

# Addams Family Traditions

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*An Erotic Comedy, about a Family that's Creepy and kooky, Perverted and Kinky...*

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I do not own the rights to the characters in the story below. Since this is of an Erotic nature as well as dark comedy if you are under 18 stop reading now. Also just as a word of note, this is based off of the 1990's film version of the characters and not the classic TV Show

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## Chapter 1

The family clock was striking 6 PM, as Morticia and Gomez Addams lounged in the parlor of their mausoleum like mansion. Morticia's mother sat in an ancient rocking chair pouring over a large tome the cover of which read "FUNGI". "Lurch?" called Morticia. The Addams' behemoth sized butler lumbered wordlessly in the room, paused and then gave a rumble. "Call the children for us please." He nodded and moved to the foot of the staircase, and made another, louder noise, and the ancient house seemed to tremble a bit.

"Time for our talk already is it?" Asked Gomez. Morticia was sitting on his lap and he had been kissing her arm and making his way slowly up to the nape of her neck.

"Gomez we can't keep putting it off. It's time we sat them down, and talked about this as a family, they're teenagers and old enough by now."

Gomez merely sighed a little and nodded in agreement. Mama remand silent but she peered over her book intrigued. Up above them there was the sound of scurrying feet down the long hallways. Pugsley, the Addams' second child appeared at the top of the stairs first. He was a hefty boy, with very short blonde hair, dressed in shorts and a stripped T-shirt. He had one foot out to begin the descent down the stairs, when his sister Wednesday, The Addams' eldest child came up behind him on the landing and with one hard shove sent him tumbling and sprawling down the stairs head over heels. She calmly started down after him, her long jet-black hair in pigtails, her petite figure clad in a black dress and black pants. Pugsley landed in a heap at the foot of the stairs and groaned a bit, but

seemed no worse for the wear. Wednesday reached the bottom shortly after him, literally stepping on him as she got off the stairs. She walked over to her parents, with Pugsley, holding his back slightly, in tow.

“Yes mother?” She asked.

“Children sit down please, your father and I want to talk with you.” The children obeyed, sitting down on the dusty green velvet couch across from their parents.

“Are we in trouble?” Asked Pugsley, a hint of excitement in his voice.

“No, no it’s nothing like that.” Said Gomez, “there’s just something we think we need to talk to you kids about...” He stopped, as if bewildered of what his next words should be. He looked to his wife for guidance. She leaned forward reassuringly towards her children, and her sumptuous lips gave them a comforting smile.

“Now we don’t want to embarrass you, but you two are getting older now and we just want you to answer something honestly alright?” The children nodded soundlessly that they understood, Morticia nodded then sat back up and her face became somewhat grave again. “Are the two of you...Virgins?” She asked.

The Addams’ children seemed to stir uncomfortably in their seats, and shot one another a look of dread. “We aren’t going to think any less of you whatever the answer is. We just care about you.” Said Gomez. He has lit a cigar and was talking with his teeth clenched firmly around it. The children still said nothing and avoided their parents’ gaze. “Wednesday?” Asked Morticia somewhat sharply. Wednesday looked up at her mother, a touch of red even showed in otherwise pallid face. She sighed, “Yes, I, I am.”

“And you Pugsley?” The boy squirmed a bit, and looked at his shifting feet. “Yes mother.” The two parents shared a concerned look. Mama shook her head slightly. “Things have changed since when I was their age. You never would have seen this when I was a girl.”

“Well now,” said Morticia gently after a moment, “this is a bit upsetting. As you children know We Addams’s have a rich tradition of eroticism.”

“Yes mother.” The children said in unison.

“And while it isn’t the most important of our Clans customs, carnal practices and experimentation traditionally should start at about your age...if not slightly younger.” The Children nodded, shame and

embarrassment still written on their faces. Gomez slid closer to Morticia on the couch and spoke. “it isn’t the end of the world children...it’s just....we want the best for you, and learning about the arts of lust is an important part of the development of your character, as a proud member of the Addams clan.”

“Exactly”, agreed Morticia, “learning the pleasures of the flesh.” She looked to Gomez, a slight grin coming on her face.

“The dark, sweet joys of carnal embrace.” Gomez said, taking Morticia’s hand in his own, his eyes shining with excitement, as a wide smile crossed his lips.

“Orifices, probing, fondling... mmmm”. Morticia’s free hand lightly caressed her husbands cheek as she became further lost in his gaze. He kissed her hand sharply.

“The fervor of lovers, romping like beasts!” He kissed her hand once again before Morticia sent him over the edge. “Je vous veux.”

“Oh Tish!” He proceeded to kiss her up the length of her arm to the nape of her neck, his hands wildly flying about her form. After a moment, Morticia, whilst clearly enjoying the intention, came to her senses. “Later darling.” Gomez looked at her in aroused puzzlement. “We need to finish with the children,” she explained. Gomez thought for a moment, then, nodding, shifted in his seat.

“ Yes, of course dearest.” Pugsley, Wednesday and Grandma meanwhile had barely noticed the divergence Morticia and Gomez had gone on. The two of them were quite passionate about one another and it wasn’t uncommon to see them getting distracted by each other. Morticia leaned forward inquisitively, “Do you have any idea as to why you haven’t began to explore the sexual world?” The youngsters considered this. Pugsley spoke first. “Well, it’s not as though I haven’t wanted to, it’s just well....I really don’t know all that much about it.” Wednesday nodded her head in agreement. Their parents regarded each other curiously.

“Haven’t they taught you anything about it in school?” Wednesday and Pugsley glanced at one another, shrugging slightly.

“Well, yes mother but.-“ Began Wednesday, but Grandma cut her off, having placed her book aside to listen to the conversation.

“Pish- posh! Schools today! It’s all textbooks and gobbledegook in those classes! I remember when it done at home. By the family. That was how a youngster got a practical lesson in the facts of lust!” She shook her head in contempt. The rest of the Family looked at her ponderingly. Gomez and

Morticia faced each other, excitement entering their faces. They nodded at each other without saying a word, then turned back to Grandma.

“Grandma you’ve got it!” exclaimed Gomez.

Grandma looked puzzled, “Got what?” then, brightly, “is it contagious?”

“No mama. About the children.” Said Morticia. She turned to the children smiling, “children, this weekend, the two of you are going to have a firsthand lesson from me right here at home. Maybe that way we can make up for the lack of responsibility your school has taken, and clear up your questions.” The two children sat up straighter in their seats as relief and excitement shot through them. Pugsley grinned childishly and giggled. Wednesday’s face only hinted at a smirk, but her eyes shone.

“I could help as well Tish.” Gomez ventured.

“Yes dear, but I think that for the start we ought to keep it simple for the children. Besides this is a mother’s task.” Gomez nodded in approval, then looked back to his children with glee in his face.

“What do you say kids? Sound acceptable?” The children nodded emphatically.

Grandma gazed on approvingly, “ Now your talking sense. I remember when I was a girl. My mother, your Grandmother Morticia, now there was a teacher. She was fiend, a harlot, an out-and-out deviant!” She sighed nostalgically, “she taught me all she knew.”

“Well it’s settled then!” Exclaimed Gomez. Wednesday and Pugsley rose and began to walk back up stairs, three steps from the upper landing Wednesday swung her leg beneath her brother’s sprawling him on the floor and proceeded to walk over him and into her room, her mind buzzing with excitement.

The days drug by with the same delayed sensation that most children feel leading up to Christmas. The old house functioned much as normal: Wednesday and Pugsley went to school and continued their constant battling. Pubert, The youngest Addams sibling, little more than a toddler, played in his grim nursery and created as much mischief as he could. Gomez’s brother Fester haunted around the halls with ghoulish cheeriness, looking for unpleasant things to investigate. Grandma studied her withered books and made her foul concoctions. Gomez and Morticia enjoyed each others company as they lazed about the house, and occupied their time with their own gloomy hobbies. But beneath the calm, was an air of anticipation. Gomez and Morticia kept throwing each other sly and knowing smiles. At night, as the children laid in bed, they could hear an extra fervor in their parents’ activities.

The floor creaked louder, The headboard slammed harder, and their voices moaned and howled sharper than usual. Hearing this only heightened the anticipation. Clearly they were as excited as they were. Finally Saturday morning came. The family sat at the table as always and polished off a breakfast of stewed garden slugs. The Children said little, fearful to seem over eager. Pubert sat in his high chair next to Morticia, shoveling the meal into his mouth.

“Pubert dear, play with it before you eat.” Morticia Corrected.

“Kay mama!” Squeaked Pubert, as he began beating the palms of his hands into the gray-brown sludge.

Morticia smiled, “good boy. Wednesday, Pugsley?” The two siblings looked up from their meals. “I want you to meet me in the southwest dungeon chamber at noon. Lurch has made the necessary arrangements.”

“Yes mother.” The two children said in unison, “may we be excused?” Their parents nodded, and threw each other a knowing glance. As the two Addams teens began to walk away, Morticia stopped them, “Oh Children just a suggestion, I’d be ready. It’ will be a long and” her jet black eyebrow arched suggestively, “vigorous day.” As they left Pubert issued a loud belch and threw a fistful of his breakfast across the tables splattering Fester and Grandma. The four adults laughed and applauded approvingly, “good show Pubert!” said his father gleefully.

## Chapter 2

The chimes of the clock were echoing throughout the house as the young Addams’ walked the winding staircase, and through passages to reach the deep, stonewalled, basement level in the bowels of the house. The gnarled oaken door that led into the dungeon chamber stood ajar and a faint orange glow cut through the dank and dingy atmosphere of the hall. Lurch stood motionless at the side of the door staring flatly as the teens walk up. He issued a guttural grown in children. “Hello Lurch. Is mother inside?” Asked Wednesday.

“Come in Children, the lesson is about to begin.” Come their mother’s voice from the chamber. Wednesday and her brother assessed the décor as they entered. They were fairly familiar with most of the nooks and crannies of their family’s mansion and this stonewalled chamber was no exception, having played there many times growing up. A few candelabras had been set up to illuminate the room, and a dusty old couch placed near the center of the room, and a small table in front of it. On the table was a large and old leather bound book and the hand “Thing”, the Addams’ loyal companion. In one corner of the room there was a blank chalkboard. On the wall that the couch was

facing a aged white projection screen had been pulled down. Even with the candles, shadows dominated the room, and half hid all the other walls. The vaguely defined shapes of riding crops, cat-o-nine tails', manacles, paddles and other device lined them. Morticia sat on the couch and observed the children as they emerged from the gloom. Lurch lumbered in behind them and the door clattered shut.

"Welcome my children" said Morticia, her expression revealing no emotion, her voice coldly seductive. She was dressed in her standard skintight black dress, and in the darkened room, her pale white skin almost seemed to appear from nowhere. "Sit down here and we'll begin, Lurch and Thing has agreed to assist me." They did as they were instructed, Wednesday sitting on her Mothers left and Pugsley on her right.

"Now then, I believe the proper place to start is with a bit of history, that's why your father and I found this in the library." She picked up the book from the table, and after she had blown a large cloud of dust from it's cover, Wednesday and Pugsley surveyed the title: "THE ADDAMS BOOK OF PERVERSION, LUST, AND LECHERY" Their eyes widened with excitement. "This book contains generation after generation of sex acts, fetishes, orgies and what have you. In it there are Addams', and Frumps and other old families such as ours." She lifted the heavy cover and the book creaked with age. The first page was an illustration of a woodcut depicting several women in various stages of undress, their faces enraptured, dancing and embracing around a large fire.

"This," Said Morticia, "Is a depiction of some of your oldest ancestors, Young woman in a village in France. It's believed to be some time in the dark ages. It's said that by moonlight they'd light a fire to the skies, cast off their clothes and dance nude in revelry, before offering themselves to Lucifer and descending into a frenzied orgy." Her face filled with pride. The Children' eyes grew with excitement as they gazed at the woodcut. A tingle ran through Wednesday's body. Pugsley felt a stir between his legs. After a moment, Morticia flipped ahead several pages before settling on a depiction of an oil painting. The painting was of a topless woman, wearing a billowing black skirt. Her jet black hair was done up in the style of a renaissance woman, and her face was stern. She held in one hand a riding crop and in the other a chain attached to two naked, kneeling men. The background was a gothic looking bedchamber. "Here," said Morticia, "we see Countess Ursula Addams. Stories tell us she kept legions of male servants and slaves to satisfy her insatiable lust until she was hung in the 1602."

She flipped forward again. The book opened to a charcoal illustration depicting a naked adolescent boy sprawled out on a luxurious sofa, being fondled by several women. "Mmm, this is one of my favorite stories" sighed Morticia. "The Debauchment Of Horatio. You see that boy is your great, great, great Uncle Horatio Addams. The women are his mother, aunt and sisters. They seduced him. They stripped him bare and proceeded to stroke him, fellate him and ravage him for hours on end until he was driven completely mad."

“Mother?”

“Yes Pugsley?”

“What does fellate mean?”

Morticia smiled softly and addressed the book. In between the historical depictions were pages and pages of notes and definitions. “Fornication....fingering....fondling...ah, fellatio.” She settled on a page labeled “Fellatio”, in faded black ink. Beneath it was a detailed picture of a topless woman kneeling before a seated bottomless man with a large erection. The woman’s grinning mouth was open and descending around his phallus, her tongue extending onto the tip, while her hand worked at his balls. “Whoa.” said Pugsley slowly. Wednesday was silent but her eyes were huge in their sockets, and she placed a hand to her mouth. She could feel her nipples begin to harden, and the tingle ran through her body again. “It’s also called a blowjob.” She turned and fixed her son with a piercing gaze, raising her brow inquisitively, “Well now Pugsley. What, do you suppose that, would feel like?” Pugsley swallowed hard and said nothing, blood begin flowing steadily to his crotch. “Well I think that maybe enough history for now. We’ll keep this handy incase we need it again, but for now I think we ought to move onto something more contemporary.” She closed the book and set back on the table. “Lurch? If you would proceed please.” The growl came from behind and a light flashed up on the projection screen. “Thank you. Slide please?” Thing suddenly stood to attention and seized a clicker from the table, and snapped the button. Immediately the screen with a black card reading: “Family Photos”. The clicker snapped again and the slide was replaced with a new one that read “Morticia Frump”. “These are of me as I grew up.” Said Morticia fondly, and nodded to Thing. The slide changed. The first photo was black and white and showed a young Morticia, dressed rather similar to Wednesday, smiling coyly at the camera as she held a long, thin cigarette to her lips. A younger version of Grandma stood not far behind her and looked on proudly. “My 13th birthday” said Morticia. “It was my first cigarette. Mama and Papa were so proud.” In the next photo, Morticia stood next to her Mother who was looking down at her and grinning excitedly as Morticia held up into the camera’s view a long, intricately decorated dildo. “Mama passed it on to me as I turned 13. Over a century old and hand carved by a shaman out of Indian Ivory. It was adorned with dark spells and incantations, and scenes of sexual delight. Mama told me it had been cursed, to give a woman the single most awe inspiring orgasm of her life, but only once and she would never reach such a zenith again.” “Did you ever use it mother?” Asked Wednesday. Morticia closed her eyes in remembrance. Color seeped into her ghostly cheeks and her eyes fluttered slightly. She squirmed in her seat as the vivid memory came back. A moment passed and she looked at Wednesday. “Oh...yes dear, but that’s a story for later. Now then, next.” This photo saw, Morticia, perhaps a about a year older, still dressed in the same outfit, seated on the very edge of a wooden chair in what might have been a kitchen. Her pants were around her knees revealing her thighs. She was holding an empty wine bottle between her legs

and a stream was out from under her dress and entering the mouth. "Here I am in the family kitchen making a Frump favorite, 'Vino dell'urina'. Mama and I would take turns making batches. Once when we were having a party, it took the two of us three days straight to make enough for all the guests, Mama insisted it be pure and not watered down." "How's it taste?" asked Pugsley, his curiosity peaked. "Acrid, pungent and intoxicating." She smiled and turned to look at him, "Though, it's better when it's straight from the source. If you'd like, we can make some sometime." The two children shared a thrilled glance then nodded feverishly. "Excellent, now then, next please." The slides went by one by one, each showing Morticia as she grew. Next came Fester and Gomez, as they matured from two young boys into young men. The slide show ended on a shot of an adolescent Gomez and Fester laying on their stomachs and gazing into an open bedroom door. Inside, on the bed, Mother Addams was laying with her legs wide apart and Father Addams knelt in front of her, his face between her thighs. Mother Addams was looking towards the Camera and smiling at her audience. The images drove more and more excitement into the teens. If there had been any uncertainty before it was gone now. More than anything they wanted to get started. The Suspense was terrible. Wednesday was getting the sense that her mother knew just how titillated she and Pugsley were becoming was deliberately drawing it out and heightening the tension. It was near torture. Wednesday loved it. The projector shut down. "Did you find that interesting that Children?"

"Yes mother, very much." Said Wednesday

"Really? And you Pugsley?"

"Yes! I really want to try that Vino de-um?"

"Heh, Vino dell'urina dear. And I promise you can try some soon. In the mean time I want both of you to stand up." The three of them all rose, As Pugsley looked down sheepishly at the bulge that had begun to form in his crotch. Seeing this Morticia said "My Pugsley. It seems as though you were paying attention." She smiled, "getting a bit of an erection are we?" Pugsley smiled and looked up slowly, shrugging slightly as he said,

"Yes Mother."

"Good. You have every reason to be excited this is just about to get more fun. Now follow me both of you."

### Chapter 3

She led them towards the rear wall, a pair of manacles dangled from it. She stopped and regarded her children carefully. "Hmm, let's see...Pugsley, give me your hand, Wednesday help me please."

Without hesitation she seized the boy by the wrist, lifted his arm above his head and placed it in one of the manacles. Wednesday followed suit. Pugsley, now chained to the wall with his back to his mother and sister looked around hurriedly, amazed by his new situation. His heart rate sped, and he virtually trembled with elation. Now things were getting really interesting. "Now Wednesday fetch me that paddle please." Wednesday promptly went over to the wall and grabbed the wooden spanking paddle, trying hard to maintain her deadpan composure in spite of her childish glee. "Here you are Mother." She said as she handed the instrument of pain to her mother. "Thank you dear. Now then," She walked around to Pugsley's side and placed her arms around his ample waist, pulling herself as close into him as possible, until she had him tightly in grip. He turned his head as far as he could to see her and while he tried to look at her face, the pair of breasts, now inches from his face, drew him in. With her free hand she stroked his cheek intimately. "Pugsley, my little monster, you have been quite a bad boy haven't you?"

"Yes mother." Said Pugsley, his voice shaking with anticipation.

"Very bad indeed."

"Oh yes Mother very bad."

"You're indeed of punishment aren't you?"

"Oh yes please!"

Morticia's smile widened as she whispered softly, "Get ready." She walked around to the back of him again and looked to Wednesday was watching intently. "Watch carefully." Then without any further ado, she swung the wooden blade forward where it collided firmly with Pugsley's soft, round ass. He grunted and inhaled quickly, as a second later it came down again. Morticia took deep breaths in between every swing, as each one got her visibly more excited. As she reached the fifth swing her body gave a slight shudder. Pugsley's face was contorting in a bizarre fusion of bliss and pain, and his grunting got gradually louder and louder. After ten swings Morticia hesitated, She panted, and closed her eyes, savoring the moment. "Don't stop mother! Please! It was getting really good there!"

"In a moment dear. Wednesday, take your brother's pants off." Morticia said, her senses returning. Wednesday sprang into action, rushing forward and unbuckling her brother's belt, and violently tugging his shorts off revealing a pair of faded gray boxers. From her angle she could see a large bulge in the front. "The rest as well." Instructed Morticia. Without missing a beat, Wednesday forced down Pugsley's boxers. He meanwhile said nothing, just craned his neck from one direction to another trying to get a better view of the proceedings. With his pants and underwear laying at his feet the boy's lower body was completely exposed. He looked down at his cock as it rapidly got harder

and harder. From behind Morticia and Wednesday looked at his large ass, which was normally pale, but now was beginning to grow red.

“Thank you Wednesday.” Said Morticia. Without warning she raised the paddle once again and vigorously spanked it against her sons now bare buttocks. It made a sort of “THWAP!” as it hit. The soft skin jiggled and rolled on contact. Pugsley grunted louder than ever now. As the blows landed his body twitched and the grin consumed his face. His cock was jutting out in front of him, so engorged it ached. He wasn’t the only one enjoying himself. As Wednesday watched she looked from the paddle slamming against her brother’s now bright red buttocks, to his face as it giggled and grunted, to her mother who was staring at son hungrily. The sound of wood on bare ass was intoxicating. Finally she could now longer ignore the tension spreading in her body. She was acutely aware of the moisture between her legs. Her panties were going to be soaked. Finally she couldn’t take it any longer. Her hand flew to her breast, and began to rub and massage it through her dress. She began pinching and twisting her nipple. With her other hand she began to rub up and down between her legs, with as much pressure as she could muster. Her eyes squeezed shut. After a moment Morticia finally stopped and looked up at her daughter. “Wednesday?” Wednesday, opened her eyes and stopped her self massaging.

“ Yes Mother?”

“I know it’s exciting, I feel it as well, but try not to get too caught up in it. Make it last, the tension will only make it better later.”

“Sorry Mother.” She said looking away in embarrassment. She knew she was right. Wednesday doubted that a whole team of harlots, nymphomaniacs and sluts could match the knowledge of sex her Mother possessed. The thought of being tutored by her made her fill with pride.

“It’s alright. Now come over here.” She said and beckoned her daughter over to Pugsley’s side. “How is my little monster doing? Was his punishment good?” She asked looking at down at his expression of joy. She ran her hand gently over his tender buttocks, and he flinched slightly and winced. “Gods Mother! That was fantastic! It stung and burnt and felt amazing! Please Punish me some more?!” Pugsley said, his words coming out fast. Morticia smiled,

“Another time dear, I have to show Wednesday something now.” She bent down onto one knee and gestured for Wednesday to do the same, so that they were eye level with his now throbbing cock. It appeared to be about six and half inches long and juttred out from a nest of frizzy blonde pubic hair that was still patchy in places. “Wow...” whispered Wednesday. Of course she had seen pictures in pornographic books and magazines as well as movies. She’d even seen her father once or twice, since their parents weren’t altogether shy about their habits, but never one this close. She had to fight

a deep ancestral urge to reach out seize it. "You've never seen one dear?" Asked Morticia, smilingly girlishly with her daughter.

"Never so close up. Gods!"

Morticia sighed dreamily, "Yes it's quite impressive for a boy Pugsley's age. But then he is an Addams. He takes after his father."

"Can I touch it Mother?"

"Yes dear, but be very gentle. Your brother is quite aroused and too much stimulation will make him cum. We don't want that yet." Slowly Wednesday reached out and ran her fingers along her brother's erection, starting at the base, through the sparse forest of pubic hair, then down his balls, and up along his shaft.

"Hehe, it tickles!" Giggled Pugsley childishly.

"Look at this Wednesday." Morticia said. Then with extreme care she lightly placed her fingers on Pugsley's shaft and pulled his foreskin back revealing the swollen, purple, tip. "You see how dark and swollen the tip is? That's because it's filled with blood, and is in a high state of arousal. This is the most sensitive part, so it's were one would want to focus if they were pleasing a man with their hand or mouth. As it is now, with Pugsley as engorged as he is and his balls as full as they are, I'd assume there's some pain all throughout his genitals now." She looked up to her son's face, "Does it hurt dear?"

"Yes mother. It aches a lot, in my balls and my shaft. It feels like it'll burst." Morticia smiled, "Wonderful." She stood up. "Now Pugsley I'm going to unchain you, but before I do I want you to promise you won't play with yourself. If you start to get soft, fondle our balls a bit, but otherwise just savor the burning. The throbbing. The aching desire in your loins."

"I promise mother." He said solemnly. The two Addams women proceeded to open his cuffs. His arms fell down to his sides. As he stepped aside he completely ignored his pants and underwear, he merely placed a hand gingerly on his sore cheeks and began to kick off his boots and pull off his T-shirt. Morticia crossed the room and replaced the paddle on the wall. She then stepped back from the wall and surveyed the objects on it. After a moment, of consideration she said, "Ah, this will do. Wednesday, come over here." As she said this,, she took a chain, about five feet long, that had been dangling from a hook down off the wall. On the end was a hinged metal collar. Wednesday walked obediently towards her mother, and waited further instruction. Pugsley stood back and watched the scene silently, very gently caressing and flicking his balls.

Morticia turned and face Wednesday. "Put this on." She said sternly, and handed the girl the collar. "Yes Mother", said Wednesday, still maintaining her composure. After making sure her long pigtailed were out of the way she fastened the collar around her neck, just above the white collar of her shirt. It fit her tightly enough to pinch her skin, though was not enough to cut off air. Morticia produced an ancient looking lock and secured it to the collar. She then tucked the key away in her dress.

"Get on your knees." Wednesday kneeled down and looked up and her mothers eyes. Morticia's gaze was simultaneous cold, seductive and motherly. She wrapped the chain around her hand. She smiled slightly, "Wednesday, Mother's little succubus. Are you Addams Woman?"

"Yes I am Mother."

"You are what?"

"I am an Addams Woman." Wednesday responded, goose bumps forming on her flesh. "And are you a little slut?" Asked Morticia.

"Oh, yes Mother."

"Say it dear." Morticia demanded, her voice stern, but her face maternal. Emotion began welling up in Wednesday. A thrilled and proud grin spread on her lips shattering her humorless face. "I am a little slut."

"Yes you are, and you like it don't you? You like being a slut, and a degenerate and a pervert don't you?"

"More than anything mother!"

"And why is this?"

"Because I am an Addams!"

Morticia pulled up on the chain, and tenderly stroked Wednesday's cheek. "Yes dear. Follow me." She began to walk, and Wednesday started to get up to follow her. Morticia spun around "No Wednesday, stay on the ground and crawl on all fours, like a little beast."

"Yes Mother." Said Wednesday, returning to the cold stone floor and getting on her hands and knees. Morticia led her by the chain to the corner of the room where the old portable chalkboard stood. She

stopped and pulled up on the chain, making Wednesday look up.

“Stand.” She said and Wednesday did as she was told. “Now,” Said Morticia as she picked up the long wooden pointer from the lip of the board, “I want you to write on the board ‘I WEDNESDAY ADDAMS AM A SLUT AND PROUD OF IT’ over and over until I tell you to stop. Understood?”

“Yes Mother.” Wednesday said as she picked up the chalk and placed it to the board. She began to write as her Mother and brother looked on. It was such a thrill to be ordered and degraded like this. As much fun as it was to be on the receiving end, she knew that she would enjoy inflicting it even more. Half way through her first line Morticia swung the pointer into her ass sending a jolt of pain radiating through her body. A second wave of goose bumps came over her and she inhaled deeply as she kept writing. The sting was exhilarating. As she wrote her mother would periodically slam the stiff wooden pointer into her rear, making her twitch and jump and grunt. She’d talk as well, saying things like “You’ve been very naughty Wednesday, you’re Mother’s petit putain.” After she’d written about 20 lines, Morticia told her to stop and to turn around. Wednesday looked out at her Mother and brother. The collar dug heavily into her skin, and her ass burned from the beating it had taken. Her body was wracked by sexual desire. She felt it in her face, in her stomach, in her breasts and in her loins.

“Now, say it too us.” Morticia commanded, still clutching the chain.

Her voice filled with deep, unflinching pride, Wednesday said, “I Wednesday Addams am a slut and proud of it.”

Morticia raised her eyebrows, and in a low, seductive voice said, “Act as one then. Take your clothes off for your brother and I.” Wordlessly, Wednesday began kicking off her shoes. She slowly unbuttoned her dress, and cast it aside revealing the plain white, collar shirt beneath. Next she undid her pants, and let them fall to the floor. Button by button she revealed herself from the top down. Finally her black brassiere fell to the stone floor and her panties slid down her thighs and she stood completely nude except for the collar around her neck and her knee high black and grey striped socks. Her long pigtails fell around her developing bosom, which was already only slightly smaller than her mothers. A growing wilderness of sable pubic hair stood out from between her ashen legs.

Morticia wasted little time. “Come here Pugsley.” She instructed. The boy walked cautiously forward, taking in the sight of his lovely naked sister. The rivalry and homicidal urges he’d always felt for her was being overwhelmed by his arousal. He squeezed fiercely around his cock and balls, which were sorer than ever. “Wednesday sit down and spread your legs so he can see you.” She obeyed instantly. She bent her knees and spread her legs open, revealing the slit of her pussy. It glistened with moisture Pugsley and Morticia stooped over her and observed. Pugsley’s mouth was open with fascination. “Whoa...Wednesday’s pussy!”

“Yes dear, it’s a sight to behold isn’t it? Watch this.” She knelt down, and with her free hand gently pulled aside the outer lips revealing the pink flesh beneath. “This hole here is the pussy, where the cock goes. The smaller hole is for urinating. And this...” She pointed to a bump of pink skin. “Is the clit. It’s the greatest source of pleasure in women.” She ran her finger slowly up the length of the slit, stopping to tickle on the clit. Wednesday shuddered and gasped. Morticia smiled, “Seems my little succubus likes that.”

“I love it mother. I want to be slut.”

“Oh Wednesday, you will be soon. You can touch it if you like Pugsley.”

He got down and knees and regarded Wednesday’s genitals with curiosity. He reached out and with the tips of his fingers and pet it. Wednesday squirmed again. “Gods! It’s wet!” He exclaimed, and giggled.

“That happens when I’m horny.” Wednesday explained.

“Precisely.” Said Morticia. “Come along now that’s enough.” She stood up and patted Pugsley on the back. “Can’t I play with it a little more Mother? I wanted to see what I could get to fit in it!”

“Not now. We have more to do yet.” She said firmly, like a Mother talking to a child dallying in a toyshop. He groaned and stood up. Wednesday got up as well. Her mother produced the key from her dress. “Would the beast like to be unleashed?” She asked. Wednesday nodded slowly and regretfully, “If you have to Mother.” Morticia moved forward with the key then said. “And what do we say?” “Hurry up and do it.” Said Wednesday with force, but no real malice. Morticia nodded then preceded to undo the lock. A long red mark had been imbedded into the skin of Wednesday’s neck. Morticia placed it back on its hook.

## Chapter 4

“Children, go over to the couch. An idea has occurred to me.” She said, “I think a change of pace is in order. Sit on the floor.” The Children promptly walked back to the old sofa and sat down in front of it. Morticia slinked her way back around the room and stood before them. “Sex is not just about parts and mechanics. There are twists and dark alleys. Bizarre and fascinating paths.” She reached her arm around her back. The children could hear the faint sound of zipper. Her dress slumped down her shoulders, she wriggled a bit and an instant later it was at her feet and she standing before them with nothing on but a small black thong. Soon that too had been cast aside and she was entirely naked. Her breasts were large and topped by deeply red erect nipples. A thin patch of neat black pubic hair

lay between her legs. Enraptured, the children stared. Thing, who'd been waiting attentively on the table was over taken and sprung up to deliver a sound slap to her ass. The children giggled. Morticia smiled at him. "Thank you Thing."

"Children does it excite you looking at my body?"

"Yes Mother" They said together, their gaze unbroken.

She sat down on the edge of the couch with her legs spread. Her hand ran slowly over her pussy. She spread the lips apart with her fingers. "Come in close." She said and motioned at them with her finger. They crawled in close and peered between her legs. Suddenly a rush a golden liquid began to rush out of her. The children jerked in surprise but after sharing an exhilarated glance, they began to laugh and struggle to get in closer, letting it rain over them. They held out their cupped hands to catch it and drink it. Morticia sighed with relief and pleasure. A few seconds later the stream died, leaving the children dripping with warm piss. Morticia returned to petting her wet pussy. "Did you enjoy that dears?"

"That was sneaky Mother!" Exclaimed Pugsley as her licked his fingers.

"Yes it was a lesson of opportunity. I felt myself need to urinate and decided to use it as an opportunity to teach you about 'water sports'. It's a quaint fetish many people have involving urination and a traditional preference of the Addams'. Interesting?"

"Are there other fetishes Mother?" Asked Wednesday.

"Oh yes, many. It's a matter of exploration and experimentation. I recommend you children research and practice as many variations as you can. Let's move on. Thing, come here please." The Hand scurried across the table and sprang onto the couch. "Since you're so eager to participate I think you can be of assistance in my next demonstration. The children need to learn how to please a woman's body manually." Thing formed a fist and extended his thumb. "Good. Let's proceed. I think you know what you're doing." Thing crawled into position between Morticia's legs. Then, standing on his stump, his long fingers began petting up and down, massaging and tweaking her lips. Morticia's hands began gripping the couch cushioning lightly. Her eyes closed and she exhaled slowly. "Pay close attention. This is an art." She cooed. Thing's pointer and middle finger slid between the folds of her flesh and began to rub up and down deliberately. "Mmmm yes Thing, rub my clit!" Morticia encouraged as her breathing quickened. The Children watched pie eyed as their mother's hips began to sway, her eyes closed, and her face tensed. Thing increased the pace of his rubbing and Morticia's breathing quickened with it. Finally she exclaimed "Stop teasing Thing! Put your fingers in me!" Thing jerked in surprise, but a second later he had snaked his index finger into Morticia's vag. He pulled it back out

and thrust it back in along with his middle with vigor. He turned around so that now his palm was out toward the children and began moving his fingers in a beckoning motion. The two teens could make out muscles contracting around the fingers and saw liquid glistening around the knuckles as the hand continued to ram in and out of their mother's body. "Aah!" Morticia called, her mouth falling open and eyes wrenching further closed. Her fists grabbed up more of the couch. "Aaah! That's it! Make me cum! I'm right on the edge!" Thing seemed to move faster than the children's eyes could detect. Their mother began to howl, her head flew back, her hips bucked violently. Thing was thrown back onto the couch, dripping with Morticia's juices. "OOOOH! GODS!" Morticia screamed, as her legs twitched. Her face was drenched with sweat, and she was panting. A moment past and she parted her eyes slowly, a smile coming to her face. She looked down at the hand which was laying on it's back between her legs, soaking wet, fingers opening and closing slowly. "Magnificent work." She reached down and picked up the exhausted limb. She looked at with appreciation, before sticking the index finger into her mouth and slurping off the juices. "Mmm, I never tire of that taste."

"May I try it mother?" Asked Wednesday sitting up excitedly.

"Me to!" Said Pugsley. Morticia smiled, and handed Thing to Wednesday, who promptly began licking the fingers like lollipops. Morticia scooted forward on the couch. "Now children, I want to cover oral sex next. So Pugsley, if you'd kneel between my legs." She instructed. The boy lumbered forward so that his head was between his Mother's thighs. "Lurch." Morticia summoned. The Monstrous butler, who'd been standing soundlessly in the shadows up until now, stepped forward and looked down, waiting for his instructions. "Take off your pants." Morticia said calmly. Lurch issued his standard groan, and proceeded to undo his belt and let his extremely long trousers and undergarment fall to the ground. A shudder ran through Wednesday's body. Delicious fright welled up in her as she looked at her butler's awe-inspiring genitals as they began to engorge with blood. From end to end his cock was at least 10 inches long and several inches around. His balls hung low and pendulous.

"Mother?" Said Wednesday breathlessly.

"Yes Wednesday?"

"It frightens me," Said the teen, a thrilled smile crossing her lips.

"I know dear. It's wonderful." Said Morticia, her eyes filling with pride as she looked at her daughter. "Now, Pugsley when I tell you to begin, I want you to begin licking my pussy. Concentrate on the bump of skin that I showed you on Wednesday. Tray whatever you like, and I'll give you instructions as we go along. Understand?" The boy nodded, and positioned his hands on his mother's thighs. "Meanwhile Wednesday, I'm going demonstrate the art of fellatio on our dear Lurch's monstrous cock, and I'll tell you to try it at some point."

“Yes Mother.” Said Wednesday as she scooted so that she was face to face with the gargantuan member. With Lurch’s height, it about a foot above her head. Morticia Had to crane her neck so that it was in front of her face. “Go ahead Pugsley.” She said as began running her hands up Lurch’s tree like legs until she reached his testicles she took in her and began massaging. Pugsley leaned forward between Morticia legs, his tongue extended. A delicious musk hit his face like perfume. He placed his tongue on the lips of her pussy and ran it up the length of the slit. Morticia Sighed softly as she continued massaging his balls and began stroking Lurch’s Shaft. She pierced her lips and kissed the tip, and very lightly made circles on it with her tongue. Lurch issued a groan, as Morticia leaned forward and took one of the gigantic testicles into her mouth, massaging them with her tongue. Her tongue run up the length of shaft to the tip then she began taking it into her mouth, while her hand continued to stroke back and forth. Pugsley found Morticia’s clit and began making circles around it with his tongue. His mother sighed again, and took her mouth off of Lurch’s cock long enough to say “Hmm, that’s it, suck on it dear.” He wrapped his lips around the bump of flesh and began sucking on it. Morticia’s body shook slightly, as her son suckled on her clit. She went down further around Lurch’s cock, her mouth stretching out wide as it slid deeper in. Without missing a beat she seized Wednesday by the hand and brought it up to the butlers balls. Instinctually Wednesday began to fondle and play with them as Morticia continued to suck on the other end. She could feel the enormous meat throbbing beneath her touch. Lurch’s eyes wrenched closed, and a guttural growl issued from his throat. Morticia stopped sucking, and looked at her daughter. “Now you take over, just do like I did. Stroke with one hand and fondle with the other. Use your tongue and focus on the tip. You can go down the shaft but don’t worry about taking it all.” Wednesday nodded and got up on the couch so that she was at eye level with it. She laid her hands on it and regarded it. She leaned forward and moved her tongue all the way up the length of it and flicked the dark purple tip with it. Then opening her mouth as far as it would go she began sucking on it, going as far down as she could. The sheer girth of it was incredible, she struggled to breath and her eyes watered slightly. Her hands pumped on the shaft. A thought occurred to her. She looked up at the giant man, as she continued to stroke him. “Hold my pigtails Lurch!” She said. Smiling joyously, the mute butler nodded and sieved the long locks of jet-black hair. Wednesday continued her servicing; loving the way the meat of Lurch’s cock throbbed as it filled her mouth while she moved up and down the length of it. After a while Morticia began to pant harder. “Oh Pugsley, that’s it dear, Mothers about to cum. Keep going!” Pugsley sucked harder. Morticia locked her hands on the back of his head and forced his face deep into her pussy, her thighs locking around his ears. “Aaah! Aaaaah! AAAAAH! YES!” Morticia screamed, her hips bucking forward. Pugsley’s faced was drenched. A moment later her legs relaxed and Pugsley backed away and looked up at her. Her eyes slowly opened and she looked down at him and smiled. “An artist is born. Oh my little boy, you truly are your father’s son.” Pugsley beamed, his chin dripping with moisture. At the same time Lurch was approaching his climax, and began to groan loader, and pulled fiercely at Wednesday’s hair. Wednesday Stopped sucking and stroked vigorously, anxiously opening her mouth. Lurch opened his mouth and a booming roar shook through the room.

A second later jet after of jizz rocketed out of the end of his dick. It shot into Wednesday's mouth and throat with such force her head snapped back. Not wanting a drop of it to be wasted she kept pumping until every drop was out. Her mother touched her shoulder and she looked over.

"Share?" Wednesday leaned forward so that she and her mother's lips met. The white salty liquid flowed between their mouths, and dripped down their chins. "How did that taste?" Morticia asked after she had swallowed the last of what was in her mouth.

"Salty and slimy and bitter. It was like Grandma's cooking." Said Wednesday, as she wiped her chin and licked up the remains. Lurch panted deeply, and stumbled backwards into the wall. A long and weary smile came to his face. "Well it seem that both of you would make your ancestors proud. Did you enjoy that?"

"Gods yes!" Said Pugsley. Wednesday nodded vigorously.

"Well then. I think that you're ready. Stand up, and follow me, the time has come."

Chapter 5 Morticia led them around the couch to one of the darkened corners of the room. Some kind of table had been placed there. It had a cast iron frame, with long, twisting clawed feet. At one end, two gargoyles flanked wither side, and on the other were two metallic ravens. A wooden board was fixed into the center of it. On it were two dingy gray pillows, and four leather straps. The three of the stood in front of it in silence until Morticia said, "The Pleasure Rack. It's been with the Addams' for generation after generation. Great Uncle Boris used it to ravage his servant girls. Cousin Arachna spent days on end on it, taking one lover after another for two years. Your own Father and Uncle were conceived right here on this very table. And it is here that your father and I consummated our wedding in the family graveyard whilst the our wedding guests watched on." She walked towards the ancient structure and ran her hand along it's wood and metal. Then she turned and addressed the two young people. "And Now Wednesday and Pugsley Addams, It is your turn to use it." The two teens stood rigidly, with the severity of the moment. Their bodies by this point were aching with sexual desire, and the sight of hollowed family artifact stirred up deep emotion in them. "Wednesday, Step forward." Demanded Morticia. Wednesday did as she was told, her nude body shivering with adrenaline. Morticia placed her hands on the girl's shoulders. "Are you ready to embrace your legacy as an Addams, and to fully give yourself over to the pursuit of sexual debauchery?"

"Yes".

"Then assume your position on the rack." Wednesday stepped up to the table and got on top of it. She laid her head down on the pillow and stretched her arms out above her head so that they were on top of the straps. She bent her knees so and positioned herself so that her feet were on the other

set of restraints and her ass was at the very edge of the contraption. She was now completely exposed. Morticia set about strapping her in, pulling the leather as tight as it would go until it dug into Wednesday's skin. Then when the girl was secure she went back to the front of the rack. "And Pugsley, step forward." The young man walked up to mother, he could hear blood pounding in his ears. "Are you now ready to join the ranks of your forefathers? To shake taboos, explore the lurid and the lustful and to pursue your most base desires?"

"Yes Mother."

"Stand at the foot of the table." He walked to the edge of the table, and looked down at his bound sibling, her dripping wet vag mere inches away. Wednesday looked up from the table, "Mother?"

Morticia leaned over her. "Yes dear?"

"Is it going to hurt?"

Morticia smiled and gently pet her cheek. "Yes dear, it will. A most exquisite pain, and maybe even blood." Wednesday smiled back, and raised her eyebrows in titillation. Morticia went and stood next to Pugsley close enough to that he could feel her breath on his face. Her she placed a hand on his cheek and then slid it down his neck, to his chest, over his stomach and on his pulsating member. She gripped it, and inched him closer to Wednesday's waiting body until finally the tip of his cock was brushing against her slit. His brain buzzed with sensation as she moved him up and down, letting Wednesday's juices begin to flow onto him. Wednesday cooed and stirred slightly. Morticia then let go and said in a breathy whisper, "Put it inside her."

Pugsley began to slowly slide himself into his sister's tight opening, feeling slight resistance as he did so. Suddenly Morticia placed her hand firmly onto his as and shoved him forward causing the full length of his cock to slam into Wednesday's virgin pussy. Immediately an orgasm rushed through Wednesday's tense body as she gasped and squirmed in the throws of painful pleasure.

"Again." Said Morticia from behind Pugsley. He pulled himself out until just the tip remained inside, and then thrust back in grunting as he did so. This Wednesday cried out.

"OH! GODS KEEP DOING IT!" Pugsley began to slowly, and rhythmically move in and out. He could see traces of blood on his shaft.

"Harder." Said Morticia, as she walked around to the other end of the rack. He began to slam into her now with greater, letting his balls slap into her ass, as pleasure slipped over him and he began to pant. Wednesday moved her hips forward to match her brother's thrusts as best she could from her

bound position. She felt like she was being split in half by each lunge. A mixture of wonderful torment and mind-blowing pleasure overcame her body. Her head rolled back and her mouth flung open,

“Oh Yes! Oh Yes! FUCK ME!” Morticia placed her hands on her daughter’s hands and let them glide down her body until she reached her breasts. She began pinching her nipples tightly.

“Yes Pugsley! Fuck her hard! Fill every inch of her pussy your cock! She likes it! She loves being speared!”

“It’s SO tight! Gods! I can feel so much!” Exclaimed Pugsley, his breathing labored. He reached down and grabbed his sister by the hips for leverage, as he slammed into her harder than ever. Wednesday moved her knees so that she had them locked around her brother’s body and rocked herself into him. She bit into her lower lip hard enough that she nearly bled. The rack swayed and rocked on the stone floor. Morticia kept making her way round and round the table, encouraging and instructing. The two of them were very close now.

Wednesday tensed, her hands clenched into white-knuckle fists, her toes curled, her back arched and her head flew back. Every muscle in her body seemed to be tensing and relaxing simultaneously. She thought she would scream but all that came out was a long, low, shuddering sigh followed by a whispered “I’m cumming! Pugsley I’m cumming!” Pugsley suddenly felt a great rush of warmth envelope his cock, followed by a splash on his balls. It was enough to send him over.

His face contorted and he began to grunt, “I’m gonna, I’m gonna...” Quickly Morticia grabbed hold of his hips and pulled Pugsley back out of Wednesday, seized his cock and began feverishly pumping it.

“Oh yes, cum for me, Mother’s little monster, bad boy.” She teased. Pugsley’s knees buckled and bent as a rocket of hot, white cum shot out of him and spread across Wednesday’s prone, nude body.

Morticia backed away from the boy as he huffed and leaned against the rack for support. She smiled with approval and began applauding. “Bravo! Bravo! Well done!” From the couch Thing began to emphatically snap his fingers in admiration and gave a thumbs up sign. Lurch gave a groan, and slammed his hands together. Pugsley looked at the approving crowd and smiled proudly. Wednesday’s body was still twitching; her brain was spinning with euphoria as Morticia went to undo the straps that bound her.

“Mother! Oh Mother that was...that was!” She couldn’t find the right word.

Morticia smiled down at her as Wednesday lowered her free arms to her sides, “Yes darling I know.

And it is only the beginning. Now you two stay right where you are, there's still one or two things that need to be done." With that she turned and walked over to the couch. When she came back she had produced a bottle like the kind Grandma kept her brews in. "Your Grandmother would never forgive me if I didn't get her a sample. Semen, hymen blood and secretions, a most potent combination." She said as she began scooping the specimens from Wednesday's body. It tickled but the girl barley noticed. "One more order of business, Lurch If you'd do the honors, Children gather round here." The two Children stood on either side of their mother beside the rack. She place her arms around them and looked down at them both. "I am very proud of both of you, today marks a new chapter in your lives." She said.

"We couldn't have done it with out you Mother." Said Pugsley. At that moment Lurch Walked forward with an archaic Camera.

"Look at the Camera dears." Morticia Said. Pugsley grinned and slyly slipped his hand onto Morticia's ass as he look to the Camera. Wednesday looked at the camera with a dour expression and laced her fingers. There was a blinding flash from the bulb and a shuddering click as the photo was snapped. "There, now that can be enshrined along with the other history in the book. Someday your children can look to it for inspiration and wisdom. You two can run along now if you like." They all dressed and headed towards the door. Before they left Morticia stopped them. "Children?"

"Yes Mother?" Asked Wednesday as she turned around.

"Just remember, if you ever want to talk or need some advice, your Father and I are here to help with anything." She raised her brow seductively and smirk, "Anything."

As the moon began to rise over the ancient Mansion, and the family inside went about there business. Yes, they creepy and kooky, perverted and kinky, but they the Addams Family, and they were proud of their traditions.