was the time alone with me that she'd been waiting for.

But it would have to be soon after we got back to the Homelands.

"So Grandma Noreen was really powerful, huh? How did...what happened?"

Mom sighed. "Kaitlin was never weak, even before she Devoured her. But even so, she'd never have had a prayer, if my mother had known what was coming. I wasn't there, so I don't know all the details, but I think she'd been watching my mother and her brother together, invisible, and waited until...well, it doesn't really matter exactly how it happened. Gus's mother might not have been as powerful as mine, but she was clever, ambitious, and willing to do whatever it took to get what she wanted."

"And that's...that's when you married Dad?" I asked, remembering something my still exiled Aunt Tara had said, long ago.

"Mmm hmm," Mom said. "Daddy wanted war. So did Tara. Maybe even more so. Liz...well, bless her

heart, Liz never wanted to get involved in politics. How she was cursed with Brianna, I'll never understand. But though I could tell that she would have given our father what he wanted were it her in my shoes, if only because she would have done *anything* to help him through his grief, she didn't say anything, and I'm not sure I ever really told her how much that meant to me."

"So Grandpa really loved Grandma? It wasn't just about having kids?"

Mom ruffled my hair. "If this Lily of yours says yes, you'll understand. You can't spend eighteen, twenty, twenty five years in the mortal world, wearing a mask all day every day, and not start to become it. I think I really loved your father, while we were together. Not sure I ever really stopped loving him. It's not like I have any hard feelings towards him even now. But once your kids grow up and you return to the Homelands, things change."

"A simple yes would have sufficed," I said.

With a wan smile, Mom pinched my nose between her two fingers.

The way Iva always did.

Guilt shot through me as I realized how I'd worded the thought.

"That was as good a time as any to tell you that you have no idea what you're getting into," Mom said. "Hopefully you won't forget about me. But I promise you, you will come to love your wife. When her belly swells with your child, if not before."

I wasn't sure what to say to that. No doubt she was right. She always was.

And she didn't seem upset about it either. There was a faint hint of pride mixed in with the grief over losing her son to some other woman. Not that she was losing me, not really. But of course it would feel that way to her.

The tone of acceptance in her voice and the relative placidity of her Libido made it even harder to argue with her. These were not words spoken from jealousy.

"Why don't you talk about them more? Your parents?" I asked at last.

"You don't want to hear about that."

"But I do," I said.

Mom kissed me gently on the forehead. "How powerful do you think I am?"

I frowned. Was she changing the topic? "You're one of the strongest women I've ever been with," I said.

"And before you instructed me to Devour two of your nobles, which I've yet to do, how many people would you say I'd Devoured?"

"What's that got to do with...oh. Oh." I fell silent. I'd never much thought about it before. But I saw where she was going. If the answer was none, she might be as weak as her sister, Liz, had been. Barring that, she'd still be fortunate to be as strong as Natalie. Which was nothing to sneeze at. But I'd never known my sister to wear two bodies at once. Mom could. Maybe splitting her consciousness didn't come as easily to her as it did to me or Iva these days, but I'd seen her do it.

Mom nodded.

"I thought you and your father were close."

"We were," she said. "It's a long story. And not one I care to tell just now. Someday, perhaps. I guess you do have a right to know. But for now, I want you to fuck me silly. Fuck me until the sun comes up. What do you say? Have you had enough of a break?"

Not a moment later, I had my mother on the floor and I was taking her doggy-style.