

Of Infidelity

“How did I get so lucky?”

“I ask myself that every day, hon.”

“Promise you won’t up and leave me,” Casey pleaded, her cheek resting on Chris’s shoulder, the warmth of her tears soaking into his shirt.

“I promise,” he said, kissing the side of her head. He let her cry for a few more minutes before trying to insert some levity. “But if I do, I at least promise it won’t be for a hair-lipped cleaning lady.”

She laughed, like he’d hoped, a blubbery mixture of waning sobs and amused giggles. “You’d better not. Though frankly, I think the rest of them are out of your league.”

“Come on, even Rhonda?”

“Oh gross!” Casey laughed, finally letting go of him. It did Chris’s heart good to see his girlfriend’s smile. Not just because she was beautiful. That was objective fact – long, dark hair, bright blue eyes, curves for days. But today, the sight was especially good. Earlier that afternoon, they had graduated high school, the end of the first phase of their lives. As her graduation present, she’d given him a scrapbook full of amazing pictures steeped in nostalgia. It was the perfect keepsake of their most treasured memories of a long friendship that had budded into the perfect romance.

The scrapbook was a record of what had been; now was the start of what was to come. In a few months, they’d start college together. Casey was going to study physical therapy, but Chris was as yet undecided. About his major at least – he had his mind completely made up that though they’d be starting college as roommates, they’d be graduating as husband and wife. He’d had his share of opportunities with other girls, but Casey was special. He’d never doubted that she was the one.

Her asshole of a father, however, had taken a wrecking ball to her family. Only a few weeks ago, Casey’s mother had found out he was breaking his marital vows, and with none other than one of cleaning ladies who worked in his office building. Before she could even decide whether or not to tell her daughters, he’d informed them he was leaving. The kind of leaving that didn’t imply an intent to return.

Chris didn’t understand it any better than they did. Casey had looked the woman up on facebook, and he had to admit she wasn’t much of a looker. Some men simply weren’t cut out for fatherhood, he supposed. Unfortunately, he *was* cut out for the computing world; he’d risen high and fast, traded ever upward around Silicon Valley. It may not have made him much of a parent or husband, but it had made him quite the earner. With him gone, the Kellers’ house was suddenly out of Mrs. Keller’s price range.

Today, the day of her eldest daughter’s graduation, their new tenant had started moving in to Casey’s old room while the family was away at the ceremony. Now, she’d share a room with her little sister Clarissa; only the fact that she was leaving for college with Chris in the fall

had kept her from throwing her hands up in despair. Presently, the man made his way through the family's living room where Chris was doing his best to comfort Casey with yet another box. It was hard to forget the whole terrible situation when he was a constant presence.

"Speaking of gross," she muttered once he'd walked through.

It was empirically true. While the man wasn't a caricature, he wasn't far from it. Not even 5'6", thinning hair he was doing a pitiful job of hiding behind a comb over, a gut that surely promised he had a hundred or more pounds on Chris and none of them flattering. Plus, both of them had gotten the impression that he was trying to scope Casey out every time he walked by. Casey was also a graduate of the school of "if you got it, flaunt it" and the low-cut tank top she was wearing seemed to be arresting the man's attention. (Chris was fighting as always to keep it from arresting his.)

"Seriously. Here," he said, pulling a throw blanket over the two of them. It was a bit warm for it, but at least it disinvited leering.

"Thanks." She took his hand to her lips and kissed it. "Not just for the blanket. For everything. This whole past month has been just freaking horrible, and you've been so amazing through it. I don't know what I would've done without you."

"Gotten colder, probably," he teased, but then he kissed her back. "Do you remember when we were little, and your parents would let me sleep over?"

"Yeah. Man, those were the days." She smiled fondly at the memories. Flipping through that scrapbook had made them both nostalgic.

"This was the blanket your mom always gave me to use. I used to get upset when I saw you and Clarissa using 'my' blanket."

Casey laughed. "Seriously? You are too adorable." She leaned in then and gave him a long kiss. Chris could lose himself in those lips for a day, if she'd let him. "You know, maybe we could try another 'sleepover' one of these days. Whaddaya think?"

"I think now that you're sharing a room with me, there's a zero tolerance policy on sleepovers!" yelled Clarissa from down the hall. "Ya know, you guys aren't as quiet as you think."

"Shut up, Clarissa, god!" Casey snapped. "This is going to be the longest summer of my life."

"Guess we'll have to sleep over at my place," he said (at a lower volume).

She sighed, snuggling into him. "If only. Mom got a lot stricter on intergender sleepovers once these puppies started growing in." She tugged out the neckline of her t-shirt and peered down, playfully shoving Chris back as he exaggeratedly craned his neck to peer after her.

"Yeesh. I see why my mom's always complaining about hers now."

"Just wait until the back pain starts," said a woman's voice behind them. They both turned to see Mrs. Keller standing in the doorway, the tenant standing beside her and slightly behind. Was he looking at the floor, or her butt? Chris thought maybe he should throw her a blanket, too.

“Can’t we get a moment’s privacy?” griped Casey.

“Oh hey, Mrs. Keller,” he said warmly.

“Chris, you’re going to have to stop calling me Mrs. Keller. The divorce isn’t final yet, but still, there’s no Mrs. Keller here.”

So much for ten years of calling her Mrs. Keller. “Oh. Um, what do I call you? Ms. Shelton?”

“You know? You’re officially a member of the Adult Club today, so why don’t we just go with Cara. And, while we’re doing introductions... Clarissa, get your butt out here.”

“I’m in the middle of a raid, Mom!”

“Was I asking if you were playing games, or was I telling you to c’mere?”

“FINE,” came a grumpy voice from what was now the two girls’ bedroom. “Sorry everybody, try not to die, my mom has something unbelievably important to say,” she said too-loudly into the microphone she was no doubt using for one of her MMOs.

She emerged, and Chris once again had to discipline his eyes for wanting to stray. She had the family genes. Even though she was only a year younger than Casey, she was every bit as developed and then some. While Casey dressed to flatter her body, Clarissa was often simply too lazy to bother with anything more elaborate than shorts and a sports bra, and today was no exception. The effect, nonetheless, was the same. After all, why get dressed up if you’re going to be sitting in your room online gaming all day? Creeps of the internet would be freaking out if they knew about the mouth-watering body attached to that bratty voice. “Yes, mother dearest?”

“That’s the spirit. Everybody, I just wanted to make an official introduction. Mr. Clayton Mason, this is my daughter Clarissa, my oldest daughter Casey, and her boyfriend Chris.”

“Hey,” the man said simply. Everyone waited for him to say more, but he simply looked around between the four of them. Three of them in particular.

“So... what do you do?” Chris asked, trying to break the awkward silence.

There was something he didn’t like in the man’s countenance as he turned it on Chris. Like he was being interrogated, and resented it. “Motivational speaker. Basically.”

“Oh, how interesting!” said Mrs. Keller – Cara – with immensely phoned in enthusiasm.

“You travel a lot for that, do you?” Casey asked, her voice a little too hopeful.

“It’s an online thing. I work from home.” Neither boyfriend nor mother missed the crestfallen look on either daughter’s face.

“Online motivational speaking? That’s a thing?” Clarissa asked. “I’m pretty sure that’s not a thing.”

Her mother gave her an exasperated look and swatted a mild rebuke on the girl’s rear end. “Well that sounds lovely, Mr. Mason. We’ll do our best to make sure you have the privacy you need.”

“I got some white noise machines I can put up. It’ll help make sure nobody’s bothered.” He grinned. It was not a pretty grin.

“Great, just great. Well we can see you’re still unpacking, so don’t let us get in the way. I only wanted you to meet the girls. And Chris, since you’ll be seeing plenty of him around.”

Chris felt Casey’s hand squeeze his thigh under the blanket. “He’d better.”

As it so happened, they did not see plenty of Chris around. Casey fast made it clear that, with no bedroom of her own, and with sisters, mothers and tenants ambling through the living room whenever they felt like it, the lack of privacy made her home an unideal hangout spot. This difficult patch of her life had kept stress levels running high, and it was hard on both of them. Harder on her, Chris reminded himself, but still, he'd only seen her once or twice a week for the past month. He missed his Casey.

Today, he hoped, would help ease her out of her funk. The city held a Fourth of July fireworks display in the park every year, and it was usually the best such spectacle to be had in the area. Finding a good spot was tricky, but he'd staked one out early by inviting Casey to a late afternoon picnic to set the mood.

"Thanks for doing this. I've been needing to get out more lately," she said, brushing a few crumbs off of her dress. She looked amazing in it. A pale blue floral print that was impossibly tight across her chest, while short enough to make him pray for a breeze. He thought she'd gotten it from her mother; the Keller – now Shelton – women were notoriously unabashed about their figures. With good reason.

"Little toasty, I know," he apologized.

"Bah, summer's supposed to be toasty. Besides, it's a heck of a view." She smiled out at the tranquil park, the light glittering off the water of the reservoir. There were little kids playing tag on the playground, city workers setting up barricades for the area where they'd be lighting the fireworks in a few hours.

"It sure is," he echoed, though he was only seeing his Casey. She didn't miss the compliment, and, ever a sucker for cheesy compliments, laid down with her head on his chest. His fingers stroked through the silken fibers of her dark hair.

"I miss going out like this," she said after a while. "Things at home are just so... blech. But then I wind up all blech myself and I don't feel like going anywhere."

"Because of the creeper?"

She shrugged. "Sorta. Clarissa's so wrapped up in those stupid games of hers she barely leaves the room. We literally had to yell at her to take a shower the other day because Mom and I were pretty sure she hadn't taken one in like four days."

Casey's on-going stresses had meant the couple hadn't done anything intimate in quite some time. Yeesh, had it been since post-prom? While objectively Chris knew her complaint was valid, he'd be lying if the first thought he had wasn't Clarissa's busty naked body in the shower, dripping wet, lathering...

"Ew, gross," he said, snapping himself out of it. "But I actually meant Clay-Ton."

She giggled at the nickname she'd thought up to mock her obese tenant. "Oh. Yeah. He's still as pervy as ever. Everywhere I go, I can feel him looking at me. I finally get what people mean about someone undressing you with their eyes."

"Can't you say something to your mom? I can't believe she's OK with this jerk ogling her teenage daughters."

“You don’t think I’ve said anything? She said she’ll talk to him, but I guess the rental agreement is all, I dunno, ironclad or whatever, and we really need the money...”

“God forbid Casey have to cancel her ESO subscription.”

“She’s back into WoW these days, actually. And if you’re wondering how I know that, it’s because I share a room with the zombie gamer geek and that shit is on like twenty hours a day. She narrates the crap out loud just to annoy me. I swear, if I have to hear one more tale of Gurda Goblin-Ganker’s heroically excessive violence...”

“At least it keeps her in her room and out of Clay-Ton’s eyeline.”

“Most of the time. We all have to suck it up and interact with him on occasion.”

“You want me to kick his butt?”

She giggled. “I’d be too afraid you’d lose your foot up his fat ass.”

“Oh sure, protect him.”

“I guess I take after my dad. Soft spot for lumpy... lump... luh...”

Suddenly Casey lurched to her feet and bolted off behind a nearby tree. Chris only had to wonder for a moment before the sound of her retching reached his ears. She was at it for a few minutes, but rebuffed his offer to come hold her hair back. Finally she staggered back over and slumped down onto the blanket.

“Was it the egg salad? I checked the expiration date, and it said there was still a day left,” he said with a frown.

“Nah, it’s just going around. I heard my mom yacking yesterday morning. I must’ve gotten it from her.”

“Oh man. I’m so sorry hon. You feel any better after...? Or do you want me to take you back home?”

“I could go back and spit on ol’ Clay-Ton’s toothbrush, get some mileage out of this at least. Do like my sister and smite some baddies.” She laughed, but it was a half-hearted thing.

In the end, neither of them saw any fireworks that night. Casey went home, in such a hurry to get in that she didn’t even let him walk her to the door, and Chris went to his own home, where he closed the curtains and tried to keep his dog calm. He sent her a single text. *I hope you feel better, babe.*

By the time he fell asleep on the couch, she hadn’t replied.

“Can we talk?” Chris asked. To make sure she understood he was serious, he stopped in place in the middle of the mall thoroughfare.

“Here? Like, in the middle of the mall...?”

“It’s as good as anywhere.”

“Ooooh-kay.” The two made their way to the nearby food court and sat down.

“So, I just wanted to ask you—”

“Can we get some food first?” Casey interjected. “Multitask, ya know.”

“Oh. Um, sure.”

“Sorry, I’m just super hungry. I had a light breakfast. And that way you can have my full attention.”

“Right. Yeah. No prob.”

Chris hopped in the line for an Italian kiosk, figuring it was Casey’s favorite. When he turned to ask her what she was going to order, she wasn’t there. Looking around, he spotted her after a moment at a Chinese place across the way. It took him a moment to recognize her in that outfit. Her t-shirt had to be at least XXL. She was practically swimming in it. The loose-fitting dress she was wearing went down to her ankles. He was so used to the Casey who enjoyed setting herself up to rebuff male attention that this shapeless brunette slipped through his filter.

His line proved to be the longer one; by the time he sat down, she was most of the way done with her meal. “Is that any good?” he asked.

“Eh.” Casey shrugged and took another bite.

There it was. Chris wished he could have recorded that moment, because playing it back for her would be far easier than trying to put it into words. Her disinterested monosyllable said it all. When she didn’t prompt him to resume his attempt at discussion, he took the initiative himself.

“So Case, I was just wondering, I guess, how you’re doing.” There. Not an accusation, showed concern, exposed he felt something was off. Good start.

“Fine,” she said, then after a moment of chewing, looked up. “You?”

Chris ignored her deflection. “Really? Because you don’t seem fine.”

“Yeah, really. Why?”

“I guess it feels like you’ve been kind of distant the past... I dunno. A while now. And I’m worried about you.”

“What, my dad cheats on my mom and leaves us in the lurch and I’m not allowed to be upset?”

Chris held up his hands defensively. “No, of course you are, I only mean... I feel like it’s affecting you and me. Our relationship.”

She arched a neatly sculpted eyebrow. “How do you mean?”

“I mean it feels like you’re dodging me. Case, I text you and sometimes it takes you days to respond, if you even do.”

She looked a bit guilty. “It’s not on purpose. I don’t sit with my phone all the time, and sometimes I’m in the middle of doing something, or whatever, and I forget about it. I’m sorry. I’m not trying to hurt your feelings, hon.”

“On purpose or not, you used to respond right away almost all the time. Remember how your mom used to get on your case about texting me at the table? She had to start telling me not to text you during dinner hours. But it’s not just that. It’s how we haven’t spent any time together in ages.”

Casey set down her chopsticks, dabbed at the corners of her mouth with her napkin. “I think you’re exaggerating a little. I mean, we just went to the movies to see, you know, that xfinity gauntlet whatever.”

“That was two months ago.”

“OK, but there was the picnic—”

“That was on the Fourth. Today’s the twenty-third.”

“And, um, that time we went shopping...” Cornered, her cheeks colored slightly.

Chris allowed himself a small grin at her levity. “You mean right now? You can’t count right now.”

“OK, OK. You’re right. I’ve been a little... off lately, I know. It feels like I have a lot going on upstairs, and in here.” She tapped the center of her chest. With the bulky outfit she was wearing and the fact that they hadn’t made out in what felt like forever, he couldn’t help but try to activate his x-ray vision to see the breasts the gesture outlined beneath. They looked even bigger than he remembered. Must be a new bra.

Oh sweet Jesus, how he missed the sight of Casey in a bra.

He resumed eye contact as she resumed speaking. “And I don’t mean to take it out on you. I’ll do better, all right?”

Chris smiled. “All right.”

She held a hand out across the table. “I like you.”

“I like *you*.” He took her hand. “For a minute there, I was worried you were cheating on me.” He grinned. Casey had been his best friend since forever. If she ever decided she was done with him, she’d say something before she did anything.

“What, we’re going steady now? News to me. I’ll have to tell my other boyfriend.”

“I knew it. Who is it? Is it Dan? Aiden? Eric?”

“Not any more, no, and only occasionally.”

He laughed. “Don’t tell me you’re taking a page out of your dad’s playbook and going after an old fuggo like Clay-Ton, now.”

Her hand pulled back. “Why do you always have to do that?”

Chris winced inwardly. “Sorry. I know your dad’s still a sore subject. I didn’t mean anything by it.”

“What? No, fuck my dad. I mean Mr. Mason. Why do you always look for excuses to run him down?”

“Uh, what?” He blinked. “We’re talking about Clay-Ton here, right? The lecherous old fatass that’s living in what should be your bedroom?”

“See, that’s what I mean! Mr. Mason’s actually a really cool guy. You don’t even know him, but you’re just picking on him because of how he looks, like you’re such hot shit no woman could resist you.” She stood up abruptly.

“Casey, wait!” But then she shoved her tray across the table, colliding with his and spilling their drinks all over, including on Chris himself. He stopped the food from flying, but by the time he had things settled, she was gone.

He caught up with her in the parking lot; his saving grace was that he’d drove that day and she didn’t have keys to his car. She was sitting on the tail end, phone in hand, swiping words angrily into her phone.

He’d tried to make sense of it as he’d looked for her. Casey had never defended the old bastard before, and he couldn’t see why today would be different. But he realized that wasn’t the problem. Whatever was bothering her couldn’t be that, obviously. So what had it been? He walked himself through the conversation as best he recalled it, and by the time he found her by the car, he had an answer ready.

“Look, I’m sorry, OK? You’re going through something, and I tried to rush you. I shouldn’t have tried to make this about me.”

Casey kept typing whatever she was typing. “You need a little space, I’m hearing you. I was worried you were trying to keep me at arm’s length, but I get it. Right now you need your family, and I need to be understanding about that.”

He put his hands gently on her knees. “Soon we’ll start college together, and I’ll get to see you every day, but until then I promise I’ll be patient when you have days where you need to take care of yourself. All right?”

She finally looked up, swiping her phone off. “All right.”

Then a few weeks passed. A few weeks in which Chris and Casey had hardly spoken. Exactly three times, actually; it was easy to count because his phone handily counted how many times he'd called her. The first time he'd left a voicemail (which had gone unanswered). The second, she'd told him she was in the middle of something (and then never called back). The third he'd insisted that he *needed* to see her, and so they'd set up this lunch date (for three days later).

There had been no in-coming calls from her number.

Casey had dressed to distress again; he had to look at old facebook pictures and that scrapbook she'd made for him to remind him how attractive she was. Today's sweatpants-hoodie combo gave no clue to the shapely body beneath. Chris wondered if she'd simply wanted comfort, or if the outfit was a message meant to convey her disinterest in his interest. That was probably paranoid. (He hoped.)

Most of the meal was spent in superficial chitchat (mostly initiated and maintained by Chris). New music, TV shows they used to watch together, happenings with mutual friends. On this last category, she seemed woefully out of touch. There was some small comfort in that, in at least it seemed he wasn't the only one being neglected. Desperate for something she might enjoy talking about, he reached for common ground.

"I signed up for my classes the other day. Mostly getting gen ed stuff out of the way. Comp, American history survey course, calculus. Since when is calculus a necessity for all courses of study?"

She shrugged. "I guess math is a thing."

"I sent you a copy of my schedule, not sure if you saw. Have you signed up yet? I figured if we take some of this junk together, it'll be less of a pain in the butt."

"Actually, I've been meaning to tell you, I'm not going to school with you in the fall."

Chris nearly choked on a gulp of his soda, coughing up droplets all over. As Casey scowled and dabbed at where it had landed on her, he tried to clear his airway. "What?! Why?!"

She shrugged. "I dunno. Just not the right move right now."

"Is it a money thing?" he pressed. "I thought your scholarships were going to cover enough that you could still swing it!"

"They would, if I wanted to go. I don't. I gave it some thought, and I decided it's not for me."

"Not for you? You've talked about going into physical therapy since you broke your leg in fifth grade!"

"Why spend a bunch of time and money getting some stupid degree helping a bunch of cripples when I could get something practical?"

"Practical? Since when is helping people not practical? Are people going to stop getting hurt in the future or something?"

"Practical for *me*. I talked it over with Mr. Mason, and he's going to teach me how to do computer stuff." She smiled brightly. "Now *that's* the future."

Just when Chris thought his jaw couldn't drop any lower. "Mr. Mason? Your tenant?" She nodded. "The motivational speaker?"

"*Online* motivational speaker. He's a total guru when it comes to this stuff. He knows, like, everything. You wouldn't believe the equipment he's got." She smiled.

"OK, what is going on with you lately? You're ignoring your friends, ignoring me, now dropping out of school..."

"I'm not dropping out, technically. It's not dropping out if you never started. *Clarissa* is dropping out."

"Don't get semantical." He blinked. "Wait, *what?!?*"

"Yeah, we all talked it over, and we thought it'd be for the best. If she already knows what she wants to do, and it's something she can do from home, why waste another year on high school when she could get right to it?"

"Why? I dunno, because she's a freaking kid!" Chris pounded his fist on the table in frustration. The manager gave the two a stern look.

"She's legally an adult. Christ, she's only eight months younger than you. Don't put on airs."

"Put on airs! This is— Are you—" He took a breath. "Casey, are you feeling all right? You're acting insane. The way you're behaving, and... I mean, *look* at yourself! You've always been a fitness nut! For crying out, you're spending so much time sitting around the house you're starting to look like Clay-Ton. This isn't you!"

Was it a low blow? Maybe. But Chris was too upset to mince words.

"What the hell did you just say?"

"Casey, I'm sorry. I'm not trying to hurt your feelings, but you have to admit, the way you've been lately is—"

"I don't have to admit shit, OK?" She wadded up her napkin and threw it across the table at him. "You know what, Chris? Fuck you. How's that for being direct? FUCK. YOU! You don't know anything about him, or anything about my life! You're just a judgmental controlling ASSHOLE who can't see when he's not wanted or needed! My family is taking better care of me than you ever could. So do us both a favor, shove your tiny little dick up your bitch ass, and leave us the fuck alone!"

She stormed out. Chris was too shaken to try to follow. Everyone was staring at him as he meekly reached for his wallet and set out a few bills on the table before shuffling out the door. She hadn't waited for him this time. He drove around for hours before going back home, alone.

It was already an emotional day, several weeks later as Chris approached the Kellers' – Sheltons' – front door. He'd said goodbye to his family not ten minutes ago before getting in the car to leave for college. Off to move into his dorm. He'd had to pay an enormous fine to back out of his rental agreement that he'd signed for his apartment with Casey. He hadn't been able to reach her to get her to cover part of it, and besides, money was tight for them.

School was only a couple hours away, so Chris would be able to visit occasionally, come home for breaks. For the first time in his life, though, his address and his family's would be different. In a few minutes, he'd hit the road and the next phase of his life would begin.

But first, he had to try to stop the most important part of the last one from being over. Chris knocked on the door, a little rhythm he'd used since he and Casey first became friends back in fourth grade that announced it was him.

The cracks in his broken heart grew a little wider at the first sounds he heard from the other side. "Ugh," it began. Casey's ugh. "Mom, it's him again, can you tell him I'm not here or whatever."

"I'm not going to lie for you, Casey. If you don't want to talk to Chris, you can tell him yourself," came a muted voice from deeper in the house.

"Mom!" she whined from right behind the door. "I told you, he's like a freaking stalker! But no, you're right, we don't want to be rude to my stalker. By all means, give him what he wants, another chance to talk shit and ogle me."

Ogle her? Since when had he ever ogled her? Or at least, since when had he done so when she wasn't trying to get him to look? He glared at the door.

There was muffled conversation, footsteps coming and going, and finally the door opened a mere half a foot or so. "Hello, Christopher."

Christopher? The only people who ever called him that were his own parents, and then only when he was in trouble. "Oh. Hi, um, Cara. You look really nice today."

For once, this compliment was untrue. The erstwhile Mrs. Keller had been a mighty fine-looking woman since he'd known her. By the time Chris had grown old enough to start noticing the opposite sex, she was one he couldn't help noticing. Pretty face, big boobs, broad hips, round butt, and had a preference for mom jeans and v-neck t-shirts that never quite let him forget. He'd comforted Casey in years past when she'd complained about her "skanky" mother. The criticism was mostly moody middle schooler attitude, but while Chris had no desire to see her become more demure, he'd done his best to show empathy.

This morning, she answered the door in a heavy cotton robe that was so loose it could have fit Bigfoot inside it. If she had a body to show off, this was the furthest thing from it. Plus, if he wasn't mistaken, she might have put on a little weight herself. As for diminishing her appeal, all that paled in comparison to the cool look she was giving him.

"Thank you. What did you want?"

As terse as her daughter, suddenly. “I, um, I’m leaving for school today. Right now, actually. I just wanted to come say goodbye to Casey.” He craned his neck to catch a glimpse of her, but the door was only open enough to show a sliver of Cara and nothing else.

“You’ve come at a bad time, Chris. I’m afraid she’s not in.”

He frowned. “Really? Come on, I *just* heard her through the door. I know she’s in there.”

The woman folded her arms across her chest. “All right, let’s try again. You’ve come at a bad time, Chris. She doesn’t want to see you, and I think you should leave.”

“I... Casey! Casey, are you in there? Look, I only want to say goodbye, and—”

The door closed in his face. Agonized by the sheer cruelty of it, he pounded on it once with a clenched fist, but only once. Chris slinked away down the front walk to his overloaded car. As he walked up to the driver’s side door, he risked a look back at the house. There, through the living room window, he could see that fat, balding jerk of a tenant lounging back on the couch. Nothing could have prepared him for the shock of what he saw next. Mrs. Keller – Cara, whatever he was supposed to call her, dammit! – strode into the room and right up to him.

Where she straddled his lap and kissed him full on the mouth.

Between the glare on the window, the light differential, the blinds, and his own tears, it was difficult to see clearly, but he’d have sworn that sonofabitch’s hands were moving up inside her robe. Just barely, he could hear the delighted laughter on her part.

In spite of how cruel she’d been to him, Chris’s instinct was to pity her. To be reduced to feigning attraction to that piece of crap out of sheer financial requirement... it was awful how far she’d had to sink since her husband had walked out on her. No wonder Casey was so defensive about the bastard; if he was involved with her mother, it was no doubt easier to see him as a father figure than as some creep taking advantage.

Chris settled into the driver’s seat and left so quickly even his old rust bucket’s tires squealed. He left so quickly, in fact, that he missed the sight of Casey and Clarissa nestling in beside the tenant, grinning blissfully.

“Hey guys, JB18ish back online!” came a jarringly chipper voice from the small window in the corner of the screen showing Clarissa’s face. A chorus of typed greetings echoed from her Twitch fan base as she started moving her avatar into the Stranglehorn Vale. She commenced her usual stream of consciousness babbling as she ventured forth, killing trolls as she went.

After two months of living away at school, Chris still hadn’t been able to forget about Casey. All of his friends ragged on him about it constantly, but they’d never met her. They didn’t know what he’d lost. He’d met other girls, sure, but his heart was still too preoccupied by his true love to give them any consideration.

In whatever free hours he had aside from school and work, he tried to find a way back into her life. He’d called, texted, sent letters and gifts, until finally she’d answered the phone to tell him he had to cut it out before Cara filed a police report. He’d apologized, saying how much he missed her and asking how the rest of the family was – avoiding any mention of old Clay-Ton – but it didn’t seem to matter. The only information he’d gotten out of her before she’d hung up on him had been purely incidental, and that was a single scathing rebuke at Clarissa to “keep her twitching quiet, for the love of god.”

He’d gotten desperate. Could Clarissa possibly be a window to her sister? The two girls had never been on the best of terms, but that was before they’d both adopted the same course of study, before they’d started sharing a room. Maybe Clarissa could assist him, or at least explain things to him. Maybe she could help give him some closure. Allow him to understand the mystery of where he and Casey had gone wrong.

Only it turned out that Clarissa’s number was deactivated, and like Casey, she had blocked him on social media. So to get through to her, he grasped the desperate strand of “twitching” and tried to see if he could find her. After creating his account (and making sure it didn’t give any hint to his true identity), it had taken weeks of relentlessly checking every WoW streamer he could find before locating hers. JB18ish was her handle; dialogue with some of her many followers told Chris the JB stood for “Jail Bait.” Or at least, that was the popular theory, and she didn’t disconfirm it.

He could see why. Even if one seldom saw more than a shoulders-up view of her, the view was tantalizing. The relentlessly chipper tone, the young pretty face, the occasional glimpse of her pert cleavage – which seemed to have expanded even since he’d last seen her back in June – there was a not-so-subtle sexual undertone to all of it. Certainly her followers thought so; cat calls and lewd comments dribbled into her chat thread with regularity, and she gamely flirted back. She was raking in donations hand over fist.

Chris, however, was not going to try to engage her in her Twitch channel. At least, not directly. For the past month, he’d begun playing WoW like it was a second job, feverishly leveling his character to be of a similar level with hers. As she logged in, so did he, rushing to the Stranglehorn Vale full tilt. He alt+tabbed to her stream at intervals, tracking her whereabouts until he could maneuver his character near hers.

Finally, there she was, his last desperate link to Casey – a pale, scantily clad elven redhead launching fire missiles at a pack of ogres. *LFP*, he typed, broadcasting the common request for a group so it would reach nearby players.

Through his speakers, he heard Clarissa giggle. “Think I should give this poor dwarf a bone, guys?” Another giggle. “I said *bone*, not *boner*! You guys are so bad!” Was this semi-lewd performance the kind of “computer skills” that oafish tenant was teaching her?

He got the invite a moment later, and was notified he had joined a group and the party voice chat.

“Hey there,” she said in that same too-high tone. Her voice echoed distractingly, playing both through the Twitch stream and through WoW itself. “What quest are you on? I’m doing the Kurzen line, if that’s cool.”

“Hey Clarissa, it’s Chris,” he replied. To his relief, he heard no echo of his voice through the Twitch stream. He’d followed her for a while, and he knew she always kept party voice chat muted (probably so as not to disrupt any of her fans who were trying to use the teen’s bimbo babble routine to get off).

Presently, however, her voice went down to its usual pitch. “What the... Chris? Like, Casey’s ex Chris?”

“Yeah, that Chris.” He used an emoji to have his avatar wave. “How you been?”

“Since when do you play WoW? How the hell did you even find me?”

“Your, um, Twitch. I started playing in school. Heh, you always made it look so fun.” A naked lie, but he was trying to be friendly.

“Oh my fucking GOD. Are you...” She suddenly remembered she had an audience, and resumed her high-pitched chirping long enough to say she had to deal with a personal issue, and would brb. The feed went dark.

“What in the mother of holy fuckballs is wrong with you?” Clarissa snapped, ladylike as ever.

“Calm down, OK? I’m only—”

“Only a fucking creeper of epic magnitude! Jesus, what does it take to break through to you that Casey. Is. Done. With. You. I can say it in Spanish, if it helps.”

“All I wanted to know is if she’s OK. I’m not trying to barge in, or force her to talk to me. I just need to know she’s all right, and—” He choked out the words. “—and what I did wrong.”

“Wrong? Why don’t we cover what you did right. The list is way shorter. You know? No. Fuck that noise. Casey’s going through stuff you can’t even imagine, and what does she get from you but being all up in her grill about it.”

“In her grill?” he repeated incredulously. “I was trying to be supportive!”

“Supportive? How about you start by not tearing down her people all the time. That’s right, I know the shit you’ve been saying about us.”

“Clarissa, if I said anything about you or your mom that was rude, I promise you, I was only joking.”

“Oh cool, just like I’m joking when I say you’re a limp-dicked virgin. Cool, right? Ha. Ha ha. But the shit you said about Mr. Mason... I don’t even fucking get you. I used to think you were a decent guy. Kind of a pussy, maybe, but decent.”

“I am decent! If you’d just let me—”

She thundered on right over him. “Then I hear about you bad-mouthing him? ‘Cause when I look at you, I see a guy who’s a creepy perv, always bothering Casey and me and Mom, probably plays with himself fantasizing about us like some fucking stalker psycho. No job—”

“I work in the print shop!”

“No real job,” she continued, “no real money, just some loser who could never provide for her.”

“Clarissa, I don’t know what you were told, but—”

“Save it. Nobody needs you and your stalker ass, OK? I’ll tell Casey you said ‘try to forget I ever existed,’ mmk?”

Chris was still sputtering an attempt at reasoning with her when she kicked him from the party and the voice chat went dead.

He could still hear her voice, though, even as he dropped his head down to his keyboard and started sobbing into the keys. “Sorry guys! Some super creepo, you know how it goes. Totally hunted me down and offered to show me a dick pic, and I was like, ‘no thanks pervball’ and he was like ‘please? I’ve zoomed it in so you can see it over my fat gut!’”

It was a PvP zone, and while he was crying too hard to see it, her avatar suddenly went hostile. She murdered his dwarf unopposed, and was still giggling when he feebly switched off his speakers.

Thanksgiving came and went uncelebrated for Chris that year. What did he have to be thankful for? The most wonderful girl he'd ever met had gone from mutual adoration to an all-consuming contempt. His family missed him, but better to be missed than to ruin their holiday. Christmas very nearly passed in the same fashion, but his mother implored him to visit. Out of obligation, he consented to come home for a long weekend.

He spent most of the visit preoccupied by the proximity of Casey. Jump in the car and he could be there inside of five minutes. Except there was no doubt the door would be slammed in his face, and he'd probably be issued a few more insults, too. Over and over he flipped through the pages of the scrapbook Casey had given him at graduation. These pages held photos of what felt like a different lifetime, though it had been only seven months.

The two of them in a group on a fourth grade field to the zoo; that was the day she'd sat beside Chris, the new kid, on the bus. The first time they'd talked to one another. Cara had chaperoned, and invited him over for a playdate the next weekend.

Him wearing his Sulley mask for Halloween the following year. Kiddish, even to a fifth grader, but Casey loved *Monsters, Inc.* and had begged him. That night had been their first sleepover, and she'd made him jump out of the closet to "scare" her over and over, giggling delightedly every time.

Casey greeting him at the finish line for state cross country finals. She'd waited almost two hours for him in the sleet. His finishing time hadn't been very impressive, but every guy running had been in awe of the pretty girl kissing runner 029.

Side by side for their freshman homecoming dance, both of them with braces gleaming. In fact there was a whole page of dance pictures of the two of them, one for every dance the school had held during their four years.

Graduation day. The two of them side by side in their caps and gowns, holding hands together in the air. Another back to back with finger guns at the ready. Another of them kissing. Clarissa had been grossed out to take it, he remembered. Casey had said so when she'd given him the scrapbook later that day after slipping in that last photo.

Miserable, Chris could hardly keep food down. He hadn't slept in days. Every time he closed his eyes, he saw her face. Smiling, the way she always had when she'd looked at him. Until her father had walked out, and her heart had closed itself off from him. Maybe forever.

But maybe not.

It was Christmas Eve when he broke down and made his way to her house. He parked a ways down the block, in case someone happened to look out the window. Clutching his props tightly, he skulked to the cellar door and used the key Cara had given him years ago. It had been issued so he could get in and out while he was painting their fence one summer, but they'd never asked for it back. That had been many years ago now; no doubt they'd forgotten he had it. But he hadn't.

He took each step with painstaking slowness, minimizing the creaking on the old wooden steps. Once in the basement, he could hear the TV upstairs, and all three of the girls' voices idly conversing. Perfect.

No one interfered with him as he stealthily made his way to Casey and Clarissa's bedroom. It had changed a lot since he'd last seen it, but of course it had. The last time he'd seen it, he and Casey had been dragging all of her belongings across the hall to make space for the tenant. Now, this room was hers, even if Clarissa's stamp was on it too.

Chris snuck into the closet, and there, he donned his Sulley mask. From within the darkened nook, he watched through the slats in the closet door for Casey to enter. He'd wait all night if he had to. Then, he'd give her back the scrapbook she'd made for him, in the vain hope that it might speak to something deeper inside her than he'd heretofore proven capable of addressing.

Was this stupid? Probably. He could imagine a version of this where he bolted out the door to evade arrest. One where she panicked and bashed his head in with the lamp on her nightstand. One where she laughed at his pathetic effort to get back with her and was joined by her entire family, mocking until there was nothing left of him.

But in the piece of his fragile, withered heart that still remembered hope, he could imagine her smiling, and remembering she had loved him.

It was over an hour of half-hearing muted chit-chat and blaring TV, waiting for Casey to come in. Clarissa did at one point; he barely realized he had the wrong sister before stopping his hand from opening the closet. She only leaned around the doorjamb to grab her phone from its charger before leaving.

Then, finally, Casey entered. Her sister had flipped the light off on her way out, so it was dark in there, but he could sense it was her. He allowed himself a moment to admire the silhouette of her sifting through a drawer for something. Chris had been over this in his head many times, though, and he knew he dare not delay. If he waited until she was changing into her pajamas or the like, he'd be a creeper in actuality. He placed his hand on the closet door and took a deep breath. Time to make his final play.

Suddenly the light flipped on. Chris had to squint for a moment while his eyes adjusted, even in the mask. When he could see again, he saw Clayton Mason, the tenant, still as round as ever standing in the doorway. He was watching Casey with a lecherous smile, and Chris nearly leapt out to tell him to respect her privacy before remembering his plan. For whatever reason, she had a soft spot for the guy. Best to let her handle her own affairs.

Casey looked up from her drawer and... what? She... smiled?

"Hi, Mr. Mason. Anything I can do for you?"

What?! Why did she sound so... so...

"I don't know, is there anything in particular you've got to offer?" He waggled his bushy eyebrows.

The nerve!

“Oh, nothing much. I mean, there’s *these*...” Casey said, and in the next moment, lifted her oversized sweatshirt over her head. She was naked from the waist up, no bra at all. She twisted side to side, letting him leer at both the straight-on view and profile. Though if Chris had thought he’d nearly died of shock from seeing her strip off her shirt for the dirty old bastard, it was nothing compared to the next thing he noticed.

Casey was pregnant. Unmistakably so. A prominent round baby bump adorned her belly, jutting forth even farther than her more-massive-than-ever breasts. The college boy in the closet was no obstetrician, but from the size of her, he’d have wagered she was well into her second trimester, maybe into her third.

Before Chris could begin to process this, Clayton was crossing the room, wasting no time pulling Casey’s against him. One hand cupped a swollen breast, the other her butt as the two kissed. Chris stood in the closet completely stupefied as he watched them his ex-girlfriend make out with this repulsive asshole old enough to be her father.

“Were my tits not enough, sir? I don’t suppose I could interest you in...” Hastily, Casey removed her stretchy maternity pants. He was surprised – deep, deep down beneath the part of him that was horrified and furious – to see that she’d maintained her figure surprisingly well. If anything, she might look even better like this than she had before, in a weird sort of way.

“I suppose I could at least try it on, see how it fits,” he said, letting Casey drag him into her bed where she climbed atop him. As she dry humped him, cooing at the sensation of having her enlarged nipples pinched and twisted, Chris’s disgust began to ferment into something darker as the truth settled in.

She’d lied to him. Cheated on him. Casey was a fucking slut just like her dad had been, and with no better taste. Dimly he remembered that their mother had been fooling around with the man, too. Could he be messing around with Cara’s daughters on the sly? How could she be so negligent as to let this happen? Or had he abandoned Cara for a newer model? And Clarissa had still defended the man!

“God, it feels so nice to have a real man between my legs,” Casey said, still rubbing herself against his crotch. When she bent down to kiss him, he could see that the middle of her panties had a pronounced wet spot. He remembered that she used to be embarrassed letting him see how wet she got when she was turned on. Now here she was flaunting it.

“I can imagine. Poor little girl, having to put up for so long with that little boy and his sick infatuation.” Clayton clicked his tongue disparagingly.

“You can’t even imagine,” she said, disgust somehow commingling with lust. “The way he was always *looking* at me, trying to find excuses to touch me, making me put up with his presence...”

“Sounds like a real perv,” the forty-something man said, playfully swatting the mostly naked pregnant nineteen-year-old’s ass.

How could she say that! She'd usually been the one who initiated intimacy! She'd been the one who'd come up with Clay-Ton! She'd always acted like she'd enjoyed his affection! Now here she was, throwing herself at this bald sack of lard!

"Perv barely scratches the surface. Sissy Chrissy wasted so much of my life..." She bent down, smothering his face in her prodigious cleavage. "But you, you're the love of my life. I knew it almost as soon as I met you. I only wish you could fuck another baby in me right this minute."

He laughed into the smothering expanse of her boobs. "You don't mind if I try anyway, do you babe?"

Chris's fists clenched without even realizing it. This piece of shit. Where did he get off wrecking his life? Move into his girlfriend's house, dishonor their commitment to one another, turn her into his breed mare? He didn't care how Casey reacted. Not like it could be any worse than it already was. This old prick was going to pay.

Once more, though, his intent to open the closet door was interrupted by a sudden appearance at the door. Clarissa, this time, peering into the room. "Yeesh, do you two ever give it a rest?"

Casey glanced over at her sister, making no effort to cover herself nor betraying any other such sign of embarrassment. Clayton's voice was garbled by the overabundance of boob in his face, but he could still be understood easily enough. "I see *you're* giving your voice lessons a rest."

She grinned, and suddenly the voice was that of JB18ish, that high-pitched chirp that exuded perkiness. "Oh gosh, super sorry! I just wanted to remind you that Mom and I are, like, waiting!"

"That's more like it. Little girls should sound like little girls, don't you think?"

"Totes! Sometimes I just get all dee-duh-dee!" Her head bobbed from side to side.

"Maybe you can wait to unwrap your other presents until tomorrow?" suggested Casey softly. Chris's gut churned in dread of what that might mean. It couldn't. No way.

He slapped her ass again, and despite her added bulk, she jumped with a little yelp. "Fine, fine. You win as always, Mr. Mason." Casey grinned as she rubbed her tender bottom and waddled out of the room. Clarissa preceded, and Clayton was just behind.

This had to be a dream, thought Chris. But pinching himself did nothing, and besides, this felt far too real. He and Casey had only had sex with a condom, and even then only a few times. The most recent had been after prom, which had been eight months ago now. Casey didn't look like she was quite ready to pop yet. Plus, the way Clarissa had walked in on her big sister – very big sister – frantically humping their fat, ugly tenant, yet her only reaction had been to flirt and request his company...

Could it be that...?!

It could. Not a minute later, he heard giggling and cooing and moaning coming from across the hall. Casey's old room, now Clayton's. More than one voice, for sure. It wasn't just

Casey. Somehow, that sonofabitch had corrupted the lot of them. They'd all turned on him, all decided to help Casey twist the knife in his back for this man.

His fists dropped to his sides and slowly unclenched. There was nothing to be angry about any more, nothing left in him to be angry. Whatever had happened, it had destroyed him.

Chris removed the Sulley mask. He didn't even realize the scrapbook had fallen from his grasp. Nobody seemed to notice the little thud. They were preoccupied. His hollow shell shuffled out into the room, eyes stopping momentarily on a picture frame that had once held a picture of the two of them at the beach in Fort Lauderdale. Now it was a picture of Clayton Mason, grinning his slimy grin as he held Casey in his lap. She was kissing his cheek with a blissed out expression on her face. An ultrasound that was doubtless hers sat beside the frame, awaiting its turn. A second one sat on Clarissa's desk near her computer, where her WoW avatar sat waiting to be activated on her monitor.

He shuffled into the hallway. The door to Clayton's bedroom was wide open, and for a moment, the sight of Casey, Clarissa and Cara side by side almost brought him back to life. They were naked, asses and pussies presented, mewling with need. Clayton stood behind them, fingering Casey and Clarissa's exposed slits with his hands while rubbing his cock against Cara's. All three were plainly desperate for release. All three were squirming their hips, thrusting back, anything to get him inside them. All three were so horny they were literally dripping on their tenant's bedsheets.

All three were pregnant.

"Fuck me, Mr. Mason," pleaded Casey.

"No, fuck me, Mr. Mason!" whined Clarissa.

"Please, oh please fuck *me*, Mr. Mason!" begged Cara.

As four fingers and a cock plunged into the needful women, their wails of relief echoed throughout the entire house. Clarissa had been the happy recipient of Clayton's coveted cock, but Casey and Cara sounded no less relieved at being fingered. Their cries of ecstasy handily covered the sound of the front door opening and closing, the sound of Chris vomiting in the front bushes, the beep of his horn reverberating between the houses of the neighborhood as he dropped his head on his steering wheel to sob.

It was over. Finally, brutally, over.

The following Christmas, there were no more unseen visitors in the Mason household. That's how they all thought of it, at least. Even if none of them had married him – just think of the undying jealousy of the two not chosen! – he was still the lord of their manor, king of their castle, patriarch of their family.

Three beautiful babies graced these halls now. Casey's daughter Carissa was the oldest, followed by Clarissa's Jennifer Barbara (an homage to her gamer handle that she'd made her sister promise never to tell the child about). Ironically, their little sister Katie was three weeks younger than her newborn aunt and uncle. They were all brothers and sisters through Mr. Mason, but he didn't mind them projecting their familial relations onto the children. So long as they behaved like good mothers and daughters.

Behaving wasn't a problem. They had children to set good examples for, after all. Their daughters would grow up in the loving household they'd never had. Casey worked for Mr. Mason, using the skills he'd taught her to help manage his affairs, repair his equipment, and otherwise be his personal assistant. In time, she'd even found a few ways to make his "white noise machines," as he'd called them, more effective, strengthening the family's love still further.

She wasn't paid by him, technically, but he loved her and he provided for her. It was more than enough. Especially since he showed his love so often, and provided it in such delicious manners. When she managed to get work on the side, she was all too happy to sign the checks over to him so he could secure stability for their child.

"Crazy how time flies, isn't it, Clarissa?" she asked. It was only ten o'clock, but she usually went to bed early. Beds were where Mr. Mason liked her; plus, she'd be well-rested if he came in during the night. Nowadays, the girls always stayed awake until they could hear Mr. Mason start to snore across the hall. They left the door open to make sure they could hear it, and to make sure he felt invited to come into their bedroom at any time. Falling asleep any sooner meant sacrificing a chance to express their love for him, and to receive his in return.

"How do you mean?" came Clarissa's voice from behind her monitor. The voice had been part of what she'd meant; Casey grinned in the dark room at how Mr. Mason used to make her talk like a love-starved brainless teenage skank. (His words – he always knew how to make her laugh!) Once Clarissa had become the mother of one of his children, however, he'd decided it was time for her to sound like a proper mommy.

"Oh, you know, little things. Remember how pissed we both were when we had to move in together?"

"Ugh, yeah. That was only two summers ago... feels like years," said Clarissa.

"Seriously! Remember how right after he moved in, it felt weird tag-teaming him, making out with each other while he fucked Mom? At first, I was so nervous I barely even begged for it."

“How things change indeed, Case,” Clarissa said with a shake of the head. “But yeah, that was crazy. The first time he fucked me in front of you, I remember being so shy about it! I thought you were so experienced and were judging the hell out of me—”

“But then you found out I’d just had my cherry popped the night before!” Casey finished, the two of them giggling hysterically. “You know, I’m glad we’re roommates though. It’s nice to be close to your sister.”

“You’re just saying that because sharing a room with me makes it twice as likely Mr. Mason will come in and fuck us.”

“Sure, that,” she said, and both girls giggled. Was that ever true. He definitely enjoyed their mother’s company, but the math was clear and it said that four tits were better than two. And Cara’s daughters had some amazing tits. Mr. Mason said so, anyway, and his was the only opinion that mattered. “But you know, it’s nice. Who knew that all this time, it was family that would bring this family together?”

It was quiet a moment; Clarissa was still probably playing with herself at the thought of their tenant fucking her. It was easy to get overwhelmed, and Clarissa had never been one for self-discipline. “Thank god for Mr. Mason,” she said with a dreamy sigh. “Looking back, I was just coasting through life, no direction, no purpose, but now? Now I’m somebody’s mommy. Somebody’s sexy nubile fucktoy.”

“Oh geez, he called you that *one time* and you act like it’s your unique title of nobility.”

“He’s called me that multiple times! You’re just jealous.” Clarissa leaned around her computer and stuck her tongue out. Even through her shirt, Casey was able to note that her sister’s nipples were good and hard. She had indeed been playing with herself.

“You can be Mr. Mason’s fucktoy, Clarissa – that’s all yours,” Casey said, sticking her tongue out back. Not that being their tenant’s fucktoy didn’t sound wonderful; it undoubtedly would be. For Clarissa, it was her first love. It was wild and sexy and kinky and all about constantly pushing the sexual envelope. She was always thrusting new ideas in front of him, often roping in her mother and sister to supplement the scene. It was young, foolish, brash crazy love.

But that wasn’t what Casey’s relationship with him was about. It was deeper. It was about shared experiences, like the time he’d taken her to the park and fucked her behind a stand of bushes. About common interests, like computers or her big fuckable tits or masturbating while watching Clarissa eat out their mother. About the little inside jokes that were unique to them, like how he teased her that her throat was so underfucked that she’d literally had to chew on his cum to break it down before she could swallow it.

In her defense, Clarissa and Cara both agreed that the man’s cum was particularly viscous. (They also agreed it was the only cum they ever desired to swallow, get doused by, or take inside one of their eager holes ever again.)

“How did I get so lucky?”

“I ask myself that every day, sis.”

Why did that give her déjà vu? Never mind. Cara came in then, wearing a house-dress that looked like it was out of the 1950's save for the large oval window to showcase her cleavage. She was bearing Katie in a baby bjorn on her back, and in her hands was a basket of clean, folded laundry. Casey so admired the way her mother could at the same time be such a caring mother for Casey and Clarissa, a dedicated lover to Mr. Mason, and attentive housekeeper for the whole household.

It had done wonders to bring her out of her funk after their dad had left. At first, it had nearly destroyed her to be set aside for someone so seemingly inferior. But then Mr. Mason had come along and reminded her what she still had to offer. Excellent maternal instincts, fine housekeeping skills, and incredible skill at tit-fucking.

(Cara had been happier about it when she'd still had her swollen, hyper-sensitive prego-titties, but she still never missed an opportunity.)

"Special delivery, girls." She set the basket down on Clarissa's bed, setting her clothes aside. As much as they'd enjoyed carrying Mr. Mason's children, having to hide their condition had been pure hell. To walk around concealing their bodies, pretending like they didn't want to look their sexiest for him... it had felt like a betrayal. Now, Casey was back to her pre-pregnancy weight, and Clarissa and Cara had actually gotten even slimmer. Tight, attractive clothes were once more the norm, and all concerned were happier for it. Most of Clarissa's streaming business went to expanding her wardrobe with new visual delights for their man. She was usually pretty chill about letting Casey borrow outfits, too.

"Thanks for doing that, Mom," said Casey. Just because Cara did most of the housework while Clarissa and Casey actually earned money – for Mr. Mason, anyway – didn't mean she was a lesser contributor. She was proud to be a housewife, as they were all proud to be domesticated. The woman still deserved some gratitude for it, at the very least.

(Sometimes, Casey even encouraged Mr. Mason to give Cara an extra fuck or two, when she'd outdone herself with her chores.)

"No problem sweetie. Mind giving me a hand here? A little tricky with Katie here getting to be such a big girl."

"Sure. C'mon, Clarissa, grab your stuff." Casey hopped up and began sorting her clothes and placing them in the appropriate drawers.

"In a minute. It's Christmas Eve, so the chump brigade is feeling extra generous tonight. One more pledge and I can afford this awesome little teal vinyl miniskirt I have my eyes on. It'll be like he's fucking some bitch right out of one of those sci fi movies where it's the future and every chick is hot and dresses in skanky plastic."

"Stay classy," said her sister with a roll of the eyes.

"Says the girl who ate – literally ate – her breakfast off my ass cheeks the past three days after Mr. Mason decided to pull out during his morning fuck."

Cara regarded her daughters sternly, as she often did when she was arguing. "Girls, there's a baby in the room."

“Sorry, Mom.”

“Yeah, sorry.”

“Good. We don’t want her picking up your art of bickering.” She softened her face into a pleasant, motherly smile. “Now let’s all agree that Mr. Mason’s cum is delicious and it’s better to drink – or eat, for those of us who need to nibble it down – than to waste. All right?”

“Darn straight,” said Clarissa.

Casey, however, had been kneeling down to put an old shirt she didn’t think she’d wear any more into the box in her closet. Once the box was full, they’d donate it to a secondhand store, and Mr. Mason could use it as a tax write-off. But there, in the back of the closet, discarded between the box and the wall, was something she hadn’t expected.

A scrapbook.

“Mom, do you think it’d be cool if – just for Christmas – you let me have first go at Mr. Mason? I figured since I’m youngest, I have the most energy, so...”

As her sister made her selfish Christmas wish, Casey picked up the books and flipped through the pages.

Chris. It was the photo album she’d given him on the day of their graduation. How on earth had that gotten in there?

“You know Mr. Mason is going to choose the girl and the hole he wants, and I don’t have any more say in it than you do, dear,” Cara answered patiently.

Photo after photo of the two of them. School dances, vacations, that road trip to visit Keenan after he moved to Baja California. Stuff from all the way back in elementary school, when they’d first met.

“Oh come on, you know if we beg – not just like usual, but really make it clear how bad we all want something – that sometimes he’ll give in. That’s all I’m asking is for you to try, Mother.”

A picture of Chris in his Sulley mask. She remembered that night vividly, how she’d made him pop out over and over again with different “scare” schemes. Their first sleepover, right across the hall. It had taken place in the same room where her daughter had been conceived during her first sleepover with Mr. Mason.

“I’ll try, Clarissa, but I want you to remember that both Casey’s and my pussies need his cock every bit as much as you do, so... Casey?” She snapped her fingers a few times. “Earth to Casey... What’s that you’re looking at, dear?”

Casey gave it one last look, then snapped it shut and dumped it in the wastebasket. “Absolutely nothing.”

