

Thankful  
Mind Deviancy Stories  
by Quixerotic

*Evelyn pushed the coin across the table with the tip of one finger. "Be responsible with it. Go home or go to a girlfriend's or boyfriend's house. Tell them how thankful you are for everything. How you're thankful for the world being just as it is. Just as it should be. The rest will come naturally. Thanks for the help, Josh. Have fun."*

Josh peered into the greasy bag to check that he'd at least gotten something edible. The inside of the restaurant was busy, but they had outdoor seating. As it wasn't a very pretty day, that meant plenty of space for him to eat alone. He grabbed a handful of ketchup packets and headed out to the benches.

The clouds overhead matched his mood as he picked the bench furthest from the door. The benches were damp, but not wet. Josh didn't mind. He dropped his sack of food on the driest spot and settled down to stuff his face. Except he found himself sitting across from a woman. In the half second before his mouth blurted out a noise of surprise, he processed three things about the stranger. One, that she was staring intently at him with eyes like pools of pitch. Two, she was dressed like Cindi Lauper in a goth phase. And three, she absolutely terrified Josh down to his core.

"Did you get fries? I could go for some fries," the woman said. She leaned her elbows on the table, laced her fingers into a cradle, and rested her chin in a cherubic pose.

"Do you mind?" Josh grunted. He didn't know what else to say. He also didn't know exactly what the phrase meant, but it was one his father used all the time to indicate annoyance with someone. For some reason, it sent the woman into a fit of giggling. "Are you nuts or something, lady?"

The woman's laughter stopped instantly. She sat up primly. "Don't call me that. My name is Evelyn. Now, are you going to tell me or not?"

Josh was beginning to wonder if he should call for help. Or for the cops to come take the woman off to the loony bin. "Tell you what?"

"Whether that's your school or not. Didn't I ask that?" She popped a french fry into her mouth and smirked.

His jaw gaped open as he looked from her to the bag. She hadn't opened it. He was even pretty sure that she hadn't had a fry in her hand the second before she ate it. His mind rushed to catch up with what was happening, and only succeeded in feeling farther behind. It aggravated him and made him think of his sister.

"Not the golden child of the family, huh?" Evelyn asked. "Dear sister gets all the attention these days? Oh, don't look so shocked, you think you're the only one in the world with family troubles. My brother thinks I'm insane and a danger to the fabric of reality. Gah. As if. That's a thing people say, isn't it?"

"I didn't say anything about my sis—look, what the fuck is happening? I sit down to have my lunch, and you're here rambling about nonsense. Is this some kind of magician con bullshit? Cause you're barking up the wrong tree. If anything, I should be robbing you."

"No, hang on," Evelyn held up a finger. A second later, she clicked her head sharply to

the side, widened her eyes, and let her whole body shiver. “There, that’s better. Think I’d gotten a little out of sync. Let’s start over, shall we? Hello, my name is Evelyn. What’s yours?” She stuck out her hand for him to shake while giving a comical wink.

He ignored the handshake, but answered, “Josh. What do you want?”

“To buy this school,” she said with a gesture at the building behind them. “I thought that if you were a student here, you’d know where to start offering people money or whatever it is they want.”

Josh laughed. “I’m twenty-three.”

“And?”

“I haven’t been in school for four years,” he said. “Besides, that’s a Burger Palace, not a school.”

Evelyn squinted across the table at him. Her posture drooped, and she let out a heavy sigh, “Fuck. Victor will not take this well. First jump out of the reality bubble to find a school and I wind up with a middle aged man outside of a greasy diner.”

“Middle-aged?” Josh said. He’d finally taken out his burger and unwrapped it. “Twenty-three isn’t middled aged.”

“Is it not? It was once. Ah, I forgot to mention, I was trapped in a pocket dimension for a hundred years or so. Then I got out, but I was so plagued by a sense of dislocation that I wound up being trapped in the Shop of Lost Things, which I actually came to quite enjoy. Nice to have friends, even if your friends are cursed objects that really don’t want to stay in alphabetical order on shelves. You’re certain this isn’t a school. Maybe it’s a training restaurant, where they teach younger humans how to make french fries.”

The more she talked, the more crazy she sounded, but she didn’t seem as dangerous any more. “Not that I know of. Regular ol’ Burger Palace. There’s at least six more of them in the city. This one opened like ten years ago.” He paused to munch through a bit of his burger. “Actually, come to think of it, before Burger Palace bought this building, it was abandoned. Dad used to college it The Commissary. Brooks College Commissary. I guess it might have been like the dining hall of a school.”

Her hand slapped the table. “Yes! Excellent. See, I knew I didn’t get it all wrong. I just missed it by, oh, forty years or so I think.”

“Heh, me too, I guess,” Josh said. He hoped now that she’d figured out her insane riddle that she would drift away. Instead, she was once again staring at him, but this time he felt a cold sensation creeping down through the top of his head, like an icy blade sliding harmlessly through him. He squirmed, but didn’t break eye contact with the leering woman. “What?”

“Rooting around in your head, that’s all,” she answered. “Not having a happy life lately, are you?”

“I get it. You’re one of those psychic people or whatever. It’s a good bit, but I don’t think I’m being too mysterious eating alone over the holiday week.”

“It’s a holiday? Hang on, what year is it?”

Josh rolled his eyes. “It’s 1983. Been that way for eleven months now. Tomorrow’s Thanksgiving.”

“Oh, I see,” Evelyn said. “And here you are, all alone when you should be at home with family. Or out shopping with family. Or fucking your sister.”

He choked on a bit of french fry. Once he recovered, “I don’t have a sister.”

“Sure you do. Pretty little blonde thing. Daughter of that woman who married your father.”

“She’s not my mother,” Josh said with a hint of anger. How could this random woman know so much about his family? Suspicion rapidly replaced worry. “Is this your next trick? Spooking me into giving you money or something?”

“Spooking you? No, not at all. What would I do with money? Got loads of the stuff. Never knew what to spend it on. And you humans keep changing it all the time. No, Josh, I’m prodding at the little sensitive areas in your head because I want to help you. If Victor thinks I’m irresponsible, then I’ll show him that I can manage one small reality ripple without causing a total universe collapse. What you need is a talisman!” She reached into one of the many pockets on the dark denim jacket. The pocket couldn’t have been more than two inches deep, yet her arm went in well past her wrist before pulling out a silver dollar. “This will do since you think everything is about money.”

“Everything *is* about money,” he said with a sneer. “That’s why Barbara married my dad. So she could keep paying for Jenny’s private school. My mom’s insurance funded someone else’s kid. And it’s not like it’s going to stop. Jenny’s going to keep milking the Walter Monroe Fund until she’s done with her private college, too. Then I bet Babs realizes she was never really in love with my dad. — Wait, why am I saying all that?”

“I have a way with people,” Evelyn said. She put the coin down on it’s edge, standing straight up. With nothing more than a huff of her breath, she set it spinning in slow, unwavering revolutions. “Obviously, you should take control of things back home. Babs isn’t the worst looking step-mother, you know, but I’ll include some leeway for upgrades in those departments. Maybe you don’t want to fuck your step-sister. Not everyone does from what I understand. But it’s terribly popular in theory about forty years from now.”

“That’s disgusting,” he muttered, almost as a reflex. This weirdo woman wasn’t the first to point out that both Jenny and Barbara were quite fuckable. His dad had taken a second wife ten years younger than his first. Walter insisted this was common for second marriages, but never bothered giving examples or explaining why. The why, to Josh and his friends at least, seemed pretty obvious. Babs tended to dress like a woman reliving her days as a slutty cheerleader, which she had plenty of experience with seeing how she’d been knocked up in high school.

Though Josh met Jenny before the wedding, his step-sister didn’t come to live at the Monroe residence until she finished her boarding school stay three years later. They saw each other for holidays in the interim, but when she turned up to move into the room that had been Josh’s mom’s craft room, Jenny was in the full bloom of eighteen with a whole promising future in front of her. She’d graduated valedictorian from the hoity-toity Reynauld’s Academy and secured significant scholarships to three Ivy League schools. Scholarships which would probably cover a quarter of her actual expenses. The rest would be footed by Walter’s retirement plan.

So, naturally, Josh had considered bending his step-sister over the footer of her bed and pumping enough cum into her that it would dissolve her dreams of success and turn her into a money-vampire just like her mother. But that was nothing more than a sadistic coping fantasy, and certainly not something he would share with anyone, particularly not the bizarre magician wasting his time. In fact, he didn’t even know why he was picturing it. It wasn’t a fantasy he lingered on even at his horniest. But at that moment, he couldn’t get the image of both Babs and Jenny kneeling before him with their tits stuck out waiting for him to coat them both with his cock.

“A touch too much there, maybe,” Evelyn said. The spinning coin had begun to wobble. Her hand passed over it and the balance evened out. “Sorry. Probably awkward to have a throbbing erection in public.”

Josh’s face turned beet red as his thighs pressed together. “How do you know this stuff?”

“Now, Josh, I’ve been very straightforward about this whole business. I am a pan-dimensional manifestation of latent human sexual desire named Evelyn who has come here scouting out locations from which I can establish a school for mind controllers. In the process of that, I have met you, a helpful gentleman, who has provided me information, and so I seek to reward you by bestowing you this trinket which will allow you to expand the parameters of reality to accommodate the twisted fantasies inside your head. Where did I lose you? Was it when I took a fry? They’re very salty, by the way.”

The coin spun faster, drilling a small notch into the tabletop until it finally stopped and fell over flat. “How’d you do that?” Josh asked, feeling the chill once again.

Evelyn pushed the coin across the table with the tip of one finger. “Be responsible with

it. Go home or go to a girlfriend's or boyfriend's house. Tell them how *thankful* you are for everything. How you're thankful for the world being just as it is. Just as it should be. The rest will come naturally. Thanks for the help, Josh. Have fun."

He didn't see her leave. Didn't hear her get up or spot her around him anywhere. It was like she'd turned into nothing between her last two words. He pushed the half eaten food aside and looked at the coin. It appeared a normal silver dollar. Cautiously, he picked it up from the table. It weighed more than it should and left a cold tingling feeling where it touched his palm. Josh closed his fist around it, trying to warm it up to no avail. "Well, a dollar is a dollar." He shrugged and slipped it in his pocket.

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The Monroe house was at the end of a cul de sac of a half finished sub-division. The "new houses coming soon" sign had faded and chipped, but every year a few errant surveyors could be seen wandering around the shrub filled lots. Josh assumed his parents had bought the house expecting the whole area to fill in with other young people starting their lives, but for reasons Josh's dad usually blamed on Jimmy Carter despite the fact that no one had bought a house in the neighborhood for a decade prior to Carter's election, the housing market had dried up and left them in a mostly deserted island in the middle of a sprawling suburbia. Josh never minded much. He liked the sense of isolation in the middle of civilization, at least until Barbara moved in.

Josh parked his car in the curve of the street and glared at the two cars occupying the garage. One belonged to Barbara and the other, a fresh off the lot Oldsmobile Cutlass Supreme, bought as a graduation present for Jenny. When Josh graduated, he'd been given a handshake and two hundred bucks to spend as he saw fit. He'd used it to buy a used hunk of junk that had managed to stay running in the years since, though it had likely wound up costing him four times as much. He loved the beat up old car, but it was possible to love one thing and resent it for not being another thing at the same time. At least, Josh thought so.

As he considered it, the coin's eerie coldness seeped into his thigh from its place in his pocket. He ignored it and hopped out of the car, giving the door its particular slam to make sure it closed properly. As he walked away, he considered how thankful he was for a car that built character rather than being given something on a silver platter. He was thankful he had something that would work reliably for him because he trusted it and the repairs he'd made to it rather than putting his trust in mommy's pocketbook. With each thought, the coin radiated a little more of its coldness into the world, and, if Josh had turned back to look, he would have seen his trusty automotive lose a bit of rust, vanish away a few splintering cracks in the windshield, and magically repair the tear in the seat fabric.

He tried to slip in quietly, but the front door was uncooperative. Even so, he usually made it to the back of the house without having to talk to his step-mother. On this occasion, she was apparently lying in wait. She popped out of the kitchen with a bright smile and propped her hands on her hips, "There you are. Where'd you run off to?"

Josh sighed and clenched his fists. The encounter with Evelyn had left Josh irritable and

odd thoughts kept scratching at the back of his mind, particularly ones about his step-mother and step-sister. Babs's attire wasn't helping. She had on a pair of cerulean tights that hugged her lower half almost like a second skin. On the other hand, she had on a purple fuzzy sweater with the sleeves pushed up to show a jangling collection of bangles, none of which was flattering. "I went out for some lunch, that's all."

"And you didn't want to offer to bring anything back? I've been busy all morning getting the house ready for tomorrow."

"Didn't occur to me," he lied.

"Thoughtless, that's what you are. Just like your father. Now, I need your help. Your cousins are coming tomorrow and they've decided to stay with us. We're going to put them up in your room, so you'll need to bunk with Jenny." She grabbed a nearby cloth and started wiping down the top of a shelf as she spoke. "Oh, and you'll need to get down to the basement and find the air mattress."

Josh reeled from the sudden dump of information that was like gasoline to his simmering irritation. "They're not my cousins," he grumbled.

Barbara turned on him with a glaring eye. "No? I guess not. But they're Jenny's, which means you'll treat them like yours so long as you live in this house. Go on, I want all your mess cleared up before they get here. And maybe take a few of those old posters down, surely you don't look at them any more."

His jaw clicked. "You want me to take down my posters?" He returned her glare with one of unbridled contempt. The coin drew his attention as its cold grew so intense that he expected it to sear off a chunk of his thigh. He shoved his hand in his pocket and grabbed it. The cold feeling vanished and warmth flooded into his palm. He looked down at the coin, but instead of seeing a dead president, he saw words carved into the coin's face as if scratched on by a blunt knife. "Be thankful?" he read.

"What're you mumbling about? Take the garbage bags and throw out what you don't want while you're at it," Barbara prattled on.

Josh closed his fingers around the coin, "I'm thankful I don't have to listen to you."

Nothing happened. No big spark of magic or flicker of reality. Josh felt foolish until he realized Barbara was looking at him, her mouth was moving, and no sound was coming out. She didn't seem to notice. Her veneer of nice step-mom was rapidly peeling back to show the impatient, demanding harlot underneath. She pointed wildly at Josh's closed fist. He grinned, "I'm thankful I can hear Barbara and that she will only do what I tell her to."

"— high as a kite when you're out of work and leeching off of this family." Her voice returned mid-sentence. She realized something had happened and stopped, putting a hand to her

chest. “Why are you looking at me like that?”

“Take off that stupid sweater,” Josh said. His heart leapt to his throat as she immediately pulled off the purple thing and tossed it to the ground. She stood in front of him in only her bra for a full three seconds before thinking to cover her cleavage. “Well, it ain’t tits that got dad to open his wallet.”

Barbara’s cheeks had turned scarlet. “What...what did you do? Wait until I tell Walter. This is it, you know. You’ll finally be thrown out. Oogling me like a little pervert. I always suspected you know.”

“Shut up,” Josh said. He wanted a moment of silence to think through what the coin could do. As soon as he said the order, Barbara’s mouth snapped shut. He flipped the coin around between his fingers as he stepped closer to her. Looking more closely, he saw the general appeal of her slender form. Some men liked the lithe, emaciated look, he supposed. Thinking of his father gave him his next idea, “Confess. Why did you marry my dad?”

Barbara’s jaw tensed and strained, but she opened her mouth and spoke nonetheless, “I liked him, and I knew he would do what I wanted.”

“And what did you want?”

“Money,” she said through gritted teeth.

“I fucking knew it.” Anger boiled inside of him. “You took my mother’s life insurance to pay for your bitch daughter’s stupid school.”

“She’s worth it,” Barbara said. “She’s brilliant, and she’ll go on to do great things. Your mother would have been proud to know her money went to good use instead of being wasted on her wash out son.”

“Shut up, again.”

They both turned at the sound of a noise from the hall. Jenny had come out from her room. Her brow was furrowed as she looked at Josh and then at her mother’s half uncovered body. “What’s going on?” she asked.

Whether she understood what was happening or not, Barbara knew that something was wrong enough that she wanted her daughter to run. Unfortunately, Josh’s last command had left her unable to speak. Instead, she stared at her daughter with panic before trying to rush over and hurry her from the house. Another two words, “Stay there” caused her to freeze on the spot. The mother looked imploringly at her daughter, who, despite all claims of brilliance, didn’t have enough sense to do anything but gawk back at them. Josh moved to Barbara and turned the woman’s face toward him. “I’m so thankful that Jenny will do everything I say.”



“Oh, fuck off Josh. If this is a joke then —”

“Jenny, stop talking and stand there quietly.”

Her mouth snapped shut, and her eyes widened as she attempted to move.

Josh clapped his hands together passing the coin from one palm to the other. Each command had sent a fresh spike of warmth up his arm until it spread into his chest. Now the other arm started to tingle as whatever magic was in the coin took deeper root inside of him. He stepped back and looked at the pair of women who had barged into his life and turned everything against him. One, a living drain of resources and the other running a scorched earth campaign to eliminate the existence of Josh’s real mother. Ideas that had been buried deep inside of his head surged upward. Invasive thoughts once easily banished to the far reaches of potential actions were rapidly bounding toward imminent possibilities. He smirked at Babs, “Jenny, strip down to only your panties.”

Barbara made a muffled grunt and held up a rude gesture.

“Babs — that’s all we’ll be calling you now by the way. Because I know how much you hate it. — you will stand there and watch as I take your pride and joy and ruin her. Hmm, might as well be comfortable while you do it. Strip down to nothing. Let’s see the pussy that made dear ol’ dad forget my mom in less than six months.”

He waited, feeling nothing but arousal as the two women stripped. Babs’s small tits were even more disappointing outside of her bra. They drooped down to points tipped by strangely limp nipples. Josh had no idea what the woman had done to them to cause such an odd shape, but didn’t want to dwell on it. He turned his attention instead to the ripe apples sitting on Jenny’s chest. He’d wanted to fuck her for a reason, after all. She proudly held out her chest to show off the handfuls of boobs topped by rosy buds. He did catch her glance at her mother with a look that could only have been worry for her own future. Losing her skirt, Jenny revealed a pair of navy blue bloomers. Disappointing, but logical considering she’d been sitting around the house most of the day. Babs, on the other hand, turned out to be wearing nothing at all underneath the leggings. Once those joined the purple sweater, Josh was treated to the sight of a firm, if flat butt and a thick bush. “Go sit on the couch, Babs. Spread your legs.”

Moving like she wore lead boots, Babs obeyed. She dropped onto the couch and opened her knees. As she did, she scooted closer to the edge and arched her back. Josh hadn’t told her to do that. He hadn’t even considered it. It was appreciated though. Her supple thighs shook as her pussy lips spread open while her step-son watched. “Good girl,” Josh muttered. “So, it seems like I was given a magic coin. Lucky me. I’m going to use it to get even for all the shit you’ve pulled over the past five years. Jenny, come here.” He waited until she was standing directly beside him before letting his hand move up and stroke the underside of her breast. “To show you I’m not a monster, I want you to know that I’m thankful that Jenny wants everything I’m going to do to her. She wants it more than anything else in the world. I’m thankful that Jenny loves being my toy. Isn’t that right, Jenny?”

“Yes, Josh, I love being your toy,” she purred, pressing her body into his touch.

“See, Babs, isn’t this what you always wanted? Us getting along as a family. Know what else you always wanted? Family game nights, so let’s play a game. I am thankful that every time Babs wants to be fucked by her step-son, Jenny gets just a little bit dumber.” He felt the swirl of heat reach his chest and bloom, as though the coin was happy with his choice. “You can speak, but only so long as you’re not annoying me.”

“Fuck you, disgusting bastard,” she said immediately.

He ignored her, “So Jen, feeling all that expensive education still?”

“I don’t feel any different. Other than how I feel about you.”

“Guess the game hasn’t started yet.” He flipped the coin in the air. “Undress me, and we’ll see what this thing can really do.” With a squeak of excitement, Jenny helped him take off his shirt and shoes before he left her to unbutton his jeans. She tugged them down as sensually as she knew how, which was rather awkward since she’d spent the last decade at an all girls boarding school. All the same, she made a pleasing gasp as the jeans cleared the bulge of Josh’s swollen cock. He wasn’t fully erect due to the constraints of his pants, but it was rapidly swelling against his boxers. She reached up to pull them off, but he stopped her. “No, first, I want you to stand up and take off your underwear for me. Bend over as you do it so that I can see your ass.”

With a happy smirk, she did as instructed. Bending at the waist, she slowly pulled down the bloomers to reveal the pale orbs of her plump ass until he saw daylight peeking through her thighs where it illuminated the wet lips of her shaved pussy. The view pushed aside any remaining scruples as his cock went full mast and pressed hard against his underwear. The bloomers reached Jenny’s knees when she suddenly stood up and put her hand to her temple. “Sorry, Josh, got a little dizzy there.”

“That’s ok. Go ahead and bend back over. You can use the chair to help, but I want to see your butt stuck up.” He waited for her to comply before glancing over at Babs. With a wicked grin, he moved around behind Jenny and stepped closer until his thighs pressed against hers. “Go ahead and reach back here. Pull down my boxers and let my cock slap your ass. Oh, and I’m thankful that we know when you get dumber because your butt gets a little bigger, too.”

Right as Jenny’s hand reached the hem of his boxers, she gasped and her butt pulsed. Her eyes fluttered, and she leaned away again. With a satisfied smirk, Josh looked over at Babs. Her face was locked in a rigid grimace, but he could see the folds of her pussy glistening. “Sorry Jen. Your mom wants my cock too much for you to go to those Ivy Leagues. Don’t worry, I’ll make sure you’re taken care of. C’mon, finish your command.”

With a wiggle of her ass, she grabbed his boxers and tugged them down. His cock sprang

out and slapped the top of her ass, leaving behind a drip of precum. “Oh, your cock is so hot. It’s like it’s burning my cheeks.”

“Aw, that’s such a nice thing to say. Isn’t it Babs? What do you think, *mom*? Do you think it feels good to have my cock rubbing between your ass cheeks?” He shivered as he felt Jenny’s butt pulse against him as it swelled. She’d already added two inches to her waist and it’d only been a few minutes. “Guess that answers my question.”

He looked down at his own manhood and wondered. “I’m thankful that I have such a nice, thick cock that fits perfectly in my step-sister’s pussy, even if she thinks it’s going to be too big.” Before his eyes, his dick throbbed. A wave of euphoric ecstasy washed through him as it lengthened and grew thicker around. His balls changed, too, puffing up into swollen fruits heavy with cum. He groaned as precum oozed freely from the tip of his cock. It ran down Jenny’s tail bone and formed a sticky puddle at the small of her back. “I’m gonna fuck your daughter now, Babs. If you’re lucky, by the time I’m done, her ass will be fat enough to keep me happy. Maybe I’ll reward you by washing my dick off inside your mouth.”

Shifting his hips back, he nudged his cock down until it pressed into the sopping lips between Jenny’s thighs. His hand still held the coin, and he didn’t want to let it go. Instead, he pushed it against his chest bone, imagining it fastened into his body like a metal plate. When he took his hand away, the coin remained, smoothly interwoven into his chest. The freed hand joined the other to grip Jenny’s newly plush thighs. A thought occurred to him as he felt her press back, attempting to force his cock inside of her. “Jenny, tell the truth. How many times did you fantasize about fucking your step-brother before today? — No, wait. I want your tits to grow a cup size for every ten times you thought about fucking me.”

“You sick bastard,” Babs said. “She would never have even considered someone like —”

Jenny’s breasts didn’t grow, they exploded out, nearly shattering the chair underneath her. As they did, Josh sheathed himself in her tight pussy, finding that it fit exactly around his enhanced cock. Jenny came immediately. Her walls cinched tight around him as he stroked leisurely in and out of her. Breasts the size of bean bags bulged off of her front. Her head lolled between the fleshy masses as her hips still made an effort to rut back against Josh’s cock. “Mmm,” she moaned, “I’ve wanted to fuck you forever, Josh. I used to think about coming home for Christmas and crawling into your bed. Sucking that big fucking cock to wake you up. I even thought about blackmailing you into it. Taking a picture of me with your cock in my mouth and threatening to show your dad unless you fucked me whenever I wanted to milk your cock. Nnngh, all I’ve wanted is for your thick cream to cover my pussy.”

Wild, manic feelings of triumph thundered in Josh’s chest. Each back stroke brought his cock far enough out for Babs to see its glistening, throbbing magnificence which caused her daughter’s ass to throb and her brain to wither. Jenny getting a bigger ass and calling out for more of his cock only urged him to thrust back into her. He pushed fully inside of her and went still, enjoying the feeling of her futile efforts to move. “Don’t worry, *sis*. You’re going to get what you want. I’m thankful that you have big, fat titties, but not ones ludicrously sized.” As he

said it, her tits shrank back down to roughly the size of Jenny's head. She whimpered with disappointment, so he added, "Also, I'm thankful for how sensitive they are. When you touch your nipples, you're put right on the edge of cumming."

He waited for her to experiment and felt her walls clench again as her whole body shuddered. "Know what else I'm thankful for? How about you Babs? Wanna take a guess? I promised I'd get even, so I'm going to take away all that wonderful future you had planned for Jenny. Even if she wasn't on her way to being a cocksucking bimbo because you can't stop imagining my cock stretching your pussy till it gapes. Because, I'm thankful that my step-sis is my cocksleave baby factory. Thankful that she gets pregnant from just a drop of my cum. Thankful that she knows her place is to be my cum dump breeding slut." He fucked into her faster and harder as he felt his balls tingle.

His head cocked to the side and leered at Babs. She'd abandoned pretense, openly masturbating as she watched her daughter's future turn to nothing. "Tell the truth, Babs. You wish you were her don't you?" Josh taunted.

"God, yes, Josh. It should be *me* full of your cum, pumping out your babies while you fuck me stupid every single night. I already threw away my life for that little slut, and she apparently wanted to fuck you even before you got that thing in your chest. Please, baby, I'm a better mother than she'd ever be. My titties will get all big again, full of milk. You can suck me dry while you fuck me pregnant over and over again, Josh."

He ignored her as his orgasm crashed through him. He pulled Jenny hard against him, pumping thick ropes of cum deep into her womb. The coin tingled and he knew the first drop had knocked up his step-sister, the rest of the flood was just a bonus for her. The pleasure rocked him hard enough that he needed a full minute to catch his breath. At some point, his cock slid out of Jenny and nestled between her butt cheeks while still dripping a slow flow of cum that ran down over her asshole. He smacked her ass appreciatively, and she cooed in response.

Post-nut clarity hit him. He looked around the room in horror. Jenny was nearly unconscious from pleasure, but Babs remained upright, furiously masturbating as she chased some completion that wasn't coming. He looked at the thing embedded in his chest as an idea bubbled to the surface of his mind. Panic welled up inside of him, and he saw a way to pull the emergency cord. He pushed his fingers against the cold metal and said, "I'm thankful that I don't feel guilt for taking my revenge." Instantly, the panic vanished.

Josh gave a heavy sigh of relief. "Oh, that's better." He shuffled over to the couch and dropped down beside Babs. "Blow me." Babs dove on him like a starving woman. He stroked her hair back from her face to get a better view of his dick stretching her mouth. "So, cousins are coming, huh? That's your sister Helen? She had twins, right? The doctor and the lawyer, so successful. Real role models for Jenny, right?" His hand slid down Bab's back until he reached her ass. He cupped the cheek and squeezed. "I'm really thankful they'll be joining us for Thanksgiving."

